Rogue One Gauntlet

A Gauntlet by SpazzWave. Version 1.0



Details

‘’Rebellions are built on hope.”

The galaxy is in the grip of the Galactic Empire. Whispers of a planet-killer - an ultimate weapon designed by the coerced genius Galen Erso - have finally reached the ears of the Rebel Alliance. The Senate is powerless. The Jedi are extinct. Hope is a dying ember. Welcome to the Rogue One Gauntlet. You are stepping into the boots of the galaxy’s most desperate heroes during the final days before the Battle of Yavin. As this is a Gauntlet, you begin with 0 Choice Points (CP). You are stripped of all powers, perks, items, and companions from previous Jumps, reduced entirely to your Body Mod. To purchase anything here, you must take Drawbacks.

THE OBJECTIVE

Your goal is simple, yet nearly impossible: Ensure the Death Star plans are successfully transmitted from the Citadel Tower on Scarif to the Rebel Fleet, and make it into the hands of Princess Leia Organa.

You will drop in roughly one week before the Battle of Scarif (coinciding with Cassian Andor’s meeting on the Ring of Kafrene and Jyn Erso’s rescue on Wobani). How you insert yourself into the plot is up to you, based on your Origin.

Because of the grim nature of this story, dying does not automatically fail the Gauntlet, provided you die after the plans have been successfully transmitted (or while handing them off in the Profundity's corridors). However, surviving the Battle of Scarif entirely yields a much greater reward.



Origins

All Origins are Free. Your choice determines your starting location, baseline memories/skills for the setting, and grants discounts (50% off) on your respective Perk and Item lines. The 100 CP perks and items are Free for their respective Origins.

You may, if you choose, insert into/replace a character represented by your Origin. If you do so, you start the Gauntlet in the same location they canonically did.

The Operative
You are the shadow of the Rebellion. Like Cassian Andor, you have done terrible things in the name of a brighter future. You may be a spy, saboteur, or assassin, and you don’t ask questions when Command gives an order.
You start on the Ring of Kafrene or Yavin 4.

The Survivor
You are a survivor, a street fighter, a mercenary, or a radical. Like Jyn Erso or Baze Malbus, your faith in causes has likely been burned away by harsh reality, leaving only pragmatic grit and a big gun. Once you find something worth fighting for, however, you are an unstoppable force of nature.
You start in an Imperial labor camp on Wobani or the streets of Jedha City.

The Defector
You wore the uniform of the oppressor, and you couldn't stomach it anymore. Like Bodhi Rook, you might be a cargo pilot, or an Imperial officer who saw too much. You are terrified, out of your depth, and hunted by your former masters, yet you hold the key to the Empire's destruction. You start on Jedha (near Saw Gerrera's compound) or Eadu.

The Devotee
You are a keeper of dead religions. Like Chirrut Imwe, you are a Guardian of the Whills. You are not a Jedi - you cannot lift rocks with your mind or wield a lightsaber - but you feel the Force flowing through you, guiding your strikes and shielding you from blaster fire until your destiny is fulfilled. You start in Jedha City.

Drawbacks

Jump Mode Toggle [+1000]

Maybe facing down the Galactic Empire stripped down to your base Body Mod and a blaster pistol sounds a little too much like a suicide mission. If you prefer, you can use this toggle to convert this Gauntlet into a Standard Jump. You start with 1000 CP to spend however you like, can use any Origin as a Drop-In to skip the memories, history and PTSD, and you have full access to all of your perks, items, companions, and the warehouse. Of course, this also means the safety net is gone, and dying becomes a chainfail. You'll also stay here for ten years instead of leaving right after the credits roll.

Liquid Misery [+100]

The elements have a personal vendetta against you. Wherever you set foot, the local climate immediately dials itself up to maximum misery. If you're on Jedha, sandstorms can kick up without warning, pelting you with grit, getting into your weapons, and making it difficult to see. On Eadu, the rain is relentless, soaking through your clothes and making it difficult to keep your equipment dry. Even on tropical Scarif, the weather isn't much better. The humidity makes everything feel damp and uncomfortable, and you'll be sweating before you've even started working. You are perpetually wet, shivering, or sweating, and bad chafing is just a daily reality.

Congratulations! You Are Being Rescued [+100]

Your allies have the tactical subtlety of an exploding thermal detonator. Whether it’s a ragtag squad of partisans or your own reprogrammed KX security droid, the people watching your back possess absolutely zero chill, tact, or concept of quiet. Every single stealth mission will inevitably go loud at the worst possible second. Someone will accidentally kick a metal canister down an echoey corridor, drop a live grenade while trying to prime it, or make a loud, sarcastic remark over an unmuted comm channel right behind a stormtrooper patrol. Worse yet, their attempts to ‘’protect’’ you usually cause more chaos than the enemy. Expect to get violently tackled face-first into the dirt because an ally calculated a 4% chance you were about to be spotted - instantly blowing your cover to the entire garrison anyway. You'd better pack extra blaster packs, because sneaking in is off the table; you're shooting your way out every single time.

