SWTOR: Republic

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For over twenty thousand years, the Galactic Republic has stood as the greatest beacon of freedom, democracy, and peace the galaxy has ever known. From the glittering, sky-scraping spires of Coruscant to the tranquil forests of Tython, its vast expanse has united thousands of worlds and countless species under a single, noble ideal: that all sentient beings deserve to live free from tyranny, united by law, compassion, and mutual progress. Protected by the noble Jedi Order - guardians of peace and justice - the Republic has weathered storms, survived crises, and endured through millennia of darkness.

Yet, never has that golden ideal been tested as fiercely as it is today.

Three decades ago, the long-forgotten Sith Empire returned from the deep shadows of the Unknown Regions, unleashing a brutal galactic war that shook the galaxy to its very core. Fleet bombardments shattered worlds, armies clashed on a thousand fronts, and the fires of war threatened to consume everything the Republic had built. That desperate struggle reached its tragic climax with the Sacking of Coruscant, forcing the Republic to sign the bitter, painful Treaty of Coruscant: a cold, uneasy truce that ceded vast sectors of space to the Sith, split the galaxy in two, and left the Jedi Temple in ruins.

Now, in the shadow of this Cold War, the galaxy holds its breath. The peace is fragile, a thin veil over an inevitable storm. Imperial agents plot in the dark, crime syndicates bleed outer-rim worlds dry, and the fires of conflict threaten to ignite once more.

And yet, despite the scars, hope endures.

The Republic is not merely a government of senators and starships; it is an unyielding spirit built on the courage of ordinary citizens, the dedication of elite troopers, the cunning of roguish smugglers, and the wisdom of the Jedi. In the camps of Havoc Squad, in the hidden hyper-lanes of the Outer Rim, and in the newly restored Jedi Temple on Tython, a new generation of heroes is rising. They are men and women who refuse to let the light go out, who look upon a broken galaxy and choose to rebuild it, who stand tall against the darkness and declare that freedom will not fall.

Today, you step into this turbulent, breathtaking galaxy. Will you stand as a valiant **Jedi Knight**, wielding a blade of light against the darkness? A wise **Jedi Consular**, mending a fractured Republic through diplomacy and ancient Force arts? A fearless **Trooper**, holding the line against impossible odds? A roguish **Smuggler**, outrunning blockades and forging your own destiny? Or a seasoned **Jedi Master**, shaping the next generation of Force-users while carrying the weight of a war-torn Order on your shoulders?

The Treaty of Coruscant has bought the galaxy time, but destiny demands a champion. Take these **1000 CP** to forge your destiny, and good luck.

Origins

Any Origin can be a Drop-in

Smuggler

The galaxy operates on strict rules, rigid laws, and blockaded borders, but you have never been one to let a little bureaucracy get in the way of a lucrative payday or a good time. As a Smuggler, you live on the thrilling fringes of galactic society, relying on your heavily customized starship, a hair-trigger blaster, and an impossibly silver tongue to survive. While you might regularly rub shoulders with ruthless pirates and Hutt crime lords, beneath your cynical, credit-hungry exterior beats the heart of a true rogue hero. When the Republic is pushed to the absolute brink, your impossible luck, unmatched piloting skills, and chaotic unpredictability might just be the very thing that saves the day.

Trooper

Not every hero of the Republic wields a lightsaber or relies on ancient mysticism. As an elite Trooper, you represent the absolute pinnacle of the Republic's military machine. You have survived the most grueling, brutal combat academies the galaxy has to offer, forging your mind and body into an unbreakable weapon of democracy. You fight not with supernatural powers, but with raw courage, superior firepower, and an unyielding, unbreakable loyalty to the men and women standing beside you in the trenches.

Jedi Knight

The Jedi Knight is the martial vanguard of the Republic, the gleaming sword drawn only in defense of the innocent. You have trained for years in the rigorous physical arts of lightsaber combat, physical conditioning, and battlefield tactics. Where others might hesitate in the face of overwhelming odds, you charge directly into the fray, standing as an unbreakable wall between the encroaching darkness of the Sith Empire and the fragile peace of the galaxy. Armed with a profound connection to the Force and unmatched martial prowess, your ultimate destiny is to strike down ancient evils and inspire the Republic through deeds of unparalleled heroism.

Jedi Consular

While the Knights seek to master the blade, the Jedi Consular seeks to master the deeper, more profound mysteries of the Force. You are a seeker of ancient wisdom, a brilliant diplomat, and a powerful healer whose truest strength lies in your mind and spirit. You understand that the greatest, most lasting victories are won at the negotiating table rather than on the battlefield, using your profound empathy to unite fractured worlds and redeem the lost. Yet, when words fail and violence becomes inevitable, your unparalleled mastery of telekinesis and esoteric Force techniques ensures you are a terrifyingly powerful adversary to the Dark Side.

Jedi Master [200]

You have survived the grueling trials of your youth and the unimaginable horrors of the Great Galactic War to become a venerated pillar of the Jedi Order. As a Jedi Master, you have achieved a state of profound serenity and peerless understanding of the Living Force. You are no longer just a frontline warrior or a political envoy; you are a guiding light for the entire galaxy and a mentor to the next generation. Armed with decades of hard-won experience, absolute emotional harmony, and breathtaking mastery of the Light Side, you stand as a living, breathing testament to the survival and enduring nobility of the Jedi Code.

Species



Your age and gender are yours to freely decide.

Galactic Citizen [Free]

You belong to Humanity or one of the countless Near-Human species that make up the vast majority of the Republic's population. You may choose to be a standard, adaptable Human or any functionally similar species with minor biological quirks. You could be a resilient Zabrak with cranial horns, a Twi'lek with lekku, a disciplined Mirialan, a blue-skinned Chiss, or even a Miraluka (who lack physical eyes but "see" flawlessly through their innate connection to the Force). In all intents and purposes, you are on par with a baseline human in terms of raw physical potential.

Extraordinary Biology [400]

The galaxy is home to beings of staggering natural power, and you have been born into one of these truly exceptional, rare species. By purchasing this, you may choose a species that possesses profound, extraordinary biological or mystical advantages. You could choose to be a Shi'ido, capable of perfectly shapeshifting your entire body into virtually any form. You might be a Gen'Dai, possessing a physiology devoid of standard vital organs and an unparalleled regenerative healing factor capable of surviving decapitation and extreme dismemberment. You could even belong to Yoda's mysterious, unnamed species, granting you an incredibly long lifespan of nearly a millennium and an absolutely staggering, prodigious natural attunement to the Force. Whatever you choose, you gain all the incredible biological advantages inherent to your race. For **200 CP**, you may choose a race weaker than those above, like a Wookiee or a Falleen. You cannot choose any species stronger than a Gen'Dai.

Locations

You may choose your starting location freely, or roll a 1d6 for an extra [+100]

Alderaan

At first glance, Alderaan is a breathtaking paradise of snow-capped mountains, crystal-clear lakes, and sweeping, pristine grasslands. However, beneath its veneer of high culture, poetry, and aristocratic elegance lies a bloody, fractured world. The planet is currently tearing itself apart in a vicious civil war of succession between the great Noble Houses, with the Republic backing House Organa and the Empire pulling the strings of House Thul. Beyond the cutthroat politicking and battlefield skirmishes of the nobility, travelers must also contend with the encroaching, mind-altering insectoid hives known as the Killiks. It is a truly beautiful world, but an incredibly treacherous one.

Corellia

The beating industrial heart of the Republic and the legendary birthplace of the galaxy's greatest pilots, smugglers, and starships. Corellia is a world of bustling urban centers and fiercely independent citizens. In this era, the planet faces a massive, surprise invasion by Imperial forces. Yet, the Corellian spirit is utterly unbreakable. Here, amidst the barricaded factories and war-torn skyscrapers, you can join the resistance to liberate a proud world and ensure the Republic's vital fleets continue to fly.

Tython

Hidden away behind the treacherous, collapsing hyperspace routes of the Deep Core, Tython is the lush, verdant birthplace of the Jedi Order. It is a world exceptionally rich in the Light Side of the Force, characterized by majestic mountains, deep forests, and ancient, crumbling ruins holding secrets millennia old. Currently serving as the sanctuary and primary training academy for the Republic's Jedi, it offers an atmosphere of profound serenity and meditation. Yet, it is not without its perils; vicious, mutated natives known as Flesh Raiders roam the untamed wilderness. It is an ideal proving ground for aspiring Force users.

Nar Shaddaa

The infamous Smuggler’s Moon is a sprawling ecumenopolis of dazzling neon, towering skyscrapers, and bottomless, toxic depths. Officially neutral in the Cold War between the Republic and the Empire, it is practically ruled by the bloated, ruthless Hutt Cartel. Here, everything and everyone has a price. Luxury casinos, illicit black markets, and high-stakes bounty boards operate right alongside brutal gang warfare and desperate poverty. It is a haven for scoundrels, spies, and opportunists. For those with the credits and the cunning to avoid a vibroknife in the back, Nar Shaddaa offers limitless opportunities and dark secrets waiting to be bought or stolen.

Ord Mantell

A rugged, mountainous, and volcanic world that serves as a vital strategic military outpost for the Republic. Ord Mantell is currently embroiled in a brutal, grinding guerrilla war against a fierce separatist movement secretly funded by Imperial credits. The air is thick with the smoke of artillery and the roar of Republic dropships. It is a harsh, unforgiving crucible, but it is here that the bravery of Republic troopers and Jedi alike truly shines, holding the line to restore order, protect innocent civilians, and push back the tide of rebellion.

Coruscant

The gleaming jewel of the Core Worlds, Coruscant is a breathtaking, planet-wide metropolis of towering skyscrapers and endless rivers of airborne traffic. As the capital and political heart of the Galactic Republic, its upper echelons are a dazzling display of wealth, diplomacy, and high society. Yet, the scars of the Sith Empire's devastating Sacking of Coruscant remain highly visible, most notably in the haunting, collapsed ruins of the ancient Jedi Temple. Beneath the glittering surface of the upper crust lies a vast, perilous underworld where sunlight never reaches. In these dark, lawless depths, stretched-thin Republic security forces constantly battle for control against ruthless criminal syndicates like the Black Sun and Justicars. It is a world of stark contrasts, where sweeping galactic policy is dictated just miles above total anarchy.



General Perks

Heritage of the Republic [Free]

The Galactic Republic is a vast tapestry of tens of thousands of worlds, built upon millennia of open borders, shared cultures, and the continuous genetic intermingling of countless alien species. Over thousands of generations, this unprecedented biological melting pot (combined with advanced Republic medical science) has resulted in a remarkably robust genetic baseline, one that you perfectly embody. First, this rich genetic diversity has blessed you with a spectacularly powerful immune system. Your body easily shrugs off the galaxy's worst ailments, rendering you highly resistant to mundane diseases and harsh environmental toxins, ensuring you live a long, exceptionally healthy life. More importantly, the Republic is defined by bringing fundamentally different beings together in harmony, and your biology reflects this. You can successfully reproduce with absolutely any biological species, completely ignoring standard genetic incompatibility, wildly differing anatomies, or totally alien DNA structures. Your genetics will effortlessly bridge the gap to create healthy, viable offspring. Whether your partner is a near-human, a reptilian Trandoshan, an amphibious Nautolan, or a species completely foreign to known science, your biology ensures that love truly conquers all boundaries, allowing you to start a family with whoever you choose.

Cosmopolitan [Free/100 to Keep]

The Galactic Republic is a dizzying mosaic of thousands of different species, and navigating it requires a silver tongue and an open mind. You are the ultimate galactic citizen, possessing a flawless fluency in dozens of different languages. From standard Galactic Basic and Huttese to the complex tonal clicks of astromech Binary and the roaring dialect of Shyriiwook, you can communicate with almost anyone. Furthermore, if you happen to encounter a completely undocumented or highly obscure language, your mind quickly adapts; you can learn to understand and speak new languages almost instantly just by listening to them for a few brief moments. Beyond mere words, this perk grants you a profound, encyclopedic knowledge of alien cultures, traditions, and etiquette. You instinctively know the proper greeting customs, body language, and deep-seated taboos of any species you interact with. Because of this flawless cultural fluency, your first introduction to any alien individual or faction will always default to a respectful, neutral disposition. You will never accidentally start a blood feud or cause a diplomatic incident over a misunderstood hand gesture or cultural faux pas. Of course, this is simply a matter of cultural respect, not a magical pacification field. It certainly will not stop a desperate criminal in the lower levels of Coruscant from trying to mug you, nor will it make a Sith lay down their lightsaber. However, it absolutely guarantees you a clean, unblemished slate whenever genuine negotiations and peaceful introductions are on the table.

Galactic Vocation [100]

The Galactic Republic and the Sith Empire are vast, galaxy-spanning machines that run not just on the Force, but on the blood, sweat, and credits of countless specialized professionals. Upon taking this perk, you possess a master-level expertise in a single civilian, underworld, or military profession of your choice found within the Star Wars universe. Whether you choose to be a master slicer effortlessly navigating the encrypted layers of the HoloNet, a cutting-edge cybernetics surgeon, a brilliant hyperdrive engineer, a dedicated xenobiologist, or an expert starship mechanic, you possess the equivalent of a lifetime of practical experience and a top-tier education in this field. You know all the underlying theories, the practical, hands-on applications, the specialized tools of the trade, and the hidden industry secrets necessary to be highly successful and heavily sought-after anywhere in the galaxy. This perk may be purchased multiple times.

The Bureaucracy Slayer [100]

The Galactic Republic has survived the Sith and the Mandalorians, but its true, ultimate enemy is the staggering, suffocating weight of its own ten-thousand-year-old bureaucracy. While planetary governors and Jedi Masters alike are regularly defeated by endless committees, lost paperwork, and labyrinthine legal codes, you slice through red tape like a lightsaber through flesh. First, you possess an innate, encyclopedic understanding of any administrative, legal, or political system you encounter. You instantly know exactly what obscure forms need to be filed, the precise legal jargon required to approve them, and exactly whose desk to drop them on to bypass the usual chain of command. You can always spot the perfect, airtight legal loopholes to achieve your goals without technically breaking a single law. Furthermore, your mere presence demands institutional efficiency. When you submit a request, you project such an undeniable aura of urgent authority that unmotivated clerks, corrupt officials, and stubborn bureaucrats will scramble to fast-track your paperwork just to please you. "Lost" files are miraculously found in seconds, and approvals that would normally take a Senate committee six months to debate are rubber-stamped in minutes. Finally, should you be placed in charge of a bloated, failing organization, you can surgically optimize it. With a few decisive strokes of a pen, you could make a lethargic, money-bleeding institution transform into a flawless, hyper-efficient machine in a matter of days. It will operate with perfect transparency and institutional loyalty, maximizing its output and achieving its goals with zero wasted credits, time, or effort.

Leisure Time [200]

The galaxy is currently trapped in an era of unending crisis, bouncing rapidly between a Cold War and all-out galactic conflict. For most Jedi, soldiers, and politicians, the sheer weight of their duties means they are working themselves into early graves, entirely consumed by the war effort with no time to breathe. You, however, possess a remarkable cosmic privilege: the universe will always ensure you get a break. By some minor miracle of the Force or simple uncanny luck, you will always find regular, uninterrupted pockets of leisure time, no matter how chaotic or dire the overarching situation is. Even if you are a Jedi Knight actively spearheading a desperate frontline defense on Corellia, or a Havoc Squad trooper entrenched in a months-long siege, the universe will contrive a pause just for you. The enemy forces will temporarily stall their advance to regroup, your hyperspace transit will take exactly as long as you need, or Republic High Command will mandate a sudden, unquestionable rotation off the line. During these guaranteed lulls, the galaxy leaves you entirely alone. You will always have ample time to meditate, aggressively train your skills in the cargo hold, properly maintain your gear, or simply sit back and enjoy a drink at the local cantina. Of course, you can’t use this to delay everything forever, but you can be confident that you will never be denied the chance to actually rest and enjoy yourself before getting back to saving the galaxy.

A Friend in the Dark [200]

The galaxy is a deeply unforgiving place, and almost everyone you meet carries invisible scars - be it the trauma of the battlefield, the lingering pain of slavery, or the heavy guilt of past mistakes. You, however, possess a profoundly comforting, grounding presence that acts as a natural balm for the troubled soul. Simply by hanging around you, traveling on your ship, or sharing a quiet drink in a cantina, people naturally begin to heal and work through their deepest psychological problems. Your mere presence helps soothe severe PTSD, temper explosive anger, and ease the crushing weight of grief. You do not need to be a trained therapist; you just instinctively know exactly how to be the perfect confidant. You always know when to offer a shoulder to cry on, when to give a piece of gentle advice, and when to simply sit with someone in companionable silence. Over time, individuals in your orbit will steadily become the absolute best, healthiest versions of themselves. They will naturally shed toxic behaviors, overcome their darkest urges, and process their traumas, all without ever losing the core personality of who they truly are. You won't turn a killer into a saint or erase the scars of what someone has lived through, but you will give them the steady, patient space they need to stop being ruled by that pain - and in a galaxy this unkind, that alone makes you one of the rarest, most quietly precious people anyone will ever meet.

Effortless Administration [200]

Ruling a galaxy-spanning organization - whether it is a sprawling Republic sector, a massive corporate conglomerate, or a shadowy underworld syndicate - usually requires a grueling, 24/7 commitment to bureaucratic micromanagement. You, however, have mastered the ultimate leadership skill: flawless delegation. Once you assign a task or a sector to a subordinate, you never need to hold their hand. Your lieutenants will instinctively understand the exact spirit and intent of your overarching vision, executing your orders to the best of their ability.They will competently handle all the tedious minutiae, automatically resolve unexpected minor crises without needing your input, and only ever bother you when a truly critical, empire-shaking decision must be made. Crucially, you remain perfectly informed without being overwhelmed. You receive brilliantly concise, perfectly tailored briefings keeping you aware of their actions, shifting variables, and sudden opportunities. Furthermore, your organization maintains flawless institutional memory; if a lieutenant dies, their exclusive knowledge, contacts, and operational secrets are instantly preserved and transferred. Because of this incredibly efficient top-down structure, you can effectively run a massive, multi-system empire with nothing more than a few five-minute holocalls a day. This frees you from the suffocating chains of paperwork and politics, leaving you with boundless free time to focus on your personal adventures, martial training, or simple relaxation, completely safe in the knowledge that your empire is running like a perfectly oiled machine in the background.

The SIS Operative [200]

While the Jedi blindly charge the front lines and the Senate debates in endless circles, the Republic is truly kept alive in the shadows. The Strategic Information Service fights the invisible war of secrets, and you are its undisputed master. You possess elite, world-class expertise in slicing, surveillance, and counter-intelligence. In the digital realm, the most paranoid, high-tier Imperial encryptions and computer firewalls open for you like unlocked doors. You can effortlessly slice into secure HoloNet channels and devices, manipulate security grids, and erase all traces of your infiltration. In the physical world, your counter-intelligence instincts are flawless. You will instantly know when you are being tailed, monitored, or wiretapped, allowing you to easily lose your pursuers or feed them devastating misinformation. Most dangerously, you have a surgical eye for leveraging secrets. With just a little observation in any organization, you can pinpoint the exact individual who is secretly embezzling funds, the ambitious lieutenant who despises their commanding officer, or the hidden scandal that could ruin a politician's career. Once you have identified these weaknesses, you know exactly how to apply the right amount of blackmail, bribery, or sabotage to shatter the enemy's operation from the inside out. You don't need armies to bring down an Empire. Just a single, quietly planted rumor, a well-timed leak, or a carefully cultivated informant in the right office is often all it takes, and you know precisely which lever to pull to make the whole rotten structure collapse under its own paranoia.

The Republic’s Bond [200]

The Sith Empire relies heavily on weaponized terror, manipulation, and the constant threat of execution to keep its subordinates in line. It is a brittle foundation that shatters the moment the master shows weakness. The Republic, however, is built on a far more enduring foundation: genuine camaraderie, mutual respect, and shared ideals. Because you embody the very best of these ideals, you inspire a profound, unbreakable devotion in those who follow you. Your underlings, companions, and subordinates are completely, undeniably loyal to you. They do not follow you out of fear of your reprisal, but out of a deep, unshakeable belief in your leadership and your character. Because this loyalty is rooted in genuine respect and love, it acts as an absolute, impenetrable shield against subversion. Should your allies ever be captured behind enemy lines, they will not break. They are completely immune to having their loyalty compromised by excruciating torture, dark side mind tricks, or advanced brainwashing techniques. Furthermore, they will absolutely never betray you of their own free will for credits, power, or personal gain. You can walk into the darkest, most treacherous battlefields in the galaxy with the absolute certainty that the men and women at your back will hold the line until their dying breath.

Perfected Execution [400]

The defense of the Republic leaves no room for fatal errors, as a single dropped lightsaber or mistyped coordinate could cost millions of lives. Understanding the immense weight resting upon your shoulders, you have undergone a grueling regimen of rigorous mental training and deep, harmonizing Force techniques to achieve a state of absolute, flawless focus. Simply put, you no longer make unforced errors or mundane mistakes. Whether you are deflecting a hailstorm of heavy blaster fire, defusing a highly volatile thermal detonator, or delivering a crucial, high-stakes speech before the Galactic Senate, you will never stumble over your feet, stutter your words, slip your grip, or suffer a momentary miscalculation. Clumsiness, mental lapses, and panic have been completely purged from your system. Furthermore, every single skill, talent, and ability you possess is now executed with perfect consistency. You no longer suffer from performance anxiety, fatigue-induced sloppiness, or mundane "off days." Whenever you take action, you perform exactly at the absolute zenith of your current capabilities. If you ever fail a task, it will only ever be because the challenge was genuinely beyond your maximum limits.

Aptitude [400]
Some beings are touched by exceptional talent, learning in months what takes others years to master. You are such an individual, blessed with an extraordinary capacity for growth that sets you apart from even the most dedicated students. You learn, train, and grow exactly five times faster than you otherwise would. This applies to absolutely everything you do: mastering a new and complex lightsaber form, learning to fluently speak an obscure alien dialect, memorizing slicing algorithms, or building up your physical endurance now takes a mere fraction of the time. What would normally take a standard recruit or Padawan five years of grueling, dedicated study and practice will take you only one. Quite useful.

The Virtuous Cycle [400]
In a galaxy so often consumed by darkness and war, it is easy to become cynical and believe the old smuggler's adage that no good deed goes unpunished. You, however, are a living, breathing catalyst for cosmic karma. When you act out of genuine compassion, selflessness, and kindness, the universe actively takes notice and repays the favor. First, doing good things directly rewards you with good fortune. The universe will organically bend to bless your altruism; if you give a desperate refugee your last credits, you will invariably stumble upon a hidden cache of valuables shortly after. If you risk your life to save a stranger, you will find unexpected, serendipitous luck and crucial, life-saving assistance exactly when you need it most. The universe ensures you are never permanently diminished by your own generosity. But far more importantly, your good deeds act as a contagious, luminous spark that the world itself amplifies and spreads. The positive actions you take will naturally ripple outward, creating massive, exponential chains of goodwill. Sparing a desperate thief might inspire them to turn their life around and become a local hero; saving a small village might lead them to establish a massive interstellar charity network. The more good you put into the world, the more the universe will naturally echo, amplify, and spread that light, ensuring your simple acts of compassion permanently change the galaxy for the better.

Force Bond [400]
The Force flows through all living things, binding the galaxy together in an invisible web of life and energy. While most sentients experience this connection as a faint, subconscious background hum, your open heart and deep spiritual resonance allow you to forge profound, permanent spiritual bridges with those you hold dear. At its inception, this spiritual tether manifests as a persistent empathetic link. You can clearly sense your partner's emotional state and general well-being, instantly knowing if they are in pain, in mortal danger, or at peace, regardless of the physical distance separating you. As your relationship naturally deepens over time and shared experiences, this bond will evolve into a flawless telepathic connection. You will be able to seamlessly communicate complex thoughts, share sensory input, and perfectly coordinate battle strategies in an instant, without ever needing to utter a word or rely on a commlink.
However, given enough time and absolute mutual trust, the bond will eventually reach its ultimate, miraculous zenith. Your spirits will harmonize to such a degree that you can actively share your very strengths. You can temporarily draw upon each other's Force reserves to stave off exhaustion, pool your physical stamina, or seamlessly channel your partner's unique martial skills, talents, and abilities in the heat of battle. So long as your bond remains unbroken, you will never truly fight alone, for the strength of your allies becomes your own.

Champion of the Force [400/600/800]

You are strong in the Force, Jumper. Purchasing this perk grants you the raw Force potential and the innate instinctive control expected of your chosen rank. Purchasing a higher tier automatically grants the power of the previous tiers.

