

## Yavin IV

Jedi Master Luke Skywalker sat cross-legged on the floor of his chamber. The Massassi Temple, once an Alliance base threatened by the Death Star, was now the grounds of the fledgling Jedi Academy. Luke's chamber was on an upper floor, with a shielded roof open to the sky.

His meditation was uneasy. Teaching a handful of Jedi candidates was taxing him as it was; but he was also *General* Skywalker, an important leader of the Alliance both symbolically and in reality. There was more than this disturbing his thoughts, however. A vision kept intruding, of a robed figure, standing before an enormous, floating apparatus ... and a pair of eyes, glowing with an unnatural green light. At first, he resisted the vision, trying to focus on the task before him – but when it would not be ignored, he realized that the Force was speaking to him, and that he should listen.

Now, instead of blocking out the vision, he sought it out, tried to draw it into him, to chase it with his mind. *Who is this figure?* he asked. *Where is this place? Why is it important?*

A single word came to him: "Korriban." And then the vision was gone.

Luke opened his eyes. The name "Korriban" was familiar to him, but only vaguely. It was a world mentioned in holocrons that told of the Sith. It had been the site of a major battle between the Republic and the Sith, long ago, but had all but faded from galactic history. Why was he having a vision of it now? He activated his comlink. "Threepio, are you there? I need you to look up something for me."

"Good afternoon, Master Luke!" chirped the perpetually-cheerful tones of the protocol droid. "I would be only too happy to help you with any kind of data search or reference—"

"Great, Threepio, thanks. I need to know if there are any intelligence or recent news reports on the world of Korriban."

"Certainly, Master Luke, just a moment please. ... Apparently there are some Imperial fleet movements in that sector, but I'm afraid the reports are sketchy. It is very remote and not considered a priority at this time, so no resources have been allocated to—"

"Fleet movements? What kind of fleet movements?"

"I'm terribly sorry, Master Luke, but the report just says 'fleet movements.' It could be anything from a fuel freighter to a formation of star destroyers."

Luke frowned. "All right, thanks." Toggling off the comlink, he quickly strode out of his chamber and to the lift. A few minutes later, he was in the command center, where Kyle Katarn and Mica Darklighter were having an animated discussion.

"What do you mean I've had these marks all along?" Mica was asking, pointing at the distinctive flame-shaped birthmark on her forehead.

"What do you mean, what do I mean?" Kyle shot back. "What kind of question is that?"

Luke nodded to them in greeting, but didn't stop until he reached the holographic communicator and had initiated a link to Dantooine. Finally, the torso of Wedge Antilles flickered blue before him. "Hey, Luke," said Rogue Leader. "What's up?"

"Wedge, there's something happening on Korriban. I need to investigate it."

Wedge was looking away, no doubt calling up information on his computer. "Korriban? Never heard of it."

"Not many people have. But *somebody* in the Empire has, and I need to know why."

"Korriban ... let's see ... what the—? There's nothing there! It's nowhere near the space lanes, it

isn't anywhere strategically important, and its natural resources are long depleted. Aside from a few odd archeological surveys, nobody's gone near the world in centuries."

"C-3P0 said there were fleet movements."

"Well, yeah, but what system *doesn't* have those? It was probably a routine anti-smuggling patrol."

"No. There's something else happening there, I'm sure of it. I just wish I had a clearer idea of what."

"Luke, we need you for the Ord Mantell mission! You can't go chasing after shadows now. We're getting ready to assemble the strike team already! Can't this wait another 72 hours?"

Luke sighed and thought for a moment. Finally he said, "You're right, Ord Mantell is more urgent. But do me a favor, and send someone to get me a covert intelligence report. They don't need to do a detailed survey, just pop in, take a quick sweep, and pop back out again. When Ord Mantell is taken care of I'm going to Korriban, and I want to have some idea what to expect when I get there."

"A probe droid? Or a survey team?"