Heavy Burden [+100]

Gravity seems to have an axe to grind with you. Everything you pick up, wear, or carry feels like it weighs twice as much as it actually does. That light blaster rifle suddenly feels like an unwieldy chunk of lead, a standard field pack drags on your shoulders like an engine block, and even your own combat boots feel waterlogged and clunky. Your stamina takes a massive beating because of this. Sprints between cover turn into desperate, lung-burning slogs, and a flat-out run across the battlefield will leave your legs screaming and cramping up in no time. If you have to do any actual physical labor (like hauling crates or dragging a master-switch communications cable across an open kill-zone), it’s going to take every single ounce of effort you've got just to move it an inch. You'd better pack light, because you’ll be feeling every extra gram.

Spice Fiend [+200]

You've got a nasty habit. Somehow, you've picked up a raging addiction to spice, and right now you'd gladly sell out the Rebel Alliance just for one hit. There's just one problem: the galaxy has gone completely dry. Between Imperial blockades and paranoid Hutt cartels, you won't find a single grain of spice to buy, steal, or scavenge for the entire duration of this jump.

You are stuck riding out a permanent, agonizing withdrawal. Expect cold sweats, blinding migraines, a nasty tremor in your hands that ruins your aim, and a hair-trigger temper. Going cold turkey won't kill you, and you can still force yourself to function, but fighting a guerrilla war while your nervous system is screaming for a fix is going to be pure hell.

Rebellions Are Built on Cynicism [+200]

For whatever reason, the Rebel Alliance High Command despises you specifically. Maybe they think you're an extremist like Saw Gerrera, or maybe they just don't like your face. Regardless, you get zero respect on Yavin 4. Mon Mothma will openly doubt any intel you bring to the table, and the bureaucratic Senators on the council will actively look for an excuse to have you arrested for ''warmongering'' the second you raise your voice or step out of line. Because the brass treats you like a dangerous liability, your reputation among the rank-and-file is in the gutter, too. Forget about giving one quick, inspiring speech to rally the troops. Convincing cynical spies, weary commandos, and Admiral Raddus's fleet to disobey orders and follow you on a suicide run to Scarif is going to be twice as hard.

Bor Gullet [+200]

''Lies! Deception!''

You begin the Gauntlet locked in a damp cell on Jedha as a prisoner of Saw Gerrera, and the paranoid extremist is completely convinced you are an Imperial spy. Before you can escape or talk your way out, you are thrown into a dark pit with Bor Gullet: a slimy, mind-reading octopus monstrosity that wraps its tentacles around your head and violently rips through your thoughts. While you will survive the ordeal with your core sanity intact, the creature leaves your brain badly frayed for the rest of the Gauntlet. Whenever you find yourself under high stress, your mind will start misfiring. Right in the middle of a heavy firefight or a tense infiltration, you'll be hit with blinding migraines, brief hallucinations warping your vision, and sudden short-term memory slips. Good luck inputting a stolen clearance code when you suddenly forget why you walked up to the terminal.

Imperial Tag [+200]

So much for flying under the radar. You are officially marked as a wanted criminal in the Empire's central database, and your biometric data is flagged across the entire sector. Walking through occupied territory is now a constant headache. Stormtrooper patrols on civilian worlds like Jedha or the Ring of Kafrene will instinctively single you out of a crowd and stop you for rough questioning, while automated security checkpoints will instantly recognize your face and sound the alarm. Even the Empire's computers seem to have it out for you. Because your digital footprint is blacklisted, security systems actively fight your intrusion attempts. Whether you're doing it by hand, using a stolen code cylinder, or relying on a droid, slicing into locked blast doors and data terminals takes twice as long as normal - leaving you standing out in the open like a sitting duck while the alarms blare.

Krennic’s Ire [+400]

You have managed to earn the personal, vein-popping fury of Director Orson Krennic. As far as the head of Advanced Weapons Research is concerned, every leaked memo, compromised scientist, and catastrophic security failure surrounding Project Stardust is entirely your fault. And with Grand Moff Tarkin breathing down his neck to steal his glory, Krennic is desperate to tie up loose ends - permanently. He isn't trusting regular stormtroopers to do the job, either. Krennic has assigned his personal detachment of elite Death Troopers specifically to hunt you down. These aren't your average bucketheads whose aim you can laugh off; these are heavily armed, pitch-black armored killers who chatter in eerie scrambled radio bursts and simply do not miss. They will hound you across the galaxy. On the dusty streets of Jedha, they’ll be leading sweeps to flush you out. In the freezing downpour of Eadu, they’ll be locking down catwalks and setting up sniper perches on your flank. And on the beaches and corridors of Scarif, while the garrison deals with Rebel diversions, these executioners will be deployed with one overriding directive: bypass everyone else, put you in the dirt, and bring Krennic your head.

