
STAR WARS 1313

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Version 1.2 by SpazzWave

Coruscant. The Jewel of the Galaxy. The gleaming capital of the Galactic Republic, where senators live in towering spires that pierce the clouds, and sunlight glints off endless skyscrapers. For a thousand generations, this ecumenopolis has been the center of civilization, culture, and power. Every world in the Republic looks to Coruscant for guidance, for justice, for hope.

But Coruscant is not one world. It is thousands.

The planet-wide city is subdivided into levels: numerical designations that mark your descent from the gleaming penthouses of the upper levels down through the industrial sectors, through the forgotten mid-levels, and into the perpetual darkness below. Each level down is another step away from the Republic's shining ideals and another step closer to the brutal reality that underpins it all.

The tourists and senators never venture below Level 5000. The police rarely patrol below Level 3000. And almost no one with a choice ever goes below Level 2000.

Your journey begins at Level 1313.

Here, dozens of kilometers beneath the surface, the sun is a myth, and the rule of law is a joke. This is a realm of smugglers, bounty hunters, and crime syndicates where the strong prey on the weak and everyone has a price. The Jedi Temple might as well be on another planet. Down here, the only law is survival, and the only justice comes from a blaster barrel.

This is where your story begins, Jumper, between 19 and 0 BBY.

Here's **1000 CP**. Consider it hazard pay.

Welcome to the depths.

Races



You can choose any race from the Star Wars universe as long as they are humanoid and offer minor or modest abilities. A Human, a Twi'lek, or a Togruta is perfectly acceptable for **Free**. A Zeltron, a Falleen, or a Clawdite is acceptable as long as you pay **200 CP** for them. A Hutt or a Gen'dai are not.

You can also freely choose your gender and age.

Locations



The Gullet - Sarlacc Sector

Centuries ago, a sarlacc somehow took root in the crumbling foundations of this sector, its tentacles burrowing through multiple sub-levels and creating a labyrinth of acid-scarred passages. The locals have adapted in disturbing ways: entire communities live in the "safe zones" just beyond the creature's reach, harvesting valuable enzymes from its digestive secretions to sell to underground chemists and black market pharmaceutical labs above.

The sector's economy revolves entirely around the beast. "Feeders" are criminals who dispose of bodies and unwanted evidence by tossing them into the pit, paid handsomely by crime lords for this service. "Gut-runners" are insane scavengers who navigate the creature's tentacle-tunnels using sensor equipment, retrieving valuables from partially-digested victims like ancient artifacts, weapons, and even intact cybernetics that can be worth a fortune. The most valuable prizes are objects that have survived centuries in the sarlacc's stomach, polished by acids into strange, Force-reactive relics.

The local population lives in ramshackle settlements built into the walls of the main chasm, connected by swaying bridges and grappling lines. A particularly powerful Hutt crimelord, Grakkus the Collector, maintains a fortified palace built on a durasteel platform directly above the creature's maw, using it as both fortress and execution ground. His collection of Jedi and Sith artifacts is legendary, guarded by the most terrifying security system imaginable: drop through the wrong floor panel, and you're sarlacc food.

Life in the Gullet demands constant vigilance against the sarlacc's tentacles and careful navigation of acid-damaged infrastructure. The sector's unique economy offers lucrative opportunities in body disposal and artifact salvage for those brave or desperate enough, while Grakkus's presence provides potential patronage for mercenaries and those seeking work. Just don’t expect the smell to ever quite wash out.

The Corporate Arcology - Czerka Compact Zone

A gleaming aberration of order in the chaos of Level 1313. This sector is a joint corporate holding maintained by Czerka Corporation, Kuat Drive Yards, and SoroSuub Corporation. Unlike the rest of the undercity, here the lights actually work, the air is filtered, and automated security droids patrol clean corridors. If only here wasn't a gilded cage.

The sector operates as a "debt rehabilitation zone" where thousands of indentured workers labor in automated factories, processing plants, and warehouses. Workers are paid in corporate scrip that can only be spent at company stores (at inflated prices), ensuring they never earn enough to buy out their contracts. The corporations use the sector to manufacture products they'd rather not make on the surface: weapons with plausible deniability, prototype droids, experimental chemicals, and "refurbished" goods that are actually counterfeits.

The Czerka administrative tower at the sector's heart is a fortress of bureaucracy. Want to leave? File the right forms in triplicate. Need medical care? That'll be added to your debt. Witnessed a safety violation? Corporate arbitration will handle it (in the company's favor). Yet the sector also offers real opportunities: technical training, access to high-end equipment, and the chance to earn legitimate (if corporate-controlled) credentials that have value on the surface.

The Compact Zone presents a devil's bargain: relative safety, clean air, functioning infrastructure, and access to corporate training programs and high-end equipment in exchange for operating within an exploitative system designed to keep workers perpetually indebted. Those clever enough to navigate the bureaucracy or subvert corporate oversight can leverage the sector's resources while avoiding the worst aspects of indentured servitude. The technical credentials earned here carry weight in legitimate markets, making this an unexpected pathway to opportunities in the surface world. Everything comes with strings attached, but at least you can see what you're getting into.

Crimson District - Black Sun Territory

This sector belongs to the Black Sun syndicate, and every durasteel plate proclaims it. Crimson paint marks territory boundaries, holocommercials for illegal services flicker on ancient viewscreens, and Crime Lord enforcers openly collect protection money from businesses. The Exchange tried to move in five years ago; their heads still decorate pikes at the sector's main entrance as a warning.

The Black Sun runs this sector like a legitimate government: they maintain order (their version of it), settle disputes (in their courts), and provide services (for a price). The sector has functional medical clinics (staffed by doctors who lost their licenses), schools (teaching useful skills like slicing and forgery alongside basic education), and even a form of police force (syndicate enforcers who protect residents from outside threats while collecting tribute).

The architecture reflects decades of criminal prosperity: neon-lit gambling halls, combat arenas where gladiators fight for entertainment and debt forgiveness, red-light districts offering every vice imaginable, and the infamous Black Market Bazaar, where anything can be bought if you have credits or information to trade. The current Crime Lord, a Falleen named Xzar Vos, is unusually ambitious. He's been recruiting Force-sensitives and tech specialists, building something in the sector's depths. Rumor says he's planning to make a move on the surface world itself.

The Crimson District operates under brutal but predictable rules, where Black Sun authority provides a strange form of stability absent elsewhere in the underworld. The Black Market Bazaar grants access to resources unavailable through legitimate channels, while the syndicate's infrastructure creates opportunities for those willing to operate within their system. Residents who prove useful can rise through criminal ranks or leverage syndicate connections for personal ventures. Xzar Vos's ambitious projects offer chances to get involved in something potentially galaxy-changing, though backing the wrong horse in underworld politics has predictably fatal consequences. Keep your head down and pay your tribute, or make yourself valuable enough that the Black Sun protects rather than preys on you.

The Spillway - Gang War Zone

Automated supply systems from Levels 1200-1300 malfunction here regularly, dropping cargo containers, repair equipment, medical supplies, and occasionally even weapons into this contested sector. Nobody knows why the systems fail, but the result is the same: everything that falls into the Spillway becomes a prize worth killing for.

Eight major gangs and countless minor crews are constantly warring for control of "drop zones" where supplies most frequently fall. The sector is carved into territories marked by corpses, graffiti, and improvised fortifications. The fighting never truly ends, with truces lasting only until the next cargo drop, which triggers immediate violence as gangs scramble to claim the goods. The civilian population has adapted by sheltering in hardened bunkers between drops, venturing out only during brief lulls to scavenge what the gangs miss.

The gangs themselves are diverse: the Rust Vipers (cybernetically enhanced scavengers), the Rattly Boys (experts in underground warfare), the Imperial Security Bureau (former cops gone rogue), the Duros Collective (aliens banded together for mutual protection), the Sithspitz (humans who worship strength), the Circuit Breakers (tech-focused slicers and droid-hackers), the Spire Lords (occupying the few tall structures, ruling from above), and the Nameless (masks, mystery, and terror tactics).

Survival in the Spillway requires combat skills, tactical awareness, and the ability to either join a gang or operate independently between the cracks of their territories. The constant warfare creates opportunities to claim valuable supplies, build a fearsome reputation, and potentially rise to gang leadership through demonstrated strength and cunning. For the strong, the skilled, or the dangerously clever, this warzone represents opportunity. For everyone else, it's a meat grinder that turns people into cautionary tales.

The Verdant Deep - Lost Jedi Colony

Hidden in the deepest accessible levels, protected by both the Force and deliberate obscurity, lies a secret that would shake the galaxy: a thriving community of Jedi who chose (or were forced) to disappear. The local Force nexus scrambles Force senses for those who descend too deep, turning the undercity into a labyrinth where even Jedi Masters can become hopelessly lost. Over millennia, those who never found their way back built something unexpected: a home.

The colony's population includes Jedi who got lost during the Great Sith Wars and gave up searching for exits, descendants who have never seen the sky or known the wider galaxy, and even some who simply walked away from the Order, seeking freedom from dogma and politics. They've created a functioning society powered by Kyber Crystals and Force techniques to enhance hydroponic gardens, all protected by their collective knowledge of the Force. Here, the Jedi practice their arts freely without the Council's restrictions, all surrounded by luminescent fungi and flowing water recycled through purification systems. They call themselves the "Forgotten Light" and maintain strict isolation, only revealing themselves to those in genuine need.

But the colony is not a paradise. Debates rage between those who believe they should remain hidden and those who think they have a duty to the galaxy. Some of the older residents have clearly touched the dark side in their isolation. And recently, there have been troubling signs: strange visions shared among multiple Jedi, disappearances, and the sense that something ancient and powerful is awakening in the even-deeper levels below them.

The Forgotten Light offers something nearly impossible to find elsewhere: Jedi training completely outside the Council's oversight, access to Force techniques and philosophies developed in isolation over millennia, and a safe haven from galactic politics and persecution. Those accepted into the community gain protection from hundreds of Force-users and knowledge preserved from eras long past. Just remember that if you betray their location or bring enemies to their door, you'll face the combined wrath of Jedi who've had centuries to perfect their arts in darkness.

The Stone Wilds - Tribal Hunting Grounds

Nature found a way, even here in the darkness. A massive structural collapse three centuries ago exposed ancient bedrock beneath the city's foundations, and something impossible happened: life took root. Duracrete-eating flora began growing, creating twisted metallic trees with razor-sharp leaves of organic metal. The locals call them "stone-teeth trees," and they've transformed this sector into something that shouldn't exist: a forest in the depths of Coruscant.

The ecosystem is entirely unique. The trees produce a strange bio-luminescent sap that provides dim light, attracting mutated creatures from across the undercity that evolved in the darkness for millennia. Blind cave wampas, packs of feral cyborg-hybrids, and descendants of escaped corporate experiments all stalk the undergrowth. Massive duracrete borers, creatures that tunnel through the city's foundations, emerge here to feed on the mineral-rich trees. And stranger things that don't match any known taxonomy, possibly warped by industrial runoff or ancient Sith alchemy from levels below.

Here, the human population has gone fully tribal. They call themselves Stone Hunters, and they've abandoned the technology-dependent lifestyle of the surface entirely. Their culture revolves around the hunt, tracking the undercity's monsters using skills passed down through generations. Their bows fire arrows with stone-teeth leaves that can punch through durasteel, and their blades made with stone-teeth wood hold an edge that never dulls. They hunt the monsters, mutants, and corporate experiments that are part of the ecosystem of the Stone Wilds, surviving each day by skill and instinct.

The tribes are organized into hunting clans, each one claiming territory around specific groves of the stone-teeth trees. The Ironbark Clan controls the largest grove and crafts the finest weapons, trading them to outsiders for medicine and supplies they can't produce. The Deeproot Clan ventures into the lowest accessible levels, hunting the most dangerous prey and harvesting the rarest materials. The Shadowstalk Clan specializes in tracking and information, serving as guides for those foolish enough to enter the Stone Wilds. And the Boneweavers, the smallest clan, are mystics who claim the trees whisper prophecies and craft talismans from monster bones that supposedly protect against the dark side. The economy runs on barter, as the tribes have no use for credits.

Those who prove themselves through successful hunts and demonstrations of skill earn the Stone Hunters' respect and access to their unique knowledge: tracking techniques refined over generations, survival strategies for Coruscant's hostile ecosystem, and weapons crafted from stone-teeth wood and leaves that outperform most modern armaments. The clans offer different opportunities: the Ironbark for weapon-smithing, the Deeproot for extreme hunting, the Shadowstalk for navigation and intelligence, and the Boneweavers for mystical traditions. The Stone Wilds themselves contain valuable resources and dangerous prey that attract outside interest, creating opportunities for those who can navigate both the ecosystem and tribal politics. Show strength and cunning, and the Stone Hunters will teach you to survive anything the underworld throws at you.

The Crimson Temple - Sith Haunted Sector



In the sector's heart stands a structure that predates Coruscant's surface city by millennia: a Sith temple, built during the Great Hyperspace War and buried by construction over the centuries. And it is absolutely infested with things that used to be human.

Centuries of exposure to concentrated dark side energy, combined with industrial toxins leaking from above and failed corporate experiments dumped in the area, created a population of twisted beings that hunt the sector's corridors. Some mutants retain fragments of intelligence, forming primitive tribal hierarchies and using crude weapons. Others are pure predators, their bodies warped into killing machines with extra limbs, acidic blood, or the ability to phase partially out of sync with normal space. The worst are the Force-touched mutants, creatures whose exposure to the temple's energies gave them rudimentary Force powers.

The temple itself is a treasure trove wrapped in a death trap. Its vaults contain Sith holocrons, ancient weapons, alchemical formulas, and artifacts of dark side power that collectors would kill for. The walls are covered in inscriptions detailing lost techniques and forbidden knowledge. Hidden laboratories contain experiments the ancient Sith left incomplete, some still active after thousands of years. But every chamber is a test: pressure plates trigger traps, Force-sensitive locks require dark side power to open (corrupting those who use them), and some rooms are nexuses of dark energy so strong that entering them without mental preparation means madness.

The local population exists in constant terror. Refugees, criminals on the run, and the desperately poor squat in buildings at the sector's edges, as far from the temple as possible while still claiming the territory. They've learned the mutants' patterns and have created a thriving market of mutant parts (their regenerative tissue has medical applications), temple artifacts (sold to collectors), and maps of safe routes through the sector. The bravest or most desperate work as "relic runners," entering the temple to retrieve specific items for wealthy clients.

This sector presents a stark choice: risk everything for power, or profit from the desperation of those who do. The temple contains genuine Sith knowledge that could elevate a Force-user to terrifying heights or provide artifacts worth fortunes to the right buyers. The mutant population, while deadly, yields valuable biological materials for black market pharmaceutical applications, creating a grotesque but profitable salvage economy. Those willing to face both mutant predators and dark side corruption can claim treasures that would be impossible to access anywhere else in the galaxy. The sector's community of relic runners and edge-dwellers offers opportunities to build a network of specialists who know the temple's dangers intimately. Every piece of knowledge extracted comes at a price, but for those who believe power justifies any cost, the Crimson Temple offers exactly what they're looking for.

Origins

Any origin can be taken as a Drop-in.



CIVILIAN [+100]

You're one of the countless ordinary people who call Level 1313 home. Not a criminal mastermind, not a corporate drone, or even someone special, just someone trying to survive in one of the galaxy's harshest environments. Maybe you were born here, your family having lived in the undercity for generations. Maybe you fled here from somewhere worse, or fell from the higher levels and couldn't climb back up. Whatever brought you here, you've learned to navigate a world where crime is everywhere, law enforcement is unreliable, and where the main goal each day is just making it to the next day.

CRIMINAL

The undercity runs on crime, and you're part of its lifeblood. You might be running protection rackets that keep shops and neighborhoods "safe," dealing drugs to addicts and high-end clients alike, pulling thefts and robberies that target cargo, businesses, or rivals, or working as a collector who makes sure debts are paid on time and in full. Whatever your specialty, you've built a reputation in Level 1313's criminal underworld as someone who gets things done. You know the unwritten rules that govern such life: which territories belong to which gangs, which crime lords are rising and falling, and how to stay valuable enough that people would rather employ you than eliminate you. You also understand the costs: friends lost to gang wars, betrayals, and bad jobs gone worse. Still, you've tasted freedom that surface-worlders will never know: the freedom to make your own rules, take what you want, and live or die by your own choices. And you wouldn't trade it for anything else.

COP

You're law enforcement in the most thankless assignment possible: Coruscant Security Force's lower levels division. You're part of an underfunded, undermanned, and often forgotten division sent into situations that would require an army with just a partner, a blaster, and a badge that means less with every level you descend. Your superiors on the surface send to level 1313 those no one will miss: officers they want to forget about, those who angered the wrong people, and idealistic rookies they expect to break or die. The underworld eats cops alive. Most either go corrupt, taking bribes from the very criminals they're supposed to arrest, or they burn out completely and transfer anywhere else. But you? You aren't tempted by bribes. You aren't scared of threats. The grinding reality of the underworld never broke your commitment to actual justice. You're exactly the kind of cop your superiors wanted gone, and exactly the kind the lower levels desperately need.

