

By SpazzWave. Version 1.1

A Galaxy at War!
The Galactic Republic, once a beacon of peace stretching across a thousand worlds, now finds itself locked in a desperate struggle for survival against the Confederacy of Independent Systems.

Countless star systems have broken away, seduced by the promises of Count Dooku and the shadowy forces pulling his strings, and the only thing standing between the Republic and total collapse is an army of soldiers bred for a single purpose.

From the streets of Muunilinst to the oceans of Mon Calamari, from the plains of Dantooine to the heart of Coruscant itself, the Clone Wars are being fought on every front imaginable.

You arrive after the beginning of it all. The sands of Geonosis are now cold, the clone army has just made its debut, and the war that will reshape the galaxy has now drawn its very first breath. You have 1000 CP to spend in your five years here. Good luck.

Origins

Any origin can be taken as a Drop-in. You will still gain the ability to understand, read, and speak Galactic Basic fluently. Perks for your respective origin are discounted by 50%, with 100 CP perks becoming free. You are free to choose where you start in this galaxy.

Clone Trooper [+100]

You are one of millions. Created in the clone factories of Kamino, grown to adulthood in half the time of a normal human, trained from your first conscious moments to be the perfect soldier. You are a clone trooper of the Grand Army of the Republic, and you were literally born for war. The Separatists might have numbers, but you have the training, discipline, and the kind of coordinated lethality that no droid army has ever been able to match. You are the backbone of the Republic's war effort, and you are very, very good at your job.

Separatist Commander [200]

Whether you are a former Republic officer who saw the corruption rotting the Senate from the inside, a planetary governor whose world was bled dry by the Core Worlds, or someone who simply bet on the winning side, you came to the Confederacy of Independent Systems with open eyes and a cause you believe in (or at least one you've decided to to fight for). And as a Separatist Commander, the most massive droid army ever assembled in the history of the galaxy is yours to command. The Republic might have the Jedi. The Republic might have their precious clone soldiers. But what they don't have is this war won. And with armies like yours at your command, they may never have it at all.

Jedi Master [200]

The war was never supposed to be yours. The Jedi are peacekeepers, as it was taught by the Temple and every Master before you. Now, you lead clone battalions into battle across a hundred different warzones, your lightsaber drawn not to protect a single life but to win ground on a military map. Still, you are a Jedi Master: one of the most powerful Force-users in the galaxy, a veteran of more battles than most soldiers will ever see, and the most dangerous thing on any battlefield you set foot on. The Republic does not win this war without the Jedi. And the Jedi do not win it without Masters like you.

Species

You cannot choose this option if you are a Clone Trooper.



Common Races [Free]

These are the faces you'll see in every cantina, senate chamber, and battlefield across the galaxy. Near-human in capability, with quirks and minor biological edges that make them unique, but nothing that fundamentally separates them from a normal **Human**. You might be a **Togruta**, with their echolocation, a **Rodian** with infrared vision, or even a **Twi'lek** with a slender body and naturally graceful, often attractive appearance. They're the kind you'll see in almost every corner of space.

Superior Races [200]

The galaxy has no shortage of species, but some were built differently. You might be a **Zeltron**, with powerful pheromones to control others and an empathic sense to read those around you, a **Wookiee** with immense strength and constitution, or even an **Iktotchi** with the power to read minds around you and see the future. They are stronger, sharper, but not so far beyond the norm as to be something truly unnatural.

Supernatural Races [600]

These are the species that exist on a different plane from the rest of the galaxy's biology: not stronger or sharper, but fundamentally other, built by evolution or circumstance into something that doesn't follow the same rules everyone else does. You might be a **Gen'Dai**: A boneless, organless, dense tangle of muscle and nerve clusters capable of incredible reflexes, powerful bodily manipulation, immense strength, and immortality to anything lesser than a sun. Or you might be a **Shi'ido**, capable of perfect shapeshifting, incredible longevity, and telepathy to cover any inconsistencies in their disguise. Or maybe even an **Anzat,** a near-immortal predator that feeds on the life essence of others to sustain itself.

You cannot purchase any race stronger than those listed above.



General Perks



Tartakovsky's Touch [Free]

Genndy Tartakovsky has quite a unique artistic vision: brutal, over-the-top, and explosive. You can now bring this vision to whatever world you enter next, making even the most colorful setting carry the weight of his style and the best moments looking like they belong in a Tartakovsky production. You can toggle this off if you wish.

Survival Instinct [100]

The galaxy is full of things that will kill you before you see them coming. Snipers. Vehicles. Ambushes from directions you were not watching. The split second between the threat existing and you knowing about it is, in most cases, the only second that matters. You can feel danger before it arrives, sensing a pull in the gut or a prickling at the back of the neck telling you to stop or move. Be it a sniper setting their crosshairs on you, an ambush waiting in the next room, or a vehicle closing on your position from around a corner, you will feel it before it arrives, with just enough time to leave, take cover, or change direction before anything bad happens. The instinct is not infallible, nor does it tell you exactly what is coming, but trust it well, and you may find yourself walking unharmed through dangers that would have killed you a dozen times over.

Kindly Old Jumper [200]

Palpatine ran the Republic and the Separatists simultaneously from the same office for years. Nobody saw it coming, not because they were stupid, but because he had the particular gift of appearing to be exactly what the situation called for: trustworthy when trust was needed, harmless when harmlessness was useful, and utterly unremarkable in the moments when being remarkable would have been dangerous. You have the same gift. Whatever you actually are, such as a Sith Lord or even a cybernetic killing machine, none of it will be registered when you are not actively choosing to be threatening. People look at you and see someone they have no particular reason to worry about, not because you have constructed a careful cover story, but because something in the way you carry yourself in ordinary moments simply does not read as dangerous. Of course, this has limits: the effect only holds when you are playing a role and committing to it, such as being a kindly politician or a harmless bystander. The moment you drop the act entirely, drawing a weapon, using powers that cannot be explained away, or making an open threat in front of witnesses, the effect shatters for everyone present, and they see you for exactly what you are. It also offers no protection against someone who is already looking: an investigator with concrete evidence and an active case against you will not be fooled, with their suspicion already bypassing your ability entirely. Still, for everyone else, such as the senator who shares a lift with you, the Jedi who passes you in a corridor, or the intelligence officer who has heard your name but has no specific reason to pull your file, you are nothing worth a second look. And as long as you do nothing to force them to reconsider, you will remain exactly that.

Ghost Hand [200]

There is something that moves through history that has no good name: a current beneath events that pulls certain people toward certain moments, that puts the right individual in the right place at the right time, and your current runs specifically toward the enslaved and the conquered. Any native people living under occupation, under chains, or under the boot of a power that has no right to them will recognize you for what you are the moment you arrive among them: a savior. You will find that your arrival was predicted in myths and prophecies, and that every native who looks at you will see the same thing: not a stranger, but the figure their stories have been describing for generations. Every one of them will follow you, be the broken or the hopeless, with a fervor not seen in a dozen generations, all with the hope of finally achieving their freedom. And destiny does not simply place you among them and step back, for it works in your favor, bending luck and circumstance at the moments that matter the most until every single person is free and liberated from their oppressors. And when you finally liberate them, you will find that those who survived the struggle recover from their wounds and rise stronger than they were before, ready to build something that will not fall so easily again.

Will of the Force [200]

The Force does not speak only to the Jedi. It runs through all living things, connects everything that exists, and has a current that moves beneath events the way a river moves beneath ice: present, purposeful, and detectable to anyone willing to be still enough to feel it. Through meditation, you can feel that current and be guided by it. When you quiet your mind and open yourself to the flow of the living Force, you receive impressions: a pull toward where you need to be, the feeling to speak to the stranger in the corner rather than the official behind the desk, or simply the intuition to wait one more day instead of acting now. These impressions are not infallible, but following them will rarely lead you astray. And in time (a matter of decades), this may develop into something sharper and more detailed, resembling more foresight than intuition. Still, at the end is just guidance, never certainty: it may point the way, but only you can decide whether to act on it.

Death Feign [200]

Surviving General Grievous is not something most Jedi get to put on their record. Master K'kruhk did it, walked away from wounds that should have been fatal, and lived long enough to see the Clone Wars become history. The technique that saved him was not courage or stubbornness, but a hibernation trance so complete that it made him indistinguishable from the dead. You have the same ability. When you enter it, your vital signs cease in any meaningful sense: no heartbeat that a sensor can find, no breathing that an enemy can detect, no Force presence that a sensitive can feel. You are, by every available measure, a corpse. The wounds that put you there begin healing from the inside while the trance holds, and your enemies, satisfied that you are no longer a problem worth spending attention on, will lose interest in what they believe to be your body entirely. You wake up when the healing is done, though you will find that some time has passed and the battlefield has moved without you. Do note that this has limited effectiveness against the same enemy: those who have seen you rise once will not make the same mistake again, and will take steps to ensure that what appears to be your corpse does not remain intact long enough for you to return.

Quality Over Quantity [400]

If there is a truth in the universe, it is that quality trumps quantity, and you are living proof of it. When enemies come at you in swarms, your competency rises to meet the scale of what you are facing, sharpening with every additional opponent. Against foes of comparable strength, you could fight against half a dozen enemies simultaneously without difficulty. Against weaker opponents, the number climbs further: a hundred of them pressing in from every direction would be of no danger to you, with every enemy easily tracked, anticipated, and dealt with before the next one has finished closing the distance.

With this, numbers will never be the deciding factor against you, only quality. And quality, in this galaxy, is considerably harder to come by than quantity.

Senator Princess [400]

You were born into leadership before you were old enough to understand what it meant, raised in the particular environment of a world that expected greatness from its rulers and built the education to match. A prince or princess of your homeworld, shaped from childhood by the demands of governance, diplomacy, and the kind of public life that leaves no room for the luxury of being unprepared. By the time most people your age were still working out what they wanted to do with their lives, you had already sat across negotiating tables from people twice your age and left with what you came for. That foundation does not stop being relevant when the scale of politics expands from a single world to a galaxy. Your grasp of politics, be it local, planetary, or interstellar, is comprehensive and instinctive in equal measure, covering negotiations, leverage, power dynamics, alliances, and much more. But what makes this unique is that your personal charisma grows alongside it, making you more magnetic and compelling as you master more and more of politics. With just the baseline of what this perk provides, you are already the kind of person that entire rooms pay attention to, making even senators with decades of experience take your counsel seriously, and ordinary people listen as if what you say matters to them personally. And as you master the art of statecraft? Your words will easily influence not just individuals but entire populations, turning the tide of public opinion with a speech, bringing warring factions to a table they swore they would never share, and making the kind of political moves that historians will spend decades trying to understand how a single person pulled off. The galaxy has always been moved by people who knew how to speak to it. You are one of those people, and you are only getting started.

