Star Wars: The Original Trilogy

Version 1.3 by SpazzWave



Welcome, Jumper, to a galaxy far, far away.

The Empire is in total control. Entire star systems live under its shadow, oppressed by a government that rules through fear and enforces compliance with absolute force. The Jedi Order, the guardians of peace for a thousand generations, is gone. They were hunted down and scattered by betrayal and a purge so thorough that most of the galaxy now views them as a myth.

The dark side reigns supreme, and the galaxy has bent its knee.

Against this stands the Rebellion: a desperate alliance of those who refuse to give up, fighting a war against an enemy that outmatches them in every single way. They are heavily outnumbered, yet they keep fighting because the alternative is surrendering the galaxy to darkness.

At this moment, a single ship moves through the stars carrying Princess Leia Organa and the stolen plans to the Empire's ultimate weapon: a battle station of such destructive capacity that its existence alone threatens to make resistance permanently futile. What happens to those plans in the coming hours will determine the fate of the Rebellion, and with it, the fate of the galaxy itself.

You have **1000 CP**. Spend it well.

Locations

You may choose your starting location freely, or roll a 1d8 for an extra [+100].

Tatooine
A harsh desert world orbiting twin suns at the galaxy's edge. Home to moisture farmers, criminal empires, and the occasional galaxy-saving farmboy with nowhere better to be.

Alderaan
A peaceful, cultured world of breathtaking beauty and political principle. Home to some of the galaxy's finest minds and a princess with considerably more backbone than most senators. Nothing bad will happen here. Probably.

Yavin 4
A jungle moon dominated by dense forests and ancient stone temples from a civilization long since gone. Remote, hidden, and isolated enough for the Rebel Alliance to call it a perfectly acceptable headquarters.

Hoth
A frozen wasteland of endless snow, lethal cold, and absolutely no redeeming weather whatsoever. The Rebel Alliance chose it as a base, which tells you something about their options.

Dagobah
A remote, fog-choked swamp planet with no strategic value whatsoever, which is precisely why the greatest living Jedi Master chose it as his retirement home.

Bespin
A gas giant hosting Cloud City, a marvel of engineering suspended in the atmosphere. Beautiful, profitable, and administered by a man with a regrettable talent for bad deals.

Endor
A lush, forested moon largely ignored by the wider galaxy, its towering ancient trees are home to the Ewoks: small, deceptively lethal teddy bears who have thus far managed to live their lives entirely unbothered by the Imperial garrison that definitely isn't being built in their backyard.

The Millennium Falcon/Tantive IV
The fastest hunk of junk in the galaxy, held together by optimism and mechanical stubbornness. Has made the Kessel Run in twelve parsecs and will never let you forget it. Or alternatively, if you would prefer something with slightly more diplomatic credentials, you can start aboard the Tantive IV - which is currently carrying a princess, a mission, and some very important cargo the Empire would like to get their hands on.

Origins

You can freely choose your age, sex, and species as long as it doesn't conflict with your origin. Be free to be a three-eyed tentacle monster as long as you aren't a Droid, Imperial Officer, or Sith. Any origin can be taken as a Drop-in.

Scoundrel

You live by fast ships, bad decisions, and talking your way through problems you probably caused. Smuggler, gambler, outlaw, or charming professional nuisance, you've made a career out of surviving where respectable people wouldn't last a week. The galaxy may call you irresponsible. The galaxy can get in line.

Farmboy

You grew up somewhere forgotten, learning practical skills, hard work, and how to make your own excitement on the edge of nowhere. Somehow, those same talents keep translating alarmingly well to starfighters, ancient wisdom, galactic wars, and problems wildly outside your original job description.

Prince(ss)

Born to privilege, duty, and people expecting impossible things from you, you were raised to lead in a galaxy where politics can be deadlier than battlefields. Diplomat, noble, strategist, and stubborn survivor, you know how to command respect, endure pressure, and take charge when everyone else starts panicking.

Droid

Built for a purpose, whether anyone remembers what it was anymore or not. You are machinery in a galaxy that runs on machinery: specialized, adaptable, and probably much more capable than the organics around you are comfortable admitting. Just a droid. Nothing to worry about.

Imperial Officer

You are a product of the Empire's military machine: disciplined, competent, and trained to bring order to a chaotic galaxy. Command, logistics, political survival, and the efficient application of overwhelming force are simply part of the job. Try not to disappoint your superiors. They take it personally.

Sith

Power is not given. It is taken, cultivated, and enforced through will alone. You walk the path of the dark side: ambition, manipulation, mastery, and the understanding that fear and suffering are tools like any other. The galaxy will kneel eventually. The only question is how.

General Perks

Bandits at Three o'clock [Free/200 to Keep]

Space combat in real life doesn't look like a WWII dogfight. That doesn't mean it needs to happen here. Whenever you are involved in space combat, battles start following Star Wars rules instead of physics textbooks. Engagements collapse into visual range, starfighters become far more important than they have any right to be, and opportunities for attack runs, close pursuits, desperate evasive flying, and impossible shots show up with remarkable frequency. This does not make enemies incompetent or remove their advantages; it just forces the battlefield to respect genre conventions. Ace pilots can turn the tide of battles, small fighter squadrons can threaten massive warships, and suspiciously convenient weak points have a habit of existing on things that really should not have them. In short, you can make space warfare behave like a laser-filled WWII dogfight in a vacuum, because that's obviously cooler. This can be toggled off if you wish.

Yub Nub [100]

The galaxy spends billions of credits developing plasma cannons, thermal detonators, and armored walkers, but you know a secret the military-industrial complex doesn't: a really heavy log can solve a surprising number of problems. You possess a genius-level aptitude for primitive engineering, asymmetrical warfare, and improvised traps. Give you a couple of hours in a forest, a jungle, or even a literal junkyard, and you can construct a terrifyingly effective gauntlet out of nothing but basic tools, local flora, and sheer audacity. With some vines, a few rocks, and a bit of rope, you can set up tripwires, swinging log-rammers, and hidden pit traps that can inexplicably crush the armored hulls of walking tanks, hijack scout transports, or trip up elite infantry squads. What can you say? Sometimes the best high-tech jamming device is just a well-aimed rock to the face.

For Luck! [100]

They say luck is a lady, but in your case, fortune prefers to be delivered via a kiss. Anyone you kiss receives a substantial boost to their luck and general tendency for things to go absurdly well for the next twenty-four hours. The strength of this blessing scales with the intimacy behind the gesture: a quick peck might smooth out bad odds and inconvenient mishaps, while a genuinely heartfelt or passionate kiss can send someone's fortune into protagonist territory. Just don't let word get out, or you'll spend the next ten years being chased by every gambler and cartel boss in the galaxy.

Dressed for the Occasion [100]

The galaxy has a remarkable talent for putting people in environments they have absolutely no business surviving in. You have an equally remarkable talent for not particularly caring. Your body has developed a resilience to environmental extremes that allows you to function, and function well, in conditions that would leave most beings incapacitated or dead. Be it extreme heat, extreme cold, crushing humidity, or even thin atmospheres, they can only slow you down. Sadly, this does not stop you from complaining about the sand getting everywhere, because let's face it, a certain person had the right idea about sand being coarse, rough, and irritating.

Galactic Common [100]

The galaxy is home to an incomprehensible number of species, cultures, and languages, and the logistical nightmare of everyone trying to talk to each other has historically been solved by the existence of Galactic Basic: a common tongue that most spacefaring civilizations have at least a working familiarity with. You can choose to encourage a process similar to that if you want, gradually nudging disparate groups in a sector radius toward a shared language through your presence, influence, and a natural talent for making communication the path of least resistance. With a year and enough exposure to the right trade routes, diplomatic channels, and casual conversation, you can turn a patchwork of mutually incomprehensible dialects into something that functions well enough for everyone involved to get along without accidentally starting a war over a misunderstanding. But more immediately useful is the simple fact that wherever you go, enough people speak whatever common tongue exists in that setting to make yourself understood without a translator. Be it trade posts, backwater cantinas, or simply outer rim planets, someone always speaks the language, and that someone is always conveniently nearby when you need them.

I Have a Bad Feeling About This [100]

In a galaxy where things routinely go from bad to worse, a good sense of paranoia is a vital survival trait. You possess an uncanny, gut-level danger sense that reliably chimes in just before things go completely off the rails. It won't necessarily tell you what is about to happen - whether it's an ambush by Sand People, a trash compactor activating, or a Sith Lord waiting in the dining room - but it will give you just enough warning to draw your blaster, dive behind something solid, and brace for whatever the galaxy has decided to throw at you this time.

A Wretched Hive of Scum and Villainy [100]

You've clearly spent some time in the kinds of places that don't appear on any official map and that respectable people pretend don't exist. Whether you are stepping into a hostile cantina, a smuggler's den, or an underworld black market, you effortlessly project an aura that tells everyone in the room that you belong there and that you are not lost, not naive, and not worth the trouble of finding out. Thugs won't try to pick your pockets, aggressive aliens will give you a wide berth, and the kind of establishment that makes a habit of relieving newcomers of their valuables and their health will treat you with the mutual respect of one professional acknowledging another. Beyond that, you possess an instinctive read of any underworld environment you walk into: who to talk to for illegal goods, who knows a pilot desperate enough to take a questionable job, who has the information worth paying for, and perhaps most importantly, who to avoid entirely if you have any interest in leaving under your own power. A useful thing to have in any galaxy.

A Little Short for a Stormtrooper [100]

Infiltrating enemy strongholds is surprisingly easy when the enemy wears identical, face-obscuring helmets. Whenever you steal an enemy uniform, armor, or clothing, it will miraculously adjust to fit you comfortably enough to pass visual inspection. Furthermore, as long as you act as if you belong there, grunts, officials, and automated security will simply assume you are one of them, allowing you to waltz past checkpoints, ride the elevators, and stand in the background of important meetings without raising a single alarm.

Faith in Your Friends [100]

It's one thing to have a crew of loyal friends willing to follow you into the jaws of a Sarlacc pit, but it's another thing entirely to constantly worry if they're going to accidentally trip into it. This perk gives you the ultimate peace of mind. Your friends, allies, and companions receive a permanent, passive upgrade to both their common sense and their situational luck. They suddenly develop a sharp instinct for when a plan is too crazy, keeping them from making profoundly stupid tactical blunders or walking blindly into obvious Imperial ambushes. When things inevitably go sideways anyway, a subtle nudge of good fortune keeps them in one piece: a stray blaster bolt grazes armor instead of hitting center mass, a rusty catwalk holds just long enough for them to scramble across, or a jammed door pops open at the last possible second. It won't make them invincible, but it ensures their own mistakes or a bad roll of the dice won't abruptly end their story. You can finally focus on saving the galaxy without having to constantly play cosmic babysitter to your own crew.

Beyond the Grave [200]

Death is a natural part of life, but in your case, it doesn't have to be the end of a good partnership. You possess a permanent, spiritual tether to your fallen comrades, allowing departed allies to occasionally reach across the veil to offer you guidance. Much like a certain old hermit whispering advice from the ether, your deceased friends and mentors can manifest as disembodied voices or faint, shimmering apparitions during moments of crisis, need, or meditation. This guidance is rarely a straight answer; so expect cryptic warnings, philosophical advice, or a sudden urge to trust your feelings rather than a step-by-step tactical map.

More Machine Than Man [200]

Losing a limb is practically a rite of passage in this galaxy, but for you, it's barely an inconvenience. You take extraordinarily well to cybernetics and prosthetics. Any mechanical replacements or augmentations you receive will bond seamlessly with your nervous system, functioning perfectly without any physical rejection, phantom pain, or loss of tactile sensation. More importantly, any cybernetic installation happens perfectly, and no matter how much of your biological body is replaced by machinery, it will never diminish your soul, your humanity, or your capacity to use spiritual and mystical energies.

No Disintegrations [200]

No disintegrations. Unless the pay is right.