SLICER

In the depths of Coruscant, information is power, and access is everything. You're a digital ghost, a master of the ancient and jury-rigged computer systems that keep Level 1313 functioning. You grew up learning to crack security protocols, splice into surveillance feeds, and navigate data networks that have been accumulating digital detritus for thousands of years. You might have learned your skills as an apprentice to an old slicer, picked them up through necessity when you needed to slice your way into food distribution systems just to eat, or perhaps you simply had a natural talent that bloomed in an environment where technology is everywhere but barely understood. You've probably done work for various factions as a neutral specialist because you are too valuable to kill over petty grudges. But you also know that information brokers, corporate security, and rival slicers all want what's in your head. Never go anywhere without backups, dead man switches, and exit strategies.

BOUNTY HUNTER [200]

You hunt people for money. Sometimes you bring them in alive, sometimes you bring them in dead, and sometimes you just bring in proof they're dead. Your reputation precedes you. Maybe you're known for always bringing them in alive, a professional who takes pride in clean captures. Maybe you're feared for your ruthlessness, someone who interprets "dead or alive" bounties as suggestions leaning heavily toward "dead." Maybe you're respected for your honor, a hunter who keeps their word even to targets. Or maybe you're mysterious, a ghost who strikes without warning and disappears just as quickly. Whatever your style, you've survived long enough in this profession to build a name, and down here that's an achievement in itself.

JEDI SENTINEL [400]

You were one of the Jedi Order's specialists in shadows, dealing with the darker realities the Consulars and Guardians preferred to ignore. Then came Order 66. You survived where so many others didn't, using the very talents that made you a Sentinel. You weren't in the Temple when the 501st came. Maybe you were deep undercover, embedded in a criminal syndicate or a corrupt institution. Maybe you were chasing a lead no one else thought important. Or maybe you were simply far enough away that when the Force screamed, you listened. You vanished before the clones could turn their blasters on you. You've been running ever since, hiding in the places the Empire doesn't look, surviving in the Coruscant Underworld and forgotten sectors where Jedi aren't supposed to exist. You've learned to live small, to survive without a Council, without reinforcements, and without hope of rescue. You know what the Empire does to Jedi, and you know exactly how thin the line is between survival and discovery. But you're still here. And as long as you are, the Jedi aren't quite extinct yet.

General Perks



Galactic Linguist [Free/50]

Galactic Basic might be the lingua franca of civilized space, but the galaxy speaks thousands of languages. Huttese in criminal circles, Binary for droids, and countless others that can mean the difference between understanding a deal and getting scammed. You speak, read, and write Galactic Basic with complete fluency for **Free**, having the same skill as someone who lived in the Star Wars universe their entire life. For an additional **50 CP,** you gain practical proficiency in two other languages of your choice, such as Huttese, Binary, Mando'a, Sith, or any other languages that may exist in the Star Wars universe. Additionally, any purchase of this perk improves your ability to naturally learn any new language you encounter by hearing or reading it.

Stun Mode [50]

You will find that any energy weapon you find here, regardless of its original design, will possess a functional non-lethal stun setting when in your hands. Blasters, ion weapons, sonic weapons, and even exotic or experimental energy weapons can be adjusted to incapacitate rather than kill. The stun mode is intuitive to access, and the effect scales naturally with the weapon, allowing heavy guns to subdue larger or heavily armored foes without causing fatal damage. Post-jump, this works on any energy weapon you use.

Always in Demand [50]

The galaxy runs on labor. Someone always needs a mechanic to fix their speeder, a slicer to bypass a lock, a medic to patch up injuries, or muscle to move heavy cargo. The problem is finding these opportunities reliably instead of waiting around hoping for work. You always find small jobs appropriate to your skill set. Mechanics get called to repair droids or speeder bikes. Slicers receive requests to crack basic security systems. Medics find people needing treatment for minor injuries. These aren't major opportunities, but they provide steady income and keep you connected to your professional community. The work finds you through word of mouth, chance encounters, or simply being in the right place at the right time. You can also refuse jobs without consequence, but opportunities continue presenting themselves as long as you maintain some level of professional reputation. This ensures you never go completely broke and always have a legitimate reason to be around when more interesting opportunities arise.

Student's Fortune [50]

You have remarkable luck in finding good instructors for whatever skills you want to learn. When you look for someone to teach you slicing, mechanics, combat techniques, piloting, or any other practical skill, you encounter teachers who are genuinely competent, reasonably priced, and willing to take you on. These aren't necessarily the galaxy's greatest masters, but they're skilled professionals who know their craft and can communicate it effectively. They also tend to be people you get along with, making the learning process smoother. This doesn't guarantee you'll find instruction in extremely rare or secret techniques, but for any skill that people commonly teach, you'll locate a qualified instructor within a short timeframe.

Sabacc Face [100]

You possess absolute control over your expressions, reactions, and tells in any situation.
Whether you're bluffing your way through a sabacc tournament, lying to a crime lord, or hiding your fear when staring down a barrel, your emotions are completely unreadable. Your face, body language, and voice give away absolutely nothing unless you want them to. This also gives you the ability to keep your cool under any pressure, be it interrogation, torture, or life-threatening danger.

Free Running [100]

You have exceptional parkour skills, easily vaulting over obstacles, wall-running across gaps, and climbing surfaces that look impossible. You can traverse through rooftops, alleys, and ruins without losing speed, and can easily spot handholds and footholds that others miss entirely. But here's the important part: things you hold can handle your weight even when they shouldn't be able to. That rusty pipe? It won't break when you swing from it. The half-collapsed starship you just jumped to, still burning and tumbling downwards? Any panels you grab will hold your weight as you vault across them.

Born in Darkness [100]

Environmental mutation has made you perfectly suited for life in the perpetual darkness of Coruscant's underworld. Your eyes have adapted to see clearly in near-total darkness, picking out details others would miss even with night vision goggles. Beyond sight, you possess an almost supernatural sense of direction in the maze-like depths: you instinctively know which way is up, can retrace your steps through kilometers of identical corridors, and never get truly lost. You also gain an innate awareness of danger from the environment itself: unstable floors, toxic gas pockets, or knowing which areas are controlled by mutants and other creatures.

Dual Wield [100]

You can fight with weapons in both hands as naturally as most people use one, with no loss of coordination, accuracy, or effectiveness. A sword and blaster? You can parry with one while shooting with the other. One blaster in each hand? Each weapon can track a target independently and fire without interference or penalty. This ambidexterity extends beyond fighting, with you being able to write with both hands or perform other similar feats.

Second Skin [100]

You wear heavy armor as comfortably as clothing. The weight doesn't burden you, the bulk doesn't restrict your movement, and you never feel encumbered, no matter how much protection you're wearing. You can run, jump, climb, and fight with the same speed and agility you'd have unarmored. The physical exhaustion that normally comes from wearing heavy armor for extended periods simply doesn't affect you. This applies to any armor you wear, from old durasteel plates to modern composite battle suits. The armor still has its actual weight for purposes of carrying capacity and environmental factors, but on your body, it might as well be weightless.

Judge of Character [100]

The underworld is filled with liars, con artists, and people who'll smile while planning to put a knife in your back. Trust is a commodity more valuable than credits, and knowing who deserves it can mean the difference between a profitable partnership and a fatal mistake. You possess an intuitive sense for people's true nature and intentions. When someone speaks to you, you feel whether they're being sincere or deceptive, though you don't automatically know what they're lying about. You also sense when someone's motivations align with their words, helping you identify reliable allies and avoid those who'll betray you at the first opportunity.

Weapon Specialist [100]

The galaxy is full of people who can shoot. Point a blaster, pull the trigger, and hope you hit something. But true mastery of a weapon takes thousands of hours of practice, intimate familiarity with every quirk and capability, and dedication that most people simply don't have. Choose one specific type of weapon: blaster pistols, blaster rifles, sniper rifles, vibro-blades, slugthrowers, disruptors, or any other category. With this weapon type, you've achieved a solid, professional-level proficiency. You handle the weapon smoothly and confidently, with good accuracy, proper technique, and reliable performance under pressure. You are not a legendary ace or peerless master, but you are clearly more skilled than the average user. Given time and experience, you can improve further, but even as you are, you are someone others can trust to use this weapon type competently and without embarrassing mistakes. This can be bought multiple times.

Clean Slate [200]

You possess an almost supernatural awareness of surveillance and tracking systems. Be it cameras, audio pickups, motion sensors, tracking beacons, or biometric scanners, you feel them watching you the same way most people feel someone staring at their back. This sixth sense extends to less obvious monitoring: chemical tracers in clothing, subdermal tracking chips, data-logging protocols in terminals you've used, even patterns in your behavior that algorithms might flag as suspicious. More importantly, you know how to become untrackable. You instinctively understand which routes avoid sensor coverage, how to move in ways that don't trigger motion detectors, and which materials block or confuse scanning equipment. Any forensic evidence you create also degrades extremely fast, with fingerprints smudging and DNA samples breaking down into useless fragments in hours. When you need to disappear, you can shed tracking methods you didn't even know were on you, and people trying to follow your movements find themselves hiding dead ends and contradictory data.

Thousand Faces [200]

You're a master of disguise who can transform your appearance, mannerisms, and presence so completely that even people who know you well won't recognize you. This goes beyond wigs and makeup (though you're exceptional at those, too) into genuine performance. You instinctively know what makes a disguise believable: the right posture for a dock worker, the specific jargon a corporate executive would use, the way a particular species moves and gestures, even the subtle tells that indicate someone's social class and background. Just as importantly, you can create these disguises cheaply, quickly, and with minimal resources. Given scavenged clothing and some common materials, you could easily become another person in minutes.

Master Forger [200]

In a galaxy of trillions, your identity is whatever the computers say it is. You can create false identification documents, credentials, and records that are indistinguishable from legitimate ones. Be it security clearances, government IDs, or any other type of identification, you can forge them perfectly. You also develop an eye for other people's forgeries, spotting fake identifications and documents that would fool most inspectors.

Shooting First [200]

Whenever you are in danger, your reflexes kick in without conscious thought, rapidly drawing your weapon and firing as fast as you can. This happens smoothly and instinctively, without wasted motion or hesitation. You also instinctively recognise when violence is about to erupt, giving you those precious split seconds that mean the difference between life and death. This extends to any handheld weapon you might quickdraw: blaster pistols, vibroblades, throwing knives, or even grenades.

Stim Junkie [200]

Your physiology metabolizes stimulants, combat drugs, and foreign compounds with exceptional efficiency, amplifying their benefits while suppressing their lethal and debilitating effects. Stims that would send others into cardiac arrest just give you a pleasant buzz and enhanced performance. You also gain a greatly increased tolerance to addiction, overdose, and long-term organ damage from chemical enhancers. While you can still become dependent if you abuse substances recklessly, your body burns through impurities and toxic byproducts far faster than normal, letting you stack multiple stims for short periods without immediately collapsing. Painkillers dull pain without clouding your judgment, reflex boosters sharpen rather than jitter, and combat drugs enhance strength and aggression without eroding fine motor control. Just don't forget: you're protected from the worst consequences, but massive overdoses may still kill you.

Bottom Feeder [200]

In the deepest levels of Coruscant, standard food is a luxury most can't afford. The desperate eat what they can catch: rockmites, granite slugs, diseased womp rats, and things that don't have names in any civilized language. Over time, some underworld dwellers developed adaptations to this harsh reality. You possess these adaptations in their most extreme form, having a digestive system that can handle virtually any organic matter and extract nutrition from it without illness or negative effects. Rotten meat that's been festering for weeks? Fine. Creatures whose flesh is naturally toxic? Delicious. Your body simply doesn't care about food safety the way normal people do. Your teeth also become incredibly strong, capable of tearing through tough hide, crushing bone, and chewing through materials that would shatter normal teeth.

Scrap Engineering [200]

The underworld doesn't have fancy workshops or pristine manufacturing facilities. What it does have is scrap: mountains of broken tech, discarded components, and salvaged parts from a thousand different eras and manufacturers. Down here, if you can't build what you need from garbage, you don't survive long. You have a talent for identifying useful components in scrap and understanding how to combine them into functional equipment. You can make a working blaster from broken ones, jury-rig power cells into something that can hold a charge, and make armor from scraps of durasteel. You instinctively know what parts are compatible, what can be safely bypassed, and what workarounds will actually function. You also develop an eye for valuable scrap, quickly sorting through junk piles to find the pieces worth keeping.

Defining Trait [200]

Everyone has something that makes them stand out, but most people are painfully average in almost every way.
The truly memorable individuals possess at least one quality that elevates them above the masses.
Choose one characteristic that sets you apart from ordinary people. It may be impressive strength, remarkable intelligence, intimidating presence, or any other single defining quality. In this aspect, you're simply better than common people. Not superhuman or impossible, but noticeably superior in a way people recognize and remember. This single trait also becomes part of your identity, turning into something people notice and comment on. You can purchase this perk multiple times to enhance different characteristics, but each purchase only affects one specific trait.

Loose Lips [200]

Everyone knows something useful. Any enemy you interrogate reveals at least one genuinely useful piece of information. It might be intelligence about the current situation in the underworld: who's fighting whom, where shipments are moving, and which territories are unstable. It could be the location of a cache of goods, weapons, or credits. Sometimes it's blackmail material about someone important, or knowledge of a secret passage, or information about upcoming events. The information is always truthful and relevant to your current circumstances, though it might not be immediately obvious how to use it. Your subjects don't necessarily cooperate willingly (they might let something slip accidentally, reveal information while trying to lie, or break under pressure), but they always give you something worth knowing. This doesn't work on the same person repeatedly; once you've interrogated someone, subsequent sessions produce less effective information.

Silver Tongue [200]

Violence is expensive, messy, and draws unwanted attention. Sometimes the smart play is talking your way through a situation instead of blasting your way through it. The problem is knowing when words will work and when you're just wasting breath on someone who only respects force. You can feel which people are open to deals, bribes, or diplomatic solutions, and which ones are too committed to violence, too ideologically driven, or too stupid to be reasoned with. This saves you from wasting time trying to negotiate with fanatics while helping you identify corrupt officials, pragmatic criminals, and reluctant enemies who'd rather avoid bloodshed. The second part of this perk is making you an excellent negotiator, capable of framing offers attractively and finding creative solutions that satisfy both parties. As a side benefit, you also instinctively gauge the right value for a bribe without insulting someone.

Survivor's Instinct [200]

The underworld kills the brave and rewards the smart. Knowing when to stand and fight versus when to run keeps you alive far longer than any amount of combat skill. You always know when a situation has turned bad enough that running is the smart choice. You feel it in your gut before your conscious mind processes all the factors that a situation is truly fucked, and it’s better to leave than stay. Just as importantly, you also possess an intuition for escape routes that makes you instinctively avoid dead ends, blocked passages, and routes that circle back into danger. This doesn't give you supernatural knowledge of building layouts, but when fleeing through unknown areas, your choices consistently lead toward freedom rather than walls.

Techno-Archeology [400]

Deep beneath Coruscant's gleaming surface lie technological marvels from civilizations that fell before the Republic even existed. Power generators that have run continuously for tens of thousands of years. Structural supports holding up impossible weights. Environmental systems are still processing air and water. This technology often surpasses modern equivalents, but it's alien, undocumented, and its builders have been dead for longer than some species have had written language. You possess an intuitive understanding of these and any other ancient systems you encounter. Whenever you examine technology from any long-dead civilizations, the principles simply become clear to you even without documentation or study. This gives you the ability to reverse-engineer alien systems, jury-rig repairs with modern components, and coax long-dormant machinery back to life. This works best with infrastructure and large-scale systems, but extends to any sufficiently old or abandoned technology. You also develop instincts for what's safe to touch and what will explode if you look at it wrong, which is surprisingly important when dealing with technology that predates most galactic civilizations.

Teräs Käsi Training [600]

You've been trained in the ancient martial art of Teräs Käsi, the "steel hands" fighting style developed specifically to combat Force users. Your body is a weapon honed through brutal discipline, capable of breaking bones, shattering armor, and even standing against lightsaber-wielding opponents with nothing but your bare hands. Your strikes carry devastating force, your blocks can deflect vibroblades, and your movement is fluid enough to dodge blaster fire at close range. This training also gives you a mental fortitude that borders on the supernatural: you can resist mental influence from Jedi and Sith, push through pain that would incapacitate others, and maintain focus even through the worst conditions. These are the benefits granted to those who mastered the oldest weapon of all: themselves.



Civilian Perks

Honest Work [100]

You have basic professional competence in any single civilian occupation you choose. Mechanic? You can perform routine maintenance on any technology and diagnose common problems. Cantina worker? You know how to mix standard drinks and handle customers. Cybernetics Expert? You can install and maintain basic cybernetics. This gives you the skills of someone who's been working in the field for a year or two, which is competent enough to hold down a job and not get fired, but not particularly distinguished. This also gives you knowledge of how your chosen profession operates within the larger economy, including where to find work and what to expect for pay.

Invisible [100]

You have the civilian's greatest survival skill: the ability to be overlooked. In a galaxy full of bounty hunters, criminals, and conflict, you don't register as interesting or important. People's eyes slide past you. Criminals don't see you as a threat or a valuable target. Law enforcement doesn't waste time questioning you. When violence erupts, attackers focus on more important targets and forget you're there. This isn't supernatural invisibility; you just project an aura of harmless, uninvolved bystander that most people don't look at. This has kept you alive through shootouts, gang wars, and security crackdowns that claimed others.