Imperial Precision [+400]

The old joke about Stormtroopers not being able to hit the broad side of a bantha is dead and buried. Every standard Imperial soldier you face in this Gauntlet is now a cold, competent, and terrifyingly professional killer. They won’t stand around in the middle of the street waiting for you to shoot them, and they certainly won't miss twenty times while you jog across an open beach. Troopers will actively snap to cover, lay down overlapping fields of fire to pin your squad in place, coordinate flanking maneuvers, and toss grenades to flush you out of hiding. Worse, when they get a clear line of sight, they shoot with lethal accuracy. Trying to survive an open firefight without heavy cover or the Force on your side isn't brave anymore - it's just suicide.

The Shield Gate Holds [+400]

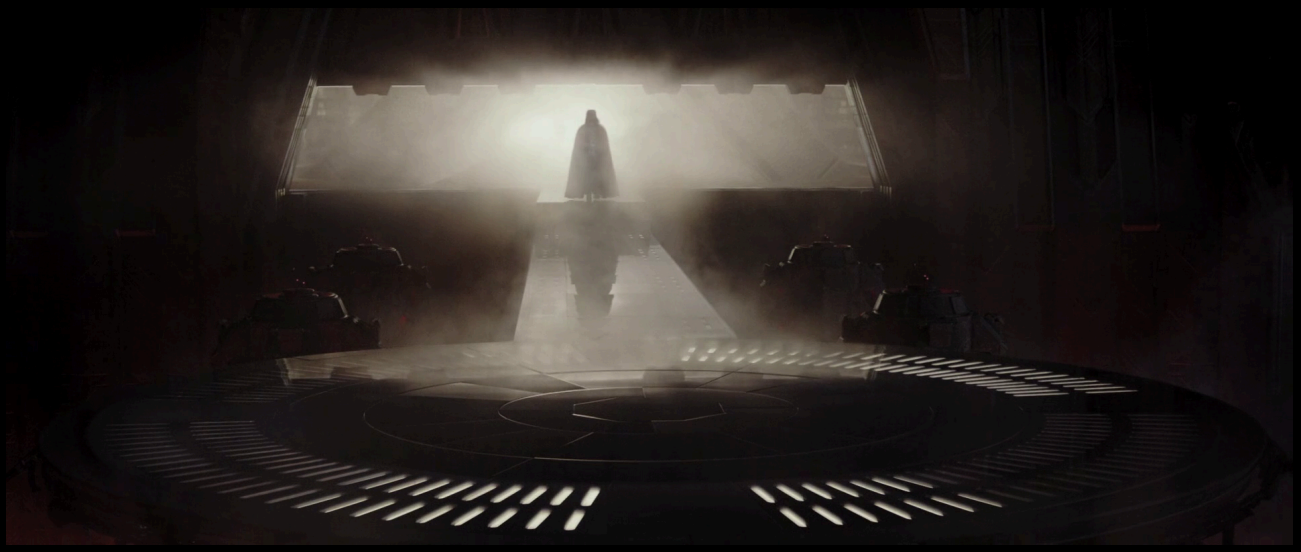
When you kick the hornet's nest on Scarif, the cavalry isn't going to show up on time. Admiral Raddus and the Rebel Fleet will hit a snag, dropping out of hyperspace a full fifteen minutes later than they did in canon. Fifteen minutes doesn't sound like much until you're pinned down in a warzone. Without the fleet drawing Imperial attention or X-Wings punching through to give you air support, your tiny ground team has to survive the undivided wrath of the entire Scarif garrison for an agonizingly long time. Worse, when the fleet finally does arrive, their famous Hammerhead corvette ramming trick is going to fail. The ships upstairs cannot break the planetary shield for you. If you want to transmit those Death Star plans, you’ll have to manually slice the Shield Gate open from the Citadel's mainframes or find a way to blow its controls from the inside.

Double Agent [+400]

Saw Gerrera’s paranoia isn't entirely wrong: there really are spies everywhere. One of your trusted squad members or local contacts is secretly on the Imperial Security Bureau’s payroll. Their cover is completely airtight; no matter how hard you interrogate your crew or watch their behavior, you won't be able to spot the rat until it’s too late. They will play the part of a loyal soldier right up until the most critical moment of your infiltration. Just when the pressure peaks and everything is on the line, they will pull the rug out from under you. Expect to find your comms equipment smashed to pieces, your escape shuttle’s boarding ramp locked down from the inside, or to hear the click of a blaster pistol aimed directly at the back of your head while your hands are full with the objective.

Lord Vader On The Ground [+600]

In canon, Darth Vader waited patiently aboard his Star Destroyer until the battle on Scarif was practically over. He isn't feeling that patient today. When Director Krennic's shuttle touches down at the Citadel, a second black shuttle lands right beside it. While your team is setting charges on the landing pads and sneaking into the data vault to steal the plans, Vader is actively stalking the base looking for you. He will effortlessly butcher your Rebel troopers on the beach, rip through sealed blast doors, and turn the cramped corridors of the Citadel into a slaughterhouse. You aren't just fighting an Imperial garrison anymore; you are playing a desperate game of cat-and-mouse with an unstoppable monster. If the lights flicker and you hear that mechanical breathing, don't try to be a hero - run.