There is an old saying in certain professional circles: everyone runs, nobody hides. You are the reason that saying exists. You are a hunter without peer, possessing an almost supernatural intuition for tracking that goes well beyond following footprints and checking passenger manifests. You can deduce where a ship is heading before it even jumps to hyperspace, predict which wretched hive of scum and villainy a desperate fugitive will inevitably gravitate toward, and anticipate escape routes that your quarry hasn't finished thinking of yet. And once you have them cornered, the capture itself is rarely the complicated part. You know exactly how to subdue, restrain, and deliver a target in whatever condition the contract demands. More importantly, when a client hires you to bring someone in alive, no amount of collateral damage, chaotic crossfire, or heavy ordnance will accidentally vaporize your quarry. The universe will warp the trajectory of stray blaster bolts and faulty thermal detonators just enough to ensure your bounty survives the chaos, allowing you to drag them back to your employer completely intact and collect your hard-earned credits.

The Force Will Be With You, Always [200]

The Force is an energy field created by all living things, surrounding, penetrating, and binding the galaxy together. It would be a terrible shame to leave something that fundamental behind when you move on. With this perk, you act as a living anchor for the supernatural, ensuring that the Force (along with its dark and light sides) follows you into every future jump and spreads there if you wish it to do so. Furthermore, this applies to any other setting-specific power sources, esoteric energies, or magic systems you master throughout your chain. You can choose if and which power source follows you in your jumps, and if they spread before you enter a jump first.

It's a Small Galaxy After All [200/400]

It turns out you are not quite the stranger you appeared to be. Upon arriving in this world, you find that you can choose to be connected by blood or bond to someone already in it, either as a parent, a sibling, a child, a cousin, or whatever configuration the situation allows for and biology can reasonably support. The relationship is real in every sense that matters: the history is there, the shared memories exist, and the people involved will treat you exactly as the family you are. Within the bounds of what is plausible, you have surprising latitude in deciding exactly who in this story you are related to and in what capacity. You could be a brother no one mentioned, a child given up long ago, or even a parent whose identity was kept hidden for reasons that seem sensible at the time. For **400 CP**, this ability extends beyond yourself: you can reshape the relationships between others as well, such as making one person the secret child of another, revealing that two rivals share blood they never knew about, or establishing a familial connection between characters that nobody in the galaxy was previously aware of. The only limit is that you can only do this three times in a jump, and the connection must always be something that could plausibly have existed. (The galaxy runs on dramatic family revelations, but even it has standards). In a galaxy where a desert farmboy turns out to be the son of its most feared enforcer, however, the bar for what counts as plausible is perhaps higher than you might expect.

The Force [300, Free for Farmboy and Sith]

You are connected to something ancient and boundless that most people will live their entire lives never knowing exists. The Force flows through all living things, binding the galaxy together in ways that go far deeper than politics or distance or the cold vacuum of space. Your connection to this energy is not just a spark; it is a raging fire, granting you the raw, staggering potential of the greatest Force users to ever walk the galaxy. Early on, this connection is quiet, expressing itself in heightened instincts, luck that defies reasonable explanation at critical moments, and a persistent inner sense that nudges you toward the right path and away from the wrong one. With training, your connection to the Force grows and deepens, blossoming into telekinesis and telepathy, an expanding awareness of the living world around you, and an instinctive sense of the currents that flow through the galaxy itself. And for those whose connection is developed enough, the Force occasionally offers something rarer still: visions of the future, showing you glimpses of events not yet written, people not yet met, and moments not yet lived. Whether those visions are a gift or a burden tends to depend entirely on what they show you.

Standard Imperial Marksmanship [400]

There is a running joke that stormtroopers can't hit the broad side of a moisture vaporator, and when they're shooting at you, it becomes an undeniable fact. You project a subtle, localized aura of terrible luck onto faceless mooks, nameless grunts, and standard-issue foot soldiers. When firing at you, they will experience a catastrophic drop in accuracy, missing every single shot in ways that defy reasonable probability (like a bolt sailing wide of a target that isn't even moving, ricocheting off walls at impossible angles, or hitting everything in the vicinity except the one thing they were aiming at). It won't save you from a skilled bounty hunter or a Sith Lord, but it ensures you can confidently sprint down a hallway full of blaster fire without a scratch.

Size Matters Not [400]

True mastery of the Force is not found in power or aggression - it is found in understanding. You possess a deep, hard-won wisdom and an enlightened connection to the Force that goes beyond technique or training, an awareness of how it binds all living things together that most practitioners spend entire lifetimes reaching for and never quite grasp. No question is too complex for your discernment, no problem too tangled for a mind that sees clearly and without the distortions of ego, fear, or desire.

That same connection to the Force sustains you in ways that go beyond the spiritual: you age with remarkable slowness, and find that the world around you provides what you need to survive, drawing nourishment from your environment in ways that would seem impossible to anyone who didn't understand how deeply the Force flows through all living things.

And if you ever find yourself a teacher, you will be an exceptional one - for you can guide pupils to achieve their greatest potential, drawing out abilities they didn't know they had and helping even the most untalented student awaken to the Force through patience, insight, and exactly the right words at exactly the right moment. Even the angry, the fearful, and the restless have a way of finding their center under your guidance. And when your time in this life finally comes to an end, it need not be an ending at all. You may choose to become one with the Force as a ghost, present and aware, forever in unity with the thing that connected you to everything in the first place and saved you from chainfail. There is no death, after all. Only the Force.

Gearhead [400]

Some people are born with a wrench in their hand and a schematic in their head. You are one of them, except the schematics in your head happen to cover pretty much everything the galaxy has ever produced. You are one of the most talented engineers and scientists the galaxy has to offer, possessing the knowledge, intuition, and technical skill to recreate virtually any piece of Star Wars technology from the ground up: hyperdrives capable of punching through lightspeed, droids, weapons, spaceships, and much more, all of it within your capabilities given the right materials and enough time. More importantly, your technical genius adapts perfectly to any new universe you visit. When exposed to foreign technology or foreign physics, your brilliant mind will intuitively bridge the gap, allowing you to seamlessly integrate modern galactic tech with the local components of future jumps. You can slap a hyperdrive onto a primitive sailing ship, power an energy shield using a unique power source, or fix a malfunctioning alien superweapon with nothing more than local scrap and raw intuition.

Your Overconfidence Is Your Weakness [400]

The galaxy's greatest villains share one common flaw, and you have learned to treat it as a resource. You possess a passive ability that weaponizes the arrogance of your enemies: the more certain they are of their victory, the more overwhelming their advantage appears, and the more loudly they believe in their own invincibility, the more likely they are to leave something catastrophically, fatally unaccounted for. Exhaust ports go unshielded because no one seriously considered that a single fighter could thread that shot. Primitive allies get dismissed as irrelevant right up until they dismantle the shield generator. The monologue runs just a little too long, the trap is sprung a little too confidently, the killing blow is savored just a fraction of a second more than it should be. You don't need to manufacture these openings - your enemies build them themselves, brick by brick, out of their own certainty that you have already lost. Against most opponents, pride comes before the fall. Against you, it picks up a shovel and digs the hole first.

Scoundrel Perks

Perks for Scoundrel are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free

A Combination of Skills and Bad Decisions [100]

Everyone's got to have a skillset to survive in this galaxy, and yours just happens to be the kind you don't put on a resume. You've picked up all the essential tricks of the scoundrel trade: navigating the underworld and knowing how it operates, smuggling anything to anywhere, talking to shady people without sounding like an undercover cop, and slipping through security whether you're on foot or pushing a ship to its limits through a blockade. On top of that, you've got a solid mechanical streak, capable of repairing droids and spacecraft with little more than some basic tools and a good eye for what's broken. Not the most glamorous set of skills, but in a galaxy this dangerous, they tend to be exactly what keeps you breathing.

Shooting First [200]

Some people hesitate. You don't. You have the peak reflexes of your species and a complete absence of hesitation when violence becomes necessary - no second-guessing, no moral deliberation, or waiting to see how things play out. The moment you clock an enemy or sense that a standoff is about to turn lethal, you're already pulling the trigger before they even finish deciding to reach for theirs. It doesn't matter how fast they are, how ready they think they are, or how certain they are that they've got the drop on you - you are always faster. In your defense, they were absolutely thinking about shooting first.

Smuggler’s Charm [400]

Some people solve their problems with a blaster. You prefer to solve them with words. You possess a rugged, charismatic wit and a talent for saying exactly the right thing at exactly the right time - whether that's a convincing cover story for an Imperial patrol, a persuasive case to a Hutt crime lord that your debt is absolutely, definitely getting paid soon, or anything in between. Such is your charisma that even when your explanations are objectively terrible, you deliver them with enough confidence and charm that people often want to believe you anyway. It also doesn't hurt that this same charm tends to work remarkably well on the people you are attracted to, who seem to find the combination of roguish confidence and a crooked smile considerably more attractive than any amount of wealth, status, or good sense ever managed to be.

Never Tell Me The Odds [600]

Statisticians would weep looking at your track record. The more mathematically improbable a successful outcome is, the more likely you are to somehow pull it off. We're talking asteroid fields that would shred any sensible pilot, Star Destroyers that should have spotted you three times over, collapsing caves with no visible exit, and other situations where any reasonable person with access to a calculator would have already made their peace with the universe. This doesn't make you invincible - the asteroid field is still full of asteroids after all. What it means is that as long as you have the skill to actually solve the problem in front of you, the odds will bend enough to give you the chance to use it. The galaxy won't save you from your own incompetence, but it will make sure that competence is never wasted on bad luck alone.

Farmboy Perks

Perks for Farmboy are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free

Just a Farm Boy [100]

There isn't much glamour about growing up on a moisture farm at the edge of nowhere, but it turns out the skills you pick up surviving in that environment translate surprisingly well to just about everything else. You are a quintessential farmer in every sense, having the skills for moisture harvesting, equipment maintenance, animal handling, navigating harsh terrain, and whatever the land demands of you. But the more interesting part is what happens when you take those skills off the farm: your time spent racing speeders across open desert translates naturally to the cockpit of a spacecraft, your afternoons picking off womp rats with a rifle translates to a blaster in a firefight or an impossibly precise shot when everything is on the line, and the same goes for everything else you picked up along the way. Somehow, the instincts of a farm kid from the middle of nowhere continue to hold up well in situations involving smugglers, starfighters, galactic wars, and problems significantly above your pay grade.

A More Civilized Age [200]

There is something almost anachronistic about a person who chooses to settle things up close in a galaxy full of blasters and turbolasers - and something undeniably effective about it. You are a prodigy with an energy blade or sword in a way that goes beyond mere training, possessing an intuitive talent for melee combat that lets you grasp in hours what most practitioners spend decades trying to master. Techniques and footwork come to you with alarming ease, and you easily read your opponents' attacks before they fully commit to them, seeing the intent behind every movement a split second before it happens and positioning yourself accordingly. And when your opponents decide that range is going to save them, they find themselves in a bad situation as you perfectly deflect incoming projectiles back at their source with pinpoint accuracy. Of course, this can only be done with a weapon capable of doing that in the first place, so it may be worth investing in a good energy blade - something elegant, perhaps, for a more civilized age.

The Chosen Apprentice [400]

The galaxy is full of people who have spent lifetimes accumulating wisdom they never got to pass on, and you have a knack for finding every single one of them. Be it wise old hermits living in self-imposed exile, grizzled generals who stopped believing in people years ago, or ancient masters who have seen enough of the galaxy to know better than to get attached, they all take one look at you and arrive at the same conclusion: this one is worth teaching. Once they take you under their wing, you make it abundantly worth their while, absorbing their teachings at a rate that surprises even the most seasoned of instructors, soaking up decades of hard-won wisdom and skill in a fraction of the time it would take anyone else. You still have to put in the work, of course, but the galaxy has a strange habit of looking at you and deciding, against all better judgment and prior experience, ‘‘fine, one last apprentice.’’