Rule of Cool [400]

Genndy Tartakovsky operates by a single principle that overrides every other consideration: if it looks cool enough, it works. Mace Windu surfing a ship. Durge destroying an AT-TE with a jousting lance. General Grievous descending the surface of a building headfirst without falling. None of it holds up to scrutiny, and none of it needs to, because in the world Tartakovsky builds, conviction and style are a form of physics. As long as what you are doing is sufficiently audacious and cool enough, the universe will find a way to make it work. Tear open a vehicle's hull with your bare hands, grab whatever wires you find inside, and you can control it. Deflect a laser with your lightsaber into a formation of vehicle droids and watch it tear through all twelve of them in a single reflected beam. If you can sell it, it will work, and it will look cool.

Kaminoan Secrets [400]

The Kaminoans built their civilization on a science they have spent generations ensuring nobody else fully understands. The cloning technology that produced the Grand Army of the Republic is not something they teach, license, or share - it is the foundation of their economic and political relevance in a galaxy that would have very little use for an ocean world otherwise, and they protect it accordingly. You have it anyway. Your understanding of cloning science sits at the level of the finest Kaminoan specialists in the galaxy. Given the right equipment, you can easily grow entire armies, producing them at the same scale and consistency the Kaminoans do in their installations. Beyond simple replication, you can work with the DNA itself: enhancing it, modifying it, producing variants with specific strengths, eliminating weaknesses, and creating versions of the original template that exceed what nature produced by a margin that nature never would have reached on its own. A Jango Fett clone engineered for Force sensitivity. A Wookiee template pushed past the already considerable limits of Wookiee biology. The potential is limitless. And the accelerated growth process you work with runs at a hundred times the natural rate: clones that would take years to reach maturity are ready in days, meaning that the gap between acquiring a template and fielding an army built from it is measured in weeks rather than decades.

Clone Trooper



Born for War [100]

The Kaminoans were commissioned to create the perfect soldiers for the Republic, and from the earliest stages of your growth, every aspect of your body was engineered toward that goal. Your strength, endurance, reflexes, coordination, and even eyesight are all refined to the absolute peak of human capability. You are strong enough to knock down B2 battle droids, fast enough to react to incoming fire and return it in the same motion, and precise enough to land shots at distances most would struggle to see. You can also fight for hours without slowing, push through injuries that would drop a normal man, and keep moving long after the point most would have stopped. This is what you were made for.

Flash Training [100, Can be Bought Multiple Times]

Every clone trooper graduates from one of the most grueling training programs ever devised. From the moment you were old enough to hold a weapon, you were drilled in tactics, weapons handling, and the kind of adaptive combat thinking that no battle droid will ever replicate. You can clear a room full of droids without breaking stride, put together a workable battle plan out of whatever situation you find yourself dropped into, and bring the full skillset of a seasoned soldier to bear on any problem the war puts in front of you. In fact, your experience is so ingrained that you act on it without conscious thought, making the right decisions before your mind has even processed the situation. Beyond the standard clone template, you may choose a specialization to expand your skillset: long-range marksmanship as a **sniper,** demolitions, fortification, and technical repair as an **engineer**, trauma care and field surgery as a **medic**, space combat as a **pilot**, or heavy ordnance as a **heavy trooper**.

Unbreakable Template [200]

A clone trooper is not just engineered for physical performance: he is engineered to keep that performance consistent regardless of what the mission demands of him. You are completely resistant to fatigue, stress, fear, hunger, lack of sleep, and pain, as well as any other factors that would normally degrade a soldier's effectiveness. The weight of a full combat kit is background noise to you; days in the field without rest or food are something to be noted and pushed through, and even the psychological stress of watching men beside you go down barely registers in your mind. Death could stab you in the chest, and yet it would be met with nothing but contempt, all because you have a job to finish. There are very few things in this galaxy capable of breaking a clone trooper's stride, and none of them are in the Separatist army.

Walking Artillery [200]

Heavy weapons exist because there are things on a battlefield that a blaster rifle cannot stop. Be hardened fortifications, armored vehicles, or formations of droids that need to be broken, these are all problems that require a different category of solution, and that solution is usually heavy, loud, and operated by a dedicated crew for good reason. You are that crew, condensed into one. You can carry a weapon in each hand, fire both simultaneously without one affecting the other's aim, track two separate targets at once, and reload both without either becoming a liability in the window between magazines. In fact, such is your strength that you can carry two heavy weapons at the same time, two Z-6 rotary blaster cannons in each arm, laying down a volume of fire that would turn an entire droid formation into pure scrap before they close the distance. Once you are on the battlefield, the only question left is what the wreckage is going to look like when you are done.

Lead from the Front [400]

A clone is only as good as the officer leading him, and the gap between a seasoned squad and one fresh off the transports from Kamino can mean the difference between a held position and a massacre. You are an exceptional leader in turning your men into a single unit of war, making even the freshest clones off the Kamino transports perform like hardened veterans. First, you will find that anyone you lead now shares a single mind on the battlefield: covering angles without being told, rotating positions without a word, and reading each other's movements the way soldiers only learn to after years of fighting side by side. Then you will find that the clones behind you stop making the mistakes that get green soldiers killed, because your leadership fills in every gap that experience would have filled on its own. And finally, you will find that the fear and hesitation simply do not take root in men who serve under you, for you burned all of that out of them the moment you took command. What remains is a squad that does not hesitate, does not break, and does not stop, all thanks to your leadership.

Against All Odds [400]

There are moments in a soldier's life when the math stops working in his favor. When the reinforcements are not coming, the ammunition is running low, and the only thing standing between the enemy and their objective is you. You will find that in those moments, the universe has a way of evening the score. Whenever the odds are against you, luck will start conspiring in your favor. The grenade you throw finds the exact support pillar that brings the entire facility down on top of the enemy. The shot you fire in desperation punches through the one weak point in the vehicle's armor that nobody told you about. Somehow, a heavy weapon is always within reach when you need it most. The worse the situation gets, the more the odds seem to bend in your favor. And when the situation is at its worst, that is precisely when fortune tips the scale the hardest to help you. Some soldiers survive against the odds. You make the odds irrelevant.

Fulcrum [600]

There are battles whose consequences reach far beyond the ground on which they were fought. Engagements that, in retrospect, nobody recognized as decisive until they were already over: a skirmish in a backwater system that turned out to have severed a critical supply line, a last stand on a bridge that bought enough time for a fleet to reposition, or a single commander taken off the board at exactly the moment his absence unraveled three months of Separatist planning. These are the battles that historians argue over, and strategists spend careers trying to replicate. You will find that you are, in the truest sense, a pebble that never stops causing waves, constantly producing these moments each time you win an engagement. A forward position you hold on Muunilinst turns out to be the linchpin that unravels the Banking Clan's entire ground offensive. A commander you take off the board on Dantooine was the only mind capable of coordinating the droid formations across three systems. A supply depot you destroy on Ryloth starves an occupation army that would have held the planet for another year. Every fight you win is, in some small or enormous way, a step toward ending this war. Because for you, there's no such thing as an inconsequential victory.

Advanced Recon Commando [600, Exclusive for Clone Trooper]

The ARC program was not an extension of the standard clone template. It was a deliberate effort by the Kaminoans to see how far the Jango Fett genome could be pushed before it stopped being human. And the answer, it turned out, was further than anyone expected. Your physical attributes, already at the absolute peak of human capability, have been refined into what can be considered superhuman.

You are stronger, faster, and more durable than a standard clone trooper in ways that are visible and measurable, with reflexes that have been compared, not entirely as a compliment, to those of a Jedi. But the more significant alterations are of your mind: superior intelligence, creativity, initiative, and independent thought that the standard clone template was never designed to produce and that the Kaminoans spent years trying to engineer without sacrificing the discipline that made the Grand Army functional in the first place. You are, in the most literal sense, a one-man army: capable of feats that would be considered impossible by even the most decorated veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Beyond the physical and mental, you also received a specialized training program with a single purpose: to produce one of the finest tactical minds the galaxy has ever seen wearing armor. You are capable of not only reacting but also predicting the flow of battle, easily reading a battlefield before it has finished forming and creating a workable plan in seconds. You do not need favorable odds, superior numbers, or even complete information to operate effectively, and even the worst battles can be turned into victories when you are the one fighting them.
The Separatists have entire armies. You are the reason that has never been enough.

Separatist Commander



Muunificent Mathematician [100]

Perhaps there is a Muun somewhere in your ancestry, or perhaps the galaxy simply decided you deserved a mind like theirs. The Muuns built the InterGalactic Banking Clan on the back of a species-wide gift for numbers so precise it borders on the supernatural, and you carry that same gift. Mathematical theory that would take a team of analysts weeks to work through resolves itself in your head in minutes. You can calculate the structural schematics of a battle droid from observation alone, work out the full logistics of a planetary campaign in your head, or construct entirely new mathematical frameworks that nobody has thought to put together before. You will also find that you share something else with the Muuns: an exceptional command of your own emotions, a cool and practiced detachment that keeps your thinking clean regardless of what the situation around you is doing. Where others panic, you calculate. Where others lose the thread under pressure, you have already worked out three solutions and discarded the two that were not good enough.

Political Animal [100]

With an army of droids beneath you and the cutthroat hierarchy of the Confederacy above, the only direction that matters is up, and you have always known exactly how to get there. You have a gift for reading what any superior wants to hear, what they want to see, what they want to believe about the people serving under them, and how to deliver all of it with ease. You know how to present success so that it reflects well on them, how to shift blame away from yourself without making it obvious, and how to position your actions as exactly what was needed all along. Even someone like Grievous, who has no patience for people and no interest in the opinions of those beneath him, would find you tolerable where he finds everyone else irritating.
And with superiors like these, tolerable is the same as indispensable.

Where The Real Power Sits [200]

The Confederacy of Independent Systems was not built on ideology. It was built on credits, and the quiet understanding shared by every major power in the galaxy that the people who control the money control everything money can buy, which is to say, everything. You can walk into any economic system the galaxy has to offer, from the sprawling interstellar markets of the Core Worlds to the backroom barter economies of the Outer Rim, and find the angles that turn modest capital into significant wealth and significant wealth into the kind of financial power that makes you as powerful as a government. Be it investment, debt, market manipulation, creative accounting, or any other names the galaxy has invented for the art of turning a financial system against itself, you have mastered all of them. Give you nothing and enough time, especially if you are one of the longer-lived species, and you will end up wealthier than most governments in the galaxy.
Some would say that money is not power. Those people have never had enough of it.