General Perks

Basic Training [100]

Look, the galaxy is a rough place, so consider this the starter pack of skills everyone needs just to get by. First off, you aren't totally clueless anymore: you can read Aurebesh fluently and operate everyday tech like comlinks, datapads, and standard terminals without looking like a lost tourist. When the blaster fire inevitably starts flying, you know how to handle yourself. You've got the basics down: how to aim and shoot a blaster, and actually use cover so you don't get your head blown off. Finally, you get a much-needed boost to your cardio. Surviving here involves a lot of running, and now you actually have the stamina to sprint across long, sandy tropical beaches under heavy fire without cramping up, dropping your gear, or wheezing for air halfway to the objective.

High Statistical Probability [100]

There is a 26% chance of failure.

They say "never tell me the odds," which is a shame, because you always know them down to the decimal. Your brain now operates a lot like a reprogrammed Imperial tactical droid. With a single glance at a chaotic battlefield, you can instantly crunch the numbers on any immediate situation. You can eyeball grenade trajectories on the fly, get an instant headcount on incoming patrols, spot structural weak points, and calculate the exact statistical probability of surviving a mad dash to the next piece of cover. Thankfully, unlike an actual KX-series droid, you still have a filter and don't have to blurt out the depressing math to your stressed-out allies (unless you just feel like being a smartass). Knowing the odds won't magically rig the fight in your favor, of course, but you'll never walk into a crisis blind to the cold, hard math of the situation.

Make Ten Men Feel Like A Hundred [200]

Going toe-to-toe with a galactic superpower usually means you're going to be horribly outnumbered. Good thing you know how to make a tiny group punch way above its weight class. When fighting alongside a small squad, you act as the ultimate tactical force multiplier. Through coordination, suppressive fire, and clever use of both the terrain and well-placed explosives, your little fireteam can output the sheer combat effectiveness of a force ten times its actual size. Enemy commanders will be scrambling to counter a full-scale invasion, completely unaware that they're being pinned down by a dozen people with blaster rifles and a lot of nerve.

The Operative Perks

Perks for The Operative are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Been in This Fight Since I Was Six [100]

Some people join a war for grand ideals, while others just never really had a choice. Whatever your story is, a lifetime of surviving in the shadows has put pure ice in your veins. You are completely immune to panic, shell-shock, and hesitation when things go south. While rookies freeze up under pressure, your heart rate barely even ticks up. You've also developed a grim, ruthless pragmatism when it comes to the mission. If a panicked informant becomes a liability in a tight alley, you can shoot them in the back without blinking an eye and keep moving. Once the dirty work is done, you're an absolute natural at vanishing into the background. You know exactly how to keep your head down, blend seamlessly into crowded alien markets, and slip away before the nearest Imperial patrol even notices a body just hit the floor.

Rebel Intelligence [200]

Fighting a galactic superpower requires a lot more than just blaster rifles; it takes good old-fashioned espionage. You are an absolute master of covert tradecraft, deep infiltration, and slicing. Give you a stolen Imperial uniform and ten minutes to prep, and you can stroll right through a high-security installation like you personally own the place. You know Imperial clearance codes, daily military protocols, and that stiff, arrogant officer posture by heart, letting you bluff your way past checkpoints without breaking a sweat. And when smooth-talking isn't enough to get you into the vault, your technical skills take over. With a few seconds of work, you can bypass locked blast doors, hotwire grounded starships, and even crack open and reprogram captured Imperial security droids with startling speed. If there's a high-value secret locked behind enemy lines, you have every skill needed to steal it.

Hard to Put Down [400]

Getting winged by a blaster and taking a nasty fall off a high catwalk takes most people out of the fight for good. You're made of tougher stuff. Now, this won't save you from a dead-center hit to the chest, but when it comes to surviving rough falls, concussions, and grazing shots, your body is surprisingly resilient. If a bad impact knocks you out cold, you won't stay down for long; you'll wake up a few minutes later running on pure, stubborn adrenaline. More importantly, you have the sheer grit to function through blinding pain. Even when you're nursing cracked ribs, a scorched shoulder, and struggling just to breathe, your injuries won't cripple you while the mission is still on the line. You can force yourself back up, haul yourself up a tower one rung at a time, and still keep your hands steady enough to make the shot that counts.

The Survivor Perks

Perks for The Survivor are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Street Scrapper [100]

Growing up on the run and surviving Imperial labor camps doesn't teach you how to fight fair - it teaches you how to win. You are a dirty, vicious close-quarters brawler who relies on aggression, momentum, and pure survival instinct. Forget fancy martial arts; your style is all about brutal, ugly efficiency. Give you a collapsible baton, a heavy rock, or just your bare hands, and you can tear through armored Stormtroopers in seconds. Plastoid armor doesn't mean much when you know exactly where to hit it. You instinctively target the gaps in an enemy's protection, such as smashing visors, crushing throats, and kicking out knees, to drop bigger, better-equipped soldiers before they can even bring their blasters to bear. If an enemy makes the mistake of getting within arm's reach of you, they're going to hit the dirt hard.