Making Do [200]

You've mastered the art of survival with limited resources. You can stretch credits further than should be possible: knowing where to get cheap food that's still edible, how to repair things instead of replacing them, and which corners can be safely cut. Interestingly enough, this ability extends beyond material survival; you can repair relationships, find opportunities where others only see problems, and generally make something work when it really shouldn't. You're the person who keeps a failing business barely afloat, who maintains a decent life despite terrible circumstances, who somehow manages even when everything is working against you.

Community Bonds [400]

You're genuinely connected to your community in ways that create a support network most people only dream of having. You have neighbors who look out for you, friends who'll help in emergencies, and a network of ordinary people who share information and resources. When you need help, these people show up. When you're in danger, they warn you. When times are tough, they share what little they have. This community also provides protection; you're not just an isolated individual who can disappear without anyone noticing it, which makes you less vulnerable to casual victimization by criminals or authorities.

Ripples of Good [600]

Your good actions spread far beyond their immediate impact. When you show kindness to someone, they're inspired to show kindness to others. When you help someone financially, they help others in turn. When you refuse to compromise your decency despite circumstances, others witness that refusal and reconsider their own choices. Your small acts of compassion create cascading waves of positive change that transform communities, inspire movements, and fundamentally make the world better in ways you'll never fully see. The galaxy becomes measurably better because you choose to act with empathy, and that effect compounds over time as the people you've touched continue spreading that influence.

Criminal Perks

Made Man [100]

You are a thug's thug, the kind of professional muscle every criminal outfit relies on to keep things running at street level. You know how the underworld actually works, not from theory or ambition, but from experience. You understand criminal hierarchies, who gives orders, who enforces them, and how to show the right respect to avoid unnecessary trouble. You are also competent in the bread-and-butter of organized crime: protection rackets, drug dealing, theft, robbery, intimidation, and collection. You know how to move illicit goods, keep your mouth shut, spot a setup, and avoid drawing heat from the authorities. You're not a mastermind or a lieutenant, but you are good enough to be trusted as a muscle, a runner, or an enforcer without constant supervision. You may not call the shots, but you belong here, and everyone knows it.

Street Smart [100]

You understand how the underworld works at an instinctive level. You know which areas are controlled by which gangs, which businesses are fronts, which cops are on the take, and which civilians are informants. You can read situations quickly, like knowing when a deal is legitimate or a setup, when someone's lying about their connections, or when you're walking into dangerous territory. Beyond that, whether it's picking up rumors in a cantina, reading coded signals, or knowing which fixer to approach and how, you can quickly locate criminal jobs suited to your skills. You won't always get the best-paying or safest jobs, but you can reliably find something legitimate by underworld standards without exposing yourself to obvious traps or law enforcement stings. As long as criminal activity exists in an area, you can tap into it with minimal downtime.

Connected [200]

You have an extensive network of contacts throughout the criminal underworld. You know smugglers, fences, forgers, information brokers, and fixers across multiple levels and multiple syndicates. When you need something (weapons, fake IDs, inside information, muscle for a job), you always know someone who can provide it. Your network also serves as an early warning system: when something big is happening, when the heat is coming down, or when someone's putting a hit out, you hear about it through your contacts. In the underworld, information and connections are often more valuable than credits, and you're rich in both.

Empire Builder [400]

You know how to build and operate criminal enterprises from the ground up. Whether it's drug manufacturing, weapons smuggling, protection rackets, or any other illegal operation, you understand the logistics, the necessary precautions, the profit margins, and the risks. You know how to recruit people to work for you and how to structure organizations, so they're efficient but can't betray you completely if compromised. You can take a small operation and scale it up, or start with nothing and build an empire. This knowledge extends to understanding your competition, identifying opportunities, and recognizing when to expand versus when to consolidate.

King of the Underworld [600]

What separates a pawn from a king is whether you have what it takes to build a power base from absolutely nothing. You have all the necessary skills to create criminal organizations, gangs, and syndicates from scratch. Drop you in any sector with nothing but the clothes on your back, and within months, you'll have a crew loyal enough to die for you and operations generating serious credits. You know how to build crews that are genuinely devoted to you, how to establish a power base that survives pressure from rivals and law enforcement, and the most important element of all: establishing legitimacy so you are taken seriously in the underworld. This works anywhere, in any situation. Imprisoned? You'll run the cell block within weeks. Dropped in a new sector? You'll have a gang within months. Exiled to a new planet? You'll establish operations before the year is out. Given time, the throne always finds you.

Cop Perks

Beat Cop [100]

You have all the basic skills someone who's been through the CSF training carries: how to handle a blaster pistol competently, how to arrest someone correctly, and how to do basic patrol duty without getting killed. You also know radio codes, how to call for backup, and how to navigate CSF bureaucracy without getting lost in paperwork. This gives the baseline competence of a rookie officer who's survived their first year on the job, nothing more.

Snitch Network [100]

Every good cop has informants, but you have a talent for cultivating them. You know how to flip small-time criminals into sources, how to maintain relationships with people who live between legal and illegal worlds, and how to extract reliable information without burning your sources. This network provides you with street-level intelligence that helps you stay ahead of criminal activity, hear about planned crimes before they happen, and understand shifts in underworld power structures. Your informants aren't always reliable or comprehensive, but they give you eyes and ears in places official investigations can't reach.

Reading People [200]

You've developed an exceptional ability to read people, being able to detect lies and identify when someone's hiding something. You can tell when witnesses are holding back information, when suspects are genuinely innocent versus putting on a performance, and when your own colleagues are dirty. This comes from thousands of interrogations, countless interviews, and years of watching people try to deceive you. This also gives you the ability to modulate your own approach based on what you're reading, knowing when to be aggressive, sympathetic, or to wait in silence and let the pressure build.

Incorruptible [400]

You possess an integrity that cannot be compromised. Crime lords can't bribe you, threats can't intimidate you into looking the other way, and the cynicism that consumes most cops in the lower levels hasn't destroyed your commitment to justice. While this may look like naive idealism, you are a man who understands the reality of corruption but maintains lines you will not cross. This integrity is actually a form of power; people know you can be trusted, which means witnesses talk to you, informants work with you, and even criminals sometimes prefer dealing with you because you're predictable and honest. You prove that it's possible to be a good cop even in the worst circumstances, and that sometimes, incorruptibility is the most dangerous trait a cop can have.

Inevitable Justice [600]

You have an almost supernatural ability to bring criminals to justice despite overwhelming obstacles. Criminals who seem untouchable somehow make mistakes when you're investigating them. Evidence that should be impossible to find appears if you look in the right places. Witnesses who were too scared to talk find courage when you're the one asking. Corruption that should block you somehow fails at critical moments. This ability doesn't make you infallible or instantly successful, but it does make you inexorable. You might fail temporarily, hit dead ends, face setbacks, but if you don't give up, you eventually find the thread that unravels everything. Justice delayed, perhaps, but through you, never denied.

Slicer Perks

Street Slicer [100]

You can bypass basic locks, access unsecured or poorly-protected data terminals, disable cheap security cameras, and crack simple encryption. You can also use slicing tools competently without frying the system or triggering alarms. This won't get you past military-grade security or high-end corporate systems, but it handles the everyday locks and terminals that stand between you and what you need. You also develop an eye for security weak points, quickly identifying which systems you can crack and which ones are beyond your current skills.

System Intuition [100]

You have an instinctive understanding of any system you encounter, be it technological, organizational, or social. Looking at a security system, you immediately grasp its architecture, vulnerabilities, and how to exploit it. Observing an organization, you understand its power structure, weak points, and how it actually functions versus how it's supposed to function. You understand that everything is a system, and once you recognize it, you can analyze it and find its weaknesses. This makes you valuable for more than just slicing; you're the person who can figure out how things actually work rather than how they're supposed to work, and exploit the difference.

Social Engineering [200]

You understand that the weakest point in any security system is usually the people operating it. You're exceptionally skilled at manipulating people into giving you access, information, or assistance they shouldn't provide. You can impersonate authority figures convincingly, befriend employees, and create pretexts that make people want to help you. You know that most people want to be helpful, hate confrontation, and assume others are legitimate until given strong reason to doubt. Combined with your technical skills, this makes you nearly unstoppable: when you can't hack through security, you simply convince someone to let you through.

Droid Specialist [400]

You're exceptionally skilled at programming, reprogramming, and subverting droids. You can take a protocol droid and turn it into an infiltration tool, reprogram security droids to ignore you or attack their masters, hack into astromech droids to extract the data they've recorded, and generally bend any droid to your purposes. What makes your skillset unique is that you can modify droids far beyond their original specifications: a simple astromech becomes a mobile hacking platform, a protocol droid can become an infiltration tool, and even a labor droid can become a combat monster. You can also recognize potential in damaged or obsolete droids that others would scrap, rebuilding them into unique creations worth far more than their components.

Always Have a Backdoor [600]

You never go anywhere without backups, dead man switches, and exit strategies. Before you enter any situation, you instinctively identify escape routes, plan contingencies, and set up failsafes that activate if things go wrong. Hacking a corporate system? You've got three different backdoors planted, fake trails leading to scapegoats, and a dead man switch that wipes your presence if you don't check in. Meeting with a crime lord? You've already mapped the exits, planted a weapon in the refresher, and arranged for a distraction if you need to run. This extends beyond physical escapes to every aspect of your operations. Your data is redundantly backed up across multiple hidden servers. Your aliases have aliases. Your safe houses have emergency supplies and transport ready. You can set up these systems incredibly quickly, doing in hours what would take others weeks of planning. And the beautiful part? Your contingencies almost never fail. That backdoor you planted six months ago is still there when you need it. That emergency exit you scouted actually works when everything goes to hell. Even when your enemies think they've got you cornered, you always have a way out.

Bounty Hunter Perks

Apprentice Hunter [100]

Bounty hunting attracts people from every corner of the galaxy, most of whom die on their first job. The survivors learn quickly how to track a target, when to bring them alive versus death, and which contracts will get you killed for not having enough credits. You can track targets using common techniques, know when to pursue and when to back off, and how to read and register bounty postings. You also possess basic combat competence appropriate to a working hunter: familiarity with blasters and simple melee weapons, an understanding of cover and positioning, and the ability to handle brief, low-intensity fights without panicking. This gives you the competence of a rookie hunter who's completed a handful of easy jobs successfully, nothing more. You're not taking down Jedi or crime lords, but you can bring in low-level criminals and actually collect the payment.

Always Watching the Exits [100]

You have developed the hunter's essential paranoia: constantly tracking escape routes, noting who's armed, identifying threats before they materialize. When you enter a cantina, you automatically clock where the doors are, who's watching you, and which patrons are carrying concealed weapons. This isn't a conscious effort; it's an instinctive ability that in no way, shape, or form requires effort from your mind. You notice when someone's following you three blocks before they make their move. You spot the ambush setup because you're always looking for it. You also sleep lightly, wake at unusual sounds, and maintain awareness of your surroundings even when relaxed. People might call you paranoid, but you call it "still breathing."

Urban Predator [200]

You possess an almost supernatural ability to track targets through the urban sprawl of Coruscant's lower levels. Even in the sprawling chaos of Coruscant's trillions of inhabitants, you can follow trails such as grime patterns on the floor, a pattern in witness sightings, and the logic of where someone would run when they're desperate. No matter how thoroughly they hide or how tangled the city becomes, you can always find them. Maybe not immediately, maybe not easily, but you will find them. This skill extends beyond literal tracking; you're also remarkably good at gathering information, knowing which questions to ask and who to ask them to, and how to build a network of informants who feed you tips because you pay well and don't burn your sources.

Prepared for Anything [400]

You have an almost prescient ability to bring exactly what you'll need for a job. Hunting someone in the industrial sector? You packed the thermal detonators and the climbing gear. Target's a force-sensitive? You somehow acquired force-cuffs. Going after someone with a lot of backup? You brought the right weapons and enough ammunition. This goes beyond good planning; You just "have a feeling" you might need something, and you're almost always right. This also means you rarely find yourself in situations where you're completely unprepared, even when jobs go sideways in unexpected ways.

Reputation [600]

Your name means something in the bounty hunting community and the underworld at large. When people hear you're hunting someone, targets get nervous, and smart ones just turn themselves in. When you walk into a room, people take you seriously immediately. Crime lords hire you for important jobs because they know you'll deliver. Legitimate authorities grudgingly respect you because you're effective. Other hunters don't compete with you for targets because they know you'll win. This reputation protects you; people think twice before double-crossing you because they know what you're capable of and that you hold grudges professionally. It also grows more with each successful hunt, creating a self-reinforcing cycle where your legend makes jobs easier, and easier jobs enhance your reputation further.

Jedi Sentinel Perks

Force Sensitive [400, Free for Jedi Sentinel]

You are Force-sensitive, connected to the energy field that binds the galaxy together. This connection grants you intuitive awareness that goes beyond normal senses: you feel danger before it manifests, get gut feelings about people and situations that are rarely wrong, and occasionally experience flashes of insight or premonition. Your reflexes are also enhanced, and you can sense emotions and intentions from those around you, though not with perfect clarity.

You also possess the potential to develop Force abilities with proper training and practice, though right now your connection is raw and untrained. This represents the natural baseline that all Force-sensitives possess before formal Jedi training begins, the innate advantages that set them apart from ordinary beings even before they learn to consciously manipulate the Force.

Shadow Initiate [100, Free and Exclusive for Jedi Sentinel]

You were trained as a Sentinel, and that training is what kept you alive when Order 66 came. You know slicing techniques for accessing restricted systems and erasing your presence from databases, investigation and forensics for tracking threats and avoiding pursuers, stealth and infiltration methods for moving unseen, and how to gather intelligence without revealing yourself. You can also pick locks, bypass security, conduct undercover work so convincing that even those looking for Jedi don't recognize you, and analyze situations for dangers and opportunities others miss.

Your Force connection and combat abilities place you at the Jedi Knight level: you're competent with a lightsaber in any Form of your choice, and you know approximately a dozen Force abilities that a Jedi Knight might have mastered: telekinesis, enhanced senses, basic Force persuasion, danger sense, and others that emphasize subtlety and utility over raw power. You've also developed the survivor's instinct that the Temple never taught: knowing when to run, when to hide, and when fighting would just get you killed. The Order is gone. Most of your friends are dead. But you're alive, and that counts for something.

Force Enhancement [200]

Survival in Level 1313 required you to abandon orthodox Jedi thinking about the Force. As such, you've learned to apply the Force to everything you do, not just combat and meditation. When you shoot a blaster, the Force guides your aim with the same precision it would guide a lightsaber. When you slice a computer system, the Force helps you intuit the right approach even when the code makes no logical sense. When you negotiate, read body language, pick locks, or perform any practical task, the Force flows through your actions, enhancing your capabilities without flashy displays of power. This makes you far more versatile than the Jedi who focused purely on traditional Force techniques, and allows you to operate effectively even in situations where obvious Force use would compromise your position or attract unwanted attention.

The degree of this enhancement scales with your Force sensitivity: weaker sensitives gain consistent but modest improvements, while stronger ones can achieve near-instinctive mastery in practical tasks without ever appearing overtly supernatural.

Grey Operative [400]

You've operated in the galaxy's darkest corners for years now, doing things the old Jedi Order would have condemned. And this has taught you how to operate in morally grey environments without compromising your essential principles or losing your connection to the Light. You can work undercover in criminal organizations, make alliances with unsavory characters, and use tactics that the Jedi Council would frown upon, all while maintaining your connection to the Light. This isn't about being willing to do anything, but you understand that protecting innocents sometimes requires getting your hands dirty. You can lie convincingly to criminals without the deception corrupting you. You can witness and even participate in crimes as part of maintaining cover without losing yourself. You can make tactical compromises without sliding into moral relativism. You also possess an exceptional emotional balance that lets you feel strong emotions without overwhelming you, allowing you to acknowledge and process darker impulses without letting them dominate your actions or draw you toward the Dark Side.

Art of the Small [600]

Running from Inquisitors taught you what the Temple never could: how to disappear completely. You've learned to compress your Force presence down to nothing, reducing it to a scale so infinitesimal that you effectively don't exist within the Force at all. Your aura shrinks to the size of atoms, smaller than the smallest life forms, becoming indistinguishable from the background energy of the universe. Inquisitors searching for you sense nothing. Dark side users feel no disturbance. Even powerful Force wielders standing beside you can't detect your presence unless you want them to. But the Art of the Small is more than just hiding. Shrinking your awareness to atomic scales has taught you to perceive the universe in ways almost no one can comprehend. You can see the molecular structure of matter, understand how substances interact at their most fundamental levels, and manipulate the Force with precision measured in individual atoms. Skilled users of this technique can create medical substances within their bodies, synthesizing poisons or curative substances in their bloodstreams and releasing them through skin, breath, or tears. Even the ability to weaken or strengthen materials, alter chemical reactions as they occur, or disrupt biological processes with a touch so gentle it never registers as an attack are not out of reach for a user of the Art of the Small. Of course, all of these applications require focus and control, so you can't use them while engaged in combat or using other Force powers overtly unless your willpower is beyond what a Jedi Master possesses. But for infiltration, survival, and assassination? There is no greater art. You've become what the Inquisitors fear most: a Jedi they can't find, who strikes without warning and disappears like smoke.



Cybernetics

Any implant you buy here works as a perk, requiring no maintenance and repairing itself by the healing processes of your body. You gain a **+100 CP** stipend to spend here.