Blood and Aura [200]

There are soldiers, and then there are killers. The distinction is not one of body count or battlefield experience, but of a primal quality that living things recognize before their minds have caught up with their instincts. You have it, and it grows. Your killing intent is a tangible thing, a pressure that living beings around you feel and makes them want to run. At first, it starts small, but every life you take adds weight to it, sharpening into something that stops being discomfort and starts being dreadful. Kill enough common soldiers, and they will hesitate at the sight of you, their bodies understanding what their minds have not yet processed. Kill enough of the exceptional ones, such as veteran commanders, elite warriors, and the Jedi, and even those who have spent decades making peace with their own mortality will feel something they had forgotten the shape of. And it does not stop there, for the aura you carry has no ceiling. Murder enough, and no living being will be able to stand in front of you without cowering. But if you feel this is an inconvenience, you can turn it off entirely until you wish otherwise.

Interstellar Institution of One [400]

There are things that require armies of people to function: not armies of soldiers, but armies of clerks, analysts, accountants, coordinators, and administrators whose combined daily output keeps governments, corporations, and war machines from drowning in their own complexity. The Trade Federation moves cargo across a thousand systems and cannot do it without entire departments dedicated to nothing but manifests and tariff calculations. The Banking Clan finances a galactic war and requires legions of analysts just to keep the interest projections accurate. The Techno Union coordinates industrial output across dozens of member worlds and employs more administrators than some planets have citizens. You replace all of them. Any task that lives on paper or in a ledger, such as finance, logistics, legal documentation, or anything similar, can be finished by you with the efficiency of ten thousand specialists working in perfect coordination without error or oversight. You solve the logistics of an entire military campaign or simply manage or run an entire planetary or even interstellar corporation entirely on your own, from a single desk, without the help of anyone, and without breaking stride. There is no task too complex, no ledger too tangled, no logistical problem too sprawling to resolve before the day is out. Empires have been built on less capable hands than yours.

Krayt Dragon [400]

The Confederacy does not build weapons by half measures, and what they built into you is no exception. Your body has been replaced from the ground up with a single purpose in mind: killing Jedi. The strength behind your limbs is enough to tear through blast doors and send armored soldiers airborne. Your speed and reflexes operate at a level that has no business belonging to anything without the Force behind it, closing distance and changing direction faster than a human eye can track. You do not tire, you do not slow, and the kind of punishment that ends organic fighters is, for you, a maintenance issue rather than a medical one. You were given four arms and feet that function as hands, and you are perfectly omnidextrous across all of them: each one as precise and capable as your right arm, letting you scale surfaces with all your six limbs or wield weapons in every limb simultaneously. As for appearance, the CIS left that decision to you: you can wear synthetic skin and pass for whatever you were before any of this, or abandon such disguises entirely in favor of a form that reflects your purpose: angular, inhuman, and unmistakably built for war. Either way, what is underneath is the same: a perfect murder machine. This becomes an alt-form post-jump.

Minds of the Confederacy [600]

The Confederacy of Independent Systems did not rise to challenge the Republic on the strength of its droid armies alone. Behind every super soldier project, every weapon platform that made Republic strategists lose sleep, and every campaign that pushed the Grand Army to its limits, there was a mind: brilliant, specialized, and completely committed to winning a war that the galaxy said could not be won. You are one of those minds, specialized in a single discipline that you have pushed further than anyone else in the Confederacy has managed, and further than most of the Republic's finest would believe possible. Choose to be one of the following (this can be purchased multiple times):

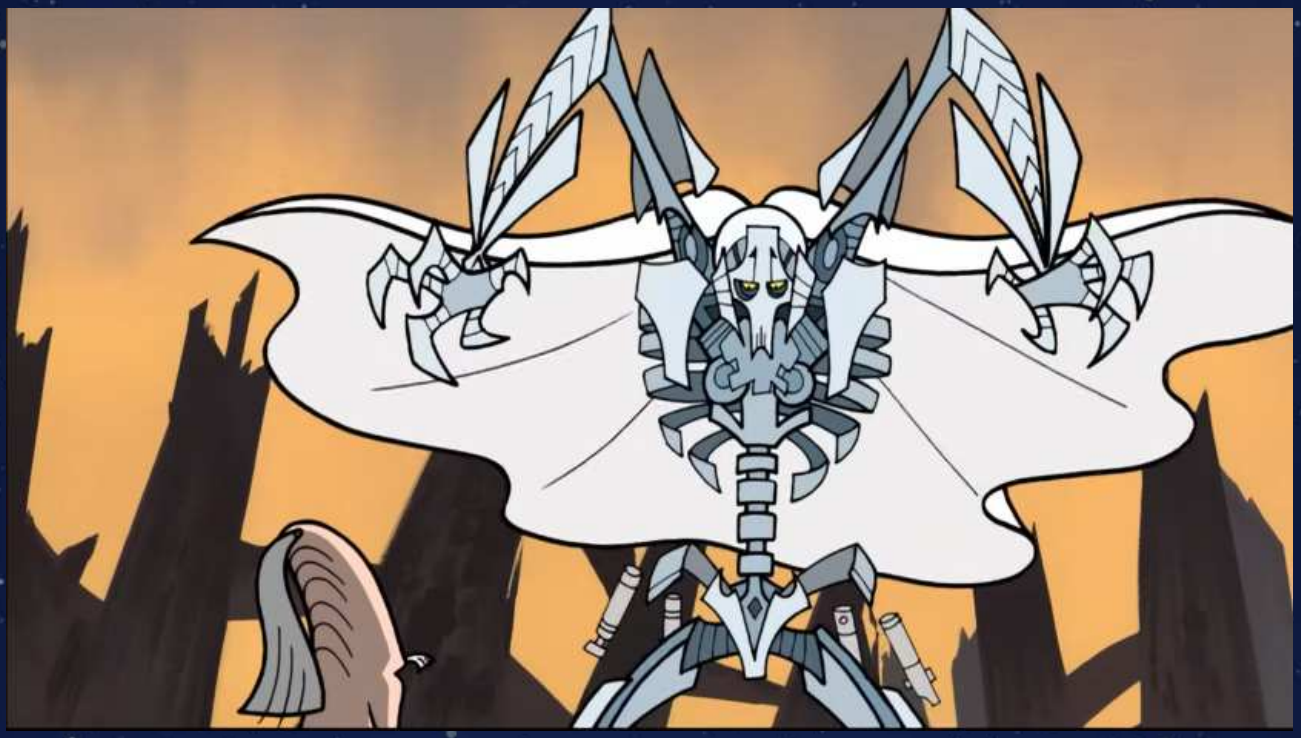
A **Mad Scientist** whose mastery of genetics, biology, and cybernetic integration produces results that the rest of the galaxy will spend decades trying to understand, let alone replicate. The Confederacy demonstrated what this discipline looks like in practice on Nelvaan, and you possess equal mastery of that process, being able to design enhancement programs that push any biological subject, no matter the species, to superhuman levels across every physical measure. You also know how to layer cybernetic systems on top of that, and woven into all of it are conditioning programs to make sure every subject you produce answers to exactly one authority: yours.

An **Engineer** whose designs change the very shape of the war. From the Lucrehulk to the Seismic Tank, from the B1 Battle Droid to a Spider Tank, you have mastered the entire technological breadth of the Confederacy from the ground up. Every droid, vehicle, and starship the CIS has ever fielded is an open book to you: you can build, modify, repair, and improve any of them, and if that isn’t enough, you can design entirely new ones from scratch. All with the purpose of ensuring that the Republic never fights the same war twice.

A **Strategist** who sees the whole of the war the way no one else in the Confederacy can. The Republic might have the Jedi or the Clone Army as its greatest advantages, but you can plan and coordinate campaigns across dozens of star systems simultaneously, forcing the Republic to react to you rather than the other way around. Given sufficient resources, there is no front you cannot manage, no campaign you cannot coordinate, and no opponent you cannot force into fighting on your terms, and the Republic, for all its Jedi and all its clones, has never once encountered a mind that does to strategy what you do to it.

The Way of The Jedi Killer [600]

General Grievous should not be able to fight Jedi. He has no Force sensitivity, no precognition, no enhanced reflexes beyond what his cybernetics provide. By all rights, a Jedi Master should cut him down in seconds. Yet Grievous has killed dozens of Jedi and collected their lightsabers as trophies, because he's learned techniques that should be impossible for someone without the Force. You possess this same impossible ability to learn and master combat techniques far beyond what your nature should allow, absorbing and internalizing them at a rate that has no parallel among organic learners. What takes a Jedi Padawan years of dedicated practice to incorporate into their muscle memory, you break down, understand, and make your own in days. What takes a Master decades to refine, you compress into weeks. This does not stop at techniques your body was designed for: it extends into territory that should be closed to you entirely. Lightsaber forms developed over centuries by Force-sensitive practitioners, built around a connection to the Force that you do not possess, become workable techniques in your hands regardless, because you strip them down and rebuild them into something your body can execute without the parts you are missing. You will never use Ataru exactly as a Jedi uses it, but you will use something that produces the same results through different means, learned in a fraction of the time it took the Jedi Order to develop the original, and adapted in ways that the Jedi who invented it never anticipated having to defend against. You will find that the only limitations to this are the teachers willing to share what they know and the enemies foolish enough to stand across from you. And as long as this galaxy keeps producing both, you will never stop growing.



Jedi Master



Form Mastery [100, Can be Bought up to 6 Times]

The Jedi have seven forms, each a complete martial philosophy developed over centuries and refined against every type of opponent the galaxy has produced. Each purchase of this perk grants you the mastery of a single form at the level of a Jedi Master. Beyond the physical mastery, you can immerse yourself fully into your chosen form through the Force, merging your connection to it with the philosophy of the style itself in ways that produce results that go beyond what pure technique can explain: A master of Soresu who immerses themselves this way becomes preternaturally difficult to hit while a master of Ataru moves with a speed and acrobatic precision that the Force amplifies past the point of what the body alone could produce. Every form has its own expression of this immersion, and yours runs as deep as it goes. You may purchase this perk up to six times (discounted for Jedi Master), each purchase granting that same level of mastery and immersion in an additional form. Those who have collected all six find that something becomes available to them that is not offered to anyone else for free: **Vaapad**. Where other forms channel the Force outward, Vaapad turns the practitioner into a conduit, drawing in the opponent's own fury and dark side energy and feeding it back into the exchange with compounding intensity. Against ordinary opponents, it is devastating. Against dark side users, it is something closer to a trap: the more rage, hatred, and darkness they pour into the fight, the more fuel they are handing you, and Vaapad knows exactly what to do with all of it. It demands complete mastery of your own emotions, and as long as you have it, Vaapad is the most powerful lightsaber form ever developed for a reason. There is a reason only one Jedi Master in the history of the Order ever truly mastered it. There is also a reason he never lost a duel.