"Send a team. In fact, I'll send someone from here at the Academy, too. I think there's something to do with the Dark Side going on there, and a droid wouldn't know what to look for."

Wedge nodded. "Okay. We're stretched a little thin here right now, but I can probably spare somebody for a quick peek like this. In fact, now that I think about it, I suspect I have just the pair for the job. Have your students report to me as fast as they can get here, and I'll set up the rest."

Luke smiled and nodded. "Thanks, Wedge."

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## Korriban

A robed, solitary figure stood on a high ridge, looking down into the rocky valley below. Korriban was desolate, a world of gray dust and howling wind. If it had ever been a garden, that age was long past; it was a graveyard now.

The valley below was barren, save for an elaborate edifice carved into the far side of it. It was a wide doorway at the top of a tall stair, with obelisks on either side suggesting a temple, or the entrance to a crypt. A heavy shielded door sealed the vaults beyond, whatever they might contain.

The figure was large, heavily-built and imposing; the shape suggested a man, but nothing was visible under his red hood save a pair of glowing green orbs where the eyes should be. The only part of him visible was a large, metal-encased fist grasping a long staff.

"I remember this place," he said, quietly; he had a deep, electronic voice, like that of a droid. "I've been here before." He raised his free hand to his face; like the other, it was encased in a metal gauntlet. In the back of the gauntlet was mounted a comlink, and he spoke into it. "*Banshee*, this is Revanus. Captain Ikoh, do you have a fix on my location?"

"Yes, Lord Revanus," replied a precise, military voice on the other end of the connection. "Your coordinates are being set as Nav Six now. What are your orders?"

"I have found the objective. Inform the *Relentless*, and have them send me a squad to secure the site. Once the troops are in place, they can begin shuttling down the raw materials."

“Yes sir. A squad of troops is ready to launch as we speak and should be at your location in a matter of minutes.”

Lord Revanus, suddenly turned and looked to the sky, as if something there had caught his attention. A dull glint shined off of the metallic faceplate under his hood. “One more thing, Captain. Once you have relayed my instructions to the *Relentless*, go into silent patrol mode.”

“Is such a resource drain necessary, sir? The system is deserted; all perimeter patrols have come up negative for days.”

“You have my orders, Captain.”

“Silent patrol mode, acknowledged.”

A quiet bleep indicated the closing of the connection, and Lord Revanus turned his attention back to the valley below. Somewhere beyond that door lay the secrets of his past ... and the key to his future. It was a long road that had led him back here, and an even longer journey about to begin.

The Lords of the Sith were dead; it was time for new Sith Lords to rise in their place.

## **STAR WARS: EMPIRE’S LEGACY**

### **SECRETS OF THE GHOST PLANET**

# House Rules, Players' Notes and GM Suggestions

## House Rules

For the most part, I plan to run the game with the rules as written. However, there are a few minor modifications I intend to use.

- **Cover Me!** Instead of messing with rules for one-quarter, half, and three-quarters cover, I'm going to institute a policy that partial cover grants you a flat +4 bonus to your Defense and +2 to Reflex saves, regardless of what that cover is. Total cover still prevents all attacks from hitting you, unless the attack can punch through it. This rule was adopted from the *D&D* 3.5e ruleset.
- **I'm Not Dead!** At any point that a hero character is struck with a mortal wound (i.e., taken to -10 wound points), they may choose to spend a Force Point to be "in really bad shape" instead. They are still incapacitated and effectively out of action until they can receive medical attention, and receive some kind of permanent wound – either in the form of a lost level, or a permanent loss of 1 point of Constitution for 1st level characters. (If the wound was caused by a lightsaber, they may need a cybernetic limb replacement, as well.) There may be circumstances that prevent this – if you're dropped into the reactor core, well, you're evaporated. Sorry. (Note that this rule applies to NPCs with hero class levels as well. Joe Stormtrooper isn't going to be kept from death this way ... but Boba Fett might be.)