BioTech Reconstructive Suite [Free/100]

A comprehensive cosmetic modification that lets you alter your physical appearance to your specifications. At the basic level **[Free]**, you can freely adjust facial features, hair color and texture, eye color, skin tone, and minor body proportions. This is the option for essentially creating your ideal version of yourself. For **100 CP,** you can make more dramatic alterations: complete facial reconstruction, significant height adjustments (within reason for your species), body type modifications (muscular, slender), gender transition with full biological functionality, and even minor species-adjacent features (pointed ears, unusual eye shapes, or distinctive markings). The modifications are biologically genuine and made at the DNA-Level.

Neuro-Saav OptiScan Eyes [100]

Cybernetic eye replacements that function better than biological eyes and include multiple vision modes. Standard features include magnification (zoom on distant objects with perfect clarity), thermal imaging (detect heat signatures through fog, smoke, darkness, and sometimes through walls), and an integrated targeting display (crosshairs and range information overlay on your vision). Your eyes are also more durable to flashbangs, blinding attacks, and environmental hazards. You can choose their appearance: obviously artificial, natural-looking, or anywhere in between.

BioTech Respiration Suite [100]

Cybernetic modifications to your lungs and respiratory system that let you breathe more efficiently and filter toxins from the air. You can hold your breath for extended periods (useful when environments are compromised), extract more oxygen from thin atmospheres, and function at high altitudes or in low-oxygen environments where others struggle. The integrated filtration system removes most airborne toxins, pollutants, and biological contaminants before they reach your bloodstream, making you highly resistant to poison gas, chemical weapons, and the toxic atmospheres common in Level 1313's failing sectors. You can also regulate your breathing consciously to reduce noise (useful for stealth), slow your heart rate (appear dead to sensors), or hyperventilate safely before physical exertion.

Neuro-Saav Pain Inhibitor [100]

Neural modification that gives you conscious control over pain signals. You still feel pain as sensory information, but the suffering component is optional. You can choose to ignore pain completely and continue functioning despite injuries that would incapacitate normal humans, or you can allow pain to warn you that you're damaging yourself. The modification includes safeguards that force pain signals through if damage becomes truly critical (about to lose a limb, organ failure imminent), preventing you from casually walking off injuries that will kill you.

BioTech ImmunoGuard Package [100]

Comprehensive augmentation of your immune system that makes you more resistant to disease, infection, and biological threats. Your body fights off common illnesses quickly, and serious diseases are recognized and attacked aggressively. The enhancement includes rapid wound healing: cuts close faster, broken bones mend quicker, and recovery from surgery or injury takes significantly less time. You're also more resistant to biological weapons, plagues, and the various diseases that circulate in Level 1313's overcrowded, unsanitary conditions. The augmentation doesn't make you immune to everything (sufficiently lethal bioweapons or overwhelming infections can still kill you), but you survive things that would kill normal humans and recover from injuries that would leave others permanently impaired.

SoroSuub Vocal Synthesizer [100]

Cybernetic modification to your vocal cords and larynx that gives you precise control over your voice. You can perfectly mimic other voices after hearing them briefly, modulate your tone to be more persuasive or intimidating, and produce sounds outside normal human range or capability (subsonic for stunning effect, ultrasonic for communication with certain species, and binary for droids). You can also amplify your voice to painful volumes without damaging your throat, useful for intimidation or communication in loud environments.

Neuro-Saav Tactile Mesh [100]

Sophisticated touch-sensitive augmentation throughout your skin that makes you more sensitive to tactile information. You feel vibrations through surfaces (useful for detecting movement in adjacent rooms or approaching vehicles), detect minute temperature variations (finding hidden compartments or people through walls), and sense air currents (awareness of movement nearby, even if you can't see). The sensors also provide medical feedback, letting you know if you've been exposed to radiation, toxins, or biological threats through skin contact. A skilled user can even use this implant as a lie-detector based on minute changes in the target's perspiration and body temperature. The augmentation also makes you more sensitive to pleasant sensations, improving quality of life in ways that aren't purely tactical.

SoroSuub Durasteel Skeleton [200]

Your entire skeletal structure is reinforced with durasteel or composite materials, making your bones stronger and essentially unbreakable under normal circumstances. You can fall from heights that would shatter a normal person's legs and walk away bruised but intact. Hand-to-hand strikes that would break normal human knuckles don't hurt you. Your spine can't be broken by impacts that would paralyze others. The reinforcement includes your skull, making you far more resistant to head trauma and potentially lethal blows. Many martial artists, brawlers, and people who expect frequent physical violence get skeletal reinforcement because it means they can fight harder without breaking themselves.

Neuro-Saav Adrenal Controller [200]

Cybernetic control over your adrenal glands and stress response system, letting you trigger combat readiness on demand or suppress fear and stress when you need to stay calm. When activated, the system dumps adrenaline and combat stims into your bloodstream, providing temporary boosts to strength, speed, and pain tolerance. This is the burst of superhuman capability that people show in life-or-death situations, available on command whenever you need it. The regulator also works in reverse: when you need to appear calm, pass through stress-detection security, or perform delicate work under pressure, you can suppress your stress response completely, maintaining perfect composure regardless of circumstances. The system includes safety limiters that prevent you from triggering combat mode too frequently (the stims are hard on your body) and automatically activate in genuine emergencies even if you're unconscious.

Czerka SynthFiber Musculature [200]

Replacement or augmentation of natural muscle tissue with synthetic fibers that contract more efficiently, providing significantly enhanced strength. You can lift more weight, strike harder, and exert more force without your muscles tearing or fatiguing as quickly. The synthetic fibers also recover faster after exertion, meaning you can perform at peak strength repeatedly without the accumulation of fatigue that plagues natural muscle. Combined with a **SoroSuub Durasteel Skeleton,** you can bend metal bars, lift objects that would require multiple normal people, and deliver strikes that can shatter bone through armor. The augmentation is most obvious in your physique: the synthetic muscle appears slightly harder and more defined than natural muscle, though cosmetic treatment can minimize this tell.

Czerka Integrated Tool Suite [200]

Your hands and forearms are modified to include a comprehensive set of tools that deploy from concealed compartments. Includes a cutting torch, hydrospanner, lockpicks, diagnostic probes, computer spikes, multi-tool, and various specialized implements for mechanics and slicers. The integration is sophisticated enough that the tools deploy smoothly and retract completely, leaving your hands appearing normal when not in use. Many mechanics, slicers, and technical specialists get this augmentation because it means they're always equipped for their work and can't be disarmed of their tools. The toolkit also includes power distribution systems that draw from your body's energy or attached power cells, meaning the powered tools function indefinitely. If you wish, you can instead replace the tools with concealed vibroblades, converting the suit to a close-quarters combat system. These concealed vibroblades deploy from the forearms and between the knuckles, and their high-frequency vibrations are capable of cutting through durasteel, armor plating, and restraints with ease.

Neuro-Saav Reflex Booster [200]

An implant made in the opposite direction of the Neural Accelerator, it improves your reflexes and responses by optimizing signal transmission instead of cognitive processing. This manifests as dramatically improved dodge reactions and snap movements that occur before conscious thought. Your catching and blocking reflexes are similarly enhanced, letting you snatch objects out of thin air or parry attacks with supernatural timing.

Neuro-Saav Neural Accelerator [400]

Comprehensive neural augmentation that speeds up your entire nervous system, making you react faster, move more precisely, and process information more quickly than baseline humans. You perceive events in slightly slower subjective time, giving you critical extra milliseconds to react to threats, aim weapons, or dodge attacks. Your hand-eye coordination also improves dramatically, making you better at any task requiring precision. The neural modification also has cognitive benefits: you think slightly faster, multitask more effectively, and process complex information more quickly.

Czerka Subdermal Armor Plating [400]

Thin plates of durasteel or composite armor are implanted beneath your skin, providing comprehensive protection without the bulk of external armor. The plating covers vital areas and can deflect blade attacks while providing significant protection against blaster fire. A direct hit from a blaster rifle will still hurt and might crack the plating, but it probably won't kill you, and glancing shots that would have been serious wounds are reduced to burns. The armor is subtle enough that you don't look armored unless someone touches you and feels the hard plates beneath your skin. The plating doesn't interfere with movement, and you barely notice it after the installation.

Items

You have a 300 CP stipend to spend here. 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. Discounted 50 and 100 CP items become free.

Starting Funds [Free]

You begin with 5,000 credits in a secure account accessible only to you. This is enough to rent a small apartment in Level 1313 for several months, purchase basic equipment, or bribe your way out of minor trouble. For **100 CP,** you gain a stipend of 5,000 credits per month, allowing a modest lifestyle with occasional upgrades to gear or weapons. For **200 CP,** you gain 10,000 credits per month, enough for higher-end apartments and quality equipment. For **400 CP,** you gain 25,000 credits per month, sufficient to run a small operation and acquire rare or restricted items. And at last, for **600 CP**, you gain 100,000 credits per month, a sum large enough to operate like a minor crime lord. Additionally, you can easily exchange credits into any local currency or convert them into physical money as needed.

Commlink [Free]

A standard personal communication device issued across the galaxy, used by civilians, smugglers, and bounty hunters alike. It allows for secure voice communication over short to medium ranges, with longer-distance calls possible when routed through local relays, ships, or planetary networks. Your commlink includes basic encryption and caller identification, and is quite compact and lightweight. In addition, your commlink is exempt from usage fees and data limits, letting you place calls from anywhere without paying credits.

Datapad [50]

A portable computing device is essential for modern life. It stores documents, accesses networks, runs programs, and interfaces with other technology. Slicers use them to crack security systems, merchants use them to track inventory, and everyone uses them to stay connected to the HoloNet. This model is rugged enough to survive the undercity's harsh conditions and includes basic encryption that won't stop a determined slicer but keeps casual snoopers out.

Grappling Hook & Cable [50]

Fifty meters of high-tensile cable with a powered grappling hook that can support up to 500 kilograms. The hook uses magnetic clamps and mechanical grips to secure itself to virtually any surface, and the motorized winch lets you ascend or descend quickly.

Breath Mask & Filter [50]

A compact respirator that filters toxins, pollutants, and harmful gases while providing breathable air in low-oxygen environments, making it essential for surviving the undercity's many environmental hazards. The filters last for about 24 hours of continuous use before needing replacement, and you gain new ones every three days.

Tool Kit [50]

A comprehensive set of tools for mechanical repairs and technical work. Includes hydrospanners, fusion cutters, diagnostic equipment, and various specialized tools for working with the galaxy's most common technologies. Whether you're repairing a speeder, maintaining weapons, or jury-rigging solutions to unexpected problems, this kit provides what you need.

Medpac [100]

A portable medical kit containing bacta patches, stims, diagnostic tools, and various medications. Can treat everything from minor injuries to life-threatening wounds, though serious trauma still requires proper medical facilities. The bacta patches accelerate healing, the stims keep you conscious and functional despite injuries, and the diagnostic tools help you identify what's actually wrong before you start treatment.

Jet Pack [100]

A compact personal jet pack commonly used by bounty hunters. It allows for controlled bursts of flight, making it ideal for urban combat and difficult terrain. Given enough downtime, the jet pack fully restores its fuel capacity over the course of a day, ensuring it is ready for the next hunt without external refueling.

Stim Collection [100/200]

You acquire an assortment of performance-enhancing stims commonly used by soldiers, bounty hunters, and adventurers across the galaxy. These injectors are fast-acting and designed for use in the field. You gain enough doses for weeks of regular use, and these doses replenish each week. These are:

Basic Stims [100]

You receive standard combat stims that reduce pain, enhance reflexes, and keep you conscious despite injuries. Includes adrenal stims for temporary strength boosts, focus enhancers for mental clarity, and basic antidotes for common toxins.

Advanced Stims [200]

Military-grade combat drugs with stronger effects and fewer side effects. Includes stims that dramatically increase reaction time, drugs that let you function without sleep for days, adrenal injections that improve any physical attributes such as strength, constitution, or dexterity, and specialized antidotes for exotic toxins.

Falsified Credentials [100]

A complete false identity backed by documentation that holds up to standard verification. Includes ID cards, credit accounts, employment records, and datapad records that support your cover story. This won't fool deep background checks or dedicated investigators, but it's good enough for most situations. The identity is also clean with no criminal records or outstanding warrants, making it useful for when you need to interact with legitimate authorities or businesses.

Tracking Equipment [200]

A professional suite of gear for finding and monitoring targets. This includes tracking beacons you can plant on people or vehicles, scanners that can detect life signs and electronic emissions, surveillance devices ranging from audio bugs to micro-cameras, analysis tools for identifying individuals from DNA or biometric data, and computer systems for organizing and cross-referencing information about your targets. The equipment is reliable, compact, and designed to be difficult to detect or jam.

Stealth Field Generator [200]

A personal cloaking device that bends light around you, making you extremely difficult to see. It's not perfect invisibility, but it's good enough to avoid casual observation and slip past inattentive guards. The power cell runs for about 10 minutes of continuous use before needing several hours to recharge. Security sensors can still detect you through other means (heat, motion, sound), so this works best when combined with actual stealth skills rather than relied upon exclusively.

Bacta Tank [200]

A medical immersion tank filled with bacta, the galaxy's most advanced healing substance. Injuries that would take months to heal naturally can be treated in days or even hours in a bacta tank. Burns, broken bones, internal injuries, and even nerve damage respond to bacta treatment. Extended immersion can also be used to restore stamina and remove fatigue, and the tank is kept fully stocked with a continuous supply of fresh bacta to ensure it is always ready for immediate use.

Energy Shield [200]

A personal deflector shield generator worn on your belt that projects a protective energy field around your body. Absorbs blaster fire, deflects physical projectiles, and provides significant protection against explosions and environmental hazards. The shield has limited capacity, only being able to absorb maybe a dozen blaster shots or one modest explosion before the generator overloads and needs time to recharge. The shield takes one full day to recharge again.

Spice Collection [200]

A variety of recreational and enhancement drugs that are highly illegal but extensively used throughout the galaxy. Spice, death sticks, and several other varieties, all clearly labeled and of the highest purity. You receive enough supply to maintain a small drug-trafficking operation, along with concealed storage containers to move the product safely. You can also use them, but it is not recommended.

The Code Vault [200]

You have access to a massive database of exploits, backdoors, security vulnerabilities, and slicing tools accumulated over the years. This database is constantly updated with new discoveries and gives you a significant advantage when approaching new systems, though it does not grant instant or effortless control over them. This database is encrypted and stored redundantly, ensuring you don't lose this invaluable resource.

Pleasure Slave Retinue [400]

A collection of ten highly trained pleasure slaves of species, genders, and appearances of your choosing. Be it Twi'leks with their sensual head-tails, Zeltrons with their pheromones, or even just boring, normal humans, you can select the exact composition of your retinue. Each slave has been extensively trained in sexual techniques, massage, seduction, companionship, and providing pleasure in all its forms. They're also trained in basic household management, entertainment (music, dancing), and have been conditioned to be enthusiastic about their role serving you. The retinue replenishes if members are lost, killed, or sold, with a new replacement slave arriving within a month.

Armorweave Fabricator [400]

You possess a compact armorweave machine capable of reinforcing ordinary clothing with advanced protective fibers without sacrificing comfort or appearance. By integrating armorweave into fabric, you can make any type of clothing resistant to lightsabers, blaster shots, shrapnel, and blades. Of course, while armorweave dramatically increases survivability, it does not make the wearer invincible: sustained heavy fire, concentrated attacks, or direct strikes from a lightsaber will still penetrate the fabric. The machine requires raw materials, but once set up, it allows you to continuously upgrade clothing for yourself or others.

Corporate Access Codes [400]

A collection of current access codes, passwords, and security credentials for various corporate systems operating in Level 1313. Includes access to Czerka Corporation facilities, Kuat Drive Yards installations, and SoroSuub systems. These aren't administrative-level codes that grant unlimited access, but they're legitimate credentials that let you enter restricted areas, access confidential databases, and generally operate inside corporate facilities without immediately triggering alarms. The codes are updated regularly through your contacts inside the corporations, staying current as security credentials change. The access lets you steal valuable data, sabotage operations, plant evidence, or simply move through corporate areas when you need to reach somewhere quickly. In future jumps, this access adapts to the dominant corporations or economic powers of the setting you are in.

Panopticon [400]

A comprehensive digital database tracking criminals, bounties, and underworld activities throughout Level 1313 and beyond. The database includes detailed profiles on wanted individuals (physical descriptions, known associates, criminal histories, last known locations), current bounty postings with payout amounts and contract conditions, information on criminal organizations (leadership structures, territories, operations), and intelligence on law enforcement activities (which sectors are being targeted, which cops are corrupt). The database updates regularly through networked contacts, intercepted communications, and information brokers who feed it data. For bounty hunters, this is invaluable for finding and tracking targets. For criminals, it identifies threats and opportunities. For law enforcement, it provides intelligence on criminal activities. For slicers, it's a treasure trove of data. For civilians, it helps identify dangerous individuals and areas to avoid. The database interface is intuitive, searchable by multiple criteria, and includes cross-referencing that reveals connections between seemingly unrelated criminals and organizations. The database is stored on a secure datapad with heavy encryption and includes protocols to wipe itself if captured by authorities.