The Force [100/400/800]

The Force flows through all living things, but in most it is a whisper too quiet to hear. In you, it is something else entirely. At its most fundamental, this purchase gives you the natural Force sensitivity of a capable Jedi Master: a deep and genuine connection to the living Force that allows you to feel the intentions of those around you, sense danger before it arrives, and access the full range of abilities that the Jedi Order has spent a thousand years developing and refining.

For **400 CP,** your connection to the Force deepens into something that most Jedi will never approach in their lifetimes. The potential you carry at this tier expresses itself in everything you do: your precognition is sharp enough to border on genuine foresight, letting you see not just the immediate danger but the shape of events further down the line with a clarity that most Jedi Masters only glimpse in dreams. Force techniques that lesser practitioners spend decades trying to master come naturally to you, and the ceiling of what you can develop, given time and focus, sits so far above the average Jedi Master that the comparison becomes difficult to make, honestly. Where an ordinary Jedi Master has reached the limit of what their connection allows, you are still climbing.

For **800 CP Undiscounted (And Exclusive to Jedi Master)**, you carry the potential of the chosen one: a capacity so vast that the beings who sense it through the Force find it difficult to look at directly. Every Force technique ever developed by Jedi or Sith represents only a fraction of what you are capable of eventually achieving. The speed at which you develop, the heights you can reach, and the techniques available to you, given sufficient time and training, have no meaningful ceiling. Beyond the Force itself, you will find that this potential bleeds into everything you do. Any skill you touch, mundane or otherwise, develops at a rate and reaches a level of precision that has nothing to do with your background or your starting point. A child from a backwater planet with no formal training whatsoever could easily become a master mechanic or a pilot whose feel for a ship is supernatural through instinct alone, without any need of instruction, years of practice, or anyone telling them what they are supposed to be capable of at their age and experience level.
It is not a question of whether you will surpass others, but of how long it takes.

Ace Pilot [200]

Anakin Skywalker was one of the greatest pilots who ever lived, and he was flying Podraces before he was old enough to shave. What made him exceptional was not training or experience, but a connection between mind, body, and machine that most pilots spend their entire lives chasing and never find. You have it. Any vehicle you sit in becomes an extension of yourself within moments: not as a tool you operate, but something closer to a second body, its responses and limits as intuitive to you as your own. A starfighter you have never touched before flies like one you have been in for a thousand hours. A capital ship that takes a full crew to operate responds to your instincts the way a personal craft responds to a veteran's hands. In a dogfight, you find angles that experienced pilots would not attempt, make decisions in the space between one heartbeat and the next, and push whatever you are flying to the absolute edge of what its engineering allows and occasionally slightly past it. Be on the ground, in the atmosphere, or in the middle of a fight in open space, the result is the same: you are the best pilot, and there is no close second.

Force Amplified [200]

Every species in the galaxy has its own biological signature, its own set of traits that evolution carved out over millions of years. The Force runs through all of it, and with the right connection and the right understanding, those natural traits can be pushed far past the limits that biology alone was ever supposed to allow. An Ithorian's bellow, already capable of significant concussive force, becomes something that tears the ground apart and levels structures when the Force is poured behind it. A Zeltron's pheromones, already capable of coloring the emotions of those nearby, become something closer to a weapon when the Force amplifies them: capable of washing over an entire crowd and bending the emotional state of everyone inside it. An Iktotchi's natural telepathy, already one of the most powerful innate psychic abilities in the galaxy, would be able to extend across an entire city block, reading thousands of minds with a clarity and range that no unaugmented member of their species has ever approached. Humans, possessing no natural abilities, would instead receive a push to all their physical and mental attributes towards their absolute peak and beyond. Whatever your species can do naturally, this perk takes it and asks a simple question: how far can it go with the Force behind it? The answer, in every case, is considerably further than anyone expected.

Iron Serenity [400]

A Jedi's greatest weapon has never been their lightsaber. It has always been the clarity that comes from a mind that cannot be rattled, a will that does not yield, and the ability to find stillness in the middle of whatever the war decides to throw at them. You have developed both to a degree that even other Masters would acknowledge. Your willpower does not bend under torture, does not crack under psychological pressure, and does not erode under the stress of war. And when the situation calls for it, you can step into a state of complete serenity at will: a state of complete focus and peace that strips away every distraction, every intrusive thought, every weight that the war has placed on your shoulders, until there is nothing left in your awareness but exactly what you have chosen to direct it toward. A technique you are trying to master. A problem you are trying to solve. A battle you are trying to win. Whatever you point that focus at receives the entirety of what a Jedi Master's mind is capable of, unobstructed and undivided, for as long as you choose to hold it there. Nothing pulls you out of it until you decide to leave.

Shadow in the Force [400]

The galaxy's finest infiltrators succeed by minimizing what they leave behind: a quieter footstep, a darker shadow, a more disciplined presence. You have taken that principle to its logical conclusion and kept going. When you choose to move unseen, you become undetectable to every sense available to anyone weaker than yourself. Droids sweep their sensors across the room you are standing in and register nothing. Soldiers whose instincts have been sharpened by years of active service feel no wrongness in the air. Surveillance systems, motion detectors, heat sensors - all of them return exactly what they would return if you were not there, because as far as every instrument and every instinct below your level is concerned, you are not. Even Force sensitives weaker than yourself reach out through the Force and find only nothingness in the space you occupy. The only beings who can find you are those who match or exceed what you are. In most rooms you walk into, that is nobody.

The Living Force [600]

It is said that a Jedi Master who has truly listened to the Force can feel the life inside a single seed: the potential coiled within it, patient and silent, waiting for the conditions that will allow it to become what it was always meant to be. It is said that the same Master, with sufficient precision, can reach into that seed through the Force and make it bloom. Your awareness of any supernatural energy you control, Force included, extends to the smallest scales possible and with a precision that can be considered absolute. With this, you could dismantle a robot bolt by bolt without laying a finger on it, feel the exact structural weakness in a blast door, and apply pressure to precisely that point until it gives, or reach into your own biology and enhance every cell simultaneously until your body operates above and beyond your natural limits. Crushing durasteel bare-handed. Jumping hundreds of meters in a single bound. Surviving impacts that should end a living body and continuing without breaking stride. Even exotic techniques such as elemental manipulation, restructuring matter at the molecular level, or reaching into the biological systems of another living being are theoretically possible, though no Jedi in the history of the Order has ever pushed this principle to its absolute limit. What you can achieve with this only depends on what limits you place upon yourself.

Force Colossus [600, Exclusive for Jedi Master]

There is a threshold in the Force that most practitioners never approach, which is not a question of technique or training, but of raw connection, the sheer depth of the channel between a being and the living Force itself. You have reached it. Your connection to the Force operates at the absolute peak of what a living being can sustain, a current so deep and so constant that it does not feel like something you draw on so much as something you exist inside of. It fills you continuously, replenishing itself faster than you can expend it, and opening you to feats that scale directly with the depth of the Force potential you carry into it. At the baseline of a Jedi Master's connection, this perk produces power that already exceeds what most practitioners achieve in a lifetime: crushing a dozen droids simultaneously, easily deflecting blaster bolts from multiple targets, and enhancing yourself to peak humanoid potential. At the **400 CP** tier of **The Force** perk, your ceiling climbs to somewhere that requires a different vocabulary entirely: telekinesis that moves capital ships, Force pushes that destroy hundreds of droids at the same time, and much more. And at the **800 CP** tier, the potential is amplified by this perk into something the galaxy has never seen a complete expression of, and only you can find its limits. You will also find that your connection to the Force cannot be suppressed, severed, blocked, or diminished by any means, be technological, alchemical, or otherwise, with this perk. It is correct to say that power on these levels places you firmly within the category of a weapon of mass destruction, as there are few conventional forces in the galaxy capable of opposing you directly. Though what you do with this is your own decision.

Items



You have a 300 CP stipend to spend here, along with 300 CP to spend on the Vehicles section. You can freely import items. Items destroyed restore themselves in three days. You also gain the blueprint of anything you buy here. You can discount two items per price tier, except the 800 one. Discounted 100 CP items become free. The items scale to your size.

Grand Army of Jumper [Free/200/400]

Every commander needs soldiers, and you have yours. At the base level, this purchase provides you with ten thousand troops, completely and unconditionally loyal to you personally, defined according to your origin: B1 and B2 Battle Droids for Separatist Commander, Clone Troopers and ARC Troopers for Clone Trooper and Jedi Master. For **200 CP,** that number becomes one hundred thousand. For **400 CP,** it becomes one million.

What makes this army something more than a headcount is what it does with everything else you bring to it: acquire any infrastructure and equipment in this jump, and your army grows into it automatically. Acquire a cloning facility, and Clone Commandos begin appearing among your ranks. Purchase a Jedi Temple and Jedi Knights begin emerging from its halls, trained and ready to serve alongside your forces in the field. Get a Shipyard Ring, and any ships built there will have crews trained to work with your forces. This also applies to any vehicle, starship, or equipment you acquire in this jump, with your army naturally generating copies for them to use: a single Venator becomes a fleet of Venators, a single AT-TE becomes a full walker detachment.

Post-jump, this army assimilates any military force or organization you own if you wish. If you have bought items or vehicles in other jumps that can be reasonably reproduced (so no fleets of Death Stars if you bought a Death Star item), your forces will be outfitted with a small number of copies of them.

Infantry Arsenal [Free]

A fully stocked military armory covering everything a soldier might need from the first engagement to the last, designed to outfit any fighting force from clones to droids. On the weapons side, blaster rifles such as the DC-15, repeating blasters such as Z-6 Rotatory Cannons, anti-tank missile launchers, and demolition charges. Beyond the weapons, the arsenal covers the full range of equipment that a soldier may need: macrobinoculars, scanner droids, grappling hooks, vacuum-sealed armor for operations in hard vacuum, amphibious gear for underwater or flooded terrain, cold weather equipment, desert survival kits, and the dozens of other specialized tools that the difference between a prepared soldier and a dead one tends to come down to. The arsenal replenishes itself with weapons and ammo and scales to whatever force you are equipping, ensuring that, whether you are sending clones into a Muunilist street or a Nelvaan ice field, every soldier in your force has exactly what the environment and the mission require.