A New Hope [600]

There are people the galaxy has written off entirely. Monsters, enforcers, fallen souls so far gone that even those who once loved them have stopped believing there is anything left worth saving. You have never once accepted that conclusion. You carry within you an aura of pure, incorruptible hope and a moral compass that has never wavered, regardless of what the galaxy has thrown at it. The dark side finds no purchase in you, but more than that, your genuine and unshakeable faith in the good that remains in people has a way of reaching places that nothing else can. If there is even a microscopic sliver of regret, of goodness, of something worth saving buried beneath years of darkness and terrible choices, you can find it, speak to it, and draw it into the light. You can look the galaxy's most feared enforcer in the eye and see not what they are, but what they could still choose to be - and somehow, make them see it too. It only takes one person willing to believe in someone when nobody else will.

Prince(ss) Perks

Perks for Prince(ss) are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free

Prince(ss) Jumper [100]

Someone once said it's the duty of all nobles to be worthy of their station. Raised from childhood to one day take your place among the galaxy's ruling class, you possess all the skills that entail: diplomacy, negotiation, political maneuvering, and the ability to navigate a room full of people who all want different things and leave with exactly what you came for. But what really makes a difference is that you are simply too important to be casually disposed of by your enemies. Instead of being executed on the spot, your political value ensures you'll be kept alive. Of course, this means you might be taken as a prized prisoner, or perhaps paraded around as a slave in a gold bikini if your captors are feeling particularly sleazy. Either way, your status guarantees you buy enough time to plot an escape or wait for a rescue.

Somebody Has to Save Our Skins [200]

Somebody has to be the one who actually does something, and it's usually you. While everyone else is busy bickering, freezing up, or trying to figure out whose fault it is that you're all about to die in a trash compactor, you're already assessing the situation and forming a plan. You possess a core of steely resolve and hard practicality that cuts through chaos like a blaster bolt through a stormtrooper: you see what needs to be done, you say it out loud, and people follow because you say it with conviction. The plan may not always be elegant, but it will be direct, it will be actionable, and it will get everyone moving in the right direction before the walls close in.

This Princess Does Not Break [400]

You've faced down the most terrifying enforcers in the galaxy without flinching, because you know that a true leader's greatest weapon isn't a blaster. It's their resolve. Your mind is an impenetrable fortress that no one is getting into without your express permission. Be it torture droids, telepathic intrusion, mind-reading, truth serums, magical compulsion, and many other methods that either invade your mind or force themselves against you will, all of them fail against the might of your mind. Your secrets remain yours, your will remains your own, and your mind remains exactly as you left it, no matter what is done to your body or how long the interrogation goes on. A prince(ss) does not break. Not for anyone.

The More You Tighten Your Grip [600]

The Empire has a habit of believing that cruelty is a solution. Against you, it is a mistake. Whenever your enemies inflict a genuine loss upon you, such as destroying something you love, taking someone you care about, or burning down everything you built, the universe has a way of ensuring that the victory they celebrate becomes the thing that undoes them. Instead of breaking your will, their malice triggers an unstoppable momentum that reshapes the entire conflict in your favor. Every heavy blow they strike to demonstrate their unopposable might inadvertently sets off a devastating chain reaction: exposing their own fatal weaknesses, drawing legendary allies directly to your side, and putting your oppressors on an inescapable collision course with disaster. They think they are crushing a spark, but by forcing you into a corner, they are merely providing the exact leverage, motivation, and opportunity you need to tear their regime down from the inside out. The tighter they squeeze, the more it slips through their fingers.

Droid Perks

Perks for Droid are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free

Six Million Forms of Programming [Free for Droid, 200 CP for Others]

Droids are built for a purpose, and apparently, yours was “be absurdly overqualified at one specific thing.” Choose a specialty: protocol, astromech, medical, combat, engineering, espionage, hospitality, or anything else remotely reasonable for a galaxy far, far away. Wherever you choose, you are genuinely exceptional at it, surpassing what any organic can achieve in three lifetimes of study. Naturally, your body also includes all the tools necessary for your specialization, so a medical droid has a full medical suite, protocol droids have a cultural database and voice emulators, combat droids have integrated weapon systems, and astromechs have all the tools needed to repair a failing hyperdrive mid-flight while being shot at. Conveniently, these systems are always stocked, functional, and somehow fit inside your chassis, whether or not that should physically be possible.

R2-1337 [200]

Were you perhaps made on the same assembly line as a certain whistling astromech? By physically plugging into a terminal via your scomp link, you can pull off the kind of digital wizardry that would make an Imperial systems engineer weep. Be it downloading schematics for massive battle stations, taking control of entire digital systems, or bypassing military-grade encryption, these are all tasks that can be done in a matter of seconds. Conveniently, your scomp link also seems to possess the miraculous property of being functionally universal, allowing it to connect to virtually any interface or computer by touch and making you one of the most capable digital infiltrators in the galaxy.

These Aren't the Droids You’re Looking For [400]

Ever notice how nobody ever worries about the droid in the room? As long as you aren't actively attacking anyone, biological entities will instinctively overlook you, treating you as little more than a harmless piece of equipment. You can roll right past heavily armed guards, listen in on highly classified meetings, and escape notice entirely. Whether you're wheeling through an Imperial checkpoint or sitting quietly in the corner of a Rebel briefing, you're simply part of the furniture. Just a droid. Nothing to worry about.

Warranty Not Void [600]

Whether you get blasted by a stormtrooper, dismantled by Jawas, or blown to pieces by a thermal detonator, you'll find that it takes more than a trip to the scrap heap to finish you off. You can survive catastrophic bodily damage so long as your central processor remains intact, meaning that short of having your brain completely vaporized, there isn't much the galaxy can throw at you that you can't come back from. Lost an arm? Inconvenient. Blown in half? Annoying. Scattered across a battlefield in a dozen pieces? Someone will sort it out eventually. In fact, this extends beyond the physical as well, as no memory wipe, forced part replacement, or accumulated Ship of Theseus tinkering will ever cause you to lose yourself. Furthermore, your body can be reassembled by anyone with basic tools and a reasonable amount of patience - no specialized engineering degree required. Even a farmboy who's never seen the inside of a droid in his life could probably put you back together with enough time and the right motivation.

Imperial Officer Perks

Perks for Imperial Officer are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free

Imperial Academy [100]

There is a reason the Empire's military is the most feared fighting force in the galaxy, and a large part of it comes down to the quality of the people it trains. You are a product of that training at its very finest, having learned naval tactics, military logistics, and every facet of command expected of an Imperial officer. More than simple knowledge, you possess the discipline and professionalism expected from the Empire's best. You know how to command subordinates, navigate superior officers, maintain order under pressure, and project the kind of competence that makes people stand straighter when you walk into the room. Whether coordinating a starship engagement, managing a military installation, or drowning in enough paperwork to conquer a small moon, you know exactly what you are doing.

Rule Through Fear [200]

Hope is a dangerous thing to leave alive in your enemies. You understand this better than most, and more importantly, you know exactly how to extinguish it. You are a master of psychological warfare and terror tactics, possessing an intuitive grasp of how to apply violence and suppression not just as a show of force but as a precise instrument of control. Where a lesser commander might inspire rebellion through brutality, you inspire something far more useful: a deep, paralyzing apathy that settles over a population like a fog and doesn't lift. Your displays of overwhelming force don't make people angry. They make people quiet, compliant, and certain that resistance is not merely dangerous but pointless. The math is simple, and you have always understood it: a population that fears you will not rise against you, and a population that has seen what you are capable of and chosen silence has already made their peace with your authority. It is not a pleasant way to rule, but it is an effective one.

I (Don’t) Assume all Responsibility [400]

The Empire is not a forgiving employer, and its supreme enforcer has a well-documented habit of expressing his disappointment through people's throats. Somehow, you have found a way to make none of that apply to you. You possess an almost supernatural ability to navigate the treacherous political landscape of Imperial command, knowing instinctively how to shift blame onto the nearest available subordinate, reframe catastrophic blunders as temporary and entirely manageable setbacks, and present yourself to your superiors as someone so indispensable that the very idea of removing you becomes unthinkable. Entire fleets could go missing on your watch, and you would emerge from the debrief with your rank intact and your windpipe completely uncompressed (which is no small achievement in an organization where Lord Vader exists). Of course, this doesn’t mean you are immune to consequences, but whatever consequences do find their way to you will never be fatal to your career, your standing, or your continued existence - which, in the Empire, is really all anyone can ask for.

No Such Thing as a Bad Soldier [600]

The reputation of Imperial Stormtroopers as galaxy-class marksmen has been called into question on more than one occasion. Not under your command. Whatever military asset you find yourself in charge of - be it a squad of troopers, a Star Destroyer, or even a moon-sized battle station with enough firepower to end a civilization - operates at a level of efficiency that would make the Imperial Academy's instructors weep with pride. Your troops always shoot straight. Your engineers don't miss design flaws that a first-year student could have caught. Your subordinates receive an order and carry it out with a speed and precision that leaves no room for hesitation, miscommunication, or the kind of breathtaking incompetence that has historically done more damage to the Empire than the entire Rebel Alliance combined. Under your command, the machine works exactly as it was designed to. Every component, every soldier, every officer performing at the absolute peak of their capability. When you are at the helm, the only thing the galaxy will have left to say about your forces is that they are utterly terrifying in their perfection.

Sith Perks

Perks for Sith are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free

A Master of Evil [100]

The dark side is not merely a source of power. It is a philosophy, a discipline, and in your hands, a finely honed instrument of absolute control. You possess an enhanced and intuitive mastery over everything that the light side would rather pretend doesn't exist: terror, oppression, torture, manipulation, murder, and the full spectrum of cruelty that lies between them. You know exactly how much pressure breaks a person and exactly when to apply it. You understand instinctively how fear spreads through a population and how to cultivate it deliberately. Manipulation comes as naturally to you as breathing, and your capacity for calculated cruelty is matched only by your understanding of exactly when and how to deploy it for maximum effect. This does not force you to be evil, but should you decide to pursue the role of tyrant, dark lord, corrupt official, or manipulative mastermind, you will discover that you are qualified for the position.

Sorcerer's Grip [200]

The dark side does not recognize the concept of being out of reach. Your mastery over telekinetic force and all your abilities are terrifyingly precise, requiring nothing more than intent, concentration, and a target within your awareness. Crushing windpipes, snapping necks, pinning opponents helplessly in place, manipulating machinery, tearing weapons from hands, or operating complex systems from across a room are all effortless applications of your power and abilities. More disturbingly, your reach is not strictly limited by physical proximity. So long as you possess clear visual contact with your target - even through cameras, sensor feeds, holograms, or live transmissions - you can exert your abilities through that connection. In practical terms, this means that an incompetent subordinate can be disciplined from another star system, an enemy commander can discover that hiding behind a viewscreen was a catastrophic misunderstanding of how your powers function, and "not physically present" ceases to be a meaningful defense against your displeasure.

Power of the Dark Side [400]

The Jedi will tell you that negative emotions are a weakness to be overcome. They are wrong. Pain, anger, fear, hatred - these are not obstacles to your power; they are the source of it. The more intensely you feel them, the stronger you become, your abilities sharpening and your connection to the Force deepening with every surge of rage, every moment of anguish, every flash of hatred that courses through you. And what you can do with your own darkness, you can do to others. You possess an intuitive ability to sense the negative emotions buried within those around you - the anger they suppress, the fear they hide, the grief they carry - and an equally intuitive understanding of exactly how to draw those emotions to the surface. Be it a precisely chosen word, a carefully orchestrated situation, or a moment of loss or humiliation applied at exactly the right time, you know instinctively how to crack someone open and let the darkness in. Armies can be fought, but turning someone’s heart against them is a victory that no army in the galaxy has ever found a defense for.