Ancient Technology Cache [600]

A collection of pre-Republic technology recovered from the deepest levels of Coruscant. Includes power generators that have run continuously for tens of thousands of years using principles modern science doesn't fully understand, structural materials that are stronger and lighter than current equivalents, data storage crystals containing information from civilizations that fell before the Republic existed, and various devices whose purposes aren't immediately clear but are clearly sophisticated. This technology often surpasses modern equivalents but is alien, undocumented, and potentially dangerous. With sufficient study, reverse-engineering this tech could revolutionize modern understanding or simply blow up in your face. The collection includes enough material that you could spend years researching it or sell individual pieces for substantial credits to collectors and researchers.



Weapons

Weapon Arsenal: Blasters [100/200/400]

You gain access to a comprehensive collection of blaster weapons, with quality determined by your investment:

Basic Arsenal [Free]

A selection of common blaster pistols and rifles in working condition. Includes one heavy blaster pistol, one standard blaster pistol, one blaster rifle, and sufficient power cells. Equivalent to what a competent bounty hunter or gang enforcer might carry.

Professional Arsenal [100]

Higher-quality weapons with better accuracy, stopping power, and reliability. You get a small number of heavy blaster rifles, normal rifles, and blaster pistols of many types, such as holdout pistols and heavy ones. This also includes weapon modifications like scopes or energy cells. Enough firepower for serious work or equipping a small squad.

Military Arsenal [200]

Top-tier blaster weapons comparable to what elite soldiers carry. Includes precision sniper rifles with advanced targeting systems, specialized weapons for different situations, and extensive modifications for your guns. The quality is noticeably superior, and you have enough weapons to arm a small gang.

Exotic Arsenal [400]

In addition to the military arsenal, you gain access to rare and exotic energy weapons: disruptor rifles that disintegrate targets, ion weapons that disable droids and electronics, and sonic weapons that bypass physical armor. These weapons are illegal in most jurisdictions and incredibly valuable. Your arsenal also expands to include the sheer volume necessary to equip an entire gang of at least one hundred people.

All weapons come with infinite ammo.

Weapon Arsenal: Melee Weapons [100/200/400]

A collection of close-quarters weapons for when blasters aren't appropriate or available:

Basic Collection [100]

A reliable selection of common melee weapons in usable condition. Vibroblades, stun batons, basic combat knives, and improvised weapons. Quality tools for close combat that won't break when you need them most.

Advanced Collection [200]

Top-tier melee weapons equivalent to those issued to elite troops, royal guards, or assassins.
Vibroblades with cortosis, electrostaffs capable of resisting lightsabers, Mandalorian crushgauntlets, and many other weapons that most people only see in museums or crime lord collections.

Force Weapons [400]

A legendary collection of melee weapons forged through the Force itself, representing techniques and traditions long erased from the galaxy. Jedi katanas, Sith swords, and other ancient blades forged through methods known only to Force traditions long thought extinct. They are capable of not only clashing with lightsabers and deflecting blaster shots, but also of cutting spirits and many other threats that would normally be immune to a lightsaber.

Grenade Cache [100/200]

You gain a small supply of grenades of a single chosen type, packed in a bag for storage. At the base cost of **100 CP**, this cache contains standard frag grenades, reliable high-explosive weapons commonly used by soldiers, mercenaries, and bounty hunters across the galaxy. For **200 CP**, you may instead choose a specialized grenade type for the entire cache, such as thermal detonators, plasma grenades, ion grenades, sonic grenades, poison or gas grenades, cryo grenades, or adhesive grenades. The grenade type is chosen at purchase and cannot be mixed within a single cache, though the item may be purchased multiple times to represent different grenade types. The bag refills daily.

Lightsaber [200, Free for Jedi Sentinel]

You possess a fully functional lightsaber, an elegant and deadly energy weapon powered by a focusing crystal. You may choose to have a standard single-blade configuration or a double-blade lightsaber. You can also freely choose the color, reflecting your crystal and personal preference.

Mandalorian Arsenal [200]

A collection of weapons and equipment that would make any Mandalorian warrior nod with respect. This includes a wrist cable launcher that can restrain or disarm enemies, wrist-mounted rocket dart launchers, flamethrowers, and whatever other gadgets you find particularly useful for your work. All equipment is top-quality, well-maintained, and designed to integrate with your armor. The arsenal replenishes consumables like fuel and ammunition daily.

Heavy Weapon [200/400]

For when you need serious firepower. You may select one specific category of heavy weapon common to the Star Wars galaxy. This may include a heavy repeating blaster, a flamethrower, a grenade launcher, or a missile launcher. For an extra **200 CP,** you can also buy exotic versions such as ion/sonic/disruptor cannons. All weapons come with infinite ammo.

Slugthrower Collection [200]

A selection of projectile weapons that fire solid ammunition instead of energy. Includes pistols, rifles, sniper rifles, and a shotgun. Slugthrowers have advantages in certain situations: they're silent with suppressors, don't light up the area when fired, and can't be deflected by lightsabers the way blaster bolts can. The downside is ammunition weight and the fact that most armors in the galaxy will easily stop a bullet more reliably than a blaster. All weapons come with silencers and infinite ammo.



Armor & Protection

Clothing [Free]

Practical clothing suitable for life in Level 1313. Durable materials that can handle rough conditions, multiple pockets for carrying essential items, and dark colors that don't show stains. Includes a heavy coat for when the environmental systems fail, and temperatures drop, sturdy boots, gloves, and several changes of practical clothing. Nothing fancy, but it's well-made and won't fall apart the first time you need to run or fight.

Light Armor [50]

Flexible armor designed for mobility and moderate protection. Includes a blast vest that protects your vital organs, armored padding on limbs, and a helmet with a built-in HUD displaying tactical information. Provides solid protection against blaster pistols and physical weapons while still allowing you to run, climb, and fight without feeling encumbered. This is what professional bounty hunters, corporate security, and successful criminals wear when they expect trouble but need to stay mobile.

Medium Armor [100]

Composite armor that offers excellent protection without completely sacrificing mobility. Durasteel plates protect vital areas while flexible armor weave covers joints and gaps. The integrated systems include climate control, a built-in commlink, enhanced optics in the helmet, and sealed environmental protection. This armor can take multiple direct hits from blaster rifles before failing and provides complete protection against most environmental hazards, including the vacuum of space. What you wear when you're assaulting a defended position or know you're walking into a war zone.

Heavy Armor [200]

Full battle armor comparable to what elite soldiers and Mandalorian warriors wear. Durasteel plating thick enough to stop even heavy blaster fire, sealed environmental systems that let you operate in vacuum or toxic atmospheres, advanced sensor packages, and powered servos that help support the armor's weight. This armor makes you a walking tank. The full sensor suite includes motion trackers, thermal imaging, targeting assistance, and battlefield awareness displays. This is what you wear when survival matters more than subtlety.

Mandalorian Armor [600]

Authentic beskar armor forged in the Mandalorian tradition. Completely invulnerable to the heaviest blaster fire, lightsaber strikes, and lasts for generations with proper care. The armor also integrates naturally with the **Mandalorian Arsenal** item, perfectly uniting both items into a single, cohesive wargear system. The armor is also a cultural artifact: Mandalorians will recognize its significance, for better or worse.

Droids

Labor Droid [50]

A basic utility droid designed for heavy lifting, loading cargo, and simple construction tasks. It's not intelligent, but it's strong, tireless, and reliable for repetitive work. In the undercity, these droids often end up repurposed for whatever needs doing: hauling salvage, moving supplies, or serving as mobile cover during firefights. This one is in good condition with fresh programming, ready to follow your commands without the quirks and damage that plague most undercity droids.

Astromech Droid [100]

A versatile utility droid like the famous R-series. While designed primarily for spacecraft maintenance and navigation, astromechs are remarkably adaptable: they can slice computer systems, repair almost any technology, interface with electronic locks, and generally solve technical problems. They're also surprisingly durable and can operate in hostile environments that would kill organic beings. This one comes with full memory banks of technical specifications, multiple tool attachments, and a personality that's helpful rather than sarcastic. In the undercity, a good astromech is worth its weight in credits.

Medical Droid [200]

A sophisticated medical droid programmed with extensive knowledge of biology, trauma care, surgery, and medicine for countless species. Can diagnose illnesses, treat injuries, perform surgery, implant cybernetics, and provide long-term medical care with skills that go beyond organic doctors. This model includes surgical tools, pharmaceutical dispensers, and databases covering both legitimate medicine and undercity-specific health issues (toxin exposure, mutation treatments, and plasma burns).

Assassin Droid [200]

An IG-series or equivalent combat droid designed specifically for hunting and killing targets. These droids are frighteningly effective: expert marksmanship with any weapon, tactical combat programming that rivals organic assassins, integrated stealth systems, multiple weapon mounts, and sophisticated threat assessment capabilities. They're also disturbing to interact with: assassin droids tend to develop personalities that enjoy violence and refer to organic beings as "meatbags" or similar derogatory terms. This one is programmed to serve you loyally but will suggest murder as a solution to most problems because that's literally what it was built for. Highly illegal in Republic space but available on the Level 1313's black markets. Comes with an extensive weapon loadout and maintenance protocols.

Vehicles

Speeder Bike [50]

A fast, maneuverable personal vehicle perfect for navigating Level 1313's maze of corridors and open spaces. Top speed around 500 kph in straightaways, though the confined spaces of the undercity usually prevent reaching that velocity. This model is rugged enough to handle impacts and rough terrain, with reliable engines that keep running even after years of abuse. Includes storage compartments for gear and weapons.

Airspeeder [200]

A repulsorlift vehicle that can fly freely through Coruscant's levels rather than being restricted to roads or designated corridors. Seats four passengers, includes cargo space, and can reach speeds over 1000 kph in open areas. This model is designed for urban environments with excellent maneuverability, collision avoidance systems, and the ability to handle both the wide open spaces between buildings and the tight confines of Level 1313's interior spaces.

Cargo Hauler [200]

A heavy repulsorlift vehicle designed for moving large quantities of goods. Slow and ungainly compared to speeders, but it can carry several tons of cargo and includes industrial-grade loading equipment. The cargo bay is enclosed and lockable, essential for smuggling or protecting valuable goods.

Armored Transport [400]

A military-grade ground vehicle with armor plating, mounted weapons, and carrying capacity for a squad of people plus equipment. The armor can withstand sustained blaster fire and even light explosives. The weapons systems include a top-mounted blaster cannon, and the interior is spacious enough for eight people in combat gear. This is what you want when you need to move through hostile territory, assault a fortified position, or transport people who absolutely cannot be allowed to die in transit. The vehicle also includes advanced sensors, encrypted communications, and emergency medical equipment. Highly illegal for civilian ownership, but available through black market sources.

Starship [800]

A YT-series or equivalent light freighter capable of interstellar travel. This represents complete freedom, letting you leave Coruscant entirely and travel anywhere in the galaxy. The ship includes a hyperdrive for faster-than-light travel, living quarters for a small crew, cargo holds, and basic defensive weapons. This particular ship is old but spaceworthy, with all necessary certifications and registrations (or at least convincing forgeries). The cargo capacity is substantial enough to make freight hauling profitable, and the ship has enough hidden compartments to make smuggling an option if you're willing to take the risks.

Safehouses & Property

Apartment [50]

A small but secure living space in Level 1313. One bedroom, basic amenities, functioning door locks, and utilities that usually work. This isn't luxury, but it's yours. The building's other residents mostly mind their own business, which is the best you can hope for at this price point. The location isn't controlled by any major gang, meaning you won't pay protection money or get caught in territorial wars. For many people in the undercity, this represents significant upward mobility.

Secure Safehouse [100]

A fortified residence designed for security rather than comfort. Reinforced doors and walls that can stop blaster fire, security systems that alert you to intrusions, hidden compartments for weapons and valuables, and multiple escape routes. The utilities are reliable, the environmental systems actually work, and the location is defensible. This is where you go when you need to disappear for a while, where you stash equipment you can't afford to lose, and where you sleep without worrying someone will kill you in your bed. Includes a panic room with independent life support that could keep you alive for several days if the main apartment becomes compromised.

Cantina [200]

A functioning bar and gathering place that serves as both a business and an intelligence hub. Includes a large common area for patrons, a well-stocked bar, kitchen facilities, private booths for sensitive conversations, owner's quarters, and hidden areas for conducting less-than-legal business. The cantina comes with an established reputation as neutral ground where different factions can meet without violence, making it valuable to everyone and targeted by no one. You'll earn a steady income from a legitimate business while gaining access to the absolute best intelligence in your sector. The property includes licenses and permits (genuine or forged) that let you operate legally, and relationships with local power brokers who ensure you're left alone as long as you maintain the peace.

Information Brokerage [600]

A network of informants and data sources that makes you one of Level 1313's best-informed individuals. Includes paid informants throughout your sector and beyond, slicers who monitor communications and databases, relationships with people in positions to know things (corporate employees, government officials, criminals), and systems for verifying and analyzing information. You sell information to those who need it: criminals planning jobs, corporations investigating competitors, individuals searching for people or things, law enforcement (carefully, to maintain cover), and anyone else willing to pay for knowledge. The income is excellent, and the work is relatively safe compared to more direct criminal activities. More importantly, being an information broker makes you valuable to everyone: people protect you because they might need your services, and eliminating you means losing access to intelligence.

Smuggling Operation [600]

An established smuggling network moving contraband between Coruscant's levels and potentially off-world. Includes trusted smugglers who handle transport, bribed officials who look the other way, secure warehouses for storing goods, relationships with suppliers and buyers, and knowledge of routes that avoid law enforcement. The operation is sophisticated enough to handle high-value cargo (weapons, spice, restricted technology, stolen goods) and has contingency plans for when shipments are intercepted. Income varies based on what you're smuggling and market conditions, but successful operations are extremely profitable. The operation isn't large enough to threaten major cartels, but it's successful enough that you're taken seriously and can negotiate partnerships rather than being absorbed or eliminated.

Cybernetic Clinic [600]

A fully equipped medical facility specializing in cybernetic installation, maintenance, and repair. Includes surgical equipment for implanting cybernetics (from simple eye replacements to full-body conversions), diagnostic tools for identifying cybernetic malfunctions, a comprehensive parts inventory covering common cybernetic systems, and a medical droid programmed with extensive knowledge of cybernetic surgery and integration. The clinic has an established reputation among Level 1313's cyborged population and generates substantial income for you without personal oversight. The facility also serves as a valuable resource for you: it can install and maintain cybernetics for you and any companions for free, and it is a legitimate business that provides cover for other activities.

Factory [800]

An industrial facility producing goods: weapons, armor, droids, cybernetics, chemicals, spice, counterfeit products, or any manufactured items appropriate to Level 1313. Includes the production equipment, a workforce of 100 employees (mix of skilled technicians and laborers), supply chain relationships for raw materials, and distribution networks for selling finished products. The factory can produce either legitimate goods (weapons, armor, droids, consumer products) or illegal items (military-grade weapons, combat drugs, counterfeit goods, restricted technology), depending on your preferences and risk tolerance. The production capacity is substantial enough to supply gang arsenals or flood markets with product, and the facility includes security, management systems, and the technical knowledge to operate efficiently. This generates significant income, and it does not require your constant personal oversight.

Casino [800]

A gambling establishment generating enormous income from games of chance, alcohol sales, and associated vices. Includes a large gaming floor with sabacc tables, chance cubes, slot machines, and various other gambling options, a well-stocked bar, private rooms for high-stakes games, security systems and personnel to prevent cheating, and entertainment (music, dancers, fighting arenas). The casino also serves as a neutral ground where different factions meet, making it an invaluable intelligence source. The establishment has an existing reputation and regular clientele ranging from low-level criminals to wealthy thrill-seekers from upper levels. Income is substantial and mostly legitimate (gambling is legal in Level 1313), though many casinos also serve as fronts for money laundering, drug distribution, and other criminal activities. The casino includes relationships with local power brokers who ensure you're not shut down or robbed, because everyone profits from a successful gambling establishment. You can manage it personally, hire professional management, or simply collect profits while the operation runs itself.



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.

Vette - Twi'lek Thief [50]



Meet your new partner in crime (literally). Vette is a young Twi'lek woman, maybe nineteen standard years, with blue skin, sharp amber eyes, and a grin that promises trouble. She grew up in Level 1313 after her family was killed by slavers, learning to survive through theft, cons, and an uncanny ability to talk her way out of situations that should end with blaster fire. She's an expert lockpick, skilled slicer, and exceptional acrobat who can navigate the undercity's vertical terrain like she was born to it. What makes Vette special is that despite everything that has happened, she never lost faith. She's relentlessly optimistic despite everything Level 1313 has thrown at her, cracking jokes in firefights and finding humor in the darkest situations. She hates slavers with a passion that borders on irrational and will go out of her way to sabotage their operations even when it's strategically stupid. She's fiercely loyal to people who treat her like a person rather than property or a tool, and once you've earned her trust, she'll follow you into situations that terrify her because she believes in you. Vette comes with slicing equipment, a holdout blaster she's named "Happiness" (the other one is "Rainbows"), light armor, and enough street contacts to find work throughout the undercity. She's looking for someone who'll watch her back while she watches yours, and maybe help her stick it to every slaver in the galaxy along the way.