Combat Rations [Free]

Because no army can fight on an empty stomach. This is a continuously replenishing supply of field rations sized for an entire battalion, covering everything a soldier needs to stay fed, healthy, and functional in the field without any of the digestive complaints that have historically done more damage to military campaigns than enemy fire. The selection runs the full range from the practical to the surprisingly decent: coffee, soups, preserved meats that are genuinely tender, and, somehow, inexplicably, pizza. All of it is nutritionally complete, all of it calibrated to the specific dietary requirements of whoever is doing the eating. If your battalion happens to be made of droids, the supply adapts accordingly, arriving instead as a fully stocked inventory of power cells and batteries for internal recharging (both flavored, too, for some reason).

Your Lightsaber [100, Free for Jedi Master]

If there is something that distinguishes a Jedi from the rest of the galaxy, it is their lightsaber. This is your very own lightsaber, built by your own hands and designed to reflect your connection to the Force. Its hilt can be exactly what you want it to be: standard, curved, or double-bladed, or even something more exotic, such as a crossguard. The blade color is yours to choose freely, and the lightsaber itself is perfectly balanced in your hand and almost indestructible. It is, in every sense of the word, yours.

Flash Training Program [200]

The Kaminoans did not have decades to turn clones into soldiers. They had years, and they made it work through a flash training program that compressed a lifetime of military education into an accelerated regimen that produced competent, deployable soldiers at the end of it. This is a program, or more specifically, a building, built with the purpose of flash training hundreds of people at the same time into fully trained soldiers. People enter the facility, interface with the system, and are run through thousands of hours of scenarios that their minds and bodies process as real: CQC, marksmanship, tactics, and different environments such as jungles, deserts, or hard vacuum. What would take years of genuine field experience to accumulate arrives in months, turning even the most green recruit into a hardened soldier. The facility processes everyone inside it simultaneously and works on any species, ensuring that anyone who enters leaves as a trained soldier, regardless of where they started.

Techno Union Bio-Chamber [200]

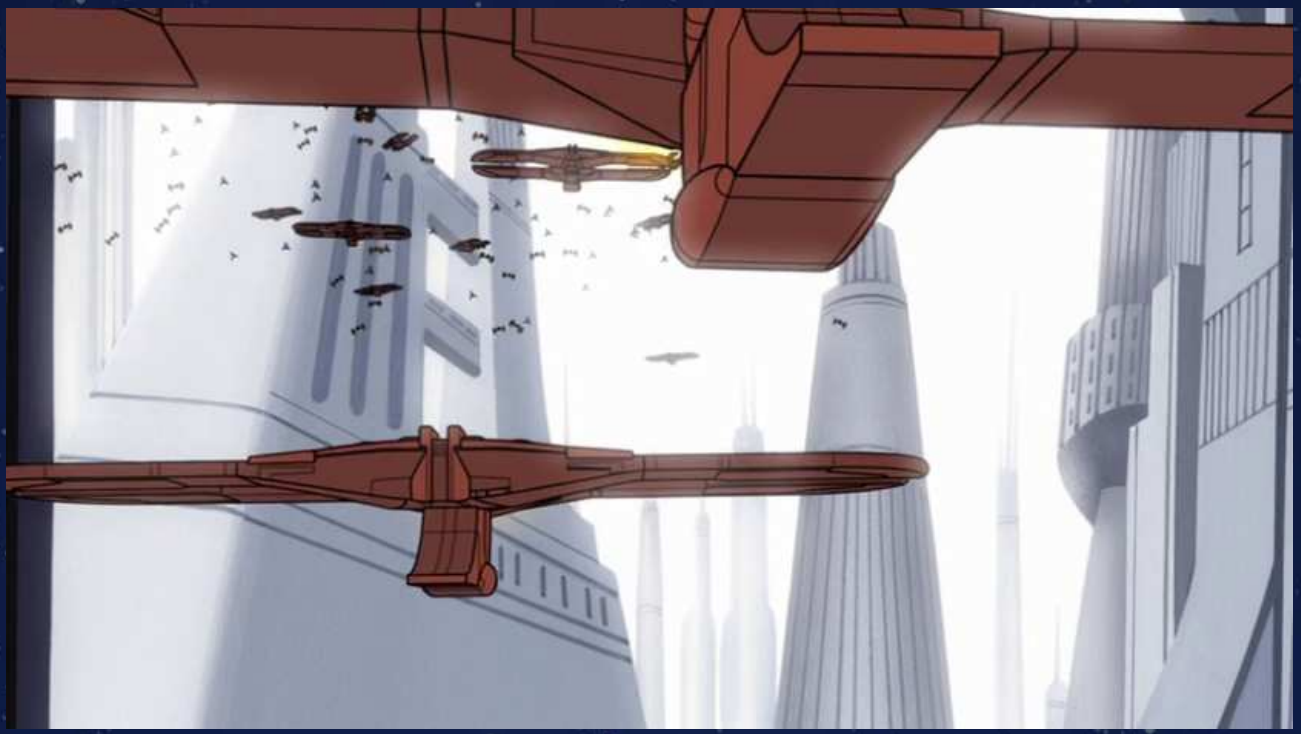
The Techno Union's experiments on Nelvaan were not subtle. They took peaceful, ordinary beings and rebuilt them into monstrous bio-weapons. The Bio-Chamber that produced those results is yours. Any subject that goes in comes out fundamentally altered: larger, stronger, and five times denser, with a durability and power that makes them powerful enough to crush droids barehanded. The process is not elegant: anyone transformed by the machine comes out bloated and bigger, with a form swollen with augmented muscle. Still, it's a form of enhancement that is fast, easy, and does not care for what species you are.

Shipyard Ring [600]

Fleets do not appear out of nowhere. Behind every navy there is an industrial apparatus, and yours is one of the largest in the galaxy: a ring of orbital infrastructure that encircles an entire planet, with each segment being a dock and assembly line at the same time. Its purpose is to produce ships on a massive scale, operating continuously and without pause. Its automated systems handle every stage of construction from raw material intake to final launch without management, and the shipyard can produce thousands of ships per year of every class from your faction: Lucrehulks, Vulture Droids, and more from the Separatists, Venators, LAATs, and other ships from the Republic. If you acquire a ship, its blueprint is automatically uploaded to the ring, making sure your options are always expanding.

Holocron [600]

A repository of pure knowledge, containing the complete teachings of every significant Force user currently alive on whichever side of the Force you choose. A Jedi holocron carries the wisdom, techniques, and accumulated understanding of every living Master the Order has produced: Yoda, Mace Windu, and every other Knight and Master currently drawing breath. A Sith holocron carries the dark side knowledge of every Sith and dark side practitioner alive: the complete teachings of Palpatine, the Makashi mastery of Dooku, and everything else the dark side tradition currently has living practitioners to represent it. Post-jump, the holocron pulls knowledge of every significant Force user alive in whatever galaxy you find yourself in.



Properties

Tipoca City [400]

Kamino is not a world that shares its secrets. The cloning technology that produced the Grand Army of the Republic represents generations of Kaminoan scientific development, and the facilities that house it are not something that changes hands. Yours did anyway. You own a fully operational Kaminoan cloning complex, containing growth chambers, training facilities, and the complete Kaminoan scientific staff necessary to run it at full capacity. It can produce hundreds of thousands of clone troopers to the same exact standard that the Republic commissioned: complete military equipment, peak human conditioning, accelerated growth, and the full suite of flash training that turns a clone fresh out of the vat into a soldier. Given time and resources, it produces superior clones such as ARC Troopers, Clone Commandos, and other variants of your choice. If you wish, the facility can clone any species for which you can provide a template.

Jedi Temple [600]

The Jedi Temple on Coruscant took centuries to build and longer still to become what it is: a living repository of Jedi knowledge, a training ground for the most powerful Force users in the galaxy, and the spiritual and organizational center of an Order that has kept the peace for a thousand year This is a copy of the Jedi Temple, complete with its archives, training halls, meditation chambers, sparring rooms, and the complete infrastructure necessary to train Force sensitives from their first steps in the Order all the way to Knighthood and beyond. The archives alone represent an irreplaceable collection of Jedi knowledge spanning thousands of years: holocrons, star maps, historical records, and accumulated wisdom on every aspect of the Force that the Order has ever thought worth preserving. Additionally, the temple does not wait for Force sensitives to find it, as Masters and Knights operating out of your temple will move across the galaxy actively seeking out those with a connection to the Force to be trained. With time, you will eventually find yourself at the head of an Order entirely of your own making.

Geonosian Hive [600]

Geonosis did not just provide the Confederacy with a battlefield. It provided the industrial backbone of the entire Separatist war machine: the foundries, the assembly lines, and the vast subterranean hive infrastructure that could produce battle droids faster than the Republic could destroy them. This is a fully operational Geonosian hive complex, complete with droid foundries, weapons manufacturing facilities, design laboratories, and the complete Geonosian workforce necessary to run all of it at full capacity. It produces battle droids, vehicles, weapons platforms, and war material at a scale that made Geonosis the most strategically valuable planet in the Separatist Alliance, all of it manufactured to your specifications and delivered to your forces. The foundries can produce standard B1 and B2 battle droids in numbers that supply an army, at a scale of millions, and, given time and resources, they produce more sophisticated technologies such as specialized droid variants. The hive answers to no one but you, and as long as it stands, your army will never want for numbers.

Strategic Foothold [600]

Not every planet matters equally. Some sit at crossroads that every fleet has to navigate around. Some sit on deposits of materials that every war machine runs on. Some have populations that have been fighting since before the Republic had a name for what they were doing, and who volunteer for a war the moment someone gives them a worthy cause to point themselves at. Yours is one of these. You have a planet, and you can choose what makes it valuable: your planet can be a choke point that any fleet moving through this region of space has to either control or route around, a mining world whose ore or rare minerals are the kind that end up in every hyperdrive and weapons system worth building, a wealthy trade hub whose position on a major hyperspace lane makes it the economic center of gravity for three surrounding systems, or a world whose people are the kind of fighters that other soldiers tell stories about. Whatever you choose, the planet is yours, garrisoned and operational from the moment you arrive, and its strategic value is real enough that both sides of this war have opinions about who controls it.

Galactic Holdings Inc. [800]

Nobody knows exactly what Galactic Holdings Inc. does. That is entirely by design. Ask the average citizen on Coruscant, and you will get a vague look of recognition followed by something like "oh, aren't they the ones who make the casings for moisture vaporators?" They might actually be right, but that is approximately the least interesting thing on the list of what this conglomerate actually does.