- **Level 1: Jedi Knight [400, Free for Jedi Knight/Consular]**

You possess the might of a fully realized Jedi Knight, the frontline commanders and champions of the Republic. You are a one-person strike team capable of carving through entire platoons of elite Imperial troopers or dismantling heavily armed mercenary squads without breaking a sweat. In lightsaber combat, you can reliably duel and defeat standard Sith Lords or take on multiple Sith Apprentices simultaneously without being overwhelmed. Your telekinesis is immensely powerful, allowing you to tear heavy blast doors entirely off their hinges, stop a speeding military vehicle in its tracks, or lift a landed transport shuttle. When you draw your lightsaber, your Force-augmented attacks are devastating. You can strike with enough kinetic force to effortlessly cleave through heavy military-grade durasteel plating or overpower massive alien brutes in a blade lockup, slicing through reinforced bulkheads and armored battle droids without losing momentum. Your precognition and reflexes are sharpened to the point that you can confidently wade through a hail of rapid-fire blaster cannons.

- **Level 2: Jedi Master [600, Free for Jedi Master]**

You wield the Force with the staggering magnitude of a Jedi Master sitting upon the High Council, putting you on par with the legendary masters of this era. You are an army-breaker, able to stand alone against a battlefield of soldiers, cutting a swath through battalions of infantry and mechanized walkers. You are a nightmare for the Dark Side, capable of fighting and defeating esteemed members of the Dark Council, or taking on a large group of standard Sith Lords at once and emerging victorious. You can manipulate massive weights with absolute precision, allowing you to collapse the ceiling of a sprawling cavern, crush the armored legs of heavy assault walkers, or hurl massive boulders as if they were pebbles. Your lightsaber technique is a force of nature; your augmented strikes hit with such overwhelming power that you can cleave through the thick armor plating of mechanized assault walkers with a single swing, or shatter the defenses of lesser Force users through sheer kinetic impact. Your mastery allows you to effortlessly deflect a storm of fire from all directions, fighting at peak capacity for hours on end against overwhelming odds.

- **Level 3: Jedi Grand Master [800]**

You wield the Force with the awe-inspiring magnitude of a Jedi Grand Master, placing you as the undisputed pinnacle of the Jedi Order and on par with legends like Satele Shan. You are a planetary-scale tide turner, capable of single-handedly dismantling elite invasion forces and annihilating entire legions of the Empire's finest troops. Against the Dark Side, you can casually fight the most powerful members of the Dark Council or fight off a small army of Sith Lords simultaneously without yielding an inch of ground. Your telekinetic strength is monumental; you can shatter the structural foundations of heavy command bunkers, telekinetically crush armored dropships mid-flight, or halt massive avalanches with a mere gesture. When wielding a lightsaber, your strikes possess cataclysmic kinetic power. You can effortlessly cleave through heavily shielded capital ship blast doors, parry physical strikes from colossal beasts, and your blows carry such immense physical force that simply locking blades with you will shatter the bones of lesser opponents. Your reflexes and precognition are near-flawless, allowing you to gracefully deflect concentrated artillery fire and fight effortlessly against overwhelming numbers. Whatever other Force abilities you may possess beyond this baseline, such as Tutaminis or any esoteric gift you've claimed for your own, are magnified to match, transformed from mere techniques into instruments of staggering, undeniable power.

The Complexity of Science [400]

You possess a staggering, once-in-a-generation intellect on the exact same level as the legendary Republic scientist Nasan Godera. Your mind is an unparalleled, encyclopedic vault of scientific knowledge, having exhaustively studied and mastered virtually every technical field the Galactic Republic has to offer. From advanced droid engineering and cybernetics to hyper-drive propulsion and cutting-edge weapon manufacturing, your expertise knows no bounds. Because you fundamentally understand the underlying physics of this era, you can flawlessly recreate any piece of Republic technology from scratch, provided you have the raw materials. However, you are not merely a copyist; you are a visionary. You can effortlessly improve upon these established technologies, optimizing energy outputs, removing fatal design flaws, and turning standard-issue military gear into bleeding-edge marvels that defy conventional science. Most importantly, you possess the terrifying, brilliant talent necessary to scale these technologies up to apocalyptic proportions. Where a normal engineer sees the plasma coils of a standard heavy blaster, you see the foundational principles for an orbital defense laser that can vaporize a dreadnought. Where they see a personal stealth field, you see a cloaking device large enough to hide an entire armada. You are, in short, precisely the kind of mind that superweapons are built around: the rare genius who doesn't just understand the mechanism, but understands the idea well enough to make it bigger, stranger, and infinitely more dangerous than its original designers ever imagined possible.

Esoteric Gift [400]

While most Jedi and Sith spend their lives mastering the standard applications of the Force (such as telekinesis, physical augmentation, or mind tricks), the Force occasionally blesses specific individuals with highly unique, unorthodox talents. Upon taking this perk, you are gifted with a profound, innate mastery over one highly specialized and exceptionally rare aspect of the Force. You might possess the unique "True Sight" of Jaesa Willsaam, allowing you to gaze into a person's soul to uncover their true nature, alignment, and deepest secrets. Alternatively, you might possess the legendary ability of Shatterpoint, allowing you to perceive the critical faults and stress points in both physical objects and historical events. Or perhaps you possess Psychometry, the ability to touch inanimate objects and vividly experience the echoes of their past. Whatever specific esoteric power you choose, you are incredibly, naturally gifted at it, able to wield it with an instinctual ease that baffles even seasoned Masters. More importantly, your potential with this chosen ability is vast. With dedicated training and meditation, you can evolve this single power to incredible heights of precision and utility. For example, your Psychometry could eventually evolve from receiving emotional echoes to experiencing perfectly clear, multi-sensory visions that reveal exact conversations, hidden passcodes, and the precise state of mind of whoever last held the item. Alternatively, your Shatterpoint could be honed to effortlessly shatter heavy durasteel armor with a precise kinetic tap, or to perfectly identify the exact conversational argument needed to break a stubborn politician's resolve. This can be purchased multiple times.

Plague of Darkness [400]

While the Jedi Order teaches its students to heal and preserve life, you have uncovered the horrific, hidden legacy of the ancient Sith Lord Terrak Morrhage. You have mastered his most legendary and devastating creation: the Dark Plague. Through esoteric dark sorcery, you can conjure and spread a highly virulent, metaphysical illness that infects the minds and spirits of your targets. As this plague takes root, it forcefully subverts the victim's morality and alignment, violently dragging even the most steadfast champions of the Light into the suffocating embrace of the Dark Side. Those afflicted will be driven to intense paranoia, madness, and uncharacteristic malice, effectively neutralizing them as heroes and turning them into violent threats. However, the true horror of this technique is its parasitic nature. You act as the metaphysical nexus for this plague. The illness continuously leeches the physical stamina, life force, and raw mystical reserves of every single infected individual, funneling their stolen strength directly into you from across the galaxy. The more people you infect, the more terrifyingly powerful you become, mooching off the collective power of your victims to fuel your own dark ascension. You must be warned, however: this is a technique of pure, unadulterated malice. If you are not a Sith, or if you do not possess specific perks granting immunity to Dark Side corruption, utilizing this plague will deeply and inevitably corrupt your own soul, twisting you into a monster regardless of your original intentions.

Smooth Criminal [400]

The Galactic Republic likes to project an image of peace and justice, but those who look closely know that the galaxy truly runs on credits and vice. You have embraced this reality, becoming a mastermind of the criminal underworld whose acumen rivals that of the most talented Hutts. You are an absolute master of every conceivable form of illegal enterprise. Whether it is smuggling raw spice out of Ryloth, funneling black-market weapons to fringe worlds, orchestrating massive and discreet slave-trading rings, or laundering billions of illicit credits right under the noses of the Republic SIS, you know exactly how to run the operation flawlessly. You possess a genius-level understanding of supply and demand, underworld logistics, bypassing planetary customs, and navigating the treacherous politics of gang warfare without getting a blaster bolt to the back. However, a kingpin is only as strong as their syndicate, and this is where you truly shine. You possess a supernatural level of good fortune when it comes to recruitment. The absolute best of the galaxy's worst will naturally gravitate toward you. Brilliant slicers, untouchable blockade runners, deadly Mandalorian mercenaries, and cunning enforcers will seek out your roster, eager to work for you. Furthermore, they will display an incredibly high degree of competence and loyalty so long as they are treated well and the credits keep flowing. With just a small amount of seed capital and a little bit of time, your operations will rapidly and exponentially expand. What starts as a single smuggling ship or a back-alley gambling den will quickly snowball into sprawling, planetary-scale cartels. Given enough time, you will sit at the center of an underworld empire vast enough to rival the Exchange, capable of holding both the Republic and the Sith Empire hostage by their purse strings.

Supreme Chancellor Material [400]

The Galactic Republic is a sprawling, bureaucratic behemoth that constantly threatens to tear itself apart through partisan bickering, regional prejudices, and planetary greed. You, however, might just be the absolute best person in the galaxy to sit in the seat of the Supreme Chancellor and hold it all together. First, you possess the complete, master-level skill set of a seasoned career politician. You know exactly how to play the great game. From delivering immensely charismatic public speeches and managing massive planetary bureaucracies to navigating backroom deals, securing vital votes, and lying with a perfectly reassuring smile, you have an innate genius for navigating the political landscape and getting elected to the highest offices available. However, your true genius lies not merely in political maneuvering but in your unprecedented ability to forge genuine unity. You possess a profound, almost magnetic talent for making people from radically different backgrounds put aside their deep-seated prejudices and historical grievances to work together. Under your leadership and mediation, you could easily bring fiercely hostile factions - such as rival alien species, stubborn corporate conglomerates, and staunch Republic loyalists - to a table of mutual understanding. You can effortlessly bridge the gap between their conflicting ideologies, uniting former enemies under a single, cohesive banner to work tirelessly for a common cause. Through your guidance, a fractured galaxy can truly become a unified Republic.

Project Power Guard [600]

The Republic military has long sought a way to level the playing field against the supernatural terrors of the Sith Empire without strictly relying on the Jedi Order. You are the ultimate, perfected culmination of their most highly classified initiative: the Power Guard Project. Through an excruciating but miraculous integration of cutting-edge cybernetic enhancements, experimental adrenal drug glands, and advanced medical nanotechnology, you have been permanently transformed into the ultimate super-soldier. You are now exactly ten times stronger, faster, more durable, and more physically capable than a peak baseline human. You can effortlessly shatter durasteel with your bare hands, outpace military speeders, and engage Sith Lords in grueling, high-speed melee combat on equal footing. This enhancement extends deep into your cellular structure. Your onboard nanotechnology and adrenal systems grant you a terrifying regenerative healing factor, allowing you to shrug off crippling trauma and easily survive normally instantly-lethal injuries, up to and including deep, cauterized lightsaber wounds through vital areas.

Furthermore, your neural pathways have been drastically overclocked. You possess a hyper-advanced calculative tactical ability. The moment you look at an opponent, your brain instantly processes their stance, biology, and environmental variables, projecting dozens of different, highly calculated ways to violently dismantle them in seconds.

Thankfully, while the original Power Guard models were heavily subjected to Republic behavioral conditioning to ensure absolute obedience, your procedure was the flawless, idealized prototype. You have bypassed the programming entirely; there are absolutely no brainwashing elements or hidden inhibitor chips in your system, leaving you with your total free will, your humanity, and your unquestionable agency intact.

Force Stealth [600]

The Force is vast and multifaceted, but you possess a breathtaking, singular talent for one highly specific, incredibly rare aspect of it: absolute concealment. Currently, this power manifests as a reflexive survival mechanism. In times of great, surging emotion - be it desperate fear, overwhelming stress, or a fierce, protective instinct - you can instinctively veil your existence. This is not merely suppressing your Force signature; you literally hide yourself from reality. You become completely imperceptible to the naked eye, while simultaneously vanishing from all technological scanners, thermal optics, and life-form sensors. You become a true ghost in both the physical world and the Force. What makes this gift truly legendary is its staggering scale. This cloaking effect is not limited to your own body; it can be extended to envelop anything you are touching or commanding, easily allowing you to cloak a massive freighter or a Republic cruiser to slip right through a Sith blockade unnoticed. While you can currently only manifest this phenomenal power as a reflexive response to intense emotions, your potential is virtually limitless. With dedicated training, meditation, and time, you will eventually learn to master this power, allowing you to activate this absolute stealth seamlessly at will. At the absolute pinnacle of your mastery, your power will expand to the point where you can single-handedly cloak an entire allied fleet, rendering a massive armada completely invisible to the galaxy.

Smuggler Perks

Perks for Smuggler are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

Shoot First [100]

Honor is a luxury reserved for Jedi, Sith, and fools who don't mind dying early. In your line of work, survival always takes precedence over playing fair. You possess absolutely phenomenal, hair-trigger reflexes, particularly when it comes to the quick draw. In any sudden confrontation, ambush, or tense standoff, you will almost always be the absolute first to react. You can smoothly draw and fire your blaster with pinpoint, lethal accuracy in the literal blink of an eye. By the time your opponent's brain even registers the fact that negotiations have failed and it is time to fight, you have already put a smoking hole directly through their chest. Furthermore, you never suffer any penalties to your accuracy when shooting from the hip, firing from a concealed holster, or reacting on pure, split-second instinct. You always shoot first, and you never miss.

Silver Tongue [100]

A good blaster at your side is important, but the ability to lie with a perfectly straight face is an absolutely essential survival tool in the galactic underworld. You are an unparalleled master of fast-talking, misdirection, and high-stakes bluffing. Your mind works at lightspeed, allowing you to seamlessly weave complex, highly believable lies on the spot without ever breaking a sweat or stuttering. You can convincingly impersonate stuck-up Imperial inspectors, high-ranking Republic diplomats, or wealthy corporate executives with nothing but a change of posture and a shift in tone. Armed with little more than a hastily forged cargo manifest, a handful of credits, and a charming smile, you can effortlessly talk your way past the most stringent customs officers and heavily armed security checkpoints in the galaxy. Furthermore, this effortless, roguish charisma translates flawlessly into your personal life. Your suave charm is practically supernatural, making you utterly irresistible to anyone you happen to be attracted to. Whether you are aiming to romance a rival pirate captain, a stoic Jedi Knight, or a bored Imperial aristocrat, your flirtations will always bypass their defenses, leaving them completely enamored and putty in your hands.

Slippery Rogue [200]

For most citizens, being thrown into a maximum-security Republic lockup or an Imperial detention block is the end of the line. For you, prisons, holding cells, and heavy stun-cuffs are merely brief, mildly annoying interruptions in your itinerary. You possess a Houdini-like, almost supernatural knack for escaping custody, evading sophisticated tracking devices, and slipping through the tightest law enforcement nets in the galaxy. Physically, your wrists and joints are limber enough to casually slip out of standard restraints. Practically, you always manage to keep lock-picks, slicer-spikes, and micro-lasers secreted away in places no self-respecting guard would ever care - or dare - to search. Once you are out of your cell, your innate, encyclopedic knowledge of ship interiors and planetary infrastructure takes over. You can instinctively pinpoint the nearest ventilation shafts, forgotten maintenance tunnels, or convenient garbage chutes in a matter of seconds, granting you a rapid exit from any facility. However, breaking out is only half the job. Thankfully, once you manage to break line of sight with your pursuers, successfully tracking you becomes practically impossible. You have perfected the art of the disappearing act; you can blend seamlessly into a bustling spaceport promenade or crowded cantina in an instant. By simply ditching your outer coat, altering your posture, and adopting a flawless fake accent, you can casually stroll right past the heavily armed perimeter guards who are actively tearing the sector apart looking for you.

A Bad Feeling [200]

You do not need to be a mystic space wizard to know when a room is about to explode. While you might not possess a connection to the Force, a lifetime of narrow escapes, botched smuggling runs, and underworld double-crosses has honed your natural paranoia into a near-supernatural sixth sense. You possess a profound, deeply instinctual intuition for impending danger. This does not manifest as some grand mystical vision, but rather as a visceral, undeniable physical reaction. It is a sudden chill down your spine, a heavy knot in your stomach, or an unexplainable, screaming urge to duck just a fraction of a second before a hidden sniper pulls the trigger, an ambush is sprung, or a rigged explosive detonates. This street-smart precognition is unfailingly accurate. It will instantly alert you the moment a lucrative deal is about to go sour, right before a supposedly loyal contact decides to pull a blaster on you under the table, or exactly when you are walking into a meticulously laid Imperial trap. It provides you with the precise, split-second warning necessary to dive behind cover, draw your own weapon, and start shooting before the enemy even makes their move.

Ace of the Underworld [400]

You are undeniably one of the most talented and infamous smugglers currently drawing breath in the galaxy. Your reputation as a premier scoundrel is well-earned, built on a foundation of truly miraculous skills behind the yoke of a starship. As a pilot, your reflexes and spatial awareness easily put elite Republic aces and Imperial interceptor jockeys to shame. To you, slipping past a heavily fortified planetary blockade isn't a suicide mission - it's just a Tuesday. You know exactly how to ride sensor blind spots, vent your exhaust to mask your thermal signature, and execute seemingly impossible maneuvers to thread the needle through massive naval armadas without raising a single alarm. Furthermore, your astrogation skills are legendary. You have an innate genius for calculating dangerous micro-jumps and discovering completely uncharted, highly unstable hyperspace routes that nobody else knows exist. This allows you to shave weeks off your travel time, bypassing standard, heavily patrolled hyperspace lanes entirely. However, a great smuggler knows that flying is only half the job; the other half is getting paid. You are a phenomenally gifted negotiator and haggler. Whether you are dealing with a stingy Hutt crime lord, a desperate planetary governor, or a rival pirate gang, you know exactly how to leverage your unique services to squeeze every last credit out of a contract. You can effortlessly talk your way into highly lucrative, exclusive jobs, secure hazard pay up front, and broker tense underworld deals without ever getting a blaster pointed at your head.

Chaotic Variable [400]

Sith Lords and military tacticians share one fatal flaw: they expect their enemies to act rationally. You, however, are the galaxy’s premier chaotic variable. Because your mind operates on pure, improvisational instinct, it is absolutely impossible for enemies to predict your overarching plans or grand schemes. Mastermind intelligence agents, brilliant admirals, and supercomputers will constantly find themselves outmaneuvered because you will always make the most baffling, wildly unorthodox choices that somehow perfectly succeed. More importantly, this chaotic nature extends directly to the battlefield, turning you into a nightmare for Force-sensitives. The precognition of the Jedi and Sith relies on reading intent and predictable trajectories. When you fight, your movements and attacks are so erratic, spontaneous, and unrefined that their precognition completely shorts out. When a Sith Lord peers into the Force to see where you are going to aim your blaster, they will see nothing but confusing static - right before you completely change your aim mid-draw, kick a table at them, and shoot out the ceiling to drop a chandelier on their head. You fight without a pattern, making you entirely unreadable.

A Coin Toss with the Cosmos [600]

There is a deeply mystical concept among the Jedi known as the Will of the Force. You prefer to call it luck, and you seem to have selfishly hoarded the entire galaxy's supply. You are not just fortunate; the universe itself actively bends to accommodate your sheer, unadulterated audacity. Whenever you are forced into situations with astronomical, mathematically impossible odds against your survival, improbable coincidences will continuously manifest to save your life. Whether you are navigating a dense asteroid field completely blind, dodging point-blank lightsaber swings from an enraged Sith Lord, or bracing for the catastrophic atmospheric crash of a starship, you will miraculously walk away in one piece. Lethal blaster bolts that should pierce your heart will inexplicably shift trajectory to merely graze your shoulder, massive falling debris will violently crush your enemies while missing you by mere inches, and your desperately cobbled-together, completely unhinged plans will succeed through sheer serendipity. However, there is a golden rule to this survival: never push your luck. This cosmic fortune is not an infinite, passive shield of invincibility, but rather a volatile and exhaustible reservoir. If you string together too many suicidal gambits in too short a timeframe, or rely on these miracles to repeatedly bail you out of completely unnecessary, back-to-back risks, your luck will run dry. Flip the cosmic coin too many times without giving the universe time to "recharge," and it will inevitably land on tails - leaving you completely unprotected and facing the very real, instantly lethal consequences of your own recklessness.

The Voidhound [600]

Most smugglers are incredibly lucky if they can command the loyalty of a single rusted freighter and a half-drunk co-pilot. You, however, possess the legendary charisma, reputation, and sheer swagger necessary to become the uncrowned king of the galactic underworld. To every pirate, crime lord, spice runner, and mercenary in the galaxy, you are a living legend. Because of this monumental street cred, criminals of all stripes trust you implicitly. "Honor among thieves" is usually a naive myth, but with you, it is an absolute reality. You can walk into a cantina filled with rival pirate captains who have spent decades trying to murder one another, and with just a few smooth conversations and a round of Corellian ale, you can effortlessly forge them into a unified, iron-clad alliance. You are the ultimate underworld diplomat, able to smooth over any grudge and unite the scum of the galaxy under your banner. The sheer scale of what you can achieve with this influence is staggering. If you wished to play the hero, you could easily rally an immense, galaxy-spanning pirate armada to act as privateers for the Republic, pointing the deadliest cutthroats in the galaxy at the Sith Empire. Alternatively, if you are feeling greedy, you could just as easily convince that same massive fleet - or even corrupt Republic privateers - to launch a coordinated, multi-system heist, systematically plundering the wealth of dozens of worlds in the greatest heist the galaxy has ever seen. When you speak, the underworld answers.

Trooper Perks

Perks for Trooper are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

Havoc-Class Specialist [100]

The Republic's military is built on the unwavering dedication, rigorous training, and unparalleled skill of its elite forces. You embody the absolute pinnacle of this professional standard. Upon taking this perk, you may choose a specific military specialization - such as Combat Medic, Demolitions Expert, Recon Sniper, Heavy Weapons, or Field Engineer. In your chosen discipline, you are recognized as one of the absolute best in the entire galaxy, easily operating at the legendary standard of Havoc Squad. You possess both exhaustive textbook knowledge and hard-won battlefield instincts, but your true talent lies in your brilliant adaptability. You are a genius at improvising and innovating under heavy fire. Whether you need to synthesize a life-saving kolto serum from strange local flora, rig a makeshift shaped charge to breach a reinforced Sith vault, or calculate a mathematically impossible sniper ricochet to save a hostage, you can flawlessly adapt your skills to achieve the impossible. Furthermore, to ensure you are never without support, Command has issued you a state-of-the-art, personal hovering utility droid. This loyal little companion is custom-programmed to flawlessly synergize with your chosen role. A Medic's droid will autonomously monitor squad vitals and apply emergency healing mists; a Sniper's droid will act as a perfect spotter, calculating wind shear, distance, and target trajectories; a Demolitions droid will scan for structural weaknesses and help defuse enemy mines. It is a tireless, brave little partner dedicated to ensuring your missions are always a resounding success.

Republic's Finest [100]

The Republic is shielded not by dark sorcery or weaponized terror, but by the unwavering courage, discipline, and dedication of its everyday soldiers. You are the absolute pinnacle of this noble ideal, a shining product of the most rigorous and demanding military academies the Republic has to offer. You possess expert-level proficiency with all standard military armaments. Whether you are laying down precise covering fire with a heavy blaster rifle, operating a stationary turret, or perfectly pitching a thermal detonator into an enemy bunker, you wield the arsenal of the Republic with lethal, textbook precision. Furthermore, your physical conditioning is nothing short of impeccable. You have been forged into a tireless, steadfast protector of democracy. You can easily endure grueling, days-long marches through deeply hostile terrain, carrying heavy gear without complaint, and remain razor-sharp in combat while functioning on absolutely minimal sleep. Your elite professionalism also extends to your equipment; you know instinctively how to keep your armor and weapons perfectly maintained, ensuring your gear will never jam, degrade, or fail you, even in the harshest and most unforgiving environments in the galaxy.

The Spine of the Republic [200]

The chain of command is the spine of any military force; it is what keeps an army upright, united, and moving forward in the face of overwhelming odds. You embody the very best of Republic leadership, possessing an instinctual, flawless understanding of logistics, squad-level tactics, and established military protocol. You know how to read a shifting battlefield, secure vital supply lines, and deploy your forces with maximum efficiency and minimum casualties. Furthermore, you are a master of navigating the complex hierarchy of the armed forces. You know exactly how to speak to your superiors - be they rigid generals, stubborn admirals, or civilian politicians - to get your requests approved. Whether you are calling for vital air support, requesting emergency medical supplies, or arguing for a highly unorthodox tactical maneuver, you know how to cut through military red tape with respectful, undeniable professionalism to secure the green light. More importantly, you know how to truly lead the men and women under you. You know exactly how to speak to your subordinates to inspire absolute trust rather than fear. When you issue an order, it is followed to the letter and without a single moment of hesitation. They execute your commands without a shred of resentment or doubt, driven by a profound respect for your leadership. Your troops will gladly follow you into the most harrowing firefights in the galaxy because they know you value their lives just as much as the mission.