## Notes and Suggestions

There are some important things to keep in mind at the beginning of a *Star Wars* campaign, particularly with 1st level characters:

- ***Star Wars* is not *Dungeons and Dragons*.** As such, most of the challenges you'll face will not be of the "kill the baddie and take their stuff" variety. Ordinary stormtroopers, for instance, are 4th level, so even a pair of them stand a good chance of taking out a party of 1st level characters in a stand-up fight. Until we've all got a fair handle on what kinds of threats your characters can and can't take on, my suggestion is to use caution at all times. Remember that a patrol you evade is worth just as much experience as a patrol that you blast to bits – and worth way more than a patrol that blasts *you*. (Yes, I realize that it's very difficult to use caution while simultaneously being dramatically heroic – all I can say is aim for a balance.)
- **Nonproficiency – A Way of Life!** A curiosity of the *SWRPG* is that nonproficiency penalties are all over the place. Unlike *D&D*, where most characters are pretty much proficient with any weapon they're likely to use, in *Star Wars* it's common for a low-level fighter jockey to be flying at -4 to his Pilot roll due to not having Starship Operation (fighter), and blazing away at -4 to his attacks due to not having Weapon Group Proficiency (vehicle weapons). So if you find yourself tooling along on speeder bikes you've never flown or using a vibroblade when you've never picked one up before, don't sweat it too much – chances are fair that your opponents are in the same boat! Feats are rare and precious things to be spending on Proficiency slots!
- **Use the Force!** Remember that you get a Force Point every time you gain a level, as well as any time you perform an act of dramatic heroism – and also remember that non-Force-sensitives can only have a maximum of 5 Force Points anyway ... so there's not a lot to be gained by hoarding them. Some of the villains have Force Points of their own, and they won't be afraid to use them against you! Similarly, always be on the lookout for a chance to perform an act of dramatic heroism that will gain you a new Force Point! The game is about romantic adventure in space, after all.

- **Cover is your friend! So is Fighting Defensively!** At low levels, your Defense is puny. Among the pregenerated heroes, the highest Defense values are those of the Soldier and the Jedi Guardian, both combat-oriented characters, and those were both 15. Given that the low-level stormtroopers mentioned above have +4 to hit and do 3d8 with their blaster rifles, all they need to do is roll 11+ and they're pretty much gonna blast a 15 Defense hero with one shot. Getting behind something – a pillar, a corner, another hero – gives you +4 to your Defense right off the bat, giving you a 20% better chance to survive the round. Fighting Defensively (i.e., taking -4 to your attack roll for +2 Defense) may seem like a big hit to your attack, but when combined with cover it makes the stormtroopers need an 17+ to hit the same hero instead. Much better chances of survival, there!
- **Occasionally, a blaster is still the best option.** Sometimes you can't run, hide, or talk your way out of trouble, and you're just gonna have to start blasting. Keep in mind that, generally speaking, in *Star Wars*, a blaster is at best a temporary solution. Even if you get rid of the troopers at the end of the hall, they've called in reinforcements and if you don't make yourself scarce fast, there'll be two more for every one you kill. But at least a dead trooper won't be actively shooting at you as you try to escape!
- **Genre conventions trump game mechanics.** The single most effective strategy in *Star Wars*, going strictly by game mechanics, is to throw a ton of stun grenades, or use a blaster rifle set to stun and full auto to hose down a room and daze all your foes, then run up and *coup de grace* them all. But nobody ever does that. Heck, even Jabba's thugs don't do that. Instead, people grapple, try to bash each other over the head with rifle butts, engage in melee with lightsabers, and so on. It's just the nature of *Star Wars*. By all means, be creative and use strategy – but remember that *Star Wars* has an explicit "X is good, Y is evil," undercurrent, and "dirty tricks," even when done in desperation against overwhelming opponents, will lead to the Dark Side.