Everything Is Proceeding As I Have Foreseen [600]

Centuries of Sith philosophy have produced many things, but none quite so dangerous as a patient mind with a long view. You possess an extraordinary capacity for manipulation and long-term planning that operates on a scale most people couldn't conceive of, thinking years ahead of everyone around you and mapping the consequences of decisions that haven't been made yet by people who don't know they're already part of your design. From nothing more than a handful of observed details, a conversation, a weakness glimpsed in an unguarded moment, you can map out exactly how a person will think, act, and react when the time comes. Be it senators, generals, Jedi, or heroes, they all believe they are making their own choices, following their own convictions, acting on their own initiative, all while walking down a path you designed. It is, in short, precisely the kind of mind that could engineer a republic's collapse from within, and emerge from the chaos wearing a crown that nobody realized was always meant for you.

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 also gain the blueprint of anything you buy here.

Galaxy Blasters [50/100]

With this purchase, you can purchase any blaster pistol or rifle/carbine that was actively used during this time period or shortly before it. This will be a standard sample with no unique modifications. For 50, these are samples available to civilians; for 100, they are already military-grade. You can also choose personal repeating blasters. You can also choose non-blaster weapons.

Starship of Choice [100 - 400]

This option allows you to purchase any vehicle or starship from the original trilogy that isn't already featured as a specific standalone item in this jump. For **100 CP,** you can claim a vehicle such as an X-34 Landspeeder. For **200 CP**, you can claim a standard starfighter, frontline interceptor, or heavy bomber, such as a Y-Wing, A-Wing, B-Wing, standard TIE Fighter, TIE Interceptor, or a TIE Bomber. For **300 CP**, you step up to a military shuttle or medium transport, such as a Lambda-class Shuttle, Jabba's Sail Barge, or Boba Fett's Firespray-31 Patrol Craft. For **400 CP,** you take command of a flagship, such as a Mon Calamari Star Cruiser.

Restraining Bolt Kit [100]

An elegant solution to the problem of machine free will. This is a small case containing a generous supply of restraining bolts and a handheld control unit. When attached to a robot, artificial or sufficiently mechanical being, the restraining bolt allows you to track and control the target with absolute authority. Most ordinary machines and droids will comply automatically once fitted. More advanced, or intelligent robotic beings may resist, require additional effort to subdue, or find creative ways around poorly written instructions, but the bolts remain remarkably effective technology for something small enough to fit in a pocket. The kit replenishes each month.

The Parts Bin [100/200]

A massive cube of a container, two meters on every side, packed floor to ceiling with every spare part, component, and piece of raw hardware that the galaxy has ever produced or will ever produce. Common components appear with reliable frequency, while rarer materials such as hypermatter circuits or exotic alloys require some dedicated rummaging to unearth. Given enough time and patience to search through its depths, you will always be able to fish out the exact pieces needed to repair, modify, or completely construct any piece of technology from scratch. For an additional **100 CP**, the container expands to ten meters on every side - enough space to lay out full ship components, work on large-scale machinery, and tackle projects that the two-meter version could supply but never comfortably accommodate.

Bounty Hunter Armor [200]

A complete set of heavily customized durasteel combat plating built to survive the harshest environments in the galaxy. The reinforced armor panels provide exceptional protection against heavy blaster fire and kinetic impacts. The fully sealed helmet is equipped with a tactical Heads-Up Display (HUD) and a rangefinder, offering night vision, target tracking, and enhanced situational awareness. For mobility and heavy fire support, a combat jetpack allows for rapid flight, hovering, and precise aerial maneuvering, capped off with a top-mounted concussion rocket. The weaponized wrist gauntlets round out the suit's features, housing a pressurized mini-flamethrower and a whipcord cable launcher for capturing targets alive. The suit is fully sealed against vacuum.

Monster Pet [200/100]

A towering behemoth of muscle, claws, and dense, blaster-resistant hide, this fully grown Rancor is completely loyal to you, viewing you as its undisputed pack leader and obeying your commands perfectly. Whether you keep it beneath your throne room or unleash it into the battlefield, it is an absolute force of nature capable of tearing through infantry and vehicles alike. If a massive, leathery subterranean reptile doesn't quite suit your aesthetic, you can instead opt for a savage, snow-white Wampa straight from the frozen wastes of Hoth. And if neither of those quite fits what you had in mind, you may instead purchase any creature of appropriate size from the Star Wars galaxy for the same price - or, if you prefer something that won't occasionally destroy the furniture, a smaller and more manageable companion animal of your choice for 100 CP. If your monster enforcer should ever fall in battle, it will return perfectly healthy and fully healed six months later. Just try to keep it away from lowering hydraulic blast doors and resourceful Jedi.

Sarlacc Pit [200]

Every respectable crime lord, dark overlord, or excessively dramatic individual deserves a memorable disposal method. You possess your very own Sarlacc Pit: a massive, stationary apex predator embedded into a location of your choosing (like your Warehouse). Fully grown and extremely hungry, it serves admirably as a security measure, execution method, tourist attraction, or conversation piece. The Sarlacc is loyal to you, recognizes designated allies, and can be instructed not to eat people you actually intended to keep alive. More practically, its digestive capabilities are incredible: organic matter, machinery, hazardous waste, cursed artifacts, inconvenient evidence, or just ordinary trash can all be fed into the pit and dissolved completely without a trace, ensuring your stronghold remains entirely clutter-free. For those unfortunate enough to be cast into its depths alive, the creature provides the ultimate form of underworld torment, keeping its victims' vital functions intact while slowly digesting them over a grueling span of a thousand years.

Vehicle Bay [200]

A massive, state-of-the-art hangar facility designed to serve as the ultimate storage and maintenance hub for your entire personal armada. This bay automatically expands to comfortably house every single vehicle, starfighter, and colossal capital ship you currently own or acquire in the future, ensuring you never run out of parking space regardless of your fleet's size. The facility comes fully equipped with automated repair systems, universal refueling stations, and an endless inventory of tools and spare parts necessary to keep your transports in peak operational condition. A dedicated complement of specialized maintenance droids is included to handle routine tune-ups and custom modifications while you are busy elsewhere. This can be attached to your warehouse or integrated into any property you own.

Jabba’s Palace [200]

A sprawling desert fortress once fit for one of the most powerful crime lords in the galaxy. Whether this is Jabba's former palace on Tatooine, a near-identical structure elsewhere, or an entirely new stronghold is up to you. The palace comes fully staffed with loyal servants, guards, technicians, cooks, musicians, and assorted hangers-on needed to keep such a place running. It contains lavish living quarters, banquet halls, secure vaults, armories, dungeons, garages, landing pads, and enough hidden passages to keep assassins employed for years. The structure itself is heavily fortified and capable of withstanding anything short of a dedicated military assault. Perhaps most importantly, the palace possesses the same reputation as the original: smugglers, bounty hunters, mercenaries, crime bosses, and other members of the galaxy's underworld will naturally know of its existence and view it as neutral ground for business dealings. If someone needs a job done, wants to collect a bounty, or has something extremely illegal to sell, word has a habit of finding its way here. It is the ultimate seat of power for an aspiring underworld kingpin.

Ewok Village [200]

You now own a sprawling network of thatched huts, wooden suspension bridges, and elevated platforms built high into the canopy of a massive forest. This settlement is populated by a thriving, full-sized tribe of Ewoks. While they may superficially resemble cuddly, knee-high teddy bears, these diminutive locals are actually remarkably resourceful, fierce, and borderline-psychopathic apex predators. They possess an uncanny mastery of their environment, capable of using basic timber, vines, and stones to construct devastating, guerrilla-style traps (ranging from massive swinging log deadfalls to hidden pitfalls) that can effortlessly crush infantry and armored vehicles alike. The tribe will treat you neutrally as long as you don’t show yourself as a threat. Furthermore, due to a quirk in their brains, if you happen to be a droid (or if you present a sufficiently shiny, golden machine companion to them), the Ewoks will instantly elevate you to the status of a living god. Under this divine mandate, they will follow your every order with fanatical devotion, whether you are commanding them to wage a holy war on your enemies or merely demanding to be carried around on a primitive throne. The village replenishes itself weekly if some of the Ewoks die.

Workshop [200]

A fully equipped workspace designed for the hands-on engineer, mechanic, or tinkerer. This workshop comes with all sorts of advanced tools from the galaxy, and with them, you can construct and repair starship components, modify vehicles, build droids from the ground up, assemble weapons, and perform many other engineering feats that would be considerably harder and take considerably longer without the right environment to do them in. The workspace itself is smart about what you need, expanding comfortably to accommodate large-scale projects that require room to work and compressing down for precise, delicate work that demands a steadier, more controlled environment. Most usefully of all, anything brought in for repair is fixed at ten times the speed it would take anywhere else. Something quite useful to have.

Gangsters [400]

Not necessarily "gangsters"; they could simply be mercenaries, or local government police, or whatever else makes sense for your situation. In any case, you'll get about 50 well-trained fighters equipped to the level of Imperial Army infantry. You can choose the composition in terms of race (unless it has any special advantages) and the squad's equipment (for example, specific models common at the time), or, for example, you need a certain ratio: infantry riflemen, snipers, melee fighters, or technicians/engineers.

Criminal Empire [400]

Every criminal empire starts somewhere. This purchase grants you the foundational core of your own illicit syndicate. At the start of your journey, this empire begins small, consisting of a fiercely loyal inner circle, a secure safehouse, and a minor foothold in local rackets like smuggling or drug trafficking. However, this organization is built to scale dynamically: the more personal effort, strategy, and resources you invest into its operations, the faster and wider it expands. With steady work, your operation will inevitably swallow up local rivals and corrupt regional authorities, growing into a planetary syndicate that controls the globe's underworld economy. Continued effort allows it to breach the atmosphere, evolving into an interstellar empire on par with the Hutts, complete with its own shadow fleets, political leverage, and supply lines that span star systems. In future jumps, you can import your criminal network into the local setting.

Mos Eisley [600]

You own a city, though not a particularly glamorous one. What it lacks in beauty, culture, and basic municipal hygiene, it more than compensates for in character, strategic value, and the kind of perpetual criminal activity that generates a surprisingly robust local economy. The cantina alone is worth the price of admission, serving drinks to a clientele of such spectacular variety that a first-time visitor could be forgiven for assuming they had stumbled into the galaxy's least curated zoo. The spaceport handles traffic from every corner of the galaxy, which means information, contraband, and opportunity flow through it in roughly equal measure. Whether you need to disappear from galactic authorities, recruit a crew of expendable mercenaries who ask no questions, or acquire military-grade hardware that officially doesn't exist, this town has you covered. As its landlord, you receive a steady stream of passive income, and the city somehow always maintains a healthy population even if it is universally regarded as the most wretched hive of scum and villainy in the galaxy.

Cloud City [600]

Suspended in the upper atmosphere of a gas giant, Cloud City is one of the galaxy's more remarkable achievements in both engineering and audacity. A tibanna gas mining operation on paper, and considerably more than that in practice: part luxury resort, part industrial facility, part independent city-state. As its absolute ruler and Baron Administrator, you control the entire floating metropolis. The lower industrial levels feature massive processing sectors and specialized carbon-freezing chambers that pull in immense profits from the gas trade, while the gleaming upper levels host high-stakes casinos, luxury hotels, and pristine plazas catering to the galaxy's wealthiest elite. Because of its remote, politically neutral position, the city operates largely outside the suffocating grip of galactic authorities, making it a premier haven for discreet business and smuggling operations. You receive a massive, steady stream of passive revenue from both the industrial exports and the booming tourism sector, backed by a loyal force of local security guards to keep your skies secure and your autonomy respected.

Planet of Choice [800]

Why content yourself with a single city or a floating gas refinery when you can lay claim to an entire celestial body? You now hold the absolute deed, title, and sovereign authority over any single planet or moon from the Star Wars galaxy. Whether you choose Coruscant, Tatooine, or even Endor, the entire planet is yours to command. The local population recognizes you as their rightful ruler, and the local planetary bureaucracy administers the planet for you so you can avoid the mind-numbing paperwork. You can choose to place the planet inside the local star system or to keep it inside your warehouse if you wish.