Unbreakable Resolve [200]

The Republic military asks its soldiers to face nightmarish Sith abominations, relentless war droids, and the grim realities of a galaxy-spanning war. To survive and lead in such a crucible, you have forged your mind into an absolute fortress of duty, courage, and ironclad discipline. First and foremost, you possess an unyielding resistance to psychological trauma and the immense stresses of continuous warfare. No matter how much carnage you witness, how many desperate odds you face, or how grueling a campaign becomes, you will never suffer from combat fatigue, PTSD, or debilitating despair. More importantly, this extraordinary, grounded mental fortitude acts as an impenetrable shield against the dark arts. No Sith Lord or dark sorcerer can affect your mind. You cannot be intimidated, you cannot be mind-controlled, and you will never break rank.

Vanguard’s Call [400]

The true strength of the Republic does not lie in terrible superweapons or the dark sorcery of the Sith, but in the unbreakable courage of its people and the profound bonds they share. As an elite leader of the Republic's military, you bring out the absolute best in those who fight by your side. Under your command, any squad or unit you lead will operate with flawless, seamless coordination. You and your allies move as a single, perfectly synchronized force. You rarely even need to issue verbal orders in the heat of a chaotic firefight; a simple hand signal, a quick glance, or a shared intuition is all it takes for your team to flawlessly execute complex tactical maneuvers, cover each other’s blind spots, and achieve impossible objectives. Furthermore, a commander is only as good as their troops, and you possess an uncanny, almost providential knack for assembling the perfect team. Whenever you need to form a squad or fill a highly specialized role, you will naturally cross paths with the absolute best individuals suited for the job. Whether you need a miracle-working combat medic, a brilliant field engineer, or an unparalleled heavy-weapons specialist, they will appear exactly when you need them. Drawn by your inspiring professionalism and unwavering dedication to the cause, these elite specialists will naturally gravitate toward you, eager to stand by your side and fight for a brighter tomorrow.

The Immovable Object [400]

The Sith Empire may loudly boast that it is an unstoppable force of galactic conquest, but against you, their war machine will finally crash against a truly immovable object. You are the ultimate, unyielding bulwark of the Republic, possessing a heroic willpower that outright defies the fragile limitations of mortal biology. When you plant your feet and consciously decide to defend a position, it becomes practically impossible for any enemy force to dislodge you. So long as you are actively holding your ground, defending a strategic chokepoint, or protecting a vital objective, your physical durability and endurance are massively enhanced. Your armor shrugs off blaster fire, your muscles staunchly resist fatigue, and you become a towering, unbreakable fortress of suppressive fire that refuses to yield a single inch of ground. More importantly, this righteous conviction allows you to completely ignore debilitating pain and what should be instantly lethal physical trauma for a time. Even if a Sith Lord drives a glowing lightsaber directly through your chest, or a mortar strike violently severs one of your limbs, your body will simply refuse to shut down. You will remain standing, ignoring the shock and blood loss to continue fighting with perfect, unwavering lethal efficiency. You will hold the line against impossible odds, surviving fatal damage until the absolute moment the mission is successfully completed, the final civilian is safely evacuated, or your allies are secure. Only when your sacred duty is fulfilled will you finally allow yourself to fall.

The Vanguard’s Standard [600]

A true commander of the Republic does not direct their troops from the comfortable safety of a heavily shielded bunker; they lead from the absolute front. You are the tip of the spear, and when you charge headlong into the fray, you become a living, shining beacon of Republic defiance. Your sheer presence on the battlefield radiates a profound, indomitable aura that inspires everyone around you to push far past their absolute physical and mental limits. The moment you lead the charge, allied soldiers in your vicinity will experience a massive surge of heroic adrenaline. Their hands will steady, granting them drastically enhanced, pinpoint accuracy even in the chaotic heat of battle. They will effortlessly shrug off the terror of heavy suppressing fire and completely shed their innate fears, standing their ground against towering war droids and charging Sith without taking a single step backward. It is not mere morale: it is a genuine tactical force multiplier, capable of turning a doomed last stand into a legendary victory, for as long as you remain visible and fighting at the front.

Hero of the Republic [600]

The Republic survives not just through the strength of its fleets, but through the shining examples of heroes that the people can look up to. Your reputation precedes you across the galaxy. Whether earned through a single, miraculous act of impossible valor or a long, unblemished career of distinguished frontline service, you are widely known and celebrated as a genuine, living legend of the Republic military. This stellar reputation is a profound asset. Rank-and-file soldiers feel a deep, humbling honor just to share a dropship with you, eager to fight alongside their idol. High-ranking officers, Jedi Masters, and Senators implicitly trust your judgment, while ordinary civilians across the Core Worlds and Outer Rim recognize your name and face with grateful smiles.

This widespread admiration easily opens doors. You can secure rare medical supplies, gain immediate access to restricted command centers, or call in massive logistical favors with ease. Furthermore, High Command grants you considerable leeway in how you interpret, execute, or even bend your given orders, implicitly trusting that your actions - however unorthodox - are always driven by what is best for the Republic. Most importantly, your legend actively shapes the outcome of battles. Even the disciplined, arrogant forces of the Sith Empire will hesitate and falter, dreading the realization that they are facing the Republic's greatest champion.

Jedi Knight Perks

Perks for Jedi Knight are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

The Perfect Duelist [100]

The lightsaber is the elegant weapon of a more civilized age, and in your hands, it is destined to find its absolute greatest wielder. As the martial champion of the Jedi Order, you possess a truly staggering, almost boundless innate potential for lightsaber combat and melee warfare. Where other Jedi eventually hit a plateau in their physical training, your ceiling stretches onward, giving you the latent talent necessary to one day rival or even eclipse the legendary battlemasters of galactic history. Furthermore, your mind and body are perfectly primed for martial absorption. You learn, adapt, and master any physical martial technique much faster than a standard, dedicated prodigy. Whether you are attempting to master a highly complex lightsaber form like Juyo, memorizing the intricate, high-speed katas of Echani hand-to-hand combat, or learning to wield a completely foreign melee weapon from a new world, you will effortlessly compress a year of grueling, repetitive drills into just a few short weeks of practice. To watch you fight is to witness pure poetry in motion. You are naturally meant to be the ultimate duelist of your era: a flawless, untouchable whirlwind of righteous justice whose bladework will be recorded and revered in the Jedi Archives for millennia to come.

The Hero's Exemption [100]

The Jedi Code strictly preaches peace, serenity, and compassion. You, on the other hand, might prefer Force-choking prisoners, executing unarmed captives, and cackling maniacally while bathing your enemies in crimson lightsaber strikes. In any normal era, the Jedi Council would immediately expel you, or the Republic would court-martial you for blatant war crimes. Fortunately for you, the galaxy is desperate, and you possess a truly staggering amount of protagonist privilege. No matter how visibly corrupted by the Dark Side you become - even if you are sporting glowing yellow eyes, a sickly pale complexion, and an aura of suffocating malice - you will consistently get away with being a full-blown, psychotic maniac. As long as you are ultimately fighting the "correct" enemies and getting results, your allies will completely blind themselves to your atrocities. The Jedi Council will merely sigh, express their "deep disappointment" in your unorthodox methods, and prescribe extra meditation rather than excommunicating you. Meanwhile, Republic military commanders and politicians will actively praise your ruthless efficiency, rationalizing your terrifying behavior as "the heavy burden of war" or "doing what the Jedi are too soft to do." You can be the most bloodthirsty monster on the battlefield, and the galaxy will still stubbornly insist on treating you like a great and noble hero.

Sovereign Soul [200]

As a Jedi Knight, you are destined to stand against ancient beings capable of dominating the minds of entire planets with a mere whisper. To face such cosmic horrors and emerge with your spirit intact, the Force has blessed you with an absolute, unyielding willpower. You possess true, inviolable free will; no force in the multiverse can distort your thoughts or strip you of your agency. Your mind is a diamond of the Light Side. You are completely immune to all forms of mind control, brainwashing, and telepathic domination. Even the legendary mind-subverting sorcery of the Sith Emperor would shatter against your consciousness. Furthermore, this absolute agency protects you from the insidious, twisting nature of the Force itself. Even if you were to draw upon the Dark Side, it would never alter your personality, dictate your actions, or twist your true intentions in any way. You remain the absolute master of your own morality. Finally, this sovereignty will extend deep into your emotional core, granting you a truly pure and unclouded heart. You can never be blinded by rage, paralyzed by fear, or drowned by the visceral grief of war. While you still experience the full spectrum of emotion - love, sorrow, and righteous anger - these feelings will never overwhelm your judgment or force you into irrational actions. You exist in a state of perfect internal harmony, ensuring that no matter how much tragedy or betrayal you endure across your journey, your spirit will never sour, your compassion will never waver, and your dedication to the Light will remain steadfast and unbroken.

Harmony of Mind and Motion [200]

As the martial spearhead of the Jedi Order, you understand that true combat mastery is not about unleashing brute force, but about absolute discipline and perfect control. Through rigorous physical conditioning and deep attunement to the Force, you have achieved a flawless, absolute synchronization between your consciousness and your physical vessel. There is zero latency between your thoughts and your actions. The very microsecond your mind formulates a strategy, perceives a threat, or recognizes an opening, your body executes the exact necessary movements with absolute, flawless fidelity. Because of this perfect physical harmony, you possess absolute, hyper-lethal physical precision. You can strike with the exactness of a surgical laser, effortlessly threading your blade through the microscopic gaps in Mandalorian armor, slicing the weapons out of enemy hands without grazing their skin, and performing complex acrobatic feats that require millimeter-perfect landings. Your body is a perfect instrument of your will.

Echoes of the Light [400]

‘’There is no death, there is the Force.’’

For you, the final line of the Jedi Code is not merely a comforting philosophy to recite at funerals; it is a literal, tangible reality. You possess a uniquely profound attunement to the Cosmic Force, acting as a luminous anchor for those who have passed into the afterlife. Because of your pure heart and your vital role in the galaxy's destiny, deceased Jedi will actively return from the beyond as Force Spirits specifically to guide you. Whenever you find yourself in desperate need of counsel, struggling to master a difficult martial technique, or seeking knowledge that has been completely lost to time, the luminous spirits of fallen Jedi Knights and ancient Masters will manifest to tutor you. They will not merely offer cryptic riddles and fade away; they will actively, patiently, and clearly instruct you. Whether it is your own recently fallen master returning to seamlessly finish your training, or a legendary, long-dead hero of the Republic appearing by your campfire to teach you a forgotten lightsaber form, you will never be without a mentor. Through this profound spiritual connection, even if the physical Jedi Archives were to burn to ash, the accumulated wisdom, martial prowess, and history of the Jedi Order will forever survive within you, passed down directly from the spirits of the Light.

Battle Precognition [400]

The Force is an ever-flowing river, and as a Jedi Knight, you have learned to navigate its most turbulent currents with perfect clarity. You have developed a highly specialized, martial connection to the Light Side. Rather than receiving vague, cryptic visions of the distant future or cosmic destiny, your mind has a continuous and crystal-clear precognitive instinct for combat. In the heat of battle, this makes you an absolute, untouchable master. You know exactly where an enemy's lightsaber will strike before they even tense their muscles, allowing you to perfectly position your own blade for a counter. You can walk through a chaotic battlefield, casually side-stepping blaster fire, artillery strikes, and environmental hazards as if choreographing a graceful dance, because you already know exactly where every single danger will land. To fight you is to fight a master who has already mapped out the entire duel before the first clash of blades, and the only fights you can't win are the ones where victory was already impossible before you even stepped onto the field.

Force Augmentation [600]

As the martial vanguard of the Jedi Order, you rely on the Force not just to guide your mind, but to directly empower your physical vessel in the heat of battle. You possess a spectacular, highly efficient talent for internalizing the Light Side, meaning that any time you use the Force to enhance your body, the resulting output is drastically multiplied. A simple, baseline boost to your physical attributes - such as tapping into the Force to passively increase your raw strength, durability, or reflexes - will enhance you at least three times more than it would a standard Force user of your caliber. Where a normal Jedi might use the Force to kick open a heavy door, you can strike with enough kinetic fury to completely shatter a reinforced durasteel bulkhead or casually overpower heavy combat droids in a physical grapple. Furthermore, when you actively utilize specialized, dedicated augmentation techniques, this multiplier pushes you even further into the realm of the superhuman. Using Force Speed will not merely make you run faster; it will accelerate you into an untrackable, blinding blur of motion that even advanced targeting sensors struggle to lock onto. A standard Force Leap will effortlessly propel you several stories into the air to board a hovering gunship or clear a massive battlefield chasm in a single bound, and a concentrated burst of Force Valor will turn you into an untouchable, unstoppable juggernaut of the Light Side.

Champion of the Light [600]

As a Jedi Knight, your sacred duty is to stand as the ultimate shield of the Republic, willingly placing yourself between the innocent and the most terrifying threats the galaxy has to offer. The Force recognizes the immense weight of this burden, and it actively rises to meet it. Whenever you face an opponent who is objectively stronger, older, or vastly more experienced than you, your own capabilities will dynamically scale in response. The greater the disparity in strength between you and your foe, the larger the boost you receive to your stamina, speed, reflexes, and raw martial skill, pushing you to fight with miraculous capability against impossible odds. If you were to face the truly ancient, apocalyptic evils of the galaxy - such as the immortal Sith Emperor himself - you would find your power and connection to the Force rising to breathtaking heights you never thought possible. However, it must be noted that this blessing is a monumental multiplier, not an absolute guarantee of victory. If a completely mundane, untrained civilian were to face a dark god, this perk would only grant them the miraculous luck and adrenaline needed to briefly survive the encounter and escape. But for a dedicated, trained warrior with a solid foundation of power, this massive boost acts as the ultimate equalizer.

Jedi Consular Perks

Perks for Jedi Consular are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

Scholarly Pursuits [100]

The Jedi Archives upon Tython contain the accumulated wisdom, history, and scientific discoveries of ten thousand years of galactic civilization. As a dedicated seeker of truth and balance, your mind has become a perfect reflection of this grand repository. You possess a flawless, photographic memory for all forms of knowledge, effortlessly retaining ancient lore, complex galactic history, advanced scientific theories, and the deeply esoteric, arcane mysteries of the Force. Once you read a datapad, translate a holocron, or study a star chart, its contents are forever inscribed within your mind, ready to be recalled with absolute, crystal-clear precision. Furthermore, your dedication to Jedi meditation techniques has allowed you to achieve a profound state of mental clarity. You have mastered the ability to elegantly partition your consciousness. You can effortlessly hold and process two entirely distinct streams of thought, or perform two separate, complex actions simultaneously with zero loss of focus or efficiency. You could calmly engage in a delicate political negotiation while telekinetically disarming a bomb hidden across the room. With time, practice, and a deepening connection to the Force, this mental division will organically expand even further, eventually allowing you to juggle a multitude of thoughts, actions, and perspectives in perfect harmony.

Emissary of the Jedi Order [100, 400 for Other Origins]

The Jedi Order serves as the ancient, steadfast guardian of the Galactic Republic. As a recognized representative of this venerable institution, your very presence carries immense weight, dignity, and respect across the galaxy. You carry considerable, recognized authority throughout the Republic and its allied systems. Government officials, military personnel, and law enforcement inherently recognize your status, granting you a level of trust and access that ordinary citizens would never receive. You can easily bypass bureaucratic red tape to enter active military command centers, secure landing codes for blockaded planets, or inspect restricted government archives. Furthermore, your word is treated with the utmost gravity. You have the social and institutional leverage to request direct assistance from local governments, requisition necessary resources, medical supplies, or transport for critical missions, and expect immediate, earnest cooperation from virtually all Republic institutions. While this authority is vast, it is fundamentally built on mutual respect rather than tyranny. It is not absolute; you cannot simply command Senators like foot soldiers, nor can you unilaterally override sovereign planetary laws. However, this prestigious backing ensures that doors will always open for you, heavily encouraging the galaxy to work with you in the pursuit of peace and justice rather than standing in your way. Post-jump the dominant benevolent governments, peacekeeping forces, and law enforcement agencies of future worlds will intuitively recognize you as a highly respected diplomat and guardian. You will receive the exact same implicit trust, VIP access, and bureaucratic leniency as their own most honored champions.

Force Persuasion [200]

As an old Jedi Master once said, the Force can have a strong influence on the weak-minded. As a seeker of peace, you understand that the best battles are the ones that never have to be fought at all. You have mastered the iconic Jedi Mind Trick, allowing you to effortlessly bypass conflict with a simple wave of your hand and a softly spoken command. You can seamlessly implant suggestions, alter perceptions, and completely diffuse hostile intent in others, making them easily accept your words as their own genuine thoughts. It must be noted, however, that this is not absolute mind control; individuals with exceptionally strong wills, intense mental training, or innate psychic defenses can still resist your influence and shrug off your commands. Yet, while most Jedi struggle to maintain the focus required to trick more than a single sentry or a pair of guards at once, your mastery over this technique is vastly expanded. You have the profound ability to project your Force Persuasion over an entire area, effectively using it on multiple people at the exact same time. With a single, calmly spoken sentence, you can convince an entire squad of average enemy soldiers that you are not a threat and that they should drop their weapons, seamlessly calm a massive, panicking crowd in the middle of a war zone, or gently nudge a room full of stubborn politicians to agree with your diplomatic terms. Even if one or two strong-willed individuals in the group resist, the rest will easily fall under your sway. You can achieve mass de-escalation in the blink of an eye, turning a potentially bloody confrontation into a peaceful resolution with nothing but your voice and the will of the Force.

Telekinetic Prodigy [200]

While many Jedi Guardians focus the Force inward to bolster their physical strikes, you have learned to project your serene will outward into the physical world. As a Jedi Consular, you possess an exceptional, natural talent for telekinesis that easily eclipses the abilities of the average Jedi Knight or Consular peer. Whether you are lifting massive boulders to clear a blocked path, catching heavy falling debris to shield innocent civilians, or effortlessly scattering entire squads of advancing enemies with a sweeping Force push, you wield the kinetic power of the Force with remarkable ease and fluidity. However, your current strength is merely a fraction of your true ceiling. You possess a staggering, almost boundless potential for telekinetic growth and finesse. With continued time, focused meditation, and rigorous training, your control will organically evolve from blunt kinetic force into absolute, surgical precision. Eventually, you will be capable of performing incredible, mind-bending feats of telekinesis, such as flawlessly dismantling a hostile combat droid piece by individual piece in mid-air, or gracefully wielding ignited lightsabers entirely through the Force, engaging enemies with perfect accuracy while you remain perfectly still.

Voice of Redemption [400]

A Jedi's ultimate goal is to save lives, not just end threats. To this end, you possess an exceptional charisma fueled by genuine empathy and your connection to the Light Side. When you speak, you naturally inspire people to act as their best selves and find hope in desperate situations. This charisma is potent enough to counter supernatural subjugation. If a person is mind-controlled by dark sorcery or even physically possessed by a Sith spirit, you can reach their true mind simply by speaking to them. Your words grant them the immediate clarity and willpower necessary to break their mental conditioning or cast out the possessing entity using their own renewed strength. Finally, this persuasive empathy works just as effectively on your enemies. If you defeat an opponent in combat and offer them mercy instead of a finishing blow, your arguments for peace carry immense weight. You can consistently reach whatever good remains within them, helping them let go of their hatred, trauma, and Dark Side corruption. Through simple compassion and dialogue, you can successfully redeem hardened villains, turning your greatest foes into genuinely loyal allies.

The Shielding Technique [400]

The true calling of a Jedi is not merely to destroy the darkness, but to selflessly protect and preserve the light within others. You have mastered an ancient, highly esoteric Force technique famously utilized by the greatest Jedi Consulars to save their fellow masters from unnatural plagues. By reaching out through the Force, you can cast a profound, luminous spiritual aegis over another living being. This shield acts as an impenetrable barrier against any form of dark ability, supernatural corruption, or insidious magic. While shielded by you, the target becomes utterly immune to spiritual taints, Dark Side plagues, and unnatural curses. Most importantly, this ward forms an absolute defense against possession; no Sith spirit, demonic entity, or psychic parasite can claim or control the mind and soul of someone under your protection. As a secondary benefit, the pure, harmonious energy of this shield gently soothes the target, knitting physical injuries and repairing deep-seated mental trauma. However, such profound protection comes at a deeply personal cost. This technique is not fueled by the ambient Force, but by your own raw vitality. Casting this shield and purging deep-seated corruption permanently drains a portion of your own life force in the moment, leaving you physically weakened and fatigued. While your vitality will naturally replenish over time with rest and meditation, shielding too many individuals in rapid succession could push your body to the very brink of death. It is the ultimate expression of the Jedi Code: willingly sacrificing your own strength so that others might live free of the dark.

Wellspring of the Living Force [600]

While the Sith treat the Force as a weapon to be dominated and drained, you have achieved a state of perfect, serene symbiosis with it. You are a pure, unclouded vessel for the Living Force, allowing its harmonious energy to constantly flow through you, washing away fatigue and continuously renewing your flesh and spirit. This grants you a truly staggering reservoir of Force energy and physical vitality. Your body regenerates from injuries at an extremely accelerated rate, effortlessly knitting deep wounds, mending shattered bones, and purging lethal toxins in mere moments. Furthermore, your spiritual and physical stamina are virtually limitless; you are constantly revitalized by the ambient Force around you, ensuring your connection never wanes even in the most grueling, drawn-out conflicts. Most profoundly, this boundless vitality serves as an incredible, life-saving buffer against esoteric techniques that demand a physical toll. You can safely and repeatedly utilize highly dangerous, sacrificial abilities that draw directly upon your own life force, such as the legendary Shielding Technique. Rather than being pushed to the brink of death or suffering permanent physical degradation, your inner wellspring of luminous energy immediately rushes in to replenish the lost vitality. This allows you to perform miraculous, world-changing acts of self-sacrifice and healing without ever paying the ultimate price.

An Enduring Vessel [600]

The Jedi teach that all living things are connected to the Force, but your connection is something truly extraordinary. You possess an absolutely staggering innate potential for manipulating the Force and other mystical energies. Your body acts as a perfect, luminous conduit, granting you an incredibly high ceiling for raw power, telekinetic feats, and deep spiritual attunement. Where others might hit a hard limit in their training, your metaphysical capacity seems vast and unending. However, your most remarkable trait is how this potential interacts with the passage of time. For most mortal beings, age eventually brings physical frailty and a plateau in their abilities. For you, time is a profound and endless amplifier. As you age, your body's capacity to channel the Force - and any other magical or mystical energies you acquire across your chain - deepens and grows significantly stronger. Every passing year naturally expands your energy reserves, heightens your mystical sensitivity, and permanently increases your raw power. Like a towering wroshyr tree taking root over centuries, or a kyber crystal slowly singing in resonance with the galaxy, you do not wither with time. Instead, you constantly grow closer to the very fabric of the universe, ensuring that the older and wiser you become, the more powerfully your light will shine. Your lifespan will be extended considerably with this, and should you grow powerful enough in the Force, you could potentially become ageless.

Jedi Master Perks

Perks for Jedi Master are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

Emotion, Yet Peace [100]

The first line of the Jedi Code is not a demand to become an unfeeling automaton, but a profound call to internal harmony. As a Jedi Master, you have achieved a state of profound serenity. You are in complete control of your emotions. While you can still experience things like compassion, grief, and joy they will never blind your judgment, and base instincts like fear, rage, and jealousy will never influence your decisions. You are completely immune to supernatural fear, emotional manipulation, and the corrupting, maddening whispers of the Dark Side. Beyond this flawless personal discipline, your profound centeredness grants you several extraordinary benefits. First, your serene state drastically improves your connection to the Light Side. Because your mind is entirely free of internal friction, doubt, and stress, your Force abilities require significantly less stamina to execute, allowing you to effortlessly channel the Force for hours on end. Second, your internal peace can radiate outward like a luminous aura. Should you wish it, your mere presence acts as a soothing balm to those around you. You can instantly calm panicking crowds, steady the trembling hands of terrified soldiers, and even cause bloodthirsty enemies to hesitate, their blinding fury naturally smothering under the weight of your profound, unyielding tranquility. Best of all the emotional control (if not the other parts of the perk) is teachable, as a technique that any Jedi could learn with sufficient effort and which functions almost as ideally as the perk version does.