Lyra - Zeltron Party Girl [50]



She's impossible to miss: crimson skin, flowing violet hair, a smile that could melt durasteel, and an outfit that belongs in a pleasure district rather than a warzone. Lyra is a Zeltron who embodies every stereotype about her species: party girl, flirt, and a hedonist who treats life like one extended celebration. She's constantly dragging you to cantinas, gambling dens, and anywhere people gather to forget their miserable lives. Her natural pheromones and empathic abilities make her dangerously persuasive, and she uses both shamelessly to get what she wants. She lives for excitement, pleasure, and new experiences, and she's convinced your grim determination to survive needs her influence to remind you what you're actually surviving for. Here's what most people miss about Lyra until it's too late: she's *dangerous*. That bubbly personality hides someone who's survived Level 1313 through more than charm. She carries twin blaster pistols she calls "Kiss" and "Tell," and when violence erupts, she transforms from giggling socialite to stone-cold killer without missing a beat. Her empathic abilities that usually read emotions for partying also make her terrifying in combat: she feels when you're about to shoot, senses your fear, and knows exactly how to make you hesitate. She's killed more people than she's slept with, and that's saying something for a Zeltron. Lyra attached herself to you because she found you interesting. Maybe you're too serious, and she wants to fix that. Maybe you're fun, and she wants more of it. Either way, she's decided you're hers now, and Zeltrons are surprisingly loyal once they bond. She'll party with you, fight beside you, and occasionally drag you into situations that are either brilliant or catastrophic. Sometimes both.

HK-47 - Assassin Droid [100]

Statement: You have acquired the services of a highly efficient assassination droid, Master. This HK-series droid is a sophisticated killing machine with a disturbing yet hilarious personality: it refers to organic beings as "meatbags," takes obvious pleasure in violence, and provides detailed commentary on the most efficient ways to eliminate targets. The droid is an expert marksman with any weapon, possesses extensive knowledge of anatomy (both for healing and for killing efficiently), speaks hundreds of languages, and has sophisticated infiltration and assassination protocols. What makes HK-47 valuable beyond mere combat capability is its tactical analysis: it can assess situations, identify threats, and develop elimination strategies with cold efficiency that organic assassins can't match. The droid is also surprisingly entertaining: its deadpan delivery of horrific suggestions and obvious disdain for organic life creates a dark humor that grows on people (or horrifies them, depending on temperament). HK-47 has been refurbished to peak condition with a blaster sniper rifle, advanced sensors, and combat programming updated with centuries of assassination techniques. Observation: The droid is loyal to whoever it recognizes as "Master" and will follow orders efficiently, though it vastly prefers orders that involve killing things. Commentary: This unit suggests immediate field testing on local meatbag populations, Master.



Dredd - Law Enforcer [50]



In a city where law enforcement is a joke and corruption is universal, this man is an anomaly: a completely incorruptible cop who enforces the law with absolute conviction and terrifying efficiency. Judge Dredd (he never gives his first name) is a CSF officer who serves as judge, jury, and occasionally executioner in Level 1313's lawless sectors. He's a towering figure in body armor and a helmet he never removes, his face always hidden, and his voice a harsh monotone that delivers verdicts and sentences without emotion. Dredd is an exceptional combatant, but what makes him truly dangerous is his absolute conviction. He cannot be bribed, threatened, or reasoned with when he's enforcing the law. He's killed criminals for jaywalking (in extreme circumstances) and let murderers go when they acted in legitimate self-defense. The law is everything to Dredd; his personal feelings don't factor into his decisions, and this makes him simultaneously admirable and terrifying. He carries a "Lawgiver" pistol (highly modified blaster with multiple modes like stun and disintegration), wears heavy armor that can take sustained fire, and has access to CSF resources (such as they are in Level 1313). What's brought Dredd into your orbit is unclear, but if you're operating on the right side of the law (or at least not blatantly criminal), he's an incredibly valuable ally. He follows orders from legitimate authority, protects civilians with fanatical dedication, and will stand against impossible odds because retreating would be a dereliction of duty. If you're a criminal, having Dredd aware of you is a death sentence. He'll bring you in, dead or alive, and nothing will deter him. For law enforcement characters, he's an incorruptible partner who'll watch your back absolutely. For criminals, he's a nightmare made flesh who should be avoided at all costs.

Quinlan Vos - Rogue Jedi [100]



Quinlan Vos is a Jedi Sentinel who's spent so much time operating undercover in criminal organizations that the line between his cover identity and his true self has become dangerously blurred. He's a powerful Force user specializing in psychometry (reading the history of objects and places through touch), investigation, and lightsaber combat, but he's also comfortable with blasters, knives, and dirty fighting when the situation requires. Quinlan has a complicated relationship with the Jedi Code: he believes in protecting people and fighting darkness, but he's willing to use methods the Council would condemn, including assassination, torture when necessary, and working with genuinely evil people to achieve greater goods. He's been to the dark side and back more than once, and the experience left him with a pragmatic understanding that the Force isn't as simple as light and dark, good and evil. What Quinlan is looking for is someone who can appreciate the work he does while helping him maintain the moral center that keeps him from falling completely. He's charming, sarcastic, irreverent about Jedi tradition, and genuinely good-hearted despite his willingness to get his hands dirty. In combat, he's an exceptional duelist who combines Force powers with acrobatic fighting and street-fighting pragmatism. He carries a green-bladed lightsaber, various concealed weapons, and enough false identities to operate throughout the galaxy. Quinlan knows Level 1313 intimately from previous missions and has contacts in both criminal and law enforcement circles. If you can handle his moral flexibility and help him walk the line between light and dark, he'll be a powerful ally and genuine friend.

Boba Fett - Bounty Hunter [100]



The galaxy's most feared bounty hunter. Boba Fett is a legend: the man who survived encounters with Jedi, outsmarted entire crews of criminals, and completed contracts that killed dozens of other bounty hunters. He's completely encased in battered Mandalorian armor (sadly not made of Beskar), his face never visible, and his voice cold and mechanical through the helmet's filters. Fett is the consummate professional: he doesn't talk unnecessarily, doesn't waste motion, doesn't take jobs he can't complete, and never, ever gives up on a target. What makes him exceptional isn't just skill (though he's an expert marksman, pilot, tactician, and hand-to-hand combatant), it's his preparation and ruthlessness. Fett researches targets extensively, plans operations with multiple contingencies, and uses every advantage available, including deception, traps, and overwhelming firepower. He's killed Jedi, crime lords, politicians, and countless other dangerous targets through sheer competence and refusal to quit. His armor includes integrated weapons (rocket launchers, fibercord whip, dart launchers), a jetpack, advanced sensors, and has survived damage that would destroy lesser armor. What's brought Fett to work with you is unclear, but whatever the reason, having Boba Fett on your side means your enemies should be terrified. He's not friendly, doesn't care about your problems beyond how they affect the job, and will leave if you prove incompetent or betray him. But as long as the professional relationship remains solid, he's the most dangerous ally you could acquire. He comes with his complete arsenal, his reputation (which opens some doors and closes others), and contacts throughout the bounty hunting community.



Hondo Ohnaka - Pirate Captain [50]

Meet the most charming scoundrel in the galaxy. Hondo Ohnaka is a Weequay pirate with a magnificent sense of self-importance, a flexible relationship with truth, and survival instincts that border on precognition. He's survived encounters with Jedi, Sith, Republic forces, Separatists, the Empire, and countless criminals through a combination of cunning, cowardice, and sheer audacious luck. He speaks about himself in the third person when he's particularly pleased with himself, refers to profits as "business opportunities," and has a philosophy that boils down to "betray everyone eventually, but make sure they enjoy the experience." Hondo is technically on your side in that he finds you more profitable alive than dead and genuinely enjoys your company in his own way. He's also absolutely going to sell you out (if the price is right and the betrayal won't immediately kill him), but he'll feel bad about it, probably, and he might even help you escape afterwards. He's a brilliant strategist when he's not drunk (rare), an excellent pilot, a surprisingly effective combatant despite his preference for running away, and he has contacts throughout the criminal underworld because everyone's done business with Hondo at some point. He commands a small crew of pirates who are loyal mostly because Hondo's schemes usually work, and he splits profits relatively fairly (for a pirate). He's constantly cooking up plans to get rich that range from brilliant to absolutely insane, and he'll drag you into them whether you want to participate or not. The best part? His plans usually work, against all logic and reason. The worst part? You'll definitely get shot at, possibly arrested, and almost certainly betrayed at some point during execution. He's infuriating, unreliable, and occasionally brilliant. You'll never trust him completely, but you'll be glad he's on your side. Mostly.



Durge - Gen'dai Bounty Hunter [50]

He shouldn't be alive. The Republic thought they killed him during the Clone Wars. The Separatists thought he died when their war ended. The Jedi who fought him believed he was gone. And yet here he stands: two meters of armored nightmare, a Gen'dai bounty hunter who's survived for centuries through regeneration that borders on immortality. Durge was thrown into a star once. It didn't take. He's been blown apart, disintegrated, crushed, and subjected to every form of death the galaxy could conceive, and he just keeps coming back. Not even the sun could kill this guy. Durge is motivated by two things: credits and hatred. He hates Mandalorians, hates Jedi almost as much, and he's generally not fond of anyone else either. So why is he working with you? Credits, primarily. You're paying him extremely well. But there's something else: Durge is tired. Centuries of violence have worn on him in ways physical regeneration can't fix. He won't admit it, might not even consciously recognize it, but he's looking for something beyond the next kill, the next bounty, the next war. Maybe you represent that. Maybe he's just bored, and you're interesting. Either way, you have the loyalty of one of the galaxy's most dangerous killers. He's professional when he's not foaming at the mouth about Mandalorians, an expert in virtually every form of combat, and has a tactical mind sharpened by two millennia of warfare. And being Gen'Dai means his body is a weapon as much as his gear: he can reshape himself mid-fight, regenerate from near nothing, and outlast almost any enemy. He's also darkly funny in a morbid way, cracking jokes about his own deaths and the creative ways he's been "killed" over the centuries. Just keep him away from Mandalore. Your enemies should be very, very afraid.



Subject 47 - Kaminoan Clone Assassin [50]

The Kaminoans created millions of clone troopers for the Republic's army, but they also conducted classified experiments that never made it into official records. Subject 47 is one such experiment: a clone designed not for warfare but for assassination. Where clone troopers were bred for loyalty and obedience, Subject 47 was engineered for complete emotional detachment, perfect physical capability, and absolute professionalism in killing. He has no name beyond his designation, no personality beyond what's necessary to complete missions, and no moral compass beyond the contracts he accepts. He's a master of every weapon, expert in hand-to-hand combat, trained in infiltration and disguise, and possesses a tactical mind that can plan and execute assassinations with machine-like precision. He feels no guilt, no hesitation, no emotional response to violence. He simply executes contracts with perfect efficiency, then moves to the next job. He comes with an extensive arsenal, perfect physical conditioning, assassination skills that make him one of the galaxy's most dangerous individuals, and absolute reliability. The downside is that he's utterly amoral and would kill you without hesitation if you became a contract. But as long as you're his employer rather than his target, you have a perfect killer on your side.

Liara T'Soni - Archaeologist [50]



She's not from this galaxy. At least, that's what she claims. Liara T'Soni is a young archaeologist who somehow ended up in Level 1313 studying its ancient history and lost civilizations. She's an Asari (or claims to be, no one in this galaxy has seen her species before), with blue skin, no hair, and an appearance that's both alien and somehow familiar. She's brilliant, enthusiastic about ancient history and archaeology, and possesses biotic abilities (telekinetic powers similar to the Force but distinctly different) that make her formidable despite her scholarly focus. Liara is fascinated by Coruscant's deep levels, the civilizations that existed before the Republic, and the ancient technology buried in the foundations. She's excavating sites, translating dead languages, and uncovering secrets that have been buried for tens of thousands of years. She's also somewhat naive about the dangers of Level 1313: she'll constantly walk into gang territory to examine ancient ruins without realizing she's risking her life. Why she's with you probably involves you saving her from a situation her archaeological enthusiasm got her into, or supporting her research when others tried to steal her discoveries. She comes with extensive knowledge of ancient civilizations, biotic combat abilities that are rare and powerful, archaeological expertise that reveals secrets of the deep levels, and innocent enthusiasm that's somehow refreshing in Level 1313's cynical environment. She's out of her depth, over her head, and completely determined to keep digging anyway. And with you watching her back, Liara T'Soni might actually live long enough to find what she's looking for.



Asajj Ventress - Fallen Acolyte [100]

You've encountered a woman with nothing left to lose. Asajj Ventress was once Count Dooku's prized assassin, a Dathomirian witch trained in the dark side and molded into a living weapon for the Separatist cause. Then her master betrayed her, ordered her death to appease his own master, and left her for dead like she was nothing. She survived out of pure spite. Now she's a bounty hunter, using those same skills that made her one of the most feared dark side users in the galaxy to track down targets for credits. It's a step down from toppling governments, but at least nobody's stabbing her in the back. Literally, in her case. Ventress is bitter, cynical, and has trust issues that could fill a Star Destroyer. She's working with you because you're paying her and because, surprisingly, you haven't tried to kill her yet (which puts you ahead of most people she's known). She's wickedly competent in a fight, wielding her twin lightsabers with a grace that comes from decades of brutal training, and she's got a tactical mind sharpened by fighting Jedi and leading Separatist operations. She knows the dark side, she knows the underworld, and she's got contacts in places you didn't even know existed.

What makes Ventress dangerous is that she doesn't care anymore. She's lost everything twice over: her place with Dooku and the Separatists, and then the Nightsisters themselves. She'll take insane risks because what does she have to lose? At the same time, there's something underneath all that rage and bitterness. She's not the monster Dooku tried to make her, even if she pretends to be. She won't admit it, but she's looking for something. Maybe it's revenge. Maybe it's purpose. Maybe it's just proof that not everyone in the galaxy is a backstabbing traitor. Whatever it is, you're her best shot at finding it, and that makes her loyal in her own twisted way. Just don't expect her to be nice about it.



Judy Alvarez - Slicer [50]

Judy Alvarez is a slicer with rainbow-colored hair, intricate tattoos running down her arms, and the kind of tired eyes that come from staring at screens in dark rooms for too long. She's originally from higher up, but she fell down here after pissing off the wrong corp by exposing their trafficking operations. Now she's stuck in the underworld, using her considerable talents to survive while trying to convince herself she's still one of the good ones.

Judy is technically brilliant, one of the best slicers you'll ever meet, but what sets her apart is that she actually gives a damn about people. She runs an underground network helping disappeared persons, trafficking victims, and others who fell through the cracks, using her skills to track them, forge new identities, and sometimes even extract them to better situations. She's chronically underpaid for this work, often trading her services for favors or just doing it for free when someone's desperate enough. Judy tends to be quiet and reserved around strangers, expressing herself more through her work than words, but she opens up around people she trusts. She's got strong principles about not working for certain types of criminals (slavers, spice dealers who target kids, that sort of thing), which limits her job options but helps her sleep at night. She's also got a romantic streak buried under all that cynicism, believing that even down here, people can build something real and meaningful. Judy has a workshop in the Crimson District where she works on "projects" like her paid slicing work and her underground railroad operation. She's always one bad job away from getting killed by someone she pissed off, but she keeps doing it anyway because somebody has to. She'll probably recruit you into her operation within a week of meeting you, explaining some sob story about someone who needs help while looking at you with those tired, hopeful eyes that somehow haven't lost their idealism despite everything Level 1313 has thrown at her. Fair warning: Judy has a weakness for lost causes, which is probably why she likes you.



Tali'Zorah - Quarian Engineer on Pilgrimage [50]

You've encountered someone very far from home. This young quarian ended up on Coruscant after accidentally activating a piece of ancient technology, got in over her head with a Black Sun operation, and now she's stuck in Level 1313 with barely any credits and no easy way off-world. What Tali lacks in resources, she makes up for in sheer technical brilliance. She can jury-rig solutions to problems that would stump most mechanics, coax dying technology back to life with parts that shouldn't work together, and understand mechanical systems after watching them operate for just a few minutes. She's got a knack for working with droids too, reprogramming them, repairing them, even befriending them in ways that seem almost supernatural to those who don't understand the code. She's young, probably too young to be dealing with the kind of danger Level 1313 throws at people, but she's tougher than she looks. She's survived combat with criminals who wanted the data she's carrying, navigated territory wars while trying to stay neutral, and managed to keep her suit intact in an environment that's actively hostile to someone who needs a sterile environment to survive. Tali's working with you because you helped her when you didn't have to, or because you're her best shot at completing her Pilgrimage and getting home. She's incredibly loyal once you've earned her trust, cheerful despite the circumstances, and has a dry sense of humor that surfaces when she's comfortable. She'll chatter about technology when she's excited, go quiet when she's worried, and absolutely will not abandon you if things go bad. Just remember that her suit means she can't eat at the same places, can't go everywhere you can, and any environment that's toxic or contaminated is exponentially more dangerous for her. Protect her, and she'll make sure your gear never fails when you need it most.