GHI controls a small but meaningful share of the galactic economy: not on the scale of the Trade Federation, the Techno Union, or the InterGalactic Banking Clan, but in a galaxy whose economy is measured in numbers that stop making intuitive sense after the first few zeroes, even the smallest share of that is enough to make you one of the wealthiest individuals alive. These credits are managed by the finest financial minds the conglomerate employs, and the personal fortune you have measured in the scale of billions. The share you control is also threaded through the economies of whatever governments you choose to entangle it, which translates to political influence that does not require a senate seat or a military rank to exercise. These governments will always consider your interests before they make decisions, though it should be noted that there are more powerful entities in the galaxy, and those entities have interests of their own that do not always align with yours.

Additionally, every property or asset you own is automatically absorbed into GHI's management, to be administered by a board that exists specifically to ensure that nothing you own ever stops working for you. Your assets are maintained, your investments are optimized, and your wealth compounds continuously in the background of whatever else you are doing. And at the center of it all sits a world that belongs to you in its entirety, which can be any planet in the Outer Rim or Mid Rim of your choosing, to be the operational heart of everything GHI does and everything you have chosen to build around it. All the infrastructure, its facilities, and every person on the surface answers to you and to no one else. With this, you are one of the most powerful individuals in the galaxy whom nobody has ever thought to worry about. This is, of course, the exact purpose of this item.

Vehicles



Swoop Bike [Free]

A swoop bike is a repulsorlift engine with just enough frame around it to keep you on it. No safety systems, no stability assist, nothing between you and the ground except speed and whatever reflexes you have managed to develop. It is the fastest thing you will ride that does not have a hyperdrive, and it handles like it knows that and is proud of it. Yours comes with a jousting lance, and if you hit something at full speed, try to look cool while doing it.



AT-TE Walker [100]

The All Terrain Tactical Enforcer is the backbone of Republic ground warfare: a six-legged armored walker built to bring heavy firepower wherever it is needed and keep it there. Its powerful legs that come with tractor-field generators give the AT-TE the ability to scale any surface no wheeled vehicle could approach: canyon walls, hulls of starships, and much more. Clone commanders have used that versatility to approach objectives from directions that the enemy's defensive planning simply did not account for, arriving at positions that should have been unreachable and taking them before the Separatists finished working out how they got there. Its mass-driver cannon gives a ground commander reach that extends all the way to the upper atmosphere, striking targets far beyond the battlefield with the force of true artillery. Few positions are truly out of its reach, and fewer still can withstand it once it arrives.



AAT [100]

The Separatists had one single problem: their army was made of droids, and droids, no matter how numerous, lacked the weight and presence to break a fortified Republic position through infantry alone. The AAT was the solution. A rolling wall of armor and firepower that droid battalions could advance behind, drawing the fire that would otherwise cut through them, closing the distance to a defensive line that no amount of B1 battle droids were ever going to reach on their own. Its primary laser cannon handles the fortifications. Its secondary blasters handle whatever tries to flank it. Its armor handles everything else.



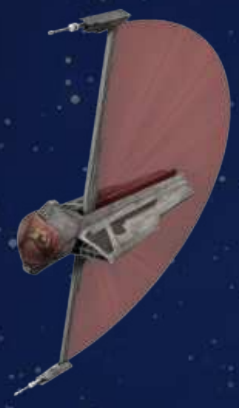
HAVw A6 Juggernaut [100]

Kuat Drive Yards built the Juggernaut around a single premise: that the largest, most heavily armored ground vehicle the Republic could field should also be capable of carrying an entire company of three hundred fully equipped clone troopers into the middle of a battle and keeping them alive long enough to deploy. At nearly fifty meters in length and thirty meters in height, it is twice the size of an AT-TE and one of the largest ground vehicles ever produced by KDY, rolling on ten massive wheels across terrain that would stop lighter vehicles entirely. Its hull is covered in thermal superconducting armor that disperses incoming fire across its entire surface rather than absorbing or reflecting it, making it extraordinarily difficult to kill even under sustained anti-armor fire. The weapons loadout matches the scale: two anti-personnel cannons, a dorsal laser cannon, and two twin forward-mounted anti-personnel light blaster cannons. This is a moving fortress, and if it's coming for you, you're already dead.



Delta-7 Aethersprite [200]

Most starfighters are built for pilots. The Aethersprite was built for Jedi. Kuat Systems Engineering stripped the design down to its absolute essentials: two twin-barreled laser cannons, a hardwired R4 astromech socket, shields, and controls tuned to respond to inputs that no ordinary pilot would think to make. It has no internal hyperdrive, relying instead on an external hyperspace transport ring for long-distance travel, a decision that kept the frame light enough to perform the way a Jedi pilot needs it to perform. In the hands of an ordinary pilot, it is fast and capable. In the hands of a Jedi, it becomes something worth being afraid of.



Ginivex-class Fanblade Starfighter [200]

A quite unique spaceship, with only six units ever made in the entire galaxy. The Ginivex is built around a large crimson solar sail that deploys in combat mode - channeling ambient radiation directly into the ship's shields and strengthening them. This makes it one of the best shield starfighters of its size in the galaxy at the cost of a sensor profile that makes it significantly easier to find. However, fold the sail in, and the opposite becomes true: its sensor signature drops to nearly nothing, and it becomes a ghost impossible to track. Still, this is no fragile relic: despite its rarity, it remains fast, agile, and more than capable of holding its own in a fight, provided you play to its strengths.



LAAT Gunship [200]

The Low Altitude Assault Transport exists to solve one specific problem: getting clone troopers from orbit to a battlefield under fire and keeping them alive long enough to matter. Fast and agile at low altitude in ways that make it nearly impossible to track, it carries a full platoon of thirty clone troopers in its troop bay while simultaneously bringing enough firepower to provide meaningful close air support after delivery. Thanks to mass-driver missile launchers and composite-beam laser turrets, it has a weapons loadout most dedicated gunships would not be embarrassed by. It gets troops in, hits hard, and gets out alive.



Venator-class Star Destroyer [400]

Over a thousand meters of Kuat Drive Yards engineering built to serve as a warship, a carrier, a troop transport, and a fleet command center simultaneously. and capable of doing all of it at once without compromising any of the others. Its dorsal deck runs half a kilometer, capable of deploying hundreds of starfighters in a single engagement, while its heavy turbolaser batteries can divert nearly the entire reactor output of the ship into a single sustained barrage. The Republic built its entire war effort around this ship, and it is not difficult to understand why.



Lucrehulk-class Battleship [400]

The Lucrehulk was not designed as a warship. But someone thought to put weapons on it. The result is the backbone of the Separatist fleet: a three-kilometer ring of converted cargo infrastructure wrapped around a central command sphere, carrying enough firepower to reduce a planetary garrison from orbit, enough hangar space to deploy thousands of Vulture droids in a single engagement, and enough internal volume to serve as a self-contained base of operations for an entire invasion force. It is not the most elegant warship in the galaxy. It has never needed to be.



Providence-class Dreadnought [400]

General Grievous flew his flag from a Providence-class, and there is a reason for that. At over a kilometer in length, the Providence is one of the most capable vessels in the Separatist fleet. Turbolasers, ion cannons, and point defense batteries covering every arc give it the firepower to engage Republic capital ships without requiring support. Its hangars carry a full complement of Vulture droids, Hyena bombers, and tri-fighters. Its internal capacity accommodates thousands of battle droids, which makes it a mobile base of operations and a warship at the same time. Truly, it is the ship that a commander who intends to win builds their strategy around.



Acclamator-class Assault Ship [400]

The Venator gets the attention. The Acclamator does the work. Rothana Heavy Engineering built it around a single operational requirement: take an entire legion of clone troopers, every vehicle they need, every gunship that will deliver them to the battlefield, and get all of it from orbit to the surface intact and ready to fight. At 752 meters, it is not the largest vessel in the Republic fleet, but in terms of what it can carry and deploy, nothing else in the catalogue comes close. Truly, the workhorse of the Republic.



Companions



Recruit Anyone [Free]

Anyone you want to recruit in this world is free to join you as a companion if they agree.

Create/Import [50 CP for 1, 200 CP for 8]

You can create new Companions or import existing Companions. They get an Origin, with all freebies and discounts, along with **600 CP** to spend. They do not get Item Stipends. You can also import any companion you bought here for a CP stipend. Alternatively, if you want, you can import all your companions for free, but they will only get their freebie perks from their origin.

Sha'a Gi [Free]

Look, he has the robes. He has the braid. He has the lightsaber. What he does not have, at any given moment, is his composure. Sha'a Gi is a Jedi Padawan who is extremely aware of how dangerous the galaxy is and would like everyone else to be a little more aware of it, too. He is lanky, he is nervous, and he approaches most situations with the energy of someone who already knows how this is going to go and does not love it. The funny thing is, the Force is genuinely, objectively, kind of crazy strong with this kid. All he needs is one good day of not completely losing it, and he could probably give Mace Windu a run for his money. That day has not come yet. Maybe you will help him? He also comes with a Kath Hound that he insists is harmless, which is not true, but the thing is loyal to both of you, so it mostly balances out. Frankly, you've had worse travel companions. Probably.

Clone Squad [50]

Seven clones, one objective, zero complaints. They are not the flashiest asset you could have picked up in this war, but they are professional in a way that most people who have never served alongside clones fail to appreciate until it matters. They follow orders, adapt fast, cover each other without being told to, and have the kind of battlefield cohesion that takes years to build and cannot be faked. They are also, once you have been through enough with them, surprisingly good company: dry, sardonic, and possessed of a collective sense of humor that emerges at the worst possible times, usually right before or after something explodes. They have been through enough together that the unit functions less like a squad and more like a single organism that happens to argue with itself. Getting them means getting that; you just have to keep up.

Padmé Amidala [50]

Most politicians in the Republic are either smart or good. Padmé is both, which is why people find her so difficult to deal with. She was running a planet in her teens, is now one of the loudest voices against the war in the Senate, and has survived enough assassination attempts that, at this point, it says more about her enemies than it does about her. She is not a soldier, though she'll pick up a blaster faster than you'd expect. What she is is someone who knows everyone, is trusted by most of them, and can walk into a negotiation and come out with something nobody else could have gotten. Having her around means having access to a network, a reputation, and a level of moral authority that takes most people a lifetime to build. She's also just genuinely good company, which in this galaxy counts for more than people admit.