Walking Armory [200]

Most soldiers need a heavy tripod and a two-man crew just to set up a repeating blaster cannon. You just sling it over your shoulder and start walking. As far as you're concerned, weapon weight and recoil basically don't exist. You can lug around massive, backpack-fed heavy weaponry without slowing down an inch, and hip-fire guns meant for vehicle mounts with scary, pinpoint accuracy. Better yet, your gear is just as stubborn as you are. No matter how hard you ride the trigger, your weapons will never jam, misfire, or overheat in the middle of a firefight. You also have an uncanny knack for making your ammo last; whether you're using a heavy generator backpack or a standard blaster clip, you can somehow stretch a single power pack across an entire, drawn-out battle before finally running dry.

Stardust [400]

You might not look like a polished politician or a decorated general, and honestly, that's probably why people actually listen to you. You carry the spark of a true leader: the kind forged in the crucible of pure desperation. When the high-ranking bureaucrats are busy arguing and cowering around a holotable, or when your squad is pinned down on a burning beach losing all hope, you know exactly what to say to light a fire in their chests. Your words cut right through fear and decades of cynicism. With a simple speech, you can rally broken survivors, jaded spies, and exhausted soldiers into following you straight into hell against impossible odds. Better yet, once they're with you, they are all in. Under your command, your allies become completely fearless, shaking off their doubts and fighting at their absolute peak right up until their very last breath.

The Defector Perks

Perks for The Defector are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

I’m the Pilot [100]

Someone has to get the squad into the warzone in one piece, and that job falls to you. Simply put, if it has engines and flies, you know how to pilot it. It doesn’t matter if you’re strapped into a clunky, heavy Imperial Zeta-class cargo shuttle or a nimble Rebel X-Wing - the moment your hands hit the controls, handling the ship feels like second nature. You aren't just trained for smooth flying in clear skies, either. You have the sharp reflexes needed to survive a chaotic dogfight against swarming TIE fighters, or pilot your ship through a jagged, rocky canyon in the middle of a blinding thunderstorm without clipping a wing. Frankly, there are few pilots in the galaxy as good as you.

I Brought the Message [200]

Walking into a rebel hideout wearing an Imperial uniform is usually a great way to get shot on sight (or worse, locked in a cell with a mind-reading octopus). Being a defector is tough, because nobody wants to trust a traitor. Thankfully, you have something that cuts right through the paranoia: undeniable, raw sincerity. When you speak from the heart and tell the truth, people can instinctively feel that you mean every word. Even when you’re a stammering, nervous wreck and your story sounds completely insane, hardened cynics and paranoid extremists will at least hold their fire and hear you out. As long as you aren't lying to them, you can bridge the gap between bitter enemies and earn a second chance you probably wouldn't get otherwise.

Brought Here for a Reason [400]

You used to think you were just a terrified Imperial defector who made one reckless decision to carry a message. But the universe doesn’t deal in coincidences; fate dragged you through desert cells, rain-drenched outposts, and Imperial crossfire for a reason. You are a vital piece in a much larger design. Whenever you fully commit to playing your part in a desperate mission (no matter how terrifying, small, or unglamorous the task), that sense of cosmic purpose spills over onto everyone fighting beside you. As long as you are actively putting your life on the line to do your job, an unbelievable tide of shared luck protects your squad. Improbable breaks start falling into place across the entire battlefield. Death Trooper snipers miss your infiltrators by a hair, failing power relays surge back to life at the critical moment, and jammed blast doors hold out against relentless fire just long enough. If your team is pinned down, a friendly starfighter will miraculously streak through the clouds at the exact second an Imperial walker takes aim. You might feel ordinary, but by standing your ground, you bend fate to keep your crew alive.

The Devotee Perks

Perks for The Devotee are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

I Am One With The Force... [100]

Who needs working eyes when the universe whispers everything you need to know right into your ear? Whether you are actually blind or just choose to close your eyes, your remaining senses are heightened to superhuman levels thanks to a faint, steady connection to the Force. Someone could throw a canvas sack over your head in the middle of a firefight, and it wouldn't slow you down a bit. You can map out your entire surroundings through sound, air currents, and pure intuition - tracking the subtle scrape of Stormtrooper boots in the dirt and the faint hum of a blaster charging up from across a noisy street. It goes deeper than just sharp ears, though. You can feel the subtle ripples the Force makes around people and objects. Just by walking past someone in a crowded market, you can sense the resonant chime of a hidden kyber crystal tucked beneath their coat, or feel the heavy shadow of dark, murderous intentions clinging to a man before he even reaches for his trigger.

...And The Force Is With Me [200]

Bringing a wooden stick to a blaster fight usually sounds like a death wish, right up until you actually start swinging. You are an absolute master of traditional, flowing martial arts. With nothing more than a simple wooden staff, you can crack and shatter Stormtrooper plastoid armor, sweep legs, and redirect clumsy attacks into friendly fire, knocking out half a squad of soldiers in a matter of seconds without taking a scratch. And if the enemy thinks keeping their distance will save them, they’re in for a nasty surprise. Your intuitive sense of timing translates into an uncanny, downright miraculous knack for ranged trick shots. You don’t even need a clear line of sight to hit a bullseye; relying purely on sound and feel, you can track the scream of a TIE fighter through a blinding rainstorm and swat it right out of the sky with a single well-placed shot.