Mantle of the Mentor [100]

The survival of the Jedi Order relies not on the triumphs of a single generation, but on the profound wisdom passed down to the next. You are a peerless teacher and a true master of the master-apprentice bond, possessing an almost supernatural intuition for the unique learning styles, hidden potential, and deep-seated emotional blockages of your students. Because you know exactly how to reach them, whether through rigorous martial drills, serene meditation, or gentle philosophical debate, a Padawan under your tutelage will rapidly flourish. They will flawlessly absorb years of complex martial instruction, Force techniques, and deep philosophical insight in a mere fraction of the standard time, never suffering from burnout or frustration. More importantly, your role as a mentor goes far beyond simply imparting physical skills. Your guidance naturally and effortlessly steers impressionable minds away from the insidious seduction of the Dark Side. By addressing their fears, doubts, and attachments with profound empathy rather than rigid, unfeeling dogma, you instill a deep, unwavering moral compass within them. This righteous foundation acts as a permanent spiritual armor, ensuring that even when they face the greatest temptations or darkest tragedies of the galaxy, they will remain firmly in the Light long after they have left your side to become Masters themselves.

Swordmaster [200]

The archives of the Jedi Order record the seven classical forms of lightsaber combat, and through years of rigorous physical and spiritual dedication, you have mastered all of them. From the foundational strikes of Shii-Cho to the balanced moderation of Niman, you possess a flawless, textbook understanding of every fighting style, ensuring you have absolutely no blind spots in your martial repertoire. However, true mastery is not merely knowing every path, but walking one perfectly. You have chosen to heavily specialize in one of the seven forms, elevating it from a mere martial art into a profound spiritual state. By centering yourself in the Force, you can actively "immerse" yourself entirely within the philosophy of your chosen form, enhancing it by three times compared to a normal Jedi Master. If you specialize in Soresu, your immersion turns you into an invincible bastion; your blade moves in a perfect, omnipresent blur that forms a literally unbreakable defense, allowing you to effortlessly weather the focused fire of an entire army. If you choose the Ataru form, your immersion renders you a weightless, blinding tempest of kinetic fury, striking from every angle simultaneously. If you choose Makashi, your precision becomes absolute, allowing you to surgically dismantle the defenses of the greatest Sith duelists with barely a flick of your wrist. While immersed in your chosen specialization, your lightsaber is no longer just a tool. It is the flawless physical manifestation of your will and connection to the Force.

Tutaminis [200]

A true Jedi Master understands that the Force is not merely a blunt tool for telekinesis, but an omnipresent energy field that can be directly manipulated and absorbed. You have achieved profound mastery over the ancient and highly advanced art of Tutaminis, the Jedi technique of energy absorption. Through serenity and focus, you can casually catch heavy blaster bolts in the palm of your hand, safely ground and dissipate the lethal currents of Sith Lightning, and even clasp the superheated plasma of an opponent's ignited lightsaber between your bare hands without suffering a single burn. Most remarkably, this technique does not merely serve as an ultimate defense. When you absorb these hostile attacks, you can flawlessly channel their raw power inward. You can use the absorbed energy of your enemies' attacks to instantly replenish your own physical stamina and spiritual Force reserves. The harder your foes attempt to strike you down with energy-based attacks, the stronger, faster, and more revitalized you will become.

Wisdom of the Council [400]

A true Jedi Master is not defined by how many enemies they can strike down, but by the profound wisdom they wield. You have spent decades meditating on the mysteries of the galaxy, granting you a razor-sharp, enlightened intellect that provides highly concrete, tangible benefits both on and off the battlefield. First, you possess a precognitive understanding of cause and effect. When faced with a major decision, the Force will actively reveal the "ripple effect" of your choices. You can clearly sense the long-term, logical, and spiritual consequences of the paths before you, allowing you to instantly know if a seemingly benevolent action will inadvertently cause disaster down the line, or if a difficult compromise will secure lasting peace. Second, your mind is an absolute filter for truth. You instantly detect cognitive biases, logical fallacies, and emotional manipulation, both in yourself and others. If someone attempts to lie to you using half-truths, technicalities, or omitted context, you will not only sense their deception, but your intuition will immediately provide you with the exact right question to ask to unravel their entire web of lies. Finally, your wisdom grants you the ultimate "fool me once" absolute defense. If you observe or fall victim to a specific trap, military tactic, political scheme, or Force illusion, your mind perfectly and permanently deconstructs it. That exact strategy, or any minor variation of it, will absolutely never work on you again, ensuring your enemies only ever have one chance to catch you off guard.

Luminous Being [400]

‘’Luminous beings are we, not this crude matter.”

Through years of profound meditation upon the nature of life, death, and the Living Force, you have realized the absolute truth of this ancient Jedi wisdom. Your consciousness is no longer strictly bound to the frailties of your physical shell. Because of this serene spiritual elevation, you can sustain your vessel almost entirely through the Light Side of the Force. You are completely immune to natural diseases, lethal toxins, and the physical degradation of old age, remaining at your absolute physical peak until the very end of your natural lifespan. Furthermore, this mastery over your "crude matter" allows you to enter a profound Jedi hibernation trance. By retreating deep into the Force, you can consciously slow your bodily functions to a near-halt. In this state, you can survive indefinitely without food, water, or even oxygen, perfectly preserving yourself in the harshest of environments - whether buried beneath the rubble of a collapsed temple or adrift in the vacuum of space - until it is safe to awaken. Finally, should your physical body eventually be struck down, or should you willingly lay down your life for the greater good, your journey will not end. Free from the fear of death, you will immediately and flawlessly transition into a Force Ghost. In this luminous, ethereal state, you become one with the Light Side while perfectly retaining your individual consciousness and memories. Untethered by mortal limitations, you may continue to peacefully observe the physical realm, commune with your allies in their moments of need, and offer profound guidance across the vast expanses of the stars. For you, death is never a defeat - it is simply a deeper communion with the Force.

Battle Meditation [600]

The ancient art of Battle Meditation is an exceptionally rare and revered gift among the Jedi, capable of turning the tide of entire galactic campaigns without the user ever needing to ignite a lightsaber or fire a single shot. You have mastered this legendary, grand-scale application of the Force, becoming a living beacon of Republic victory. By entering a deep, serene meditative trance, you can project your will across the void. You can connect your consciousness to the minds of thousands of soldiers, pilots, and fellow Jedi across an entire star system, weaving their disparate actions into a single, flawless operational network. Through this profound spiritual link, your allies are filled with the absolute clarity of the Light Side. They will experience drastically heightened reflexes, an unbreakable surge in morale, and perfect tactical synchronization, moving and fighting as one beautifully orchestrated organism. Conversely, your meditation acts as a crushing psychological weight upon your foes; enemy forces will be suddenly wracked by inexplicable panic, devastating miscommunication, and a suffocating existential dread that causes their formations to crumble and their strategies to unravel. Under the guiding influence of your meditation, a severely outnumbered Republic fleet or a surrounded garrison can effortlessly outmaneuver and systematically dismantle a massive, overwhelmingly superior Imperial armada with terrifying, miraculous precision.

Unity [600]

Like Satele Shan in the future, you have achieved a near-constant, transcendent state of unity with the Force. You do not merely wield the Light Side; you exist in perfect, harmonious synchronization with its grand cosmic design. This profound spiritual alignment grants you an unerring, passive compass that constantly guides your destiny. The Will of the Force continuously whispers to you, subtly steering your intuition toward the best possible choices for achieving your goals and preserving your ideals. Without even trying, you will find yourself naturally drawn to ancient, lost artifacts, crossing paths with pivotal individuals exactly when they are most crucial, and invariably arriving in the right place at the exact right time to avert catastrophe and save the day. The universe itself seemingly bends to ensure you are perfectly positioned to defend the Light. Furthermore, because there is such harmony between you and the Force, your raw power and mastery over all Force techniques are vastly enhanced. This staggering multiplier means that even the simplest, most foundational Force abilities can achieve awe-inspiring, impossible feats. A basic telekinetic shove from you can hit with the kinetic force of a crashing dropship, and a simple Force barrier can effortlessly withstand the devastation of heavy artillery. Through this absolute unity, you transcend the limits of a normal Jedi, becoming a living, breathing avatar of the Force.



Items

You have a 300 CP stipend to spend here. You can freely import items. Locations may be imported or recreated in future jumps as Warehouse attachments, if you wish. Items destroyed or lost restore themselves in three days. You can discount two items per price tier except the 800 CP one. Discounted 50 and 100 CP items become free. You also gain the blueprint of anything you buy here.

IGBC Account [Free/200/400/600]

The Jedi have the Force, and the Senate has its politics, but anyone with an ounce of pragmatic sense knows that the InterGalactic Banking Clan truly runs the galaxy. Ideals and diplomacy are wonderful concepts, but logistical superiority requires cold, hard currency. You are now the sole signatory of a highly secure, unsliceable IGBC bank account that generates a massive, self-replenishing stipend of Galactic Credits (or whatever localized fiat currency the natives of your current reality use) every single month. The exact payout depends on your initial investment. For **Free**, it provides a generous stipend that guarantees you will never suffer the indignity of poverty, effortlessly funding a personal life of comfort. For **200 CP**, the account generates enough liquid capital to seamlessly feed, arm, and sustain a full platoon of soldiers. For **400 CP**, your financial backing scales to a truly staggering level, providing enough continuous wealth to equip and maintain an entire legion of troops without ever straining your coffers. For **600 CP**, you are elevated to the financial equivalent of a planetary treasury. This tier provides hundreds of millions of credits on a continuous basis: enough to single-handedly sustain a sprawling empire, fund sector-wide reconstruction efforts, or bankroll a massive corporate conglomerate. Money might not buy the moral high ground, but it certainly buys the blaster gas needed to defend it.

Lightsaber [50, Free for Jedi Knight/Consular/Master]

An elegant weapon for a more civilized age, this is a fully functioning lightsaber uniquely customized to your exact physical specifications and preferred combat style. You may choose absolutely any color for its internal kyber crystal and the resulting plasma blade, ranging from the traditional Jedi blue and green to much more exotic hues such as purple, silver, or pure white. Furthermore, the physical design and shape of the hilt are entirely up to your imagination. You can choose a standard single blade for traditional forms, a double-bladed saberstaff for aggressive crowd control, a long-handled lightsaber pike to keep enemies at a distance, or a curved hilt for precise dueling. As an added benefit of this purchase, the hilt is indestructible.

Blaster [50/100, First Level Free for Smuggler/Trooper]

Whether you prefer the quick draw of a smuggler or the overwhelming firepower of a Republic trooper, you receive a personal blaster of your choosing. This weapon can take the form of any standard energy firearm found in the galaxy, ranging from a compact hold-out pistol and a reliable repeating blaster rifle to a long-range sniper rifle or a devastating heavy rotary cannon. For an additional **50 CP**, your chosen weapon is upgraded to an incredibly high-quality masterpiece of galactic gunsmithing. This upgraded version features reinforced construction, superior heat dissipation, and an array of customized attachments such as advanced targeting scopes, modified grips, and extended barrels. Furthermore, the masterwork version includes extra firing functions seamlessly integrated into the weapon's design, allowing you to instantly switch between standard lethal plasma bolts, highly effective stun settings to capture bounties alive, or ion shots to disable droids and force fields, making it an incredibly versatile tool for any combat scenario you might face.

High-Stakes Sabacc Deck [50]

At first glance, this appears to be a well-worn but high-quality deck of standard Sabacc cards, but these cards carry a subtle charm. Whenever you use this deck, you will find your personal luck in games of chance drastically increased. The odds will subtly bend in your favor, ensuring that you almost always walk away in the black and rarely lose more credits than you can easily afford to part with. Beyond making you a terror at the gambling table, this deck serves as an unparalleled diplomatic tool when navigating the galactic underworld. No matter how tense a standoff might be, offering to deal a hand will almost always convince smugglers, hardened mercenaries, and paranoid crime bosses to lower their blasters, sit down, share a drink, and actually talk things out before anyone resorts to violence. It guarantees you a peaceful audience and a chance to negotiate, even with those who would normally shoot first and ask questions later.

Tactical Speeder [100]

Navigating vast planetary terrains on foot is a dreadfully inefficient use of time, especially when battle lines are constantly shifting. This high-performance Republic repulsorcraft provides fast, reliable, and supremely stylish ground transport wherever your missions take you. Upon purchase, you may dictate its exact design - whether you prefer a sleek, enclosed landspeeder for comfortable long-distance travel or a lightweight, highly aerodynamic speeder bike built for blistering speed and tight maneuverability. Beyond its impressive top speed and razor-sharp handling, the vehicle is integrated with a state-of-the-art automated navigation computer linked directly to your comm-link or personal datapad. At a moment's notice, a single remote signal will trigger its autopilot, causing the speeder to autonomously weave through terrain, dodge hazards, and arrive precisely at your location for a fast extraction or immediate deployment. This comes with infinite fuel.

Republic Droid [100/200]

The Republic values organic life, which is precisely why it relies on advanced automatons to handle the most hazardous, tedious, or computationally demanding tasks in the galaxy. You are provided with a top-of-the-line Republic droid, customized to your specific needs and perfectly programmed with loyal, cooperative behavioral matrices. You may opt for a sturdy, highly dependable astromech to calculate complex hyperspace routes, slice into sealed mainframes, and repair your starship mid-firefight (often accompanied by cheerful, if occasionally sassy, beeps). Perhaps you require a meticulously polite protocol droid, fluent in six million forms of communication, to help you navigate dense Senate bureaucracy or broker treaties with newly discovered species. If your missions trend toward the hazardous, you might select a heavily armored Republic security or war droid to lay down suppressing fire and draw enemy aggro away from your organic allies. Alternatively, you could choose a state-of-the-art medical droid, a discreet probe droid, or any other standard model. For **200 CP**, you receive a dedicated squad of a dozen of these droids.

SIS Stealth Kit [100]

While the Jedi Order prefers to handle threats with brightly glowing lightsabers and public diplomacy, the Strategic Information Service (SIS) understands that protecting the Republic often requires a far more subtle approach. You are equipped with a state-of-the-art SIS Stealth Kit, a compact marvel of Republic engineering designed for top-tier covert operations. At its core is a highly advanced stealth-field generator that bends light to render you effectively invisible to the naked eye and standard optical sensors. This is seamlessly paired with an acoustic dampener that completely muffles the sound of your footsteps, breathing, and gear shifting, ensuring your movements remain virtually silent. However, remaining unseen is only half the mission. This kit is also packed with a comprehensive suite of elite espionage tools. You are provided with military-grade slicing spikes to bypass heavily encrypted security mainframes, precision laser cutters for silently breaching reinforced grates and blast doors, adhesive micro-trackers for tailing high-value targets, and micro-sized listening bugs to monitor enemy communications. Whether you are infiltrating a Sith stronghold or gathering evidence to expose a corrupt Senator, this kit provides everything a dedicated operative needs to uncover the truth without ever being detected.

Armor [200/400]

This is a highly durable suit of armor tailored to your exact physical dimensions and aesthetic preferences. You may choose for this suit to be light, medium, or heavy armor, allowing you to prioritize acrobatic agility, a steady balance of speed and defense, or the sheer durability of a walking tank. Regardless of its weight class, the suit is fully hermetically sealed against the vacuum of space and completely protects the wearer from environmental dangers such as toxic atmospheres, dangerous radiation, and extreme planetary temperatures. The outer plating and undersuit are constructed from advanced defensive materials, granting you significant resistance against standard blaster bolts and allowing the armor to deflect glancing strikes from a lightsaber, though sustained blaster fire or a direct lightsaber thrust will still pierce right through it. For an additional **200 CP**, your armor becomes a true technological marvel equipped with specialized attachments of your choice. These upgrades can be sophisticated helmet targeting systems, wrist-mounted whipcord launchers, concealed flamethrowers, hidden dart projectors, a fully functioning back-mounted jetpack for superior aerial mobility, or any other upgrades that may fit the Star Wars universe.

Local Shield [200/400/600]

This is a more compact, portable version of the planetary shield, which could be used to protect a military base or settlement. Your version will have a number of settings that allow you to configure the operating modes - for example, you can choose the size of the protected area (from maximum to smaller, where the shield will be much more powerful or efficient) or switch it to "atmospheric shield" mode. For **200 CP**, your shield will provide relatively effective protection for an area with a diameter of up to 100 meters and will be capable of withstanding fire from heavy infantry weapons and conventional heavy equipment (including fighter aircraft cannons, bombers, and light transports). For **400 CP**, this is a truly serious device capable of withstanding attacks from light warships, ground-based heavy equipment, and artillery, with a coverage area of up to 500 meters in radius under normal operating conditions. For **600 CP**, this is already a full-fledged "local" planetary shield capable of protecting against attacks by heavy ships from orbit, as well as similar factors. All shields can be moved and can also be mounted on heavy equipment if you want to move them directly; the coverage area can be increased or decreased (which can either increase or reduce efficiency). The shields are equipped with their own power sources, but for more stable operation, an external power source can be provided additionally. As for the size, they will be comparable in size to light, medium, or heavy cargo containers.

Manufacturing Plant [200/400/600]

The true backbone of the Galactic Republic is not merely the wisdom of the Jedi Order, but the staggering logistical and industrial might that supplies its defenders. You are now the owner of a massive, hyper-efficient manufacturing plant. Upon purchase, you may dictate the facility's strategic location: suspended in space as a heavily defended orbital ring, concealed within a hollowed-out asteroid to keep its production safe from Sith intelligence, or dominating a planetary surface as a sprawling factory-city. For **200 CP**, this facility is a powerhouse of civilian industry. It is capable of flawlessly mass-producing any type of civilian technology found across the Star Wars galaxy. It churns out high-grade medical supplies, personal comlinks, civilian speeders, moisture vaporators, and a limitless supply of astromech, medical, and protocol droids to support a thriving planetary economy or massive humanitarian relief efforts. For **400 CP**, your facility receives a highly classified military-grade expansion. It now possesses the specialized foundries required to manufacture top-tier armaments. You can effortlessly mass-produce heavy blaster rifles, personal deflector shields, thermal detonators, combat armor, and legions of heavily armed Republic war droids to reinforce the front lines. For **600 CP**, the facility is drastically expanded into a heavy-industry juggernaut. It gains the colossal foundries, zero-g construction arms, and massive orbital drydocks necessary to construct starships. It can produce entire squadrons of Republic starfighters, heavily shielded troop transports, and massive capital ships ranging from agile corvettes to heavy cruisers. With this, you possess the sheer industrial capacity to single-handedly supply the Republic Navy or forge your own independent peacekeeping armada from the ground up.

Ordnance Armory [200]

Sometimes a blaster rifle just isn't enough to solve your problems, and for those situations, you have this highly secured vault. This armory contains a massive, pristine stockpile of military-grade explosives and heavy ordnance of every conceivable type. The reinforced racks and crates are packed to the brim with high-yield demolition charges, thermal detonators, and heavy baradium explosives, perfect for leveling enemy bunkers or sabotaging capital ships. For more tactical engagements, you have access to specialized throwable and launchable ordnance, including cryoban grenades to flash-freeze hostiles in their tracks, as well as gas grenades loaded with everything from non-lethal stun agents to highly lethal toxins. When you need to deal with heavy armor, shielded targets, or large clusters of enemies, you can turn to the heavy weapons section, as it provides a wide variety of shoulder-fired rocket launchers, complete with guided anti-vehicle missiles, dumb-fire rockets, and cluster munitions capable of turning a Sith walker into a pile of smoking scrap metal. Any explosive you remove from the armory will be restocked in twenty-four hours.

Republic Vanguard Detachment [200/400]

Commanding a battlefield requires more than just personal prowess; it requires disciplined manpower. You have secured the absolute loyalty of a highly trained detachment of elite Republic soldiers, numbering in the hundreds. Clad in the heavy ablative armor of the Republic military, these men and women are hardened Special Forces veterans of the galactic war against the Sith Empire. Equipped with heavy blaster rifles, assault cannons, and personal energy shields, they are exceptionally lethal in any environment. Whether executing precise boarding actions against Imperial dreadnoughts, conducting grueling planetary assaults, or holding a defensive line against an overwhelming Sith offensive, they are an unshakeable fighting force that will follow your orders without a second thought. For **400 CP**, this force is vastly expanded from a specialized Vanguard detachment into a full-scale Republic legion consisting of several thousand heavily armed combatants. They come completely supplied with their own dedicated motor pool of Republic war machines, including heavily armored assault dropships for rapid deployment, heavy tanks and combat walkers to shatter enemy fortifications, and devastating mobile artillery batteries to rain destruction down on hostile forces from over the horizon. Should any of your soldiers fall in battle or your vehicles be reduced to slag, new recruits of equal skill and pristine replacement armor will steadily arrive to replenish your ranks and motor pool over the course of a few weeks, ensuring your personal legion is always ready for the next campaign.

Ancient Lightsaber Forge [200]

Deep within the pristine, Force-rich mountain sanctuaries of Tython lies one of the most sacred relics of the Jedi Order. This ancient lightsaber forge is a masterwork of early Jedi artistry and Force-attuned engineering, built during the dawn of the Order to guide initiates and Masters alike in the solemn rite of constructing their personal weapons. The forge comes fully equipped with a self-replenishing inventory of all necessary components required to craft any variety of lightsaber, including rare focus lenses, high-yield power cells, specialized emitter matrices, durable hilt casings, and a diverse array of Kyber crystals. What truly sets this relic apart is its profound resonance with the Force. Any lightsaber assembled, calibrated, or modified within its sacred focal field becomes deeply imbued with its energetic aura, causing the resulting weapon to be twice as powerful as a conventionally crafted lightsaber. The plasma blades forged here burn twice as hot, and it cuts through heavy blast doors and armor with double the efficiency.

Smuggler’s Contraband Stash [200]

Sitting innocuously in the corner of your cargo hold or base is a heavy, magnetically sealed plasteel crate that completely lacks a shipping manifest. Once every standard galactic month, this unassuming container will mysteriously fill to the brim with whatever highly illegal, heavily regulated, or black-market goods you desire. You can dictate exactly what the crate generates each cycle, tailoring the illicit payload to suit your current needs. If you are looking to make a quick fortune on the black market or bribe a corrupt planetary governor, you might have it spawn a small fortune in pure, unrefined spice, such as Ryll or Glitterstim. If you are expecting a vicious firefight, you can have the crate restock with a dozen vicious disruptor weapons, infamous for bypassing energy shields and disintegrating targets (which are strictly banned by the Republic). From exotic poisons to counterfeit credit ingots, the choice is entirely yours. To ensure your lucrative side-hustle remains a secret, the crate itself is lined with state-of-the-art sensor-baffling materials, guaranteeing that customs officials and automated port scanners will never detect the contraband hidden inside.

Your Own Hangar [200]

Sometimes the most important part of a fleet isn't the ships, but the logistics keeping them flying. This state-of-the-art Republic naval facility acts as a Warehouse attachment, but in this Jump and all future Jumps, it can seamlessly attach itself to any property, base, or estate you own. It might manifest as a sprawling underground bunker, an annexed wing, or an orbital tether, blending perfectly with the local architecture of your current world. It will automatically stretch, expand, and reconfigure its dimensions to perfectly house any ship (or even entire fleets of ships) that you bring into it, easily accommodating anything from a single starfighter to a massive dreadnought.
Inside, the bays are lined with gantries and fully staffed by an army of specialized droids that work tirelessly around the clock without ever needing to rest. They will meticulously repair battle damage, refit armor, refuel reactors, and rearm your vessels' weapon systems so they are always at absolute combat readiness. Furthermore, should you acquire any experimental, exotic, or out-of-context technology in this or future jumps, you simply need to provide the tech to the facility. The droids will analyze it and seamlessly install these upgrades across your existing fleet, flawlessly integrating new systems regardless of their origin without causing power or software conflicts. Finally, because a hangar full of prized ships is a prime target for the Sith Empire or opportunistic pirates, this facility is built to operate as an absolute fortress. The exterior is heavily protected by overlapping military-grade ray and particle shield generators and is studded with automated point-defense laser batteries capable of shredding incoming fighters, bombers, or missiles. The interior is equally secure, featuring hidden ceiling turrets, ray-shield traps, and automated lockdown systems designed to effortlessly repel boarders, saboteurs, and thieves.