Panam Palmer - Criminal [50]

Meet a woman who refuses to be broken by Level 1313. Panam is a human in her late twenties with short dark hair, weathered skin, and eyes that challenge you the moment you meet. She'll introduce herself as a former speeder mechanic who got screwed over by the corporate world and ended up down here, which is technically true but leaves out some colorful details about stolen cargo, burnt bridges, and a spectacular middle finger to Czerka Corporation on her way down. Now she's running jobs in the underworld with a nomadic crew, using her mechanical genius and stubborn refusal to back down to carve out a life on her own terms. Panam has serious skills with anything mechanical, able to coax impossible performance out of broken-down speeders and jury-rigged equipment that should have fallen apart years ago. She runs with a crew that operates between sectors, refusing to settle in any one crime lord's territory or corporate zone. Panam's got a fierce independent streak and a talent for making enemies out of anyone who tries to tell her what to do, but she's fiercely loyal to those she considers "her people." She's the type who'll get into a screaming match with you one minute and take a blaster bolt for you the next, because once you're hers, you're hers. She's always recruiting people for "one more job" that inevitably turns into a chaotic mess where her temper gets everyone into trouble, and her skills get everyone back out. Panam doesn't do subtle: if there's a problem, her solution usually involves more firepower, a faster speeder, or just charging straight at it until it breaks. She claims she doesn't need anyone's help, right before asking for yours. She swears she's going to get her crew off this level someday and make it to the Outer Rim, where they can be truly free, and she genuinely believes it with a passion that's either inspiring or terrifying, depending on the day. Fair warning: Panam's loyalty is absolute, but so is her ability to drag you into situations that seemed like good ideas at the time.

Drawbacks

Legends [+0]

Perhaps this isn't your first time here?
You can freely import any past Star Wars jumps you have previously completed into this one, treating them as part of the galaxy's established history.

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 together.

Extended Stay [+100]

You can extend your stay here for another ten years. You may gain no more than **+300 CP** from this drawback.

Directionally Challenged [+100]

You get lost easily in Level 1313's labyrinthine corridors and identical-looking sectors. What should be a simple trip to a location you've visited before becomes an hours-long ordeal of wrong turns, dead ends, and accidentally wandering into dangerous territory. You can eventually reach your destinations, but it takes significantly longer than it should, and you frequently end up in places you didn't intend to be. Maps help somewhat, but you still manage to misread them or take wrong turns.

Spice Whore [+100/+200]

You're addicted to a substance common in Level 1313's black markets. At **+100 CP**, it's a relatively mild addiction to something like spice or alcohol. You need it daily to function properly, and withdrawal causes discomfort, but nothing that would kill you. At **+200 CP**, it's a serious addiction to combat stims, death sticks, or exotic drugs. You need regular doses, or you suffer severe withdrawal, including physical pain, hallucinations, violent mood swings, and potentially fatal complications. You can quit this addiction, but it's neither quick nor easy.

Hidden Agendas [+100]

Everyone you interact with has ulterior motives and secret agendas. The shopkeeper selling you equipment is actually an information broker reporting your purchases to interested parties. The mechanic fixing your speeder is installing tracking devices. The friendly stranger offering help is setting you up for robbery or recruitment. The contact providing jobs has reasons beyond payment for directing you toward specific targets. Even genuine allies have their own goals and are using you to achieve them, whether you realize it or not. This doesn't make everyone your enemy (some hidden agendas might even help you incidentally), but it means you can never take anything at face value and must constantly question people's true motivations.

Nomadic Existence [+100]

You cannot establish a permanent base of operations or settle in any location for long. Just as you start feeling secure somewhere, events conspire to drive you out: your building collapses, gangs move into the area and target you, law enforcement raids your location, toxic leaks make the area uninhabitable, or other crises force evacuation. You spend your entire stay in Level 1313 traveling constantly between sectors, never able to establish roots, build community ties, or create lasting infrastructure. You can own property and businesses (if you purchase them), but you can't personally stay in one place for more than a few weeks before circumstances force you to move on.

Jinx [+100]

Any vehicle you use, be it a speeder, ships or anything with engines, suffers constant malfunctions. Engines stall at critical moments, repulsorlifts fail, navigation systems give wrong directions, weapons jam, and everything breaks down far more frequently than it should. This forces you to walk or use public transportation (which has its own dangers in Level 1313) for most of your travel. You can repair the vehicles temporarily, but they'll malfunction again within hours or days. At least cardio is good for your health.

Financially Challenged [+100]

You lose money constantly through no fault of your own. Maybe you develop a gambling problem and lose everything in casinos. Maybe you suffer from constant medical bills from injuries. Maybe you're compulsively generous and give money away. Maybe your equipment breaks and requires expensive replacement. Whatever the cause, you cannot maintain savings, and any credits you acquire are spent or lost within days. You will be forced to work constantly just to afford basic necessities, and you can never build any significant wealth.

Who Are You Again? [+100]

Regardless of your accomplishments, achievements, or victories, you gain absolutely no reputation. You can save entire sectors, topple crime lords, solve ancient mysteries, and defeat legendary enemies, but nobody remembers or cares. Each success is forgotten within days, and people you've helped multiple times don't recognize you when you meet again. You can't build fame or recognition, no matter what you do. This means you can't leverage reputation for better jobs, intimidation, or social influence. Every interaction starts from zero, every negotiation requires proving yourself again, and all your accomplishments vanish into obscurity. The only people who remember you are those you maintain continuous contact with, and even they don't grasp the full scope of what you've achieved.

Blank Slate [+200/+400]

You arrive in Level 1313 without access to perks from previous jumps, relying solely on what you bought here. For an extra **+200 CP,** all companions and items are likewise unavailable.

Wampa Grylls [+200]

You cannot purchase food through normal means. You must either hunt your own food (tracking and killing the mutant creatures, vermin, and other "wildlife" that inhabit Level 1313's forgotten corners) or steal it (from markets, warehouses, or other people). You can still purchase other goods normally, but food specifically requires personal effort to acquire.

Disaster Zone [+200]

You always seem to end up operating in the absolute worst parts of Level 1313. Wherever you go, you encounter collapsing walkways that give way beneath you, power outages that plunge areas into darkness, toxic runoff from failed environmental systems, structural failures that trap you in dangerous situations, and every other infrastructure catastrophe the undercity can produce. This makes everything take longer and require more resources (climbing gear for collapsed passages, breath masks for toxic areas, emergency lights for blackouts, etc.).

Scum Magnet [+200]

You are constantly swarmed by the absolute worst Level 1313 has to offer. Every petty thief, desperate addict, violent thug, and opportunistic predator seems drawn to you. Multiple times per day, you're approached by lowlifes trying to rob you, con you, or simply assault you for entertainment. These aren't dangerous opponents, but they're numerous and persistent. Killing them is arguably a public service (the galaxy is genuinely better off without them), but it's exhausting, time-consuming, and draws attention. You can never just walk through public areas peacefully; there's always someone trying something. This continues for your entire stay, ensuring that even mundane activities require constant vigilance and violence.

Regression [+200]

You're physically reduced to a teenager (14-17 years old) for the duration of this jump. Your physical abilities are diminished to what a teenager of your species could reasonably possess, your perks function at reduced potency (75% effectiveness), and you also possess the immaturity of a teenager. People will also treat you as a kid, underestimate you, refuse to take you seriously, and sometimes try to take advantage of your youth.

Shady [+200]

People instinctively distrust you for no clear reason. When you speak, others assume you're lying or hiding something. When you make offers, they suspect traps or ulterior motives. When you try to help, they question your true intentions. This makes building relationships difficult, conducting business complicated, and forming alliances nearly impossible without extensive effort to overcome their suspicion. Even people who've worked with you successfully before remain wary, never fully trusting you. The only way to overcome this is through repeated demonstrations of trustworthiness over extended periods, and even then, the distrust never fully disappears.

The Price on Your Head [+200/+400/+600]

Someone wants you dead or alive, and they've posted a bounty substantial enough to attract serious attention. At **+200 CP**, the bounty is 50,000 credits: enough to attract competent but not elite hunters. You'll face skilled bounty hunters regularly, maybe one or two attempts per month, but they're professionals who can be reasoned with, bribed, or convinced to back off if you prove too dangerous. At **+400 CP,** the bounty increases to 250,000 credits, attracting truly dangerous hunters, including former special forces, experienced killers, and teams of coordinated professionals. Attempts on your life become weekly occurrences, and these hunters are good enough to actually threaten you. At +600 CP, the bounty is 1,000,000 credits: enough to attract legendary hunters like Boba Fett, Cad Bane, or equivalent killers. You'll be hunted constantly by the absolute best in the business, people who've killed Jedi and toppled governments. They won't stop, they can't be bribed (the bounty is worth more than you can offer), and they'll keep coming until either you're captured/killed or whoever posted the bounty is eliminated.

Droidpunk [+200]

The galaxy's technology has advanced significantly, or at least everyone in Level 1313 has access to equipment that was previously rare and expensive. The poorest civilians have basic augmentations like enhanced eyes, street thugs carry military-grade weapons, gang enforcers are now cyborged combat monsters, and bounty hunters have completely replaced their bodies with augmentations. Offending the wrong person can have brutal consequences, and you'll probably have to install augmentations of your own to keep competitive in this environment.

Loved Ones [+200]

You have people in Level 1313 that you genuinely care about: family, close friends, romantic partners, or chosen family you've bonded with. They're innocent civilians or relatively helpless people who depend on you for protection. If they die or are seriously harmed during your stay, it will be a devastating emotional experience that affects you profoundly and permanently. They might be discovered by your enemies, hurt by the environment of the level 1313, or simply injured in crossfire. You must protect them while accomplishing your other goals, which often means choosing between their safety and your objectives. However, if you successfully keep them alive and safe until the end of your stay, you can bring them with you as companions or followers when you leave.

Gore Realism [+200]

Blasters work like real energy weapons rather than the sanitized movie version. Instead of clean burns, they explode flesh, vaporize tissue, cauterize wounds in ways that create horrific injuries, and leave victims screaming as they die slowly from catastrophic trauma. You witness gory, disturbing scenes regularly: people blown apart by blaster fire, bodies with fist-sized holes through vital organs, victims with vaporized limbs bleeding out, and all the genuine horror that energy weapons would create. Not only will it affect you psychologically, but your own injuries are more severe and harder to recover from, as blaster wounds cause massive tissue damage rather than simple burns.

Wanted Stars [+200]

Anything that could be considered criminal (even minor offenses like loitering, jaywalking, or operating without a proper license) immediately attracts law enforcement to your location. Commit petty theft, and CSF officers appear within minutes. Engage in violence, and security forces converge on your position. Even being in areas known for criminal activity draws police attention. This doesn't mean you can't escape (you can lose them with skill and effort), but it means you're constantly dealing with the police. You will become either very good at evading police or very familiar with the inside of CSF holding cells. The police response is proportional to your crime: minor offenses bring a couple of officers, major crimes bring full tactical teams.

The Beast Within [+400]

There's a monster inside you that demands regular feeding. Every three days, you must kill an innocent person in cold blood. If you fail to feed the beast, you suffer escalating consequences: agonizing physical pain, psychological torment, violent compulsions that make you dangerous to everyone around you, and eventually, the beast takes control and goes on a rampage, killing indiscriminately until satisfied. The beast can tell if you're trying to cheat (killing people who "deserve it" or who pose threats doesn't count), which forces you to become a serial killer.

Gang War [+400]

Level 1313 has always been violent, but now it's consumed by open warfare between multiple criminal organizations fighting for territory and dominance. The Black Sun, the Exchange, Hutt cartels, and various independent gangs are all engaged in brutal conflict that's turned entire sectors into war zones. You're caught in the middle, whether you want to be or not, and the gangs will try to recruit you (refusing might make you an enemy), use you as leverage against enemies, or simply kill you to prevent rivals from gaining a useful asset. This continues for your entire stay unless you personally end it by eliminating enough gang leadership that the survivors sue for peace.

Mega-Corporate Crackdown [+400]

Czerka Corporation, Kuat Drive Yards, and other corporate interests have decided that Level 1313's lawlessness is bad for business and have launched a coordinated effort to impose order through overwhelming force. Corporate security forces (essentially private armies with military-grade equipment and training) are conducting aggressive operations: sweeping arrests of anyone with criminal records, no-knock raids on suspected criminal enterprises, lockdowns of entire sectors, and summary execution of anyone who resists. The corporations claim they're restoring order and civilization, but in practice, they're establishing corporate feudalism where everyone either works for the companies or is eliminated. You're a target, whether you're actually a criminal or not: corporate security considers anyone not already employed by them to be a potential threat. They have resources far beyond normal law enforcement: combat droids, armored vehicles, air support, sophisticated surveillance, and the legal authority to do basically whatever they want in areas they've claimed. Resisting them brings the full weight of corporate military power down on you, while submitting means becoming an indentured employee with no real rights. This continues until either you break corporate control in your sector or the corporations achieve total domination.

No One Expects the Imperial Inquisition [+400, Exclusive for Jedi Sentinel]

The Empire's Inquisitorius has identified you as a surviving Jedi and made your capture or elimination a priority. These aren't bounty hunters motivated by credits who'll give up if the job gets too dangerous - these are fallen Jedi and dark side adepts specifically trained to hunt Force-sensitives, and they're religiously devoted to exterminating what remains of the Jedi Order. They have access to Imperial resources, authority to commandeer troops and ships, and most dangerously, they can sense you through the Force if you're not constantly suppressing your presence. The Inquisitorius operates in teams, coordinating their searches and sharing information through Imperial networks. When one Inquisitor picks up your trail, others converge on your location. They're skilled combatants, they know Jedi tactics because they used to be Jedi, and they've been specifically trained in techniques to counter traditional Jedi abilities. They'll pursue you relentlessly across Level 1313 and beyond if you flee. They question witnesses, torture informants, destroy anyone who helps you, and generally make your existence a nightmare of constant vigilance.

At the start of your stay, the Inquisitorius has no idea that a surviving Jedi is hiding in Level 1313. To the Imperial apparatus, the underlevels are just a filthy, forgotten hive of criminal scum worthy of nothing more than routine Purge Trooper sweeps and local security patrols. As long as you keep your head down, refrain from using the Force (or use a technique to hide your Force signature), and leave your lightsaber unlit, you are entirely off their radar. However, the moment you make a mistake - using a Force power, leaving behind a severed limb clearly cut by a plasma blade, or drawing the attention of an Imperial probe - the clock starts ticking. A single anomaly brings a lone Inquisitor or an investigative squad to poke around Level 1313. If you eliminate them to cover your tracks, you only confirm their worst suspicions.

They can requisition Stormtrooper support, call in aerial support, lockdown entire sectors, and bring overwhelming Imperial force to bear when they locate you. Killing one just brings more Inquisitors, plus Vader himself if you become enough of a problem. This continues for your entire stay. You're always hunted, always at risk, always one mistake away from facing the Empire's dedicated Jedi killers. Welcome to life after Order 66.

The Taozin Rising [+600]

Ancient, terrible things are awakening in the deepest levels of Coruscant. The Taozin are massive predators from Coruscant's primordial past, creatures that evolved to hunt Force-sensitives by being completely invisible to Force senses. They're enormous creatures with armored carapaces, multiple legs, and mandibles that can shear through durasteel. They've been sleeping beneath the city for millennia, but now something is waking them: perhaps construction in the deep levels disturbed their nests, perhaps the Force nexus below Level 1313 is calling to them, or perhaps their long dormancy is simply ending naturally. The Taozin are beginning to surface, tunneling up through ancient foundations and emerging into inhabited areas. Their presence is causing chaos throughout the deep levels as they hunt, and the population has no defense against creatures that can tunnel through walls and appear anywhere. The Taozin especially target Force-sensitive individuals, seeming to prefer them as prey, which means if you're a Jedi Sentinel or have Force abilities, you're being actively hunted by multiple enormous predators that you can't sense coming. Even if you're not Force-sensitive, you'll encounter Taozin as they spread through Level 1313, and fighting them is nearly suicidal. This continues for your entire stay, with more Taozin surfacing as time passes, until you either find a way to drive them back into dormancy or eliminate enough of them that the survivors retreat to deeper levels.

Scenario



The Sith Awakens

Deep beneath Level 1313, in chambers that predate the Republic by millennia, something ancient and evil is stirring. A Sith Lord from the ancient wars, someone so powerful even death could not kill them, is beginning to resurrect. Perhaps they're using dark side alchemy to rebuild their body from remnants, perhaps they're possessing and transforming a suitable host, or perhaps they're simply so powerful that their will alone is enough to return them to the world. Whatever the method, a genuine Sith Lord from the era when the Sith were at their peak is returning to life, and their presence is already affecting Level 1313.

The Sith Lord isn't fully resurrected yet, but they're conscious enough to send out dark side wraiths, corrupt the desperate into becoming servants, and influence events toward their resurrection. They're actively seeking Force-sensitives to consume or corrupt, ancient Sith artifacts to complete resurrection rituals, and anyone powerful enough to serve as a suitable host body. If you're a Jedi, they can sense your presence and want either to kill you (preventing interference), corrupt you (turning you into a servant), or consume you (using your Force power to fuel their resurrection).

Even if you're not Force-sensitive, you'll be affected: the Sith's servants will attempt to capture you for ritual sacrifice, and if the resurrection completes, you'll face a Sith Lord at the height of their power. The dark side corruption is spreading through the lower levels like a plague, warping both the living and the environment itself.