The Death Star [800]

There are weapons, and then there is this. A battle station the size of a small moon, the Death Star represents the single most expensive, ambitious, and morally uncomplicated statement of intent ever constructed by any government in galactic history. The message it sends is simple: comply, or cease to exist as a planet. It is armed with a superlaser capable of destroying an entire world in a single discharge, supported by enough turbolasers, ion cannons, and TIE Fighter complements to handle anything short of the target having its own moon-sized battle station. It comes fully staffed with an entire military ecosystem: hundreds of thousands of personnel, from gunners and pilots to engineers and administrators, all of whom report up a chain of command that ends with you. Luckily, this version doesn't come with a glaring structural weakness like the original, so you won't have to worry about a single well-placed proton torpedo ruining your entire investment.

Scoundrel Items

Items for Scoundrel are discounted 50%, with the [100] item being free.

DL-44 Heavy Blaster Pistol [100]

Sometimes you just need a gun that doesn't respect the rules. This heavily modified DL-44 packs the stopping power of a full-sized blaster rifle. The factory safety specs are completely gone, the internals are overclocked, and it hits hard enough to blast right through plastoid armor or turn an enemy's cover into scrap. It's even got a stun setting for when a target is worth more to you breathing, though you'll usually be shooting first anyway.

Smuggler's Compartments [200]

A set of modular, lead-lined floor panels that can be seamlessly integrated into any vehicle or property you own. These hidden bays are completely immune to any type of search or scanning, including deep-scanning, X-rays, and physical inspections by nosy authorities. Whether you're hauling highly illegal cargo or hiding a couple of high-profile fugitives, customs officers could tear your place apart, and they'll still walk right over your stash without noticing a thing.

YT-1300 Light Freighter [400]

She might look like a piece of junk, but she's got it where it counts. This saucer-shaped freighter has been heavily and illegally modified. It features hidden quad-laser cannons, military-grade deflector shields, and a hyperdrive so fast it can make the Kessel Run in less than twelve parsecs. Inside, you'll find a holographic dejarik table and a surprisingly roomy cockpit. It also comes equipped with a low-power silent running mode, allowing you to completely dump your heat signature and look like harmless space debris on enemy sensors when you need to lie low. It won't single-handedly win a war, but it's tough enough to take a beating and fast enough to slip through a blockade before anyone can pin you down.

Clean Slate & a Favor [600]

No more looking over your shoulder in every cantina from Tatooine to Ord Mantell. All of your debts across the galaxy have been cleared. Completely. That massive bounty on your head is permanently erased, and any crime lord you once owed money to now considers your account paid in full. Better yet, you didn't just escape their wrath; you managed to earn the genuine respect of a major underworld figure. A powerful syndicate boss now owes you a major, serious favor. Whether you need a place to lie low, black-market connections, or some extra muscle to bail you out of a jam, you're starting with a totally clean slate and a powerful ally in very low places. This can be used once per jump.

Farmboy Items

Items for Farmboy are discounted 50%, with the [100] item being free.

Moisture Farm [100]

You are the legal owner of a fully functional moisture farm situated on a remote desert world, or an equivalent, modest agricultural operation suited to whatever planet you happen to be on. It certainly isn't a glamorous life, but it represents honest, hard work and provides a reliable, steady baseline income. The property comes completely equipped with everything you need to keep operations running day in and day out, including a network of moisture vaporators, subterranean living quarters, standard agricultural droids, and essential maintenance gear. It also comes with a healthy herd of banthas, ensuring you always have a steady supply of fresh blue milk. It serves as a quiet place to call home, a reliable fallback asset, and the perfect starting point for someone dreaming of leaving the dust behind for a larger galaxy.

Astromech Droid [200]

Every aspiring pilot needs a reliable co-pilot. You gain a loyal, slightly weathered R-series astromech droid (such as an R2 or R4 unit) that you likely salvaged from a junk dealer or tinkered with in a homestead workshop. Don't let its scuffed chassis fool you; this little droid is fiercely dedicated and incredibly versatile. It is an expert at starfighter maintenance, calculating complex hyperspace vectors, and bypassing standard electronic locks. Complete with a stubborn streak and plenty of personality, it's the perfect companion to help you keep a rundown ship together and navigate the dangers of the wider galaxy.

Old Ben's Trunk [400]

A dusty, heavy wooden chest that looks like it has been tucked away in a desert hovel for decades. Inside lies a treasure trove of a forgotten era. It contains a fully functional, standard Jedi lightsaber (with your choice of a blue or green plasma blade) and a floating Marksman-H combat training remote to help you hone your basic blaster-deflection reflexes. Additionally, the trunk holds several ancient, leather-bound journals detailing the foundational history, philosophy, and essential meditation techniques of the Jedi Order - which provides a vital foundation for anyone seeking to understand the Force without a Master.

T-65 X-Wing Starfighter [600]

The Rebel Alliance's finest, and then some. The T-65 X-Wing is already the most capable starfighter the rebellion has to offer, being fast, maneuverable, with a slot for an astromech droid, and armed with four laser cannons and a proton torpedo launcher that has ruined the day of more than a few Imperial installations. This one in particular was extensively modified by someone who clearly knew exactly what they were doing, outperforming a stock X-Wing in every measurable category by a margin of 100%. It is, in short, the ship that every Rebel pilot wishes they were flying, and it is yours.

Prince(ss) Items

Items for Prince(ss) are discounted 50%, with the [100] item being free.

Defender Sporting Blaster [100]

An elegant, long-barreled pistol that packs a highly accurate, lethal sting despite its refined appearance. Its real value is that it lets you bypass any security. The slim profile easily hides beneath flowing robes or diplomatic attire, and the weapon can be quickly dismantled into a few harmless-looking components. This allows you to slip the pieces right past imperial sensors, checkpoint scanners, and guards, letting you snap them back together in seconds whenever things turn ugly.

Royal Wardrobe & Funds [200]

Backed by a wealthy and influential planetary house, you never have to worry about running out of resources or looking out of place. You have access to a limitless wardrobe that includes everything from elegant diplomatic dresses and cold-weather combat gear to high-end disguises like a bounty hunter suit. Additionally, you receive a massive monthly stipend of thirty thousand untraceable, universally accepted credits, ensuring you can finance your operations anywhere in the galaxy without leaving a paper trail. An amount like this is enough to purchase a dependable used starship every single month, grease the palms of high-ranking Imperial officials, or completely outfit and supply a local cell of operatives.

CR90 Corvette [400]

Also known as a Blockade Runner, this massive vessel is designed for both diplomatic missions and daring escapes. It is incredibly fast at sublight speeds, allowing you to easily outpace standard Imperial patrol ships. The corvette features luxury quarters fit for high-ranking ambassadors, spacious cargo holds for supplies or equipment, and enough turbolaser batteries to comfortably fend off swarms of starfighters. It can easily absorb a beating while spooling up its hyperdrive, making it the perfect vessel for running planetary blockades or leading a cell of operatives.

Hidden Rebel Base [600]

Every rebellion needs somewhere to plan, regroup, and argue about whether the attack run is actually feasible. Yours is a massive, heavily fortified military installation (subterranean, temple-based, or otherwise tucked into whatever geography makes it hardest to find) equipped with everything a resistance movement needs to punch considerably above its weight. It has planetary ion cannons capable of stalling a Star Destroyer, powerful heavy shield generators, and a strategic war room where the best tactical minds you can find can argue over holographic displays of things that are probably going to get everyone killed. And in the hangars, a full squadron of X-Wings and Snowspeeders, fueled, armed, and crewed by pilots who have already decided the odds are irrelevant. It is not comfortable, but it is yours, it is hidden, and the Empire has not found it yet.

Droid Items

Items for Droid are discounted 50%, with the [100] item being free.

Fake Restraining Bolt [100]

A clever piece of underworld deception. This small device looks and registers exactly like a commercial restraining bolt, but its internal circuitry is completely non-functional. When attached to a droid (including yourself), it fools visual inspections and basic security scanners into believing the unit is fully compliant, locked down, and restricted from independent action. Imperial guards, Jawas, and scrap dealers will completely lower their guard, assuming you are a harmless piece of property bound by slave programming - and leaving you perfectly positioned to wander restricted areas, slice terminals, or launch a surprise ambush.

Integrated Tool Suite [200]

Your chassis (or a utility belt if you happen to be flesh-and-blood) is packed to the brim with a versatile array of high-tech gear. This toolkit includes a high-powered fusion cutter and an arc welder for swift structural modifications and emergency hardware repairs, and a built-in fire extinguisher to quickly smother engine fires or create a localized smoke screen to blind pursuing enemies. For communication and tactical coordination, a high-definition holoprojector and recorder allow you to map out base schematics or review captured security footage. Finally, an integrated electro-shock prod gives you a reliable close-quarters defense option, perfect for subduing enemies (especially organics).

Sandcrawler Mobile Workshop [400]

You own a massive, heavily armored, treaded Sandcrawler. While it has the hulking shape of a standard desert junk-hauler capable of navigating incredibly harsh terrain, the interior has been completely retrofitted into a state-of-the-art, fully automated droid workshop and industrial forge. This vehicle comes constantly stocked with a self-replenishing supply of spare parts, and thanks to the technology inside, it allows you to design, build, repair, and modify anything from a simple droid to a military vehicle completely on the move. Its thick hull easily shrugs off brutal environmental hazards and light blaster fire, serving as a highly secure, mobile facility for you if you wish.

Death Star Plans [600]

Every galactic tyrant thinks their massive pet project is completely invincible until someone finds the one unshielded exhaust port. Three times per Jump, you can plug this drive into any computer terminal, and it will spontaneously generate the complete technical data of your primary enemy's largest asset, whether that is an impenetrable fortress, a colossal superweapon, or a command flagship. Be it structural blueprints, security protocols, and most critically, the fatal flaw that the lead engineer somehow missed and that nobody in the entire chain of command thought to question, it is all there, laid out in precise and actionable detail. What you do with that information is entirely your business, but history suggests that the best answer involves a small fighter craft, a very precise shot, and an explosion visible from orbit. No Bothans were harmed in the production of this intelligence.

Imperial Officer Items

Items for Imperial Off are discounted 50%, with the [100] item being free.

Imperial Code Cylinders [100, 200 for Others]

It's hard to pull rank or access secure server rooms without the proper pocket accessories. This set of Imperial code cylinders grants you legitimate clearance to Imperial facilities, computer systems, and restricted areas appropriate to your rank. They are regularly updated, ensuring they remain recognized by security networks across the Empire. If you aren't an Imperial Officer, these cylinders still grant you basic security access within the Empire anyway. When used outside of the Empire or in future jumps, they function as standard security keys that provide a baseline level of basic access to local military or governmental networks.

IT-O Interrogator Droid [200]

Sometimes you don't have the time to wait for a prisoner to have a change of heart. This terrifying, floating black sphere is a specialized interrogation unit equipped with an intimidating array of hypodermic needles, sonic torturers, and chemical truth serums. It is incredibly effective at breaking down mental defenses and extracting information from even the most stubborn captives. The droid answers exclusively to you, ensuring total confidentiality regarding whatever secrets it uncovers. Additionally, its precise medical systems can be repurposed for your own benefit, allowing it to safely inject you with high-grade stimulants whenever you need a quick boost of energy or alertness.

Admiral/Moff Position [400, 600 for Others]

Climbing the military ladder usually takes decades of politics and backstabbing, so you might as well just skip straight to the top. This purchase grants you the official rank of an Admiral and Moff within the Galactic Empire, along with all the immense authority, prestige, and resources that come with it. You have direct command over planetary sectors, massive fleets, and thousands of personnel who will follow your orders without question. In future jumps, this background adapts seamlessly; whenever you enter or join any military organization, you are immediately granted an equivalent high-ranking officer position, ensuring you always retain your top-tier command privileges and authority.