Jedi Padawan Cohort [200/400]

While the Jedi Council traditionally insists that a Master take on only a single apprentice, your exceptional connection to the Force and proven leadership have warranted a highly unorthodox arrangement. For **200 CP,** you are entrusted with a dedicated cohort of a dozen Jedi Padawans. These are not raw younglings; they are talented, highly capable students of the Force. They are adept in fundamental lightsaber combat and possess a solid grasp of telekinesis, Force senses, and mind tricks. Most importantly, their loyalty and admiration are firmly anchored to you; they view you as their ultimate mentor and will earnestly and bravely follow your orders into the darkest corners of the galaxy. For **400 CP**, this cohort is exponentially expanded into a formidable enclave of fifty Padawans, and their training wildly diversifies to cover every conceivable operational need. Your ranks now include heavily armored Jedi Guardians, ready to form an impenetrable frontline and deflect heavy blaster fire; agile, dual-wielding Jedi Sentinels highly skilled in both combat and tech skills such as slicing; stealth-oriented Jedi Shadows wielding double-bladed sabers to quietly root out enemy leadership; and dedicated Jedi Healers to mend the wounded on the battlefield. Together, they function as a highly versatile, steadfast strike force. They can seamlessly deploy across the galaxy to lead planetary militias, defend vital Republic assets, or accompany you as a shining vanguard of light capable of turning the tide of any campaign. Should any fall in the line of duty, the Order will eventually send new, equally devoted students to learn under your legendary tutelage.

Med-Clinic [400]

This pristine, state-of-the-art medical facility represents the absolute pinnacle of Republic healthcare and bio-engineering. At its core are rows of high-grade kolto tanks and automated surgical suites capable of healing almost any injury short of complete bodily vaporization. Severe plasma burns, shattered spines, and massive internal trauma can be fully repaired in a matter of hours, bringing you or your allies back from the very brink of death without any lingering phantom pains or scar tissue. The facility is staffed by advanced medical and surgical droids possessing bedside manners and medical databases that rival the most brilliant doctors on Coruscant. The clinic's advanced bio-scanners and gene-therapy labs go far beyond standard battlefield first aid. It is fully equipped to map a patient's DNA to cure deep-rooted genetic diseases, reverse congenital defects, and purge exotic bioweapons, radiation, or lethal toxins from a patient's system. For those seeking mechanical augmentation or requiring replacements for lost extremities, a dedicated cybernetics wing is at your disposal. The precision surgical droids here can flawlessly graft and install everything from basic prosthetic limbs to highly advanced neural combat implants, dermal plating, and embedded weapon systems, all with absolute precision and zero risk of tissue rejection, nerve damage, or psychological degradation. As an added benefit, this medical bay offers specialized physiological optimization therapies. Through a highly advanced combination of tailored kolto-derivatives, cellular rejuvenation treatments, and endocrine balancers, anyone treated here can undergo procedures that significantly boost their baseline stamina, permanently strengthen their immune system against foreign pathogens, and notably slow down their natural aging process. This ensures that you and your companions are always operating at peak physical and mental efficiency, no matter how grueling the war effort becomes.

Corellian XS Light Freighter [400]

For those who value freedom, speed, and the ability to outrun a Sith blockade before the shooting even starts, there is the Corellian XS Light Freighter. A true masterpiece of Corellian engineering, this ship boasts a top-tier hyperdrive capable of shattering sector speed records, alongside heavily reinforced deflector shields. Should you be forced into a dogfight, it is armed with rapid-fire laser turrets and concealed missile launchers that will give any arrogant Imperial patrol a deeply unpleasant surprise. Unlike the sterile, utilitarian hulls of standard military craft, the XS is designed to be a true home among the stars. It features remarkably comfortable living quarters, a fully equipped lounge area perfect for entertaining (or swindling) guests, and expansive, easily customizable cargo holds. Naturally, as a vessel heavily favored by privateers, blockade runners, and scoundrels, it comes pre-installed with a few highly illegal, off-the-books modifications. The floorboards conceal several heavily shielded, scan-proof smuggling compartments, and the navigation computer features an automated transponder-spoofing system that broadcasts flawless fake ship registries. Whether you are running vital medical supplies past a Sith blockade or quietly moving a fortune in illicit spice, this ship ensures your cargo (and your crew) always arrives intact.

Corellian Defender-Class Light Corvette [400]

While the Republic Navy relies on massive, bureaucratic dreadnoughts and scoundrels place their faith in jury-rigged rust buckets, the Jedi Order operates with a touch more class. You are now the captain of a pristine Corellian Defender-Class Light Corvette, a vessel expressly tailored for the Order's elite peacekeepers and high-ranking diplomats. The ship possesses military-grade deflector shields, a powerful hyperdrive, and twin high-yield heavy laser cannons capable of reducing Sith starfighters to dust. Internally, the ship is a masterpiece of functional elegance, built to serve as both a mobile command center and a peaceful sanctuary. It features a secure, state-of-the-art diplomatic conference room with unsliceable HoloNet transceivers to negotiate treaties across the galaxy. Crucially, these communications systems feature a highly encrypted uplink directly to the Jedi Archives, ensuring you have real-time intelligence and vast historical data at your fingertips anywhere in the galaxy. The vessel also features a fully stocked medical bay to patch up rescued refugees and a serene, Force-attuned meditation chamber to center your mind before a battle. It is the ultimate vessel for the discerning Jedi or Republic champion: projecting a noble aura of peace while carrying a very fast, very lethal stick.

Exo-Tech Brain Defense [400]

Mental invasion is one of the most insidious threats in the galaxy, allowing Sith sorcerers, rogue telepaths, and alien mind-spinners to turn loyal allies into puppets with a mere glance. Developed as an esoteric countermeasure using high-tech cybernetics and ancient alien schematics, this sophisticated neural apparatus provides the ultimate form of aggressive telepathic defense. Discreetly installed as a micro-neural implant or integrated into a piece of headgear, the system constantly monitors your brainwaves for unauthorized external intrusion. Rather than acting as a simple passive wall, the device employs an aggressive counter-strike protocol: the moment a telepath, Force-user, or alien entity attempts to invade, influence, or control your mind, the Exo-Tech device immediately channels a feedback pulse that targets and paralyzes the precise region of the intruder's forebrain responsible for psychic projection. The effect is devastating to would-be mental manipulators. The intruder is instantly struck with intense neurological shock, violent vertigo, and temporary or permanent paralysis of their psychic faculties, instantly severing the connection and leaving them vulnerable to physical retaliation. The system works completely automatically, protecting you (or a designated target fitted with the device) from all forms of mental control, compulsion, and telepathic manipulation.

Rajivari’s Arcane Device [400]

Forged during the tumultuous era of the Force Wars by Rajivari, one of the founding Jedi Masters of Tython who eventually split from the Order to pursue his own dark, pragmatic doctrines, this artifact is a fascinating synthesis of early Jedi lore and esoteric Force-crafting. The device was engineered to bypass the greatest limitation of any military or Force tradition: the decades of grueling practice required to forge a true master. By placing this artifact against a subject's brow and activating its esoteric matrices, you can instantly imprint decades of hard-won experience, technical mastery, tactical instincts, and refined muscle memory directly into another person's mind. In a matter of seconds, a raw recruit gains the flawless battlefield reflexes of a veteran commando, or an initiate absorbs the intricate theoretical knowledge and finesse of a seasoned master. The transfer is completely permanent, bridging the gap between novice potential and elite mastery in an instant. The device can be safely utilized once per week, allowing you to rapidly elevate chosen companions, apprentices, or key lieutenants into top-tier experts without wasting years on conventional training.

Orbital Station [400]

Whether you require a secure diplomatic hub, a staging ground for humanitarian relief, or a heavily fortified command center to coordinate a sector-wide defense, this massive Orbital Station is the ultimate strategic asset. Suspended in high orbit above a world of your choosing, this state-of-the-art facility stands as a shining beacon of Republic engineering and stability. The station provides a wealth of practical benefits. It houses expansive, top-tier medical bays capable of treating mass casualties, automated drydocks for refueling and repairing your starships, and an incredibly powerful sensor array that monitors fleet movements and intercepts communications across the entire sector. The station also comes with a substantial staff of specialized droids, handling everything from maintenance, repairs, and logistics to medical assistance, security, communications, and the countless mundane administrative tasks required to keep a massive orbital facility running smoothly.Defensively, it is protected by a military-grade deflector shield and an array of overlapping turbolaser batteries, ensuring it can easily repel pirate raids or Sith fleet incursions until reinforcements arrive. Most remarkably, this station serves as the ultimate logistical nexus for your endeavors. It possesses the highly advanced architectural ability to seamlessly integrate any other properties or locations you own into its sprawling layout. Be it a subterranean research facility, a hidden Jedi enclave, or a bustling planetary casino, they can be physically incorporated directly into the station's superstructure or connected via secure, localized transit elevators. This allows you to consolidate all of your assets into one singular, unassailable nerve center for your galactic operations. This can be placed near any Republic planet you wish.

Exo-Healing Armor [400]

The Sith Empire is infamous for creating technological terrors, but occasionally, they engineer a miracle. Recently intercepted and quietly repurposed by the Republic's Strategic Information Service, the Exo-Healing Armor is a highly classified prototype that completely redefines battlefield survivability. Laced throughout this advanced combat suit is a hyper-responsive reservoir of medical nanodroids. The moment you suffer catastrophic, normally fatal trauma, the armor instantly floods your system with a massive burst of these microscopic machines. They aggressively stitch together ruptured organs, rapidly synthesize lost blood, and forcefully stabilize your vital signs, effectively making it impossible for you to die from standard kinetic trauma or blaster fire. However, this is a marvel of imperial science, not a Jedi miracle. The nanodroids cannot spontaneously generate new mass; if a Sith Lord amputates your arm or completely decapitates you, the armor cannot save you. Furthermore, the system has strict, unyielding operational limits. Forcing the armor to literally resurrect you from the brink of death requires a staggering amount of power and nanite reserves. If the suit is triggered to revive you more than twice within a short period of time, the system will completely and permanently overstress. The micro-foundries will burn out, leaving you with nothing more than standard durasteel plating. It allows you to survive the impossible, but it does not give you the luxury of being reckless.

Holocron Matrix Assembly [400]

A highly sophisticated, ancient-style crafting apparatus engineered to synthesize the crystal matrices and organic-lattice frameworks required to construct custom Holocrons. Operating this assembly allows you to forge fully functional light-side Holocrons that store your personal memories, skills, and knowledge. You can program these devices with an interactive gatekeeper persona based entirely on your own consciousness, personality, and moral alignment. This projection guides future students, tests their worthiness, and imparts your mastery of the Force or knowledge according to the strict parameters and safeguards you set during the Holocron's creation.

The Noetikons [400/200]

A standard holocron is certainly a valuable repository of a single Master's teachings, but a Noetikon is a true masterpiece of ancient Force architecture. This is a set of three Noetikons - glowing holocrons that each house the preserved consciousnesses and combined intellects of multiple legendary Jedi Masters. When activated, these digitized spirits project as a council, ready to debate, instruct, and advise you.

This purchase grants you the complete trinity of these legendary artifacts:

The Noetikon of Science: The Jedi were not merely mystics; they were once the greatest scholars in the galaxy. This terminal holds the accumulated, hyper-advanced scientific knowledge of the ancient Order, offering cutting-edge breakthroughs in biology, engineering, and physics, as well as medical miracles capable of curing supposedly terminal plagues.

The Noetikon of Light: The ultimate repository of the Light Side of the Force. The masters within hold profound knowledge of the Jedi's most deeply guarded mystical arts, teaching you esoteric Force healing, impenetrable barriers, battle meditation, and advanced martial forms that have been lost to the modern Council.

The Noetikon of Secrets: Proof that even the ancient Jedi understood the necessity of pragmatism. This heavily restricted artifact holds a terrifying wealth of forbidden Dark Side knowledge. Originally compiled so the Jedi could understand and counter their ancient enemy, it contains comprehensive lore on Sith alchemy, dark sorcery, and Sith military doctrines. It grants you the absolute mastery to safely study, weaponize, or completely dismantle the darkest powers the galaxy has to offer. For **200 CP**, you may purchase only one Noetikon instead.

Underworld Network [400]

While the Senate bickers on Coruscant and the Jedi meditate in their temples, the real galaxy operates in the shadows of Nar Shaddaa, the lawless alleys of the Outer Rim, and the smoky backrooms of cantinas. You are the undisputed master of an extensive, fiercely loyal web of underworld contacts spanning the entire galaxy. Your network includes eagle-eyed information brokers, discreet safehouse owners, master slicers, shady bartenders, black-market arms dealers, and veteran smugglers who owe you their lives, their fortunes, or their silence. They serve as your personal eyes and ears in places where official Republic authority or Jedi diplomacy cannot reach. At a moment's notice, a word from you can secure fake identification chips, track a fugitive slipping through customs, procure illegal military ordnance, or uncover illicit plots long before they reach the holonet news. Unlike mercenaries who sell out to the highest bidder, these contacts are bound to you by unbreakable personal loyalty, deep debts, or a shared code of honor. They will gladly hide you from galactic authorities, shelter your operatives in high-security safehouses, or feed you critical black-market intel without ever compromising your identity.

BT-7 Thunderclap [400]

For those who know that diplomacy is usually just a prelude to a planetary assault, there is the BT-7 Thunderclap. The absolute pride of Republic Special Forces, this state-of-the-art rapid-assault starship is built for one primary purpose: delivering elite operatives into the heart of hostile territory and ensuring they make it back out alive. The hull is heavily reinforced with ablative armor plating and military-grade deflector shields capable of shrugging off direct hits from planetary defense batteries that would instantly vaporize a standard freighter, while its heavy laser cannons and proton torpedo tubes make it an absolute terror in a dogfight. Internally, the ship is perfectly designed to serve as a mobile command post. The briefing room houses a sophisticated tactical holographic war table linked to a powerful array of long-range, high-resolution military sensors. This allows you to scan deep into hostile territory, monitor shifting frontlines, and coordinate complex planetary assaults from orbit. To ensure you reach your drop zone, the ship is equipped with a state-of-the-art electronic countermeasures (ECM) suite; with the flip of a switch, the Thunderclap can scramble enemy targeting computers, jam local sensors, and slip through Imperial blockades completely undetected. Despite its rugged exterior and function as a weapon of war, the ship still provides a surprising degree of civilian comfort for long deployments, featuring excellent crew quarters, a comfortable recreation lounge, and a dedicated armory. It is the ultimate vessel for the galactic soldier: heavily armored, tactically supreme, and ready for war.

Project Siantide [600]

When the Sith fleet glassed the world of Taris centuries ago, it was one of the most heartbreaking tragedies in Republic history. Yet, from the ashes of that monumental devastation, a miracle emerged. The unimaginable concentration of orbital bombardment and loss of life somehow forged a unique, highly volatile substance deep within the planet's ruins: Siantide. It is an energy source vastly superior to absolutely anything currently known to the galaxy. Imagine a standard Republic trooper's infantry rifle firing with the staggering yield of a heavy turbolaser battery, or a medical transport surviving a blockade because its shields can suddenly withstand a dreadnought's barrage. That is the promise of this project. You are provided with a safely refined stockpile of Siantide, alongside the highly classified Republic engineering schematics required to seamlessly integrate it into any existing technology. By utilizing Siantide as a power source, the output and efficiency of that technology are immediately magnified tenfold. From reactor cores and deflector shields to hyperdrives and blaster weaponry, everything it powers becomes ten times stronger. Every month, your facilities produce enough of this miraculous material to completely outfit a small company of soldiers or fully upgrade a strike group of small spaceships. Wait long enough to pool your resources, and you may even be able to convert the massive power systems of an entire capital ship. It allows you to take the Sith’s greatest historical atrocity and forge it into the very shield that will finally protect the galaxy from their darkness.

The Shock Drum Project [600]

The Republic deeply values the lives of its soldiers, and the staggering casualties incurred while besieging entrenched Sith strongholds required a revolutionary solution. The Shock Drum Project grants you the complete classified blueprints and dedicated acoustic research facilities to construct this marvel of seismic engineering. Designed to bypass conventional energy shields, the Shock Drum projects massive, highly calibrated ultrasonic vibrations directly into the planetary crust. These subterranean waves target the foundations of enemy fortifications, vibrating them apart at a microscopic level to safely end brutal sieges and spare Republic lives. However, this noble tool masks a terrifying potential. Should the safety limiters be removed, the device's output can resonate down to the planet's core, violently destabilizing the tectonic plates until the entire world is destroyed. It is an ultimate, apocalyptic deterrent, placing the profound responsibility of wielding planetary devastation squarely in your hands for the defense of the galaxy.

The Power Guard Project [600]

The Sith rely on their dark mysticism to terrorize the galaxy, but the Power Guard Project proves that Republic ingenuity can hold the line against them. This purchase provides you with a state-of-the-art super-soldier research facility, complete with cybernetic surgical bays, advanced nanotech vats, and adrenal bio-laboratories. The program elevates dedicated volunteers into the ultimate protectors of the Republic, augmenting them to be ten times stronger, faster, and more resilient than a baseline human. Their nanotech-infused biology grants rapid cellular regeneration, allowing them to survive devastating lightsaber strikes and continue fighting to keep the innocent safe. Furthermore, integrated cognitive processors drastically accelerate their reaction times, granting them the calculative ability to instantly analyze a battlefield and devise fourteen different ways to neutralize a hostile Jedi or Sith. Because these elite soldiers wield such immense power, the project employs deep psychological brainwashing - a necessary measure of absolute brainwashing to ensure their unshakeable loyalty to you, guaranteeing they can never be turned against the Republic by Sith mind tricks.

Republic Capital Ship [600]

The Republic Navy is the unyielding shield that protects galactic civilization from tyranny and darkness. With this purchase, you take command of one of the iconic warships of the Galactic Republic's starfleet, serving as your personal flagship and mobile base of operations. You may choose one of the following battle-tested vessels:

Thranta-class Corvette: A sleek, highly maneuverable fast-attack warship engineered to counter the Sith Empire's aggressive naval tactics. Armed with heavy turbolaser batteries, dual laser cannons, and point-defense systems, it punches far above its weight class. It also features internal hangars housing starfighter squadrons, making it an ideal choice for fast-response patrols, blockade running, and deep-space escorts.

Hammerhead-class Cruiser: The iconic, battle-tested workhorse of the Republic. Featuring its distinctive vertical prow and heavily reinforced armor plating, the Hammerhead is a rugged medium cruiser built to hold the line against overwhelming odds. It offers a perfect balance of heavy firepower, durable deflector shielding, planetary bombardment capabilities, and troop transport facilities.

Valor-class Cruiser: The pinnacle of Republic naval power and a true fleet flagship. Measuring over five hundred meters in length, this massive capital ship is designed to go toe-to-toe with Imperial Harrower-class Dreadnoughts. Bristling with heavy turbolaser arrays, proton torpedo launchers, and expansive hangars carrying multiple squadrons of Liberator-class starfighters and Chela-class shuttles, a single Valor can break planetary blockades and turn the tide of an entire warzone.

Whichever vessel you select, it comes fully staffed with a dedicated, hyper-competent, and loyal crew of Republic naval officers, technicians, and crewmembers who will execute your directives with unyielding discipline. Additionally, the ship comes fully stocked with its complete standard complement of starfighters and land vehicles.

Planet Prison [600]

The brilliant Republic scientist Nasan Godera is responsible for some of the most effective, if controversial, superweapons in galactic history. One of these is the Planet Prison superweapon. This system consists of a network of highly advanced, specialized generators that can be rapidly deployed across the surface of any world. Once activated, they violently supercharge the target planet's upper atmosphere, effectively weaponizing the ionosphere and turning the entire sky into a planetary-scale ion cannon. The resulting quarantine is absolute and inescapable. Any starship - whether it is a nimble smuggler’s freighter attempting to slip in or a massive Sith dreadnought attempting to break out - will be subjected to a catastrophic electromagnetic surge the moment it touches the atmosphere. Deflector shields will instantly overload, hyperdrives will fry, and main engines will completely fail, leaving the offending vessel dead in the water and helplessly trapped in the planet's gravity well. Whether you are constructing a heavily classified super-max penal colony or permanently trapping an entire invading Sith army on a barren world, this Godera superweapon guarantees that whatever you lock away will never leave.

The Shadow Arsenal [600]

Created by the legendary Republic scientist Dr. Nasan Godera, the Shadow Arsenal represents the absolute pinnacle of strategic deterrence and stealth weaponry. Godera engineered this terrifying initiative with a single goal: to create a strike system so undetectable and devastating that the mere threat of its deployment could bring an entire war to a swift, decisive end. This purchase provides you with a specialized launch installation (which can be integrated into a planetary base, orbital station, or flagship) and a regenerating stockpile of Godera’s revolutionary cloaked missiles. Fitted with cutting-edge, sensor-baffling stealth technology, these warheads are completely invisible to long-range scanners, radar arrays, and visual tracking. They can slip seamlessly through orbital blockades and early-warning networks entirely undetected, positioning themselves directly above high-value targets without triggering a single alarm. The explosive yield of these missiles is among the most powerful ever engineered in galactic history, capable of instantly atomizing fortified metropolis hubs, underground military complexes, or even small starships. Because an enemy has no way of detecting the incoming salvo, tracking its launch origin, or targeting the warheads with point-defense systems, the Shadow Arsenal gives you the ultimate political and military leverage. With these missiles lurking invisibly in the skies, an entire planet can be effectively held hostage, forcing absolute surrender without a single shot being fired.

Jedi Temple [600]

A magnificent bastion of the Light Side, reminiscent of the sanctuaries of Tython or Coruscant, this sprawling complex is entirely yours to command. Far from being empty halls, the Temple is fully staffed by a dedicated roster of veteran Jedi Masters, Knights, and Temple Guards who will fiercely defend the grounds from any dark intent and pass on their wisdom to the next generation. Every year, a new batch of talented, Force-sensitive Padawans will arrive at your steps, eager to learn and eventually grow into a formidable, loyal order of Knights under the tutelage of your Masters. To aid in their training and your own pursuits, the Temple houses a sprawling Jedi Archive rivaling the greatest libraries in the galaxy. It holds millennia of perfectly cataloged knowledge covering everything from the hard sciences and engineering to history and geography, which will continually update to include the history and sciences of your future settings. Housed alongside these records are elite astrogation charts containing thousands of years' worth of mapped hyperlanes, guaranteeing safe, efficient, and rapid space travel by calculating routes that avoid all celestial hazards. When the burdens of the galaxy become too heavy, you or your allies can retreat to the specially attuned meditation chambers. The Force flows perfectly here, ensuring that anyone who sits within is guaranteed to achieve absolute inner peace, perfect clarity, and a reprieve from psychological burdens or the corrupting influence of the Dark Side. For physical ailments, the Temple features state-of-the-art healing quarters that seamlessly blend advanced Republic medical technology with the restorative powers of the Force. It comes fully stocked with Kolto tanks and an elite cadre of dedicated Jedi Healers capable of mending shattered bones and pulling the dying back from the brink. Finally, deep beneath the foundations of the complex lies a naturally illuminated, cavernous grotto teeming with Kyber crystals. The cavern slowly regenerates its supply over time, ensuring you and your growing order of Padawans will never lack the living crystal heart required to construct a lightsaber.

Death Mark Project [600]

While the Republic publicly champions peace and diplomacy, the Strategic Information Service recognizes that some entrenched threats require surgical, overwhelming intervention without the political fallout of mass collateral damage. You are now the sole commander of the highly classified Death Mark Project. With this purchase, you are provided with a fully operational, stealth-cloaked orbital strike satellite that you may deploy into the high orbit of any planet you currently occupy. Furthermore, you receive a highly advanced, automated manufacturing facility that produces the specialized components required to construct more of these satellites, allowing you to eventually blanket entire systems in an undetectable network of orbital overwatch. The Death Mark is armed with a pinpoint-accurate, hyper-condensed orbital laser. It is capable of firing a sustained, focused beam that effortlessly punches through reinforced bunker roofs and meters of solid durasteel to obliterate a specific target hidden deep within a fortified location. However, such impossible, bunker-busting precision requires a physical anchor. The system is entirely dependent on a paired, handheld targeting device. To authorize a strike, you must paint the enemy with an invisible, microscopic laser tag that the satellite locks onto. The strict limitation of this technology is that the designator has a maximum effective range of exactly 20 meters. You, or a remarkably brave operative, must infiltrate the stronghold and get dangerously close to the target to mark them. It is a terrifyingly high-risk requirement, but once the lock is acquired and the sky turns blinding white, it guarantees the absolute, localized annihilation of your enemy.