Will of the Whills [400]

You aren't a Jedi Knight. You can’t lift starfighters with your mind or deflect plasma with a laser sword - and honestly, you don’t need to, because you serve the will of the Force directly. Whenever a situation looks completely hopeless, and a vital task must be done to save your friends or secure the mission, you can simply step out from behind cover and start walking. As long as you are actively moving toward that critical objective with unwavering faith, you cannot be hit by ranged fire. You can stroll slowly across a wide-open, burning beach while chanting under your breath, and an entire squad of elite Death Troopers will inexplicably miss you in broad daylight. Even explosions won't stop you. Grenades can detonate at your feet, nearby fuel tanks can erupt in fireballs, and artillery can tear up the ground around you, yet you'll walk through the chaos completely unharmed. However, consider yourself warned: the Force only shields you until your purpose is fulfilled. The exact millisecond you pull that master switch or finish your vital task, this protection vanishes completely - so you’d better be ready to dive for cover the second the job is done.

Items

Tactical Gear & Ration Pack [Free]

You can’t save the galaxy on an empty stomach or in soaking-wet clothes. This kit sets you up with the bare essentials needed to survive a rough week in the field. First off, you get durable, weather-appropriate clothing suited to the climate - complete with an all-important waterproof poncho, because the galaxy loves throwing torrential rainstorms at you when things go sideways. For hardware, you receive a reliable standard-issue blaster pistol with a couple of fresh power packs, an encrypted comlink to coordinate with your squad, and a rugged pair of macrobinoculars to scout Imperial outposts from a safe distance. Finally, tucked into your pack is a full week's supply of vacuum-sealed military ration bars. They taste like chalky, dried protein paste, but they’ll keep your energy high while you’re pinned down in a muddy trench waiting for nightfall.

The Operative Items

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

A280-CFE Convertible Blaster [100]

The Covert Field Engagement (CFE) blaster is the ultimate weapon for operatives who need adaptable firepower without carrying an entire armory. In its baseline configuration, it is a compact, hard-hitting blaster pistol that can easily be concealed beneath a flight jacket or drawn quickly from a low-profile holster for close-quarters engagements. By attaching the included modular components, you can transform the weapon into an assault carbine for mid-range skirmishes, or a dedicated, high-powered sniper rifle capable of punching through armor at extreme distances.

Stolen Uniform & Code Cylinder [200]

A crisp, tailored Imperial service uniform. Despite being illicitly acquired, the uniform fits you seamlessly and bears no suspicious wear, tears, or discrepancies that would catch the eye of an alert checkpoint guard. Tucked into the uniform's breast pocket is an authentic, functioning Imperial code cylinder. Encoded with solid mid-tier clearance credentials, this magnetized data cylinder acts as both a digital credential and an electronic key. Inserting it into Imperial data terminals, restricted turbolifts, and blast doors grants smooth, authorized passage without triggering silent alarms. As long as you maintain strict military bearing and project confidence, this getup will glide you past routine patrols and automated scanners within heavily guarded installations.

Reprogrammed KX-Series Security Droid [400]

Towering over organic soldiers on lanky, reinforced limbs, this jet-black ex-Imperial enforcer droid is an intimidating sight. However, the messy reprogramming that severed its loyalty to the Empire also completely disabled its behavioral inhibitor. As a result, it has zero filter, making it brutally sarcastic, deeply fatalistic, and prone to loudly announcing the dismal statistical probability of your survival. Yet, beneath the complaints and dry wit, it is fiercely, unconditionally loyal to you.
In a fight, this droid is terrifyingly strong. Its heavy chassis can shrug off small-arms blaster fire, and its limbs allow it to casually ragdoll grown men across rooms or catch and throw back live grenades without even looking. Furthermore, its retained Imperial databanks make it ideal for espionage, allowing it to slice directly into enemy terminals and convincingly escort you past patrols as its "prisoner."

The Survivor Items

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

Kyber Crystal Necklace [100]

A fragment of raw, uncut kyber suspended from a simple leather cord, reminiscent of the heirloom given to Jyn Erso by her mother. While it possesses no direct combat utility or weaponized power, it remains deeply attuned to the currents of the universe. Holding the cool stone in your hand acts as a spiritual anchor: it rapidly clears your mind of paralyzing doubt, stills panic, and fills you with quiet, unshakeable resolve. Wearing it also grants a subtle, almost imperceptible nudge to your fortune. It won't let you magically dodge entire firing squads, but it provides just enough of an edge to make a difference - a fatal blaster bolt merely grazing your arm, or an enemy hesitating for that vital, life-saving split second. Trust the Force.

MWC-35c "Staccato Lightning" Repeating Cannon [200]

While some put their faith in ancient religions, you can put yours in overwhelming firepower. This rugged heavy repeating blaster is fed by a thick, armored power cable connected to a massive 30,000-round backpack generator, turning a single soldier into a walking turret. It features two firing modes: a concentrated, overcharged single-bolt shot capable of punching clean through reinforced duracrete cover and heavy armor, or its namesake "Staccato" mode: a devastating, rapid-fire hailstorm of plasma that shreds entire squads of troopers and light vehicles alike in seconds. Despite its bulky, industrial frame, the backpack harness is ergonomically balanced so it won't hamper your mobility.