Imperial-Class Star Destroyer [600]

Sometimes a stealthy approach isn't enough, and you just need to bring the biggest ship to the fight. As the ultimate symbol of Imperial might, this massive, wedge-shaped capital ship is built to control entire star systems. It comes fully equipped with a hyperdrive, batteries of heavy turbolasers, tractor beam projectors, and powerful deflector shields. To save you the logistical nightmare of operating a vessel of this scale, it arrives fully staffed with a completely loyal crew of officers, technicians, and security personnel. The ship's hangar bays are also fully stocked and ready for immediate deployment, carrying a standard complement of TIE Fighters for space combat, alongside several AT-AT walkers and landing craft to handle ground operations. This is an entire planetary occupation force at your disposal, all housed within a single warship.

Sith Items

Items for Sith are discounted 50%, with the [100] item being free.

Sith Lightsaber [100 / 200 for Others]

Ben Kenobi called it an elegant weapon for a more civilized age, but you're probably not planning to use this one for peaceful negotiations. This lightsaber features a red kyber crystal that produces a distinctive crimson plasma blade that effortlessly shears through reinforced blast doors, heavy combat armor, and rebel scum alike.

Meditation Chamber [200]

This spherical, life-supporting pod can be installed on any starship or property you own. Inside its sealed environment, the dark side naturally pools and intensifies, creating a potent focal point for your dark powers. Resting within the chamber rapidly accelerates your physical healing and can fully sustain your vital functions even if you suffer from catastrophic injuries that would normally require permanent medical life support. Additionally, this concentration of energy massively boosts the clarity and reach of your Force visions, making it much easier to peer into the future or sense distant events.

TIE Advanced x1 [400]

Standard TIE Fighters are notoriously fragile, but you don't have to settle for a mass-produced flying coffin. This prototype Imperial starfighter is a massive upgrade built for elite pilots. Unlike standard TIE units, this vessel is equipped with dedicated deflector shields and a highly capable hyperdrive, giving you the durability and independent interstellar mobility that regular Imperial pilots can only dream of. Most importantly, it features an advanced targeting computer specifically calibrated to interface with a Force-user's reflexes, translating your abilities into precision during a dogfight.

Executor-Class Dreadnought [600 / 800 for others]

Sometimes, bringing a standard capital ship to a fight isn't enough, and you need to remind the entire galaxy who is in charge. This massive Super Star Destroyer serves as your personal flagship. Measuring roughly ten times the size of an Imperial Star Destroyer, this colossal vessel stands as a symbol of absolute power, functioning as both a devastating weapon and an impenetrable mobile fortress. It comes completely staffed with a full, loyal crew of officers, technicians, and troops capable of managing its immense scale. The ship's cavernous hangars are stocked with a massive fighter complement and planetary deployment forces. Furthermore, it is equipped with the onboard infrastructure and resources required to maintain operations completely independently, allowing you to project power indefinitely without relying on external docks or supply lines.

Companions

Recruit Anyone [Free]

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

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

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

Chewbacca [50]

GGWWWRGHHH-RRAARRGH! Hrrnrrrgh rrgh arghhh gwwrrrghhh rrrgghhh. Rraawrgh hrrn rrgh arghhh hrrnrrgh rrrgghhh arrrgh! Ggwwrrghh rrgh arghhh gwwrrrghhh rrrgghhh rraawrgh hrrn, rrgh arghhh hrrnrrgh. Rrrgghhh arrrgh gwwrrrghhh rraawrgh hrrn hrrnrrrgh rrgh arghhh, gwwrrrghhh rrrgghhh rrgh arghhh hrrnrrgh rrrgghhh! Arrrgh gwwrrrghhh rraawrgh hrrn hrrnrrrgh.

Luke Skywalker [50]

A farmboy from the edge of nowhere who decided, against all available evidence, that he could make a difference - and turned out to be absolutely right about that. Luke is optimistic to a degree that other people find either inspiring or exhausting, depending on their current situation, possessed of a natural talent for the Force that continues to surprise even him, and firmly convinced that there is good in people long after everyone else has given up looking for it. He is not the most experienced fighter, the most seasoned pilot, or the most politically savvy person in any room he walks into. He is, however, the kind of person that the galaxy seems to have a soft spot for. If you stand by his side, you might just find that his defiance against the dark has a way of turning the impossible into reality.

Han Solo [50]

He will tell you upfront that he is only in it for the money, that he does not believe in the Force, that he has no interest in getting involved in anyone's war, and that as soon as he gets paid, he is gone. He is lying, but it will take him a while to admit it even to himself. Han Solo is one of the best pilots in the galaxy, a crack shot, a smooth talker, and the owner of a ship that has no business being as fast as it is. He is also, underneath considerable layers of cynicism, self-interest, and deflection, a fundamentally decent person who keeps showing up when it matters despite his very loud and very consistent claims that he will not. He operates on instinct, trusts his gut over anything else, and has a talent for improvising his way out of situations that he improvised his way into in the first place. He comes with a ship and a debt to a Hutt that is entirely his problem and not yours, though experience suggests it will eventually become yours anyway.

Boba Fett [50]

He doesn't talk much. He doesn't need to. Boba Fett's reputation does the talking for him, and it says everything that needs to be said about what happens to people who make themselves his problem. The most feared bounty hunter in the galaxy is a man of very few words, very clear professional standards, and a personal code that he follows with the same precision he applies to everything else (which is to say, exactly and without exception). Getting him to work with you requires either enough credits to make it worth his while or enough mutual respect to make the arrangement something other than purely transactional. Either works.

C-3PO & R2-D2 [50]

Wherever the galaxy's most important events are unfolding, these two are somehow already there, having arrived by a chain of coincidences that would strain credibility if it hadn't happened repeatedly. C-3PO is tall, golden, fluent in six million forms of communication, and incapable of delivering good news without immediately following it with several pieces of bad news. R2-D2 is small, opinionated in a language that technically requires translation and somehow never does, and personally responsible for more galaxy-saving interventions than his official service record will ever reflect. They argue constantly, agree on nothing, and have survived everything the galaxy has thrown at them entirely because of each other. Now, they're your problem. While Threepio wails about your statistical demise, Artoo will already be slicing the terminal to save your skin. They are a loud, bickering headache, but there is no better duo to have in your corner when the Empire closes in.

Obi-Wan Kenobi [100]

He has been waiting. For what, exactly, he was never entirely certain - but the years alone in the desert have given him the particular patience of someone who understood that the right moment would announce itself when it arrived. Obi-Wan Kenobi is what remains of the Jedi Order distilled into a single person: wise, measured, and possessed of a serenity that has clearly been earned the hard way rather than simply inherited. He is an exceptional fighter who would rather not fight, a gifted teacher who has learned from his mistakes, and a man carrying the weight of everything that went wrong without allowing it to become an excuse for giving up. He will guide you when you need guidance, challenge you when you need challenging, and say cryptic things at critical moments that will frustrate you enormously until the exact second they don't. He has been one of the last Jedi Masters standing for long enough that he has made his peace with it. What he hasn't made his peace with is leaving the work unfinished. That, more than anything else, is why he is here.

Princess Leia Organa [50]

Who could have thought that a princess would end up being the most dangerous person in the Rebellion? Leia Organa is a princess, senator, and revolutionary, and has been all three at once long enough that she has stopped seeing any contradiction there. She is also one of the more capable people in the Rebellion, a genuinely good strategist, and someone who has been doing this long enough that her instincts are usually correct. Working alongside her means either keeping up or accepting that you won't. In return, you get someone who is entirely serious about what she is fighting for and will not stop until the job is finished. Whether you find that inspiring or exhausting depends largely on how much sleep you have been getting.

Darth Vader [50]

Darth Vader is many things. He is the Emperor's enforcer, the destroyer of the Jedi Order, and the black gauntlet of Imperial power closing around the throat of the galaxy. He is also the strongest Force user alive outside of Palpatine himself, a military strategist of supreme competence, and a presence so total that hardened Imperial officers forget how to speak when he enters a room. Working with him is surprisingly simple. Be competent. Vader has no interest in excuses, little patience for failure, and absolutely no respect for people who surrender before the fight is over. But in return, he will offer you the service of one of the most capable beings in the galaxy. The Emperor built him into a weapon, and Vader has spent years proving that there are very few problems a weapon like him cannot solve.

Scenarios

Just Another Cog

It was supposed to be a simple tour of duty. Sign up for the Imperial Academy, get off your backwater rock, and see the galaxy in a clean white uniform. Yet the moment they slapped that plastic bucket on your head and handed you a mass-produced blaster rifle, you realized you were just a replaceable number in a massive military machine. You start the jump as a standard stormtrooper assigned to a frontline garrison right as the Galactic Civil War boils over. From kicking down doors on Tatooine looking for missing droids to freezing in the trenches of Hoth, you are the frontline. Along the way, you'll have to navigate incompetent, glory-seeking Imperial officers, dodge the unpredictable wrath of Lord Vader, and somehow survive the catastrophic destruction of moon-sized battle stations. When the armor starts cracking, and the Rebels breach the perimeter, will you hold the line for the new order, or find a way to make it out alive?

Reward:

Who would have thought that a faceless grunt in mass-produced plastic could have survived the absolute meat grinder of the Galactic Civil War? Your time in the trenches has taught you the value of being **Just a Number,** and that survival instinct has stuck with you. No matter what grand faction or cosmic empire you face in future jumps, you possess an uncanny ability to blend into the background as an unremarkable grunt. Security systems will overlook you as part of the scenery, and enemy commanders will completely underestimate your tactical threat until you're already behind their lines. Furthermore, your training has defied the galaxy's jokes; you possess flawless tactical discipline and marksmanship under pressure, ensuring you never miss a shot when it actually counts.

To commemorate your survival on the front lines, you receive your own personalized set of **Imperial Shock Armor** and a heavily customized **E-11 Blaster Rifle**. Unlike the cheap, mass-produced junk issued to the rest of the Empire, this suit of armor actually works; it offers perfect interior visibility, full environmental sealing against hazardous atmospheres, and is genuinely capable of absorbing direct hits from heavy blaster fire without leaving a scratch. Your E-11 blaster has been finely tuned to remove the standard manufacturing defects, never overheats, and features an integrated targeting computer that links directly to your helmet's HUD. It will grant you flawless target tracking even through dense smoke or pitch-black corridors, ensuring every single shot lands.

The Missing Spark

You arrived expecting a grand galactic civil war led by inspiring heroes, but someone completely wiped the board. Luke Skywalker never left his moisture farm, Princess Leia's blockade runner was completely obliterated over Tatooine, and the ancient Jedi masters are entirely missing from the galactic map. The Rebel Alliance doesn't exist - there are only isolated, paranoid survivor cells waiting to be stamped out one by one by the Imperial war machine. With the galaxy completely devoid of its fated saviors, the monumental task of toppling the Galactic Empire falls squarely on your shoulders. You'll have to build a unified resistance from the ground up, outmaneuver the Imperial Security Bureau, and face down the overwhelming might of Darth Vader and the Emperor yourself without a single prophecy to back you up.

Reward:

Who would have thought that a galaxy left entirely in the dark could be reignited by a single individual? Overthrowing a tyrannical regime without any fated heroes to guide you has turned you into **The Spark of Revolution**. From now on, your mere presence acts as a natural solvent to tyrannical control, spontaneously inciting unrest wherever you go. Just by walking through an oppressive society, you naturally breed sedition, defiance, and a burning desire for freedom in the hearts of the populace. People who have spent generations living in fearful complacency will suddenly find the courage to whisper behind closed doors, sabotage production lines, and riot against local authorities, completely destabilizing enemy regimes from the bottom up without you ever having to give a speech or hand out a single weapon.

To mark your triumph as the ultimate liberator of the galaxy, you claim ownership of **The Vanguard,** a state-of-the-art ship that serves as the ultimate mobile headquarters. Unlike standard military vessels that require thousands of crew members to function, this ship is heavily automated and can be completely operated by a small skeleton crew or a highly advanced droid brain. It features a heavily modified Class 0.5 hyperdrive capable of outrunning any standard pursuit, reinforced shielding that can withstand prolonged orbital bombardment, and a passive sensor-masking system that keeps it completely invisible to sensors and scanners. The ship comes fully equipped with medical bays, starfighter hangars, and a secure holonet transceiver that lets you coordinate operations across entire star systems without any risk of interception.