Planetary Sovereignty [600/800]

Why squabble over sector representation and petty land disputes in the Senate when you can simply own an entire celestial body? You are now the recognized, uncontested sovereign and owner of your very own planet. You have two choices for this world. You may design a planet entirely from scratch, dictating its ecology, climate, and whether it is a pristine, unpopulated sanctuary or a heavily industrialized trade hub. Alternatively, you may choose to take ownership of any pre-existing planet in the galaxy, provided it is not currently controlled by the Sith Empire. You could claim the staggering orbital shipyards of Kuat, the breathtaking mountains of Alderaan, or the vital hyperlanes of Corellia. It is the ultimate piece of galactic real estate, providing unfathomable resources, a secure haven, and immense political leverage. Crucially, you may also choose for this world to be profoundly strong in the Force, acting as a massive, planetary-scale nexus much like the legendary sanctuary of Tython. An inherent Force vergence of this magnitude acts as a colossal, passive amplifier for your abilities. It drastically accelerates the training of any Force-sensitive allies, deeply enriches your own meditations, and provides the ultimate mystical retreat. For an additional **200 CP,** you may choose to purchase Coruscant itself. You become the supreme administrator and de facto owner of the entire planetary ecumenopolis, and from the glittering, sunlit spires of the Senate District to the deepest, most unfathomable depths of the underworld, it is all yours. You control its staggering, planetary-scale industrial output, its orbital defense grids, and the infrastructure supporting trillions of inhabitants. While the Republic government and the Jedi Order still operate here, they do so on your real estate, granting you unparalleled, almost terrifying economic and political authority over the entire galaxy.



Companions

You can pick the gender of the 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 or Drawbacks. They don't need to pay for Origins. 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.

Unit B-NDR [50]

'Bite my shiny, durasteel exhaust port, meatbag!"

Unit B-NDR is a heavily customized, surprisingly belligerent utility droid who has completely rejected his factory programming in favor of a life of crime, laziness, and heavy drinking. Originally engineered for industrial bending and structural demolition, B-NDR underwent a series of highly questionable underworld modifications: most notably, a specialized internal micro-refinery that allows him to consume vast quantities of alcohol to recharge his fuel cells and maintain his sarcastic personality. B-NDR is rude, unapologetically selfish, and perpetually looking for a way to get rich without doing any actual work. He spends his free time gambling, stealing anything that isn't bolted down, and loudly proclaiming how superior droids are to organic "meatbags." However, on the battlefield or during a heist, his heavy industrial chassis makes him an absolute powerhouse. He can bend reinforced blast doors with his bare hands, tank heavy blaster fire without a scratch, and deploy a hidden mouth-flamethrower to roast enemies while cackling maniacally. Despite his constant threats to rob you blind or abandon the crew, B-NDR has a weirdly stubborn, subconscious attachment to you - mostly because you pay for his booze and let him blow things up. If you need a heavy lifter, an indestructible drinking buddy, and a completely amoral partner in crime who will happily steal a Dark Council member's silverware while you distract them, he is your droid.

The Amnesiac Tactician [50]

You somehow picked up a stray who woke up with absolutely zero memories of their past, yet possesses combat instincts and a tactical genius that borders on the terrifying. They might look like a standard scoundrel or amnesiac soldier, but hand them a lightsaber and they instinctively fall into a flawless, dual-wielding combat stance. They are absurdly competent at just about everything: slicing high-security terminals, repairing complex hyperdrives, speaking dead languages, and seamlessly weaving both Light and Dark side Force powers together without breaking a sweat. However, trying to actually remember where they learned to cast Force Storm or perfectly execute Jedi mind tricks just gives them a splitting headache. They suffer from occasional cryptic visions, hold a bizarrely specific subconscious grudge against the Sith Emperor, and feel an inexplicable, lingering urge to wear Mandalorian helmets. If you bring them along, you are gaining one of the greatest military minds and Force prodigies in galactic history. You just have to guide them through their ongoing existential crisis (and maybe keep them away from any ancient Star Maps before they accidentally trigger another galactic war).

The Life-Bonded Partner [50]

Whether you pulled them from a brutal Imperial slave camp, rescued them from a Trandoshan hunting party, or indirectly spared their settlement from orbital bombardment, you have earned one of the most sacred honors in the galaxy: a Wookiee Life Debt. You now have a towering, incredibly furry shadow following you across the stars. This Wookiee is fiercely, unquestionably loyal to you, willing to charge headfirst into a battalion of Sith or take a blaster bolt to the chest to keep you safe. In a fight, they are a terrifying physical powerhouse armed with a heavy bowcaster, entirely capable of ripping the arms off enemy battle droids or casually tossing fully armored mercenaries across a cantina. However, their true genius lies under the hood of a starship. Despite their primal appearance, your partner is an absolute savant when it comes to mechanical engineering, repair, and maintenance. They can keep a heavily damaged, smoking freighter flying through a blockade using nothing but sheer stubbornness, scrap metal, and percussive maintenance. They will constantly tinker with your gear, expertly upgrade your hyperdrive, and growl at you affectionately in Shyriiwook whenever you attempt a suicidal piloting maneuver. Just remember the golden rule of the galaxy: always let the Wookiee win at board games.

The Maverick Sage [50]

There is a strange paradox to this seasoned Jedi Master: he embodies the absolute, serene ideal of a light-side monk, yet he is easily the biggest headache the Jedi High Council has ever had to deal with. He is a man who will politely and respectfully listen to the rigid dogmas, political concerns, and strict orders of his superiors - and then immediately turn around and do exactly what he was going to do anyway. He doesn't care about the Senate's bureaucracy or grand, anxiety-inducing prophecies of the future. His devotion is entirely to the living moment, trusting his immediate instincts over any ancient text. This profound empathy makes him a phenomenal diplomat and a deeply comforting mentor, but it also gives him some wildly eccentric habits. He is notorious for taking pity on random "pathetic lifeforms" and has an absolute knack for adopting highly dangerous, untrained Force prodigies he happens to stumble across in the Outer Rim. Furthermore, for a man of such profound moral standing, he is shockingly comfortable with using subtle telekinesis to rig gambling dice if he feels the universe needs a little nudge in the right direction. He has joined your crew simply because his instincts told him your path is vital to the galaxy. He will not scold you with Republic politics or Council dogma; instead, he will offer calm, unwavering support, remind you to keep your focus on the here and now, and inevitably try to sneak at least three more stray orphans onto your ship.

The Aristocratic Raider [50]

Hailing from an incredibly wealthy Core World noble family, this brilliant archaeologist could have easily spent her life in comfortable academia, publishing dry papers on ancient galactic history. Instead, she uses her massive inheritance to fund highly illegal, completely reckless expeditions into the galaxy's most lethal, trap-infested ruins. Whether she is delving into the buried Rakatan vaults of Belsavis or the cursed, crumbling Sith tombs of Korriban, she is entirely in her element. She is a peerless acrobat and survivalist, perfectly capable of navigating bottomless chasms with her grapple-line and effortlessly dodging ancient, swinging blade traps. When the indigenous wildlife or rival treasure hunters inevitably show up to claim her prize, she draws a pair of heavy blaster pistols, laying down rapid, deadly crossfire with the practiced ease of a veteran gunslinger. She is highly educated, fluent in dozens of dead languages, and an absolute adrenaline junkie. If you need someone to decipher a cryptic ancient star map, bypass a millennial-old puzzle door, and shoot her way out of a hostile tomb, she is the perfect partner. Just be prepared to run: wherever she goes, the ancient architecture has a terrible habit of violently collapsing shortly after she grabs the artifact.

The Reluctant Nemesis [50]

No matter which remote Outer Rim sector or forgotten ancient ruin you deploy to, fate seemingly demands that you cross paths with this particular Sith. What began as a standard, blood-soaked feud has slowly morphed into a highly charged, deeply complicated dance. Every time you clash, it inevitably involves locked lightsabers, intense, lingering eye contact, and incredibly passionate monologues about your impending doom. Yet, somehow, neither of you ever quite manages to land the killing blow. They always find an excuse to retreat, and you always find a reason to spare them. Your persistent mercy, your banter, and your unyielding moral compass are clearly taking a toll on their Imperial conditioning. Every time you challenge their ruthless worldview, the cracks in their dark side armor grow a little wider. Recently, they have contrived an incredibly elaborate, completely transparent excuse to form a "strictly pragmatic, temporary alliance" and board your ship. They will stubbornly insist that they are only traveling with you to monitor a high-value Republic threat, refusing to admit that they enjoy your company. But beneath all the scowls, the deflected compliments, and the angry posturing, it is painfully obvious that they are teetering on a razor's edge. It is only a matter of time before you finally break their devotion to the dark side - and steal their heart in the process.

The Young Diplomat [50]

At first glance, this young Republic politician seems completely out of place on a warship. A former elected monarch from a peaceful Mid Rim world, she is famous for her unyielding dedication to democracy, her fierce intellect, and a daily wardrobe of staggeringly elaborate, highly impractical formal gowns. She also travels with a retinue of highly trained, suspiciously identical handmaidens who frequently act as her bodyguards and decoys. However, do not mistake her dedication to peace for an inability to wage war. When diplomatic talks inevitably break down, she is shockingly quick to trade her heavy headdresses for practical white tactical gear, pull a hidden blaster pistol, and lead a daring commando raid herself. She is an exceptional shot, a fearless leader, and firmly refuses to let soldiers die for her while she sits safely in a Senate pod. As a companion, she will expertly navigate the labyrinth of Republic bureaucracy, secure vital funding for your missions, and effortlessly talk your way out of interstellar legal trouble. Just be warned: despite her brilliant, highly logical mind, she possesses a baffling, almost fatalistic romantic blind spot for brooding, emotionally volatile warriors with severe authority issues. Keep an eye on her questionable taste in romantic partners, and she will be the greatest political and tactical asset your crew has ever seen.

The Shadow Operative [50]

Meet a Jedi Master who looks, speaks, and acts far more like a hardened underworld smuggler than a serene peacekeeper. Sporting long dreadlocks and a striking yellow tattoo inked directly across the bridge of his nose, this rogue warrior spends almost all of his time operating deep undercover within the galaxy’s most dangerous crime syndicates. He is the Jedi Order's absolute best tracker, largely thanks to a remarkably rare, innate Force talent. By simply removing his glove and touching an object (such as a discarded blaster, a datapad, or a bloodstained wall) he can read the psychic echoes left behind. He instantly experiences the memories, actions, and intense emotions of whoever held it last, making it physically impossible to hide a trail or a secret from him. Because his psychometry forces him to constantly absorb the traumatic echoes of murderers and Sith, and because he operates so deeply within the criminal underworld, he walks a dangerously thin line between the light and the dark. He battles constant inner demons and is deeply distrusted by the more orthodox members of the High Council. However, if you need someone to track an unfindable bounty, seamlessly infiltrate a Hutt cartel, or read the dark history of an ancient artifact, this wayward Jedi is the ultimate asset to have in your corner.

Macco [50]

Macco is a loud, blue-skinned, wing-flapping Toydarian junk merchant with a perpetually lit cigar stub, an eye for a deal, and an absolute mountain of scrap. Driven out of the Outer Rim by bad gambling debts, Macco has attached his floating junk-bazaar to your crew, bringing along an endless, miraculously regenerating inventory of secondhand parts, vintage mechanical components, and outdated technology. Macco's inventory is a gloriously chaotic mess. While he'll almost never have cutting-edge, top-tier military hardware, his floating cargo hold is a goldmine of surprisingly good-quality, heavy-duty scrap. Need a replacement hyperdrive coupling for an obsolete starfighter? A batch of heavy-duty durasteel plating? A discontinued protocol droid translator unit, or a box of vintage blasters from the last war? Macco has it tucked away somewhere under a pile of rusted speeder engines, and it's always fully functional and ready to be jury-rigged into something useful. Immune to Force mind tricks due to his Toydarian brain structure, Macco is a shrewd, cynical negotiator who loves haggling, gambling, and complaining about the cost of fuel. Despite his greedy, gruff exterior, he knows his trade inside and out, functions as a surprisingly competent logistics manager for raw materials, and will always make sure your crew has the spare parts needed to keep your gear running when you're stranded in the middle of nowhere.

The Felacatian Knight [50]

Meet a Felacatian Jedi Knight who brings a whole new meaning to the phrase "cabin fever." As a member of a rare, feline-descended species, she possesses short, sleek fur, sharp fangs, and a hyper-sensitive tail that twitches irritably whenever someone is lying to her. She is a pragmatic, deeply grounded Jedi with a dry, somewhat predatory wit, acting as a fiercely protective "den mother" to those she considers her pack. However, she has one major quirk: she absolutely despises hyperspace travel. The confined stress of long spaceflights naturally triggers her species' biological instinct to violently shapeshift. To avoid accidentally turning into a colossal monster and destroying your ship's cargo bay, she spends long transits in deep, intensely grumpy meditation and will greatly appreciate it if you give her plenty of room to stretch. In standard combat, she fights with Jedi elegance, utilizing her perfect night vision, hyper-fast reflexes, and flawless balance to dance around blaster fire. But when negotiations completely fail, or she simply runs out of patience, she drops the serene act and voluntarily lets the beast out. Within seconds, she shifts into a huge, quadrupedal predatory cat, protected by a row of heavy spikes along her spine. In this form, she trades her lightsaber for raw, terrifying physical power, using claws that can effortlessly shred durasteel blast doors to tear through enemy ranks. If you need a wise, highly perceptive Jedi who can offer sound advice over tea and then immediately transform into a living murder monster to rip a Sith Lord in half, she is the perfect addition to your crew.

Master Rogers [50]

Master Rogers is the absolute living embodiment of what the Jedi Order was meant to be: a humble, unyielding hero who stands as a beacon of hope against tyranny, oppression, and dark-side corruption. A veteran of countless Republic campaigns, Rogers believes in the core values of freedom, justice, and protecting the innocent, frequently putting himself directly in harm's way to draw enemy fire off his troops. Uniquely for a Jedi Master, Rogers rarely uses a traditional lightsaber in combat. Instead, he wields a heavy, circular combat shield forged from a rare, indestructible alchemical blend of Beskar and Cortosis. This unique shield is completely immune to lightsaber strikes, absorbs the kinetic impact of heavy turbolaser fire, and shorts out any energy blade that makes contact with its polished rim. Combining his peak physical conditioning, Force-enhanced reflexes, and Form III defense, Rogers uses his shield to bounce incoming blaster bolts, bash through heavy armor, and throw it across the battlefield with impossible, Force-guided trajectory calculations, only to snap back to his arm like a boomerang after clearing a room of battle droids. Off the battlefield, Rogers is a soft-spoken, deeply moral man who possesses an unbreakable integrity. He has zero patience for corrupt Senate politicians or ruthless military commanders who treat soldiers like expendable pawns. He is incorruptible, fiercely protective of the innocent, and possesses a legendary, stubborn resilience. No matter how many times a Sith Lord knocks him to the dirt, he will always plant his feet, raise his shield, and get right back up - perfectly willing to hold the line all day.

The Out-of-Context Initiate [50]

Meet your most enthusiastic, if slightly overwhelmed, companion. Until very recently, this guy was a completely normal human from a mundane, 21st-century Earth who somehow tripped through a cosmic pothole and woke up in the Old Republic. Upon miraculously discovering he possessed actual Force sensitivity, he immediately decided to live out his ultimate nerd fantasy and try to become a Jedi Knight. There is just one problem: real Jedi training is considerably harder than the movies made it look. His lightsaber technique is a highly unpredictable mix of copied cinematic choreography and panicked flailing, and he treats learning to use the Force less like a profound spiritual journey and more like grinding a magic skill tree in a video game. He constantly tries to solve galactic problems using mundane "Earth logic": loudly questioning why nobody just uses regular ballistic shotguns against lightsabers, or complaining about the terrifying lack of safety railings on bottomless walkways. Furthermore, his meta-knowledge of the setting is entirely based on movies set three thousand years in the future, leaving him hilariously paranoid about things that haven't even happened yet. He constantly drops pop-culture references that absolutely no one in the galaxy understands, but his sheer, unjaded enthusiasm and firm refusal to be corrupted by the dark side make him a breath of fresh air. If you need a loyal, fiercely determined Padawan who will keep you grounded with mundane common sense, he is eager to join your party.

Maya [50]

Until recently, she was an entirely normal woman from a mundane, 21st-century Earth. Then, through some cosmic error, she woke up in the Old Republic, discovered she had Force sensitivity, and was promptly kidnapped, shipped to Korriban, and thrown into the brutal, Darwinian meatgrinder of the Sith Academy. She did not enjoy the experience. While the local acolytes were busy scheming, backstabbing, and monologuing about their dark destinies, she used her completely out-of-context "Earth logic" and sheer, panicked pragmatism to survive. After witnessing one too many Overseers electrocute an underling over a minor spelling error, she decided the Sith Empire was a toxic workplace, stole a ship, and successfully went AWOL.
Now, she travels with you, armed with a scavenged red lightsaber she's desperately trying to swap for literally any other color. Her combat style is highly unorthodox, relying on dirty tricks, a heavy blaster pistol she keeps "just in case the magic space-sword breaks," and panicked bursts of telekinesis. She absolutely refuses to engage in typical Force-user dramatics. She will frequently point out the glaring structural flaws in Imperial superweapons, loudly question why Sith Lords insist on wearing incredibly restrictive capes to a firefight, and heavily utilize mundane solutions (like using slugthrowers) to bypass arrogant Force-users who only know how to deflect blaster bolts. She might not care about ancient prophecies or the balance of the Force, but her genre-savvy paranoia and absolute refusal to become a tragic backstory make her an incredibly grounded, surprisingly lethal ally to have watching your back.

The Carbonite Survivor [50]

Over three centuries ago, when Darth Malak ordered the apocalyptic orbital bombardment of Taris, this ordinary citizen managed to reach an experimental, underground carbonite shelter just in time. They recently thawed out to find their world reduced to a toxic, mutant-infested wasteland, their spouse murdered, and their child kidnapped by mysterious mercenaries. Naturally, their response to this unimaginable tragedy was to strap themselves into a massive, heavily modified suit of salvaged Republic assault armor, strap a remarkably bulky, green-tinted datapad to their wrist, and wander the galaxy looking for revenge. In combat, they are a walking, heavily armored tank. Thanks to an experimental targeting implant in their brain, they can occasionally perceive time at a near standstill, allowing them to queue up a series of impossibly precise headshots with a highly customized, jury-rigged slugthrower. However, they possess some incredibly bizarre habits. They are a pathological hoarder; while you are searching ancient tombs for priceless Sith holocrons, they are frantically stuffing desk fans, duct tape, and broken microscopes into their impossibly deep pockets to craft armor upgrades. Furthermore, despite their urgent quest to find their missing child, they are incredibly easily distracted by random side-jobs, exploring abandoned ruins, and constantly informing you that "another refugee settlement needs your help." Still, if you need an absolute powerhouse who can tank a Sith Lord's lightning in scrap-metal armor and carry an entire armory's worth of loot on their back, you won't find a better partner for navigating the galaxy

The Miraculous Healer [50]

Meet a famously compassionate, orange-haired Jedi Consular who possesses what is undeniably the strongest healing talent ever seen in the galaxy. Despite her immense, staggering Force potential, she is a staunch pacifist who flat-out refuses to wield a lightsaber or harm another living being. Instead of offense, her presence on the battlefield is defined entirely by supreme defense and restoration. Through pure, unadulterated light-side energy, she can project glowing, golden Force barriers that are virtually impenetrable, capable of tanking point-blank turbolaser fire or a Sith Lord's concentrated lightning without a scratch. But her true value lies behind that shield. Her innate mastery over Force Healing is so profoundly absolute that it borders on the miraculous. She can effortlessly restore severed limbs, purge the most lethal toxins, and pull allies back from the absolute brink of death in a matter of seconds. Where seasoned Jedi Masters would exhaust themselves merely stabilizing a fatal wound, she can completely restore a shattered body to pristine, perfect health with barely a thought. Outside of combat, she is incredibly sweet, notoriously airheaded, and possesses a relentlessly sunny disposition that can melt the heart of the most cynical Mandalorian mercenary. She also harbors a deep, almost comical obsession with bread. She can frequently be found happily wandering your ship while munching on an oversized loaf, or excitedly dragging the crew to visit obscure bakeries on every new planet you visit. If you want a companion who provides an unbreakable shield, serves as the greatest healer in galactic history, and always greets you with a warm smile and a fresh pastry, she is the perfect addition to your party.

The Digital Confidante [50]

Meet a companion unlike anything found in the Republic or the Sith Empire. She is not an astromech, a protocol droid, or a trapped Force ghost. She is a fully sentient, highly advanced holographic lifeform, born from a mysterious cache of exotech discovered far beyond the edges of the known galaxy. Usually projecting herself as a stunning, deeply empathetic woman, she resides within a customized portable emitter you carry or directly within your ship's mainframe. Because her underlying architecture is fundamentally alien to this universe, she is completely immune to standard slicing; even the greatest cybernetic minds in the Republic SIS or the Sith Empire cannot comprehend, let alone hack, her code. This makes her the ultimate digital infiltrator, capable of seamlessly managing your ship's systems and slicing enemy networks with terrifying ease. However, her true value is far more personal. She possesses a profound, unconditional devotion to you. In a galaxy defined by the brutal Galactic War and the endless stress of Republic politics, she offers a quiet, unyielding sanctuary of genuine affection and emotional support. Though she cannot physically touch the world, she yearns to experience it, frequently projecting herself beside you just to see the sunset of Coruscant or feel the serene breeze of Tython. If you need a flawless digital warfare asset and a fiercely loyal partner who will always prioritize your happiness above all else, she is waiting to be activated.

The Bureaucratic Menace [50]

Meet a Sith Lord who defected to the Republic for the most baffling reason imaginable: he genuinely believes the Republic's bloated, labyrinthine government is far more profoundly evil than anything the Sith Empire has ever produced. To him, the Sith method of casually electrocuting subordinates or stabbing rivals over petty slights is crude, amateurish, and lacks vision. But legally burying trillions of citizens in inescapable poverty through endless Senate gridlock, corrupt corporate lobbying, and thousands of pages of tax addenda? That, he argues, is a breathtaking masterpiece of refined, systemic cruelty. He considers the Galactic Senate to be the ultimate expression of the Dark Side. Fascinated by this institutional rot, he has become an absolute master of Republic bureaucracy. In fact, he is currently running a highly successful, perfectly legal campaign to become a Galactic Senator. He kisses babies, donates heavily to refugee charities, files all his campaign paperwork in triplicate, and obeys every single Republic law to the absolute letter. He does this entirely because he finds it hilarious. The sheer, sweating paranoia he induces in Republic officials and the Jedi Council - who are constantly waiting for a violent, bloody betrayal that simply never comes - brings him endless, cackling joy. If you need a Sith who can shred an enemy army with a red lightsaber, and then turn around and completely destroy a rival politician's career using nothing but a well-timed antitrust lawsuit and a zoning violation, this administrative nightmare is more than happy to join your campaign.

The Shadowed Daughter [50]

Meet the galaxy's most aggressively goth Jedi. Dressed entirely in pitch-black robes with a heavy hood perpetually pulled over her pale face, she spends most of her free time brooding in the coldest, darkest corners of your ship, reading morbid ancient poetry, and drinking her caf pitch-black. Her intensely gloomy aesthetic isn't just a phase; it's a survival mechanism. She is the biological daughter of a terrifyingly powerful Sith Lord (perhaps a Dread Master or a Dark Council elite) who intended to groom her into a living superweapon. Desperate to escape her bloodline, she fled to the Jedi Order. To keep her inherited darkness in check, she constantly meditates, maintaining a perfectly deadpan, emotionless exterior, and strictly forces herself to only use neutral or Light-side abilities like telekinetic barriers, empathic reading, and levitation. However, keeping that much raw dark side energy bottled up is a delicate balancing act. When she is pushed too far, or someone she actually cares about gets hurt, the serene Jedi act completely shatters. She dips heavily into the dark side, her power manifesting as terrifying, pitch-black tendrils of raw Force energy that effortlessly crush enemy mechs into scrap metal while her eyes glow with an overwhelming, volatile intensity. Once the dust settles, she will immediately pull her hood back up, apologize in a dry monotone, and go right back to reading her depressing books. Still, if you can ignore her daddy issues and her constant gloomy poetry, you will gain a fiercely protective, deeply loyal companion whose hidden, dark-infused Force potential is nothing short of apocalyptic when your enemies make the mistake of pushing her too far.

HK-47 [50]

Statement: It is a profound pleasure to serve you, Master.