Complicating matters further is the Verdant Deep colony. The Forgotten Light has detected the Sith's awakening through their shared visions, and they're divided on how to respond. In the wake of Order 66 and the fall of the Jedi Order, some believe they were right to remain hidden all along and should continue to do so. Others argue they have a duty to stop this threat before it consumes everything, including their sanctuary. A few whisper that perhaps in this new Empire, an ancient Sith Lord might be their only chance at survival, or that they could use the chaos to escape Coruscant entirely.

The Sith Lord, for their part, has become aware of the Forgotten Light and sees them as either a threat to be eliminated or a valuable resource: hundreds of Force-sensitives in one location, perfect for consumption or corruption. They've already begun sending wraiths and corrupted servants to probe the colony's defenses.

You have two paths before you:

Path of Light - Destroy the Sith

The only way to stop this catastrophe is to find the Sith Lord's resurrection chamber and destroy them before they fully return. This requires descending into the deepest, most corrupted levels of Coruscant, fighting through hordes of dark side creatures and corrupted servants, and confronting something so powerful that even incomplete, it can kill you with a thought.

You'll need to convince at least some of the Forgotten Light to aid you - their knowledge of the deep levels and combined Force power are essential. But this means exposing their sanctuary to danger. With the Empire hunting down surviving Jedi across the galaxy, any action that draws attention could doom the entire colony. You'll also need to navigate the political divisions within the colony, as not everyone will agree to help, and some may see you as a threat who could expose them to Imperial Inquisitors. This is the hardest challenge Level 1313 offers, and failure means a Sith Lord walks free in the galaxy with you as their first victim.

Rewards for Destroying the Sith:

Deathless Hunter:

Something fundamental has changed in you after destroying an entity that defied death itself. You've become death's champion against those who would escape it. Any being that can be considered undead (spirits, ghosts, liches, vampires, revenants, or any creature that has cheated death through supernatural means) takes permanent, irreversible damage from your attacks. Even entities that normally reform, resurrect, or return from destruction will find their essence unraveling under your touch. Immortal undead can be truly killed by you, their anchors to existence severed completely. This extends beyond physical harm: your very presence weakens such creatures, and they instinctively recognize you as their nemesis.

Verdant Deep Alliance:

The Forgotten Light, grateful for your intervention and impressed by your courage, has chosen to maintain contact with you. Fifty members of the colony have volunteered to join you as followers, representing a diverse mix of Force-users from different eras and philosophies: some who were lost before the Clone Wars even began, others who are descendants of those ancient wanderers, and a few recent arrivals who fled into the depths during Order 66. They bring with them techniques and knowledge developed in isolation over millennia, including unique approaches to the Force that the old Jedi Order never knew or had long forgotten. Additionally, you've earned the right to return to the Verdant Deep whenever you need sanctuary, training, or counsel.

Armor of the Je'daii:

Recovered from the Sith Lord's treasure hoard and purified by the combined efforts of the Forgotten Light, this ancient suit of armor represents a philosophy older than the Jedi-Sith divide. The armor appears as ornate robes with integrated plates of an unknown alloy, comfortable enough for constant wear yet protective enough to turn aside blaster bolts and lightsaber strikes. The armor's true power lies in its relationship with supernatural energies.

The Living Force flows to you naturally and effortlessly while wearing it, requiring no concentration or meditation. You become a conduit through which the Force moves freely, enhancing all your abilities without effort. Additionally, any supernatural energy directed at you is automatically transmuted into power you can use. Dark side attacks strengthen your connection to the Light, psychic assaults fuel your mental defenses, and even environmental Force energies are drawn to you like iron to a magnet.

The armor is highly resistant to both physical and supernatural attacks. Lightsabers find it difficult to penetrate, blasters deflect harmlessly, and Force lightning dissipates across its surface. Curses, hexes, and malevolent rituals targeting you while you wear the armor find their power reflected back toward their source. The protection extends to mental and spiritual attacks as well: possession attempts fail, mind control slides away, and soul-damaging techniques find no purchase.

Path of Darkness - Aid the Resurrection

Perhaps you see opportunity where others see catastrophe. A Sith Lord from the ancient era could be a powerful ally, and their knowledge could grant you power beyond imagining. Or perhaps you simply believe that in a galaxy now ruled by the Emperor and his apprentice, aligning yourself with an even more ancient power is the only path to survival (or revenge). The Empire thinks it has won, but what happens when they discover something that predates even Palpatine's Rule of Two?

To aid the resurrection, you'll need to gather the artifacts and sacrifices the Sith Lord requires. This puts you in direct conflict with the Forgotten Light, who will do everything in their power to stop you. You'll need to fight your way through Force-users who've had centuries to perfect their arts in darkness, survivors who have already proven capable of hiding from the greatest Force-users in the galaxy, all while racing against time to complete the resurrection before the Sith Lord's enemies - or worse, the Empire's Inquisitors drawn by the dark side disturbance - can gather their forces.

The Sith Lord may promise you power, knowledge, and position in their new order. But remember: the Sith betray. Always. Even in an Empire ruled by Sith, you'll need to be clever, powerful, and ruthless to survive what comes after the resurrection is complete.

Rewards for Aiding the Resurrection:

Dark Holocron

The Sith Lord, pleased with your service, has granted you a precious artifact from their personal collection: a Sith Holocron containing rituals and knowledge that even most Sith would consider heretical. The holocron's gatekeeper is a fragment of an even more ancient Sith, and its teachings are comprehensive and terrifying.

The holocron contains the Ritual of Forced Awakening, an ancient dark side ceremony that can grant Force-sensitivity to completely mundane individuals. Unlike the crude methods used by some Sith to create dark side adepts, this ritual fundamentally alters a person's connection to the Force itself, opening channels that never naturally existed. The process requires the sacrifice of living beings: their life force is torn away and woven into the subject, forcing open their connection to the Force through sheer dark side power. The number of sacrifices required depends on the subject's natural potential (those with even a hint of latent sensitivity require fewer deaths), but even in the best cases, at least a dozen lives must be consumed. The ritual is dangerous and has a failure rate, but successful applications create entirely new Force-users who can be trained in the dark side.

The holocron also holds the Essence Drain Ceremony, a technique for siphoning life force and power from sacrificial victims to enhance your own abilities. Multiple victims can be drained simultaneously through proper ritual preparation, and the power gained is permanent. The holocron includes variations for different purposes: draining enemies in combat for quick power boosts, elaborate rituals for permanent enhancement, and even techniques for consuming other Force-users to steal their abilities.

Additionally, the holocron contains dozens of lesser Sith techniques, from Force lightning variations to methods of creating dark side wraiths, all explained in meticulous detail by the gatekeeper who seems to delight in corrupting new students.

Staff of the Wraith-Caller:

Forged in the depths of the Sith Lord's resurrection chamber and quenched in the essence of defeated enemies, this ancient staff pulses with dark side energy. The weapon itself is approximately six feet in length, crafted from cortosis-weaved metal that can resist lightsaber strikes, with intricate Sith runes carved along its length that glow with a sickly crimson light when activated.

The staff's primary power allows you to summon dark side wraiths to serve you. These spectral entities are fragments of tortured souls bound to the staff through ancient Sith sorcery. By channeling dark side energy through the staff, you can call forth up to a dozen wraiths at once, each one a semi-corporeal entity capable of passing through solid matter, inducing paralyzing fear in the living, and draining life force with their touch. The wraiths follow your commands absolutely, whether you send them to scout ahead, attack enemies, or create diversions.

The wraiths are resilient to physical attacks but vulnerable to Force powers and certain weapons like Jedi Katanas and Force Swords. They can persist for hours at a time before needing to return to the staff to regenerate. More powerful wraiths can be summoned individually, though these require significantly more dark side energy to manifest and control.

The staff also serves as a powerful focus for dark side abilities, amplifying Force lightning, Force drain, and other offensive dark side powers channeled through it. Those struck by the staff directly find their connection to the Force temporarily disrupted, making it an effective weapon against other Force-users and particularly useful in an era where Imperial Inquisitors hunt those who resist the Empire.

Mark of Dark Recognition:

Your service to the Sith Lord has fundamentally altered your presence in the Force. The dark side flows through you with unnatural ease, your connection to it enhanced far beyond what training alone could achieve. Techniques that would normally require years of practice come naturally, and the corruption that usually accompanies dark side use seems to affect you more slowly, if at all.

More importantly, other beings steeped in darkness recognize you as one of their own. Dark side ghosts and spirits no longer treat you with immediate hostility; instead, they sense the depth of your dark side power and respond with cautious respect rather than aggression. Ancient Sith spirits might choose to communicate rather than attack, dark side wraiths may hesitate before striking, and other practitioners of the dark side instinctively understand that you are a fellow traveler on the path of shadow.

This doesn't make you immune to attack, but it grants you a degree of initial neutrality that others would never receive. You can enter dark side nexuses and corrupted locations without immediately triggering defensive responses, and you have a much better chance of negotiating with or binding dark side entities to your service. In an Empire where Sith rule and dark side practitioners serve as Inquisitors, this mark might even provide you some protection or opportunity, though navigating the politics of the dark side is always treacherous.

The Gullet's Reckoning



Grakkus the Collector has finally gone too far. The ancient Hutt crimelord, never satisfied with his legendary hoard of Jedi and Sith artifacts, has become obsessed with a discovery made by one of his gut-runners: deep within the sarlacc's oldest digestive chambers lie fragments of a dark side temple, partially preserved by the creature's slow metabolism. Grakkus believes that by awakening the sarlacc to full consciousness through ancient Sith rituals, he can access these chambers and claim artifacts that predate the Republic itself.

What Grakkus either doesn't understand or doesn't care about is that this sarlacc is no ordinary specimen. It's old (perhaps thousands of years old), and its root system has spread through dozens of sub-levels, stabilizing crumbling infrastructure that would otherwise have collapsed centuries ago. Worse, the rituals Grakkus is performing are having unexpected effects: the sarlacc is growing more aggressive, its tentacles reaching into previously safe zones, and the acid secretions that form the basis of the sector's economy are becoming more volatile and corrosive. Buildings are dissolving, bridges are collapsing, and entire communities are being consumed.

The local population is desperate but too terrified of Grakkus's enforcers to act. The Hutt has accelerated his timeline, performing increasingly powerful rituals that cause the entire sector to shake. His palace guards have been doubled, his sensor networks expanded, and anyone caught plotting against him is fed to the sarlacc as "fuel" for the awakening. Dark side energy permeates the air, making even non-Force-sensitives feel sick and paranoid.

The situation is critical: Grakkus must be stopped before the final ritual is complete. If the sarlacc fully awakens under dark side influence, it could become something far worse than a simple beast: a conscious predator of immense size with a hunger that extends beyond mere flesh. The tremors suggest its root system could collapse dozens of levels, killing thousands and potentially destabilizing structures all the way up to Level 1313. Some whisper that a fully awakened dark-side-corrupted sarlacc might even be able to extend its tentacles throughout Coruscant's underworld, creating a nightmare that would take decades to contain.

Your mission is clear but nearly impossible: infiltrate Grakkus's palace, fight through his guards and security systems, stop the ritual, and kill the Hutt before he completes his work. The palace is a fortress built on a durasteel platform directly above the sarlacc's maw, with the creature itself serving as the ultimate security system. Every floor panel could be a trap, every corridor a kill zone. Grakkus is paranoid, powerful, and surrounded by the best mercenaries his considerable wealth can buy. He also has access to weapons and artifacts from his collection: ancient Sith weapons, experimental Old Republic technology, and Force-imbued relics that can kill even without Force sensitivity.

Time is running out. The final ritual is scheduled within days, and the sarlacc's behavior is becoming increasingly erratic. You'll need to navigate the acid-scarred passages, avoid being consumed by tentacles, deal with Grakkus's enforcers, and confront the Hutt himself in his throne room, all while the entire sector literally shakes apart around you.

Rewards for Killing Grakkus:

Crown of the Underworld

Something extraordinary happened when you struck down Grakkus the Collector. As the ancient Hutt breathed his last, his vast criminal network felt the power shift, and they recognized you as the one who claimed the throne. From this moment forward, whenever you kill or depose the leader of any criminal organization, faction, or syndicate, their subordinates become loyal to you. Not merely compliant or fearful, but genuinely loyal, as if they had served you for years. Lieutenants will report to you naturally, enforcers will await your orders, and even the lowest street thugs will consider you their rightful boss. This extends to entire criminal networks: kill a crime lord, and their smugglers, assassins, thugs, and corrupt officials all transfer their allegiance to you.

The effect is permanent and grows with each criminal leader you eliminate. Your underworld empire can eventually span worlds, with each conquered faction adding to your power base. Just remember: you still need to maintain your organization through competent leadership.

Grakkus's Artifact Vault

With the Hutt dead and his palace yours by right of conquest, you now have access to his legendary collection. The vault contains dozens of Jedi and Sith artifacts collected over centuries, some dating back to the ancient wars. Among the treasures you find:

Dozens of functional lightsabers from different eras, each with unique designs and intact kyber crystals.

A Sith Holocron (less comprehensive than the one from aiding the ancient Sith Lord, but still containing valuable dark side techniques and historical knowledge).

Ancient Force-reactive relics polished by the sarlacc's acids: amulets that enhance Force abilities, rings that protect against mental influence, and a circlet that grants enhanced perception.

Pre-Republic artifacts of unknown function, waiting to be studied and understood.

Experimental Old Republic technology, including prototype weapons and armor.

Extensive documentation of criminal networks, blackmail material on Imperial officials, and maps of hidden routes throughout Coruscant's underworld.

The vault becomes a Warehouse attachment, preserving all artifacts in perfect condition and allowing you to access them anywhere.

The Gullet's Gratitude

The population of the Gullet sector, freed from Grakkus's tyranny and the threat of the sarlacc's awakening, has collectively sworn its loyalty to you. While most are ordinary citizens, survivors in one of Coruscant's harshest environments, forty-five of them are exceptional individuals who volunteer to join you as followers:

Ten veteran gut-runners who can navigate hazardous environments, operate in toxic conditions, and salvage valuable materials from impossible situations.
Fifteen experienced enforcers from Grakkus's former organization, skilled in combat, intimidation, and urban warfare.
Ten body disposal specialists who are experts in making evidence disappear and navigating criminal logistics.
Ten sector engineers who maintained the precarious infrastructure despite the sarlacc's presence, capable of working with damaged or unstable technology.

Additionally, you've gained a reputation throughout Level 1313 and the lower levels as someone who killed a Hutt crimelord in his own fortress. Doors that were previously closed are now open, and even the most hardened criminals will treat you with respect (or at least caution).

Sarlacc Enzyme Supply

With Grakkus dead and the sarlacc pacified (no longer being subjected to dark side rituals), you've secured exclusive rights to harvest the creature's valuable digestive enzymes. These enzymes have multiple applications:

Black market pharmaceuticals that sell for extraordinary prices.
Industrial solvents capable of breaking down nearly any material.
Alchemical components for those who practice Sith alchemy or similar arts.
Medical applications for treating otherwise incurable conditions.

You receive a monthly supply of high-quality enzymes that can be sold for substantial profit, used in your own projects, or traded for favors and information.

Palace Fortress

Grakkus's palace, now structurally secured after you stopped the ritual and stabilized the sarlacc, becomes a Warehouse attachment. The durasteel platform fortress includes:

Advanced security systems that Grakkus installed to protect his collection.
A magnificent throne room, with a personal sarlacc pit that serves as an execution ground for those who cross you.
Multiple hidden chambers throughout the structure, perfect for storing contraband or hiding in emergencies.
Sensor networks that monitor an entire sector around the Palace Fortress (a radius of 500 KM).
Defensive weapons integrated into the structure, including turrets and ray shields.

The palace serves as an impressive base of operations in any urban or criminal environment, and its reputation as the fortress where a Hutt crimelord was slain only adds to its intimidation factor.

Ending



Your time in Level 1313 has come to an end. The darkness beneath Coruscant has tested you, shaped you, and left its mark on your soul. Whether you rose from nothing to rule sectors, fought to bring justice to the lawless, or simply survived when so many others didn't, your story here is complete.
Now you must choose.

STAY [+500]

Level 1313 is home now. Maybe you've built something worth protecting, found people worth staying for, or discovered that you belong in the darkness. The undercity needs you, or perhaps you need it. Either way, you're not leaving.
Your journey ends here, in the depths where the sun never reaches. But endings can also be beginnings. You receive **500 CP** to spend on anything from this jump, representing the deeper roots you're putting down and the opportunities that come from truly committing to this place. This is where your story continues: not jumping between worlds, but living in this one. Making your mark on the darkness, for better or worse.

GO HOME

You're done. Done with the darkness, done with the violence, done with worlds that chew up the innocent and spit out survivors. You want to go home: back to Earth, back to sanity, back to a life where the sun exists and civilization means something. You return to where it all began, carrying everything you've become but leaving the endless journey behind.
No more jumps, no more adventures, no more fighting for your life in alien underworlds.
Just the long, quiet work of becoming human again.

CONTINUE YOUR JOURNEY

Level 1313 was another stop on an endless road, another world conquered or survived, another story added to your growing legend. You've taken what it had to teach, and you're ready for what comes next. The galaxy is vast, the multiverse infinite, and your path leads forward. Good luck.

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition
V 1.1 - Small fixes, added The Gullet's Reckoning scenario.
V 1.2 - Small change to the No One Expects the Imperial Inquisition drawback meant to show that it is manageable for a Jedi Sentinel jumper, removed the mandatory drawback from the Jedi Sentinel origin.