The Rule of Two

You've looked into the cold, black lenses of Darth Vader's mask and done the unthinkable: you proposed a partnership. Instead of joining the Rebellion to fight the Empire from the outside, you tapped into the fundamental law of the Sith to convince the Dark Lord that together, you can overthrow Emperor Palpatine and rule the galaxy. It's a terrifyingly dangerous game of high-stakes espionage and dark side plotting. You'll have to operate from within the highest echelons of the Imperial military, keeping your true intentions hidden from the Emperor's all-seeing eyes, and ensuring Vader doesn't simply choke you out the moment you outlive your usefulness. When the final confrontation in the throne room arrives, will you successfully strike down the ultimate master of the dark side, or will you just become another casualty of Sith ambition?

Reward:

Who would have thought that anyone could successfully dance with the devil and come out on top? Conspiring with the most terrifying enforcer in the galaxy to assassinate his own master has granted you the title of **The Shadow Apprentice**. From now on, you are an absolute master of high-stakes conspiracies and treacherous alliances. You possess a brilliant ability to form stable partnerships with highly volatile, paranoid, or outright villainous individuals without them prematurely turning on you. Furthermore, your thoughts, intentions, and secret plots are entirely shielded from any form of mind-reading, telepathy, or mystical foresight. Even the most paranoid dark lords and galactic emperors will see you as a fiercely loyal servant, completely blind to the knife you are holding behind your back until you finally plunge it in.

To cement your position as the new apex power in the galaxy, you are granted the **Executor-Class Dreadnought.** Sometimes, bringing a standard capital ship to a fight isn't enough, and you need to remind the entire galaxy who is in charge. This massive Super Star Destroyer serves as your personal flagship. Measuring roughly ten times the size of an Imperial Star Destroyer, this colossal vessel stands as a symbol of absolute power, functioning as both a devastating weapon and an impenetrable mobile fortress. It comes completely staffed with a full, loyal crew of officers, technicians, and troops capable of managing its immense scale. The ship's cavernous hangars are stocked with a massive fighter complement and planetary deployment forces. Furthermore, it is equipped with the onboard infrastructure and resources required to maintain operations completely independently, allowing you to project power indefinitely without relying on external docks or supply lines. If you have already purchased this item, your CP is fully refunded.

Defying Destiny

You knew the plan: sneak onto the Death Star, rescue the princess, and escape. But you also know the tragic price of that escape. As Luke and the others race toward the hangar bay, Obi-Wan Kenobi is locking blades with Darth Vader, prepared to sacrifice himself to become one with the Force. You've decided that the old wizard's story isn't ending today. Intervening in a duel between two legendary masters of the Force is a suicide mission. You'll have to navigate the labyrinthine corridors of the moon-sized battle station, breach tight hangar security, and physically disrupt a fated confrontation before Vader can deliver the fatal strike. Can you alter the course of history and pull the old master out of the jaws of death, or will you just find yourself at the business end of a crimson lightsaber?

Reward:

Who would have thought that a fated sacrifice could be undone by sheer grit and defiance? Saving a legendary mentor from their destined demise has granted you the title of **The Fate Breaker**. From now on, you possess a remarkable talent for disrupting "scripted" tragedies, heroic sacrifices, and narrative dooms. When an ally is about to lay down their life for the greater good or succumb to an inevitable, tragic end, your timely intervention shatters the absolute worst odds. You have an incredible knack for creating sudden tactical openings, unexpected distractions, or providing a vital burst of support that allows you to drag them back from the brink of death. Your efforts ensure that their survival doesn't compromise the objective, allowing you to secure both their life and the victory they were willing to buy with their blood.

Furthermore, your death-defying rescue and close exposure to the old master's combat style grant you **The Resolute Guard.** Inspired by the flawless defense of the man you pulled from the brink, you can easily withstand relentless pressure in combat. When holding your ground or protecting an ally, your physical reflexes and coordination sharpen significantly. You can redirect, parry, or evade a rapid barrage of incoming attacks from opponents stronger than yourself without losing your footing or breaking your stance. This total mastery over your defense ensures that you can outlast any opponent, transforming their aggression into their own undoing.

Saving Alderaan

You know the terrible fate awaiting the peaceful core world of Alderaan. Grand Moff Tarkin is prepared to use the Death Star's superlaser to wipe the planet and its billions of citizens out of existence just to make an example of them. You have chosen to stand in the way of this atrocity. To save Alderaan, you will need to infiltrate the moon-sized battle station or lead a desperate, preemptive strike against its vital systems. You must disable the primary weapon, sabotage the hypermatter reactor, slice into the firing sequence before the countdown reaches zero, or simply blow up the entire thing. Can you safeguard an entire planet from total annihilation, or will you perish along with the galaxy's brightest beacon of peace?

Reward:

By ensuring the firing sequence never completes, you are handed the keys to the world you preserved. You receive the unified prize of **Sovereign of the Core**:

Alderaan: You are granted absolute deed, title, and political authority over the planet Alderaan. The entire populace recognizes you as their rightful leader and savior. To spare you the burden of day-to-day governance, a fiercely loyal planetary bureaucracy handles all administrative tasks and paperwork on your behalf. You can choose to manifest this planet directly into the active star system of your current jump, or store it safely inside your warehouse.

The Global Apparatus: The full weight of Alderaan’s political and espionage machinery is now at your disposal. Highly influential senators will champion your agenda in legislative assemblies you have never even set foot in, elite diplomats will negotiate open access and bypass legal roadblocks for you across the galaxy, and an intelligence network will feed you classified information from enemy factions. This adapts in future jumps, embedding your web of spies, silver-tongued diplomats, and sympathetic politicians into the ruling bodies of new worlds to ensure you always hold a hidden lever of power.

A Very Wookiee Life Day

Put on your finest red robes, and grab your glowing Life Day Orbs, because it is Christm- uh, I mean Life Day! Against all odds and galactic logic, Chewbacca's family has invited you to their sprawling treehome on Kashyyyk to celebrate this day of joy, cheering, and absolute happiness. Your objective is simple: survive Malla's cooking, endure the hypnotic holographic musical numbers, completely ignore the deeply uncomfortable Imperial inspections, and successfully bring festive cheer to Malla, Itchy, and Lumpy. Just make it through the family festivities without losing your sanity.

Reward:

By embracing the festive chaos and surviving the ultimate galactic holiday, you receive the following prizes:

The Life Day Orb: You are gifted an authentic, crystalline Life Day Orb. This beautiful, translucent sphere glows with a warm, comforting blue-white light that never fades. Placing it in your home or warehouse instantly fills the area with a cozy, peaceful atmosphere, keeping the air perfectly warm and naturally soothing any minor arguments or stress among those gathered around it.

Seasonal Serendipity Perk: Life Day is a day of joy, cheering, and happiness! You will find out that on any holiday, you are just inherently luckier. In fact, it can be expected that incredibly good things will happen to you during these specific days. Whether you are finding a rare, long-lost heirloom sitting at the very front of a market shelf, watching an aggressive enemy faction unexpectedly declare a temporary truce just to celebrate, or happening to win the grand prize in a festive lottery you didn't even mean to enter, fortune smiles on you the moment the decorations go up.

But beyond these sudden windfalls, this fortune manifests most powerfully in your relationships. It grants a profound blessing when it comes to connecting with family members, acting as a cosmic bridge even if they have been completely lost or you have grown far apart over the years. Whether a relative vanished across the galaxy or a bitter misunderstanding created a decades-long rift, any holiday becomes a natural magnet for miracle family reunions, effortlessly bringing your family back together by pure, happy coincidence. Whenever the festive season rolls around, the universe itself aligns to clear away the distance and ensure your people find their way back into your life without you having to lift a finger.

From the Ashes of the Order

Note: You can only undertake this scenario if you are Force-Sensitive.

The Great Purge left the galaxy in deep shadow, reducing the Jedi to myth, scattered ashes, and Imperial propaganda. But survival was never just about hiding in the Outer Rim; it was about keeping the light alive. Your job is to emerge from the dark, recruit new students, and rebuild the Jedi Order from the ground up into a proactive, compassionate, and truly righteous force for good. You must seek out those who carry the spark of potential, teaching them not to isolate themselves in detached contemplation, but to stand firmly against tyranny and defend the defenseless across the stars. Create a new order that will not repeat the mistakes of the past, but will instead stand as a living shield for the helpless and an unyielding beacon of hope across the galaxy.

Reward:

By taking up the mantle of a true guardian and successfully reshaping the legacy of the Jedi, you earn the title of **Grandmaster:** This title significantly enhances your overall connection to the Force, deepening your awareness, control, and mastery over its currents. Furthermore, it creates a permanent, unshakeable Force bond with every single student you have ever trained. Through this profound network of connections, you can instantly sense their well-being no matter where they are in the galaxy, and seamlessly lend them your own physical and spiritual strength across any distance to aid them in their hour of need, ensuring your teachings remain an active shield for them even when you cannot be there in person.

You also receive the perk **Beacon of the Spark:** This grants you an innate, passive awareness that allows you to instinctively detect and locate individuals who possess Force-sensitivity. This spiritual gravity creates a subtle, mutual attraction that naturally guides you to potential students and draws them toward your presence. This ability remains fully functional throughout your journey, allowing you to detect Force-sensitives (or those with equivalent spiritual and supernatural potential) in all future jumps.

To anchor this new generation, you are given a magnificent **Jedi Temple**. This sanctuary (complete with training halls, meditation gardens, and an expansive archive of lore) integrates with your new Jedi Order to serve as the permanent foundation for your teachings. The entire complex naturally channels a grounding energy that accelerates your students' focus, discipline, and training. This ensures it stands as a safe haven where your order can thrive across generations.

Heir to the Empire

The galaxy expected total collapse when the Emperor and Darth Vader destroyed each other in a final, catastrophic clash of dark side fury. The Rebel Alliance celebrated, believing the Galactic Empire would fracture into warring factions overnight. They didn't count on Palpatine's ultimate contingency plan: a legally designated, undisputed successor: you. The throne is yours, but it is resting on a powder keg. The holographic crown on your head comes with the crushing weight of a million star systems on the brink of chaos. To secure your rule and stabilize the galaxy, you must step into the boots of the supreme administrator. This means ruthlessly suppressing an emboldened Rebellion, untangling a bureaucratic nightmare of hyperinflation, and solving a massive morale crisis by securing the astronomical amount of credits required to pay out the pensions for the families of the millions of soldiers who died aboard the Death Star. Keeping the Imperial war machine from tearing itself apart while the galaxy burns around you will be one of the hardest tasks imaginable. But if you can somehow balance the ledger, stabilize the economy, and crush the insurrection, you will be the architect of a new, unshakeable galactic order.

Reward:

By successfully stabilizing the galactic economy, pacifying the insurgencies, and honoring the families of the fallen to secure the unwavering allegiance of the military, you earn the title of **Emperor Eternal**.

As the **Emperor Eternal,** you gain a near-supernatural mastery over massive state infrastructure that allows you to flawlessly administer the supply chains and bureaucratic logistics of an entire galaxy all by yourself. You can process data, manage galactic trade, and direct sector resources right from the comfort of your home, completely eliminating the need for advisors, clerks, or middlemen to execute your imperial vision.

Your political authority also becomes an absolute, unshakeable force throughout your domain. Every single one of your subordinates will follow your orders perfectly, efficiently, and with total, unyielding loyalty, completely wiping out any threat of internal corruption, bureaucratic delays, or political fracturing across your empire.

Additionally, your hard-earned realm is yours to keep. The entire Galactic Empire (complete with its starfleets, industrialized worlds, and trillions of loyal subjects) will become an item, allowing you to bring it on your future jumps.