R2-D2 & C-3PO [50]

One of them is a protocol droid fluent in over six million forms of communication, most of which he uses to explain, in exhaustive detail, exactly how bad the current situation is and the precise statistical likelihood of survival. The other one is a small blue astromech who does not speak in any language you understand and does not let this slow him down at all. Together, they have wandered through some of the most dangerous situations in the galaxy and come out the other side every single time, usually through a combination of blind luck, R2's frankly suspicious resourcefulness, and 3PO's apparent immunity to consequences despite never doing anything that should work. Between the two of them, you have a universal translator, a codebreaker, a mechanic, a slicer, a pilot assist, a map, a lie detector, and something that functions as a conscience, whether you asked for one or not. 3PO can talk you into, out of, or through any diplomatic situation in any language spoken in the known galaxy and several that aren't. R2 can interface with virtually any system, unlock virtually any door, and has a compartment containing something useful for almost every situation, the full contents of which remain unclear even after extended acquaintance. They will bicker constantly. 3PO will tell you you're going to die. R2 will call him something unrepeatable and then fix the ship with a paperclip. Somehow, against all odds and reason, they will be fine. You will probably be fine too, just by proximity. Probably.

Barriss Offee [50]

Congratulations, you have a Padawan! Her name is Barriss Offee. She is studious, disciplined, and takes the Jedi Code seriously. She is a genuinely gifted healer, a capable fighter, and quite a composed girl for someone her age. She reads constantly and has a quiet, focused dedication to getting things right that makes her genuinely good company once you get used to the fact that she means it. As her new master, you'll need to guide her through these doubts, help her find her path, and keep her from making terrible decisions. She will follow your lead, patch you up when things go sideways, and fight alongside you. All she asks in return is someone worth following. Try to deserve her.

Asajj Ventress [50]

A dark side assassin of Count Dooku's making, though calling her his servant undersells what she actually is. Ventress is a predator: fast, precise, and deeply committed to the idea of winning by whatever means are available. Her past is tragedy after tragedy: abandoned as a child, briefly trained as a Jedi, then losing her master and falling to the dark side out of grief and rage. She's survived by being ruthless, adaptable, and absolutely dedicated to proving her worth to Dooku - though whether that devotion comes from loyalty or fear of being discarded is unclear. She will work for you as long as you give her purpose, direction, and victories she can claim as her own. She is not blindly loyal, nor easily controlled. Treat her as expendable, and she will act accordingly. Give her reason to stay, and she will be one of the most dangerous assets at your disposal.

Obi-Wan Kenobi [50]

A Jedi Master, a General of the Republic, and quite possibly the most patient man in the galaxy. Obi-Wan Kenobi is what happens when discipline, experience, and dry humor are forced to coexist under constant stress. He is a master of Soresu, the defensive form, which in practice means he can stand in front of things that should absolutely kill him and simply… not die. Be it blaster fire, overwhelming odds, or even Anakin, he has dealt with all of these and is still here, somehow. At your side, he will bring a mastery of Soresu, a diplomatic mind (that frequently involves violence, for some reason), and a steadiness that makes the people around him better without him ever making a point of it. He will disagree with you when you are wrong, do it politely, and help you anyway. He has seen enough of the galaxy to be cynical and chosen not to be, which takes more strength than most people realize. Having him around means having someone who has been through worse than this, knows it, and is not particularly worried. That is, depending on the day, either very reassuring or mildly annoying. Usually both.

Yoda [100]

At 900 years old, the Grand Master of the Jedi Order has seen empires rise and collapse into dust, has trained generations of Knights and Masters, and has sat at the center of the living Force longer than most species have possessed written language. He is, by any measure, the greatest Jedi alive: a warrior of terrifying capability beneath the peace of an elder, and a teacher whose patience is as vast as his years. And yet, despite all of this, he has found time for you. He will teach you his peerless insight into the Force: nine centuries of study, distilled into questions that seem simple until you sit with them. He's also going to hit you with his stick. A lot.

Mace Windu [100]

The second most powerful Jedi alive, a Master whose reputation in combat is without serious dispute, and one of the handful of people in the galaxy whose opinion Yoda actually weighs before making a decision. Windu sits on the High Council, helped shape the Order's response to the Separatist crisis, and personally leads the most dangerous operations the Republic asks of the Jedi. Not because it is required of him, but because no one is better suited for them, and everyone knows it. There is no warmth here, no charm, no patience for excuses, and certainly none for carelessness. What there is: an absolute, unshakeable commitment to doing what is right, paired with a tactical mind that has never met a situation it couldn't cut through. However things shake out between you, one thing is certain: there are very few people in the galaxy you would rather have in your corner, and even fewer who would make you work this hard to deserve it.

Chancellor Palpatine [100]

This charming, grandfatherly man is the Supreme Chancellor of the Galactic Republic, and for some reason, he's taken a personal interest in you. Palpatine is widely respected as a skilled politician who navigated the Republic through the Separatist crisis and now leads it during the Clone Wars. He seems genuinely concerned about the Republic's survival and the well-being of its citizens. He's warm, personable, and has a gift for making people feel important and understood. He sees potential in you: perhaps as a military asset, perhaps as a political ally, perhaps simply as someone worth cultivating for future purposes. He's offered to teach you about politics, statecraft, and how to navigate the treacherous waters of galactic governance. His insights into the Senate, his understanding of political maneuvering, and his connections throughout Republic space are invaluable. If you prove yourself worthy and trustworthy, he's hinted that he might share other knowledge: things he's studied in private, techniques for understanding people and situations that he doesn't teach to just anyone. Palpatine is always friendly, always helpful, but there's something about him that's hard to pin down. Sometimes when you catch him in an unguarded moment, his expression seems... different. More calculating, perhaps. But surely that's just the face of a leader carrying the weight of the galaxy on his shoulders. He's offered you his mentorship and friendship. What you do with that is up to you.

General Grievous [100]

The Supreme Commander of the Separatist Droid Army is not a man. Whatever he was before, that is gone. What remains is a predator built from the wreckage of something organic, wrapped in durasteel, and given an army for the sole purpose of breaking the Republic in half. Grievous has personally killed dozens of Jedi and collects their lightsabers as trophies. He can split his arms into four and wield four lightsabers simultaneously, fighting with a brutality that overwhelms even master duelists. He's a tactical genius who treats warfare as an art form and views most organics as weak and pathetic. Despite this, he's developed a grudging respect for you: maybe because you've proven yourself in combat, maybe because you share his warrior philosophy, or maybe just because you are one of the few people who has stood in front of him without flinching. Whatever the reason, he's willing to let you tag along with his campaigns. Just don't expect him to care if you die - he'll probably just take your stuff as another trophy.

Durge [100]

How did you manage to recruit this monster? Durge is a two-thousand-year-old Gen'Dai bounty hunter with a personal vendetta against Jedi and an especially intense hatred of Mandalorians. Standing over seven feet tall in his scaled armor, Durge is quite possibly unkillable: he's been blown apart, dismembered, and scattered across battlefields, only to regenerate and return for revenge. He's fought in countless wars across two millennia, making him one of the most experienced combatants in the galaxy. However, Durge is also slowly going insane from his extreme age, becoming more sadistic and cruel over the centuries. He respects contracts and professional courtesy, but he genuinely enjoys causing pain and death. If you've recruited him, it's probably because you offered him something he wants: perhaps a worthy challenge, perhaps the opportunity to kill many Jedi, perhaps just a steady stream of combat to keep the boredom away. Just remember: Durge is a monster on a leash, not a loyal friend.

Anakin Skywalker [100]

The Chosen One himself, though he'd probably prefer you just call him Ani. Anakin is a young Jedi Knight with raw Force potential that makes Council Masters nervous. He's brash, confident, and breaks rules whenever he thinks he knows better (which is constantly). Anakin is one of the best pilots in the galaxy, can build or repair almost anything mechanical, and fights with a ferocity that makes most Jedi uncomfortable and most enemies regret their choices. He is loyal to the people he claims as his own in a way that overrides pretty much everything else, including orders, protocol, and occasionally common sense. You are one of those people now, which means you have someone who will show up for you without question, every time, no matter what. That is worth a lot. The fact that he comes with a war's worth of baggage, a habit of making things personal, and an absolute refusal to lose anyone he cares about is something you will simply have to work with. He is a lot to handle. He is also absolutely worth it.

Count Dooku [100]

A former Jedi Master who walked away from the Order, a Count of noble Serenno blood, and the political and military head of the Separatist movement. Dooku is aristocratic in the truest sense: He is cultured, precise, and possessed of a wit that he deploys like a scalpel. He also happens to be one of the finest duelists alive, being a master of Makashi and a practitioner of the Force whose skill and control place him among the most dangerous individuals in the galaxy. Dooku respects competence and despises incompetence: if you prove yourself capable, he'll teach you both political maneuvering and advanced combat techniques. If you disappoint him, he'll discard you without hesitation. Do not disappoint him.



Drawbacks

Canon Replacement [Free]

You may choose to take the place of a canon character of your choice at the start of the jump, as long as they are connected to your origin.

Supplement Mode [Free]

This jump becomes a supplement to another jump of your choice. Your CP will be separated between both jumps, and taking drawbacks in the supplement will affect the entire universe you are jumping to, but only give points for the supplement. You also have the choice of fusing both universes.

Time Extender [+100]

You can extend your time in this jump by another five years. You can only gain **+200 CP** from this.

Marked by War [+100/+400]

The war has left its signature on you in ways that cannot be hidden and that you stopped trying to hide a long time ago. A scar that crosses your face in a way that draws the eye before anything else does. A prosthetic limb that whirs quietly when you move and reminds everyone in the room that something took the original. Burns along one side of your neck that tell a story you have never fully explained to anyone. Some people might respect your scars, while others will fear them. Some will not be able to stop looking, and others will refuse to meet your eyes at all. For **+400 CP,** this goes even further than a mere scar: you have been mutilated by science experiments, with your entire body changed to be something grotesque and difficult to ignore. Even you will find it hard to deal with your own appearance, and you will never be mistaken for anything ordinary again.

Shadows of What Will Be [+200]

The Force does not always show you what you want to see. Sometimes it shows you something you were not ready for, in a form you cannot fully interpret, at a moment you were not prepared to receive it. You are visited periodically by visions: dark, fragmented, and just coherent enough to leave a mark without being coherent enough to act on. A face distorted into something you do not recognize but feel you should. A moment of violence whose context you cannot place, but whose emotional weight arrives with full force regardless. A version of yourself, or something wearing your shape, standing somewhere you do not understand in circumstances that feel like a conclusion to a story you have not been told yet. You cannot learn from them, only carry whatever fear, doubt, or certainty they leave behind. And when reality finally begins to resemble what you have seen, you will not know if you are about to prevent it - or step directly into it.

Power Loss [+200]

All your out-of-jump perks, powers, and abilities are deactivated for the duration of the jump.