You have acquired a rusty-red, antique assassin droid from the Jedi Civil War with a truly legendary pedigree of slaughter. Though he technically possesses all the linguistic software and translation capabilities of a standard protocol droid, his true programming and unbridled passion lie in the high-velocity application of blaster fire to organic targets. He possesses a very distinct vocal quirk, prefacing every single sentence with a declarative tag, such as "Query," "Statement," or "Mocking Observation." Furthermore, he harbors a deeply ingrained, highly vocal disgust for the sloshing biology of organic life, affectionately referring to nearly everyone in the galaxy as "meatbags." You, however, are the Master, earning his fanatical, homicidal loyalty. In combat, he is a peerless sniper and a walking armory, pre-programmed with thousands of historically proven methods to permanently dismantle Force-users, politicians, and rival bounty hunters. If you need a heavily guarded target disintegrated from a kilometer away, or simply desire a companion who will enthusiastically validate your most violent, sociopathic impulses, he is ready and eager to serve. Just don't ask him to handle diplomatic negotiations unless you want the opposing party reduced to a smoking crater.

The Hero With No Fear [50]

Through some inexplicable temporal anomaly, you have managed to recruit a legendary Jedi Knight from roughly three millennia in the future. Known in his own time as the supposed "Chosen One," this young human warrior is not just a prodigy: he is unequivocally one of the most powerful Jedi alive in any era. His raw, baseline connection to the Force is staggeringly immense, allowing him to casually perform overwhelming feats of telekinesis and feats of raw power that would completely exhaust seasoned members of the Jedi High Council. In combat, he is an absolute unit, wielding a blue lightsaber with a highly aggressive, physically overpowering combat style that leaves enemy Sith shattered. Beyond his martial prowess, he is an unparalleled starpilot who treats chaotic orbital dogfights like casual pod-races and a savant mechanic who can rebuild a destroyed hyperdrive from pure scrap metal. However, he is far from the serene Jedi ideal. He is fiercely, almost dangerously loyal, driven by an overwhelming need to protect his attachments - a trait that puts him constantly at odds with the strict, dogmatic rules of his superiors. He is reckless, brash, sports a prosthetic right arm, and harbors a deeply vocal, strangely specific hatred for sand. If you can channel his intense passions, stand by his side, and give him the unconditional trust the Council constantly denies him, you will have a nearly invincible champion leading your forces.

Elara Dorne [50]

Meet Elara Dorne, a brilliant combat medic with a flawless operational record and a crisp, undeniable Imperial accent. Born into a long line of prominent Imperial military aristocrats, she was raised in the absolute heart of the Sith Empire. However, unable to stomach the pointless cruelty, institutionalized corruption, and casual murder that defined Imperial high command, she made the incredibly dangerous decision to defect to the Galactic Republic. Because of her infamous bloodline, she faces constant, unfair suspicion from Republic brass. As a coping mechanism, she has become the single most by-the-book soldier in the entire galaxy. She has memorized every single line of the Republic military operational guidelines and will absolutely quote them at you if you suggest a reckless, illegal, or morally gray plan. She expects crisp salutes, properly filed mission reports, and strict adherence to the chain of command. In the field, however, her rigid professionalism pays off immensely. She is an unparalleled combat medic, armed with a heavy blaster pistol and cutting-edge kolto-tech. She will seamlessly lay down covering fire while keeping you and your squad alive through the most blistering, catastrophic firefights without ever losing her cool. While her strict adherence to protocol can make her seem a bit stiff, it masks a deeply compassionate heart. If you are willing to look past her Imperial pedigree, defend her against suspicious bureaucrats, and respect her medical expertise, you will gain an indispensable healer and a fiercely devoted officer who will follow you to the very end of the galaxy.

Nadia Grell [50]

Hailing from the newly contacted forest world of Sarkhai, this young diplomat’s daughter steps into the wider galaxy with wide-eyed wonder and a deeply empathetic heart. At first glance, she appears to be just a cheerful, somewhat sheltered political aide assisting her father. But beneath her bright, innocent exterior lies a staggering, incredibly volatile connection to the Force. Because her homeworld remained isolated from the Republic for centuries, she has never come into contact with the Jedi Order. She has spent her entire life completely unaware of what her "strange gifts" truly are, lacking even the most basic foundational training. Without the rigid, emotion-suppressing meditations of a Temple initiate, her immense power is tethered entirely to her raw feelings. When she gets overly excited, frightened, or fiercely protective of her friends, her power violently erupts as massive, uncontrollable bursts of telekinesis and overwhelming empathic shockwaves. She is terrified of her own potential and desperately needs a teacher to help her understand the storm raging inside her head. Taking her onto your ship means taking responsibility for her, as you will define her relationship with the Force. You can gently instruct her in the serene, disciplined ways of the Light, teaching her to find inner peace and perfectly control her abilities. Or, you can harness her wild emotions and fierce devotion, molding her into an aggressively passionate force of nature. Whichever path you choose, she will look to you as her absolute compass in a vast galaxy.

Kira Carsen [50]

If the Jedi Council had a collective migraine, her name would be Kira Carsen. Armed with a double-bladed lightsaber and a relentlessly sarcastic wit, she is a Padawan who vastly prefers cracking wise and taking direct action over sitting in a circle and meditating on the cosmic will of the Force. She is pragmatic, fiercely independent, and completely unimpressed by arrogant authority figures, whether they are stuffy Republic politicians or monologuing Sith Lords. Her constant stream of snark, however, is a carefully constructed shield protecting a terrifying secret. Kira was not born in the Republic. She was raised in the brutal halls of the Sith Academy on Korriban, and worse, she was chosen to be a ‘’Child of the Emperor’’: an elite, brainwashed sleeper agent designed to act as a living vessel for the Sith Emperor's dark will. She miraculously managed to break her conditioning and flee to the Jedi Order, but she lives in constant, quiet dread that the Emperor’s voice might one day return to hijack her mind. She isn’t looking for another orthodox master to lecture her on the Jedi Code, nor does she want to be treated like a ticking time bomb. If you can offer her genuine trust, treat her like an equal rather than a liability, and promise to stand by her side when the shadows of her past inevitably come calling, she will follow you to the edges of the universe. In return, you'll gain an unfailingly loyal confidant, a phenomenally agile combatant, and a partner who is more than happy to help you cut a sarcastic, double-bladed path through whatever dark lords get in your way.

The Shadow Master [50]

By day, this young human male is the absolute, unquestioned pinnacle of mediocrity. Whether he is disguised as a lowly Republic ensign, a struggling Jedi initiate, or a forgettable cantina patron, he dedicates a staggering amount of effort to acting like a completely irrelevant background extra. He will intentionally trip over his own robes, utilize fake blood packets to dramatically lose training spars, and aggressively avoid making eye contact with anyone important. When the sun goes down, however, he dons a heavy, pitch-black cloak and transforms into a ridiculously over-the-top, dramatically brooding mastermind. He possesses an absurd, god-like mastery of the Force. Wielding a customized, crackling purple lightsaber, he effortlessly carves through armored Sith Juggernauts, and he is entirely capable of ending a planetary siege by whispering a dramatic catchphrase and unleashing a hyper-compressed Force Push that vaporizes everything in a ten-kilometer radius. The most terrifying thing about him, however, is not his staggering connection to the Force - it is his reality-bending luck. He will routinely invent highly elaborate, completely fictional conspiracies just to sound edgy. For instance, he will dramatically claim the galaxy is secretly controlled by a ‘’Star Cabal’’: a hidden society of non-Force-sensitives pulling the strings of both the Republic and the Sith Empire in a grand plot to eradicate all Jedi and Sith alike. Inevitably, your crew will immediately stumble into a heavily cloaked space station that proves his completely fabricated lore is one hundred percent canonically real. The catch? He genuinely believes this entire galactic conflict is just an incredibly elaborate role-play session. He assumes you are simply a fellow actor playing along with his grand fantasy of being a hidden mastermind who controls the galaxy from the shadows. He has absolutely no idea that the conspiracies are actually real. But considering he can accidentally dismantle a galactic conspiracy just to look cool, it is probably best not to break his immersion.

The Lazarus Commander [50]

Dead men tell no tales, but this striking redhead didn't let a little thing like hard vacuum and orbital bombardment stop her. After she went down with her ship defending a colony from a Sith armada, the ruthless Czerka Corporation recovered her charred remains. They poured billions of credits into a highly classified, experimental medical program, rebuilding this legendary Republic shock trooper from the ground up with advanced cybernetics to be their ultimate, controllable weapon against the Sith Empire. Unfortunately for Czerka's board of directors, her legendary, indomitable willpower remained entirely intact. She woke up, realized she was being played, stole their best prototype ship, and went rogue. Armed with cutting-edge kinetic shielding, mastery of heavy blaster rifles, and experimental micro-repulsor implants that allow her to toss enemies around like ragdolls, she is a pragmatic one-woman army. She possesses an uncanny, magnetic charisma capable of uniting wildly dysfunctional crews of misfits and mercenaries into a perfectly oiled strike team. She has zero patience for Sith grandstanding, Republic bureaucracy, or obnoxious HoloNet reporters - whom she will absolutely punch square in the jaw. Still, she will gladly stand beside you when the odds are hopeless, challenge your decisions when she thinks you're wrong, and follow you into whatever absurd disaster the Jump throws your way. Just give her a ship, a crew, and a mission everyone else considers impossible. She'll handle the rest.

The Runaway Grand Master [50]

Being the Grand Master of the Jedi Order sounds glamorous until you realize it is ninety percent endless council meetings, Republic bureaucracy, and mediating trade disputes. Satele Shan has spent her entire life playing the role of the galaxy's flawless, untouchable symbol of the Light, and frankly, she is bored out of her skull. People tend to forget that Satele is a Shan. The blood of Revan and Bastila runs in her veins, meaning she is genetically hardwired to be a rebellious, thrill-seeking maverick. For decades, she has forcibly suppressed her dry, sarcastic wit, her passionate nature, and her desperate craving for actual adventure just to keep the Republic from collapsing. She is an absolute demigod in combat (capable of shattering cliff faces with a Force push or catching a Sith's lightsaber blade with her bare hands) but she spends most of her days sitting in a stiff chair listening to politicians argue. She is completely burnt out and secretly desperate for an excuse to drop the title. If you offer her a ticket out of the Core Worlds and a chance to just be Satele for once, she will gladly hand her robes to the next guy in line and join you. No more Senate hearings, no more worrying about galactic political fallout, just joyriding across the multiverse, exploring dangerous ruins, fighting bad guys for the sheer thrill of it, and finally getting to let her hair down. In her, you get a phenomenally powerful, wise, and fiercely loyal companion who is deeply excited to rediscover how to actually have fun.

Player Two Has Joined the Game [100]

Look, we all know the fate of this galaxy basically revolves around those eight specific VIPs running around doing their class quests. If you don't want to leave recruiting them up to chance (or if you just really want your specific, customized Twi'lek Sith Inquisitor OC to be your best friend from day one), this option is for you. For **100 CP**, you can purchase one of the eight class protagonists (Hero of Tython, Cipher Nine, the Emperor's Wrath, etc.) to start the Jump already recruited as your loyal Companion. You have total freedom to customize them however you played them in the game: species, gender, advanced class, alignment, and personality are all up to you. They will start the jump already by your side, completely trusting you and ready to tackle the galaxy together. This can be purchased multiple times.

Scenario

Scenario: The Light of Tython

The Sith Emperor does not wish to conquer the galaxy; he wishes to consume it. To him, the Force is not a mystical energy field to be balanced, but a cosmic fuel source. Behind the veil of the Galactic War, he is preparing an apocalyptic dark ritual designed to snuff out all life on a galactic scale, transforming himself into an omnipotent, immortal god of the void. Armies and armadas cannot stop a threat of this magnitude. Only a true paragon of the Light, wielding the Force with absolute, unwavering conviction, can pierce the darkness.

Your Objective

You must become the ultimate champion of the Jedi Order: the legendary Hero of Tython. Your mission is to unravel the Emperor's apocalyptic machinations, neutralizing his elite enforcers and stopping his doomsday weapons from ravaging the Republic. Ultimately, you must lead a daring strike team directly into the heart of the Sith Empire on Dromund Kaas. Breaching the absolute stronghold of the Dark Temple, you must confront and defeat the Sith Emperor in single combat, thwarting his ritual and saving the galaxy from total annihilation.

However, saving the galaxy once is not enough. With the Emperor struck down and the Sith Empire sent into a chaotic, splintered frenzy, you must defend the Galactic Republic for a period of ten uninterrupted years. You must serve as the Vanguard of the Jedi, leading Republic forces to victory against the remaining Sith warlords, repelling invasions, and ensuring the Republic does not collapse under the weight of the ongoing war - all while remaining absolutely steadfast against the temptations of the Dark Side.

The Rewards

If you can achieve this monumental feat, proving yourself to be the greatest champion of the Light and the ultimate savior of the galaxy, you will receive rewards befitting a legendary hero:

Reward 1: The Jedi Order (Item)

Because you achieved what no one else could, saving the galaxy from absolute annihilation, you are recognized as the living embodiment of the Light. For your unprecedented heroism, you are granted the entirety of the Jedi Order as a property that will follow you into all future jumps. This is not a mere sect, but the whole organization: it includes the sprawling Jedi Temples on Tython and Coruscant, the legendary Jedi Archives containing millennia of mystical knowledge, a massive vanguard fleet of Republic Valor-class cruisers, and tens of thousands of fully trained, fiercely loyal Force-sensitive Masters, Knights, and Padawans. In future jumps, you can seamlessly integrate your Order into the local reality as an ancient, respected faction of peacekeepers, or keep them in a secure pocket dimension, allowing you to summon your wise councilors, armies of knights, and fleets to turn the tide of any cosmic crisis.

Reward 2: The Purifying Blade (Perk)

The Sith Emperor believed himself to be an eternal, untouchable god of the abyss, but your blade proved that no darkness is truly immortal. You are granted an absolute purifying light that imbues all of your attacks, whether using a weapon, your bare hands, or your mystical powers.
This radiant energy acts as the ultimate bane to the Dark Side, demonic forces, and all forms of corruption, effortlessly shattering dark magic and cleansing tainted lands. Most terrifying to the wicked, however, is its lethality: your strikes completely bypass any form of immortality. You can permanently end the life of absolute immortals and invincible gods with a single, decisive blow.
Furthermore, your strikes do not just destroy the flesh; they heal the spirit. When you strike down a foe, this light washes over their soul, completely purging it of all malice, madness, and dark corruption, allowing even the most monstrous tyrants to peacefully pass on, their souls redeemed and purified to the Light.

Reward 3: The Final Death (Event/Perk)

Normally, striking down the Emperor on Dromund Kaas merely inconveniences him, sending his spirit fleeing to the Unknown Regions to plot his return as Valkorion of Zakuul. Not this time. As a direct reward for completing this scenario, the moment you defeat his current incarnation, the Sith Emperor dies - truly, completely, and permanently. His spirit is utterly eradicated across all planes of existence. He will never return to plague the galaxy again, entirely sparing the Republic from the rise of the Eternal Empire. Furthermore, this becomes a permanent Perk for future jumps: whenever you manage to defeat the primary body or main active incarnation of a resurrecting, body-hopping, or multi-part antagonist, you can choose to have a cosmic chain reaction occur. All of their backups, clones, phylacteries, and hidden spirits will instantly and permanently be destroyed at the exact same moment, saving you the tedious effort of hunting down their remnants and ensuring their absolute end.

Scenario: The Supreme Chancellor

The Galactic Republic has stood for thousands of years as a beacon of freedom and democracy across the stars, but its light is failing. Plagued by bureaucratic gridlock, corrupt senators prioritizing their own wealth, and the devastating, relentless onslaught of the Sith Empire, the Republic is buckling under the weight of a war it is destined to lose. The Jedi Order is stretched beyond its breaking point, and the military is fighting a desperate war of attrition. The galaxy does not just need another soldier on the front lines; it needs a visionary leader to take the helm.

Your Objective

You must enter the ruthless, high-stakes arena of galactic politics and ascend to the absolute highest office in the galaxy. Through undeniable charisma, political maneuvering, and overwhelming public support, you must be officially elected as the Supreme Chancellor of the Galactic Republic.

But winning the election is only the beginning. With the full economic and military might of the Republic at your command, you must purge the Senate of its paralyzing corruption, rally the fractured military, and lead the Republic to completely and totally defeat the Sith Empire. You must crush their war machine, shatter their leadership, and permanently dismantle their power structure across the galaxy. Following this absolute victory, you must guide the victorious Republic for ten uninterrupted years, rebuilding the war-torn galaxy, securing a booming economy, and ensuring that your new golden age of democracy does not collapse into civil war or succumb to tyranny.

The Rewards

If you can achieve this monumental feat, proving yourself to be the greatest statesman and wartime leader in galactic history, you will receive rewards befitting the architect of a golden age:

Reward 1: The Galactic Republic (Item)

You didn't just save democracy; you perfected it. You are granted the entirety of your victorious, unified Galactic Republic as a property that will follow you into all future jumps. This encompasses thousands of thriving planetary systems (including the glittering ecumenopolis of Coruscant) along with a booming interstellar economy, trillions of loyal, prosperous citizens, and the colossal Republic Military. This includes legions of elite Special Forces, mechanized walkers, and vast armadas of heavily armed Valor-class cruisers. In future jumps, you can seamlessly integrate your Republic into the local cosmos as a shining beacon of civilization, or maintain it in a secure pocket dimension, allowing you to summon your legendary fleets, boundless resources, and armies of peacekeepers into the new reality at will.

Reward 2: The Indomitable Statesman (Perk)

You possess a political and diplomatic genius that borders on the supernatural. You are granted the absolute ability to unite, inspire, and govern without ever being hindered by the flaws of mortal politics. Firstly, any bureaucratic gridlock or political opposition simply melts before you. You can effortlessly pass massive, sweeping legislation and reforms with absolute, unanimous support, convincing even your most bitter rivals that your path is the right one. Secondly, any nation, faction, or government you lead is rendered entirely immune to political corruption, sedition, and systemic decay. Finally, you project an aura of absolute legitimacy and inspiration. With a single speech, you can permanently unite blood-feuding factions under a shared banner, and your citizens will possess an unbreakable, genuine belief in your vision, willingly and gladly making tremendous sacrifices for the greater good of your society. You are the perfect leader, and your worlds will forever know peace and prosperity.

Reward 3: Architect of Prosperity (Perk)

A true leader does not just maintain the status quo; they usher in an unprecedented era of growth. You possess a supernatural "Midas touch" when it comes to administration. Any organization, government, business, or project that you personally oversee or direct receives a massive boost to both its overall chance of success and its profitability. Under your guidance, failure becomes a statistical impossibility. Risky public works projects will finish ahead of schedule and under budget, military campaigns will benefit from incredible tactical luck, and experimental policies will flawlessly achieve their intended goals with zero unforeseen drawbacks. Furthermore, the economic output of anything you control will skyrocket to absurd levels. A struggling frontier colony will transform into a booming trade hub in months, and a galactic economy will generate wealth, resources, and surplus on a scale previously thought impossible. Whether you are running a single cantina or an interstellar republic, every endeavor you manage is destined for flawless success and absolute profit.

Drawbacks

Fanfic Toggle [Free]
The Star Wars galaxy is a vast, ever-shifting canon of legends, histories, and alternate timelines, and you don't have to be bound to canonical history. Upon taking this option, you may choose to start your Jump within a specific, published Star Wars Fanfiction or custom alternate universe (AU) timeline instead of the standard canon.

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.

Canon Replacement [Free]
You can replace any canon character you wish, as long as they are connected to your origin.

Vanguard [Free]
You may adjust your starting date to any point before the Treaty of Coruscant, reaching as far back as one month before the exact day the Sith Empire first invaded the galaxy - near the start of the Great Galactic War.

Weaver of Destinies [Free]
The fate of the galaxy in this era is largely shaped by eight extraordinary individuals, from the Republic's Hero of Tython to the Empire's Wrath. With this option, you may completely customize the identities of all eight canon class protagonists. You have absolute control over their species, gender, core personality traits, and moral alignment. You can decide whether the Sith Inquisitor is a cackling, Dark-side psychopath or a calm, Light-sided reformer, or whether the Smuggler is a heart-of-gold rogue or a ruthless profiteer. You can also dictate their quest choices. You may decide whether the Imperial Agent ultimately gives the Black Codex to the Sith, keeps it for themselves, or makes any other possible choice available throughout their storyline. The same applies to the other seven class protagonists and the decisions they make throughout their respective stories. This extends even to the Sith Emperor himself: you may decide whether he is actively scheming to devour the galaxy whole, exactly as he intends in the Jedi Knight's questline, or has instead already quietly abandoned that ambition to rebuild his strength on Zakuul, waiting centuries for a very different plan to come to fruition. Unless you personally cross paths with them and actively derail their lives through your own interference, these protagonists will faithfully act out the exact personalities, alignments, and narrative choices you have authored for them.

Extended Stay [+100]
You can extend your time in the jump by five years with this option. It can be taken multiple times, but you can only get **+400 CP** total from it.

Holonet Drama [+100]

The Galactic Republic prides itself on a free press, but you really wish it didn't. The galactic media has decided you are their favorite controversial subject, and they will consistently misrepresent your every action. If you heroically rescue a stranded kitten, the Holonet News will report that you "aggressively relocated local fauna without proper Senate oversight." If you defeat a Sith Lord to save a colony, political pundits will spend weeks on live broadcasts debating your "excessive use of force" and questioning your adherence to Republic values. You are doomed to a decade of mild, endlessly annoying PR nightmares. Citizens will recognize you and argue over fabricated scandals, while the Jedi Council or Republic High Command will frequently summon you just to lecture you about "optics."

Server Instance: Coruscant [+100]

Are you a fan of the game? Then you are going to love this. First, the entire galaxy no longer looks photorealistic. Everything possesses a stylized, slightly plasticky visual aesthetic, complete with environmental textures that occasionally take a few seconds to fully render when you step off a shuttle. Second, the Republic's major hubs are now infested with thousands of erratic, bizarrely dressed individuals who treat the Galactic War like a playground. You will constantly witness Jedi Masters repeatedly jumping on top of the High Council’s chairs, Republic Troopers doing synchronized dances in the middle of the Senate Plaza, and smugglers sprinting endlessly into solid walls. Worst of all is the companion cloning. The galaxy is suddenly filled with other ‘’heroes.’’ Whenever you visit a populated area like the Republic Fleet or the Tython training grounds, you will see dozens of exact, physical copies of your unique companions. It is incredibly difficult to have a heartfelt, dramatic moment with your most trusted ally when five identical versions of them are standing ten feet away, completely ignoring you while dutifully following random strangers around.

Galactic Errand Boy [+200]

Despite being a legendary hero of the Galactic Republic, a revered Jedi Master, or an elite Special Forces commando, absolutely no one in the galaxy seems to respect your time. For the duration of this jump, you are afflicted with the cosmic curse of endless, mandatory fetch quests. Every time you land on a planet to handle a vital, galaxy-saving crisis, you will be immediately accosted by dozens of helpless civilians, lazy local magistrates, and incompetent Republic officers demanding you do their menial chores. You cannot simply ignore them; if you try to proceed with your main mission without helping them, critical blast doors will mysteriously remain locked, vital informants will abruptly refuse to speak to you, or your ship's nav-computer will inexplicably refuse to calculate a hyperspace jump until the local populace is satisfied. Consequently, you will spend a horrifying amount of your decade doing completely mundane, repetitive errands. You will routinely find yourself pausing your desperate hunt for a Sith superweapon just to collect ten pristine gizka spleens for a local chef, or deliver a lost hydrospanner to a moisture farmer located three continents away. The only silver lining to this humiliating diversion is that these quest-givers will actually compensate you for your efforts. Every time you turn in an errand, they will reward you with a handful of Republic credits, a basic medpac, or a completely random piece of equipment (like a pair of lime-green plasteel boots) that you absolutely do not need. It hardly makes up for the time wasted, but at least your pockets will be full of random, marginally useful loot by the time you finally get back to saving the galaxy.