Drawbacks

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.

AU [Free]

Star Wars continuity is a mess at the best of times. Fortunately, that's now your problem. Upon entering this jump, you may decide exactly which parts of the franchise are canon for your stay. Want to include the comics, novels, and games? Go ahead. Prefer to ignore Disney canon entirely? That's an option too. You may freely add, remove, or combine official continuities as desired.

Crossover Toggle [Free]

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away... and several other places, apparently. If you wish, you may include any official crossover, parody, special, or guest appearance involving Star Wars as part of this jump's canon. Want to have a crossover with Family Guy, Phineas and Ferb, or even Robot Chicken? Go ahead. Just be aware that some of these universes take the laws of reality, common sense, and basic dignity far less seriously than Star Wars usually does. Not that Star Wars was particularly strict about them to begin with.

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.

Leave Early [Free]

With this option, you can end your stay here once the events of the Return of the Jedi are finished.

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 **200 CP** total from it.

Wanted Men (And They Don't Like Your Face) [+100]

You have the kind of face that galactic scum just love to hate. For some reason, you constantly attract the worst attention from local low-lifes, and they really don't like you. Expect to get picked on in every sketchy cantina you walk into, which means you'll probably be killing a whole lot of trash during your stay here.

No Disintegrations [+100]

Anyone you kill will instantly disintegrate into a pile of ash, regardless of how you actually did the deed. While this means you never have to worry about hiding a body, it also leaves any onlookers absolutely terrified of you. Good luck blending in or playing the hero when everyone thinks you're a walking nightmare.

Glup Shitto [+100]

That's you. Your name is now Glup Shitto, and you are stuck with it. For the duration of this jump, you are completely barred from using any aliases, fake names, or grand titles to hide your identity; whenever you introduce yourself, you can only use this exact name. Even if you choose to remain completely silent or try to operate anonymously from the shadows, a bizarre twist of luck ensures that people will somehow still guess your name anyway. And to make matters worse, people will also react with ecstatic excitement at discovering you are the famous Glup Shitto. At least you're popular, I guess?

No Underwear in Space [+100]

George Lucas's favorite rule is now your reality. You are absolutely forbidden from wearing underwear of any kind for the duration of this jump. It is definitely going to get uncomfortable, but hey, rules are rules.

A Certain Family Resemblance [+100]

The galaxy spans billions of stars and trillions of people, yet your romantic horizons have been aggressively funneled into a spectacularly awkward cosmic bottleneck. Every single time you find yourself genuinely attracted to someone, the universe will engineer a sudden revelation, an old holographic record, or a routine medical scan proving that you are somehow related to them. Whether they turn out to be a long-lost twin separated at birth, a distant cousin from an Outer Rim world, or an overly complicated branch of your family tree, any potential spark is instantly snuffed out. If you choose to seek out romance in this jump, prepare to make things incredibly weird for everyone involved.

Shyriiwook and Binary [+200]

You have completely lost the ability to speak Galactic Basic or any other standard humanoid language. Your vocal cords (or internal audio processors) are now permanently locked into two very specific galactic dialects: the guttural roars and growls of a Wookiee, and the electronic beeps, chirps, and whistles of an Astromech droid. While your long-term companions and a handful of highly educated linguists might eventually learn to interpret your chaotic mix of growling and static, the average galactic citizen will have absolutely no idea what you're saying. Good luck trying to negotiate a fair smuggling rate with a sketchy junk dealer, explaining your ship's mechanical failures to a port authority officer, or asking a random Tatooine moisture farmer for directions when all that comes out of your mouth sounds like an angry fuzzball throwing a tantrum inside a computer terminal.

More Machine Than Man [+200]

You've been given the Darth Vader treatment. Your body is sustained by cybernetics that are designed strictly to keep you alive, offering absolutely zero comfort. Your mechanical limbs are heavy, awkward, and a constant, frustrating reminder of your limitations. If you are a droid, you don't escape this: your components are downgraded to rusted, clunky scrap that barely keeps you operational.

Power Loss [+200]
All your out-of-jump powers, perks, and abilities are disabled for the duration of this jump.

Skywalker Family Tradition [+200]
Your dominant hand has been cleanly severed by a lightsaber. You'll either need to buy a cybernetic prosthetic or build your own, because your original arm is not coming back for the duration of this jump. Don't try to cheat, either: any attempts to circumvent this drawback will result in Darth Jar Jar personally appearing out of nowhere to chop off your other hand.

I Must Face Him, Alone! [+200]
You've caught a bad case of Skywalker Syndrome (again?). Whenever a major opponent presents itself, you will be compelled to confront them in a one-on-one duel, regardless of how terrible an idea that may be. Running away, sending someone else, or bringing backup simply isn't an option. The Force is fully committed to this bit too, as whenever such a confrontation occurs, your allies will always find themselves unable to assist until the fight is over. Let's hope your enemies believe in fair fights.

Switch Your Targeting Computer On, Skywalker! [+200]
If Stormtroopers have the best aim in the galaxy, then congratulations: you have the worst. Whether it's a blaster pistol, rifle, turret, or starfighter cannons, your accuracy is absolutely abysmal. Hitting a stationary target at close range becomes a matter of luck, and anything beyond that is little more than wishful thinking. Expect shots to miss by embarrassing margins, hit everything except what you were aiming at, and generally make a mockery of the concept of marksmanship. If you were planning to solve your problems with blaster fire, you may want to start looking into alternative career paths.

We Don't Serve YOUR Kind Here [+200]
There is just something about you that immediately rubs people the wrong way. Bartenders suddenly decide they don't serve your kind, merchants quote prices that are mysteriously twice as high as normal, and spaceport officials develop an intense interest in your paperwork. Expect an endless stream of "random" inspections, bureaucratic delays, and petty acts of discrimination wherever you go.

I Have Altered the Deal [+400]
You had better pray they don't alter it any further, because they absolutely will. From this moment on, the concept of a trustworthy alliance, a handshake agreement, or a binding contract does not exist for you. Whenever you make a deal, form a strategic alliance, or strike a bargain in this galaxy, the other party is guaranteed to turn on you. They will inevitably rewrite the terms at the absolute worst possible moment, stab you in the back for a higher profit margin, or immediately sell your coordinates to the authorities just to keep their own skin intact. Worse yet, this curse extends far beyond shady underworld contacts and untrustworthy smugglers. Even people you genuinely trust and consider true friends are not immune to this. Trust no one.

Name the System [+400]
The Death Star is going on a massive planet-destroying spree during this jump, and by sheer, terrible coincidence, it will always happen to target the exact planet you are currently on. You'd better have a very fast ship and an excellent escape plan, because you'll spend this entire jump constantly running for your life from a giant green superlaser.

You Are a Member of the Rebel Alliance and a Traitor! [+400]

For some reason (be it a striking resemblance to a high-profile insurgent, incredibly terrible luck, or just a vibe that pisses off authority figures), you have "Rebel Alliance" practically stamped on your forehead. Your alleged faction is glaringly obvious to everyone who looks at you. By default, every Imperial officer, stormtrooper, and local collaborator will instantly assume you are a treasonous rebel the second you walk into the room. Good luck trying to buy groceries or pass through a routine security checkpoint when the local garrison already has their blasters unholstered.

We Don't Need Their Scum [+400]

You've managed to completely infuriate a major galactic crime lord (someone with the reach, resources, and vindictiveness of Jabba the Hutt, or Jabba himself), and they have placed an astronomical bounty on your head. This isn't the kind of pocket change that attracts low-life spacers; this is a king's ransom, and it has caught the attention of the absolute deadliest professionals in the galaxy. The likes of Boba Fett, Bossk, and IG-88 are now actively, relentlessly tracking you across the stars. They will hunt you relentlessly, closing in on your position no matter where you run, and they cannot be bribed, reasoned with, or called off. The only absolute way to make the hunting stop is to kill them. Permanently.

The Dark Side Beckons [+400, Cannot be Taken by Sith]

The Dark Side has taken a particular interest in you. A constant whisper in the back of your mind, it is always ready to offer an easier path. Angry? It suggests violence. Afraid? It promises power. Attached to someone? It encourages possessiveness and control. Every moment of weakness becomes an opportunity for temptation. The worst part is that it's often right. The Dark Side's solutions genuinely are faster, easier, and more effective in the short term. Resisting it will require constant effort, because giving in feels natural, rewarding, and incredibly satisfying. Should you stop fighting its influence, you'll find yourself steadily becoming the sort of murderous, power-hungry tyrant that gives Sith Lords their reputation. The Dark Side is patient. It knows you'll have a bad day eventually.

Only Imperial Stormtroopers Are So Precise [+400, Cannot be Taken by Sith and Imperial Officer]

It turns out Obi-Wan was completely right. Imperial Stormtroopers are not bumbling mooks with terrible aim; they're elite marksmen, and the galaxy has finally gotten the memo. Every Stormtrooper now possesses absolutely flawless accuracy. Unless something genuinely improbable interferes with the shot, they will hit whatever they're aiming at. On the bright side, at least the Empire's recruitment standards have improved. On the downside, you're the one who has to deal with the results. Good luck.

The Force is NOT with you [+600]

You may still be able to use the Force, but it is absolutely not with you. The Will of the Force is actively working against you at all times, completely regardless of your light or dark alignment. As a result, your personal "Luck" is entirely non-existent. Instead, you and your allies will suffer from particularly awful, catastrophic luck in basically any situation, as the universe itself constantly twists probability to ensure that whatever can go wrong, will go wrong. I'd say "may the Force be with you," but... yeah. Good luck to you, I guess.

The Emperor's Prize [+600]

You have attracted the personal attention of the Emperor himself, and that is a very, very bad thing. For whatever reason, Emperor Palpatine has decided that you are worth far more to him broken than dead. He fully intends to destroy everything you care about, isolate you from your allies, and twist you into becoming his newest apprentice. He will actively direct the resources of the Empire against you, dispatching Imperial fleets, intelligence assets, inquisitive bureaucrats, and, when subtlety fails, Darth Vader himself. Worse still, he will exploit your fears, tempt your ambitions, and engineer situations designed to push you toward despair and anger. He has all the patience in the galaxy, and he won't stop until you are kneeling at the foot of his throne.

Ending

The final battle has been fought. The Empire has fallen, triumphed, reformed, collapsed into civil war, been replaced by a new Jedi Order, or somehow ended up ruled by a former moisture farmer and his collection of emotionally unstable friends. Now the credits are rolling, the medal ceremony music is playing, and somewhere in the distance a Force Ghost is smiling cryptically. Choose.

Stay

This galaxy has become your home. Perhaps you're ruling a world, commanding a fleet, running a smuggling operation, or simply enjoying a quiet life somewhere far away from galactic politics. Whatever your reasons, you choose to remain here permanently. Your Chain ends, but your story does not.

Go Home

You've had enough of Sith Lords, superweapons, bounty hunters, family revelations, and planets with only one biome. You return to your original Earth at the exact moment you left it, carrying everything you gained during your journey. To everyone else, no time has passed at all. Try not to accidentally conquer the planet.

Continue

The Force is vast, but the multiverse is even larger. You gather your companions, board your ship one final time, and set a course for another world. New adventures, new dangers, and new opportunities await beyond the stars. After all, there's always another galaxy far, far away.

May the Force be with you. Always.

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition
v 1.1 - Added an Extended Stay drawback, small fixes.
v 1.2 - Changed the Monster Pet to let you freely choose any animal from the Star Wars galaxy, added the Gangsters, Galaxy Blasters and Workshop items, changed the Millennium Falcon location to also include the Tantive IV as a starting point.
v 1.3 - added a fanfic toggle.

If you take any droid perks as an organic being, they manifest as cybernetics.
Gearhead lets you build any technology that has appeared in the canon Star Wars universe, though you can also build anything from the expanded universe if you go to a Legends jump.
Six Million Forms of Programming can be bought multiple times, but will cost 200cp for subsequent purchases.