The Chosen Burden [+200, Exclusive for Jedi Master]

Every Master takes a Padawan eventually. Yours is gifted: genuinely, undeniably gifted in the Force in ways that turn heads in the Temple and make senior Masters speak in careful, measured tones about potential and responsibility. They are also, in the particular way that the most talented people sometimes are, a problem. Emotional, headstrong, prone to attachment, impatient with the pace of traditional training, and possessed of a connection to the Force so strong that the line between its light and dark expressions is thinner for them than it is for almost anyone else their age. It's your job to guide them, train them, and bring them to Knighthood intact both in skill and spirit, which is going to require more than just lessons and discipline. You will have to teach them restraint without breaking their drive, caution without killing their initiative, and detachment without turning them into something hollow. They will test you. They will question you. They will make decisions that force you to decide, in real time, what kind of Master you actually are. Succeed, and you will have trained one of the most powerful Jedi of their generation. Fail, and you will understand exactly why the Council speaks so carefully about potential.

One and the Same [+200, Exclusive for Clone Trooper]

You are one of millions. You share a face, a voice, a genetic blueprint, and an accelerated childhood with every clone trooper in the Grand Army, and that connection runs deeper than the superficial. When you see a clone die, you feel it in a way that has no name. Not grief exactly, because grief requires distance between the mourner and the mourned, and there is no distance here. The face of every dead clone is your face. The body they pull off a battlefield could be yours. The line between their death and your own is thin enough that your mind has never entirely learned to treat them as separate events. And it will take a lot from you to just keep that distinction intact.

Ruled by Passion [+200]

The greatest Jedi weakness has never been a lack of power or skill. It has always been attachment: the particular vulnerability that comes from caring too much about the right things in the wrong way. Your emotions do not simmer quietly. They run close to everything you do, coloring your decisions in ways that you are not always aware of until the damage is already done. An ally in danger, and your priorities shift regardless of the tactical situation. A personal slight and your judgment clouds in ways that a patient enemy can read from across the room. A cause you believe in deeply enough, and the line between conviction and recklessness becomes difficult to locate. Your enemies will learn this about you, and the ones worth worrying about will use it: manufacturing situations designed to provoke exactly the response that serves them rather than you, pulling you toward decisions that feel righteous in the moment and reveal themselves as mistakes afterward. You are not weak. You are readable, and in the hands of someone who knows how to read you, that is a liability that no amount of skill entirely compensates for.

Miserable Conditions [+200]

Some people are unlucky. You are unlucky in a very specific, very consistent, and deeply personal way. Every planet you set foot on decides, apparently upon your arrival, that now is the time for the weather to turn. It will rain, and I'm not talking about a simple rain. It will be a grey, relentless, cold rain that soaks everything you own within the first hour, and it does not stop for the duration of your stay. The temperature will be wrong in the direction of cold, regardless of what the climate was doing before you arrived and what it returns to after you leave. And the food, more specifically, whatever good food existed on this planet before you got there, will be gone. What remains will be barely edible at best and actively offensive at worst. You will be cold, you will be wet, you will be eating something that defies categorization, and this will be true on every planet, in every system, in every corner of the galaxy you travel to. The universe has made its position on your comfort very clear, and it has not left any room for negotiation.

Forbidden Love [+200]

You are in love with someone you cannot have. Not in the sense that they do not return it - they do, and that is precisely what makes it impossible. A Jedi whose attachment to you violates everything the Order requires of them. A commander on the other side of this war whose loyalty runs in the opposite direction from yours. Someone whose position, obligations, or the simple arithmetic of the life you are both living makes the thing between you something that exists only in the spaces the war occasionally leaves unattended. Every time circumstances bring you close, something pulls you apart, like a deployment, a duty, a secret that cannot survive daylight, or a choice between what you feel and what you owe to everything else in your life. You will be forced to choose, more than once, and the choice will never get easier. Pursue it fully, and it will cost you: your rank, your reputation, your position, the trust of people who depend on you. Walk away from it, and you will carry that with you forever for the rest of your life. Either way, the war takes something from you that it had no right to take, and unlike the battles you lose, there is no strategy that wins it back.

Hunted [+400]

You have made yourself relevant enough to be a problem, and the other side has noticed. If you fight for the Separatists, the Jedi Council has dispatched a dedicated team: not a patrol that might stumble across you, not a general with other priorities, but a squad of Knights and Masters assembled specifically for the purpose of finding you and ending what you represent. They are patient, they are capable, and they are not going to stop. If you fight for the Republic, the Confederacy has sent something considerably less patient and considerably more personal: Durge. An ancient Gen'Dai bounty hunter who has spent centuries accumulating reasons to hate clone troopers and Jedi in roughly equal measure, and whose regeneration makes him an almost undying foe to face. Either way, someone is coming for you specifically, and if you do manage to put them down, it will not be the end of it. They will return, trying again and again until you are dead or they are, permanently and without the possibility of coming back. Good luck.

The Price of Failure [+400, Exclusive for Separatist Commander]

Count Dooku has a particular way of communicating his displeasure that goes beyond words. He is a man of refined taste, precise expectations, and absolutely no patience for the kind of underperformance that he considers a personal insult to the standards of the Confederacy he has built. When you fail him, the conversation that follows ends with a lightsaber and a cauterized stump. The replacement you receive afterward is functional, but only in the most technical sense, as every augmentation you receive from this drawback will be crude and visibly inferior compared to proper cybernetics. Fail him too many times, and you will find yourself more machine than flesh, each replacement a visible record of every engagement that went wrong, every plan that collapsed, every moment where the standard Dooku set was not met. Eventually, you will be left with nothing more than a collection of organs kept alive by machinery that barely deserves the name, and with nothing left to replace, Dooku will end it cleanly, as he does to all failures that have outlived their usefulness.

Still a Padawan [+400, Exclusive for Jedi Master, Incompatible with The Chosen Burden]

Instead of entering this jump as a Jedi Master, you will enter as a Padawan: young, promising, and operating at 20% of your total power. All your perks and abilities will be reduced accordingly and will only restore themselves gradually as you progress through your training and prove yourself worthy of advancement in the eyes of the Order. Until then, you will be expected to learn, follow orders, and survive in a war that will not slow down to accommodate you.

Outnumbered [+400]

No matter where you go, the numbers are never in your favor. Engagements rarely happen on equal footing: if you bring a squad, they bring a company; if you field a company, they answer with an army. On the ground, you will find yourself holding positions with too few troops, attacking forces that should require far more than you have, or surviving assaults that would break better-supplied units. In space, it's the same: you might have your squadron of fighters against something close to a fleet or a single capital ship staring down multiple. You might win some of these fights, but they will take everything you have and more. And when it is over, the numbers will be against you again the next time, because they always are.

Hands Behind the Shadows [+400]

Palpatine does not win through strength. He wins through patience: decades of careful manipulation, of manufactured crises and guided decisions, of pulling strings so far removed from their consequences that the people he moves never once feel the hand behind them. He has noticed you. Whether it is your potential in the Force, your military capability, your political influence, or simply the particular shape your destiny has started to take, the most dangerous mind in the galaxy has decided that you are worth acquiring rather than opposing. He will not come for you directly. He will arrange things: opportunities that seem to arise naturally, mentors who appear at convenient moments, enemies that push you in specific directions, and crises that open doors that were not there before. The manipulation is subtle enough that you will never be entirely certain any given event is connected to him, and certain enough in aggregate that someone watching from outside might see the pattern even when you cannot. You will be guided, pressured, and shaped toward a destination you have not chosen and may not recognize until you are already there. This drawback has one additional condition: the moment you take it, you forget that you took it. You will not remember that this is happening to you, and you will not question the pattern when it begins to emerge. You will simply live inside it, making choices that feel like your own, moving in directions that feel like yours, right up until the moment (if it ever comes) that something pulls back the curtain.



Nemesis [+600]

Choose one.




Mace Windu.

The most dangerous duelist in the Jedi Order has decided that you are a problem that needs to be handled before it becomes something worse. It may be that he sees in you the early signs of a fall the Order cannot afford. It may be a past action that crossed a line in his eyes that you did not know existed until you were already on the other side of it. It may simply be that his reading of you and your intentions is accurate, and he has decided to act on it before the Council catches up. Whatever the reason, the conclusion is final. He will not argue it with you, will not revisit it, and will not give you the benefit of the doubt once it has been made. He will find you, and he will hunt you down.

General Grievous.

The Supreme Commander of the Separatist Droid Army has taken a personal interest in you, which is considerably less flattering than it sounds. Grievous does not need ideology or justification: you have made yourself a target that he has decided to finish personally, and whether it was a battlefield victory, a narrow escape, or simply surviving something you were not supposed to, you have crossed the threshold from “enemy” to “prey worth the effort.” He will come for you himself and will ambush you at your worst moment in order to kill you.

This is not something you get to walk away from. Sooner or later, you will have to face them, and it will be up to your own ability to survive the encounter when it happens.

Ending



Five years. Five years of war, of battle droids and clone troopers, of scorched earth and burning skies. Five years of watching heroes fall and monsters rise, of learning that the Republic you bled for was already rotting from the inside. You have stood on a hundred worlds, fought beside legends, and carried the weight of a galaxy that never asked your name. And now, as the smoke clears over Coruscant and a man who was once a Jedi kneels before a new Emperor, you feel this chapter close, and a new one begin.

Stay

You could remain. This galaxy is wounded and its darkest years are still ahead: an Empire to outlast, a Rebellion to perhaps find, embers of the Jedi to protect in the shadows. You know what is coming. That knowledge is a burden, but it is also, perhaps, a gift. There are still people worth staying for.

Go Forward

Another world. Another jump. You carry what this war gave you: the scars, the strength, and the grief. Now, you can step into whatever comes next, a little heavier than when you arrived, and maybe a little more certain of what you stand for.

Return Home

You could go back. Back to a life that will feel quieter than you remember, smaller than you remember, safer than you remember. The war will fade into memory, something distant and unreal, a story you carry that no one else will ever fully understand. The things you have seen, the choices you have made, and the people you have lost will stay with you, even if the galaxy they belonged to does not.

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition
V 1.1 - Small Fixes, edited Grand Army of Jumper to have increased numbers, edited the Acclamator to remove misunderstandings.

The reason the third tier of The Force costs **800 CP Undiscounted** is because the perk is quite powerful all by itself, as having the potential of Anakin for any skill means not only learning a hundred times faster than any normal human but having these skills enhanced by the Force. Anakin had no teachers to teach him mechanics or piloting, yet he was able to practically master these skills at five, which makes this perk quite powerful, as you would be able to apply this to any skill you wish, especially the skills this jump offers, such as **Strategy, Tactics**, **Mad Science**, **Cloning**, **Politics,** and **Economics**.