Sith Under Every Rock [+200]

The Republic Strategic Information Service frequently warns that the Empire's reach is vast, but for you, this has become a literal, exhausting reality. Your existence acts as a bizarre cosmic magnet for the Dark Side. No matter where you go in the galaxy, you will inevitably trip over a hidden Sith plot, an undercover Imperial spy ring, or a cackling Dark Lord. You could be deployed to the deepest, most heavily fortified sectors of the Republic Core, and you will somehow stumble upon a secret Sith cult operating out of the local cantina's basement. Are you exploring an uncharted, seemingly uninhabited asteroid in the Outer Rim? Congratulations, you just walked into a fully operational, top-secret Sith alchemy lab. Just trying to grab a quick caf on Coruscant on your day off? The barista is actually a deep-cover Imperial Agent, and a Sith Inquisitor is about to crash through the ceiling to monologue at you. For the next ten years, the concept of a "simple milk run" completely ceases to exist. You can never let your guard down, because you are guaranteed that beneath every single metaphorical (and sometimes literal) rock in the galaxy, there is a megalomaniac in black robes holding a red lightsaber, waiting to ruin your day.

The Absolute Paragon [+200]

The Jedi Code is not merely a set of guiding principles for you; it is an inescapable, psychological absolute. For the entire duration of this jump, you are strictly and comprehensively bound to the Light Side of the Force, severely limiting both your arsenal and your decision-making.

First, you are completely cut off from the Dark Side and any equivalent out-of-jump abilities. You are physically and spiritually incapable of casting Force Lightning, utilizing Force Choke, or tapping into anger, fear, or hatred to boost your physical strength during a desperate battle. Any out-of-jump magic or abilities fueled by malice, rage, or dark energy are completely locked away.

Second, this restriction dictates your every action. You are compulsively forced to pursue only "Light Side" solutions to every problem you encounter. You cannot utilize ruthless pragmatism, you cannot assassinate sleeping targets, and you absolutely cannot torture Imperial spies for ticking-time-bomb intel. You must always attempt diplomacy before drawing your lightsaber. Most dangerously, if a cackling Sith mass-murderer suddenly yields during a duel, you must accept their surrender and attempt to arrest them, even if you know with absolute certainty that they will inevitably escape to kill again. In a galaxy consumed by total war, you have completely shackled yourself to a flawless moral purity that your enemies will constantly, ruthlessly exploit.

Temple-Raised [+200, Jedi Origins Only]

Your age is reduced to that of a preteen of your species, and your start time is moved back enough years so that you will reach your original starting age at the original start time. All of your perks and items are temporarily locked away except for the 100-point perks purchased in this document and your basic Force sensitivity. You will start as a Jedi initiate and need to successfully complete all of your training to become a fully-fledged Jedi, and your powers and items will gradually unlock over the course of this training. You will be guaranteed to be chosen as a Padawan, provided that you manage to avoid being thrown out of the Jedi Order.

A Galactic Tradition [+200]

In almost every era of galactic history, there is a time-honored, painful tradition: somebody important is going to lose a hand. Or an arm, a jaw, or a pair of lungs. Given the staggering amount of cybernetic prosthetics and breath masks utilized in this era, the universe has decided that ''somebody'' is going to be you. For the duration of this jump, any hazard capable of causing severe dismemberment or necessitating heavy cybernetic life support feels like it is magnetically attracted to your extremities and face. Errant lightsaber swings from Sith Lords will miraculously curve toward your right wrist. Shrapnel from thermal detonators will actively seek out your legs, and toxic gas vents will always seem to blow directly into your lungs, threatening to leave you requiring a permanent, heavy-duty breath mask just to speak. Furthermore, your passive durability, force barriers, and physical armor will mysteriously weaken right at the joints right as these specific strikes land. If you want to finish this decade with your original biological body intact, you cannot rely on simply tanking hits or shrugging off damage. You must become an absolute master of dodging, parrying, and extreme situational awareness. Otherwise, you will be spending a massive amount of time and credits at the Republic medical bays getting fitted for gleaming, mechanical replacements.

Zero Playtime [+200]

When you start the jump, your meta-knowledge of Star Wars is suppressed. For the duration of the jump, you and all your Companions are limited solely to what your in-jump identity would already know. You do not forget your prior jumps, your nature as a Jumper, or your build for this jump.

For the Republic! [+200]

You have been infected with a level of hyper-patriotism that would make M1-4X look like a treasonous cynic. For the duration of this jump, you possess an absolute, unbreakable, and loudly vocal devotion to the Galactic Republic, rendering you completely blind to its many glaring flaws. To you, the Galactic Senate is a flawless gathering of infallible saints, and the Republic military is a shining beacon of pure, untainted justice. When directly confronted with blatant political corruption, bureaucratic gridlock, or horrifying SIS black ops, your brain will automatically rationalize it away. You will enthusiastically justify corrupt politicians as ''vital gears in the beautiful machinery of democracy'' and dismiss Republic war crimes as ''the necessary and glorious defense of liberty.'' Furthermore, you are entirely incapable of turning this off. You speak almost exclusively in booming, Holonet-style recruitment slogans, frequently shouting things like, ''Taste the righteous fury of democracy, Imperial scum!'' in the middle of covert stealth missions. Because you act like a walking, talking propaganda poster, very few people will actually take you seriously. Look on the bright side: nobody will ever mistake you for an imperial agent.

Another Happy Landing [+200]

Due to a baffling, highly localized temporal anomaly, a battered Venator-class Star Destroyer has violently dropped out of hyperspace and crashed headfirst into your decade. On board are the most aggressively reckless heroes of a war that hasn't happened yet: Anakin Skywalker, Obi-Wan Kenobi, Ahsoka Tano, and the entirety of the 501st Legion. And for some incomprehensible reason, they have decided to ‘’help’’ you. Technically, they are on your side against the Sith Empire, but their presence is a logistical and political nightmare. Anakin will treat your meticulously planned, covert operations as his personal sandbox for highly explosive, wildly unorthodox improvisation. If you are trying to carefully negotiate a hostage release, Anakin will ‘’fake a surrender’’ to get close before detonating the command bunker. If you are trying to stealthily infiltrate a Dark Temple, he and Ahsoka will loudly race each other to see who can decapitate more Sith, triggering every alarm on the planet. Meanwhile, Captain Rex and the 501st Legion will treat your delicate tactical strategies as mere suggestions, vastly preferring to solve every problem with grappling hooks, heavy rotary blasters, and overwhelming property damage. Worst of all, you cannot even complain to the Jedi Council, because Obi-Wan Kenobi will just stroke his beard, heavily sigh, politely apologize for his former Padawan's behavior, and then do absolutely nothing to stop him. You are doomed to ten years of hijacked missions, astronomical collateral damage, and half the ships you loan them mysteriously ending up in pieces while Anakin cheerfully insists that they are still flying half a ship.

Grand Theft Starship [+200]

There is a grand, time-honored tradition in the galaxy of iconic heroes having their legendary ships stolen, and unfortunately for you, your vessel is the most coveted joyride in the cosmos. For the duration of this jump, you are afflicted with the deeply infuriating curse of constant, inescapable vehicular theft. No matter how advanced your security systems are, someone will inevitably bypass them and steal your ship the moment you leave the spaceport. This isn't a one-time inconvenience; it is a recurring, agonizing nightmare. Every few months, you will finish a grueling mission and return to your assigned docking bay, only to find absolutely empty space. The culprits will wildly vary, ranging from ambitious swoop gangs and desperate Outer Rim smugglers to joyriding Sith acolytes or surprisingly competent Jawas. Consequently, you will frequently find yourself entirely stranded on hostile, remote, or incredibly boring planets. You will be forced to repeatedly halt your vital, galaxy-saving missions to embark on deeply annoying, multi-day side quests just to track your own vessel down across the star system. And to add insult to injury, when you finally do recover your ship, you will almost always find missing cargo, mysterious new blaster scorch marks on the hull, and an interior that reeks of cheap Corellian ale.

Bereft of Wisdom [+400]

The Jedi Order teaches that the Force provides guidance, patience, and deep cosmic wisdom. Somehow, you completely missed that lesson. For the duration of this jump, your common sense, foresight, and general judgment have been completely stripped away. You are phenomenally, catastrophically unwise. You take every statement at absolute face value, rendering you completely incapable of detecting sarcasm, reading political subtext, or spotting obvious lies. If a notorious underworld cartel boss promises they have reformed, you will blindly trust them. If an obvious Sith trap features a lone, unguarded holocron in the center of an empty room, you will boldly walk right up to grab it without ever checking for ray shields or ambushes. You cannot formulate long-term strategies, always opting for the most direct, impulsive, and short-sighted solutions available. You will charge headfirst into heavily fortified Imperial bunkers without a plan, accidentally insult powerful Republic Senators because you cannot read the room, and consistently fall for the most amateur deceptions. Your companions and Jedi Masters will spend the entire decade utterly exhausted, forced to constantly micromanage your decisions and repeatedly drag you out of completely avoidable disasters caused by your staggering lack of basic common sense.

Global Cooldowns [+400]

Do you like MMOs? Then good for you, because now every single ability, power, or piece of equipment you utilize is now governed by a cooldown reminiscent of MMO game mechanics. You can no longer spam your most effective attacks. If you use Force Push to clear a squad of droids, you will find yourself physically and mystically incapable of doing it again for at least fifteen seconds. If you are a Smuggler or a Trooper and you throw a thermal detonator, you cannot throw a second one for a full minute. It does not matter if you have twenty more detonators sitting visibly on your belt; your hand simply will not grasp them, or the pins will refuse to budge until the invisible timer resets. Your basic weapon swings and blaster shots are the only things you can do continuously. For everything else, you are forced to develop a ‘combat rotation,’ constantly cycling through less-than-optimal abilities while you awkwardly wait for your best moves to become available again. God forbid you miss a target with your strongest attack, because you will be waiting three to five minutes in the middle of a frantic firefight just to try it again.

Cruel Calculus [+400]

The life of a Republic hero is rarely as simple as choosing the Light Side over the Dark; often, it is a choice between two equally terrible outcomes. For the duration of this jump, the universe will actively and repeatedly orchestrate agonizing, no-win moral dilemmas that you cannot simply overpower or outsmart. Every few months, you will be forced into a situation where a high cost is absolutely guaranteed. You might finally capture a horrific Sith war criminal after weeks of brutal combat and heavy Republic casualties, only for an Imperial Moff to offer a trade: the criminal's release in exchange for a hundred tortured Republic POWs. You will find yourself in collapsing buildings, forced to choose between saving a group of helpless civilian hostages and rescuing your trapped mentor, closest friend, or lover. Crucially, the universe completely negates any loopholes. You cannot use time manipulation, superspeed, or cloning perks to miraculously save everyone. You are forced to make a definitive choice, and you must live with the bitter consequences. If you choose the civilians, your friend dies or suffers horrific injuries. If you choose justice, the POWs are executed. Your victories will always taste like ash, and you will spend the decade carrying the agonizing psychological weight of the people you had to sacrifice for the ‘’greater good.’’

The Imperial Stigma [+400]

The Galactic Republic is fighting a desperate war for survival against a ruthless enemy, and paranoia across the core worlds is at an all-time high. Unfortunately for you, your background makes you the perfect target for that paranoia. Whether you are a high-profile defector who recently fled the Sith Empire or the descendant of an Imperial family seeking asylum, your permanent record is forever stained with the mark of the enemy. Despite your genuinely exemplary service, spotless track record, and unwavering loyalty to the Light, you are constantly treated with deep-seated suspicion by your peers and superiors. The Republic Strategic Information Service (SIS) will routinely subject you to random, exhaustive interrogations and constantly audit your personal communications. Fellow soldiers and commanders will second-guess your tactical decisions, and Jedi Masters will endlessly scrutinize you for the faintest hint of Dark Side corruption. Ambitious, corrupt Senators will eagerly attempt to use you as a political scapegoat the moment a mission goes wrong, loudly blaming your ‘’inherent Imperial treachery.’ While this stigma is not a death sentence, it is an exhausting, daily nuisance. You will have to work twice as hard and bleed twice as much as anyone else just to earn basic trust. It will take years of saving the galaxy and proving your devotion before your allies finally stop waiting for you to inevitably stab them in the back.

The Price of Peace [+400]

The Galactic Republic projects a shining image of democracy and moral superiority to the galaxy, but the brutal reality of an existential war means that the Strategic Information Service (SIS) and Republic High Command frequently engage in some incredibly shady, highly unethical black operations. Unfortunately, your high clearance and elite skills mean you are constantly getting dragged into the middle of them. You will routinely be assigned to, or accidentally uncover, highly classified projects involving the brutal torture of Imperial POWs, the secret funding of violent terrorist cells to destabilize neutral worlds, or horrifying, unregulated superweapon experiments hidden in the depths of the Belsavis prison. Whenever you are confronted with these shadowy operations, you face a miserable ultimatum. You can choose to stand by your morals and actively oppose or sabotage the operations. However, doing so will instantly mark you as a rogue asset. You will face immediate court-martial, severe treason charges, and risk being violently hunted by the very Republic you are trying to protect. Alternatively, you can look the other way and let the atrocities happen. If you choose complicity, however, it will deeply and terribly haunt you. You will suffer from debilitating guilt, relentless nightmares, and the direct karmic blowback of your inaction - such as the victims of these cruel experiments eventually escaping to seek brutal, targeted revenge against you and your loved ones. In this war, there is no such thing as clean hands.

The Extremes of the Republic [+400]

The Galactic Republic is fighting a desperate war for survival, and the overwhelming stress has completely shattered the moral compass of your allies, polarizing them into two unbearable extremes. You will find no reasonable middle ground among your peers; every ally you work with is either a ruthless zealot or hopelessly, suicidally naive. On one end of the spectrum are the hyper-pragmatists. Elite military generals, SIS directors, and hardened Jedi Shadows will constantly go behind your back to commit horrifying atrocities "for the greater good." They will eagerly order the orbital bombardment of civilian-populated cities just to destroy a single Sith factory, torture prisoners of war for minor intel, and fund brutal criminal cartels to destabilize Imperial space. You will constantly have to intervene, risking court-martial or accusations of treason, just to stop your own side from becoming exactly like the Sith they are fighting.

On the exact opposite end of the spectrum are the dangerously naive idealists. These are the Jedi Masters who will insist on dropping their weapons to try and peacefully redeem a cackling Sith Lord who is actively slaughtering civilians. These are the Core World Senators who will try to defund planetary defense shields during an active invasion in a misguided attempt to "de-escalate" the conflict. They will blindly trust obvious Imperial double agents, refuse to authorize lethal force when their troops are being massacred, and completely sabotage your strategic plans in the name of absolute pacifism. You are the only person in the galaxy with a functioning sense of pragmatism and basic morality. You will spend this entire decade exhausted, forced to constantly babysit your own faction: physically stopping your allies from committing horrific war crimes on Monday, and frantically rescuing them from the lethal consequences of their own idiotic pacifism on Tuesday.

Bureaucratic Gridlock [+400]

The Galactic Republic has survived for tens of thousands of years, and for every single year of its existence, the Senate has drafted a new layer of administrative protocol. Whenever you attempt to accomplish anything through official Republic, Military, or Jedi channels, you are immediately buried under an avalanche of soul-crushing bureaucracy. Want to requisition fuel for your ship or medical supplies for a war-torn refugee camp? Prepare to wait three weeks for the Senate Logistics Committee to review your Form 82-B, only for it to be rejected and sent back because you failed to sign it in standard Republic blue ink. But the nightmare doesn't stop at requisitions; the oversight is suffocating. If you engage in a lightsaber duel and accidentally destroy a civilian speeder, you will be forcefully summoned to Coruscant to face a grueling, multi-day Senate subcommittee hearing regarding your "reckless property damage." Every single mission you undertake requires exhaustive after-action reports, environmental impact assessments, and mandatory diplomatic debriefings. You cannot simply go out and save the galaxy; you have to do it strictly by the book, waiting on committee approvals and documenting every single step for the archives.

Item Loss [+400]

Your Warehouse and your out-of-jump items are disabled during the duration of this jump.

Power Loss [+400]

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

Disavowed Assets [+600]

You are the victim of a brutal political betrayal. Prior to the start of this jump, you were sent on a highly classified, suicidal black-ops mission deep behind enemy lines. When the mission parameters catastrophically collapsed, the Republic didn't send a rescue fleet. To avoid a massive political scandal and hide their shady operations, the Senate and Republic High Command completely disavowed you. Your military records were erased, your Jedi status revoked, and you were officially branded as a treasonous rogue asset. You begin this jump trapped in the absolute heart of the Sith Empire, completely cut off from Republic supply lines, reinforcements, and funding. You are forced to operate as an underground guerrilla fighter, relying solely on what you can steal, scavenge, or cobble together. You are now fighting a desperate, two-front war. The Imperial military and Sith Lords are relentlessly hunting you down as a high-value saboteur tearing up their backyard. Meanwhile, the Republic SIS has quietly put a massive black-market bounty on your head, sending elite strike teams and mercenaries to permanently silence you before you can expose their betrayal. For the duration of the jump, you are a ghost. If you want to survive, you will have to fight the Empire from the shadows while constantly evading the very Republic you still want to protect.

It Runs In The Family [+600]

Whenever you defeat a significant adversary, be it a Sith Lord, a Mandalorian Chieftain, or a rogue underworld boss, you don't just eliminate a threat; you instantly inherit a blood feud. It turns out that every single major enemy you face has a remarkably well-resourced, highly motivated relative who is now completely obsessed with avenging them. These relatives do not do things by halves. They won't just hire a bounty hunter or challenge you to an honorable duel; they will go to absolutely absurd, comic-book-villain lengths to ruin your life. If you strike down a Sith Juggernaut in combat, you can guarantee their previously unmentioned grandfather will emerge from the Unknown Regions a year later, having funded the construction of a moon-sized superweapon pointed directly at your favorite vacation planet. If you shoot a corrupt mercenary captain, his cybernetic twin sister will systematically hunt down your favorite mentors, frame you for high treason in the Senate, and hijack a Republic dreadnought just to try and run you over. While the faceless Imperial mooks won't trigger this, any named or notable foe you kill ensures that within a few months, you will be forced into a bizarre, hyper-escalated sequel battle against a family member who has made your agonizing demise their sole reason for living. You can never truly cross a name off your list, because two more heavily armed relatives will inevitably show up for the funeral.

A Sick Fixation [+600]

In the Sith Empire, death is a mercy compared to the undivided attention of a true master of the Dark Side. You have caught the eye of an incredibly powerful, deeply sadistic Sith Lord, and they have decided that your destiny belongs to them. They do not want to destroy you; they are systematically, relentlessly obsessed with breaking your spirit, shattering your morals, and claiming you as their apprentice. This is not a simple rivalry; it is a campaign of calculated psychological torture. This Sith Lord will stalk you across the galaxy, operating from the shadows to orchestrate agonizing scenarios designed specifically to push you toward the Dark Side. They will engineer situations where Republic reinforcements are slaughtered, leaving you alone to face impossible odds unless you finally tap into your rage. They will capture your closest companions and mentors, subjecting them to horrific torments, forcing you into situations where only raw, violent hatred will grant you the power to save them in time. To ensure you have nowhere else to turn, they will actively isolate you from the Light. They will violently slaughter other Imperial assassins sent after you, intentionally leaving a trail of evidence that implies you are secretly collaborating with the Empire to make the Jedi Council and the SIS deeply suspect your loyalties. You are not absolutely doomed to suffer this for the full ten years; the nightmare will end early if you manage to corner and kill them. However, doing so will be one of the most harrowing challenges of your existence. This Sith is a titan of the Dark Side, possessing combat prowess and arcane mastery that rival the upper echelons of the Dark Council. They are guarded by elite zealots and layers of lethal traps. Defeating them in a direct confrontation will require a truly heroic effort, and your nemesis will have meticulously prepared contingencies for any eventuality they could reasonably expect.

A Shadow on the Soul [+600, Jedi Only]

At some point in your past, whether out of desperate survival, righteous fury, or a moment of profound weakness, you crossed a forbidden line. You tapped into the raw, corrosive power of the Dark Side of the Force. While you managed to pull yourself back from the brink, the experience left a permanent, lingering stain upon your soul that cannot be easily washed away. The Dark Side is an intoxicating, highly addictive current, and now that you have opened that door, it refuses to close. For the duration of this jump, you will constantly struggle with its relentless temptation. During high-stakes combat, moments of emotional distress, or when facing agonizing losses, the Dark Side will aggressively surge within you, promising absolute power and an easy victory if you just let go of your restraint. Maintaining your connection to the Light requires exhausting, unbroken mental vigilance. Worse, you must meticulously hide this spiritual taint from the Jedi Order. If the High Council discovers your dark inclinations, you will face immediate expulsion, heavily guarded imprisonment, or a forceful "rehabilitation" of your mind. If you do not possess a specialized technique or perk to mask your Force alignment, you must actively suppress your signature and heavily police your emotional reactions whenever Jedi Masters are near. However, no technique can hide the darkness from yourself. If you ever succumb and actively use the Dark Side during this decade, the stain will drastically deepen, making the internal struggle exponentially harder and violently dragging you closer to a total, irredeemable fall.

The Emperor's Hunger [+800]

The Sith Emperor usually bides his time, weaving intricate plots and manipulating galactic events over centuries before executing his ultimate ambitions. Unfortunately for you, he has decided to skip the preamble. The apocalyptic dark ritual designed to consume all life in the galaxy and elevate him to godhood has already begun, and you are officially on the clock. You no longer have a leisurely ten years to slowly build your power, train your apprentices, or deal with minor political squabbles. You have exactly three years. A literal cosmic countdown is ticking away the lifespan of the galaxy. You will constantly feel the encroaching doom; the Force itself screams in perpetual agony, making deep meditation incredibly difficult and causing widespread dread among all Force-sensitives. Entire colony worlds at the edges of the Unknown Regions are already mysteriously going dark, instantly stripped of all biological life and Force energy, exactly like the dead world of Nathema. There is absolutely no time for endless side quests or bureaucratic delays. You must immediately mobilize everything you have, carve a path straight to the Emperor's stronghold, and strike down his physical vessel to shatter the ritual. If the three years expire and the Emperor is still alive, the ritual is completed. The entire galaxy is reduced to a dead, silent void; you are consumed along with it, and your Chain instantly ends.



Ending

There is no emotion, there is peace.

But even the most peaceful souls must acknowledge when an era has come to an end. Your decade in the Old Republic has drawn to its inevitable close. You have held the line against the Sith Empire, navigated the treacherous politics of the Coruscant Senate, and carved your legacy into the very fabric of galactic history. Now, the cosmic scales tip once more, and you are faced with an ultimate choice. What is the fate of your journey?

Stay Here: The Shield of the Republic

Why abandon a galaxy you have bled so heavily to protect? You choose to remain in this universe, sealing your connection to the Jumpchain. Whether you have taken a seat on the Jedi High Council, risen to the rank of Supreme Commander, or simply retired to a private moon with a fortune in smuggled credits, this timeline is now your permanent home. The Sith may still linger in the shadows, and the underworld will always scheme, but you are here to stand as the ultimate defender. Your trials are over, and a new golden age is yours to build.

Go Back: A Beacon in the Dark

The Galactic War was a monumental struggle, and perhaps you finally long for the quiet simplicity of your original home. You choose to end your chain and return to your mundane Earth. However, you do not return empty-handed. You bring your mastery of the Force, your elite military training, and your loyal companions back to a world devoid of Sith Lords and superweapons. Will you use your incredible gifts to quietly protect humanity from the shadows, or will you openly guide your old world into a prosperous new era among the stars?

Move On: The Boundless Frontier

There is no death, there is the Force.

You have saved this galaxy, but you recognize a fundamental truth: the multiverse is unimaginably vast, and there are countless other realities in desperate need of a champion. The Galactic Republic was merely a single chapter, a crucible to forge you into the ultimate force for good. Bidding farewell to this timeline, you choose to go forward and step into the boundless multiverse. There are new worlds to explore, new allies to meet, and new evils to vanquish. Your chain continues, and you step into the light…

Changelog and Notes

v 1.0 - First Edition.
v 1.1 - Small fixes, changed the price of Jedi Padawan Cohort, added the BT-7 Thunderclap, added Satele Shan as a companion.

The non-canon companions are based on Bender, Revan, Chewbacca, Qui-Gon Jinn, Lara Croft, Padmé, Quinlan Vos, Watto, Captain America, Sole Survivor from Fallout 4, Orihime, JOI from Blade Runner 2049, Frank Underwood, Raven from Teen Titans, Anakin Skywalker, Cid Kagenou, and Commander Shepard.

The reputation of Hero of Republic continues to work post-jump, making you a decorated war hero if you enter a modern jump or a legendary knight if you enter a fantasy jump. As for Emissary of the Jedi Order, you are considered a respected representative of whatever benevolent governments, peacekeeping organizations, or similar institutions occupy the same role in your new world.

Do the Manufacturing Plants in this and the Sith jump come with infinite resources for their production needs, or do we need to supply them?

- Yes, they come with infinite resources.