Munitions Cache [400]

When a dozen soldiers need to hit like an army, nothing speaks louder than high explosives. This weathered, heavy-duty canvas satchel is every saboteur’s dream, somehow accommodating far more ordnance than its external dimensions should allow without weighing you down. Reaching inside yields a devastating variety of hardware: magnetic proton charges with remote triggers for turning enemy landing pads into fireballs, Class-A thermal detonators for clearing bunkers, and heavy ion grenades capable of short-circuiting and crippling any vehicle in a single blast. Strapped neatly to the pack's frame is a collapsible RPS-6 rocket launcher, pre-loaded with armor-piercing anti-vehicle warheads. Best of all, you never have to ration your firepower. Once every hour, so long as you aren't looking directly inside the bag, the entire cache mysteriously restocks itself to full capacity.

The Defector Items

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

Imperial Flight Suit & Goggles [100]

A genuine, standard-issue utility jumpsuit worn by Imperial cargo pilots and ground-crew technicians. Built for long hours in cramped, rattling cockpits and hazardous hangar bays, the suit is surprisingly comfortable. It is fully weatherproofed against freezing rain and woven from heavy fire-resistant fabric, protecting you from engine flash-fires, electrical shorts, and near-miss blaster scorches. More importantly, it serves as the ultimate working-class camouflage. Because logistics personnel are a dime a dozen in the Imperial war machine, wearing this outfit allows you to walk openly across landing pads, supply depots, and docking bays without raising an eyebrow. So long as you look busy, guards and officers will completely gloss over your presence unless you give them a specific reason to stop you and closely inspect your ID.

Imperial Logistics Datapad [200]

Nothing ruins a covert insertion faster than realizing your stolen clearance codes expired yesterday. This battered, standard-issue Imperial datapad removes that guesswork. Hardwired with a ghost-link to the sector's central shipping network, its screen constantly updates in real time with the latest routing numbers, cargo manifests, and daily security encryption. Whenever you approach an orbital blockade, a planetary shield gate, or a restricted docking bay, the datapad automatically pulls up a valid flight plan and a fresh clearance code tailored to whatever ship you're currently flying. All you have to do is plug it into your cockpit's transmitter (or just read the numbers off the screen over the radio), and traffic control’s computers will register you as a routine supply run, waving you right through the checkpoint without a second glance.

UT-60D U-Wing Gunship [400]

A rugged Rebel troop transport built to drop soldiers into the middle of a warzone and actually get them back out. It comes equipped with a hyperdrive for long-range jumps, adjustable swing-wings that fold back for tight canyon flying or sweep wide to give your shields broader coverage during a hot landing, and fixed cannons. The lower troop bay has plenty of room for your entire squad and their gear. Sliding open the side doors reveals two mounted heavy repeating blasters, letting your gunners rain suppressive fire on enemy infantry. You don't need to leave a pilot behind in the cockpit, either. An integrated autopilot droid brain can take the controls while you're in the dirt, keeping the gunship circling overhead to provide air support until you call it down for a fast extraction.

The Devotee Items

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

Unbreakable Wooden Staff [100]

At first glance, this just looks like a simple walking stick, but it’s actually carved from heavy, sacred wood. There’s a tiny sliver of glowing kyber crystal tucked inside the tip, which works as a dim lantern in the dark and gives the staff a faint, noticeable hum in your hands. In a brawl, this thing hits like a lead pipe. It makes a deeply satisfying thwack when you bounce it off Stormtrooper helmets, cracking right through cheap Imperial plastoid to knock soldiers out cold. Best of all, it lives up to its name. The wood will never splinter, warp, or snap no matter how much abuse you put it through, and it's tough enough to block a direct swing or two from a lightsaber without getting cut in half. Not that you'll be running into many lightsaber-wielding opponents in the first place, but it's nice to know your walking stick won't let you down if you do.

Lightbow [200]

This traditional weapon from the Guardians of the Whills on Jedha looks like a simple metal rod when it’s strapped to your back. Hit the release catch, though, and the frame snaps open into a heavy crossbow. Don't let the ancient design fool you: this thing hits way harder than a standard military blaster. It fires high-velocity bolts of pure plasma that travel in a dead-straight line, punching clean through heavy cover and vehicle plating alike. If you've got the aim (or the luck) for it, a single well-placed shot from this bow will blow a screaming TIE fighter right out of the sky. When you're done, it folds flat again with a flick of the wrist, and its internal power cell recharges itself between fights so you never have to worry about finding ammo.

Armor of the Guardians [400]

Traditional battle gear inspired by the fallen protectors of the holy city. These deep crimson robes look like simple pilgrim clothes at a distance, but they’re woven through with flexible, energy-dispersing armorweave and fitted with molded plastoid plates across the chest and shoulders. Unlike clunky Imperial armor, this set is remarkably lightweight and never bunches up or slows you down, making it perfect for martial artists, parkour sprints, or quick dives into cover. It won't let you stroll through an artillery strike, but the plating and weave can take two or three direct, center-mass hits from a standard E-11 blaster rifle before the material gives out, easily turning what should have been lethal kill-shots into nasty bruises.

Companions

Jyn Erso [50]

Torn from her family as a child and raised by the extremist Saw Gerrera, Jyn Erso is a hardened survivor who has spent her life running under a dozen aliases. Despite a past filled with cynicism and apathy, a fierce spark of hope burns within her from the very beginning of your mission. Jyn is a relentless street fighter, agile infiltrator, and surprisingly charismatic leader who can rally the most divided councils with a single impassioned speech. Having placed her fiercely guarded trust in you, Jyn will stand by your side against the most insurmountable odds. She excels at improvising when carefully laid plans inevitably fall apart, turning impossible suicide missions into triumphant victories through sheer grit, stubborn defiance, and an unbreakable desire to protect her allies.

Cassian Andor [50]

Captain Cassian Andor has been fighting the Empire since he was six years old. As a dedicated Rebel Intelligence officer, he has done terrible things in the name of the Rebellion, dark deeds that weigh heavily on his conscience. He thrives in the shadows of occupied worlds and is fluent in dozens of insurgency tactics, Imperial disguises, and slicing protocols. Cassian serves brilliantly as both your tactical advisor and your wetwork specialist, ensuring that you never have to walk into an ambush unprepared or dirty your hands alone when hard, unforgiving choices must be made to survive the mission intact.

Baze Malbus [50]

Once the most devoted Guardian of the Whills, the harsh reality of the Imperial occupation of Jedha eroded Baze Malbus's spiritual faith, leaving behind a gruff, battle-hardened mercenary. Where his lifelong companion Chirrut relies on serenity and the Force, Baze puts his trust in heavy red plastoid armor and his massive repeating cannon. Powered by an internal generator containing thirty thousand rounds of ammunition, this weapon is capable of mowing down entire platoons of enemies in seconds. Though he projects a cynical, no-nonsense exterior, Baze possesses a fiercely protective heart, dedicating his life to keeping his friends safe from their own reckless bravery. With Baze watching your back, your squad wields the raw firepower necessary to punch through the heaviest Imperial fortifications and survive overwhelmingly brutal infantry firefights.

Chirrut Imwe [50]

Though lacking the true Force-sensitivity of a Jedi, Chirrut Imwe's devotion to the Force is so absolute that it guides his every movement anyway. As one of the last Guardians of the Whills on Jedha, this blind warrior-monk perceives the universe through heightened physical senses and deep spiritual attunement. He can hear the Kyber crystals humming inside a hidden necklace, sense the murderous intent in a stranger's heart, and effortlessly dodge incoming blaster bolts while taking down entire squads of Stormtroopers with his unbreakable wooden staff and lethal lightbow. He'll happily accompany you on your travels, provided you don't mind the occasional lecture about the Force and its mysterious ways.

Ending & Rewards

Failure

The plans are destroyed, captured by Vader, or you die before the transmission is sent from the Citadel Tower. Your Gauntlet ends here. You lose everything purchased in this doc and move on to your next Jump with only the bitter memory of the Empire's triumph.

Standard Victory: A Noble Sacrifice

The plans are successfully transmitted to the Profundity and make it aboard the Tantive IV, even if you perish in the aftermath (whether killed by Death Troopers on the tower, vaporized by Tarkin's single-reactor ignition on the beach, or cut down by Vader in the hallway after passing the tape).

Reward: You keep all Perks, Items, and Companions purchased in this Gauntlet.

Bonus Perk - **Spark of Hope:** Your sacrifices are never in vain. In future Jumps, whenever you are defeated, captured, or killed (via 1-Up), the shockwave of your actions massively inspires your allies and factions. Your comrades receive a permanent boost to morale and competence, and any objective you died trying to achieve is practically guaranteed to succeed shortly thereafter through cascading domino effects.



True Victory: Defying Destiny



You not only ensured the Death Star plans made it to Princess Leia, you and the Rogue One squad survived the Battle of Scarif, escaping the planet before Tarkin fired the Death Star.

Reward: You gain everything from the Standard Victory; any Canon members of the Rogue One squad who survived alongside you may be taken as Free Companions (sharing one collective slot). If you already purchased them as companions, you receive a refund that can be spent on anything in this Gauntlet. AND you receive the ultimate prize:

Grand Reward - The Scarif Vault & Project Stardust: Attached to your Warehouse is a full replica of the Imperial Citadel Archive on Scarif. Inside is a complete database of every technological schematic, black-budget project, hyperspace route, and structural blueprint possessed by the Galactic Empire - including the complete blueprints for the DS-1 Orbital Battle Station (The Death Star). In future Jumps, this archive updates to include structural weak points of any "Superweapons" or seemingly invincible strongholds owned by your enemies. Furthermore, once per Jump, you may call down a Single-Reactor Ignition orbital strike from an unseen source, capable of glassing a city.

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition.