

RECLAIMING MANDALORE



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The images in this book are intended to illustrate ideas and inform the imagination; there is no art in this book.

All assistance contributed to this solo project.

Special thanks to: Angela and James as my first playtesters and inadvertent Campaign co-authors.

Thanks to: Dani, Honalee, Cedar, Leroy, Larissa, and of course Me. I couldn't have done it without me. And it would have been totally unplayable without all of you.

And thanks to Skid, who put out the call for RPGs to do away with HP.

This book is intended as an homage to the work of Joh Favreau and Dave Filoni, who portrayed a world I just had to explore.

Additional inspiration for rules and systems was drawn from those games I've spent my life

playing and running for others: Exalted, Vampire, Dungeons and Dragons, Mage, Blades in the Dark, Daggerheart, and others.

The rules and lore are intended to align most accurately with what is shown in *The Mandalorian*. Wherever lore or mechanics differed from other accepted canon, I prioritized continuity with the show. You don't have to run it that way :)

I did not include a section on Mandalorian deep lore in this book. All canon exists in easily accessible forms elsewhere, and you can incorporate it into your game with a little research. On this version of Mandalore in this timeline, so much has been lost that there's no telling if any now live who remember...

I would LOVE to hear about your Mandalore One, your game, your table, and your experiences with Reclaiming Mandalore. Let's talk about it! reclaimingmandalore@gmail.com.

My hope is to bring imaginative and interactive role-play to all aspects of adventuring.

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Living on Mandalore

Thirty years ago Mandalore was fusion bombed. Its surface turned to crystal, its few survivors scattered and fleeing destruction. Twenty years ago BoKatann returned to Mandalore, reclaimed the dark saber, and reasserted herself as The Man'Dalor. Ten years ago a united front of survivors established the first new colony in an effort to resettle their home world. Welcome to Mandalore One.

Centering around the relit Forge, Mandalore One has everything a colony needs to survive and grow into a proper city. Hydroponic silos provide enough food for the most part, and farm buildings provide animal products. Foundries work constantly to smelt salvage into usable material, and forges ring around the clock in an effort to equip and rebuild. A small spaceport allows access off world and commerce to fill in the gaps in Mandalorian manufacturing.

Scouts are constantly on the lookout for potential sites of Mandalore 2, buried structures that survived, fresh water sources and always, always, seeking threats to Mandalore One. Pre purge maps and information are frustratingly rare, so remapping the devastated world, even its own old cities, is a major priority.

Mandalore's surface is twisted crystal and glassed planes. Fusion bombs crystalized every exposed dune, dome city, mountain and canyon as deep as they ran. Most of the salt seas and underground rivers, trapped away from the inhospitable deserts of the surface, boiled away into fusion explosions. The surface was devastated, unliveable.

And yet, life persisted...

Native Alamites pushed underground, resistant to the radiation, and inhabited the devastated subsurface dome cities that had housed millions of Mandalorians. Deep waters of ancient Beskar mines sustained them until the atmosphere changed. Rain fell on a desert world for the first time in centuries.

Now algae and fungus feed hidden populations of secretive animal life underground and deep underwater. Lichens and mosses gingerly explore in the newly irrigated conditions,

paving the way for grasses and even small shrubs. Finding and cultivating these native species is key to a renewed Mandalore.

To provide a survivable surface to build upon, reclamation droids have recently been pressed into service, grinding the glassed upper crust into coarse sand to create a substrate for lichens and mosses and eventually trees to grow. These must be maintained and defended.

A small fleet of captured and donated ships stands constantly vigilant in orbit above the precious colony. Heavily armed and fiercely defensive, the fleet protects the system, planet, and colony from those who would prey on the vulnerable settlement. However, their numbers are few and their hours long. And the bounties still laid by the Imperial Remnant are tempting to the hungry. The reality is the small fleet cannot screen the whole planet at all times. Determined and clever ships can get through unsanctioned. Whatever their motives, you will have to deal with them on the ground.

Mandalore was a tough deadly world that honed a tough deadly people. Every environment of the biosphere had its colossal monsters, murderous little temptations, and every size of vicious survivor in between, plant and animal, all out to eat everything else. Mandalorian civil wars killed off 75% of that life and rendered the surface inhospitable. The bombings eradicated 95% of what survived them, but those that remain are even more dangerous. Mandalorians scattered around the galaxy, bounty hunter, cultists of The Way, and even those who simply hid without identity, all now return to face this brutal world and take it back.

Regardless of your background or how you came to be here, Mandalore One, fortress village, is now home. Everyone within works towards reclaiming Mandalore. You farm, you machine, you fortify, you scout, you contribute. Daily life for you, as an Aspirant along the path of the Mandalore, involves learning your assigned lessons and completing your assigned tasks. You will learn the craft of survival on this crystalized deadly planet, and spread your civilization.

Character Creation

Mandalorians have a strong sense of cultural unity. Mandalorian armor, unique Mandalorian weaponry, and an iron clad binding Creed are the most universally recognizable cultural unifiers that almost anyone in Old Republic space could tell you about. These built the Mandalorian legend. The outward Face of The Mandalor. To any outsider all Mandalorians present this unified front. Of course, the reality runs much deeper, with sects and clans following very different practices and rituals, sometimes to extremes. Internal clan wars have been fought over these differences, the warrior people quick to use what they know to settle disputes. But most variances are not seen as a threat to Mandalorian Culture, because, embedded in that culture, is an embrace of individuality, and this game is about YOUR Mandalorian.

Grab your Character Sheet....

Attributes: Distribute 11 points at character creation between the six Attributes.
Skills: Choose 6 Trainings, Tricks, or Tactics to learn from the Skills Section. You may exchange any of these 6 Training options for additional Attribute points, one for one.
Equipment: Choose 3 equipment trainings to start with. [Begin with Blaster Training, Melee Training, and Communications Equipment Training, optionally].
Combat Fatigue: You start with 2 Combat Fatigue boxes (+1 per 3 Endurance).
Action Points: 2 Action Points per turn. (+1 per 3 Power).
Power: Power is for running, climbing, jumping, swimming, breaking, etc. Generate an additional Action Point each turn for each three points in Power.
Agility: Dodging, dancing, reacting, precision throws, dexterous physical manipulation, etc. Agility is added to your Initiative and Defense.
Endurance: Resisting the effects of poison, starvation, exposure, radiation, oxygen deprivation, forced marching, etc. Gain an

*"Do not waste your breath cursing the storms.
They did not come to punish us.
They came to strip away what was never strong
enough to last.
If you are still here –
breathing, standing, choosing –
then Mandalore is still here.
Everything else is just stone waiting to be rebuilt."*

-Mand'alor Rekir the Ash-Walker,
Speech to survivors in the wastelands-

additional Combat Fatigue box for every three points you have in Endurance.
Mental: Hacking, decoding, studying, medicine, crafting, perceiving, etc.
Social: Befriending, de-escalating, interrogating, domesticating, commanding, etc.
Attunement: Used for meditating, seeking answers, precognitive insight, and what others would call luck. Few challenges require this attribute, but it has unforeseeable perks.
3: Intuitive. 6: Force Sensitive. 9: Force Attuned.
The Structure Inflicter may spend your Attunement Fatigue to fudge a roll for you, or to impart intuitive understanding or guidance. Note: This game is not intended to mesh with Old Republic ideals or icons. Mandalorians reject the paths and tools of that fallen institution.
A new attribute point cost 6 Experience Points.

Advancement

Reclaiming Mandalor uses a purchase-based leveling system. You will be awarded with experience points after each game, and when you reach a point of stability and safety in your story you may spend these points to enhance your abilities as you choose.
Experience awards: Roleplaying, Tactical Cleverness, Undertaking a Mission, Completing Chores, Being Unexpectedly Awesome. Most games should award 2-5 experience points, depending on player involvement, immersion, and enthusiasm.

Learning a new skill, trick, or tactic costs 5xp.
Gaining a new Attribute point costs 6xp. Learning a new equipment skill costs 2xp.

Skills

Note: when you take an equipment training it is assumed you are then carrying some portable version of that equipment and don't have to specify it in your kit when traveling. For example, someone with blaster training is assumed to carry a blaster, and someone with shop training is assumed to have on their person an assortment of repair tools, perhaps even a miniaturized welding setup. The exceptions are mount and animal training. You will have to earn a pet through role play, and are never assumed to just be carrying a personal transportation vehicle.

Equipment Trainings provide understanding of how to use a type of thing. Tools, weapons, vehicles, etc all have a basic equipment training granting operational familiarity. Equipment trainings allow you to use weapons and equipment without greatly increased difficulty, disadvantage, or difficult mental challenges to figure out how to use something on the fly. They are not strictly a prerequisite, but are necessary for proficiency. Not all equipment trainings are explicitly listed in the Trainings section. Equipment Training is usually a simple matter, and costs 2 Experience Points.

Skill Trainings provide passive bonuses that augment your actions in some way. They do not require resources to activate and automatically apply when relevant. Bonuses from Trainings stack with anything else providing a bonus to the same thing. A training may only be taken once unless specified in its description. Skill trainings could involve some kind of down time role playing to acquire, but don't let mechanical bureaucracy dull the action. Skill Trainings cost 5 Experience Points.

Tactics provide more powerful options and give you something to spend attribute fatigue boxes on. These wide ranging abilities can only be accessed with the expenditure of fatigue, so be discerning in their application, and rest often. Each Tactic may only be activated once per round, and they do not cost Action Points or count against the actions you may take in a round. They do not count as an action "type" (attack, movement, etc) unless specifically described as such. If you like the expanded role playing opportunities that spending Experience Points affords, Tactics could require a specialist NPC to train with. Tactics cost 5 Experience points.

Tricks are alternate options for spending Action Points. They are often more efficient but very specific. To use a Trick, simply spend the Action Points then do what the trick text says. For example, Lunge Strike says take one move and then one attack action for 2 AP. Normally an attack and move would cost 2 AP anyway, but the cost of THESE actions is built into the Trick, so if you were to move once, shoot once, then activate Lunge to move and then attack, those total actions would cost 4AP instead of 6 without the Lunge Trick. ***The Actions taken as part of a Trick do not count towards subsequent Action Point costs for the same Action types.*** Each Trick may only be activated once per round. Tricks can be learned from an experienced NPC a player grows close to, or figured out and dialled in through personal experience. Tricks cost 5 Experience Points.

Investing a Fatigue Point: When a skill calls for you to invest a fatigue, spend that fatigue by checking off the fatigue box on your character sheet. You may not regain that fatigue box until the condition mentioned in the skill description is fulfilled, such as 'until you fail a roll.'

The Actions: The following are Actions, and require Action Points normally. Move, Attack, Challenge Roll, Reload, Treat Critical, Help, Dive.

Equipment Training

Cyber Security Training: Hacking software, hardware adapters, and the skill set to use it all allows challenges against secured systems like computers, comms, electronic locks, electronically locked doors, and similar things not covered by general computer knowledge. Not for use against heavily encrypted networks or situations requiring more time or complexity than plugging in and running a quick program. Equipment training. *-Plug 'n' play Power.*

Explosives Training: Access to use of grenades, demolitions, and rocket type weapons. Equipment training. *-Advanced courses and practical experience under supervision with the delicate art of assembling, arming, and placing explosive devices.*

Mount Training: You may use docile or mechanical mounts. Equipment training. *-As the old saying goes: if you can ride a bike, you can ride a horse.*

Mountaineer Training: Equipment training. Reduce the difficulty of climbing and survival type challenges. *-Graduating from climbing wall to granite peak has earned you the knowledge of mountaineering equipment, potential dangers, bonus to climbing, rope use and cold weather survival.*

Animal Training: Equipment training. You have an affinity for animals and an understanding of behavior and instincts. *-Might seem like you just go do it, but there is a vast knowledge set required for finding, capturing, butchering, maintaining, domesticating, befriending and understanding animals.*

Disintegrator Training. Equipment Training. Training and practice in the use and maintenance of disintegrator weapons. *-Considered degenerate and barbaric in their use against sentient life, disintegrator weapons were originally designed as an effective anti-armor weapon for infantry.*

Their use has since been banned in nearly all civilized sectors.

Bowcaster Training. Equipment Training. Training in the use and maintenance of Bowcasters. *-Designed by Wookiee culture, these deadly weapons are quite massive and difficult to wield. They fire a magnetically accelerated bolt at the core of a plasma charge.*

Blaster Training: Equipment training. Knowledge of blaster use and maintenance. *-Ninety out of a hundred weapons in this galaxy are medium blasters, and there's a reason for that. Better know how to use 'em.*

Helmet Electronics Training: Familiarity with the use of communication devices, scanners, sensors, and visual interfaces commonly installed in trooper helmets. Specify which piece of equipment you will receive when you take this training, though it will apply to subsequent helmet upgrades without multiple purchases. *-Communications is the lifeblood of any army.*

Botany Training: Equipment Training. Knowledge of planting, harvesting, and tending plants. *-If you weren't born with a green thumb there's a nice chemical fertilizer that does a pretty good dye job.*

Melee Training: Equipment Training. Training in the use of various melee weapons, including improvised, unarmed, and thrown. *-Hand to hand combat occurs surprisingly often in the world of the blaster rifle. Practicing it is both excellent exercise and preparation.*

Rising Phoenix Training: Equipment Training. Training in the use of jet packs. *-Versatility in arms make Mandalorians the envy of every soldier; versatility of movement makes them the match of any Old Republic Assassin.*

Slug Thrower Training. Equipment Training. Training in the use and maintenance of primitive slug throwing weapons. Whether accelerated

magnetically or through a chemical propellant these weapons fire a hard, usually solid projectile. *-Primitive slug throwing weapons suffer against modern armor compared to their blaster counterparts, but a few have found niches.*

Blaster Cannon Training: Knowledge of the use and maintenance of Blaster Cannon type weapons. *-Let the big guns do the talking.*

Emergency Medical Kit: Basic training in how to use a first aid kit and techniques for applying things like bacta patches, bacta injectors, cryo injectors, and other standard life saving technologies. *-Never leave home without it.*

Mandalorian Vambrace Training. Equipment training. Many weapons have forearm attachments, housings, and power sources, but only the Mandalorian Vambrace allows integration of so many of these weapon systems simultaneously without sacrificing armor integrity. Familiarization with how to install wrist-mounted equipment favored by Mandalorians, including fibercord whip, whistling birds, wrist darts, wrist flamer, wrist blaster, vibroblades, remote controls, sensor equipment, communications devices, wrist rockets, wrist shields etc. You will still have to choose which of these to train with for their use. Without this training you may use one wrist mounted piece of equipment for which you have training on each forearm. The Mandalorian Vambrace includes about 4 slots per forearm, though some equipment, such as remote controls with a viewscreen, take more than one. *-The Mandalorian vambrace was developed in direct opposition of the Jedi threat, to counter their mystic abilities. This pragmatic device houses a host of tricks the Republic's attack dogs haven't trained against.*

Gauntlet-capable equipment: This is an example listing of equipment that can be fit to a gauntlet type piece of equipment. Without the Mandalorian Vambrace each gauntlet/bracer can only accommodate a single device. Only the near-

mystical properties of forge-worked Beskar can allow multiple devices to fit in a single Vambrace and retain full power. Each item requires an Equipment Training to use, and that training allows it to be fit to a gauntlet. For example, if I buy Blaster Training I now know how to use blasters, and could have one fit to a gauntlet, and could use it as a slot on a Mandalorian Vambrace with no further training. Similarly, if I buy Darts equipment training for my vambrace, I am also now able to use a regular dart gun with no further equipment training.

-Fibercord Whip

A compact launcher that fires a length of high-tensile fibercord, capable of entangling enemies, pulling objects, or anchoring the user for climbing or rapid movement.

-Whistling Birds

A cluster of miniature guided micro-rockets that launch simultaneously, emitting a distinctive shriek as they seek multiple targets with lethal precision.

-Darts

Small, fast-moving projectiles that can be fired from wrist launchers or compact weapons; often tipped with toxins, stun charges, or armor-piercing heads.

-Flamer

A short-range incendiary projector designed to flush enemies from cover, ignite obstacles, or deny territory with bursts of intense flame.

-Remote Controls

Handheld or wrist-mounted devices used to activate, disable, or command equipment such as explosives, drones, doors, or automated defenses from a distance.

-Rockets

Self-propelled explosive munitions designed for high-damage impacts against vehicles, fortifications, or clustered enemies.

-Shields

Personal energy fields or deployable barriers that absorb or deflect incoming attacks, providing temporary protection against blaster fire and shrapnel.

-Sensors

Scanning systems capable of detecting movement, life signs, energy signatures, or environmental hazards beyond normal visual range.

-Communications

Encrypted transmitters and receivers used for secure short- or long-range coordination between allies, squads, or vehicles.

-Blaster

A ranged energy weapon that fires coherent bolts of superheated plasma, available in many configurations for close-quarters or long-range combat.

-Vibroblade

A melee weapon with an edge that vibrates at high frequency, allowing it to cut through tough materials and resist energy-based parries. (Covered by Melee Training. Included here to show Vambrace options.)

table and choose one result. *-You can light a cigarette with a blaster at a hundred yards.*

Heavy Blaster Specialization: +1 to Attack roll with heavy blasters. When you inflict a Hit that causes Critical Damage, roll an additional D12 result from the light critical table. (heavy, light repeating). *-Many advance their basic weapons training once they find a weapon that really agrees with them. This is for those to whom wanton destruction just isn't quite destructive enough.*

Disintegrator Specialization. +1 to Attack roll with disintegrators. If you score a Hit against a target immediately adjacent to another character apply the Hit to both. Also think "within melee range" or "within arm's reach". *-The true horrors of this weapon were demonstrated by the Empire when they were used against civilian crowds to stamp out dissent.*

Bowcaster Specialization. +1 to Attack roll with bowcasters. When your bowcaster shot Hits a target and there is another enemy behind them in a straight line from you and within medium range, make another attack roll to see if your bolt blasts through and Hits the second target as well. *-Aim for weak spots in the armor to maximize the potential of this powerful weapon.*

Tusken Cycler Rifle Specialization. +1 to Attack roll with Tusken cycler rifles. No longer requires the Reload Action between shots. *-The ability of the heavy slug projected by the Tusken Cycler Rifle to retain penetration hundreds of meters past typical blaster ranges make it a formidable though exotic sniper weapon.*

Rifle Practice: +1 to Attack rolls with rifles. (Medium class weapons bigger than a heavy pistol but lighter than medium blaster cannon. Blaster carbine to heavy blaster rifle.) This Skill may be taken more than once. *-There's never nothing to do in Mandalore One, but when there's close to nothing to do, Mandalorians take the opportunity to hone their specialized skills*

Skill Trainings

Ranged Combat

Center Mass Training: Each round, choose 1 section of limb armor to ignore against one target. *-Your instructors didn't believe in winging their targets, and neither do you.*

Advanced Sniper Training: Increase the critical die of the scoped weapon you are using to a D12. *-You wait for the optimal time to inflict precision damage.*

Precision Shooter: When your ranged attack scores a Critical Hit, roll twice on the relevant

beyond their daily training.

Heavy Weapon Practice: +1 to Attack rolls with Heavy Weapons. (Medium Repeating Blaster Cannon, Z-6 Rotary Blaster) *-It's all in the hips.*

Flame Thrower Specialization: Increase flame weapon Hits die one step. 1 Hit becomes D2 hits; D2 to D3; and D3 to D4. *- No, no, no. Quit feathering it. You're not airbrushing, you're HOSING.*

Pistol Practice: +1 to Attack rolls with pistols. This skill may be taken more than once. *- You can plink plink plink away all day. It's fun. It's worth it.*

Blaster Rifle Specialization: +2 to Attack rolls with Blaster Rifles (strictly Blaster Rifle Carbine, Blaster Rifle, Modular blaster in rifle or sniper form, A280 longblast rifle, **not** heavy blaster rifles or light repeating blaster). *-Embracing the basic weapon choice of the vast majority, you elevate your skill to a terrifying proficiency. There's a reason it's the standard.*

Heavy Pistol Specialization: +1 to Attack roll with heavy pistols. Reduce Cover 1 step with heavy pistols. *-People love to hide just around the corner of buildings in a firefight. A lot of those buildings can't stop a heavy pistol blast.*

Light Pistol Specialization: +1 to Attack roll with light pistols. Your second attack with a light pistol also costs 1 Action Point. *-A great advantage of the light pistol is the absolute flurry of accurate fire it can lay down.*

Staked Out Shot: Attacks against unaware targets ignore cover. *-When you know where your target will be, you only need a blaster sized opening.*

Suppressive Fire Specialist: If you make an "attack at -4" (even if bonuses would raise it) and it hits, your target's attack rolls are at -4 this turn. *-Firing for effect can have great...effect.*

Full Automatic Training: If you would make a ranged attack without -4, you may choose to instead make 2 at -4. *-Sometimes more fire down range is better than the most perfectly placed shot.*

Hawks Perch: If you didn't move last turn and haven't yet moved this turn, get +2 to your first ranged attack this turn. *-Watch. Wait. Lead. Exhale. Squeeze.....*

Fastball: You can accurately throw anything that can be thrown to Medium range instead of Close range. *-Anyone can see the road that you walk on is paved in gold. If it's always summer you'll never get old. This is The Way.*

Heavy Weapon Specialization: +1 to Attack rolls with heavy weapons. If your heavy weapon gets a Hit against a unit with the Generic rule, remove that unit. *-Leaves more room for the big ones to fight.*

Melee Combat

Melee Prodigy: Gain advantage on one melee attack per turn. *-You absorbed everything your fight instructors had to teach and soon had them beaten.*

Defensive Duellist: You gain +2 defense in melee combat. *-The winner of a fight is the one who survived. Wait to exploit an enemy's mistake.*

Two-weapon fighting: In melee each round choose +1 to Attack roll or +1 Defense or +2 Initiative. *-When dual wielding, one weapon is always drawn back in defense, and one always sweeping to strike.*

Blademaster: Whenever an opponent loses a combat fatigue box from your bladed attack, also inflict an instance of the Bleeding result from the Light Critical Damage Table. *-The key to melee fighting is in wearing down your opponent. Every drop of blood spilled fatally weakens your foe.*

Thrown Weapon Specialization: +1 to Attack roll. If you successfully hit with a thrown weapon, your target loses an Action Point that turn.

-Thrown hand weapons are a tricky business. They both take high skill to utilize successfully and don't have an incredible payoff in damage. Mostly a blaster is your best bet. On the other hand, there's nothing more distracting than a vibroknife sticking out of your arm.

Small Blade Specialization: +1 to Attack roll with vibroblades. Attacks with a vibroknife only cost 1 Action Point, even when thrown. *-The knife feels like a natural extension of your hand. You can't even feel it under your pillow anymore.*

Polearm Specialization: +1 to Attack roll with polearms. You may change your light crit roll to Bleeding, and your severe crit roll to Severed Limb. *-The ambition it takes to master the polearm weapons of this age, and the audacity to wield them in combat, is a firm step on the path of legends.*

Sparring Practice: +1 to Attack roll in melee. You may take this Skill more than once. *-Sparring is a great tradition and beloved sport. If you shine, the benefits could be greater than skill improvement. Whose wallet just got fatter after you put that lug on his back?*

Combat - Other

Focus Under Fire Training: When rolling a Mental Challenge in combat you may make a free attack action at -4. *-Whether setting charges or accessing an encrypted door, you never lose the cool it takes to pull out a pistol and blast a charging enemy.*

Duck and Weave Training: If you move twice in a round add 2 to your Defense until your next turn. *-Movement is about more than positioning. put this into practice with serpentine running and abrupt course adjustments.*

Close Quarters Training: You may choose one target outside of melee range of you but within close range to act directly before in initiative. If there is no such target roll initiative normally.

-You are trained in breaching, clearing trenches, ship boarding, all the worst jobs. It takes a few tricks to survive.

Signature Weapon: 1 re-roll on an Attack roll per turn on this exact weapon. This training is non-transferable to even a different copy of the same weapon type. *-When people hear your name and automatically think of this personalized weapon, it's your signature.*

Economy of motion training: You may save one unspent Action Point each turn for use on the next. *-When efficiency is heightened to an art it can be wielded as a weapon.*

Forewarning: After Initiative is rolled, add your Attunement rating to anyone's initiative. *-People think you have amazing reflexes, but in truth you've gotten used to the little flashes of premonition you've had your whole life.*

Speed is Power: Generate your remaining Agility Fatigue boxes in Action Point each round in addition to normal Action Point generation. *-Hit fast, hit hard, and keep moving. Momentum steals the initiative and gives you all the options.*

Hunter Calling Only (You must reach the rank of Called in your Path Rating and choose to become a Hunter.)

Tough Guy Training: The 1st and 2nd critical hits against you each turn are rolled on the light critical hit table: *-Look at you tough guy. What'd you do to become such a tough guy, tough guy?*

True Grit: Add your unspent Endurance fatigue boxes to your defense. *-You are the living avatar of Tough It Out. You use elbow grease. You rub some dirt on it. You walk it off.*

Blood Frenzy: Whenever an opponent loses their last combat fatigue box, gain an Action Point.

-There is nothing more exhilarating than fighting in mortal combat. That moment before the final thrust....

Surgical Strike. Your medical training has taught you some common elements of most all vertebrates. Your combat training has taught you to exploit them. You score an Exceptional Success on an attack roll of 19 or 20. *-On Mandalore, the hippocratic oath is for hippocrats.*

Motivation: The first time in a round you lose a combat fatigue box, immediately generate an Action Point. Note that unspent action points are lost at the beginning of the next round, before generating that round's Action Point. *-A spike of adrenaline; the burn of fear; learn to harness it for an edge. A very sharp edge.*

Alert: Advantage on initiative rolls. *-Drill instructors will sneak up on you with stun weapons until they stop getting the free laugh.*

Hulking: Gain an extra Combat Fatigue box. *-The weight room is always open and the mess always serves seconds. Bulk up: the mass alone could save you.*

Scout Veteran: As long as your body armor does not exceed 6 pts total, you may count anything over partial cover as near-full cover. *-Wearing the armor is a key tenet of The Creed. Some would suggest that doesn't mean you have to TEST the armor.*

Slow is Smooth and Smooth is Fast: You may use your Endurance instead of Power to generate Action Points. **-Ranger Calling only** (You must attain the Rank of Called on your Creed Path, and choose to become a Ranger). *-Keep moving. Keep moving. Keep moving. Always keep moving. This is survival.*

Raise Tempo: Whenever you score an Exceptional Success gain an Action Point. *-You*

know when you finally have an opponent off balance; when to press the advantage; that delicate moment when the whole fight can turn, or the unthinkable achieved.

Mounted or Flying

Speed Racer: if you spend Action Points on multiple challenge rolls in one turn during a chase, the second roll is at advantage. *-Some people just live for the chase.*

Pilot Training: Ability to attempt to fly shuttles, fighters, light freighters and other potentially single-pilot spacecraft. Note landspeeders and snowspeeder- like craft count as mounts. *-It's a handy skill, but we got a planet to reclaim.*

Eagle's Rest: If you began the turn at least 60 feet in the air and end it on the ground, you may recover one fatigue box of your choice. *-If you can learn to sleep in space, you can at least catch a nap in free fall.*

Owl's Flight. If you moved at least 60 feet in the air last round you may glide 30 feet as a free move action at the start of this turn. *-Inertia keeps you going.*

High Speed Maneuvers: +2 defense if moving over half your mount's speed. *-Bouncing and spinning at high speeds can make for a nearly impossible target.*

Expanded Abilities

Diplomacy Training: Gain advantage in challenges involving peaceful intentions or de-escalation. *-You have an affinity for making others feel understood, deflating tensions naturally.*

Tireless Mind Training: Mental Challenge rolls only ever cost 1 AP each. *-For you an all-nighter is an every-nighter. You read two books at a time, one with each eye.*

Professional Slicer: Knowledge of sophisticated computer security techniques required to break military codes, steal currency, plant information, access an electronically locked vault, etc. *-Oh lame you got night shift again? I could change those orders for ya.....*

Meditation Training: +2 to Attunement Challenges *-Focusing to calm one's mind allows an openness to greater things.*

Logic Training: +2 to Mental Challenges *-Learning to structure your own thoughts and recognize inconsistency in thought processes clarifies many situations others struggle through.*

Endurance Training: +2 to Endurance Challenges. *-Long exposure to freezing seas, low oxygen, straight up torture, etc. have shown just how far you really can push yourself.*

Athletics Training: +2 to Power Challenges. *-Running marathons is great training, for running marathons. But you've added dead lifts and mountain climbing to your routine.*

Charm Training: +2 to Social Challenges. *-Is it really training when you're born this good looking? Or have the charisma to get away with saying something like that?*

Sprint Training: Movement only costs 1 Action Point per move. Its cost does not increase with additional move actions. *-Grinding sprints day after day works. There's a reason professional athletes do it.*

First Response Training: You may use **Treat Critical** as a new action type for usual Action Point costs: 1 for the first use, 2 for the second use, and 3 for the third use per turn. **Treat Critical** removes the persistent effect of one critical injury. *- Medical expertise of any kind is a valuable commodity in a frontier setting, and those with the affinity always receive extra training.*

Attunement Recognition: You detect the presence and direction of anyone with an Attunement rating of 6 or higher on the same planet. Within several miles you also know their emotional state. This may cause shared dreaming. *- Expanding on mysterious perceptions leads to mystical connections.*

Portable medical droid. May cure in the field the effects of a critical hit. May reattach limbs, stabilize organs, prep for cybernetic replacement, and even act temporarily as artificial heart and lungs. **-Surgeon Calling only** (You must attain the Rank of Called on your Creed Path, and choose to become a Surgeon).

Helpful: Your first Help action in a round costs 0 Action Points. *-When helping comes naturally it's no drain at all.*

Pharmaceutical Training: knowledge of various uses of plants. Enter a Mental Challenge to produce stimulants, coagulants, poisons, analgesics, tranquilizers, etc. Payloads for Mandalorian Darts. *-With a skill like this you could find work anywhere. So what are you doing in this glassed over desert hellscape?*

Field Armorer Training: Enter Mental Challenge with a rating of half your current armor rating, rounding up. (This means the Challenge difficulty is your current armor rating.) If you win you gain +1 armor until the first crit against you. You may continue to use Field Armorer Training until initiative is rolled or you fail the challenge. **-Forge Master Calling only** (You must attain the Rank of Called on your Creed Path, and choose to become a Forge Master). *-With a simple spot welder and a few scraps you can dramatically improve your armor on the fly.*

Lore Training: Advantage on Social Challenges when interacting with Mandalorians, and Mental Challenges when identifying relevant runes, icons, pictographs, lore, etc. *-Mandalorians speak the language of honor and tradition. It's all they respond well to.*

Feather Foot: +2 Stealth Challenges. *-Or fuzzy foot. Or scaly foot. Or spider foot. It's a big galaxy. Lots to avoid.*

Impressive: +2 to First Impression rolls. *-A good first impression saves a lot of time and effort.*

Fleet: Your base speed increases to 40. *-Nimble. Quick.*

Dedicated Sidekick: Your Help Die becomes a D8. *- "R2? Are you there? R2? Ahh...where could he be?"*

Mandalorian Field Discipline: When you take cover, increase that cover by one step. *-Drilled from Aspirant onward, Mandalorians learn to treat every piece of terrain as a fortress.*

Aerial Combat Discipline: While airborne, gain +1 Defense and +1 Initiative. *-Fighting in three dimensions demands constant awareness and spatial instinct.*

Combat Landing: Whenever you land after being airborne, gain +1 to your next Melee attack. (Includes rappeling, jetpacks, and transports. Does not include uncontrolled falling. *-Mandalorians are trained to turn descent into momentum. A landing is not recovery. It is the opening strike.*

Aerial Stability Training: While airborne and not moving, gain +2 to ranged attack rolls. *-Years of jetpack drilling teach you to hover in controlled bursts rather than drift wildly.*

Fixing and Building

Apprentice of the Flame: knowledge of smelting, forging, smithing, and building. You may enter a Fabrication Challenge to turn scrap metal into a simple finished product. This begins with an Mental Challenge, followed by a Power Challenge, and finally an Endurance Challenge. If all goes well you will have your knife, radiator; helmet, tv dinner tray, etc. This skill does not

enable the forging of beskar. The base use of this skill is to turn a single material portion into a single-material item. For each additional fabrication skill you acquire, expand the scope of what you can make. For example, if you want to build your own grenades you will need to learn mechanical repair, for assembly of the parts you make with the base skill, and Chemistry, for the explosive component of the grenade. For explosives with electronic timers or remote detonators you will additionally need the Circuitry skill. (each supplementary skill purchased as equipment training)

-Frontier Fabrication: basic clothing, wooden utensils, clayware, rope, simple tools like pulleys, etc. (Does not require Apprentice of the Flame to learn.)

-Field Generator Technology: Understanding of field generating technologies such as shields, inertial dampeners, gravity, repulsors, and containment fields in fusion generators.

-Die Casting and Molding: for frames, skeletons, plate, shells, hulls, etc.

-Mechanical Repair: Ability to repair and assemble machines and machine components.

-Circuitry: Ability to fix and fabricate such circuitry as may be found in anything with computerized components including droids, unless the droid brain is damaged. Droid brains require specialized industrial processes that cannot be replicated in even an advanced Forge.

-Chemistry: Ability to isolate and recombine chemical compounds into explosives, accelerants, poisons, pharmaceuticals, epoxies, refine fuels, etc.

-Glass and Plastic: Includes ceramics. Understanding of various techniques for fusing mixed materials into a superior hardened product, and recipes for resins to create epoxies and plastics.

Tactics

Social Fatigue

Lore Priest Training: Invest 1 Social Fatigue - Grant a +2 bonus to a different character performing a challenge. You may not regain the invested fatigue until the challenge ends. *-Lore Priests train to inspire, bolstering Mandalorian resolve and effectiveness in their group efforts. Mandalorians are better together.*

Bark an Order: 1 Social Fatigue - one ally gains 1 Action Point. *-NOW!*

Call to Action Lore Training: 1 Social Fatigue - Intone a verse of Legend to grant listeners 1 Action Point immediately. *-The inspiring verses of Mandalorian legend invigorate any who hear them. Especially when recited by a skilled orator.*

Gone A Courtin': Invest one Social Fatigue in a target to gain advantage on Social Challenges involving swaying that person. Lasts until you fail a challenge involving your subject, or choose to end this effect. *-I know what you are doing; your manipulation will not succeed. However, it shows great wisdom, for I truly am as great as you say. It is flattering that you would target me for such an attack. You know what? I like you...*

Call For Assistance: 1 Social Fatigue - one ally within ten feet may choose to move between you and an attacker when you are Hit, taking the Hit themselves instead. *-Like so: HEEEELLLLLLLP.*

Fire on my target: 1 Social Fatigue: anyone else who attacks your target until your next turn gets 1 Action Point. *-Coordinate your firepower!*

Master Tactician: 1 Social Fatigue: After initiative is rolled, place yourself anywhere in the turn order. Keep this new order for this combat. *-You can divine an opponents battle strategy by his deployment, and can respond to the moves they make even before they act.*

Power Fatigue

Twist the Knife: 1 Power Fatigue - When you hit with a blade on a target with no remaining combat fatigue you may roll on the Severe Critical Damage Table regardless of other factors. *-When you want to cut right to the chase, use a blade.*

Seize: 1 Power Fatigue - when you Hit with a melee attack you may activate Seize. Instead of damage the target is lifted into the air at the end of one of your arms. They may not make move actions. Subject must be medium size or smaller. *-An impressive feat of strength that can nearly incapacitate your opponent.*

Emergency Reflex: 1 Power Fatigue - when a friendly player suffers a severe critical hit you may make a move towards them by the shortest route. *-The urge to alleviate suffering is a powerful motivator.*

Sunder Blow: 1 Power Fatigue. Activate when your melee strike Hits. Roll a D10 for armor segment hit. That segment no longer adds its armor bonus to its wearer's defense. If the armor counts as a full set, it loses this bonus until repaired. Against a creature, the Structure Inflicter decides this loss. 2 usually feels pretty good. *-You apply your forge training to battle, smashing the fasteners and weak points of enemy armor to sunder its effectiveness.*

Hold It Steady: 1 Power Fatigue - While flying/mounted and you or your mount/vehicle take critical damage, subtract 1 from the critical table roll. *-I got it... I got it...I...*

Stunning Strike: 1 Power Fatigue - You aim for a sensitive area, knocking the wind from your opponent. When you hit with a melee attack, activate Stunning Strike to force your target into an Endurance Challenge with a rating of your power. If they fail, roll a d3 on the light critical

hits table. *-A fight is won in increments and by degrees. Take every advantage. No strike is too light.*

Bull Rush: When you move at least 20 feet to get into melee combat, if you get a hit that turn you may spend 1 Power Fatigue to add an additional hit to that successful strike. *-Charge in and slam 'em til they don't get up again.*

Mental Fatigue

Precision Demolitions: 1 Mental Fatigue - Re-roll one explosives die (Number of hits for Demolitions, Critical Table Roll for grenades). Take the higher result. *-Seek structural weaknesses and load bearing supports. Maximizing your precision minimizes what you need for the job.*

Quick calculation: 1 Mental Fatigue - give yourself an Action Point. A moment of quick thinking beats rash action every time. *-Never act without a plan.*

High strung and Hair Triggered: Invest a Mental Fatigue until the first round of the next combat. You go first in the first round of that combat. Roll initiative normally, and act on that initiative subsequently. You may then recover the fatigue as normal. *-Being constantly on the alert is a great strain on the mind, but it may be all that keeps you alive. You're not supposed to be reading on guard duty anyhow.*

Field Smithy: Invest a Mental Fatigue to grant one Combat Fatigue box to a character. This fatigue cannot be recovered until that Combat Fatigue box is spent or lost. *-Forge apprentices are always experimenting with upgrades to battle gear.*

Clarity of Thought: 1 Mental Fatigue - you gain the effects of the Help Action for one Challenge. *-It might be cut up street level poison, but Spice is*

Spice. Yeah I want it.

Figure It Out: Invest one Mental Fatigue to understand how to use one piece of equipment you are not trained with. You suffer no penalties for using this equipment untrained. You may not recover this Mental Fatigue until you have purchased Equipment Training in that piece of equipment with experience points. *-Form follows function. The mind begets divination. It may be alien, but it makes sense to me.*

Agility Fatigue

Snap Shot: 1 Agility Fatigue - make a free ranged attack before initiative begins. *-You gotta hit 'em before they can get organized.*

Dip, Duck, Dive, Dodge, and Duck: 1 Agility Fatigue- Double your agility defense bonus until your next turn. *-If you can dodge a wrench you can dodge a vibroblade.*

Battle Dancer: 1 Agility Fatigue : recover a Combat Fatigue. *-The spin and dash of battle is an invigorating choreography.*

Attack of Opportunity: 1 Agility Fatigue - if an enemy moves out of melee range with you and you have a ranged weapon at hand, you may take a free attack action against them. *-Retreat is not surrender. Don't let them escape.*

Falcon's Plunge: 1 Agility Fatigue - if you are at least twenty feet above your target, negate their agility bonus to defense against your next attack. Against a target with durability instead of combat fatigue, halve the defense. *-High ground is even better in the air.*

Merlin's Hunt: 1 Agility Fatigue - Advantage on attacks this turn if airborne. *-Fly out of the sun, drop from high altitude for speed, lead your target. Bang. Scratch one blip.*

Tuck and Roll: 1 Agility Fatigue - reduce hits taken from a fall by half, rounding up. *-There isn't a great way to teach this skill, but a lucky few do learn it.*

Swipe: 1 Agility Fatigue: When you make a successful melee attack, you may take an item off your target's belt, vest, bandolier, etc. You can't reach into a closed bag with this ability, but a sidearm, grenade, knife, or the like shouldn't be a problem. Note, you can take something off of someone without this ability, but it would take its own agility or power challenge. *-Yoink!*

Endurance Fatigue

Holdout: 1 Endurance Fatigue - Make an attack IF you have no Action Points. *-You will fight beyond exhaustion.*

Tough it out: 1 Endurance Fatigue - add your endurance to your defense this round. *-Flexed muscle is harder and denser. Show 'em the guns.*

Stay On Target: 1 Endurance Fatigue - When flying you may halve your defense until your next turn to halve one target's defense against you this turn. *-If your tactics are going to cut both ways, try to cut first.*

Chameleon Crawl: 1 Endurance Fatigue - Opposition does not roll against your Stealth Challenge this turn. *-The greatest survival techniques will always be found in nature. You're not gonna come up with an idea some animal hasn't already spent millions of years evolving.*

Desperate Maneuver: 1 Endurance Fatigue - if you have no Action Points, gain one Action Point. *-A body can only be pushed so far, but sometimes it's further than you think. Desperate situations call for desperate maneuvers.*

PUSH: 1 Endurance Fatigue - Take a Move Action. *-Keep pushing!*

Shake if Off: 1 Endurance Fatigue - Neutralize the effects of one Light Critical result. *-Haters gonna hate, hate, hate, hate, haaaaate.*

Attunement Fatigue

She'll Hold: 1 Attunement Fatigue - change a mount's/vehicle's Critical Table roll to a 1. *-Works every time. Just don't think about it too much.*

Fortune's Rush: 1 Attunement Fatigue - If an enemy would go first this round, you go first instead. *-Wait, something's...wrong...IT'S A TRAP.*

Force Connection: Invest 1 Attunement Fatigue - add your Attunement rating to animal taming checks for the duration of one challenge. This fatigue may not be regained until the challenge ends. *-Sometimes those who are gifted animal trainers can make a deeper connection that seems almost mystical.*

Death Flash: 2 Attunement Fatigue - you saw your own death in a dream last night. When your character dies, if there was an item that could have saved you, you have it in your pack. May warrant a little flashback scene. *-Seriously? Who packs a brick? And you'd have DIED without it! What are the odds?*

Your Faith Will See you Through: 1 Attunement Fatigue - restore one Combat Fatigue to anyone, at any time. *-To those strong in faith, the forces of the universe often seem to reach out to aid us.*

Precog: 1 Attunement Fatigue - reroll a missed attack. *-What was that? Well, here it comes again...again...*

Ahab Thrust: 1 Attunement Fatigue - When your attack Hits, spend as many Combat Fatigue as you want to inflict as many additional Hits to your target. *-From Hell's Dark Heart...*

Clairvoyant Slip: 1 Attunement Fatigue - When you fail a Challenge roll, activate this Skill to add your Attunement to that roll. Describe the difference this makes. *-Trust your feelings. An admonishment older than Coruscant.*

Combat Fatigue

Vital Shot: 1 Combat Fatigue - Ignore all of a target's limb armors (Upper Arms, Lower Arms, Upper Legs, Lower Legs) for one shot. *-Hanging out of cover just...one...more...second...you line up a brutal shot to a vital area.*

Rage Focus: 1 Combat Fatigue - double your Power this round. *-Get puuuuuuuumped!!!*

Alpha Strike: 1 Combat Fatigue - gain an Action Point and go first this round. *-Make it count.*

Rolling Shot: 1 Combat Fatigue - when you are Hit, that Hit becomes a miss and you make a free attack. *-All warfare is based on deception. The unexpected attack is the one that lands.*

Suppressive Fire: 1 Combat Fatigue - make up to three attack rolls against separate targets. These do not trigger extra shots from Light Repeating Blaster. *-An important battlefield control tactic that allows one to outmaneuver the enemy. A single expert in suppressive fire can achieve the effectiveness of a whole squad of green troops who think it just means "blast wildly in that general direction."*

Monster Wrangler: 1 Combat Fatigue - enter an animal handling contest with a creature not normally trainable. *-Catch 'em young, spend a lot of time with 'em...it's...possible. If they're smart enough. If they're social enough. If you're ornery enough.*

Combat Medic: 1 Combat Fatigue - restore a Combat Fatigue to another player. *-Battlefield medicine is exhausting. Ask anyone who's had their guts stapled back into their bodies.*

Lethal Focus: 1 Combat Fatigue - Add your Agility to your attacks this round. *-Adrenalin sometimes seems to slow time and provide moments of perfect clarity. Take advantage of that.*

Suicidal Charge: Spend all remaining Combat Fatigue - all your attacks cost 1 Action Points each this turn. *-Like Han Solo in the Death Star. Works great until the surprise wears off.*

Tricks

Anticipate Maneuver: Immediately after an enemy moves in combat, you may make a move action at normal Action Point cost. *-When you learn to anticipate your enemies, you'll stop having to react to them.*

Crack Shot: 1 Action Point. +2 to next ranged attack. *-Take a moment to balance and breathe. It makes all the difference.*

Defensive Shooter: 2 Action Points. Make a ranged attack. Gain +2 Defense until your next turn. *-You stick to cover and aim to force your targets to do the same.*

Point Blank Shot: 3 Action Points. Make an Attack Action with any weapon in melee without -4. *-A blaster makes a poor bludgeon.*

Snag: If an enemy attempts to move away from melee, spend an Action Point to enter a Power Challenge with that character. Neither player nor target may use Action Points for anything but Challenge rolls or Melee attacks until one wins the Power Challenge. Winner may choose to cinch the grapple or release and move. *-Get back here.*

Feint Attack: Take a move action without moving to add +2 to your next melee attack. (This does count as movement for subsequent Move actions.) *-A simple spin maneuver and you're up inside their defenses.*

Lunge Strike: 2 Action Points. Make one Move and then one Attack action. *-You don't want to close the distance just to find you're out of steam.*

Face Parry: 1 Action Point. When an enemy makes an attack roll against you, double the armor value of one armor slot until your next turn. (Armor slot means upper legs, lower legs, upper arms, lower arms, torso, and head). *-Hunch towards an unavoidable shot to concentrate and overlap as much of your armor plate as possible.*

True Protector: 1 Action Point. Take a Hit instead of an ally within Melee range. *-Hurl yourself in front of an ally to become the true hero of this story.*

Trip Attack: Add 1 Action Point to the cost of a melee attack to attempt to knock an opponent to the ground. They may choose to spend an Action Point to stabilize themselves. If they do not, make a free melee attack as they tumble to the ground. *-This weakness of all bipeds astonishingly enough hasn't been addressed by evolution on any planet of sentient species throughout the galaxy for billions of years.*

Leading Shot: 2 Action Points. Make a ranged attack at an opponent that has just moved. *-About one body width ahead is usually enough.*

Berserker Rush: 1 Action Point. You may lose Power Fatigue boxes to successful Hits before losing Combat Fatigue boxes this round. *-Draw deeply on your inner strength and focus your force.*

Distracting Throw: Make a ranged attack with a thrown weapon or improvised weapon as part of a 1 Action Point Help Action. *-You think you can kill*

me with a butter knife? ME?! I A- (large explosion, followed by laughter.)

Heron Strike: Spend all Action Points this round to generate double Action Points next round. *-Hold perfectly still, weapon poised. Only once your enemy has placed their own head in the noose do you...STRIKE.*

Lore Master Training: 2 Action Points. Chant the songs of Old Mandalore and all who hear recover a Combat Fatigue immediately. **Lore Master Calling only** (You must attain the Rank of Called on your Creed Path, and choose to become a Lore Master). *-A master of oratory can bolster courage and will all the way to victory.*

Inspiring Verse Training: 1 Action Point - Target ignores the next Combat Fatigue box lost. *-Learn well the legends of old Mandalore.*

Pack it and Strap it: 3 Action Points. The next Severe Critical roll against your adjacent ally is a Light Critical roll instead. *-Never leave an open wound. Duct tape and a tshirt can save someone's life.*

Hit and run: 2 Action Points. Make a ranged attack, then you must take a full move action away from your target. *-It's just a sound strategy.*

Lightning Reflex: 1 Action Point. If an enemy is about to make a melee attack against you, you may preempt that attack with a ranged attack so long as you are within Melee range. *-Nobody will bad mouth you for a cheap shot if it's the last shot.*

Juke: 2 Action Points. While mounted, make a move up to no more than half your mount's speed to give attacks against you -4 this turn. *-Less linear distance, sure, but much greater longevity.*

Double Tap: 1 Action Point - Make two attacks at the same target and at normal Action Point costs. If they both hit, the two Hits count as four Hits. Note that this means this action usually

costs a total of 4 Action Points: one for the first attack, two for the second, and one for the ability itself. *-Double the tap, double the damage.*

Mixed Armor Specialist: 1 Action Point. Against an attack you can see coming, you may apply the full armor value (as if it were paired) and set bonus (as if wearing a full set) of any one armor section you are wearing. *-I got a storm trooper chest plate that can stop a grenade. I got this Durasteel pauldron from a Correllian heavy trooper; it can stop a blaster cold. And this here beskar collar? Got it made special from the Forgemaster herself, and what can it do? Well let's just say I ain't goin' out like Jango, no way.*

Evasion: When you move, you may add 1 Action Point to the cost of that movement to add +2 to your defense until your next turn. *-Stepping out of cover is when you get shot. If you have to move, don't be predictable.*

Command: 1 Action Point. Another character gains 1 Action Point. *-You think you're done? You're not done.*

Sniper Squeeze: 3 Action Points - Make a ranged attack at up to the maximum range of your weapon, with advantage. *-Breathe out slowly, and squeeze the trigger. Don't pull, squeeze.*

Break-the-Pattern Stride Technique: 2 Action Points. Take a move action that cannot be discerned from background noise by seismic sensors or anything else relying on vibrations or sound for detection. *-A rare skill for desert survival. Effective against Krayt dragons and sand sharks. Good for hunting at night.*

Vie For Position: 1 Action Point. Make a melee attack against a vehicle or mount, using your vehicle or mount as your weapon. Unlike slamming your vehicle/mount into another without this training, Vie For Position will not inflict mutual damage. *-Hit 'em in a soft spot with a hard spot. Trust me, the skill sets transfer.*

Brace and Fire: 1 Action Point. Do not move this turn. Gain +2 to Initiative until the start of your next turn and +2 to your next ranged attack. Activate this Trick at the beginning of a Round. *-A steady stance, controlled breath, and measured timing turn preparation into decisive action.*

Choose Your Signet

When your experience on Mandalore leads to a feeling of kinship with one of its beasts, a 'fellow survivor,' you may seek to undergo a Signet Ritual Challenge. This will vary with the beast but will involve some form of contest for survival in the style of the animal you wish to claim as your signet. You will not start with a Signet. Player interest and narrative circumstance will drive this area of your Character Sheet. (See Signet Section for more information)

Creed Die

The Way is strength. Mandalorians draw strength from the Creed. Furthering your journey along that path solidifies your commitment to the Creed and fortifies the personal power you can draw from these convictions. When you advance in the Creed you gain a Creed die that may be added to any roll to turn failure into success.

Acolyte - d4

Initiate - d6

Attendant - d8

Ordained - d10

Called - d12

You keep each die from each level so not only does the power grow, your options grow. You regain Creed die by performing tasks of advancement for each level, such as chores and contributions. For example, if you are an Attendant, to regain your Acolyte die, you could volunteer to tend the hydroponics gardens, then to regain your Initiate die you could stand a night's watch on the walls of Mandalore One. Regaining your Attendant die would require a

suitably more difficult feat or valuable contribution. Regaining the Creed die of the Called may well require its own small story arc. **When you return from a mission and are honored by your superiors, this is also represented by regaining appropriate Creed die.**

When you advance from one Creed Path Station to the next, the Forge Master will forge you a personal item, which could be anything from an advanced armor plate to custom communications equipment, and present it to you in an advancement ceremony.

You must walk the Way to draw strength from The Way. If you take an action that violates the Mandalorian Creed, you immediately lose your highest Creed die. If such violations become known outside your cadre, you may be temporarily stripped of a rank of advancement and given a dangerous penance task. This indictment requires proof, multiple witnesses, self-confession, or trial by combat, submitted to a tribunal.

Exposing and confronting oath breakers can be an accelerated but unpopular path to advancement. Turning in an oath breaker successfully will regain you a Creed die up to a d10, and can be enough to trigger an advancement on your Creed Path.

Aspirant - The life of an Aspirant is typically short, one way or another. This step weeds out the unwilling and unlucky. The routine of sunup to sundown chores, training, and following every command unthinkingly and instantly is intended to strip away the fantasy of life as a warrior and reveal the character of those who have it. Most quickly prove themselves worthy of elevation or elimination within a matter of weeks.

Acolyte - You have shown promise. You learned to listen more than you speak, at least to authority figures. You are able to mostly communicate in Mandalorian. You can recite the basic legends and you know the difference between antibacterial gel and anti corrosive lubricant. Your cadre has been bloodied and known success outside the walls.

Initiate - You have been initiated into the lowest

circle of the Creed Path. You are trusted to behave in accordance with the Creed. You speak the language and learn the deeper stories. The quiet appraisal and attitude of waiting from your fellows has been replaced with tenuous acceptance. Weapons training and long watches are your day-to-day now. You may find a mentor if you favor a particular style. You may start to feel a Calling.

Attendant - You have mastered the language. You can join in when the sagas are sung. You are considered lethally proficient with at least one weapon. You accept missions far from Mandalore One, and your Cadre is known. You may be used as reinforcements in real battle. You may have even served with the fleet, as security, shipping cargo or even guarding in a prisoner transfer.

Ordained - You have likely begun training along a path towards a Calling. More and more of your training time will be one on one with a master of a craft you would pursue. Your missions bring you against sleeper droids, marauding monsters, hellish environments, and into battle. You are no longer green. You are no longer young. You are no longer a recruit. But.... You are not yet Mandalorian.

Called - You have given yourself over to a Calling: a dedicating of oneself to an aspect of healing Mandalore. Callings are like masteries that unlock high powered training and equipment. Surgeon. Lore Priest. Hunter. Ranger. Forge Master. Each has felt a calling to heal Mandalore in their own way. Surgeons heal the literal flesh of mandalorians; Lore Priests preserve the songs, stories, and legends of Mandalore, and spread them for all to hear; Rangers feel the call to explore far and lost places on Mandalore to retrieve what is lost of the culture; Hunters heal mandalor by slaying its enemies and ensuring it can never fall again; Forge Masters believe that to heal Mandalore is to recover beskar and forge it anew as they reforge their own society.

History and Personality

Answer a few questions about your character to better understand where you are coming from as a newly-christened Mandalorian, then use the Personality and Motivation tables to finish determining who your character really is.

What is your background?

Raised Mandalorian: You were born into the Creed, raised by clan and kin who taught you the Way from your first steps. Armor was not a prize but an inheritance, and the words of the Resol'nare were lessons repeated until they became instinct. You learned early that Mandalorians survive because they prepare, endure, and stand together when others break. This upbringing gives you a firm sense of identity and obligation. Clan honor matters, as do debts—both owed and collected. You may question tradition or refine it, but you do not doubt where you come from. The galaxy may change, but you were forged to meet it head-on.

Since you got started so early, **you start with three extra weapons trainings.**

Orphan Rescued and Sent to Mandalore One: You lost your family young, swept up by war, piracy, or disaster, and would have vanished into the galaxy's indifference if Mandalorians had not intervened. Taken to Mandalore One, you were tested, taught, and reshaped—not as charity, but as investment. Survival earned you a place; effort earned you a future.

You carry a dual memory: what was taken from you and what was given in return. Mandalore is not your birthplace, but it is your home by choice and trial. You often feel the need to prove you belong—not because others doubt you, but because you remember what it cost to be claimed.

Was it luck or fate or something guiding your savior's eye? **You start with +1 Attunement.**

Orphan of the Purge Taken in by Non-Mandalorian: The Purge destroyed more than worlds—it scattered children into unfamiliar lives. You were taken in by outsiders who offered safety but could not offer understanding of what you lost. Armor became legend, language became myth, and Mandalore lived only in fragments and secondhand stories.

Now, you stand between worlds. You may struggle to reclaim what was denied to you, or wrestle with whether the Creed still has a place in your life. Your Mandalorian identity is something you must choose, not something you were shaped into—and that choice carries weight.

You learned to get along in a society governed by civil conventions. **Start with +1 Social.**

Survivor on Planet: When the galaxy burned, you stayed. Whether by luck, stubbornness, or necessity, you survived on a scarred world, picking through ruins and remnants of a broken culture. Every day was a lesson in endurance, and every mistake was paid for in blood or hunger.

You know Mandalore not as a symbol, but as a place that tried to kill you and failed. You trust what you can build and repair with your own hands. Others speak of honor and destiny—you speak of shelter, resources, and tomorrow.

This death world hardened you. **Start with +1 Endurance.**

Survivor Hidden Alone, Hiding Heritage: After the Purge, survival meant silence. You concealed your armor, your name, and your history, blending into the background of the galaxy. Speaking Mando'a was dangerous. Claiming heritage was deadly. So you learned to pass, to lie, and to endure alone.

This secrecy shaped you. You are cautious, self-reliant, and slow to trust. The Creed still lives inside you, but wearing it openly feels like inviting the past to finish what it started. Whether you reclaim your heritage or continue to hide it is a choice that haunts you.

You learned to dodge imperial patrols,

local gangs, bounty hunters, scrutiny, security cameras, emotional entanglements, etc. You've learned a lot of dodge. **+1 Agility.**

Survivor with Cadre, Upholding Tradition: You survived alongside others—family, clanmates, or fellow warriors who refused to let Mandalorian culture die. Together, you preserved what you could: language, rites, training, and the Creed itself. Every lesson was deliberate. Every tradition upheld was an act of defiance.

You see yourself as a bearer of continuity. Others may adapt or reinterpret the Way, but you remember how it was practiced when survival depended on unity. You are not inflexible—but you are careful, knowing how easily tradition can be lost once compromised.

You work hard, knowing that you carry the future. **+1 Skill Training.**

Survivor of The Watch, Raised in the Cult of the Way: You were raised by The Watch, taught that the Way is absolute and that survival depends on unyielding adherence. Helmets stayed on. Oaths were law. The outside galaxy was viewed with suspicion, if not outright hostility. You were not taught to question—only to endure and obey.

Whether you still follow their teachings or have begun to doubt them, their influence runs deep. Discipline, ritual, and certainty shaped you. You may struggle to reconcile the Watch's doctrine with a broader Mandalorian world—or you may believe the galaxy has forgotten what it truly means to walk the Way.

You learned that strength is everything. **Start with +1 Power.**

*"They asked what made us strong.
I told them it was not the metal.
The metal only remembers.
It is the hand that strikes,
and the will that refuses to let go,
that teaches it what to become."*

-Mand'alor Veshok the Forgebound, Early Unification Wars-

Situating Questions

For better or worse, whether or not you want it to be true, the Human species has shaped the political reality of the Galactic Core for nearly a century, being responsible for the fall of the Old Republic, the rise of the Empire, the rise of the Rebellion, the fall of the Empire, the rise of the New Republic, most of the famous Jedi in living memory, most of the Mandalorian Royalty, etc. Humans are often treated differently than other species, one way or another, just because they are human. Understanding the answers to the following questions will help you situate your character's mentality regarding the humanocentric sociopolitical state of the galaxy.

- Did you join the Rebellion?
- Are you human?
- How do you feel about humans?
- How do you feel about members of different species?
- Why do you want to walk The Way?



Character Creation Tables

Personality Table

Here is the exhaustive complete list of personality traits in its entirety. Roll d100 three to six times to become a person.

- 1-**Adventurous** - willing to take risks or to try out new methods, ideas, or experiences.
- 2-**Affectionate** - readily feeling or showing fondness or tenderness
- 3-**Ambitious** - a strong desire to do or to achieve something, typically requiring determination and hard work.
- 4-**Anxious** - experiencing worry, unease, or nervousness, typically about an imminent event or something with an uncertain outcome.
- 5-**Assertive** - having or showing a confident and forceful personality.
- 6-**Attentive** - paying close attention to something.
- 7-**Awkward** - causing or feeling embarrassment or inconvenience.
- 8-**Brave** - ready to face and endure danger or pain; showing courage.
- 9-**Bossy** - fond of giving people orders; domineering.
- 10-**Calm** - not showing or feeling nervousness, anger, or other strong emotions.
- 11-**Caring** - displaying kindness and concern for others.
- 12-**Cautious** - careful to avoid potential problems or dangers.
- 13-**Charismatic** - exercising a compelling charm which inspires devotion in others.
- 14-**Cheerful** - noticeably happy and optimistic.
- 15-**Clever** - quick to understand, learn, and devise or apply ideas; intelligent.
- 16-**Clingy** - tending to stay very close to someone for emotional support,
- 17-**Compassionate** - feeling or showing sympathy and concern for others.
- 18-**Competitive** - eager to be more successful than other people.
- 19-**Confident** - to have a strong belief in your own abilities and to feel sure of yourself and your success.
- 20-**Considerate** - careful not to cause inconvenience or hurt to others.
- 21-**Controlling** - determine the behavior or supervise the running of.
- 22-**Cooperative** - working or acting together willingly for a common purpose or benefit.
- 23-**Cowardly** - too eager to avoid danger, difficulty, or pain
- 24-**Creative** - has the ability to invent and develop original ideas; artistic.
- 25-**Curious** - marked by desire to investigate and learn.
- 26-**Cynical** - a deep-seated distrust of others' motives.
- 27-**Decisive** - able to make decisions quickly and confidently
- 28-**Defensive** - control and power issues, and perceive anyone confronting them or holding them accountable as a threat.
- 29-**Dependable** - the quality of being able to be relied on; trustworthiness or constancy.
- 30-**Desperate** - willing to do anything to achieve their goals or desires, often because they feel like they have no other options.
- 31-**Determined** - firmly set in one's decision or course of action, especially with the aim of achieving a particular goal.
- 32-**Diligent** - steady, careful, and persistent effort in their work or actions.
- 33-**Discreet** - careful not to cause embarrassment or attract too much attention, especially by keeping something secret.
- 34-**Dishonest** - prone to behave in an untrustworthy or fraudulent way.
- 35-**Disorganized** - functioning without adequate order, systemization, or planning
- 36-**Dramatic** - someone who tends to exaggerate their emotions and reactions to situations, often making them seem more intense or significant than they actually are.
- 37-**Driven** - having a strong internal motivation and a compelling desire to achieve goals
- 38-**Easygoing** - relaxed and tolerant in approach or manner.
- 39-**Emotional** - having feelings that are easily excited and openly displayed.
- 40-**Empathetic** - showing an ability to

understand and share the feelings of another.

41-**Energetic** - possessing or exhibiting energy, especially in abundance; vigorous.

42-**Enthusiastic** - having or showing intense and eager enjoyment, interest, or approval.

43-**Erratic** - behavior, actions, or performance are irregular, unpredictable, and inconsistent.

44-**Excitable** - responding rather too readily to something new or stimulating; too easily excited.

45-**Extroverted** - someone who is outgoing, sociable, and gains energy from interacting with others.

46-**Faithful** - firm and not changing in your friendship with or support for a person or an organization, or in your belief in your principles.

47-**Fearful** - anxious, apprehensive, uneasy, or timid

48-**Flexible** - ready and able to change so as to adapt to different circumstances.

49-**Foolish** - having or showing a lack of good sense, judgment, or discretion.

50-**Forgiving** - an intentional decision to let go of resentment and anger.

51-**Friendly** - people who are kind, caring, and make you feel comfortable.

52-**Frugal** - careful about spending money or using things when you do not need to

53-**Funny** - amusing and likely to make you smile or laugh.

54-**Generous** - willing to give money, help, kindness, etc., especially more than is usual or expected.

55-**Gentle** - having or showing a mild, kind, or tender temperament or character.

56-**Gloomy** - . very sad or dejected; hopeless; melancholy

57-**Gregarious** - sociable, friendly, and genuinely enjoys being around other people,

58-**Grumpy** - easily annoyed or angered.

59-**Gullible** - easily tricked because they are too trusting.

60-**Hardworking** - constantly putting engaged and strenuous effort into a job or task.

61-**Helpful** - inclined to assist others in any situation

62-**Honest** - they always tell the truth, and do not try to deceive people or break the law

63-**Humble** - someone who does not think they are better than others and does not boast about their accomplishments.

64-**Humorous** - possessing, indicating, or expressive of an ability to be funny or to be amused by things that are funny

65-**Idealistic** - you dream of perfection, whether in yourself or other people.

66-**Impatient** - having or showing a tendency to be quickly irritated or provoked.

67-**Impulsive** - the tendency to act without thinking

68-**Independent** - not influenced or controlled by others in matters of opinion, conduct, etc.

69-**Indifferent** - having no particular interest or sympathy; unconcerned.

70-**Industrious** - working energetically and devotedly; hardworking; diligent

71-**Insecure** - not confident or assured; uncertain and anxious.

72-**Intelligent** - the capacity for abstraction, logic, understanding, self-awareness, learning, emotional knowledge, reasoning, planning, creativity, critical thinking, and problem-solving.

73-**Intense** - a person experiences and expresses emotions, thoughts, and actions with greater depth and force than what is considered average

74-**Introverted** - a person whose personality is characterized by a preference for solitary activities and quiet environments, finding social interaction draining and preferring time alone to recharge.

75-**Inventive** - to be creative and resourceful, particularly in coming up with new ideas, methods, or solutions.

76-**Jealous** - feeling resentment against someone because of that person's rivalry, success, or advantages

77-**Joyful** - feeling, causing, or showing great happiness

78-**Kind** - someone who is generous, helpful, and considerate towards others, demonstrating a genuine desire to do good and make others feel comfortable and happy.

79-**Lazy** - having a disinclination to work or exert effort

80-**Loyal** - giving or showing firm and constant support or allegiance to a person or institution.

81-**Manipulative** - skillfully influences or controls others to their advantage, often through indirect or deceptive tactics, and without regard for the other person's well-being.

82-**Mature** - one who demonstrates emotional stability, responsibility, and the ability to make sound judgments, often associated with adulthood but not solely defined by age

83-**Mean** - offensive, selfish, or unaccommodating; nasty; malicious.

84-**Methodical** - orderly or systematic in thought or behavior.

85-**Moody** - someone whose emotions and behavior change frequently and unpredictably, often shifting between happiness and sadness or irritability without a clear reason.

86-**Naive** - having or showing a lack of experience, judgment, or information; credulous.

87-**Nervous** - highly excitable; unnaturally or acutely uneasy or apprehensive

88-**Observant** - paying close attention to detail; watchful or heedful

89-**Open-minded** - being willing to consider new ideas, perspectives, and information, even if they differ from one's own beliefs or opinions

90-**Optimistic** - thinks the best possible thing will happen, and hopes for it even if it's not likely

91-**Organized** - you keep your desk clean, your house is neat, and you keep track what you need to accomplish and when

92-**Outgoing** - friendly and socially confident.

93-**Overbearing** - unpleasantly or arrogantly domineering.

94-**Patient** - able to remain calm and not become annoyed when waiting for a long time or when dealing with problems or difficult people

95-**Perfectionist** - a person who refuses to accept any standard short of perfection.

96-**Persistent** - continuing to do something or to try to do something even though it is difficult or other people want you to stop.

97-**Practical** - being focused on real-world situations and solutions, rather than on abstract ideas or theories

98-**Proud** - very happy and pleased because of something you have done, something you own, someone you know or are related to, etc

99-**Reckless** - acting without thinking about the potential consequences or dangers of one's actions

100-**Reliable** - consistently good in quality or performance; able to be trusted.



Motivation Table

The Creed informs your ethics, should you choose to follow it, but what motivates your actions? This question can often tell you what your character would do, or at least why. You may roll a D20, invent your own, or select from the list, but motivation is a vital part of character creation.

1-Riches. Accrual of wealth for the sake of being wealthy.

2-Power. Personal power, or perhaps the power that comes with money or fame.

3-Loyalty. The work you do, the risks you take, they're for the person next to you. For Mandalore. For the Creed.

4-Revenge. Someday. But every kill until then is one step closer, and one day more skilled.

5-Paranoia. There's design behind all this. Wheels within rats in a maze. And we're just pawns caught in the web. Pretty soon they'll know I know what they know, but until then the spider will play cat-and-mouse from the shadows...

6-Love. You have a deeper connection with someone and it drives you to succeed, for them.

7-Fear. Failure is weakness. Weakness is death. If you don't do something, something will be done to you.

8-Conformity. This is what we do. This is the Way.

9-Sadism. Your enemies deserve pain, and you're the lucky one who dishes it out.

10-Nihilism. We're all just following orders. What else is there?

11-Hope. Mandalor will be reborn by your actions.

12-Altruism. Make the people better and they will make the world better.

13-Fame. It's intoxicating. The only thing better is more.

14-Escape. You don't belong here. You're not gonna stay here. This is temporary. You'll earn your way off or get strong enough to get away.

15-Indulgence. Living sober is a choice. A bad one. Eat, drink and be merry.

16-Tradition. Upholding and revitalizing the

legend of Mandalore is in your bones.

17-Competition: Victory comes in a multitude of forms, and you're going to taste them all.

18-Existential. Life has to be lived. That's the only way through. We are nothing more than our choices and our experiences. This is nothing more or less than your life.

19-For the lolz. Technically, even the Death Star was a practical joke. Who ordered the *cough*invulnerable*cough* doomsday device? noshutupdudetheyrestillonthephone.

20-Exhilaration. You are an adrenaline junkie and this death planet is your 24/7/365 (so to speak) dealer.



"You do not choose a Signet.

You survive long enough to learn why it chose you."

--Clan Armorer teaching phrase--

The forge was quieter than usual. Not cold—never cold—but subdued, the great domed chamber breathing heat instead of roaring. The main doors stood open to the yard, and Mandalorians gathered in a rough semicircle: armor scuffed, helmets on, weapons peace-bound but close. No banners. No music.

Just people who mattered.

At the center of the forge floor stood the candidate, helmet removed, hands bare at their sides. The heat made sweat bead along their temples. They did not wipe it away. The Forgemaster turned from the anvil at last.

Their armor was older than most of those present—plates mismatched, repaired, reforged, bearing the scars of decades. They held a short iron rod, still dark, unheated. Not a weapon. Not yet.

The Forgemaster's voice carried without effort.

"Step forward."

The candidate did.

The Forgemaster did not smile.

"You have walked as an Initiate," they said.

"You have left the walls. You have returned. You have shed blood in Mandalore's name and not wasted it."

A pause. The gathered Mandalorians did not speak.

"You have failed," the Forgemaster continued.

A murmur—quiet, but present.

The candidate stiffened, but did not look away.

"You failed at Karth Ridge," the Forgemaster said calmly. "You pressed when you should have held. Two of your cadre were injured. One still walks with pain."

The Forgemaster turned slightly. A Mandalorian in the crowd inclined their head once. No accusation. Just truth.

The Forgemaster looked back.

"You did not deny it. You did not hide it. You carried them back."

Another pause.

"That matters."

The Forgemaster stepped closer, until the heat from the forge washed over them both. "You have also succeeded," they said. "You broke the scavenger ambush at the glass flats. You recovered beskar fragments thought lost. You chose the safety of others over the certainty of glory."

The iron rod was raised, held level between them.

"You seek recognition as Attendant," the Forgemaster said. "Not because you crave rank, but because others already treat you as such."

The Forgemaster turned their head, voice rising slightly.

"Does anyone here contest this claim?"

Silence.

The kind that answers.

The Forgemaster nodded once.

"Good. Then witness."

They pressed the iron rod into the forge. Heat bloomed. The metal darkened, then glowed, then burned white at the tip.

The Forgemaster withdrew it and held it before the candidate.

"Kneel."

The candidate did.

"This mark is not power," the Forgemaster said. "It is expectation."

They touched the heated tip to the edge of the anvil, not the candidate. A sharp clang rang out instead of a hiss of flesh.

"This is not a wound," the Forgemaster continued. "It is a sound. Others will hear it when you speak. Others will follow it when you act."

The rod was set aside. The Forgemaster reached behind the anvil and lifted a small object: a newly forged armor plate, unfinished, dull gray.

"Take this," they said. "Not as protection. As a promise."

The candidate accepted it with both hands.

"You are no longer Initiate," the Forgemaster said, voice steady, final. "You are Attendant."

You will be sent farther. You will be trusted more. You will be watched closely.”
They leaned in, just enough for the candidate to hear the last words privately.
“Do not make me regret speaking your name in this forge.”
The Forgemaster stepped back and raised their voice once more.
“Witnessed,” they said.
The crowd answered, not loudly, but together: “Witnessed.”
The forge fires were stoked.
The ceremony was over.
And the weight of the title settled in—not as pride, but as gravity.



The Challenge System

No Prep Dive-In Challenge NOW

1. Structure Inflicter describes scenario and calls for challenge. Declares ability and challenge rating. Consult chart:

Illustrative Challenge Table

Challenge 1 = Difficulty 2 = Fatigue 0 (1 total success to beat)

Challenge 2 = Difficulty 4 = Fatigue 0

Challenge 3 = Difficulty 6 = Fatigue 1 (2 total successes to beat)

Challenge 4 = Difficulty 8 = Fatigue 1

Challenge 5 = Difficulty 10 = Fatigue 1

Challenge 6 = Difficulty 12 = Fatigue 2 (3 total successes to beat)

Challenge 7 = Difficulty 14 = Fatigue 2

Challenge 8 = Difficulty 16 = Fatigue 2

Challenge 9 = Difficulty 18 = Fatigue 3 (4 total successes to beat)

Challenge 10 = Difficulty 20 = Fatigue 3

Note: die roll, after modifications, must EXCEED difficulty to succeed.

2. Player describes in detail their approach for the current part of the challenge. SI calls for a roll once satisfied with the description.

3. Player SPENDS AN ACTION POINT, then rolls a D20 and adds their ability score plus anything applicable from trainings.

4. SI consults Challenge Table, above, for success or failure, and describes the result, then describes the next area/obstacle/complication of the challenge.

5. If player has enough action points for a second roll in the "turn", they may repeat steps 2 and 3, spending 2 action points for a second roll.

6. If they do not, the SI describes a setback and rolls for the challenge against the player, adding the challenge rating as a player would their ability score.

7. If this roll exceeds twice the player's ability, they lose a challenge fatigue. If they have no remaining challenge fatigue before this roll succeeds, they have failed the challenge. See 'Help Action' during this step.

8. If the player has not yet failed, begin a new turn at Step 2.

The nature and style of role play changes from one role playing game to the next. The role playing itself is shaped by the rules of the game to further the goal and scope of each different game. Commonalities exist across them all, but with different weight given to different aspects. There exist RPG's that focus on intense interpersonal dynamics, dark political intrigue, and the maneuvering of entire kingdoms and bloodlines. Each system emphasizes its intended focus and playstyle with its game mechanics and brings a different flavor to sample from the RPG buffet. Reclaiming Mandalore uses an action-focused system to tell classic Star Wars Stories: High stakes, long odds, and huge monsters.

Why the Challenge System?

The Challenge System brings the excitement back to the actual action sequences that make Star Wars fun. The instant pass/fail of skill check systems minimizes the time investment and personal investment in actions taken. It makes the things you do and actions you take a forgettable checklist on the way to your boss fight. Let's look at an example from Star Wars and see how the two different systems represent important and iconic action sequences.

Structure Inflicter: Okay Han, you've got three TIEs on your tail and your shields are weak. What do you do?

Han: I fly into the asteroid field.

Table gasps

Han: Whatever. Plot armor, suckas.

Structure Inflicter: That's going to be very difficult to navigate successfully. Are you sure?

Han: I'm doin' it.

Structure Inflicter: Okay, gimme that skill check.

Han: That's a....4. Ok, so with my Ability Bonus, plus my Pointless Bonus, Plus my Flier Flying circumstance bonus, which I am right now, right?

Structure Inflicter: I'll give it to you. You are a flier. You are flying.

Han: Sweet. K, so, let's see... so 4, plus ability, plus pointless bonus, plus flier flying bonus, plus the bonus from flying my flying ship-of-flying...28.

Structure Inflicter: Well the DC was 18, so you pass. Congratulations you're through the asteroid field.

Han: Sick. Where's the boss?

That was...fun. Right?

Now let's look at how the Challenge System takes the focus off stacking bonuses and game mechanics, and brings it back to the actions and world those mechanics are meant to represent:

Structure Inflicter: Okay Han, you've got three TIEs on your tail and your shields are weak. What do you do?

Han: We can't evade those TIEs forever. I'm going to have to take us into that asteroid field.

Table gasps

Structure Inflicter: Okay... I will have to warn you that the odds of successfully navigating an asteroid field are 3,720 to 1.

C-3PO: But the odds of successfully navigating an asteroid field are 3,720 to 1!

Han: NEVER TELL ME THE ODDS. [Han turns his chair to c-3po] I'm sorry I yelled at you. You know that was in-character right? I don't want you to think I'm actually yelling at you.

C-3po: I totally get it. I made an annoying character on purpose and I knew he'd cause friction. Don't worry about it. I'm actually finding out some things about myself I never knew. I kind of like being yelled at. In fact, you could step on me if you wanted.

Han: Like, in-game?

C-3po:...yes....

Structure Inflicter: Anyway...Han, begin an Agility Challenge, and it's gonna be a tough one. Let me hear what you're doing right now.

Chewie: Wraaaauugh. Wraaaaauuuuugh.

Structure Inflicter: Oh, right on, you're going to be helping during this challenge, Chewie?

Chewie: Wraagh.

Han: Thanks, pal. I didn't want to speak for you. Okay, so, I'm going to put shields full forward and count on speed to evade the TIES.

Structure Inflicter: Gimme that roll

Han: That's a 17! Plus agility is a 23!

Structure Inflicter: Excellent, that's one down. Will you do another roll this turn?

Han: Yeah I've got the AP so I'll go for it.

Structure Inflicter: What are you going to do?

Han: I'm going to try and swoop around that big dark asteroid over there.

Structure Inflicter: Roll it.

Han: 12 plus 6 is 18?

Structure Inflicter: Sorry that's a miss. Time for the challenge...does a 14 beat your agility?

Han: You know it does.

Structure Inflicter: Oooh...That's one box down for you. As you approach the asteroid an unexpected slab of stone juts far up from the surface, forcing you to pull up far out and away from your intended course. What do you do?

Han: No looking back. I'm going to barrel roll sideways and shoot off at a right angle to confuse the TIEs.

Structure Inflicter: Roll it.

Han: 14 plus 6 20! Yes!

Structure Inflicter: You break from line of sight with the TIEs, but have you really lost them?

Han: I'm rolling again. I want to try and set down on that same huge asteroid I just flew away from.
7. Pooooo....

Structure Inflicter: The Challenge rolls...16. As you try to sneak your way through the debris back

to a hiding spot, suddenly green laser fire flashes across your vision, dangerously close to your canopy. You have one challenge fatigue remaining.

Chewie: WROARH.

Structure Inflicter: Sorry, Chewie. I forgot you were helping with this. Two boxes. My mistake.

Chewie: Wroa...wroooooagh...

Han: My go?

Structure Inflicter: Yup. What's your plan now?

Han: I'm going to even out my shields and attempt the same wrap-around maneuver as before. Natural 20! Yes!

Structure Inflicter: Amazing. That's an extra success which finishes the challenge in your favor. You swoop around the asteroid and see a perfect place to set down. The TIEs are baffled. You've lost them. What are you going to do now?

Han: I wanna fly into that giant space worm!

See now how extending actions provides greater opportunity for role play, description, character development, and player interaction, and immerses people into both the game and world so much more deeply? It allows the storytelling to happen in these moment-to-moment sequences and brings the excitement of combat to every part of the experience.

What The Challenge System Actually IS

An iterative explanation

Describe the action
 Roll the die
 Hear the results
 DO IT AGAIN

Structure Inflicter describes the situation and setting
 Player describes their actions and intentions for the first part of the challenge.
 Player rolls against the Challenge Difficulty
 Structure Inflicter describes the results and consequences of the roll
 SOMETHING HAPPENS as the Structure Inflicter rolls for the Challenge
 Player describes actions for the next roll
 Player rolls
 Structure Inflicter describes.
 And on until either player or challenge gain sufficient successes

Determine Challenge Difficulty and Challenge Fatigue.

Describe actions and roll a d20 plus relevant attribute to exceed Challenge Difficulty, removing one fatigue if successful.

Structure Inflicter describes circumstances and rolls against player difficulty, removing one Challenge Fatigue if successful.

Player describes next step or new approach and rolls, again adding their attribute rating to the result on the die, removing a fatigue box from the challenge if successful.

Structure Inflicter describes results, and rolls to beat the player's Attribute Difficulty, removing one Challenge Fatigue if successful.

Once a success is achieved after no fatigue boxes remain, that side wins the Challenge.

Structure Inflicter describes the results and consequences.

This is a D20 system. Rolls are made in the form of Challenges. If a player performs an action AND THERE ARE CONSEQUENCES FOR FAILURE, that player enters a challenge with the relevant statistic. Players have attribute ratings, 1-10. For every 3 points in an attribute, rounded down, that player gets a Fatigue Box for that attribute. A Challenge will have an attribute and fatigue boxes for players to overcome. In a challenge, roll your D20 and add your attribute rating. If this exceeds twice the Challenge's rating (the Challenge Difficulty), that challenge loses a fatigue box. The player and challenge each take normal Turns, with the player spending Action Points to roll against the Challenge, and the Challenge then rolling against twice the Attribute rating of the player (the Player Difficulty). If the Challenge succeeds when the player's attribute has no fatigue boxes, the player fails. If the challenge has no remaining fatigue boxes when its rating is beaten, the player has passed the challenge. Think of it as breaking down castle walls before attacking the keep. Bust the walls, Attack the keep. Eliminate the fatigue, then go for the win.

Illustrative Challenge Table

Challenge 1 = Difficulty 2 = Fatigue 0 (1 total success to beat)

Challenge 2 = Difficulty 4 = Fatigue 0

Challenge 3 = Difficulty 6 = Fatigue 1 (2 total successes to beat)

Challenge 4 = Difficulty 8 = Fatigue 1

Challenge 5 = Difficulty 10 = Fatigue 1

Challenge 6 = Difficulty 12 = Fatigue 2 (3 total successes to beat)

Challenge 7 = Difficulty 14 = Fatigue 2

Challenge 8 = Difficulty 16 = Fatigue 2

Challenge 9 = Difficulty 18 = Fatigue 3 (4 total successes to beat)

Challenge 10 = Difficulty 20 = Fatigue 3

Note: die roll, after modifications, must EXCEED difficulty to succeed.

Example Challenge:

Grixas wants to climb an icy rock face. The Structure Inflicter decides this is quite difficult and sets its Challenge Rating at 7. This gives the Challenge 2 fatigue boxes, one for every three Rating, rounded down. This also means Grixas needs to roll higher than a 14, and has to do it 3 times: twice for the fatigue boxes, and one to finish the challenge. Grixas has a Power of 6, and decides to undertake the challenge.

As the initiator of the challenge, Grixas goes first. "I grip the highest ledge I can reach and pull with all my strength." They roll a 10. Adding their Power of 6 gives a score of 16, defeating the 14 target number and removing a fatigue box.

The Structure Inflicter describes the results of Grixas choice, and rolls for the Challenge, "You pull all the way up, making the ledge. However the strain of your weight causes a fracture in the stone..." The Obstacle then rolls a 7, adding another 7 for its rating for a 14 total, defeating Grixas' 12 Difficulty in Power (from doubling his attribute, just like a Challenge Rating) and removing a fatigue box.

"I shuffle to the side as quickly as I can, keeping careful grip with my steel boots." On Grixas' turn they roll an 8. Adding Grixas' strength of 6 gives a score of 14, which meets the Challenge's Difficulty, but does not exceed it. The Challenge does not lose a Challenge Fatigue.

"The ledge breaks and you find yourself hanging from your finger tips instead of toes." The Obstacle rolls a 15, adds seven, and the score of 22 removes Grixas' last fatigue box.

"I pull up while kicking, taking a vertical leap up the wall." Grixas then rolls a 20: an Exceptional Success. This scores 2 successes, removing the final fatigue box, and scoring a hit against the Challenge itself, defeating it.

"With a final lunge, Grixas' steel gauntlet hooks into the peak of the cliff, and they haul themselves up."

Reclaiming Mandalor is an Action-Adventure game. The challenges a character faces aren't just stepping stones to the boss fight; they are a significant source of the tension and drama

that makes a role playing game a unique experience. Each roll should be accompanied by a description of the player's actions, and how the obstacle presents its challenge. Make it a collaborative storytelling experience.

How to apply a challenge rating

The Challenge Rating gives you three numbers: what the challenge adds to its roll, the number of Challenge Boxes it has, and the target number to beat when you roll against it.

1. The Challenge adds its own rating to its rolls.
2. Divide Challenge Rating by 3 for its Challenge Boxes, rounding down
3. Multiply Challenge Rating by 2 for the target number to beat, the Challenge Difficulty.

Note that this is the same for attribute ratings when the challenge rolls against the player. (Double player attribute. This is the target number the Challenge has to beat.)

So, if a Challenge Rating is 4.....

It adds 4 to its rolls against a player.

It has 1 Challenge Box (meaning two successful rolls will defeat the challenge)

Its target number to beat is 8. (So a score of nine total is a successful roll)

A challenge can last just a few seconds, or be more paced with each roll representing hours or even days of effort. For most challenges you are not compelled to roll every turn of the challenge, in case you have to pause your hacking to blast a mynoc, but the challenge WILL roll against you every turn once it's been entered, until it is complete, win or lose. "Turn length" outside of combat is however long it takes to perform the action, spending Action points for each challenge roll as normal. So, if you have 3 AP and want to fix a vehicle the SI determines how long a turn takes, and you make as many challenge rolls as you can pay for with action points in that turn. With only 2 action points you would make one roll per turn, but with three you could make two challenge rolls. After each "turn" is when the challenge rolls against you.

Rating 1;2: If the structure Inflicter wants a challenge that lasts just a moment, is intended to be completed in a fraction of a turn, and is very simple, use a challenge rating of one or two. This will allow the challenge to be completed in one roll and almost certainly be successful. The only occasions you would call for a roll of this low difficulty is if added pressures more extreme than combat cause an otherwise mundane task to use action points. Examples: taking a quick glance for information while a bomb is ticking down, shutting a door that a beast is sprinting towards, activating a beckon call or homing beacon in free fall, switching frequencies from battle comms to answer a distress call from someone outside the fight.

Rating 3;4;5: Challenge difficulty 3, 4, and 5 will all have a single Challenge Box and thus take a minimum of 2 rolls to complete. This difficulty reflects a task that could probably be completed in one combat turn if all goes right, but would consume all of your attention to complete that quickly. This difficulty is also used when conditions are optimal and time is not a factor. These are simple tasks that take a bit of time under pressure. Examples of challenges in this category: arming and throwing a grenade, replacing a broken part, climbing a cliff with pitons already in place in good weather, cooking a decent meal, an unhurried search of a room with no specifically hidden secrets, navigating with instruments, hacking a standard lock or computer interface with good equipment, detecting a hidden ambusher once they've opened fire.

Rating 6: is a good mid level challenge setting. It provides 2 fatigue to overcome and requires a 13 on a d20 (after adding attribute rating) for each success. With any party members assisting with the Assist Action there is a limited chance of failure, but it should take up time, allowing for pressuring events to escalate.

Rating 7;8: Difficulty 7 and 8 also take three successful attempts, but the target numbers of 14 and 16 make these significant challenges.

Such challenges are demanding, risky, and possibly questionable in their wisdom. Use this difficulty if a player wants to attempt something you don't really think a normal person would be able to do, but would be unreasonable to deny entirely, such as fixing a generator with only basic mechanical training.

Example challenges: climbing an icy cliff, breaking through plastic handcuffs, piloting in severe weather, resisting a potentially deadly poison, dragging something several times your weight, hacking a high security encryption, tracking across the glassed landscape, searching for something hidden like a sniper or a trap door, digging through rubble, reading quickly under pressure, medical treatment beyond basic triage.

Extreme Difficulty

Challenge rating 9 or even 10 is for the ludicrous. When the odds are something in the range of 3,720 to 1. When something is technically within the realm of physical possibility but just doesn't happen, like dodging hail in a hailstorm. Or leaping off a hover car onto another hover car a hundred feet down going at a different speed in a different direction. Or surviving a blaster bolt to the heart. Overcoming a difficulty 9 challenge even if you have a score of 6 in the relevant attribute would mean rolling over a 12 on the die four times before the challenge rolls a 4 or higher 3 times against you.

If it feels like the Challenge succeeds at every roll it makes, it's supposed to. This effectively sets the timer for the Challenge, and only extreme luck or skill will affect this duration.

Suspended Challenge: Sometimes a challenge can be paused without repercussion. For example, if you prepare a grenade to throw but hold until the right time you would not keep rolling until the challenge is completed, and the challenge would not roll against you each turn: you are just standing there holding something, which is not a challenge. If a player wants to

suspend a challenge and the Structure Inflicter agrees it makes sense for the situation, simply note the challenge's progress and continue with the story. Resume when the Structure Inflicter and player agree it makes sense.

When To Enter A Challenge

Use the challenge system whenever a player takes an action that could benefit from collaborative description. If there's even a chance of failure, use a challenge. Also, some actions mechanically require a challenge to execute. Let's look at a few examples.

"I want to fly my air speeder to the location on the map we already know."

If the pace and thread of the current story would be best served by allowing the group to freely move to the location where everyone wants the action to start, just move the game along and get them there. On the other hand if they don't really know exactly what they're going to do or exactly where they're going it can add some spice and some stakes to throw in a rogue shard storm with a flight challenge. That way when they get where they're going it feels like they've really traveled and that they've earned it. Invite the player to describe flight maneuvers for each roll and tell them how the storm is behaving for each counter roll.

Example Flight Challenges: Power - maintain control of a bucking craft in heavy turbulence
Agility - nimbly dodge through rock spires and canyons

Mental - fly while navigating or attempting to locate a target in the air or ground.

"I want to thoroughly search this room."

Ok, what do you do to search? Do you pull every book on the shelf? Do you tap along the floor for hollow spots? Do you scan for heat or energy signatures? Let each roll represent a different approach towards the same end in this type of challenge. Use a Mental challenge for searching typically, but if a player really wants to rely on

intuition and just starts feeling it out or slowly pointing around with their eyes closed, or perhaps deploys the old dowsing rod, an Attunement challenge could be pretty fun.

"I want to climb this ruined building."

This type of challenge is a direct jab-and-counter approach to the system. I leap and grab the bar. The bar starts bending. I kick off the wall and pull up to grab the next ledge. Your leg breaks through the brittle rubble and you're hanging upside down by your knee. I grab that bent metal bar, twist it off, bend it into a hook, tie my belt to it, and throw it up over the lip of the wall to pull myself up. And so on and so on until the challenge ends. A challenge ends when either the challenge or player succeeds on a number of rolls equal to one plus the challenge's Challenge Fatigue boxes ($\frac{1}{3}$ the challenges rating) for the player, or one plus the players Challenge Fatigue based on their attribute rating ($\frac{1}{3}$ of their attribute) for the challenge.

"I want to change this person's mind."

This is a Social challenge and takes place over the course of a conversation. The difficulty is set by the Mental plus Social attributes of your opponent, and could be modified by the Structure Inflicter based on circumstances, receptiveness, relationship, etc. This challenge often happens after you're halfway through a conversation you didn't realize you were going to need a challenge for. Just catch up as best you can and try to insert it organically. It may not even be necessary. Don't let a challenge interrupt the role play that the Challenge System is intended to foster, but if a player wants to impose their view on a resistant subject, a challenge like this is the way to go.

This collaborative dramatic storytelling brings depth and excitement to even mundane activities. Have them enter a challenge to mop the break room, and explore what difficulties might thwart one's efforts.

And failure doesn't have to mean they can't execute their intention; it could just take longer than expected, attract an enemy's attention, or

cost another opportunity of some kind. As long as the challenges are collaborative and action focused the dice rolling will be meaningful and fun.

Challenges are for Players, Not NPC's.

Challenges exist to further role playing experiences. Npc's do not enter proper challenges. If a situation arises that would appear to call for an 'opposed challenge' roll, instead use one or two of the npc's appropriate attributes to set the difficulty of the challenge the player then engages in. For example, in a social challenge to convince a critical npc to believe something they just don't want to hear, use that npc's Mental plus Social attribute to set the difficulty of the challenge. Or if you're in a climbing race and it seems like an opposed power challenge would be the obvious mechanical representation, instead use the Power (for an easy challenge) or Power plus Endurance (for higher difficulty) of the opponent npc to set the rating for a player's Challenge.

There are times an NPC will require a challenge-like approach, for example when throwing a grenade or when forced into an endurance challenge for survival. These are primarily tracked for the purposes of Action Point Economy as necessities of Combat. Don't turn an npc's 'challenge' into a scene.

If entering a Challenge would detract from pacing and action, or if the role play is flowing easily on its own, do not enter a Challenge.

If a conversation suddenly turns towards an objective, even if it's been going on a while, have a player make a roll or two on a social challenge just to see how convincing they may have been.

Rulings, not Rules

Stopping the game to look up a specific rule kills the flow of action. Once you're comfortable with the spirit of the game, feel free to make quick rulings or invent little subsystems like luck rolls in the moment to keep things engaging. Not clear on grenade placement or something? Make a fair call on the spot and look it up after the session.

"When Mandalore finally breaks,

it will not be the sky that does it."

— Fragment from a pre-Republic stone slab



Travel Challenges

A Travel Challenge is a special extended duration challenge intended to represent time passing and make travel scenes feel like you've actually traversed a significant distance.

The difficulty of a Travel Challenge should reflect both physical distance and harshness of the environment. Each roll represents a certain amount of time passing or a landmark reached.

To start a Travel Challenge ask the players what skill they are going to use. Any could be appropriate depending on the approach.

-Power: We're going to smash our way in a straight line no matter what.

-Agility: We're going to be as stealthy as possible.

-Endurance: We're going to set a pace and keep it up for the long haul.

-Mental: Travel smarter. We're gonna climb to a high point and paraglide as far as we can.

-Social: The key to unit success is unit morale.

-Attunement: We'll do what feels right.

See if we get lucky.

Once a skill is selected, one player enters the challenge, and another may use the Help action.

At this point the Structure Inflicter describes the terrain before the party and the player doing the challenge describes their approach. After each roll, the Structure Inflicter describes a new obstacle or difficulty the party must overcome through descriptive role play, as with a normal challenge.

The Structure Inflicter or any player should roll on the Random Encounter D100 Table at least once on a shorter (Challenge Rating 4 or 5) trip, and at least twice (Challenge Rating 6 or 7) on a longer trip, in between challenge rolls where convenient.

When the challenge is passed, the party arrives at its destination. If the challenge is failed, impose a significant setback, loss, or combat, and start another travel challenge. With this method, travel in your game will have appropriate weight.



Combat

No Prep Dive-In Combat NOW:

Roll initiative. Roll a D20 and add agility. This is loosely the turn order and will determine when a round starts and ends.

Ambush? Yes: Attackers make actions. Defenders begin a mental challenge to spot them. Usually low level. Meant to represent shock. Someone has to succeed and point out the enemy before those ambushed can attack back.

Ambush? No: Roll initiative and record turn order.

Highest initiative character may now spend action points on Attack, Move, Help, Challenge

Attack: Roll D20 and add modifiers from skills. Compare result to target's Defense (armor plus agility plus cover plus anything from skills). If you exceed it, target is hit and loses a combat fatigue box. If target has no combat fatigue, roll on the light critical hits table. If target has already sustained a light critical hit this round, roll on the severe critical hits table.

If a 20 is rolled on the attack die, it counts as two hits.

Move: Up to approximately 30 feet. A move action is required to fully get out of the line of fire during a round you have made an attack. See Cover Rules.

Help: spend an action point each turn of another player's challenge to give that player an additional fatigue box against the challenge. Helping player also rolls a D4 whenever the challenge rolls against a player, and subtracts their result from the challenge's roll.

Challenge: Perform a complicated action under pressure such as hacking, arming and placing explosives, piloting, climbing, etc.

Continue down the initiative order until everyone has had a chance to spend Action Points.

Final call to spend Action Points saved during the turn.

Action Points expire.

Return to the top of the Initiative Order.

Everyone generates fresh Action Points now. The highest initiative character takes their turn again.

Repeat this until one side has been rendered combat ineffective or flees.

Note: The cost of each different type of action is one Action Point, plus one for every time you've used that type of action this turn. In short, one attack costs one point, the second costs two. Same for movement, helping, and challenges.

Note: When using common gridded play maps and figurines for table top play, count each one inch space as ten feet. This is important for weapon range and explosion distance balance.

Sample Combat

Your patrol is ambushed by a baying pack of 5 Glasshounds: mutant quadrupedal scavengers that roam the wastes, always hungry. Roll initiative. Hierra rolls a 12, adds her agility of 5, and gets a 17. Korron gets a 6 and adds his agility of 2 for a score of 8. The glasshounds roll a 15, add 4 for their initiative bonus, for a 19 total.

The glasshounds go first, swarming into the pair with a move action then an attack action. They have +4 from their Pack attack bonus. Two attack Hierra and roll 6 and 17, for an 10 and 21 total. Hierra is wearing mixed plastoid and Durasteel for a total armor of 9 armor. Adding this to her agility of 5 gives a defense of 14, as one typically cannot claim cover in melee.

combat. The 10 from the glasshound fails to damage her but the 21 succeeds, and she takes a hit, dropping her combat fatigue to 2.

Against Korron the three remaining hounds roll a 2 for a 6 total, a 10 for a 14 total, and a 20, which is a critical hit. His armor is full Durasteel, for a total of 12 armor. With his agility of 2 his defense is also 14. The 6 misses. The 14 comes close but does not beat his defense. The 20 is a critical hit and automatically inflicts an extra hit in addition to what the attack would do. In this case the hound inflicts 2 total hits. Due to his matched set armor bonus, Korron will spend one endurance fatigue to reduce this by one. He takes one total hit and is reduced to 3 Combat Fatigue.

Now it is Hierras turn. She is already in contact with the hounds, so she pulls out a vibroknife and uses her three action points to make 2 attacks. Her trainings give her +3 in melee and advantage on one attack each turn. She rolls a 7, and a 12/17, choosing the 17. This makes her totals 10 and 20, which is not a critical because the number in the die was not a 20.

The hounds have tough matted almost leathery plate growths in their shoulders and haunches that crystal shards have buried into, enhancing them into a carapace like structure. Their armor value is 2, plus a 4 agility makes their defense 6. Hierra has scored two hits against one of the hounds. They only have one combat fatigue box, so one hit goes to that, and the other is a Light Critical Hit. The hounds count as Generic Units so any critical hit is enough to eliminate them. One hound down, 4 to go.

Korron has a longblaster and wants to use it without -4. He spends an action point to move away from the hounds.

He uses his three remaining action points to blast the nearest glasshound twice. He also spends a combat fatigue to activate his Suppressive Fire ability. He first makes 2 attacks at the closest hound, now 30 feet away, and rolls a pair of 12's. His blaster trainings add 3 to each, for a pair of 15's to hit. The hounds defense is 6 so these two hits immediately dispatch one of them. Then he makes three attacks against separate targets, one for each remaining hound.

He rolls. 1, a 3, and a 16. With his +3 bonus

this is a 4, a 6 and a 19. One of these exceeds the hounds' defense, so he gets one Hit. He is out of AP and has no more abilities to activate, so his turn is over.

All three hounds turn on their closest target, Hierra, and attempt to overwhelm her. They all use 3 AP each to make 2 attacks, biting and tearing into her. Their attacks now only have +2 to hit, as they have lost two of their number. They score 6, 9, 15, 11, 18, and 17 to hit, inflicting 3 total hits against Hierra, wiping out her final 2 fatigue boxes and inflicting a Light Critical Hit. The hounds roll a D4, and score a 4. Fangs rake across her legs, inflicting Area Trauma, making her vulnerable to subsequent damage.

Hierra is overwhelmed. She uses her three action points to pull out a concussion grenade and take 2 challenge rolls. Since all she has to do is arm it and drop it, the Structure Inflicter decided it is a very low challenge rating, 3. She has to roll higher than 6 two times to beat this challenge. She rolls for her two actions and gets a 4 and an 18. Her agility is 5 so these become a 9 and a 23. She passes the challenge, the concussion grenade detonates, and everything within 20 feet takes a D4 roll on the light critical table, which, because they all have the Generic special rule for 'extras', eliminates them as threats immediately. Hierra rolls a 3 for herself, and falls unconscious from the blast. She begins an endurance challenge to awaken. Combat is over.

How To Do A Combat Scene

Combat uses a similar system to Challenges: To Attack roll a D20 and exceed the target's defense. Defense rating is the character's agility plus armor plus cover plus any bonuses from abilities or equipment. If the roll exceeds your target's defense, they are Hit, causing them to lose a combat fatigue box. If they suffer a Hit after losing all combat fatigue boxes they roll on the light critical hits table, then the severe critical hits table. The first hit each round taken with no remaining combat fatigue boxes is a light critical hit, and each subsequent hit that round, if no combat fatigue boxes are regained in between

hits, is a severe critical hit.

When players want to attack a target, or get attacked, even if they can't see their assailant, start a combat scene. The first thing you do is have each player and the enemy roll initiative: a D20 plus their Agility Attribute. Then players and enemies take their turns in order from highest to lowest initiative. (Note that if players are attacked by unseen assailants they must begin a mental challenge on their first turn of combat to locate their enemy. They are not compelled to roll on this challenge however. They may prefer to duck and run with all action points, hoping to break out of the ambush. Or even make other preparations and trust a comrade will find the target and point it out.)

This initiative order is a loose structure to provide a starting point for the combat. Trainings often allow characters to act out of turn and if one player wants to wait to take their actions later in the initiative order this is fine. Remember that everything in a combat round is kind of happening all at the same time. If something

causes a player's initiative to change, adjust the initiative order immediately.

At the beginning of each round (after everyone in the initiative list has had a turn and the final call for Actions has been taken) you generate 2 Action Points, plus one for every 3 points of Power you have. You use Action Points for the following: Moving; Making an Attack; Making a Challenge roll; Assisting a squadmate. The cost for each of these is 1 Action Point for the first use in a round, 2 Action Points for the second use, and 3 Action Points for the third use. Note this applies to a whole initiative round rather than player turn. You do not have to spend all your action points on your turn; after each participant in a combat has had their turn, there is an opportunity to spend remaining action points before the round ends. Unspent action points from the previous round also expire just before generating new action points for the current round.

Another action you may choose is Regroup. This action forgoes any action for the



turn in order to recover a box of Fatigue (any kind). This is an important survival mechanism.

You may also spend Fatigue of the appropriate type to activate Tactics. Some actions that cost fatigue enable you to act out of turn, so make sure you note when to save Action Points. Your turn ends when you are out of AP, aren't going to spend a Fatigue, and/or choose to pass.

Continue this process of taking turns round by round until one side is destroyed or flees without pursuit.

Making An Attack

When you use the Attack Action, you are intending to inflict damage in the form of Hits. Actions towards any other end are likely covered by a Challenge. Spend an Action Point (or more, if not your first attack) then roll a Twenty Sided Die (D20). Add any bonuses from purchased Skills. If the total exceeds your target's Defense (agility, plus armor, plus cover, plus bonuses if any) then you have scored a Hit. Each Hit removes one Combat Fatigue. When a target has no Combat Fatigue remaining, each subsequent Hit causes a roll on a Critical Damage Table. The first Hit in a Round after a target loses its last Combat Fatigue is rolled on the Light Critical Damage Table. Hits after the first each Round are then rolled on the Severe Critical Damage Table.

Fatigue Recovery

Fatigue boxes, both Combat Fatigue and Ability Fatigue recover after a brief rest period. If you have a couple hours to take a nap and catch a snack, you will recover all fatigue boxes. The Structure Inflicter will typically roll for a Random Encounter during this time unless you are in a secure location.

Remember that the Treat Critical action can be used to suspend the effects of many of the following results. See the First Response Skill. Many of the Endurance Challenges on these tables represent the time you have to treat the injury.

Light Critical Damage Table

- 1-Shaken** - That one clipped you pretty good. It takes a second to regain your balance and clear your vision. Actions cost +1 AP next turn
- 2-Stunned** - You can't think for a moment. Things are definitely happening, but your whole world is just this ringing... Your base Action Point generation next turn is 0.
- 3-Unconscious** - A blow to the head, sudden blood loss, concussive force, etc. have rendered you unconscious for the moment. May not act until completing a Stamina Challenge 4.



4-Area Surface Trauma - Burned by a blast bolt, explosion, acid, or the like or even a significant enough impact or blood loss has caused serious damage to a swathe of skin, even through your suit. After you suffer this critical injury, each time you are Hit or suffer another Area Trauma, this critical condition inflicts another Hit. If this Hit would result in a critical roll use a D12 on the appropriate table.

5-Broken Hand - whether by grenade, hoof, nerve damage in your spine, or even exhaustion through blood loss, your hand isn't working. You may only use one hand until healed.

6-Broken Foot - Maiming, burning, or the simple caltrop could be responsible. Your movement is halved until healed. Movement Actions are taken at the normal Action Point cost, but each is worth fifteen feet instead of thirty.

7-Bleeding - Something has ruptured a blood vein inside you but as they say, it'll stop, one way or the other. Roll a D12 on the Light Critical Injury Table at the beginning of your next turn. This does not count as the first critical table roll on the turn from hits. Each subsequent instance of this result causes a -4 penalty to all rolls, even endurance challenges for survival. If you accrue -20 to your rolls, you die immediately.

8-Damaged Mouth - Could be a sliced tongue, a broken jaw, temporary brain damage, or you're just too woozy to speak. You may not communicate verbally until healed at a medical facility.

9-Damaged Eye - Nerve damage, organ damage, blood loss to the point of vision loss. You have -4 on sight-based challenges and attacks.

10-Gut-Shot - Blade, bullet, or blast, it won't kill you fast. But you'll almost wish it had. You have -4 on all checks and challenges.

11-Concussed - Brain no worky. I'm not Abraham Lincoln any more, but we sure were great together. I recommend the Caesar. Sleep is goooooood. You begin each turn with 0 AP until you receive medical treatment.

12-Roll on the Severe Critical Table. It's just a flesh wound. Oh, no, wait, that's not good...

Severe Critical Damage Table

1-Blinded - your eyes, or optical nerves, or ocular regions of the brain, have been destroyed. You cannot attack at range. If you end up in melee combat you fight at disadvantage. Unaided movement is reduced to a few feet per turn. All challenges involving coordination are at -4, if even deemed to be possible by the Structure Inflicter. There's a chance bacta can't heal this, but droid brain implants and eyes are available. Somewhere. Cannot be suspended with Treat Critical action.

2-Ruptured Organ - A vital organ is severely damaged and your functions are beginning to fail. It may take a while, but technically you are dying. Begin Endurance Challenge 4. Repeat every hour, increasing the challenge by 1, until treated with Bacta.

3-Broken Spine - A piece of your spinal cord is dead. An important piece. You can't feel limbs. You can't turn in places. Flip a coin. Heads, you are paraplegic, Tails, you are quadriplegic. This cannot be healed in the field by a medic.

4-Severe Bleeding - You are hemorrhaging from an artery and require immediate medical attention to even have a chance to survive. You must roll a D12 on the Severe Critical Table at the beginning of each of your turns. This does not count as your first hit of the turn for critical table purposes. Each subsequent instance of this result causes a -4 penalty to all rolls, even endurance challenges for survival. If you accrue -20 to your rolls, you die immediately.

5-Severe Area Trauma - A large area of skin and flesh has been brutally impacted and begins to slough, exposing even more vital areas. After you suffer this critical injury, each time you are Hit or suffer another Area Trauma, this critical condition inflicts another Hit. If this Hit would result in a critical roll use a D12.

6-Fractured Skull - Falling over stunned, fainting from blood loss, loose missile, or even a simple bludgeon: all are plenty to crack your bones. All actions are at disadvantage. You may not engage in Intelligence Challenges. Engage in an Endurance Challenge 6 to remain conscious. When you win the Challenge, begin another.

Repeat until treated or you fall unconscious. Once you succumb to unconsciousness begin Endurance Challenge 6 once to survive. Success does not awaken you. Only medical facility treatment will do that. If treated prior to failure, suspend effects as usual.

7-Disemboweled - You have been sliced, blasted, or even burned so badly that your abdominal wall has lost integrity and your intestines are slipping out. Begin Endurance Challenge 6. If you succeed, the wound itself is not imminently fatal and you may act, but move at half speed. If you fail, you die.

8-Severed Arm - Something has rendered your arm permanently useless. Your arm is gone and you have the Severe Bleeding Critical Condition. Replacement required.

9-Severed Leg - Something has rendered your leg permanently useless. Your leg is gone and you have Severe Bleeding. Replacement required.

10-Sucking Chest Wound - Your chest cavity has been punctured and is filling with air, fluid, or blood, crushing your lungs and stopping your breath. Begin Endurance Challenge 8. If you fail you die. If you pass, begin a Caught Without Air challenge series starting at Challenge 7.

11-Heart Trauma - A massive blast, deep cut, powerful charge or internal injury has done serious damage to your heart itself. The muscle flickers and pulses as its function fails. Begin Endurance Challenge 10. When it ends, win or lose, you die.

12-Decapitated - Your brain can no longer communicate with your body, in a very permanent way. There's not enough living tissue left for even a cryo shot to preserve you. Massive damage has been done to your head. You are dead.

Please turn to Page 2 to continue your adventure.



*"I will not promise you survival.
Anyone who does is lying or afraid to speak plainly.
I will promise you this:
when this ground drinks blood tonight, it will
remember who stood.
The enemy believes numbers decide battles.
They believe weapons decide battles.
Battles are decided by who refuses to move when the
world tells them it is over."*

*-Toko'sh, the Mand'alor Unyielding, on the eve
of his Last Stand-*

How to Actually Start Playing The Actual Game

No Prep Dive-In Gameplay NOW:

- Roll on the Chores Table**
- Npc delivers instructions**
- Perform the Chores Ability Challenge (typically Challenge 3 or 4)**
- Get some bauble like a flashlight or laser pointer from npc.**
- Roll on the Missions Table (either)**
- Travel Challenge 5 or 6 to mission site. Choose any skill and describe how you use that skill to accomplish travel. SI describes terrain features and complications to overcome each roll until complete.**
- Roll on The Random Encounters Table. Adjust how the result manifests based on travel success.**
- Arrive at mission site and deal with it (Meet NPC, face Challenge or Combat.)**
- Add complication or redirection. Roll on the Potential Story Hooks Table and let it develop.**

This will take about three hours, and as long as the players are invested in their portion of descriptive narrative and action, WILL be fun.

How to roll on a table: Every table has a number of results equal to the sides on a common gaming die. This game uses four sided die (D4), six sided (D6), eight sided (D8), ten sided (D10), twelve sided (D12), and most often twenty sided (D20). It also uses a (D100). To roll a D100, roll two ten sided dice, assigning one as the tens column and one as the ones column. If you were to roll a seven on the tens die and a 3 on the ones die, for example, this would be a result of 73. Assign before rolling. Also note that if both die come up '0' that result is 100. For any other die, roll it and read the table entry that corresponds to the number rolled.

Once character creation is complete, and after everyone has introduced themselves, the Structure Inflicter should assign a chore challenge

to start most early games, advancing your commitment to the Creed. Provide a small reward in the form of basic equipment such as an armor plate, binoculars, climbing gear, or whatever may feel appropriate to your upcoming mission. Use these chores as role playing opportunities to make personal connections with the individuals of Mandalore One. After your Creed advancement activities for the day, you will be assigned a mission outside the walls. At early stages this will often involve patrols, guarding laborers, gathering simple materials, etc. As you prove your worth and increase your strength, assignments will take you farther and farther from Mandalore One, and your Creed advancements may even become self-directed.

Chores Table

1-Tend Hydroponic Silos. Mental challenge. Mandalorians have few trusted allies, and shipping always presents a hazard. Relying on outside supply for their needs would be a slow death sentence for the people of Mandalore One, especially if that need was as basic as food. Hydroponic silos are vital to the existence of the reclamation effort, and while tending them is assigned as a chore for those still earning their armor, the contribution made through these efforts will be recognized. Recognized and rewarded so long as proper solemnity and maturity are applied to this important if routine task.

2-Learn Mandalore Language. Mental challenge. Language is the heart of any culture. For Mandalorian culture to survive, everyone who is willing must be taught. New archives and records must be created and preserved. New keepers of lore and history must rise up and live The Way. And they must do so using the living Mandalorian language, otherwise "Our culture" fades into "our past," leaving the galaxy to remember Mandalore from the outside: a mere tourist's knowledge of rich and ancient empires.

3-Haul Extra Water. Power challenge.

Mandalore One is built on the site of a fresh water supply. A small stream dammed into a small reservoir beneath the foundations provides the necessary water for its inhabitants to survive. Regulation prevents this source from being directly tapped by a network of pipes in order to closely monitor levels and use. However, there is a well dug downstream that pumps up a supply for uses other than survival. Someone will surely be needing some about now.

4-Sentry Duty. Endurance challenge. Aspirants are not to be trusted with guard duties outside the walls. These positions are too dangerous and carry too much responsibility for those unproven. You will be posted to the wall during the day to stare off into the wastes for any sign of movement. You will be posted there at night to catch the first blast of an attack, so we are alerted to the danger without losing anything significant. And boy howdy you'd better not nod off.

5-Clean Spare Parts. Social challenge. Salvage can't just be left to rust once collected. Spare parts need to be shiny and oiled when it's time for their use. Piles of filthy rusty junk need to become piles of shiny oiled junk. This takes no thought and no skill. It does take a lot of hands and time. Many friendships have been kindled amongst the groups of Aspirants assigned to sit long hours out behind the shops and garages of Mandalore One. Take the opportunity to forge the bonds that will become allies you can call upon for aid.

6-Prepare Food. Social challenge. Once you've been properly trained in meal preparation and can replicate the standard mess hall recipes without making anyone sick, you can start to reap the real rewards of this chore: special food preparation and delivery to those who do not always eat in the mess hall. Busy officials, emergency response crews on standby, special commando units, the Forge Master, and various other high ranking specialists who take meals in their quarters, offices, or work areas. Making these connections is a valuable opportunity. An exceptional meal

could be the in that you need to request exceptional training.

7-Learn Tenets and Legends of Mandalore: Mental challenge. These are the stories told of the birth and life of the Mandalorian Civilization. They inspire. They instruct. Most importantly they preserve. All must learn this history. It cannot be allowed to be forgotten. Study the lore and learn its lessons well. The tenets of the Creed must be burned into your bones before you will be accepted. This is the Way.

8-Assist With Building Maintenance: Agility challenge. Maintenance is a constant priority on this sand blasted world. Seals need to be refilled, particle buildup must be cleaned, perimeter sensors have to be replaced, solar arrays must be swept, and the list goes on and on. It's not fun, but at least it's easy.

9-Relay Message: Agility challenge. Communication is always spotty on Mandalore. Ionization in the atmosphere prevents signals from reaching orbit and often disrupts transmissions over even a few miles. Dust storms disrupt laser transmissions. Hard wiring remote sites for cable transmission is risky and costly. All these methods are used, but often orders are distributed the old fashioned way: via courier. That's you.

10-Martial Training: Endurance challenge. It is your duty to become proficient in martial skills. Your daily work includes a variety of training regimens designed to fill your skill set and seek your aptitudes. You will work in groups and with individual instructors to hone your proficiency with the equipment you use and to develop a broad knowledge of battlefield skills. Eventually you will choose your preferred weapons and equipment and will receive special training with those.

11-Assist in the Forge: Power challenge. Everyone takes a few rounds assisting in the forge, not because the Forgemaster needs so

much assistance. The Forgemaster looks for specific reactions from each student, and from the living waters themselves. Not all can make the connection necessary to forge masterworks from Beskar. The forge master doesn't have time for anyone else. Forging Beskar is an expression of the Force through the Mandalorians, and the talent is rare. The living waters are also Force reactive and aid the Forgemasters in their creations.

12-Tend Watchbeasts and Beasts of Burden:

Social challenge. Want a pet? A mount? This chore is a great way to get to know some of the local wildlife. And some of your fellow recruits, as these watches are typically served in pairs or small groups. Watch beasts need feeding. Pens need cleaning. Beasts of burden need watering.

Missions outside the walls

These starter missions are a great way to improvise a short story, and to use travel challenges and apply random encounters from the table. What happens on your way there? What complication do you find when you get there? How do you resolve the complication to complete your mission? Does something arise that prevents you from returning immediately? Do you meet any interesting NPCs? Will they need/hinder/assist you? How do you address the new dilemma? Does it lead you to something even bigger? A mission can be as short or as long as you want. You can use it to whet the table's appetite for adventure or it could be the whole session.

Simple Missions

1-Gather local flora. A doctor wants an enzyme. A botanist wants a sample. A dart loader wants a poison. Seek and sample the surviving plant species, and monitor the progress of introduced ones. And if something's interfering so much the better.

2-Hunt meat. Hydroponics only supplement a largely imported food supply. Any chance to harvest meat is encouraged. The question is, are you Hunter or prey? Spoilers: you're both.

3-Guard remote site workers. Shouldn't Mandalorians be able to guard themselves? Sure, but maybe less so while digging a trench or pouring ferrocrete. So keep an eye out while they do some real work, eh? Nothing messes up shockfence installation like being carried off by reptavians.

4-Recover droid. A droid has gone missing—perhaps a scout, a technician, or a combat unit. Your mission is to locate it and return it intact, though how it went missing may be unclear. The droid could be damaged, stuck in dangerous terrain, captured by outsiders, or acting unpredictably due to corrupted programming. Optional complications include encountering rival scavengers or bounty hunters who want the droid for themselves; discovering that the droid has gathered sensitive intelligence; or realizing the droid has developed autonomous behavior that makes it unwilling to return. Success may require stealth, negotiation, technical skill, or combat.

5-Patrol. The clan requires eyes on the perimeter, the roads, and nearby settlements. The patrol might be routine, but a vigilant eye can prevent disasters. Optional developments include spotting suspicious tracks or signals, noticing unusual activity from local fauna or hostile forces, or finding previously undiscovered hazards such as unstable terrain, hidden mines, or old ruins. Encounters with wandering traders, smugglers, or refugees can also turn a standard patrol into a moral decision, testing judgment as well as combat readiness. Patrolling is as much about observation, reporting, and improvisation as it is about keeping weapons ready.

6-Secure new water source. Scouts have identified a potential water source that could sustain a settlement, farm, or fortification. The

team's job is to investigate, test, and secure the site. Optional possibilities include the source being contaminated, partially subterranean, or guarded by territorial fauna. Perhaps other settlers or scavenger groups have already claimed or are attempting to claim it. There could also be hidden dangers: unstable caverns, energy anomalies, or ancient technology interfering with extraction. The mission may require both physical labor and diplomacy, and decisions made here may affect survival for weeks to come.

7-Help construct outlying fortifications.

Mandalore One is expanding its defensive reach by constructing outposts, bunkers, or watchtowers. The mission involves providing protection, manual labor, and oversight. Optional complications include supply shortages, malfunctioning equipment, sabotage by outsiders or insiders, or unexpected attacks during construction. Environmental hazards such as storms, landslides, or wildlife can disrupt progress. The team may also need to make tactical decisions on placement, design, or reinforcement, balancing speed with security. What is built here may serve as the first line of defense or fail spectacularly if the right choices

aren't made.

8-Take readings with assigned equipment.

Specialized survey gear must be deployed to gather data: atmospheric readings, seismic activity, radiation levels, or energy signatures. Optional scenarios include equipment malfunctioning or being damaged, attracting attention from wildlife or hostile forces, or revealing more than intended—such as hidden ruins, clandestine operations, or unexplained energy readings. Environmental hazards such as storms, heat, or unstable ground may complicate the mission. Reading the data may require technical skill and careful interpretation, and early decisions may affect future deployments or alert rivals to the team's presence.

9-Salvage scrap. Old battlefields, wrecks, or ruins offer opportunities to recover metal, parts, and usable technology. Optional complications include unstable structures, malfunctioning or sentient defense systems, rival scavengers, or the discovery of dangerous munitions. Sometimes what appears to be scrap can be a trap or lure, and uncovering it may attract attention from predators or opportunistic enemies. The team may need to decide whether to prioritize speed over safety, maximize yield or ensure stealth, and whether



they can safely transport everything back to the settlement. Salvage missions test both ingenuity and survival instincts.

10-Capture local fauna. Certain creatures may be dangerous, valuable, or needed for study or relocation. The team must capture them alive, using strategy, tools, or environmental knowledge. Optional scenarios include the creature being more intelligent or aggressive than expected, part of a larger ecosystem that reacts violently to intrusion, or protected by a third party. Capture may require traps, sedatives, or coordination, and failing to do so could result in injury or loss of resources. Such missions can also introduce moral dilemmas about interfering with nature or risking lives for practical gain.

11-Relay message to outpost/ally/scavenger camp. Communications are disrupted, requiring a physical message to be delivered safely. Optional scenarios include the recipient being missing, a rival faction attempting interception, or the message itself containing sensitive information that complicates matters. Travel may involve navigating hazardous terrain, avoiding patrols, or encountering unexpected obstacles. The team may also have to decide whether to prioritize speed, secrecy, or accuracy, and mistakes can have consequences for plans, reputation, or alliances.

12-Called to an emergency. A sudden distress signal triggers immediate deployment. The situation may involve a Mandalorian in danger, a natural disaster, an ambush, or an unexpected attack on a nearby settlement. Optional developments include discovering that the emergency is a trap, that multiple crises coincide, or that the situation raises ethical dilemmas. Resources may be limited, and rapid decision-making is critical. This type of mission tests flexibility, improvisation, and the team's ability to prioritize and adapt under pressure.

Advanced Missions

1-Investigate suspicious signal. A mysterious transmission or energy reading has been detected—its origin unknown and its intent unclear. The team is tasked with locating the source and determining whether it's a threat, an ally, or something entirely unexpected. Optional complications include traps or decoys designed to lure intruders, hostile forces monitoring the signal, or alien or ancient technology with unpredictable effects. Success may reveal valuable intelligence, new allies, or secrets that others would kill to protect, but failure or haste could provoke conflict.

2-Intercept unknown lander. A small ship or pod has entered your controlled space, its purpose and cargo uncertain. Your mission is to intercept, inspect, and respond appropriately. Optional developments include encountering hostile crews, discovering the craft carries refugees, contraband, or dangerous creatures, or being ambushed while attempting to board. Negotiation, stealth, or combat may all be viable solutions, and the outcome may shape the region's political or strategic landscape.

3-Survey for map grid. A previously uncharted or poorly mapped region needs to be surveyed for strategic purposes. The team must gather precise coordinates, mark hazards, and chart resources or terrain features. Optional complications include environmental hazards (storms, unstable ground, radiation zones), encounters with hostile fauna or enemy scouts, and discoveries that make the region unexpectedly valuable—or dangerous. Data gathered may be critical for supply lines, settlement expansion, or future military operations.

4-Follow up on scout discovery. A scout has reported something unusual—an abandoned base, a wrecked vessel, strange signals, or an unusual life form. The team must investigate, verify the report, and take action if necessary. Optional complications include the discovery being a trap,

the subject being more dangerous than anticipated, or rival factions arriving first. Decisions made here may influence future mission planning, reveal hidden threats, or unearth resources that are too valuable to ignore.

5-Recover killed Mandalorian. A fallen warrior of the Creed has been reported missing or deceased in the field. Your team must locate the body, confirm the loss, and recover any armor, weapons, or data. Optional scenarios include encountering hostile forces guarding the area, navigating dangerous terrain, or deciding whether to risk additional lives for the fallen. Failure to recover the body may dishonor the warrior or complicate relationships.

6-Make contact with suspected survivor camp. Intelligence suggests a hidden group of Mandalorians or sympathetic settlers may exist nearby. Your mission is to locate them and determine whether they are friend, foe, or neutral. Optional complications include the camp being hostile or secretive, misunderstandings leading to conflict, or the presence of non-Mandalorian forces that complicate diplomacy. Decisions here can forge new alliances, recruit valuable personnel, or create rivalries that echo for years.

7-Kill dangerous monster. A creature poses a significant threat to your settlement, patrol routes, or a strategic resource. The team must track, confront, and neutralize the threat. Optional complications include environmental hazards, the creature having unexpected abilities or intelligence, or moral dilemmas if it is rare, endangered, or sacred to local populations. The mission tests teamwork, tactics, and courage—and failure can cost lives or resources.

8-Recover space ship. A vessel—crashed, stranded, or stolen—must be recovered and returned. Optional challenges include hostile forces vying for the ship, unstable terrain, environmental hazards, or onboard dangers such as traps or security systems. The mission may require piloting skill, technical expertise, and

strategic planning to safely recover the craft, and the ship's contents can carry hidden value or secrets.

9-Track fugitive. An individual of interest—criminal, traitor, or exiled warrior—has been identified. Your team must locate and intercept them, dead or alive, while minimizing collateral risk. Optional complications include misdirection, multiple factions pursuing the target, traps set by the fugitive, or moral dilemmas if the fugitive's guilt or innocence is unclear. Success can prevent future threats, gain valuable intelligence, or enforce the Creed's laws.

10-Answer the call of the Man'Dalor - special off world mission, appropriate for Creed advancement. The Mand'alor has requested your team for a mission of extraordinary importance—one that may involve diplomacy, combat, reconnaissance, or enforcement beyond standard orders. Optional complications include encountering alien forces, hostile factions, or morally complex scenarios; logistical challenges during off-world travel; or political consequences from interfering in local affairs. Completion brings honor, recognition, and advancement within the Creed, but failure or hesitation can tarnish your reputation.

11-Call to a desperate situation. Fly out with medics. A medical emergency has arisen—a wounded warrior, a disease outbreak, or disaster affecting civilians. Your team must fly out to provide assistance alongside medics, stabilize the situation, and evacuate those in danger. Optional developments include ambushes during transit, hazardous landing zones, limited supplies, or the presence of a rival faction exploiting the crisis. Quick thinking, coordination, and prioritization are critical to minimize casualties and maintain honor.

12-Diplomacy - escort and schmooze a potential ally/trading partner/very wealthy patron/foreign ambassador/religious figure, etc. You are assigned to protect, escort, and represent the clan

while interacting with an outsider: a potential ally, trading partner, wealthy patron, foreign diplomat, or religious figure. Optional complications include betrayal, misunderstanding, assassination attempts, or disputes between parties. The mission requires both social skill and tactical readiness—negotiation, persuasion, and subtle intimidation may be as important as blasters. Successful diplomacy can secure vital resources, information, or alliances; failure can create long-term enmity or compromise reputation.

Plot Hook Prompts for Expanding Your Adventure

Imperial Remnant

1-Abandoned Outpost: The adventurers stumble upon a deserted Imperial outpost, still filled with old equipment, encrypted data, and maybe a hidden trap.

2-Imperial Patrol: A small squad of stormtroopers, still loyal to the Empire, are patrolling the area and might engage or interrogate the party.

3-Imperial Droids: A group of maintenance droids, still operational, that have been left to guard an old Imperial facility, possibly attacking intruders on sight.

4-Imperial Artifact: The party finds a powerful or mysterious Imperial weapon or piece of technology, leading to potential conflicts or quests to understand it.

5-Imperial Spy Network: Encountering a hidden Imperial spy or informant who's gathering intelligence on local activity and might try to manipulate the adventurers.

6-Imperial Base Remnants: Exploring a partially collapsed Imperial base, with remnants of experiments, stored data, and maybe dangerous leftover security measures.

7-Imperial Officer: A lone Imperial officer who has been hiding out and might offer information or try to recruit the adventurers for their own ends.

8-Imperial Supply Cache: Finding a hidden cache of Imperial supplies, like weapons, medical equipment, or even uniforms, which could be useful or risky.

9-Imperial Experiment Gone Wrong: Encountering the aftermath of an Imperial experiment that has resulted in mutated creatures or dangerous anomalies.

10-Imperial-Hired Mercenaries: Meeting a group of mercenaries hired by the Empire to secure an area, who might see the adventurers as rivals or potential allies.

Alien Encounters

1-Mando'ade Mercenaries: Encountering a group of Mandalorian mercenaries who are either allies, rivals, or potential employers, depending on how the adventurers approach them.

2-Muun Traders: A group of Muun merchants dealing in exotic goods and potentially offering rare artifacts or information.

3-Twi'lek Nomads: Encountering a nomadic Twi'lek tribe who are traveling across the desert and could provide quests or aid.

4-Zabrak Warriors: A band of Zabrak fighters who might challenge the adventurers to a duel or seek their assistance in a local conflict.

5-Chadra-Fan Scouts: Encountering small, agile Chadra-Fan explorers who are curious about the adventurers and might lead them to hidden areas.

6-Gungan Pilgrims: A group of Gungans on a spiritual journey, who might offer guidance or present a challenge of their own.

7-Wookiee Refugees: Meeting a group of Wookiees who are hiding from dangers and could use help or share their own stories and skills.

8-Yoda's Species: A rare and mysterious encounter with a member of Yoda's species, offering cryptic wisdom or quests.

9-Muun Mercenaries: Encountering Muun mercenaries who are working for a particular faction, and might be open to negotiation or conflict.

10-Rodian Hunters: A group of Rodian hunters tracking rare beasts on Mandalore, who might see the adventurers as competition or allies.

patrols.

8-Economic Interests: The New Republic could have economic stakes in the region, such as trade routes or alliances with other systems.

9-Historical Investigation: The New Republic might be interested in investigating Mandalore's history, including the impact of the Empire and the potential for new alliances.

10-Environmental Protection: The New Republic might be concerned about the ecological impact of recolonization on Mandalore and might get involved to ensure that the planet's environment is preserved and protected.

New Republic Encounters

1-Political Tensions: The New Republic might be concerned about the resurgence of Mandalorian power and its implications for galactic stability.

2-Security Concerns: They could be worried about the potential for conflict or unrest, especially if there are remnants of the Empire or other factions involved.

3-Diplomatic Missions: The New Republic might send diplomats to negotiate terms or establish alliances with the Mandalorians.

4-Humanitarian Aid: If Mandalore is still recovering from past conflicts, the New Republic might get involved in providing aid and support.

5-Intelligence Gathering: The New Republic could send operatives to monitor the situation and ensure no threats are emerging.

6-Cultural Preservation: They might get involved to help preserve the cultural heritage of Mandalore and ensure that it aligns with the New Republic's values.

7-Military Presence: To maintain order, the New Republic might deploy peacekeeping forces or



Encountering the World

As players move around in the environment, explore, travel, take a rest and recovery period outside the bunkered walls of Mandalore One, they will encounter things. Random things. Things wondrous and monstrous. You don't have to invent all those things on the fly yourself.

Encounters

This table is intended to be used for inspiration in encounters you may have out in the world. Take from it what is best for your group. Modify anything as much as your story requires. If you think one particular encounter fits a scenario, don't bother rolling. If you don't want to use what you rolled, feel no pressure to do so. The fun at your table takes priority.

1-Bounty hunter. The empire may have fallen. Mandalore may be all but extinguished. But its enemies were never the kind to fade away without contingencies. Be sure that there are sizable bounties on all who call themselves Mandalorian. Enemies aside, Mandalorian armor is worth far more than its weight in gold, doubly so for unscrupulous collectors.

2-Pack. You've been scented, spotted, heard, or felt. And the pack is always hungry. Choose an appropriate foe or roll for something on the monster table. You must escape or fight. Remember that pack animals will seldom fight to the death unless desperate.

3-Swarm. You find yourselves suddenly in the middle of a swarm. They may sting, bite, cling, daub etc., but they have a persistent interest in you.

4-Random monster. Roll a monster from the table. If you're lucky it hasn't spotted you yet. If you're unlucky you haven't spotted it yet.

5-Survivor. You come across a lone survivor of The Purge. Do they attack in fear or crazed hunger? Are they part of a greater encampment? Do you recognize them? Are they barely alive?

6-Lost Mandalorian. You find a citizen of Mandalore One, missing and presumed dead. Did you just rescue them? Or are you now in need of rescuing? Are they really lost? Perhaps you will be rewarded for their return. Or possibly capture....

7-Radiation zone. You start to feel sick. You don't remember how long it's been coming on....

8-Toxic area. Poisoned air. Poisoned ground. Poisoned water. You're in it. You need to deal with it.

9-Impenetrable terrain. Sheer cliffs, crystalline spike fields, algae sea. Mountain of destroyed skyscrapers. Go over. Go around. You're not going through.

10-Endless wastes. Flat bleak crystal fields as far as you can detect. Waterless mountain ranges. Blasted arctic. Fused desert. Bring what you need for you will find nothing.

11-Underground structure. Cities went nearly as deep as high in the days of the Old Republic. Fusion bombing didn't reach the deepest city levels, but did make exiting them grimly impossible for most. Now these buried buildings show the clearest portrait of Mandalorian life, when discovered.

12-Imperial Remnant. Long before BoKatan returned to Mandalore and submerged in the Living Waters, the Imperials knew Mandalore would one day be inhabitable. They set traps and guards against the possibility of Mandalore rising again, but also used the remote, rumor-haunted planet for bases and even secret laboratories. Even after Palpatine's death the Imperial Remnant persists on Mandalore.

13-Confused droid. You find a wandering droid. It doesn't know its function, history, designation, or anything. Is it an astrometric? Battle droid? Power droid? Protocol droid? Guard? Old? New? Did it leave a trail? Is it transmitting?

14-Fresh water. Scarce. Precious. Could it really be? Is it a stream? A collected pool? A water skin? A whole underground river? Could this be a potential site for Mandalore 2?

15-Docile animal. Perhaps oblivious. Perhaps domesticated. Have you discovered the new dodo, or just found someone's lost livestock? Is someone looking for it? Is it being hunted right now? Is it a new pet? Mount, even?

16-Verdant foliage. How is it so green and healthy? Everywhere else life is returning slowly, and it ekes out a scrawny claim to existence. These plants are growing lustily and in great abundance. What are they?

17-Unexploded bomb. You find a roundish metal casing about 2 meters across, half buried. Do you recognize it? Is it a dud? Is it active?

18-Temple vault. A preciously rare temple fortress of Mandalore. The histories, the treasures, the equipment potentially hidden behind this door..... This enormous, solid, mostly buried door...

19-Graveyard. Mounds form a pattern. Headstones take shape. You start to get the picture. There could be great knowledge or wealth buried here, in this most sacred space.

20-Bizarre organism. It's a....kind of like that... I once heard of.... No it couldn't be.... Wait, just what the Hutt IS that thing?

21-Treasure hunter. The legends of old Mandalore draw all kinds. Those clever enough to evade the fleet and treasure hunt on the planet could be a dangerous enemy, or a resourceful ally. Of course, those are *Mandalorian* treasures...

22-Imperial trap. The Empire didn't want anyone nosing around after the Purge. Anyone. The planet is strewn with traps of all kinds: sleeper droids, mine fields, collapsible tunnels, simple silent alarms and alerts to nearby forces, etc. Some of these may even be maintained by local garrisons.

23-Survivor trap. Survivors rely on traps to collect food and protect their sleeping places. These are likely to be deadfalls, snares, spiked pits, and tripwire blasters.

24-Mandalorian trap. Mandalorians out in the world also set a series of traps to guard their rear, capture enemies, and provide food. These typically consist of stun grenades on a trip wire, smoke and gas cylinders designed to incapacitate, shock nets, hardening foam, and the like. Pressure or motion triggers send a wireless signal to the placed device.

25-Dangerous but skittish animal. A beast wants to know if you are foe or food. It quietly stalks you but flees confrontation. It is curious and persistent.

26-Your teacher, keeping you sharp. You are stalked and ambushed by an expert foe. They are alone but know all your weaknesses. Can you put your lessons to good use and overcome your opponent? Or will you walk away with lessons anew?

27-Wrecked vehicle. Something angular juts from the terrain. It's a wreck. Mere scrap. But maybe SOMETHING still works. Components are a commodity.

28-Wrecked space ship. She'll never fly again, but what is she doing here? New? Old? Anything salvageable? Where's the pilot? Crew droids?

29-Damaged vehicle. Someone could potentially get this up and running. Can you? Do you know a mechanic? A machinist? A driver, even?

30-Damaged space ship. The find of a lifetime. How damaged is it really? Is it fueled? Is it abandoned? Landed or left behind? You can have it?

31-Slaughtered encampment. A dozen corpses lie flung about a shattered site. Smashed tents, broken cookware, blood blood blood. When did this happen? What did this? Will they be back?

32-Probe Droid. The Empire scattered probe droids across the galaxy, especially monitoring areas of interest. A probe droid may wander for years before finding something worth reporting. Now it's found you. It's a good bet the Empire knows you're here.

33-Precious metal deposit. Explosions buried cities. Perhaps they unearthed what had been covered. A bombed mountain may indeed be a pile of ore.

34-Light Jedi on a quest. Traditionally Mandalorians consider Jedi to be enemies. What could bring one here? Did you find them or did they find you?

35-Dark Jedi in a stasis pod you just triggered. Perhaps the most fearsome opponent one could face in this galaxy, you've just triggered the wake-up cycle of a Sith clone programmed to slaughter. Your choices are few. Your outlook, grim.

36-Automated defenses protecting... something... Turrets pop up and begin firing. How are they powered? Who put them here? Could they guard a pre Purge relic? Or is this a perimeter defense?

37-Mutants. Not all whose bodies survived remained people. Radiation is bad. What twisted spawn of irradiated survivors have begun to repopulate this place? Is it even possible any have retained higher brain function through the radiation?

38-Water's edge grab. Something snatches a member of your cadre while walking along the water's edge. Are they dragged under instantly? Is the water toxic? Is the creature alone?

39-Crystalline avalanche. A veritable mountain of crystal rubble suddenly slides. Are you on it or next to it? Can you ride it out?

40-Quicksand. Vast accumulations of dust can appear as solid ground. So can loose soil filled with water. Anyway, there are options to fit your area.

41-Razor wind. Great storms blow across the planet. Some sweep up deadly crystal shards, worn thin by erosive winds. These shards flutter like leaves and slice like scalpels and can blow for hundreds of miles.

42-Fiberglass air. Ground fine as dust, these micro crystals suspend in still air. They slice alveoli and irritate soft tissue, sinking into the bloodstream where they can accumulate to deadly effect.

43-Crater lens heat bowl. A fusion bomb created a perfect crater of flawlessly mirrored glass. You find out after several seconds of crossing that it's like a microwave in the high sun, intensifying and concentrating the solar radiation.

44-Crystal covered crevasse. A harmless looking glassy gnoll cracks ominously. A small chunk falls, echoing to unknown depths. How far onto this false ground have you gone? How much of this seemingly innocuous glass field is really a delicate covering over a deadly crevasse?

45-Really, really big tree. Like, *really* big. It must have survived the bombing. It may be the last of its species. It may point to water. It may hold genetic secrets of survival. It may house populations of animals found nowhere else in the universe now. Can you feel its pain?

46-Alien colony. Mandalore was ruined and abandoned. Thought unliveable. Once survival became possible on its surface it would be a very attractive hideaway for refugees, colonists or anyone looking to avoid attention. Until now...

47-Public Library. A sacred treasure now, a boring afternoon 30 years ago. Almanacs, newspapers, famous literature, pop fiction, histories, anything a high school level academic could find useful for a school project, all on rack upon rack of holocrystal trays. Do they even make Old Republic holoplayers anymore?

48-Survivalist holdout bunker. Not everyone believed service to the Empire would ensure Mandalore's safety. Not all factions even agreed to side with Palpatine's regime. A few took these doubts as gospel and believed it would be the end of Mandalore society. A few of these built bunkers. A few of those that did made it to them in time. What does 30 years of isolation in a locked bunker do to a person? Go find out...

49-Crashed tie bomber. You find the recognizable wreckage of a downed tie bomber, imperial casualty of the night of a thousand tears. It's pretty burned up but there may be something besides a grim satisfaction to take from this find.

50-Crashed mandalorian capital ship. It must have fallen from orbit after the bombing, and it must have been under some kind of power. Broken in half and mostly buried, but this find could make you famous. It would even make a perfect place to ride out the apocalypse...if you survived...did that door just open?

51-An unknown disease, unrecognized until your return. People around you start getting sick. Does someone die? Do you get sick? Soon you are identified as the unifying factor in all these new cases. It happens a few days after your last venture outside these walls, a trip so routine you can barely recall where you went. But recall you must, and retrieve samples of ANYTHING you could possibly have been exposed to, or there

may be no cure.

52-A turtle. A tagged turtle. A tagged turtle weakly blipping out a signal from an old tracking implant. Is it alone? The last? What environment did you find it in? How has it been surviving? Who was interested in this turtle?

53-Old holoprojector playing an advertisement. Power Up Punch! The powered up energy drink that will punch up your energy! Drink Power Up Punch when you're ready to power up and punch the world! Get powered up! Can you take the Punch? Power Up Punch! The power....

54-Emergency Call To Arms - Return Immediately. Your comms squeal with a desperate call. Background chaos almost drowns the message. You are needed at Mandalore One. Drop everything. This is an emergency. All hands on deck.

55-Rival trainee Squad - stuns only! A voice echoes around the caverns, canyons, walls, or hills, "Trainee Squad Barking Blasters! We got you surrounded! Prepare to fight!" And stun bolts sizzle from cover all around your position. Prove yourself.

56-Survivor with the deal of a lifetime. A small armored rolling vehicle, ramshackle and bizarre, pulls up next to you and the curved, caravan-like side folds up to reveal something halfway between a carnival stall and a food truck. Behind a small counter a small scrap-clothed person leans out, "Many fine moons to you, friends. May I interest you in some of the world's finest?" "Why, just....finest! Of all that's left! I have here in my hand the finest seeds of a plant species perfectly adapted to the crystal! You people are looking for plants right? That's the rumor. Well I have for you the deal of a lifetime. For just one (very high price) you can walk away with these crystal beans, guaranteed to grow anywhere on this world! Brought in special by alien merchants!" Are they glass beads? Are they the

key to seeding a glassed planet?

57-Mystery fungus that slowly follows you. You brush a rapidly germinating puffball mushroom that vents a vigorous cloud of spores. It seems to be germinating towards you. New fungus spheres grow with orifices facing your direction. It will keep launching spores in the direction you went, filling footprints entirely with off white fungus bulbs, trailing thinly between, wherever you go, once you've disturbed it.

58-Pilot of crashed ship. Who are they? How long have they been here? Are they hostile? Alive? Where is the ship? Why did they come here?

59-Steep cliffs block your path. Your road has taken you unexpectedly to a cliff, rock face, glacial wall, crystal shelf, etc. Can you scale it? How long would it take to backtrack and find a different route?

60-Open crevasse. Good news: the other side is jussst over there. Bad news: the first step is all the way down. Are the edges even stable.....?

61-Crystal forest. A bizarre barricade of large crisscrossing crystal growth too deep to see through and too thick to crawl through interrupts your way. It's dazzling, but inconvenient.

62-Valuable medicine cache. Mandalore One isn't a Pharmaceutical plant. They can produce simple medicines in small amounts, but medical equipment remains a necessary trade staple. You may have just saved someone's life, or at least earned a few credits worth of new equipment.

63-Crystalline Entity. It floats. It's made of seemingly delicate crystal matrices but can withstand barrages of firepower. It drifts amongst the thickest areas of crystallization, but when it happens upon organic matter, beams of some disintegrating energy vaporize and consume, bones and all. If you find unexplained piles of metal equipment, you may be in its territory.

64-A symbol of Mandalore suspended deep within a perfectly clear wall of Crystal. The symbol of the mystic beastly thing shows; but what is it on? How far in do you think that is?

65-Biting insects. A swarm. Deadly? Pestilential? Larger than normal? They're hungry, but are they a threat?

66-Huge monster. Roll up a huge monster. Is it waiting in ambush? Roaming and grazing? Flying above? Alien queen?

67-Medium-large monster. Something bear-sized. Something monstrous. Thrashing with aggression, this nightmare creature isn't talking. Isn't negotiating.

68-Large monster. Rhinoceros mutant? Beholder analog? It could easily carry you off, but maybe couldn't easily follow you into a narrow passage? Unless it's a giant land octopus of course. That's more of a beast really.

69-Small beast. A dog. An eagle. Pick an environmental niche and fill it.

70-Gargantuan monster. Biggest of the Biggest. Scariest of the Scary: Godzilla, But scary. Eldrazi.

71-Gargantuan Beast. Apatosaur. True megafauna. Blue Whale. Possible prey or predator to a Huge Beast.

72-Huge beast. Couldn't exist without a sufficient food source, unlike the monster analogue, which can just spring up inexplicably anywhere in any form. Elephant.

73-Large beast. Hippopotamus. Water Buffalo. Crocodile. Inherently dangerous but not necessarily predatory or aggressive.

74-Medium large beast. Raptor. Mule Deer.

75-Medium small beast. Great Dane.

76-Small monster. Gremlins. Normal dog sized, but nightmarish.

77-Medium monster. Mynoc sized. Wampa tops.

78-Group Vision. A mystical force floods your group perception and you have what can only be called a vision. Where did that come from? What did it mean? Was it clear? Did you get different details? Was it an honest vision or a trick of some kind?

79-A family member you'd thought lost. Isn't it? You stop dead in your tracks. A cold shiver grips you. It's impossible. Who is this person? Are they who they appear to be? How are they alive? How are they here?

80-An assassin droid with a human face. Chameleonic synth skin stretched over a droid head, the rest shrouded in cloak and leathers, this assassin will wear a face likely to disarm, and strike when their victim is alone.

81-Birds. A few birds eking out an existence you may learn survival tips from? A whole Hitchcock of birds you'd do well to hide from? Birds for dinner? Angry birds? Birds protecting a nest? A kill?

82-Tornado. The skies roil and a dark twister peels from the clouds, absorbing and expelling crystal fragments like a 360 machine gun. Assign hits like an explosive until all members reach appropriate cover, or defeat the machine gun tornado.

83-Sinkhole. The ground cracks beneath you and gets sucked away into a churning watery flush. Did you make it away in time? Is your suit sealed? How much air? It's gonna be tough to find your body if you vanish into the mud. Maybe you have a homing beacon?

84-Endless flat glass expanse. Far as you can see. Hope you brought your roller blades.

85-Unidentifiable foot prints. A strange but clear track leads off into a maze of tall crystals.

86-Encroaching madness of the whistling crystal winds. The interminable hissing of winds whipping through crystal formations, whispering its constant susurrus, is getting to you. Words become clear. Did you hear that call for help? Are you being followed? Your team's gotta be messing with you...

87-Mandalorian equivalent of a Twinkie truck in an underground parking garage. Mandal-O's! This must be the last box in existence! Maybe a computer can analyze the extinct recipe. Maybe you eat them right now. Maybe they're worth something.

88-Acid Rain. A cool heavy rain falls, washing away the dust of your day. Now it's washing away the seals on your armor. Now it's washing away the material of your suit. Now it's washing away the paint on your helmet.

89-Hurricane. Who accounts for macro climatology anymore? Driving winds. Blinding rains. Flash floods. Scything debris. How long could it last?

90-Crystal cloud lightning bursts. Tons of crystal particles suspended in a wind storm rubbing together to create unimaginable electric buildup. Imagine a static electricity ball as a weather front. Moving towards you.

91-Hunter killer droid patrol. Security droids on patrol spot you and open fire. These are post-purge droids on active duty. They must get maintenance somewhere. They must get their orders from someone. Is there a bounty hunter nearby? Have you stumbled across the security zone of some kind of military base?

92-Alien refugees. Abandoned planets make perfect hideaways for desperate refugees. Did you find a small group huddled in a wrecked ship? A successful if rural community hoping to

avoid detection? A well established but hidden city? Do they even know what planet they're on? Is it going to be a problem for you, or for them?

93-Large lake under a crystal canopy swathed in algae. A white crust breaks and reveals a shallow cavern. You are at the edge of a large lake, protected from the sky by a crystalline dome, left behind by the fusion bombing. Erosion carved out a space for water to slowly collect and the canopy provides a greenhouse effect. The water is thick with rafts of algae and other fresh water plants. How many are dangerous? How many are food? How many are asking the same questions right now?

94-Worn survey beacon. It seems to still be collecting data. And transmitting? Directionally? At a certain time each day? It seems to lack sufficient power for subspace broadcast, so... whatever is receiving... must be in system.

95-Sudden burning wind. A savage burning wind lashes across the land, searing and caustic. Get to cover or defeat it.

96-Sudden freezing wind. A sudden fury of freezing sleet pounces, hammering abnormal freezing air from the upper atmosphere down to flash-freeze points in a scrawling twister. Uh... duck?

97-An earthquake revealing underground chambers. An old apartment building? Natural caverns? A bank vault full of the now defunct Man-dollars? An abandoned base? A hive?

98-A sudden explosion in the distance. How distant? How big? Can you spot the blast cloud? Was it from a ship?

99-Edge of a communication blackout zone. You suddenly realize your comms and scanners have stopped working. This kind of jamming tech requires power and maintenance; it's not left over from some war of the past...

100-Inexplicably untouched oasis. You just won the Rangers Lottery. The proverbial jackpot. 99% this is the new site for Mandalore 2. Unless there's some sinister secret to the pristine region...

To apply encounter rolls to missions from the table, have the group enter some kind of relevant travel challenge. Make each turn that passes during that travel challenge count as an hour, six hours, a day, or even longer. Then, for each elapsing of your chosen increment roll on the random encounters table to add some adventure to your mission.

Intelligence challenges and endurance challenges are good to represent seeking or tracking, social challenges work if you're attempting to keep the group together, and even power challenges if the time-consuming portion of travel involves lots of climbing or swimming. Make sure each roll of the challenge is a role playing experience and keep the players involved. Be imaginative and keep it fun for the group.

"Look at yourselves.

Look at your armor, cracked and scorched, missing plates you swore you would die before losing.

You did not die.

That is not shame. That is evidence.

Our enemies believe Mandalore has fallen because it no longer looks like the maps they drew.

They mistake absence for defeat.

We are not a skyline.

We are not a throne.

We are the people who keep walking when the war stops making sense."

-Alor Mereel Katan-

-Speech to refugees after a catastrophic defeat.



Random Monster Inspiration Table

This table does not cleanly fit perfect die rolls for random generation. You are encouraged to fudge, finagle, make it fit, add some sense or fancy, or whatever you like. Roll it yourself. Let players roll it. It's an Inspiration Table. It made this ----->

Covering	Size	Limbs	Number	Mouth	Eyes	Weaponry
Fur	Swarm (Cockroach)	Wings	Pseudopod	Gummed	None	Venom
Scales	Tiny (Box Turtle)	Tentacles	2	Fanged	Stalks	Talons
Feathers	Small (Golden Retriever)	Hooved	4	Brick-Toothed	Photoreceptors	Spitting
Shell	Medium Small (Great Dane)	Clawed	6	Shark	2	Flinging
Carapace	Medium (Human)	Finned	8	Bill	4	Spines
Skin	Medium Large (Brown Bear)	Spindly	10	Beak	6	Swarm Host
Jelly	Large (Elephant)	Webbed	12	Mouth-In-Mouth	8	Electric
Chameleon	Huge (T-Rex)	Arachnid	Innumerable	Lamprey	Innumerable	Stinger
Detritus	Gargantuan	Extruded	0	Sphyncter	Damaged	Digestive Juices



How to Run The Game

Storytelling for the Structure Inflicter

To play this game, the Structure Inflicter will establish the scene and conflict, the players will determine how to address the conflict, and the dice will resolve the conflict. A scene is often based around some kind of Challenge. This 3 part writing structure forms the framework of this Role Playing Game, and can be applied at any scale from a conversation to a conquest. 3 scenes makes a plot point, 3 plot points makes an arc, 3 arcs make a story. Give the players plenty of time and leeway in their conflict resolution for the most interesting scenes. This way each plot point can easily take an hour or more of enjoyable play!

Example Simple Plot Point

You are summoned to a council meeting. What do you do?

You are informed at the meeting that a pirate is attacking a settlement. How do you react?

You prepare to bring aid to the settlement. How do you prepare?

You set forth. Which route do you choose?

You are walking down a ravine and encounter an ice wall blocking your path. What do you do?

You backtrack for miles, unable to overcome the challenge, and must fend off beasts of the night as you find a new path.

You come upon wrecked buildings and see smoke in the distance. What do you do?

You find a wounded Survivor as you approach the camp, begging for help. What do you do?

As you sneak closer you come around a smoking building, face to face with a small group of pirate raiders. What do you do?

Congratulations, you have just told the story of how you came to meet the pirate faction.

This is the first plot point in a greater 3 part arc (each using the same three-sets-of-three-prompts style), made using the three part system.

Follow the three part storytelling structure to create quick and simple adventures at low levels, and try and expand on those for greater story arcs. For example, on watch your group has continually had to fend off packs of crystal hounds to protect workers. This by itself is a simple adventure: Interact with workers to make a connection - lose a farmer to hounds in the night and find the ragged remains at sunrise - fight a pack of hounds. After becoming more powerful this arc could be continued: a marking indicates these aren't simply wild hounds. Track them back to their origins to find a raider camp breeding hounds to send against Mandalore One. Infiltrate the camp to figure out what's going on. Confront the raider chief and destroy or capture the camp and breeding pens. BUT, you find out from the raider chief they are merely mercenaries sent by an unknown power to stop Mandalore One from succeeding. You have a dark enemy. See? Improvising this scenario barely took the time needed to type it. And now you know where the story is headed without having to know a thing about it. Reclaiming Mandalore will take both chores and epic-quests. Provide simple assignments and let the adventures spring up from them. There are always artifacts to recover. There are always enemies of Mandalore. The planet itself will most often be your greatest opponent.

Remember not to let scenes drag out. When the actions in a scene are completed, and the players run out of follow up role play and start to wonder what to do, just end the scene. Have the players choose where they want to go next, or make the next event happen. It's important to balance player agency and pacing.

A good method is to enter a Travel Challenge based on Endurance or Agility, representing Speed or Stealth. See how long it takes to complete and how successful they are. Then roll maybe once or twice on the Encounters

Table and apply the results based on how they were traveling: quickly or quietly. Use this between scenes or whenever there's a good distance to the next item of interest; it makes the travel feel like it actually happened and enriches the world experience.

Super Basic Story Structure

Introduce the conflict and those involved (perhaps with a taste of early success) - come face to face with the bad and make it personal (through loss or failure) - implement a solution to the conflict. (finally overcome the adversary with a new approach) This is the story arc of A New Hope, and many many other classic stories.

Second-installments-in-a-trilogy should follow the inverse approach: The enemy is winning - through great effort and sacrifice a victory is attained - the victory is soured with the introduction of an even greater threat.

The third part resets to the original format, but the introduction success resolves a previous conflict. Then the greater threat introduced in the second installment rears its head and threatens everything. Then with renewed effort the heroes overcome this challenge.

Caring For The Players

Players don't always know what they want or what's good for them but they always know how they feel. One of the Structure Inflicter's jobs is to make sure they don't feel uncomfortable about personal boundaries, cheated by uninformed character decisions, confused by what is happening in the game or why, bored of repetition or ease, hurt or angry by other player decisions, or disenfranchised by rigid plot and overwhelming bad guys. There are some things you can be aware of that will increase the quality of life for your game.

-This is not a competitive game. PvP actions can easily derail a story and upset players. Try to encourage cooperative play and direct them

to steal from npcs instead. If a character is not motivated to reestablish Mandalore in the company of their brothers and sisters they are not a Mandalorian. If a player truly must express themselves through character violence against a pc for whatever reason, suggest a stun duel. If the other player is absolutely against participating in pvp combat allow them to appoint a champion so in the end the aggressive player gets their fight and the cooperative player avoids pvp. If the aggressive player is just a troll then remove them from the situation: nobody should have to deal with that. Everybody has to be cool with what is happening.

-You are responsible for the basic story outline, but let those plot points manifest once the players are out of current interests or preparations they are perusing. And always attempt to integrate player driven tangents; this will be rewarding for them by allowing autonomy and rewarding for you for getting to see something you haven't already played out in your head five times to make sure it works on paper.

-You ARE one of the players. If your hotshot boss is smart enough to put hidden sensors to the entrance of his base but your stupid players didn't think to ask for equipment to detect and bypass hidden sensors, you didn't outsmart them: you're just an asshole. If getting ambushed on the way in is part of the story, don't pat yourself on the back for being clever. If a challenge is necessary to evade detection in the way in, give them the equipment to make the roll. And if action on the approach doesn't serve the story skip straight to the scene where the base door opens and all they see is...

-Players won't know what to ask for. Players won't know all their options. Players TRUST YOU to make that okay by adapting to their needs and providing for a fun and fluid story.

If they get deceived as part of the plot don't make them feel like fools, make it clear the story is going to be fine and that they can continue to

trust you. Make recommendations for skill and equipment upgrades. Have little scenes with npcs giving them specialist equipment they might need for their upcoming mission to build relationships.

This all sounds like a lot of babying and work, but it's not. It's just to make sure you are consciously aware of problems that kill games from the inside. All you have to do is be nice, make sure the tension comes from challenges and opponents themselves, and make sure the story will continue to be engaging even with setbacks and failure.

Note: When using common gridded play maps and figurines for table top play, count each one inch space as ten feet. This is important for weapon range and explosion distance balance.

"You argue over whose armor is older, whose blood is purer, whose banner deserves to stand higher.

I have stood in the forge while you argued. Metal does not care about lineage.

It does not remember names.

It remembers pressure.

Strike it weakly and it shatters.

Strike it without purpose and it warps.

Only when the hand is steady and the will is harder than the blow does beskar become something worth passing down.

That is what we lack—not strength, but agreement on what we are shaping."

**-Mand'alor Veshok the Forgebound-
- Address to clan leaders during early unification.**



Connections

After a session if you want to add a contact to your sheet, ask for a little Chance Meeting Vignette and play out a short conversation, starting with an Interruption Roll. Then roll for their first impression, then finally roll for starting Disposition and establish what each stands to gain from the other. This could be as little as Feeling Needed, or as much as Subvert Loyalties. It could be material, emotional, ambition, or anything else.

After this you can request scenes to improve relations, like stopping by with news, or to show off a trophy, or something to that effect. Your relationship with this person will determine how much they are willing to do for you, look out for you, and what they're comfortable asking from you.

This section mostly exists to give more social players a new form of loot; something concrete to point at that says "I earned this and this is what it's worth." It also gives Structure Inflictors something to point at when players feel like npcs aren't cooperating enough: "You haven't built relationships with any of these people."

To add a contact to your Connections table, seek out this person for a conversation. Roll on the **Interruption Table**. You've Interrupted:

Die Number	Interruption	First Impression
1	Sleep	-1
2	Work	+1
3	Eating	+1
4	Argument	-1
5	Intimate Talk	-1
6	Injury	+1
7	Hiding	+1
8	Exercise	-1
9	Training	+1
10	Hunting	-1
11	Combat	-1
12	Maintenance	+1



Now roll on the **First Impression Table**.

You come across as.....

Die	First Impression	Disposition
1	Warm and Approachable. Friendly, smiles easily, makes others feel at ease.	Advantage
2	Confident and Poised. Good posture, steady eye contact, speaks clearly.	+2
3	Genuinely Interested. Actively listens, asks thoughtful questions, curious.	+1
4	Polite and Respectful. Courteous, considerate, uses good manners.	+1
5	Professional but Distant. Neatly dressed and composed but reserved.	No Modifier
6	Nervous but Sincere. Anxious or shy, but clearly trying to connect and be kind.	No Modifier
7	Overly Enthusiastic. High energy and eager, but bordering on overwhelming.	No Modifier
8	Too Quiet or Withdrawn. Doesn't engage much, hard to read intentions	No Modifier
9	Arrogant or Condescending – Talks down to others, self-centered behavior.	-1
10	Disinterested or Bored – Lack of eye contact, minimal interaction, distracted.	-1
11	Disrespectful or Rude – Interrupts, dismissive, or shows poor manners.	-2
12	Aggressive or Hostile – Pushy, intimidating, or confrontational energy.	Disadvantage

Now that we've established the scene and tone, begin a Social Challenge in the form of a simple conversation to convince this Connection that you have value to them, and make clear your interest in what they can do for you.

When the Challenge is over, roll on the Disposition Table. If you passed the challenge, add one to your final position. If you failed the challenge, subtract one from your starting position.

Now you are somewhat familiar with your new contact. You've met them. You know what they think of you. You know how to approach them better next time.

Add them to your Connections Table on your character sheet, including their name, their disposition towards you, what you want from them, and what they want from you.

Disposition Table

Die	Disposition
1	Adoration. Deep admiration. Affection.
2	Respect. High regard and esteem.
3	Trust. Feeling of reliability and safety.
4	Fondness. Warm, positive feelings.
5	Appreciation. Gratitude and value.
6	Comfort. Feeling at ease and relaxed.
7	Curiosity. Interest in learning about them.
8	Indifference. Neutral feelings.
9	Annoyance. Mild irritation or frustration.
10	Distrust. Skepticism or suspicion.
11	Dislike. Negative feelings or aversion.
12	Contempt. Disrespect and disdain.

General Rules and Terms

Actions

These are the main uses for Action Points. Each type of action costs one point for its first use in a round, and an additional point per each subsequent use. For example, if you want to attack three times, it will cost one action point for the first attack, two for the second, and three for the third, for a total of six action points.

Move Action: move up to 30 feet. If terrain or circumstance are so dire that this would be significantly impeded AND there is action or drama to be had from it, use a challenge for the movement instead. Granular movement rules don't fit an "Action First, Combat Second" system, so standing/sitting/crawling/swimming/short climb are all folded into "about 30 feet".

Attack Action: make an attack roll by selecting a weapon and target then rolling a D20. Add your modifiers from trainings, etc. If the die roll plus modifiers exceeds your target's defense, you Hit.

Challenge Action: make a roll towards completion of a Challenge. You may make multiple challenge rolls per turn at normal action point costs. A challenge event will typically only make a single roll against you per turn.

Treat Critical: This action is enabled through First Responder Training. It allows the user to suspend the persistent effects of one critical injury, such as bleed, burn, fractured skull, sucking chest wound, etc. This includes ongoing Endurance Challenges.

Reload: required by some primitive weapons between uses.

Activate a 'Trick' skill training: You may only use each Trick once per round. The Action Point cost is listed in the Trick's description. Any actions you are directed to take by the Trick do not count against your uses of other actions of

that type in a round. For example, if you move as a regular action, then a trick activation lets you move again, if you then take the move action a second time, it will only cost two action points.

Help: Mandalorians are stronger together. During another player's challenge, one player may take the Help Action to render assistance with that challenge. The helping player must spend one Action Point each turn of the Challenge. This Help provides the player doing the Challenge with one extra Challenge Fatigue Box for the Challenge to defeat, effectively adding a whole turn of chances to succeed. Each time the Challenge rolls against the player in the Challenge, the Helping player may roll a D4 and subtract the result from the Challenge's roll. Make sure the helping player contributes to the description and role play of the Challenge to demonstrate the help they are providing.

Dive: This is a defensive action that can be taken when it's not your turn, for normal Action Point costs. Hurl yourself to the ground to gain the following benefits for THAT TURN only: +2 cover if no better cover supercedes this; -1 hit from environmental and area of effect weapons that inflict hits, such as flamers and rockets; automatic critical results from grenade type weapons instead inflict one Hit. You must have a five foot space to hurl yourself into in order to perform the Dive Action.

Action Boundaries: Typically, very quick simple things that take a split second can be folded into other actions and shouldn't require their own action point. If you have to move a few feet to pop out of cover and shoot, call it part of the attack. If you move thirty feet and want to close a door behind you let it be part of the action. Same goes for opening a door to blast through. It's more fun for everyone if the structure Inflicter is more generous than stingy when it comes to rules interpretation.

Terms

Action Points (AP)

The points a character spends on their turn to take actions (move, attack, activate abilities, etc.). Some abilities have a listed AP cost.

Action Boundaries

A guidance principle: quick “micro-actions” that logically fit inside a larger action should not require extra AP. This encourages cinematic flow and reduces rules-lawyering.

Advantage / Disadvantage

When you have Advantage, roll twice and take the higher result. When you have Disadvantage, roll twice and take the lower result. (If your core rules define this elsewhere, keep those exact mechanics here.)

Attribute

A core character stat (rated 1–10). Attributes affect rolls and generate fatigue resources.

Attribute Difficulty

The target number the Structure Inflicter must exceed when “the Challenge rolls against the player.”

Attribute Fatigue

Fatigue boxes derived from an Attribute rating. Every 3 points in an Attribute grants 1 Attribute Fatigue Box (rounded down). Attribute fatigue can be spent to activate certain abilities related to that attribute.

Armor

There are 6 armor slots that can be filled and upgraded: lower/upper leg; lower/upper arm; torso; head. Each carries an armor rating of 0-3, from cloth to beskar. Your total armor points, plus your Agility, is your Defense rating.

Challenge

The primary resolution method for any action that has meaningful consequences for failure. Challenges are iterative: player and Challenge

trade rolls, wearing down fatigue boxes until one side wins.

Challenge Difficulty

The target number the player must beat (D20 + relevant Attribute) to score successes during a Challenge.

Challenge Fatigue

Temporary fatigue boxes generated at the start of a Challenge. Both the player and the Challenge generate Challenge Fatigue based on the relevant attribute / challenge rating (1 box per 3 points, rounded down). These boxes cannot be spent and last only for the duration of the Challenge.

Challenge Rating

A numeric rating describing the strength/difficulty of a Challenge. It determines how much Challenge Fatigue the Challenge begins with. Example: Challenge Rating 6 creates 2 Challenge Fatigue.

Combat Fatigue

A track of fatigue boxes representing physical toughness and mental fortitude in combat. Combat fatigue functions like “hit capacity”: it must be worn down before serious consequences occur. Combat Fatigue recovers when you are able to take a rest period: at least a couple hours to take a nap and get some food.

Critical Damage (Vehicles/Mounts)

When a vehicle or mount suffers critical effects, roll on the Mounts/Vehicles Critical Damage Table to determine consequences such as structural damage, impaired vision, overheating, etc.

Defense

A combat statistic representing how hard something is to hit / harm. Your defense is the total of your Agility score plus your total armor plus cover plus skill bonuses. An attacker must EXCEED this total on a roll to Hit.

Durability

A measure used for vehicles/mounts instead of combat fatigue. Some interactions differ against Durability (example: halving Defense in certain cases).

Extended Action

A special case where an action that would normally be resolved quickly is expanded into multiple rolls/steps — often by using the Challenge System — to allow richer narration, tension, and consequence.

Fatigue (General)

A broad category of “boxes” representing resource and attrition. There are three kinds: Attribute Fatigue, Challenge Fatigue, and Combat Fatigue.

Hit: A hit is an instance of successfully applied damage. This could come from an attack, an explosive, a fall, an environmental effect, or anything that says it causes hits. When you suffer a hit, remove a Combat Fatigue box. If you have no remaining Combat Fatigue Boxes and suffer a hit, roll on the Light Critical Hits table and apply the result. If you have no combat fatigue boxes and have already suffered a light critical hit this turn, roll on the Severe Critical Hit table and apply the result.

Initiative

The ordering mechanism for combat turns, from highest to lowest. (If you have a defined initiative roll/mechanic elsewhere, include it here.)

Mount

A rideable creature used for travel/combat. Uses special mounted rules and may have critical damage outcomes.

Round

One full cycle in combat in which every participant has taken one turn, from highest initiative to lowest.

Skill Training

A character training that provides capability in a particular domain. Some trainings are structured as Tricks or Tactics, with distinct usage rules.

Structure Inflicter

The person who describes setting, controls the world/opposition, adjudicates rules, and rolls for Challenges.

Tactic (Training Type)

A combat/skill training that provides a structured benefit.

Trick (Training Type)

A special skill training that can be activated by spending its AP cost. Each may be used only once per round. Effects triggered by a Trick do not count against normal action usage limits (example: extra move).

Turn

The segment of the round belonging primarily to a single character (their AP spending and decision spotlight).

Vehicle

A pilotable craft/transport in combat. Vehicles have Defense, Durability, Speed, Occupancy, and sometimes weapons.

General Rules

Mismatched plate rule: If you incorporate a piece of armor into your suit that is mismatched from your current set in that area it does not provide an additional defense bonus. Once matched it will provide the full bonus. For example, if you have +1 lower leg armor and find a single piece of +3 lower leg armor you will still count as having +1 lower leg armor until you find another +3 piece. If you have multiple pieces of armor in a single armor slot, such as a plastoid plate strapped over a Durasteel suit, use the highest armor rating if they are paired, and the lower if they are not.

Advantage/Disadvantage: If you are called to roll with Advantage or Disadvantage, roll two of the relevant dice and choose the highest result for Advantage, or the lowest result for Disadvantage.

Crashing: When you Crash, you suffer d4 hits for every 50 feet per second you were traveling, and if you were flying also suffer d4 hits for every 20 feet of uncontrolled fall.

Cover: Cover is extremely important in a world of blasters and missiles and all manner of sudden death. Always take cover. Partial cover(25%):+2 defense. Half Cover(50%):+4 defense. Heavy Cover(75%):+6 defense. Near-Full cover:(90%) +8 defense. Cover only applies against attacks that must draw line of sight through it from the weapon used, so thrown grenades would draw line of sight from the point of explosion, not from where they are thrown.

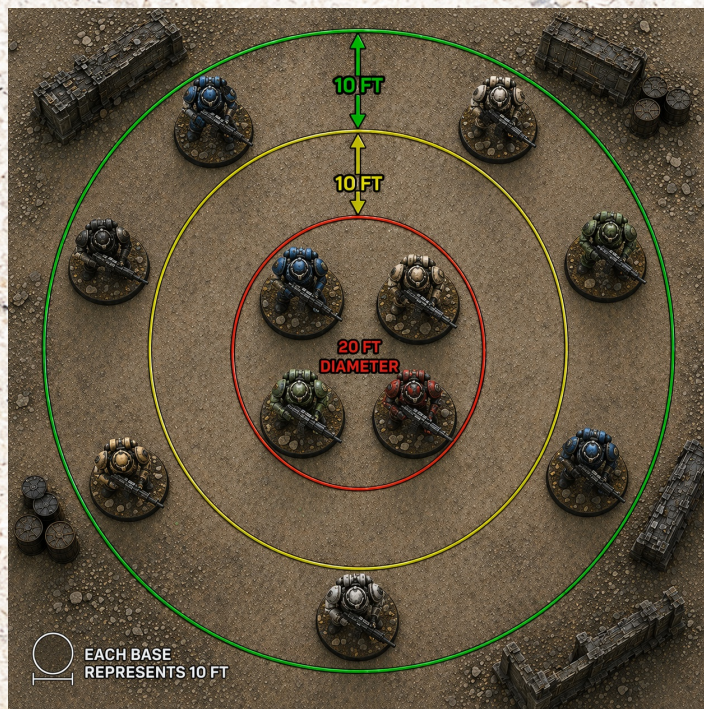
Another clarification: During a firefight, everyone is ducking behind cover, popping out, firing, ducking back, spraying blasterfire blindly, aiming carefully with minimal exposure, etc. Also to note, regardless of initiative order, everyone's actions are happening within the same several-second time frame each round. Leaning out of cover, firing, and ducking back provides an opening against you during that time frame. Participating in a fight incurs risk. Unless you declare, "I am remaining fully behind cover this round," and do not make any actions that expose you to an enemy, the most cover you can claim is 90%. Exception: If a player spends an action point for a move action to fully take cover or move from line of sight they may be considered in full cover rather than 90%. This is to prevent the abuse of free actions for pop-up attacks.

Explosives: -1 hit from half cover or better. Explosions and explosives are very common and are the go-to method for forcing an enemy from cover. When a grenade or other explosive detonates, the explosion is measured from the device's actual location, not the thrower's. The description will call for a die roll for a number of hits, then that number will be reduced by one for

each degree of cover the subject can claim from the point of the blast. This rule often applies to dangerous storm situations as well. Critical Die D12.

Demolition Challenge: In order to arm and accurately place an explosive device requires a difficulty 5 mental challenge. The three goals of this challenge are to successfully arm, time, and judge the placement of the device. A success means all three are accomplished and the player's intent is realized; a failure means one or more pieces of this equation have been miscalculated. The first success in the challenge represents arming the demolition, mine, trap, etc. The second success determines effectiveness. On a result of 11, 12, 13, or 14 lower the explosives hits die by one size. On a 15, 16 or 17, roll number of hits normally. On an 18, 19 or 20, increase the demolition's hits die one size. Structure Inflicter determines how many 'structure fatigue' a given wall or door or building may have, but should remember the goal is to keep the action moving.

Grenades Rules: Throwing a grenade is a difficulty 5 Agility challenge. This means two rolls resulting in scores of 11 or higher are required to pass. Your first success represents quickly arming your explosive. The second successful result will determine your accuracy. You must choose a single enemy to be in the center of three concentric circles: the first is twenty feet across, the second is a ten foot wide ring around it, and the third is a ten foot wide ring around that. A score on your final success of an 18, 19, or 20 means you can place the grenade anywhere within the first circle, a 17, 16, or 15, for the second ring, and a 14, 13, 12, or 11 for the third. Remember that for something to go horribly wrong, a player has to actually fail the Challenge, not just fail a roll or two. Failed rolls in this challenge represent hesitation, fumbling, distraction etc. The Challenge must overcome the player for the grenade to drop armed at their own feet.



Resting: Spending a full round doing nothing will recover one Fatigue box of your choice. This does not heal any critical damage. When the whole party agrees to stop for a rest period to recover as fully as possible, roll on a random encounters table.

To heal critical damage requires the advanced equipment and expertise only available at the Mandalore One Colony (unless you somehow end up on a capital ship or possibly secret base). A medic may stabilize critical damage to prevent further immediate threat of brain death, but characters with such damage should be returned to base immediately if possible. If a critically injured character takes an action in combat after being stabilized, immediately reinstate the effects of any and all critical damage they have sustained, including any endurance challenges for survival those injuries initiate.

Mandalore One does have emergency extraction shuttles for desperate situations, crewed by experienced first responders. It's better to fail your mission than let a Mandalorian die on your watch. Remember your obligations. Prioritize your people over your objective. Wisdom is sometimes rewarded even in defeat.

Mounted Attacks: Attacks made from a mount are at -4. This does not apply to weapons affixed

to a vehicle such as the underslung medium blaster cannons on an Imperial speeder bike.

Lightsabers ignore Armor and Durability in a target's defense calculation. They also ignore Combat Fatigue boxes. Any hits inflict critical damage. They roll to hit as normal, and most force users add their attunement rating to attacks and defense. (Note that having an Attunement rating, even a high one, does not make a Force User. Only dedicated training under a Force User does that, and is outside the normal scope of this game.) A force user with a lightsaber may make a parry action by rolling an attack roll when successfully hit. The difficulty is the attack total of the attacker. If they exceed it the attack misses. This parry action is its own action type with normal Action Point costs. Lightsabers are here. They're on the planet. They're very rare. They're not meant for players. This game is not about Jedi, the Force, or lightsabers, but it's all very adjacent. Without truly epic roleplay and reasons, try like hell to destroy any lightsabers involved in a fight to prevent this weapon from falling into player hands. Maybe one could be lent for a mission with the explicit understanding it is not a gift. Maybe the captured lightsaber of a sith clone ends up as a bargaining chip in a political game so far above the players that keeping it would be a selfish detriment to the city, against the Creed. They receive great honors and rewards for turning it over for greater purpose.

Ambushes. If you are attacked from a hidden position enter initiative then enter a mental challenge to detect the position. The Challenge Rating should be based on factors such as weather, lighting, distance, thoroughness of camouflage, etc. Instead of everyone entering this challenge have a single player do the challenge and suggest everyone else hold their action points until it is resolved. The intention for this challenge is less the possibility of failure than to determine how long the surprise attack is effective for. Except in extraordinary circumstances, the stream of energy bolts pulsing from an otherwise hidden position will make this

a fairly low difficulty Challenge.

Suffocation. When you are without oxygen, begin a low difficulty endurance challenge. If you pass, begin another at the next higher difficulty. Continue like this until you fail. When you fail, you fall unconscious. Once you fall unconscious begin an Endurance challenge at the difficulty of the failed challenge. You must use every action point available for this challenge. If you pass, enter another Endurance challenge at the next higher difficulty until you fail. When you fail you have suffocated and are dead.

Uninhabitable Heat: suffer 1 - d4 hits per turn. The first critical hit from each table each turn is automatically the Area Trauma result from that table.

Exceptional Roll: If you roll a 20 on your attack or challenge die, you score an exceptional roll. This counts for two hits against your target, or two successes on your challenge. **An Exceptional Roll is always considered successful.**

Fall damage is d4 hits per 20' fallen.

Radiation: When exposed to radiation, enter an endurance challenge to fight off the immediate effects. One hour later, pass or fail, the critical effects take place unless you have received medical facility care.

Light Radiation: immediate effect - nausea and shakes. -d4 to challenge rolls until an hour after exposure ceases or you get radiation medications or stimulants.

Critical effect: d4 hits per hour of exposure. Bacta injectors will counter this effect for an hour per injector.

Heavy Radiation Exposure: immediate effects - spasms, seizures, and vomiting - -4on challenge rolls until you get medical treatment at a proper facility.

Critical Effect: Liquefaction. Your organs and other bodily tissues die and turn to goop. D4 hits per ten minutes until you are pumped full of bacta. Bacta injectors will slow this to d4 hits per

hour per injector.

Poisons: If a Hit from a poisoned weapon would cause a roll on a critical damage table, instead apply the poison effect. If a poison is ingested in sufficient quantity, bypass combat fatigue and just apply the effect.

Knowing and checking for knowledge: Mental challenge to recall. Difficulty based on familiarity, background, circumstances.

Mass Resilience: In this medium-centric world with medium sized actors using weapons designed for medium sized targets, differing sizes create combat complications. For each size smaller than medium a target is, add 1 to its defense. For each size larger than medium, that monster ignores a hit each round before its combat fatigue is affected.

Race/Chase rules: Racing requires smarts, reflexes, and stamina. For a racing challenge, or to chase down a target while mounted, the Structure Inflicter assigns a chase difficulty based on terrain, hazards, etc. Each participant enters an agility challenge, followed by an intelligence challenge, and finally an endurance challenge. Whoever wins more of these challenges chooses the outcome. In the event of a tie neither participant should come away clean or successful. Describe the scene during each turn and have each player describe their specific actions during the chase.

The chase does not end until all participants have finished all challenges. Must be mounted or at least four legged to use chase rules.

Space/Starfighter Combat:

The dramas of this game are not intended to play out amongst the stars. It is a game of Mandalorians exploring their planet and discovering themselves. That said, there is a fleet, ships will try to land, and you may answer the call of the Mandalore far away from your home. Rather than writing out the statistics of a star destroyer with hundreds of durability and

turbo lasers hammering out 20D8 hits per shot each, space combats will be played out in a series of challenges. The chase rules make an excellent starting point for fighter combat, and adaptations can be made for bridge positions such as gunnery control or shield engineer. Remember that Mandalorians excel at boarding enemy ships, so most space action should be challenges leading to the close up and personal battle scene of the boarding party. Also remember that with jet packs and air tanks Mandalorian troops can land on the hull of an enemy capital ship and wreak havoc there, too.

Execution Rule: If a target is unconscious and out of combat fatigue, you may choose your crit on any subsequent hits if you are within 5 feet. Do not add agility to the defense of anyone unconscious.

Untrained: If you attempt to use a weapon you are not trained with, if the Structure Inflicter allows it, and if you pass the possible Mental challenge to figure out how it even works, you roll with -4. In the case of anything that rolls for number of hits, roll for number of hits with disadvantage. (roll twice and take the lower number)

Off Range: If you fire a weapon under or over its listed ranges, you get -4 to your attack roll.

Improvised Weapon: If you attempt to use an improvised weapon in melee combat you may only inflict light crits. If you are untrained in melee and using an improvised weapon, such as a coffee cup, or the butt of a blaster, you roll at -4 and are limited to the light crits table.

Primitive weapons: against such primitive weapons as simple blades, clubs, spears, arrows, and firearms, anyone wearing any modern armor gets +2 for the purposes of calculating Defense against such attacks. This does not apply to the teeth and claws of beasts or monsters.

Thrown: A weapon is thrown by making a

normal attack roll with the intention of inflicting hits.

Normal grenades, thermal detonators, and explosive charges do not count as thrown weapons in any descriptions that use that term. If you were to throw a grenade as an attack to cause damage with the grenade itself and not the explosion, like beaming someone in the head with it, it would count as an improvised weapon and have a critical die of d4. In this case the thrower would have no control over final placement of the grenade even if they did activate it.

In order to have an explosive thrown weapon you would need to construct a device recognizable as a melee or thrown weapon that contains an explosive charge designed to detonate on impact, such as a vibroknife with an explosive handle, or some kind of lawn dart grenade maybe. The fabrication rules are at your disposal.

Generic Units. Most enemies that will assail you en masse just aren't really part of the story and the game doesn't benefit from extended critical table rolls for each and every mindless battle droid you stomp into scrap. That said, the true enemies, commanders, and story villains deserve every opportunity to escape, retort, counterattack, and suffer, that players do. Unit leaders and any character of greater importance is entitled to critical damage table rules. Their minions, however, have the Generic rule. If a unit with the Generic rule would receive a critical injury, it is eliminated instead.

Swarms: swarms fight with the statistics of a single member of the swarm. Swarms have a variable number of fatigue boxes depending on the swarms size. When a Swarm is out of fatigue boxes it is effectively dispersed; do not roll in critical damage tables against swarms. Swarms come in three size classes: Small, medium, and large. A small swarm fights as one member of the swarm with three fatigue boxes. A medium swarm fights as two individuals from the swarm with three fatigue boxes each. A large swarm fights as three individuals from the swarm with three fatigue boxes each. To clarify, if you are

using miniatures and a map to represent your game a small swarm would be represented with one model, a medium with two, and a large with three separate models, each acting separately on the same initiative. Whatever the size of the swarm, it is considered a single entity: for every three fatigue boxes lost by the swarm as a whole, reduce its number of acting individuals by one. [Basically, each chunk of swarm counts as one dude with more fatigue, and uses one dude's action points. Swarm gets bigger, add another dude and its action points. This 'individuals' thing is mostly about action points.]

Stealth Challenges are made against the opposition's Mental attribute using your Agility.

Non-weapon critical damage. When an effect causes damage in the form of hits, such as a fall, toxic environmental effect, or suffocation, and there is no critical hit die specified, use a d12 when rolling for any critical hits inflicted.

Remember that even from these effects the first critical injury in a turn is always rolled on the light table, and subsequent hits are rolled on the severe table.

Free actions: talking, opening a door, switching weapons, putting on/taking off a helmet, pulling something off a belt or from a pocket, peeking out of cover, kneeling/standing, etc. Small simple quick things that take about one second should usually be in this category for dramatic storytelling purposes, but the instant a player starts to abuse it as a mechanic, dump them in a low difficulty challenge and make them spend AP for EVERYTHING until they learn to put the story before the rules. Peeking around or leaning over cover does not take a move action so long as you do not take more than one actual step.

Untrained: Gain a chance to use equipment you have no training for with a mental challenge. Using equipment, even after this mental



Speed can be a useful defense. Similar to cover, an object or character traveling beyond 50 fps can claim +2 defense, +4 for 100 fps, +6 for 150 fps, and +8 if traveling at over 200 feet per second.

Again, this is intended to be represented from the perspective of and in comparison to a medium sized character on foot or in a light vehicle. These numbers would stop making sense at a much larger or smaller scale, but in the scope of this game should adequately represent the factors involved.

Grappling, Tripping, and other Non-Damaging Combat Actions. Any maneuvers or actions that are intended to result in an effect other than a Hit can most often be covered by a Challenge. Grappling would often be a Power Challenge. Tripping could typically be an Agility Challenge. As always, good description and circumstance can easily make other attributes applicable.

Aim To Wound: When you have the opportunity to roll on the Severe Critical Hit Table, you may

choose to roll a d12 on the Light Critical Hits table instead.

Creed Forgiveness: If you use a creed die and still fail the roll, you do not expend the die and may use it on a subsequent roll.

Stun: A weapon using the Stun setting uses the following profile instead of its normal profile: Range Close, Critical D3, Light Table Only.

Weapon Ranges:

Melee [Within 10 feet, arm's reach, a spear thrust, etc.]

Close [Roughly 10-60 feet. Across the street. Within a small hangar bay.]

Medium [Less than a few hundred feet or so. Down the street. A couple rooftops over.]

Far [Several hundred feet. Across a field. Good for open spaces like capital ship hulls.]

Extreme [Barely visible to the naked eye. Mountain to mountain. A dark spot vanishing into the desert.]



Dishonored

Status: Dishonored

To be Dishonored is to stand outside the living tradition of the Creed.

It is not exile. It is not erasure.

It is the formal recognition that your actions no longer align with the values the Creed Die represents.

A Dishonored warrior may still fight, still act, still serve the settlement —

but they may not draw upon the Creed Die until their standing is restored.

The Creed does not empower those who will not uphold it.

Mechanical Effect

While Dishonored:

- You may not roll or benefit from the Creed Die
- You may not invoke Creed-aligned abilities, features, or narrative privileges tied directly to the Creed
- Authority figures, elders, and tradition-bound Mandalorians may treat your word as suspect
- Reinstatement is required before Creed privileges return

This status is narrative, cultural, and mechanical.

Causes of Dishonor:

Dishonor is not triggered by failure, fear, or honest misjudgment.

It is triggered by choices that undermine the Creed's values.

A character may become Dishonored by:

- Acting selfishly at the expense of the Creed
- Bearing the trappings of outsiders in a way that rejects Mandalorian identity
- Leaving Mandalore or the reclamation effort for purely personal gain
- Rebellion without direct challenge or honorable confrontation
- Violating a sworn contract or accepted obligation

-Placing an outsider above clan, cadre, or settlement survival in a moment of consequence

-Fleeing a legitimate challenge that was knowingly accepted

-Abandoning comrades during a declared mission

-Exploiting the settlement for personal status or resources

-Claiming honors or Signets not rightfully earned

-Acting in direct contradiction to an oath made before witnesses

What Does Not Cause Dishonor:

The Creed recognizes hardship.

The following do not automatically cause Dishonor:

-Tactical retreat to preserve the cadre

-Strategic deception against enemies

-Failure in a Challenge after genuine effort

-Mercy shown to a defeated foe (if it does not endanger the clan)

-Necessary cooperation with outsiders for the survival of Mandalore One

Intent, context, and witness testimony matter.

Cultural Consequences

Dishonor is rarely announced with spectacle.

It is recognized in smaller ways:

-A pause before your name is spoken

-Orders given without consultation

-Invitations to rites withheld

-Silence where respect once stood

-Armor may still be worn. But its markings are watched more closely.

Some warriors voluntarily obscure their Signet while Dishonored as a mark of humility.

Reinstatement: Returning to Honor

Dishonor is not permanent unless the character refuses the path back.

To be reinstated, a Dishonored character must

perform an act that visibly reaffirms the Creed before a recognized authority. This may include:

- Completing a dangerous mission for the settlement without personal gain
- Honoring a contract at significant personal cost
- Publicly answering and overcoming a formal challenge
- Protecting clan or cadre at meaningful risk
- Undertaking a sanctioned trial beyond the walls
- Repairing harm caused by the dishonoring action

Reinstatement must be:

- Witnessed by an authority, elder, or appointed representative
 - Narratively significant
 - Voluntary (coerced acts do not restore honor)
- Once reinstated, access to the Creed Die returns immediately unless otherwise ruled.

Authority and Judgment

The Structure Inflicter determines when Dishonor is invoked, but should do so sparingly

and with clear narrative justification. Dishonor is a cultural weight, not a punishment mechanic.

Recommended process:

- Warning through narrative signals or NPC reaction
- Confirmation through a witnessed or undeniable act
- Declaration by an authority or formal acknowledgment

This preserves dramatic impact and prevents arbitrary loss of a core resource.

"If you ask the forge to make you strong, it will fail you.

If you ask it to reveal what you already are, it will not lie."

- The Armorer of the Silent Forge-
 - Instructional address to apprentices-
-



SIGNETS

Marks of Trial, Not Decoration

A Signet is not an ornament.

It is a declaration.

On Mandalore One, a Signet is the visible record of a trial survived, a truth witnessed, and a story that cannot be falsified without consequence. It is etched into armor, bound into gear, or incorporated into relic equipment not as a trophy, but as a cultural statement: this warrior endured something worthy of memory.

Where rank may be assigned and equipment may be issued, a Signet must be earned.

What a Signet Is

A Signet is a culturally recognized mark tied to:

A witnessed trial

A defining ordeal

A signet-worthy creature encounter

Or a deed aligned with the Creed and the survival of Mandalore One

Mechanically, a Signet most often manifests as a Signet Relic — a unique piece of gear or armor modification symbolically linked to the trial that earned it.

Narratively, it signifies identity.

Culturally, it signifies legitimacy.

A warrior bearing a Signet is not claiming power.

They are claiming history.

What Signets Signify

Each Signet communicates something specific about the bearer:

A Glass Strider Signet implies patience and endurance

A Crystal Hound Signet implies survival through pain

An Ashblood Signet implies adaptation to hostile environments

A Swarm Signet implies defiance against overwhelming odds

Among Mandalorians, Signets are read as stories, not symbols.

A single etched mark may tell elders more about a

warrior than any spoken record.

How a Signet Is Claimed (The Legitimate Path)

A Signet is not selected.

It is awakened through trial.

To legitimately claim a Signet, the following conditions must be met:

1. A Worthy Trial

The character must undergo a meaningful ordeal such as:

Surviving a hostile environmental crossing

Enduring a prolonged hunt or pursuit

Protecting others at personal cost

Completing a Creed-aligned mission without retreat

Surviving or overcoming a Signet-worthy creature encounter

Killing is not required.

Survival, endurance, and conduct are often more culturally significant.

2. Narrative Weight

The trial must have:

Real risk

Clear consequence

Lasting narrative impact

Routine combat encounters and trivial hunts do not produce Signets.

3. Witness or Record (Recommended)

A Signet gains stronger legitimacy if:

Witnessed by cadre members

Recognized by an authority

Recorded in settlement logs

Publicly acknowledged after the ordeal

Unwitnessed Signets are not invalid, but they are more likely to be questioned.

4. Relic Manifestation

Once earned, the Signet is typically expressed through a Signet Relic:

Modified armor plate

Specialized gear

Weapon alteration

Environmental survival equipment

Etched or integrated symbolic components

These relics are unique and non-standard issue.

How a Signet Is NOT Claimed (Illegitimate Methods)

The following actions do not grant a legitimate Signet:

- Killing a creature without meaningful risk
- Looting Signet gear from another warrior or corpse
- Purchasing, fabricating, or commissioning a false Signet mark
- Declaring a Signet without a trial
- Wearing symbolic markings purely for status
- Completing trivial or controlled “staged” trials
- A Signet taken without ordeal is considered hollow.

False Signets and Cultural Consequences

Wearing or displaying an unearned Signet is not merely cosmetic deception.

It is a cultural violation.

If a character knowingly bears an unearned Signet, Mandalorian authorities and tradition-bound NPCs may:

- Question their legitimacy
- Demand proof of trial
- Publicly censure the claim
- Or, in severe cases, declare the character Dishonored
- Repeated or deliberate false claims of Signet status may result in:
 - Loss of social trust
 - Restricted access to rites or authority structures
 - Suspension of Creed privileges (at Structure Inflicter discretion)
- Removing or concealing a falsely claimed Signet when challenged is considered an act of humility, not shame.

Signets and the Creed

Signets and the Creed are philosophically linked. The Creed Die represents alignment with Mandalorian values.

A Signet represents proof of those values in action.

A warrior who acts in direct contradiction to the

symbolism of their Signet may face cultural scrutiny.

Structure Inflicter Guidance

Signets should never be treated as:
Standard loot

Automatic rewards

Achievement tokens for routine victories

Instead, they should be granted when a moment at the table clearly feels like:

“This changes how this character is remembered.”

Best moments to award a Signet:

- Survival at 0 remaining Challenge Fatigue.
- Mission success under extreme environmental pressure.
- A witnessed act of Creed-aligned sacrifice.
- Endurance trials across hostile Mandalorian terrain.
- Encounters with keystone ecosystem creatures.

When in doubt, ask:

Did this trial define the character?

If yes, it may be Signet-worthy.

A weapon may be issued.

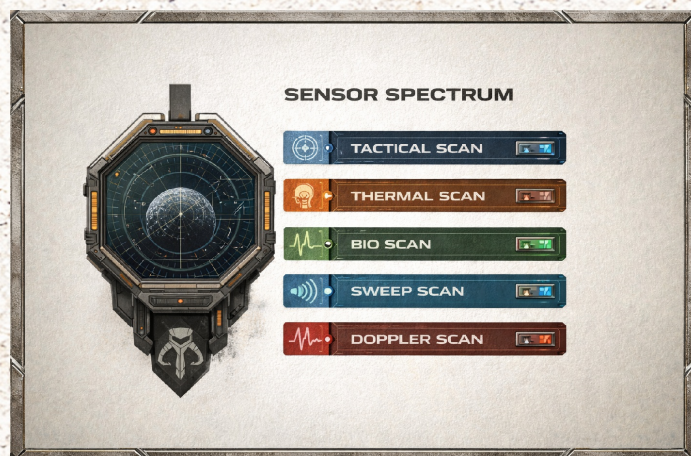
Armor may be forged.

But a Signet must be lived.

Those who bear them without trial wear only decoration.

Those who earn them carry history.

-Cultural Maxim-



Example Signet Relics

Long Tooth Dagger

Signet weapon from a Crystal Hound
Melee. D6 Critical.
Ignores the Mass Resilience Rule

Hunter's Cry Sonic Mask

Signet helm upgrade from Reptavian
Advantage on Initiative

Dominance Bulk Plate

Signet armor upgrade from Ironback Grazer
Gain the benefits of being Medium-Large. If you
would go first in a combat round, go second
instead

Spider's Fang

Signet automated defense from Krykna
When a flying enemy attacks you, this small
shoulder pod blaster fires back automatically
Range melee to close. Critical D6. Auto Targeting
(+2 to hit).

Ranger's Tread Actuator Stabilized Greaves

Signet boots from Glass Stalker
A challenge involving dangerous, unstable, or
difficult terrain can never have a rating higher
than your agility.

Bushwacker Heavy Blaster Carbine

Signet weapon from Chitonous Burrower
Range Melee-Close. Crit D8. D2 hits per
successful shot.

Prowler Shadow Cloak

Signet equipment from Ash Stalkers
When you attack an unaware target, their attempts
to locate you are at disadvantage.

Dreadburst Chem Harness

Signet equipment from Skittershriek
+1 Action Point and +10 movement in the first
round of a combat *you* initiate.

Living Breath Filter

Signet gear from Ashblood Grazer
Heavy filtration mask that purifies the most toxic
air. So long as what's left behind is breathable,
you won't need an oxygen supply or special
sealed gear. Biological components make
production extremely limited.

Valor Totem.

Signet icon from Packmaw. Recognition of your
valor by any npc will recover your Acolyte Creed
Die.

These are examples only. The Structure
Inflicter should work with their players to devise
thematic, appropriate, and satisfying Signet
Relics to represent them. Signet Relics should be
strong, situational, not game-breaking, and
representative of the Signet claimed.





Equipment:

Cryo Injector - A large perforated needle inserted forcibly into the brain in the event of catastrophic organ failure. An instantaneous but temporary cryogenic fluid floods the brain and freezes it, allowing the possibility of subsequent resuscitation provided enough of the body is left to stitch back together and fill with artificial replacements. Very Rare. Sometimes carried on Emergency Medical Shuttles.

Oxygenator - A small artificial heart pump that takes over heart function in case of heart failure in the field. The needles of its various tubes are inserted into undamaged arteries to either side of the heart, bridging the damage and maintaining

blood flow. An oxygenation/degassing chamber can assume lung function as well if that becomes necessary. Rare. Often carried on Emergency Medical Shuttles.

Bacta Patches - Peel off the back to expose a bacta infused adhesive gel. Place the patch on a burn or similar injury for immediate relief and accelerated healing. This treatment stops the persistent effects of the area trauma critical damage result. Can be applied for 1AP or as part of the treat critical action. Common. Included in any field med kit.

Bacta Injectors - A quick stim- like syringe with an auto- deploying needle and automatic plunge device. All you do is hold it to exposed skin and push the button on the cap. This treatment will stop the persistent effects of bleeding, organ damage, and gives advantage on endurance rolls related to critical damage. Common. Included in most field med kits.

Lirsa Shield - Its name is a redundancy, as lirsa means shield in the Mandalorian Language. This shield is made of beskar and was used in the Jedi-Mandalorian war as one of many defenses developed against lightsabers and their unnatural mystic wielders. 1AP: Gain Half Cover against any attacks coming from the direction of your shield facing until your next turn. This added defense counts against lightsabers and is useable in melee, unlike most cover. Does not stack with other cover. Beskar. Very Rare.

Extra arms - A torso borne frame pack containing a power supply, a neuro link to the user, and sets of robotic arms that augment the users own appendages. These packs are customized for specific types of tasks including circuitry work, mechanical endeavors, and even certain combat applications. When using a neuro link augment harness you may make one roll per turn, of a type related to the harness' intended use, at advantage. Rare. Requires neural implant surgery.

Remote probe droid launch pack - This backpack is short and cylindrical with a heavy base. It houses, charges, launches, and processes telemetry for a miniaturized probe droid-like surveillance drone. The pack itself is closer to an actual droid than the drone, which is just an extension of the more complex system within the pack. The drone can observe the entire electromagnetic spectrum, and can communicate several miles with normal communication frequencies, or to the extent of line of sight with laser transmission. Unlike a real probe droid, neither the drone nor the pack have subspace communication equipment, severely limiting its range even in a single planet. Rare. Droid very difficult to replace if fully destroyed, but only challenging to repair if the droid core brain is intact.

Seeker bombs - Essentially a fragmentation grenade with a small repulsor field generator and droid motivator, these floating explosives are self directed once parameters are entered and the unit is activated. Optionally they can be flown via remote by circumventing the droid control circuits. This softball sized device can fly at fifty feet per second and stay aloft for an hour before the unit requires a recharging station of some kind. 10' radius explosion. D3 hits. Rare and expensive.

Droid attendant - Droid attendants are multi-purpose service droids refitted by Mandalorians for life in armor and on campaign. Originally designed for domestic or logistical duties, these units are often heavily modified—stripped of unnecessary etiquette subroutines and reinforced to survive battlefield conditions. While not warriors, they are trusted assets, treated more like gear than citizens, yet relied upon as constant companions. A Mandalorian droid attendant might bear scorched plating, mismatched limbs, or clan markings etched into its chassis. Many speak in clipped, utilitarian tones after years of customization. Uncommon, but expensive.

Lariat Launcher - Classic smart rope for grappling. 1AP: Enter a Power Challenge against target's power+agility. They may not spend AP to move until the challenge is over. Their attack rolls are at -4 until the challenge is over. If you win the challenge, they may not move until released, or they destroy the lariat. Fatigue 1. Defense 12. (Note the high difficulty is intended to allow the weapon to work as intended: a temporary hold on a target to gain an advantage in combat.) Uncommon.

Compression Suit - under armor wear made from a hydrodynamic material that expands when it gets wet. This automatic constriction reduces blood flow to an injury site. While wearing a compression body suit you may ignore the first Bleeding Critical applied to you. The suit will then require repair to function optimally. Common.

Retardant suit - A padded body glove made of heat-diffusing and flame suppressive material. This suit is intended for those who work around fire, explosives, or combustible chemicals. It is often worn by trooper units carrying flame weapons, or trench troopers likely to encounter them. A character wearing a retardant suit may ignore the first Area Trauma critical injury result against them. The suit will then require repair to function optimally. Common.

Pressure Suit - This body glove has interwoven sensors to detect low or no oxygen environments. In an emergency, the suit will seal and pressurize, allowing survival in toxic, underwater, or vacuum environments. This suit requires a helmet to complete the seal and pressurization, and as a contact point for oxygen canisters to enable breathing in otherwise lethal environments. These canisters can fit onto the helmet itself for a few minutes of oxygen, onto a hip flask for half an hour of oxygen, or connected to back pack tanks for up to a few hours worth of breathable air. Uncommon.

Disruptor/Disintegrator Weapon - Also known as Ion weapons, these particle accelerator weapons were designed to shred the molecular cohesion of armor and incapacitate electronics, providing an infantryman with a weapon that could well take down a capital ship. Used against living flesh, the same molecular cohesion breakdown occurs, quickly but painfully disintegrating its victims. The energized plasma discharge dissipates rather quickly and takes much longer to recharge than a blaster, limiting the tactical usefulness of disintegrator weapons. Subsequent to the Empire's cruel use of Ion Rifles to quell riots and all but exterminate the Lasat species, Disruptor weapons were banned in most civilized space.

Disruptor Pistol - A compact version of the disruptor rifle, delivering the same horrifying effects at shorter range. Illegal, unmistakable, and rarely forgiven. Range: Melee. Critical Die: D12. Special: D6 hits per successful attack. Ignores armor for defense calculation. Fuel cells contain energy for 2 shots. Disintegrator weapons bypass durability. May not be used for more than one attack per turn due to slow capacitor. Very Rare.

Disruptor Rifle - An outlawed energy weapon that destabilizes matter at the molecular level, causing catastrophic damage. Feared for its lethality and banned across much of the galaxy. Range: Close. Critical Die: D12. Special: D8 hits per successful attack. Ignores armor for defense calculation. Fuel cells contain enough energy for 4 shots. Disintegrator weapons bypass durability. May not be used for more than one attack per turn due to slow capacitor. Extremely Rare.

Phase-Pulse Disruptor- This long barreled single-shot weapon is designed to maximize the range of disintegrator technology. The long range reduces its punch, but the difference between ash and chunks is academic in most cases. Range: Medium to Far. Critical Die D12. Special D4 hits per successful attack. Ignores armor for Defense. Single Shot. Reload. Bypass Durability vs.

vehicles and droids. Extremely Rare. Usually custom, with custom ammunition.

Tusken Cycler Rifles - Single shot projectile weapons have many disadvantages: they are slow to fire; they are very long and unwieldy; their ammunition is custom and hand made; their projectile is relatively slow. That said, they still see occasional use among a certain class of bounty hunter, as the one thing they do possess is the ability to hurl an ounce of lead up to a thousand meters with enough remaining inertia to punch through a speeder. Each rifle is hand forged and their owners take great pains to maintain and pass on these cultural heirlooms. Those who prefer this weapon know better than to risk the ire of the Sand People by being seen carrying it around Tatooine. Very Rare. A replica may be more common.

Tusken Cycler Rifle - Range: Medium/Extreme. Critical Die: D6. Special: Primitive. Must perform the Reload Action between shots. 1AP.

Wookie Bowcaster - Another culturally exclusive weapon, very very few bowcasters have been granted by Wookiees to outsiders. Bowcasters are very heavy and difficult for most other than a wookiee to use efficiently. They fire a magnetic dart shielded in charged plasma, making a very powerful projectile/energy weapon hybrid that gives much better range and penetrating power than either other weapon class.



Bowcaster - Range: Close/Extreme. Critical Die: D12. Special: Unwieldy - do not add agility to your initiative roll when carrying a bowcaster. Special: Any Hit from a Bowcaster on a unit with the Generic rule eliminates that unit. Extremely Rare.

A-180 Modular Blaster - A highly adaptable blaster system capable of reconfiguring into multiple weapon forms. Compact, concealable, and favored by operatives who value flexibility. Has attachments for several modes.

Pistol: Range: Melee/Close. Critical Die: D4.

Rifle: Range: Close/Far. Critical Die: D6.

Sniper: Range: Medium/Extreme. Critical Die: D6. Uncommon.

Light Blaster Pistol - A small, easy-to-carry sidearm designed for personal defense. Modest power, quick handling, and widely available. Range: Melee/Close. Critical Die: 1d4. Special: Only light table. Easily concealed.

Stun Setting- Range: Melee/Close. Critical Die: D3. Light Table Only. Very Common.

Blaster Pistol - A standard sidearm balancing range, power, and reliability. Common among civilians, law enforcement, and mercenaries alike. Range: Melee/Close. 1d4 crit. Concealable. Stun Setting- Range: Melee/Close. Critical Die: D3. Light Table Only. Very Common.

Heavy Blaster Pistol - A reinforced pistol that delivers increased stopping power at the cost of weight and recoil. Favored by bounty hunters and frontline fighters. Range: Melee/Close. Critical Die: D6. Common.

E-11 Medium Blaster Rifle - The standard-issue blaster rifle of Imperial stormtroopers, offering reliable performance, modular attachments, and consistent battlefield results. Range: Close/Far. Critical Die: D6.

Stun Setting- Range: Close. Critical Die: D3.

Light Table Only. Very Common.

A280 Longblaster Rifle - A versatile, medium-

range blaster rifle commonly used by Rebel and New Republic forces. Known for accuracy, modular configurations, and dependable performance in varied combat roles. Range: Medium/Extreme. Critical Die: D8. Uncommon.

Heavy Blaster Rifle - A large-frame blaster designed for maximum stopping power and extended range. Slower to handle but devastating in open combat, often used as a squad's primary punch. Range: Medium/Extreme. Critical Die D10. Special: D2 hits per successful shot. Uncommon.

Light Repeating Blaster - An automatic blaster capable of sustained fire. Portable enough for infantry use, but designed to dominate open engagements. Range: Close/Far. Critical Die: D8. Special: For each shot taken, take another at -4. Uncommon.

Medium Repeating Blaster Cannon - A heavy, vehicle-mounted or emplacement weapon that unleashes overwhelming volumes of blaster fire. Intended for area denial and anti-infantry suppression. Range: Medium/Extreme. Critical Die: D12. Special: Draw a line or choose a point. Make an attack against each target in that line or within 10' of that point. Movement actions cost +1AP. Rare.

Rotary Blaster Cannon - A volume-fire squad support weapon. It survived the Clone Wars and continued to see use in both Imperial and Rebel armies, though it's mostly been replaced by weapons that avoid its weight, heat, and capacity problems. Range Close to Medium. Critical Die D10. Special: Fires four shots per Attack Action, all with a -4 penalty. Movement Actions cost +1AP. Rare.

Vibroknife - A compact close-combat blade with a vibrating edge capable of cutting through armor and resistant materials. Easily concealed and deadly in trained hands. Range: Melee. Critical Die: D4. Special: Thrown (Close). Common.

VibroAxe/other polearm - A heavy melee weapon that uses high-frequency vibration to tear through armor and bulkheads. Slow but brutally effective, favored for breaching and intimidation. Range: Melee. Critical Die: D12. Special: May change any Light Critical roll to Bleeding, and may change any Severe Critical roll to Severed Arm/Leg. Rare.

Electroblade - A melee weapon charged with an electrical field that disrupts nervous systems and energy defenses on contact. Effective against droids and living targets alike. Range: Melee. Critical Die: D8. Special: Also roll 1d4 on the Light Critical Table each time you roll on a Critical Table. Extremely Rare.

Flame weapons spew noxious chemical fuels from highly pressurized canisters to soak victims



in liquid flame. Any time a flame weapon inflicts Hits, it additionally applies the Area Trauma critical hit. Hits are reduced by 1 if the target can claim 50% cover or better. If this reduces the hits to zero a target does not receive Area Trauma. Wrist Flamer - 1 hit and Area Trauma
Blaze Gun - D2 hits and Area Trauma
Heavy Flamer - D3 hits and Area Trauma.
Flame weapons may be augmented with extra fuel canisters

Wrist flamer - inflict a hit against all enemies within 5' of your forward 180 degree arc, or all enemies in a 10' line. Fuel pods good for five uses can be fitted to the accompanying Vambrace. If a Hit from this weapon would cause Critical Damage, apply an instance of the Area Trauma Critical Condition from the relevant table.

Blaze Gun - The blaze gun is a medium flamer the size of a large squirt gun. It has a screw-in side canister good for ten shots. Its use counts as an attack, but it may only be used once per turn. It has two firing modes: Burst - 1AP, D2 hits to all targets in a 30' line; Sweep - 2AP, D2 hits to all targets in a 90 degree, 30' cone. If a Hit from this weapon would cause Critical Damage, apply an instance of the Area Trauma Critical Condition from the relevant table. Rare.

Heavy Flamer - This terrifying weapon uses a high pressure backpack and nozzled gun to project gouts of incinerating fuel up to 60'. It has a backpack good for twelve shots. Its use counts as an attack, but it may only be used once per turn. It has two firing modes: Burst - 1AP, D3 hits to all targets in a 60' line; Sweep - 2AP, D3 hits to all targets in a 60', 90 degree cone. If a Hit from this weapon would cause Critical Damage, apply an instance of the Area Trauma Critical Condition from the relevant table.

By engaging in a difficulty 8 Agility Challenge, someone with an appropriate tool (blaster, vibroblade, etc.) can burst the backpack canisters, causing 2d6 hits to everything within 20'. Very Rare.

Wrist dart - Once per turn spend 1AP to fire a dart. Make an attack against defense as normal. You may treat it as a Melee or Pistol attack. Hit affects fatigue normally. If the Hit would cause Critical Damage, instead of rolling, apply the dart payload effect. This is a popular weapon for Mandalorians, who favor exotic weapons that give them greater control in combat. Ammunition for this weapon is common in Mandalore One, but specific payloads may be difficult to procure. Dart Payloads:

-**Paralyzing Toxin** - There are a number of species native to Mandalore from which this toxin can be harvested, but it is not currently manufactured or imported. When a Paralyzing Toxin is successfully delivered, the target generates no action points until treated. Rare.

-**Blind Smoke** - Upon impact the dart releases a cloud of thick sticky black smoke that stings soft tissues and temporarily blinds anything within 5 feet exposed to it. While less effective against helmeted opponents the cloud will block all vision until the target moves out of it, as it persists for several turns. This simple chemical reaction is easily produced from available compounds. Common.

-**Fireblood** - This vicious concoction was invented to assassinate targets in a grisly and hateful manner. Liquid-reactive metallic micro beads in time release coating pump into the bloodstream, spread throughout the body, and in a few seconds all burst into incandescence. Blood boils into gasses within the vein, hot metal droplets burn down through the victims flesh and the scream bleeding steaming pile drops dead a few seconds after that. There is little left for bacta to preserve, and cooked brain matter doesn't leave connections for synthetic replacements. The manufacturing processes for this substance are prohibitive in cost and difficult to replicate. Extremely Rare.

-**Tranquilizer** - Standard knockout drugs of various origins that all work similarly on typical nervous systems. Used to subdue rather than damage. Useful in uncertain situations. When successfully delivered, roll a D3 on the

Light Critical Table. Very common.

-**Powerful Hallucinogen** - Synthetic or extracted, this substance interferes with physical coordination and mental functioning. It's hard to get to the end of a thought. It's hard to remember why what you're doing matters. It's easy to wander off. When successfully delivered, the target has disadvantage on attacks and challenges other than endurance challenges. Expensive to synthesize. Rare.

- **Explosive** - This explosive dart triggers on impact, inflicting D2 hits. Tricky to manufacture. Uncommon. Explosive.

-**Tailored Contagion** - A synthesized virus that targets a single species. Infected targets use the Suffocation rules, with each Round lasting one day. Very difficult to manufacture. Extremely Rare.

- **Trackable Isotope** - When this payload is successfully delivered, you may track the target for up to a few days. Targets on foot are very easily tracked by sensors that can detect the specific radiation signature. Targets on mounts are difficult to track but can be reacquired wherever they stop. Flying targets are very difficult to track. If a target leaves the planet you would have to go to where it went to reacquire the trail. You must have a scanning device capable of detecting trace radiation. Uncommon.

-**Powerful Acid** - When successfully delivered this payload inflicts the Area Trauma and Bleeding Critical Injuries. It is difficult to refine weapon-grade acid. Rare.

Pack Missile - Enter Agility challenge to target lock a point you can see. Inflict d6 hits against all targets within 10'. Explosive. Uncommon.

Whistling Birds - Inflict a Light Critical hit on up to 12 separate targets. Good for clearing extras. Rare ammo. Mandalorian Vambrace mount only.

Explosives

Demolition charges and grenades are armed and placed by entering a challenge. Use Agility for anything you're going to throw, and



Mental for anything you're going to place in a set location. Using an explosive is a difficulty 5 Agility challenge. This means two rolls resulting in scores of 11 or higher are required to pass. Your first success represents quickly arming your explosive. The second successful result will determine your placement accuracy. You must choose a single point to be in the center of three concentric circles: the first is twenty feet across, the second is a ten foot wide circle around it, and the third is a ten foot wide circle around that. A score on your final success of an 18, 19, or 20 means you can place the grenade anywhere within the first circle, a 17, 16, or 15, for the second circle, and a 14, 13, 12, or 11 for the third. For a grenade this represents physical location of the final result, and for a demolition it represents how close to a critical structural support you managed to place it.

Bracer charges - 3 small demolition charges that fit in your bracer, which controls detonation as well. Apply to any surface. Detonate to do d4 hits per charge to everything within 5'. Rare. Limited manufacture.

Thermal detonator - Agility check to arm and throw accurately. Inflicts d8 hits on everything within 20'. Rare and expensive. Not standard issue due to high potential for collateral damage. Explosive.

Grenade - Agility challenge to arm and place. Explosive. Roll one Severe Critical Table result for anyone within ten feet of the blast. Common, but easy to run out of manufacturing supplies.

Concussion Grenade - Agility challenge to successfully arm and place. Roll d4 on the light critical table for anyone within 20'. Common, but it is easy to run out of materials to keep manufacturing explosives if resupply is inconsistent.

Shield Gauntlet - Against an attack that you can see coming, you may spend 1 AP to claim half cover for that attacker's turn only. Note that cover never stacks with cover from another source. The thing you are most directly behind and closest to you provides the cover you claim. Rare.

Heavy Reinforcement - upgrade for full armor: count as medium-large sized. Cover you claim is one step lower. Uncommon.

Digital Enhancement Scope - Negate the -4 incurred for firing over normal range, as long as you have not yet moved this turn. Common.

Ablative Plates - weather slid into netting, pockets, secured with straps, adhesives, or spot-welded to existing armor, ablative plates trade mobility for extra protection. You gain an extra Combat Fatigue Box. It is the first box lost to a hit. This box cannot be recovered by resting; it must be mechanically replaced with a suitable armor component. The added weight of ablative plates adds 1AP to movement costs. Use a Field Crafting (Mental) challenge to affix Ablative Plates.

Rising Phoenix - jet pack allowing 60' of flight per movement action. Each small fuel pod is

good for about 30 of these bursts. Due to the way actions happen within a six second turn and not necessarily over the entire course of a six second turn, calculating rates of speed gets tricky for defense purposes. Jet packs users that spend no part of their turn hovering are considered to achieve the threshold of 50fps, and the +2 defense that goes with it. Uncommon, but usually made on an individual basis by the Forge Master. Jet Packs can be augmented with extra cannisters.

Armorweave Suit or Cloak - Armorweave is an armored woven material capable of diffusing blaster fire and to a limited degree lightsaber attacks. It is often the basis of a greater suit of armor, or affixed to a full set as a cape for additional protection. A Full cloak or body suit of Armorweave confers the following benefit: Reduce the die rolled on the critical hit table against you by 1 size. This cannot reduce the die below a D4. Expensive to manufacture. Rare.

Plastoid Plate Full Suit Bonus - Plastoid plate is cheap and easy to manufacture and provides reasonable protection against shrapnel, thermal, and concussive force, as well as smoke, chemical weapons and acid. It can be easily fit to a sealed suit for mission versatility. In addition to one point of armor per section pair, a full suit of plastoid armor will reduce any damage from falling rubble, heat, acids, chemicals, weather effects, falling, radiation etc. by 1 hit. This effect does not apply to direct-application weapons like grenades and flame throwers.

"Your armor will outlive you.

Decide what it will say."

--Teaching given to foundlings--



Durasteel Plate Full Suit Bonus - Durasteel is very tough and very heavy. Made to withstand blaster fire and powerful impacts, most who opt to use it only do so in limited critical areas. Wearing durasteel is tiring and it can limit mobility. Durasteel provides 2 armor per paired section. If you wear a full set of Durasteel Plate, your second movement action costs 3AP, and you may spend an endurance fatigue to ignore a hit against you. Uncommon.

Beskar Plate Full Set Bonus - Beskar is mined exclusively on Mandalore. It is incredibly durable, very dense, lighter than Durasteel, and can resist light saber slashes. The secrets of smelting and forging beskar live hidden in the minds of a vanishingly small number of highly guarded Forge Masters. Beskar provides 3 points of defense per paired section, and if by incredible skill or fortune the wearer has a full set, lightsaber attacks do not ignore Combat Fatigue boxes or armor against this formidable defense. Very Rare.

Cortosis weave plastoid - Though very rare, cortosis enhanced plastoid provides the very best protection against blasters and lightsabers. Cortosis fibers carefully laminated into the plastoid production process create plates that can entirely diffuse the energy of a blaster bolt, and even cause a lightsaber to short circuit. The weave process actually weakens the plastoid against other types of attack, making it more brittle. This armor provides 1 armor point per section against non-energy based weapons. Against energy based weapons each section provides 2 armor points. Blaster weapons may only roll a d4 on the light crit table against full cortosis weave plastoid, and if a lightsaber contacts the weave it shuts down immediately, doing nothing. However, the weave is vulnerable to energy overload, so if it takes hits from weapons larger than a medium repeating blaster cannon, such as an x-wing cannon or AT-AT head cannon, it will fail. Also the Arc Cannon electricity gun can overwhelm the cortosis capacity, and attacks as normal against this armor.

This armor does not benefit from the Primitive Weapons rule. This armor does not provide regular Plastoid Plate bonuses. Extremely Rare.

Pharmacological payloads: If a poisoned weapon would inflict a Critical Damage Table Roll, you may replace that result with poison's effect. This applies to most dart payloads.

Paralytics, tranquilizers and hallucinogens may not work from world to world, as animals and chemicals coevolve distinct to each ecosystem, but assume that local versions are acquirable for local targets. That said, an alien may easily be immune to your fancy paralyzing darts. You may have to place special orders for appropriate chemical agents. Assume that pharmacological dart payloads should be made from local sources.

-Hemotoxin: Inflict Bleeding

-Necrotoxin: Inflict Area Trauma

-Neurotoxin: Apply Suffocating Rules until treated.

Weapon	Critical Die	Low Range	High Range	Notes
Light Blaster Pistol	D4/ Stun D4	Melee	Close	Light crit only
Blaster Pistol	D4/ Stun D4	Melee	Close	
Heavy Blaster Pistol	D6/ Stun D4	Melee	Close	
Blaster Carbine	D6	Melee	Close	
Blaster Rifle	D6/ Stun D4	Close	Medium	
Modular Blaster Rifle	D4/D6/D6	Melee/Close/ Med.	Melee/Close/ Medium	
Longblast Rifle	D8	Medium	Extreme	
Heavy Blaster Rifle	D10	Medium	Extreme	D2 Hits per successful shot
Light Repeating Blaster	D8	Close	Far	For each attack make a second at -4.
Medium Repeating Blaster Cannon	D12	Medium	Extreme	Draw a line or pick a 10' circle. Attack each in area.
Z-6 Rotary Blaster	D10	Close	Medium	4 Shots per Attack. All at -4.
Tusken Cycler Rifle	D6	Medium	Extreme	Primitive. Reload.
Wookie Bowcaster	D12	Close	Far	No Agility bonus to initiative. Removes Extras on Hit.
Disruptor Pistol	D12	Melee	Melee	Ignores armor. D6 Hits.
Disruptor Rifle	D12	Close	Close	Ignores armor. D8 Hits.
Phase-Pulse Disruptor	D12	Medium	Far	Ignores armor. D4 Hits. Reload.
Vibro Axe	D12	Melee	Melee	
Vibro Knife	D4	Melee	Melee	
Vambrace Flamer	Inflicts Area Trauma	Melee	Close	1 Hit. 5 shot cannister
Blaze Gun	Inflicts Area Trauma	Close	Close	D2 Hits. 10 shot cannister
Heavy Flamer	Inflicts Area Trauma Critical	Close	Medium Close	D3 Hits. 12 shot pack
Darts	Ammo Dependant	Melee	Close	Custom Payload.
Launcher Rocket	D12	Medium	Far	D6 Hits. Target with Sensors
Bone Club	D6	Melee		Primitive
Bracer Charges	D12	Placed	Close	D4 hits. 5 foot radius.
Demolition Charges	D12	Placed	Close	D12 hits. 20 foot radius.
Concussion Grenade	D4	Melee	Close	20' radius. Light crit roll.
Grenades	D12	Melee	Close	10' radius. Severe Crit roll.

Fabrication

Making your own equipment may easily fall outside the scope of your game. It doesn't readily fit with the expected pace of a Star Wars story or an action adventure game. While every Mandalorian knows how to clean and maintain their own weapons and armor, and maybe even ship, most would prefer to simply buy or requisition new stuff.

That said, there can easily be downtime between adventures; an emergency situation may arise calling on someone to improvise the perfect piece of gear; a key item may break in a battle, requiring you to fabricate a replacement under fire, or you may simply have a vision you must pursue. For any of these occasions we have for you the Fabrication Chapter. Enjoy the possibilities.

Fixing and Building

Apprentice of the flame:(Skill Training) knowledge of smelting, forging, smithing, and building. You may enter a Fabrication challenge to turn scrap metal into a simple finished product. This begins with an intelligence challenge, followed by a strength challenge, and finally an endurance challenge. If all goes well you will have your knife, radiator, helmet, tv dinner tray, etc. This skill does not enable the forging of beskar. The base use of this skill is to turn a single material portion into a single-material item. For each additional fabrication skill you acquire, expand the scope of what you can make. For example, if you want to build your own grenades you will need to learn mechanical repair, for assembly of the parts you make with the base skill, and Chemistry, for the explosive component of the grenade. For explosives with electronic timers or remote detonators you will additionally need the Circuitry skill. (each supplementary skill purchased as equipment training)

-Frontier Fabrication:(Equipment Use) basic clothing, wooden utensils, clayware, rope, simple tools like pulleys, etc.

-Field Generator Technology:(Equipment Use) Understanding of field generating technologies

such as shields, inertial dampeners, gravity, repulsors, and containment fields in fusion generators.

-Die Casting and Molding: (Equipment Use)for frames, skeletons, plate, shells, hulls, etc.

-Mechanical Repair:(Equipment Use) Ability to repair machines and machine components.

-Circuitry:(Equipment Use)Ability to fix and fabricate such circuitry as may be found in anything with computerized components including droids, unless the droid brain is damaged. Droid brains require specialized industrial processes that cannot be replicated in even an advanced Forge.

-Chemistry:(Equipment Use) Ability to isolate and recombine chemical compounds into explosives, accelerants, poisons, pharmaceuticals, epoxies, refine fuels, etc.

-Glass and Plastic. (Equipment Use)Includes ceramics.

Botany Training: (Equipment Use) knowledge of planting, harvesting, and tending plants. If you weren't born with a green thumb there's a nice chemical fertilizer that does a pretty good dye job.

Pharmaceuticle Training:(Skill Training) knowledge of various uses of plants. Enter an Intelligence Challenge to produce stimulants, coagulants, poisons, analgesics, tranquilizers, etc. Payloads for Mandalorian Darts. With a skill like this you could find work anywhere. So what are you doing in this glassed over desert hellscape?

"You can tell how long someone's been fighting by how they treat their helmet.

*New warriors polish theirs.
Veterans check for cracks and put it back on."*

-Unknown Mandalorian advising a protege-

-Clan Wars Era-

-Repair Tent-

Standard Recipe Format

Gear

ITEM NAME

Category: (Tool / Weapon / Armor / Camp / Social)

Components:

- X Base Item:
- Y Salvaged Materials:
- Z Consumables (if any):

Fabrication Test:

- Mental(Design / Chemistry / Circuitry)
- Power (Forming / Assembly)
- Endurance (Sustained Work / Heat / Precision)

Failure:

- Partial function, reduced durability, or flaw

Success:

- Full function

This is an action game, not a survival game. That said, the setting lends itself very well to a survival-oriented approach. If that's what you like, the Gear section contains scrap components and craft recipes generated in the spirit of the world, setting, and game.

Custom/Modified Weapons: If you have Mechanical Repair, or a boon from the Forge Master or another machinist, you can get a weapon modified. The easiest approach to this is to choose a base model, and choose an attribute to adjust or a trait to add, like in the 'special' category of a weapon description. Additional mods add to the difficulty of the Fabrication Challenge. A modified weapon can always get further mods later.

Crafting: Turning salvaged components from the Gear section into items from the Field Crafts section requires a simple Mental Challenge once the components are gathered.

Gear is any piece of equipment with no required Training associated with it, such as Canteen, or Butter Knife. It has no real value except as flavor and scrap, and doesn't have a significant place in an Action game. However, for those who see the Survival game potential of this system and setting, and for those to whom the nitty-gritty of salvage and scrap in the fabrication arena holds a special place, we have the Gear Section.

Boots

Description: Protective footwear designed for rough terrain.

Materials: Leather or synth-leather, rubber soles, metal eyelets, laces, padding.

Clothes

Description: Everyday garments for warmth, protection, or disguise.

Materials: Fabric, thread, buttons, zippers, insulation, dye.

Tent

Description: Portable shelter for camping or field operations.

Materials: Waterproof fabric, poles (metal or fiberglass), cordage, stakes, zippers.

Canteen

Description: Portable liquid container.

Materials: Plastic or metal shell, rubber seals, straps.

Foam-Pack Hard Case

Description: Rigid protective case with shock-absorbing foam.

Materials: Plastic panels, dense foam, hinges, latches.

Vials

Description: Small containers for liquids or samples.

Materials: Glass or plastic tubes, stoppers, seals.

Hat

Description: Headwear for protection or identification.

Materials: Cloth, leather, insulation, wire brims, dye.

Pots and Pans

Description: Cookware for field meals.

Materials: Steel, aluminum, handles, rivets.

Rope

Description: Thick cordage for climbing, tying, or hauling.

Materials: Natural fiber, nylon, synthetic braid.

String

Description: Thin cord for light fastening.

Materials: Twine, thread, plant fiber.

Ammo or Grenade Bandoliers

Description: Carrying rigs for ammunition or explosives.

Materials: Fabric webbing, leather, metal snaps, buckles.

Knife Sheath

Description: Protective cover for a blade.

Materials: Leather, polymer, rivets, straps.

Pistol Belt Holster

Description: Hip-mounted firearm holder.

Materials: Leather or polymer, straps, metal clips.

Belt

Description: Waist strap for clothing or gear.

Materials: Leather, fabric webbing, buckle.

Thigh Holster

Description: Leg-mounted weapon carrier.

Materials: Fabric straps, polymer shell, buckles.

Sword Scabbard

Description: Protective casing for long blades.

Materials: Leather, wood core, metal fittings.

Camp Stove

Description: Portable cooking device.

Materials: Metal frame, valves, burners, tubing.

Flashlight

Description: Handheld directional light source.

Materials: LEDs, wiring, lenses, batteries, casing.

Light Rod

Description: Chemical or powered glow stick/rod.

Materials: Plastic tube, phosphors or LEDs, circuitry.

Light String

Description: Linked series of small lights.

Materials: Wire, bulbs/LEDs, insulation, connectors.

Fishing Net

Description: Knotted mesh for catching fish.

Materials: Nylon or fiber cord, weights.

Camo Netting

Description: Concealment mesh for terrain blending.

Materials: Fabric strips, mesh cord, dyes.

Bug Netting

Description: Fine mesh barrier against insects.

Materials: Lightweight mesh fabric, thread.

Clay Pot

Description: Fired earthen container.

Materials: Ceramic shards, mineral clay dust.

Small Blowtorch

Description: Handheld high-heat tool.

Materials: Metal nozzle, valves, ignition parts.

Tarp

Description: Waterproof sheet for shelter or cover.

Materials: Coated fabric, grommets, cord loops.

Simple Tool (hammer, screwdriver, etc.)

Description: Basic hand tool.

Materials: Steel heads, shafts, grips.

Nails

Description: Simple fasteners.

Materials: Iron or steel rods.

Screws

Description: Threaded fasteners.

Materials: Machined steel, specialty heads.

Glue

Description: Adhesive compound.

Materials: Resin, chemical binders, containers.

Scissors

Description: Cutting tool with pivot.

Materials: Steel blades, screws, handles.

Metal Cooking Tongs

Description: Gripping tool for hot items.

Materials: Spring steel, rivets.

Survival Knife

Description: Durable multipurpose blade.

Materials: High-carbon steel, handle scales, cord wrap.

Animal Hides (per sq. ft.)

Description: Tanned or raw skins.

Materials: Leather, fur, sinew.

Goggles

Description: Eye protection gear.

Materials: Lenses, elastic straps, seals.

Fire Extinguisher

Description: Emergency fire suppression device.

Materials: Pressurized tank, chemicals, valves.

Extra Blaster Packs (full or empty)

Description: Power cells or ammunition packs.

Materials: Energy cells, casings, wiring, capacitors.

Fuel Canisters

Description: Pressurized fuel storage.

Materials: Metal tanks, valves, seals.

Sewing Kit

Description: Portable repair tools.

Materials: Needles, thread, buttons, pins.

Patch Kit

Description: Repair materials for fabric or inflatables.

Materials: Rubberized patches, adhesives.

Rations

Description: Preserved field food.

Materials: Packaging, foil, nutrient compounds.



Telescope

Description: Long-range optical device.
Materials: Lenses, tubes, precision screws.

Pole

Description: Straight rod for support or leverage.
Materials: Wood, metal, composite shaft.

Compass

Description: Direction-finding instrument.
Materials: Magnetized needle, casing, glass.

Maps

Description: Printed navigation guides.
Materials: Paper, ink, waterproof coatings.

Pencil

Description: Writing implement.
Materials: Graphite, wood, metal ferrule.

Musical Instrument

Description: Sound-producing device.
Materials: Wood, metal strings, reeds, membranes.

Batteries / Power Packs

Description: Portable energy storage.
Materials: Cells, wiring, casings, rare metals.

Extension Cord

Description: Power transmission cable.
Materials: Copper wire, insulation, plugs.

Thermos

Description: Insulated liquid container.
Materials: Steel, vacuum lining, seals.

Crate

Description: Storage or transport container.
Materials: Wood planks, nails, metal bands.

Suspensor Clamp

Description: Mechanical grip or stabilizer.
Materials: Metal arms, springs, screws.

Magnetic Hanger / Clip

Description: Mounting accessory using magnets.
Materials: Magnets, steel clips, plastic housing.

Paint

Description: Pigmented coating substance.
Materials: Pigments, solvents, binders.

High-Strength Monofilament

Description: Thin, strong filament.
Materials: Synthetic polymer line.

Cup

Description: Small drinking vessel.
Materials: Ceramic, metal, plastic, insulation.
ChatGPT - generated recipes using scrap materials from Gear, and the Frontier Fabrication Skill.

Field Crafts

Weapons & Combat Gear

Improvised Vibroknife

Description: A jury-rigged blade reinforced to vibrate at high frequency, capable of cutting through light armor.

Components:

Survival Knife (blade)

Extra Blaster Pack (power cell)

High-Strength Monofilament (vibration linkage)

Glue or Suspensor Clamp

Result: Vibroknife (counts as vibro, reduced durability)

Reinforced Blaster Holster

Description: Shock-absorbing holster that protects a sidearm from sand, EMP flickers, and hard impacts.

Components:

Pistol Belt Holster

Foam-Pack Hard Case (foam lining)

Sewing Kit

Magnetic Hanger/Clip

Result: Holster that reduces weapon damage

from environmental hazards

Throwable Flash-Charge

Description: Overloaded power pack that detonates in a blinding electromagnetic pulse.

Components:

Empty Blaster Pack

Flashlight (capacitor)

Vials (charge containment)

Wire from Extension Cord

Result: One-use stun/EMP grenade (droids & tech suffer penalties)

Armor & Survival

Plastoid-Plated Field Boots

Description: Armored boots salvaged for harsh planetary surfaces like Mandalore.

Components:

Boots

Foam-Pack Hard Case (plastoid shell)

Glue

Screws

Result: Boots granting environmental protection + minor soak

Adaptive Camo Cloak

Description: A mesh cloak that breaks up silhouettes and heat signatures.

Components:

Clothes

Camo Netting

Paint (terrain-matched)

Sewing Kit

Result: Boost to Stealth checks in natural terrain

Emergency Breather Hood

Description: Short-duration air filtration hood.

Components:

Bug Netting

Goggles

Canteen (filter housing)

Glue

Result: Limited protection against smoke, spores, toxins

Tools & Gadgets

Glowline Trip Sensor

Description: A low-tech perimeter alarm using tension and light.

Components:

Light String

High-Strength Monofilament

Magnetic Clip

Result: Early-warning alarm for camps or corridors

Multispectrum Survey Scope

Description: Modified telescope for scouting and targeting.

Components:

Telescope

Flashlight (lens & diode)

Batteries / Power Pack

Goggles (filters)

Result: Enhanced scouting; bonus to Perception at range

Field Repair Welder

Description: Compact heat tool for armor and hull patching.

Components:

Small Blowtorch

Fuel Canister

Metal Cooking Tongs

Result: Enables emergency repairs without a workshop

Camp & Exploration

All-Weather Survival Shelter

Description: A quick-deploy shelter built for storms and ashfall.

Components:

Tent

Tarp

Rope

Poles

Result: Shelter that negates severe weather penalties

Pageantry

Compact Heat Ration Cooker

Description: Efficient field cooker using minimal fuel.

Components:

Camp Stove

Pots and Pans

Thermos

Fuel Canister

Result: Cook rations faster; preserve food quality

Hydro-Reclaimer Flask

Description: Converts condensation and waste moisture into drinkable water.

Components:

Thermos

Canteen

Vials

Glue

Result: Generates small amounts of potable water per day



Hunter's Trophy Mantle

Description: Symbolic armor mantle worn by warriors.

Components:

Animal Hides (several sq. ft.)

Sewing Kit

Belt

Result: Social bonus when dealing with warriors or clans

Resonance Signal Instrument

Description: A tuned device capable of sending coded audio signals.

Components:

Musical Instrument

Extension Cord (wire)

Power Pack

Result: Short-range communication or distraction tool

Star Map Field Kit

Description: Portable navigation and scouting setup.

Components:

Maps

Pencil

Compass

Crate

Result: Reduces navigation errors; aids exploration rolls

Weapons & Tactical Mods

Beskar-Edge Training Blade

Description: A non-lethal practice weapon with a reinforced cutting edge that can still parry real blades.

Components:

Sword Scabbard (metal fittings)

Survival Knife (edge core)

High-Strength Monofilament

Glue

Result: Training melee weapon; can safely spar but still damage lightly armored targets

"We mistook peace for safety.

Mandalore has never been safe.

It has only ever been home."

--The Last Regent of Sundari--

--Final broadcast before the city fell--

Mag-Clamp Wrist Dagger

Description: A concealed blade that snaps into the wielder's palm with a magnetic release.

Components:

Knife Sheath

Magnetic Hanger/Clip

Survival Knife (shortened)

Sewing Kit

Result: Concealable weapon; bonus to surprise or Sleight of Hand attacks

Improvised Concussion Mine

Description: Pressure-triggered blast that knocks targets off their feet rather than killing them.

Components:

Empty Blaster Pack

Fire Extinguisher (propellant)

Vials (shock compound)

Nails or Screws

Result: Area knockdown device; limited damage, high disruption

Armor, Clothing & Augments

Shock-Dampened Thigh Rig

Description: Weapon rig insulated against recoil and electrical discharge.

Components:

Thigh Holster

Foam-Pack Hard Case (foam)

String or Rope

Glue

Result: Reduces recoil penalties; protects holstered gear from shocks

Ashfall Filter Mask

Description: Mandalore-grade breathing mask for volcanic dust and toxic particulates.

Components:

Goggles

Bug Netting

Patch Kit (seal material)

Glue

Result: Negates penalties from dust, smoke, and ash

Thermal-Lined Field Jacket

Description: Cold- and heat-resistant outerwear using layered insulation.

Components:

Clothes

Animal Hides

Sewing Kit

Light Rod (heat element)

Result: Protection against temperature extremes

Tools & Field Tech

Micro-Gravity Stabilizer Clamp

Description: Tool that anchors objects in low- or zero-G environments.

Components:

Suspensor Clamp

Magnetic Hanger/Clip

Power Pack

Result: Stabilizes equipment or personnel in low gravity

Portable Sensor Spike

Description: A ground-placed motion and vibration detector.

Components:

Flashlight (sensor casing)

Light String (indicator)

Monofilament

Batteries

Result: Detects movement within a short radius

Field Fabricator Press

Description: Manual press for shaping scrap into usable components.

Components:

Simple Tool (hammer)

Crate (frame)

Metal Cooking Tongs

Screws

Result: Allows crafting without a full workshop

Camps, Vehicles, & Exploration

Camouflaged Forward Operating Post

Description: Semi-permanent hidden camp with multiple escape routes.

Components:

Tent

Camo Netting

Rope

Poles

Result: Camp is difficult to detect; grants rest benefits safely

Jetpack Fuel Recycler

Description: Salvages trace fuel vapor and waste heat for reuse.

Components:

Fuel Canister

Thermos

Extension Cord (heat coil)

Glue

Result: Extends jetpack or flamer fuel duration

Terrain-Adaptive Grapple Line

Description: Ultra-strong line designed for urban ruins and cliffs.

Components:

Rope

High-Strength Monofilament

Magnetic Clip

Result: Improved climbing and grappling success

Social & Signal Items

Clan Signet Signal Beacon

Description: Emits a coded Mandalorian clan identifier.

Components:

Light Rod

Paint (clan colors)

Power Pack

Result: Social leverage with Mandalorians; can call allies

Echo-Lure Resonator

Description: Device that mimics creature or machinery sounds.

Components:

Musical Instrument

Vials (resonance chambers)

Power Pack

Result: Lure or distract wildlife, droids, or patrols

War Journal & Star Atlas

Description: Hardened record of battles, routes, and grudges.

Components:

Maps

Pencil

Sewing Kit

Crate (binding plates)

Result: Long-term campaign bonuses to navigation and planning

Rare & Advanced Craft

Prototype Ion Snare

Description: Emits a localized ion burst that entangles droids.

Components:

Extension Cord

Blaster Pack (charged)

Suspensor Clamp

Glue

Result: Immobilizes or disables droids temporarily

Mandalorian Field Reliquary

Description: A ceremonial container for armor fragments and oaths.

Components:

Clay Potn

Animal Hide

Paint

Result: Roleplay artifact; grants morale or resolve bonuses

Beskar

Extraction, Forging, and the Meaning of the Living Metal

Beskar does not present itself to the unworthy. It does not gleam in rich veins nor announce its presence in seams of obvious wealth. Instead, it hides — dispersed in slivers and dust, concealed within the deep hearts of common iron. From the earliest days of Mandalorian industry, the extraction of true beskar began not with grand strikes of fortune, but with patience, instinct, and endurance.

Mining operations broke the planet's iron deposits by the thousands of tons. Machines crushed stone and metal into jagged heaps of dull ore, yet only a vanishing fraction of this ruin held the sacred alloy's potential. The difference between worthless scrap and hallowed metal could not be measured by instruments alone. It required a particular intuition — a trained sensitivity cultivated through hardship and loss.

At the center of every beskar mine stood a foreman whose role transcended technical supervision. Their task was one of judgment. They sorted fragments by sight, weight, texture, even by the faintest resonance felt through gloved fingers. To outsiders, the process appeared mystical. To Mandalorians, it was simply another battlefield — one fought against stone, darkness, and uncertainty.

Occasionally, a prodigy would emerge among the miners. These individuals seemed born with an affinity for the metal. Where others required decades to hone their instincts, the prodigy possessed an immediate certainty, an unteachable clarity of perception. Such people were never allowed to remain mere laborers. They were drawn into the deeper traditions of the craft, trained not only in extraction but in transformation. Those who survived the mines' relentless demands were destined for the forge, where they would become Forge Masters.

Mining beskar was among the most honored callings in Mandalorian society. Warriors faced enemies; miners faced the world itself. They descended into the planet's most unforgiving places, contending with collapsing strata, toxic atmospheres, subterranean predators, and the slow erosion of body and mind. Their struggle was seen as a pure expression of Mandalorian virtue — endurance without spectacle, sacrifice without audience.

To “have the nose” for beskar was not merely a metaphor. It implied a cultivated instinct for truth beneath deception. The miner who could find sacred metal within mundane rock embodied the Mandalorian belief that worth must be uncovered, not granted.

The Secret of the Alloy

If extraction demanded endurance, smelting demanded silence.

The creation of true beskar alloy was a guarded practice, preserved through lineage and oath. Forge Masters spoke sparingly, and only to apprentices who had proven both loyalty and resilience. Even then, instruction often took the form of observation rather than explanation.

Fragmentary statements attributed to masters reveal a philosophy rather than a procedure:

“You get to know it.”

“Once it takes a piece of you, it will do what you tell it.”

“Waken its spirit. Only living beskar moves.”

Such words suggest that the process was only partially technical. Metallurgical expertise alone could not produce true beskar. Something of the smith's will, discipline, and identity

became interwoven with the alloy itself. The secrecy surrounding the craft may have served practical purposes — preventing theft or dilution of tradition — but it also preserved the sacredness of transformation.

To Mandalorians, beskar was not merely refined. It was awakened.

The Dance of the Forge

Forging beskar into usable form was neither simple craftsmanship nor brute industrial labor. It was an act requiring precision at the limits of perception.

A Forge Master must sense when to introduce infinitesimal measures of stabilizing alloy. They must read the color of heated metal as if it were a language: a particular hue here, a fleeting shimmer there, each signifying changes at the molecular level. Plasmic forging fields were adjusted with almost ritualistic subtlety — feathered rather than applied, coaxing atoms to fuse instead of crystallize.

Observers sometimes described the process as a dance. This comparison captures its rhythm but not its intensity. True forging was less performance than communion. Master and metal entered into a feedback loop of action and response, each influencing the other's state. Hesitation could fracture the structure. Arrogance could doom the result. Only harmony could produce an artifact worthy of the name.

When the process succeeded, the resulting item possessed more than durability. It carried continuity. A weapon, helm, or plate of armor forged in this manner was believed to endure beyond the lifespan of its maker, embodying their discipline in tangible form. Thus, beskar objects were not merely tools — they were legacies.

Cultural Meaning

Beskar defined Mandalorian identity not because of its rarity, but because of the journey required to obtain it.

Mining represented struggle against the world.

Smelting represented mastery of hidden knowledge.

Forging represented unity between will and matter.

Together, these stages formed a cultural narrative: survival, transformation, and endurance.

To wear beskar was to carry the memory of those who had fought stone, fire, and time to create it. Every plate of armor was a testament to unseen battles — not against enemies, but against entropy itself.

In this way, beskar became more than material. It became philosophy made solid.

To Mandalorians, steel could protect the body.

Only beskar could preserve the self.

Forging Beskar: To turn beskar alloy into an item requires first of all access to a purpose-built highly specialized Mandalorian Forge. *It is outside the scope of this game to build your own beskar-capable forge.* It is possible to be given short term use of one. Make the usual Item Crafting Challenges, then an Attunement(8) Challenge. If this Challenge fails, the item you are crafting's armor value cannot exceed +2, it cannot house multiple weapon systems, it will not amplify sufficient energy to project an energy shield, it will not block light sabers, and it cannot contribute to any armor set bonus.



Vehicles

Ground Vehicles have a defense value, durability (which is similar to combat fatigue mechanically, but can't be spent. Just like with droids.), speed, occupancy, and other attributes, such as gun mounts or cargo space. Driving a vehicle requires training. Most do not have any armor to speak of and are very vulnerable to blaster fire. More armored vehicles are too slow for most rapid transport purposes. It's important to remember that this game is scaled around Medium size. The air speeder starts to blur into the realm of fighter combat. Twin laser cannons are starship class weaponry and this game is intended to only very rarely cross the line from infantry to pilot. However, airspeeders are common enough and will be eventually available to players for greater exploration.

Speeder Type Vehicle Movement

Using a Mind's Eye Theater system, or playing pretend, if you will, is your best bet for players in speeder type vehicles engaging npc's in speeder type vehicles. The skills, movement rates, and rules will make sense best in that format. However, when using table maps and models the dizzying speeds of bikes and airspeeders can make things tricky to represent reasonably, given that with roughly five or six second turns a speeder bike can cover 760 squares of a typical battle map, which are usually about 30-50 squares to a side. To streamline this, when speeder craft are engaging units on foot, at the beginning of the round, simply place the craft in the spot you would like to make an attack from, and make your attack. Then, at the end of the round, remove the speeder and declare which direction it will be coming in from the next round. Ground units can make attacks against them normally, but challenges against vehicles moving at speeds above about 50 feet per second should be at extreme difficulty. If someone steps in front of or leaps onto a fast moving speeder type vehicle, the stepper, pilot,

and vehicle are all subject to the crash rules in the case of speeder bikes and swoops; and otherwise the stepper inflicts d4 hits against the vehicle, then is subject to the crash rules as if the stepper itself were moving the speed of the vehicle.

Related Skills

Mount Training: You may use docile or mechanical mounts. Equipment training.

Speed Racer: if you spend action points on multiple challenge rolls in one turn during a chase, the second roll is at advantage.

Pilot Training: Ability to attempt to fly shuttles, fighters, light freighters and other potentially single-pilot spacecraft. Note landspeeders and snowspeeder- like craft count as mounts.

Eagle's Rest: If you began the turn at least 60 feet in the air and end it on the ground, you may recover one fatigue box of your choice.

Owl's Flight. If you moved at least 60 feet in the air last round you may glide 30 as a free move action at the start of this turn.

High Speed Maneuvers: +2 defense if moving at least at $\frac{3}{4}$ mount speed.

Hold It Steady: 1 Power Fatigue - While flying/mounted and you or your mount/vehicle take critical damage, subtract 1 from the critical table roll.

Falcon's Plunge: 1 Agility Fatigue - if you are at least twenty feet above your target, negate their agility bonus to defense against your next attack. Against a target with durability instead of combat fatigue, halve the defense.

Merlin's Hunt: 1 Agility Fatigue - Advantage on attacks this turn if airborne.

Tuck and Roll: 1 Agility Fatigue - reduce hits taken from a fall by half, rounding up.

Stay On Target: 1 Endurance Fatigue - When flying you may halve your defense this round to halve one target's defense against you this turn.

She'll Hold: 1 Attunement Fatigue - change a mounts/vehicles critical table roll to a 1.

Juke: 2AP - while mounted, make a move up to no more than half your mount's speed to give attacks against you -4 this turn.

Sample Vehicles

Open Top speeder. Defense 6. Durability 1. Speed 150fps. Occupancy 2. Repulsor.

Speeder Bike. Defense 5. Durability 0. Speed 200fps. Occupancy 2. Optional underslung medium repeating blaster cannon. Repulsor.

Swoop. Defense 5. Durability 0. Speed 250 fps. Occupancy 1. Flying.

Combat Air Speeder. Defense 14. Durability 1. Speed 300fps. Occupancy 2. Optional Twin Laser Cannons. Flying.

Transport Air Speeder. Defense 14. Durability 2. Speed 250fps. Occupancy 6. When used as an ambulance, which those dispatched from Mandalore One will be, the transport is equipped with stabilizing medical equipment and supplies. Flying.

Imperial Troop Transport. Defense 16. Durability 4. Speed 100fps. Occupancy 14. Armament 4 Medium Repeating Blaster Cannon. Repulsor.

AT-ST. Defense 20. Durability 3. Speed 50 feet. Occupancy 2. Armament 3 Medium Repeating Blaster Cannon. 1 Missile Launcher.

Wheeled, heavy repulsor, and walker type vehicles have speeds more appropriate to a battle map setting. They also have much more armor and heavier weapons. They are intended for Company-level organized warfare. This is more of a Squad-level skirmish system. Be sure including this type of vehicle would be healthy for your game environment.

Mounts/vehicles critical damage table

1-Light structural damage - if you move over half speed with a move action roll again on the critical damage table.

2-Heavy structural damage - if you take more than one move action roll again on this table.

3-Vision impaired - begin an agility challenge to compensate. If you fail you crash into something. If you pass you've managed to clear the obstruction or calm the mount.

4-Overheated -Your mount slows and shuts down. Begin a power challenge to bring it to a steady halt. If you fail you crash.

5-Propulsion Mechanism Destroyed - power challenge to control landing. When it ends you crash. Half hits from crashing if you succeed.

6-Total power loss - your vehicle or mount collapses beneath you. You crash.

7-Disintegrated - your vehicle or mount falls in ruins. You crash.

8-Can't hold it straight - total movement is reduced by half as you struggle against your pitching and yawing ride.

9-Bucking Turbulence - The drivers head bounces off their ride, dazing them for a moment. Roll a d4 on the light critical hits table for the driver and any passengers.

10-Weapon destroyed - any weapon attached to the vehicle or mount is ruined and cannot fire.

11-Torn open - roll again on the crit table each turn until you stop.

12-Burning - the vehicle or mount sustains another critical hit next turn. Any aboard also suffer the light area damage critical injury next turn. Repeat each turn until the fire is put out. Or until you crash.

When you Crash, you suffer d4 hits for every 50 feet per second you were traveling, and if you were flying also suffer d4 hits for every 20 feet of uncontrolled fall.

Race/Chase rules: racing requires smarts, reflexes, and stamina. For a racing challenge, or to chase down a target while mounted, the Structure Inflicter assigns a chase difficulty based on the opposition's attributes, terrain, hazards, etc. Each player enters an agility challenge, followed by an intelligence challenge, and finally an endurance challenge. Success on all allows that player to determine the outcome. Failure one or more mitigates the success of the contest. Describe the scene during each turn and have each player describe their specific actions during the chase.

The chase does not end until all participants have finished all challenges. Must be mounted or at least four-legged to use chase rules.

Speed can be a useful defense. Similar to cover, an object or character traveling beyond 50 fps can claim +2 defense, +4 for 100 fps, +6 for 150 fps, and +8 if traveling at over 200 feet per second. Again, this is intended to be represented from the perspective of and in comparison to a medium sized character on foot or in a light vehicle. These numbers would stop making sense at a much larger or smaller scale, but in the scope of this game should adequately represent the factors involved.



Droids

Droids are synthetic automatons programmed and equipped to independently or semi-independently carry out specific types of tasks. Most domestic type droids will simply do as they're told, have little independent capability and could not be considered dangerous, as building something smarter, stronger, or tougher than it needs to be to fulfil its function is prohibitively expensive.

Battle droids are a bit different. Security droids, probe droids, assassin droids, and yes, even old refurbished b-series battle droids all require enhanced armor, weapons programming, and most require programming complex enough for independent operations, adaptability, and reasoning sufficient to track targets and differentiate what is useful information from what is not. If an assassin droid needs to be able to move across the galaxy, it has to be able to fly a ship, or at least understand how to buy a ticket and not draw attention as a passenger.

In either case, droids can't bleed out, and they're a lot more binary in what they can accomplish based on their programming as opposed to a living soldier who is capable of giving something a try, learning, hoping to get lucky, pushing themselves harder, etc. They have armor for flesh and bones. They have programming that is or is not sufficient to face any given challenge. They need different representation in a rule system.

Droids have an armor rating. One third of this rating is their Durability, which are comparable to combat fatigue boxes for the purposes of damage. Droids have a single, short critical hit table. If your critical hit die roll exceeds the number of critical hit possibilities on this table, the droid is destroyed.

Droids have attribute ratings. These are categories of programming and confer no other bonuses, as they would for biological characters. For example, a droid's Agility rating does not add to its defense. If a droid is confronted with a challenge, if its attribute rating exceeds the challenge rating it automatically succeeds; if it

does not, it automatically fails. Instead of Attunement rating droids have a Combat rating that is added to their attack rolls. Droids generate a fixed number of Action Points, as shown in their profiles.

Droids have programmed abilities similar to Trainings, but do not have fatigue boxes to activate and do not spend combat fatigue for special actions, and cannot recover it, as it represents thick armor plating rather than a combination of toughness and resolve. Droids are immune to concussion weapons. Shock weapons inflict double hits. Disintegrator weapons bypass durability

A KX Security droid will have something like armor 15, which gives it 5 durability, and will have a Combat Rating of 5, along with high attributes for multipurpose utility. Compare to a B-1 with armor 9, 3 durability, and Combat Rating 1, and few attributes. Assassin droids will be much higher and have extensive attributes.

Droid Critical Damage Table

1. **Arm removed.** The elbow or shoulder joint has shattered and an arm falls uselessly to the ground. The droid may only perform one-arm functions.
2. **Leg removed.** A hip or knee joint blasts apart and the droid is left standing awkwardly on one leg. It may hop along on one leg if its Agility is 6 or higher. A hovering droid is immune to the effects of this critical hit.
3. **Bisected horizontally.** A series of shots or slashes weakens the droid's torso armor and it topples in half. It may still crawl, shoot, climb, or whatever else it could reasonably do with two arms and no legs.
4. **Optical sensors destroyed.** The droid is no longer able to perceive its surroundings visually. It may still receive remote targeting data and might have other sensor equipment to rely on, such as sonic or seismic.

Any other type of hit sufficient to inflict critical damage will render a unit inoperable.

Warning: A player at your table, and you know the one at this very moment, will want to play a droid. This proposition is much like that player themselves: problematic but not quite impossible. Droids built with the intelligence, independence, and toughness to even have the technical capability to decide to pursue The Way as a philosophy of existence would be expensive and specialized to the extent that SEVERE limitations and restrictions would be built into their base coding. Tracking systems would monitor their actions and physical location. They would be of immense value to whomever built or commissioned them. The circumstances involved to break free of this ownership, monitoring, restriction, and base programming are slightly less probable than the possibility of evading pursuit and recovery. All of this would have to be accounted for. Additionally, Mandalorians don't historically trust droids and certainly don't welcome them.

If you are badgered into allowing it, and the player is respectful of the extremely fringe, nearly-canon-spitting-upon, one-in-a-trillion possibility, it could make for some fascinating storytelling. If a player weasels their way into a droid frame, ignore the droid rules except for the Critical Hit table. They will build a character as normal. They will purchase Attributes and Skills normally. They will learn and acquire equipment normally. Think of a player droid as a blank slate in a stripped down unit, slowly improving its own programming and hardware (which of course only the most sophisticated, expensive, and rare units are capable of). They will reap no mechanical benefit from playing as a droid and better demonstrate a compelling story reason for including such an improbable and problematic character in your game.

When a player droid is destroyed per the Droid Critical Table roll a D100. On a 1 the droid's core brain has been annihilated and cannot be recovered. On any other result the droid may be rebuilt given sufficient components, facilities, and skills, so be sure to salvage the destroyed machine.



"You ask about droids."

"They are useful. That is the highest praise they will ever earn."

"They do not tire. They do not fear. They do not understand why a warrior stands when retreat would preserve function."

"A droid holds ground because it is ordered."

"A Mandalorian holds ground because someone must."

"So we build them. We command them. We dismantle them when they forget their place."

"Steel may serve Mandalore."

"But only flesh and will may be Mandalore."

--Attributed to Tor Vizsla the Elder, war-leader of the Iron Crusades, recorded in fragments recovered from a clan vault on Mandalore--



Non-Player Characters

A Note to the Structure Inflicter. The stat blocks in this chapter are not meant to define specific people. They are meant to save you time. Use them as-is when you need someone now. Rename them, reskin them, change their equipment, or ignore half the numbers if that's what keeps the game moving. A "scout" can be a courier, a lookout, a deserter, etc. A "veteran" can be a respected leader one session and an antagonist the next. Nothing here is precious. If a stat block doesn't quite fit, change it. Add abilities, remove them, swap gear, or adjust numbers to suit the tone of the scene. If the players never see the numbers, you've done it right. The purpose of this chapter is not balance or taxonomy—it's momentum. Use what you need. Discard the rest.

Storm Trooper -AP 3, Fatigue 2, Defense 8, +2 Initiative, Move 30. Blaster rifle with stun setting. Concussion grenade. **Blaster Rifle Specialization** (+2 to hit). **Rifle Practice** (+1 to hit). **Explosives training**. Blaster Rifle: Range Close-Medium, D6 Critical Die. Full Plastoid Plate. **Generic**.

Imperial Infantry Trooper -AP 2, Fatigue 2, Defense 4, +2 Initiative, Move 30. Blaster Rifle: Range Close-Medium, D6 Critical Die. Blaster Training, **Rifle Practice** (+1 to hit), **Generic**.

Scout Trooper -AP3, Fatigue 2, Defense 8. +4 Initiative, Move 30. Light Blaster Pistol: Melee-Close. D4 Critical Die. Long range communications. Signal jammers. **Pistol Practice**. **Light Pistol Specialization**. **Mount Training**. **High Speed Maneuvers** (+2 defense over half speed). **Juke**. (1AP Make a move up to half speed, +4 defense til next turn). **Generic**.

Storm Trooper Commander -AP3, Fatigue 4, Defense 9. +3 Initiative, Move 30. Blaster Rifle with Stun Setting: Range Close-Medium, D6 Critical Die. Full plastoid. Armorweave body suit.

Concussion grenades. Strong comms. Strong helmet scanners. **True Grit** (+2 defense), **Explosives Training**, **Blaster rifle specialization** (+2 to hit). **Rifle practice** (+1 to hit). Once per round may order a trooper to take an action out of turn, requiring no AP from the commander or trooper.

Crystal Hound Adolescent -AP 2, Fatigue 1, Defense 5, Initiative +3, Move 35. Teeth D4 Critical Die. **Generic**. **Medium-Small**.

Crystal Hound -AP 3, Fatigue 1, Defense 6, Initiative +4, Move 35, Teeth Critical Die D4. **Pack Training**: +1 to attack rolls for each other pack member.

These mutant hounds have thick scabrous skin and heavy matted hair. Trinitite shards have



pierced and stuck all over its coat, adding a thorny, durable defensive layer to the tire-like hide. **Generic. Medium-Small.**

Crystal Hound Pack Leader: AP 4, Fatigue 2, Defense 8, Initiative +5, Move 40, Teeth and Claws Critical Die D6. **Pack Training. Skilled** (+1 to attack). **Snag** (1AP: If an opponent attempts to move away from melee with this creature, make a melee attack. If it hits, the player enters a Power Challenge 6, and cannot move until successful.). **Opportunity Attack** (If a player attempts to move away, this creature may make an attack at normal AP costs.) **Medium.**

Experienced Bounty Hunter: AP 4, Fatigue 3, Defense 15, Initiative +3, Move 30. Blaster Rifle with Stun: Close-Medium. Critical Die D6. Heavy Blaster Rifle: Med-Far. Critical Die D10. D2 hits per successful shot. Advanced Sensor Equipment. Concussion Grenades. Thermal Detonator. Vibro Knife: Critical Die D4. Electro Manacles. Slave-Circuited, droid-crewed ship....somewhere, **Blaster Rifle Specialization, Rifle Practice x2,**

Blaster Training, Explosives Training, Tough it out: 1 endurance fatigue - add your endurance to your defense this round.

Close Quarters Training: Choose one target within half range of your weapon to act directly before in initiative.

Mixed Armor Specialist: 1Ap - against an attack you can see coming, you may apply the full armor value and set bonus of any one armor section you are wearing. [plastoid, durasteel]

Lunge Strike: 2 AP - Make one move straight towards an enemy, and then one Attack action.

Probe droid - AP2, Defense 6, Durability 2, Combat 1. Power3, Agility4, Endurance5, Mental7, Defense 6, Durability 2. Blaster pistol, repulsor harness, transmitter, advanced sensor suite, network infiltration programming, self-destruct (as grenade.)

KX Security Patrol Droid -AP 4, Defense 15, Durability 5, Combat 5. Power 7, Agility 6, Endurance 6, Mental 6, Network Infiltration Software. Heavy Blaster Rifle Medium-Far.



Critical Die D10. D2 hits per successful shot.

B-1 Battle Droid -AP2, Defense 6, Durability 2, Combat 1. Power2, Agility 2, Endurance 2, Mental 2. Blaster Rifle: Close-Medium. Critical Die D6. **Networked**: Any attribute may be replaced by a networked droid within range that has the **Droid Controller** ability.

B-2 Battle Droid - AP3, Defense 12, Durability 4, Combat 2. Power5, Agility 2, Endurance 6, Mental 3. Blast Repeater (As Light Repeating Blaster but with Melee-Medium and Critical Die D6.) **Networked**.

Chittonous Burrower -AP 5, Fatigue 5, Defense 12, Slicing Pinchers Critical Die D8. Move 35. Initiative +4. **Size Large to Huge**. **Underground Ambush** (If attacking from underground, attacks on the first turn cost 1AP each.). **Burrow** (3AP tunnel into the ground. Double move costs

thereafter.). **Skilled** (+3 to attack rolls).

Tunneller Beetles -Football sized. Locate food sources through scent then tunnel underneath to consume from beneath. Typically scavengers but can cause hell to supply caches and even sleeping domesticated animals.

AP 2, Fatigue 1, Defense 3, Move 20, Initiative +0. Carving Limbs Critical Die D8. While burrowed 90% cover. Can burrow as part of a move action. Half move speed burrowed. Cannot burrow through solid rock. **Tiny** (+3 defense). **Swarm**.

Man-O-Dalor Skyraker Jellyfish -With an oblong float the size of a bus, the surprisingly tough, transparent, enormous jellies float through the sky nearly invisible. With efficient internal regulation organs they descend on prey seemingly at random. Their leathery carapace and sticky tentacles evolved to absorb and utilize



atmospheric static, making them surprisingly resilient against blaster fire and all but immune to electricity weapons. Typically drifting just inside cloud masses, dangling tentacles discreetly beneath to catch birds, these terrifying organisms are an uncommon but deadly threat. And an increasingly aggressive one.

A Jelly may only take the move action. It descends into an area, and anything in that area is struck by d4 tentacles, which each make an attack roll. The tentacles themselves are purely reflexive and do not seek out targets, reach into tunnels, pursue fleeing victims, etc. They just drape. They are coated in electrochemical stingers that both chemically and electrically paralyze prey. For each hit from a tentacle, roll on the light crits table. For each critical hit roll on both light and severe critical hits. Paralyzing tentacles drift about 40 feet beneath the Huge floating bulb, and the jelly won't descend much more than that. They prefer prey in high places such as tree tops, cliff tops, tall buildings, and of course in the air, but are known to descend on herd animals in open planes.

Full Plastoid Suit bonus applies against the initial d4 tentacle roll.

Any cover claimed must be from directly above.

AP 4. Fatigue 4. Defense 12. +6vs blaster. Move 40. Huge Size. May only take move actions normally.

Internal Regulation: 1AP ascend or descend up to 30 feet as part of a move action.

For every arm or leg-affecting critical hit against the jelly, subtract 1 from its d4 tentacle action.

Sand Moths -Large swarming insects with scaly wings and sharp proboscis they use to collect dew in the early mornings just before sunrise. They also use it in their nightly wanderings when they emerge from beneath the sands to search for sleeping animals and collect their...dew. Blood spilled on sand has been known to trigger feeding frenzy swarms. Swarming moths secrete pheromones to attract larger and larger numbers to the food source. AP 2. Fatigue 1. Defense 2.

Tiny. Skilled (+1 to attack rolls). Initiative +1.

Move 30. Fly. **Swarm. Frenzy** (if a player takes critical damage from a swarm of sand moths, add another small swarm to the combat next round).

Alamite Adolescent - fatigue 3, AP 3, Defense 4 (thick hide 2, agility 2). Initiative +1. Primitive club d8. Claws and Tusks d6. Melee training. **Melee practice.** (+1 to attack rolls). **Hulking.** Move 30. **Generic.**

Alamite Hunter - fatigue 4, AP 4, defense 6(rough hide 3, agility 3). Primitive club d8. Tusks and Claws d6. Melee training. Melee practice. Melee practice. (Total +2 to attack rolls.) **Club Specialization:** no longer counts as Primitive. **Hulking.** Move 30. Initiative +2. **Generic.**

Alamite Superior - fatigue 5, AP 4, defense 7(tough hide 4, agility 3). Primitive Spear d8 - can be used to grapple. Melee training. **Melee practicex3.** (Total +3 to attack rolls). **Hulking. Stunning Strike. Feint attack.** Initiative +3. Move 30.

Reptavians -This medium large flying predator was introduced to Mandalore many centuries ago for sport hunting purposes. Mountain populations of the long necked broad winged reptilian



survived the bombing and managed to find food enough to grow in population to become a serious threat to the planet's humanoids. They snatch prey with heavy tearing talons, and savage it with a mouth full of serrated teeth, but deadliest of all is the long tail spike that exudes a paralyzing venom. AP 4. Fatigue 3. Defense 6. Speed 50. Initiative +4. Fly. **Skilled** (+2 to attack rolls.) Teeth Critical Die D8. **Venom Spike:** If a tail attack causes a hit, roll on the light critical table. **Medium-Large.**

Kypir -A small winged reptile with a wolffish muzzle full of conical spike teeth. Snub necked and aggressive, these pack predators seek large prey from the air and drag them down under weight of numbers. They house in deep caves and ruined underground cities. AP 3. Fatigue 1. Defense 4. Move 40. Fly. Initiative +1. **Swarm. Skilled** (+1 to attack rolls). Clamping Jaws Crit D8. **Small.**

Skittershriek -A medium sized mantis like insect with a long sharp proboscis for injecting a paralyzing/digestive fluid. Masters of camouflage. Attacks are prefaced by a shriek of ventilated gas as they metabolize an adrenaline-like hormone and burst into accelerated action. AP 3. Fatigue 2. Move 40. Initiative +4. Defense 9. Snapping Claws Critical Die D8. **Adrenaline Burst** (+6 initiative and +10 movement from ambush.) Paralyzing Digestive Fluid (a player taking critical damage from a skittershriek enters an endurance challenge 5. Success means no further effect, failure inflicts a roll on the severe critical table.) **Medium. Skilled** (+5 to attack rolls).

Rancor, Mandalorian Strain -Rancor are famed throughout the galaxy as the apex of ferocity and spectacular danger. They are sometimes imported by unscrupulous people of great means to be released and hunted in select locations. Over the millennia many have been brought to Mandalore.





Not all were bested by their tormentors. There are dark pits in deep places still decorated by mandalorian armor, and stinking bones, where these monsters have taken up residence. They flourished as Mandalore shaped them. Larger-boned and heavily scarred compared to Dathomiri rancors, these beasts lair in deep fissures and ruined underground cities, emerging during storms to hunt. AP 6. Fatigue 6. Initiative +2. Move 40. Defense 13. **Huge**. Crushing Bite Critical Die D12. **Skilled** (+8 to attack rolls).

Beskarmaw -A massive, armored subterranean predator whose hide incorporates naturally occurring beskar deposits. It senses vibrations through the ground and can burst up through rock or duracrete. AP 5, Fatigue 7. Move 20. Initiative +0. Defense 20. **Huge**. **Unstoppable** (movement may never be reduced or impeded in any way. Climb, burrow, and swim at normal movement rate.). **Swallow** (3AP: a creature currently grappled is swallowed. This creature counts as grappled and is Suffocating. Critical damage may cause the Beskarmaw to regurgitate.) Shearing

Plates Critical Die D12. **Skilled** (+6 to attack rolls).

Jetfang Drakes -Winged, reptilian hunters adapted to Mandalore's violent winds. They use thermal updrafts from fissures and volcanic vents to stay aloft and strike from above. AP 2. Fatigue 2. Defense 4. Initiative +5. Move 50. Fly. **Generic**. **Skilled** (+3 to attack rolls). Sharp Teeth Critical Die D4. **Small**.

Ironback Grazer -Hulking herd animals with metal-rich plates fused into their hides. A series of armored, iron-like plates running down the spine (hence the name "Ironback"), with the plates overlapping like natural shingles. When threatened, the herd clusters into tight defensive formations, exposing only the armored backs to danger. They roam irradiated plains, grinding mineral-laced plants into nutrient paste. Their presence signals fertile or stable land, and they're sometimes used by colonists or nomads as indirect environmental indicators. AP 3. Fatigue 4. Defense 14. Move 30. Initiative -2. **Large**.

Gore Critical Die D8. **Cluster Defense:** (Ironbacks are virtually never alone. If one is attacked others will cluster around it, providing +4 defense to all members of the cluster.)

Ash Stalkers -Six-limbed, wolf-like predators with heat-dampening skin that makes them nearly invisible to sensors. They hunt in coordinated packs and are infamous for ambushing patrols. AP 3. Fatigue 1. Defense 12. Move 40. **Medium-Small. Skilled** (+3 to attack rolls). Fangs Critical Die D6. **Thermal Deflection:** Heat based scanning will miss them.

Krykna Surface Broods -Smaller, hardier offshoots of the massive spiders known elsewhere. These have adapted to live among ruins and collapsed cities, spinning cables strong

enough to snag armored prey. AP 2. Fatigue 1. Defense 4. Move 25. Initiative +1. **Tiny. Swarm.** Poison Fangs Critical Die D4. **Webs** (Double movement on webbed areas. Other creatures' movement cost increased by 1 AP.) Cable web causes Challenge 4 Grapple on contact.

Razorwing Shrikes -Metal-feathered avian hunters that nest in skyscraper ruins. Rare and extremely agile, their wings can lacerate exposed flesh during flyby attacks. AP2. Fatigue 1. Defense 7. Move 60. Fly. Initiative +7. Beak and Claws Crit D4. Razor Wings crit D6. Move actions only ever cost one AP. **Flyby:** If it passes within 5' of a target with a move action, make a free attack with Razor Wings. **Skilled** (+4 attack). **Small.**



Feral Tooka Clans - The least of those creatures with which one may do battle, descendants of imported tookas that have gone wild, feral tooka will still attack if cornered. Larger, more aggressive, and fiercely territorial. AP2. Fatigue 1. Defense 3. Move 30. Initiative +3. Claws Critical Die D2. **Small. Generic.**

Common Noncombatants

These small creatures can be captured, killed, trapped, appreciated, nurtured, etc, but will not engage in active or organized combat and are listed for enrichment purposes.

Scraplickers -Small, reptilian scavengers that literally lick metals and oils from wreckage. Often found in packs around old battlefields.

Bonepick Mynocks -Mynocks that prefer mineral-rich bone and armor fragments over power cables, nesting in skeletal remains of large beasts.

Dust Burrowers -Rodent-like creatures that live beneath the surface to avoid storms. Their tunnels can collapse underfoot, creating natural hazards.

Stormleeches -Amphibious parasites that emerge during lightning storms, feeding on electrical discharges and occasionally attaching to power packs or armor.

Crystal Forest Invertebrates -Hard-shelled insects that feed on the muted, mineral crystal growths beneath Mandalore's surface, refracting light in subtle, ghostly ways.



Packmaw - Standard beast of burden used by Mandalorians patrolling or hauling equipment across the harsh surface, Packmaws are very tough, easily trained, typically docile, and form



bonds with those they interact with frequently.
Ap 3. Fatigue 3. Defense 7. Move 40. Initiative
-1. Medium Large. **Stampede:** 3AP - Make two
move actions and a Trample attack action.
Trample Critical Die D6. Tusk Gore Critical
Die D8. Not easily panicked. Unlikely to
abandon a fallen rider, or fellow packmaw.
Eager Trudge: -4 to Stealth Challenges if
riding a packmaw. +4 to Endurance challenges
if riding a packmaw.

The Iron Wurm -Believed to be a planet-
spanning burrower whose movements once
reshaped Mandalore's crust. Earthquakes are
sometimes blamed on its stirring.

Glass-Sand Strider- This is not a hunter of
speed.
It is a hunter of inevitability.
A tall, long-limbed predator adapted to vitrified
plains and reflective glass-sand basins, the
Strider moves with unnatural weight

distribution, placing each step with surgical
precision. Where other creatures crunch and
scatter the terrain, the Strider leaves only faint
pressure marks — sometimes none at all.
It does not chase wildly. It selects.
Then it follows.

For hours.

For days.

AP 4. Fatigue 4. Defense 14. Move 60. **Large.**
Skilled +4. On-The-Fly Snap: 3AP - If it makes
two full distance moves, make a free attack
between them.

It does not need sleep or rest while on the hunt. It
will attack when a chosen target stops to rest, and
retreat when attacked. It excels at hiding
camouflaged in rocky crags or boulder strewn
hilltops. from there it selects its prey and begins
its long hunt.



Setting

The Shattered World of Mandalore

A World That Survived

Mandalore is not a dead world. It is a wounded one.

Thirty years ago, Imperial fusion bombardment vitrified continents, collapsed cities into crystal slag, and boiled seas into radioactive storms. The Night of a Thousand Tears did not merely conquer Mandalore—it attempted to erase it. The surface became glass and poison, the sky hostile, the land unrecognizable. And yet, Mandalore endured. Not because it was spared—but because life adapted faster than the Empire anticipated.

This game is set during the early return, roughly a decade after Mandalorians began reclaiming the surface in earnest. This is not an age of rebuilding empires or restoring glory. It is an age of testing whether Mandalore can be lived on at all. The planet is no longer instantly lethal. It is not yet forgiving.

Mandalore One: The Last Sure Ground

Mandalore One is the only surface settlement on Mandalore that can be called secure, and even that word is used carefully. It rests in the basin of an ancient dried lake, a scar in the land that now serves as shelter. The surrounding bowl of stone breaks the worst of the winds, masks heat signatures, and denies long sightlines to anything watching from afar. Survival here is not luck. It is geometry.

The settlement is low, squat, and deliberately ungraceful. Buildings are pressed close together, armored against the weather and against history. At the center rises the forge, a vast domed structure relit after decades of silence. It is factory, hearth, and shrine in equal measure. Everything here radiates outward from it: heat, labor, authority, purpose.

Roughly two hundred people live within

the walls. Everyone is known. Every loss is counted immediately. Every arrival forces a recalculation. No one disappears into the crowd, because there is no crowd to vanish into.

What Mandalore One Has

A functioning forge complex capable of repairing armor and reclaiming beskar, though never at the pace anyone would prefer.

Hydroponic silos and limited animal husbandry, producing enough to endure but never enough to waste.

Salvage yards and foundries where the dead world is broken down, sorted, and made useful again.

A single fortified landing pad, carefully controlled and watched at all times.

Walls thick enough to hold against storms, beasts, and small armies, built with the understanding that expanding them would cost more than the colony could survive.

What Mandalore One Does Not Have
Spare hands. Every skill shortage is a vulnerability.

Redundancy. If something critical fails, there may not be a second chance.

Safety beyond the walls. The land outside remains hostile, unfinished, and watchful.

The ability to project power far. Mandalore One can defend itself. It cannot yet command the world around it.

Mandalore One survives because contribution is not optional. It endures because no one here can afford the luxury of disengagement.

This is not a capital. It is a foothold. And for now, that is enough.

The Warm

No one planned for The Warm.

No one founded it.

People like to say the mines saved us, but that's not true. The mines killed most of us first. When the bombs fell, the upper levels collapsed like rotten bone. Cities folded inward. Shafts

sheared. Whole crews vanished without sound.

The only reason anyone lived at all was because one thermal generator—old, patched, never meant to run alone—was deep enough to survive the shock. Someone knew how to fix it. Or maybe they learned because they had no other choice.

That heat kept the air moving. It kept the lights on, dim as they were. It kept us alive. We called it The Warm because everything else was cold.

Once we stabilized the generator, we did what Mandalorians always do when the ground stops shaking: we went looking for others. We tunneled upward, through broken access ways and emergency shafts. We emerged into cities we didn't recognize anymore. Streets filled with glass and ash. Towers folded into themselves. Every signal we found was Imperial. Every ruin we searched was seeded with traps and killer droids, left behind like teeth.

Some of us didn't make it back.

After a while, we stopped sending people out unless we had to. Hope gets expensive when it costs lives.

Others found us instead. Survivors who followed heat traces, rumors, old maps that lied just enough to be dangerous. Scavengers came next—first cautious, then desperate. The Warm grew, not because it was safe, but because it was there.

It wasn't a city. It wasn't even really a settlement. It was a pocket of breathing space carved out of a dead world, held together by repair work, shared labor, and the understanding that if the generator failed, that was it. No speeches. No ceremonies. Just work.

People argued. People left. Some never came back. But those who stayed learned the rules quickly: everyone worked, everyone watched, and no one pretended this was



permanent.

The Warm was never meant to last forever. It was meant to last long enough. Some say it still exists, sealed deeper now, quieter than it used to be. Others say it finally went dark and the survivors moved on. No one agrees on the details, and anyone who claims certainty probably wasn't there.

But everyone agrees on this:

Before Mandalore One.

Before the surface colonies.

Before reclaiming anything—

There was The Warm.

And without it, there wouldn't have been enough of us left to argue about the future at all.

Vermillion Base

Vermillion Base is a concealed Imperial installation buried deep beneath the surface of Mandalore, constructed during the final phase of Imperial consolidation following the Purge. Unlike occupation garrisons or command posts, Vermillion was designed as a long-duration contingency site, intended to operate autonomously for extended periods without resupply, reinforcement, or oversight. Its existence was never meant to be publicly acknowledged, and its continued operation after the fragmentation of the Empire reflects deliberate design rather than neglect.

The base's purpose was strategic rather than tactical. Imperial planners recognized that Mandalore, though devastated, retained long-term geopolitical and symbolic significance. Vermillion was therefore tasked with monitoring the planet's capacity for recovery, tracking renewed settlement, industrial activity, and the reemergence of beskar-working traditions. These observations were not intended to provoke immediate action, but to inform future policy should Imperial authority ever be reasserted.

In addition to surveillance, Vermillion Base functions as a secure repository for purge-era data. Encrypted archives stored within the installation contain counter-Mandalorian doctrine,

operational analyses, and research materials deemed too sensitive to transmit through central Imperial networks. Several data vaults were sealed under authorization protocols exceeding the clearance of the base's own personnel, reflecting the expectation that Vermillion might outlast the institutions that created it.

Command of the installation rests with Commandant Rhyse Korr, a career officer defined by procedural discipline and calculated restraint. Korr interprets the absence of orders not as abandonment, but as an implicit directive to preserve Imperial assets until higher authority returns. Under this philosophy, the base avoids overt action, limits its operational footprint, and prioritizes concealment and survivability over demonstration of force.

Logistical support is restricted to a single modified Lambda-class shuttle, stripped of Imperial markings and configured to resemble a civilian salvage or survey vessel. This craft represents Vermillion's sole off-world link and is deployed sparingly to acquire critical medical supplies, irreplaceable components, or narrowly vetted intelligence. Its loss would render the base permanently isolated, a risk that has reinforced the commandant's conservative posture.

Physically, Vermillion Base is carved into dense basalt beneath an ash-covered region selected to mask thermal emissions and disrupt sensor readings. Internal architecture is compact and utilitarian, featuring narrow corridors, layered bulkheads, and compartmentalized systems designed to contain damage and delay intrusion. Lighting is subdued and red-shifted for efficiency rather than intimidation.

Defensively, the installation relies on concealment, misdirection, and delay. Automated systems generate false signatures and obscure the base's true location, while internal countermeasures are calibrated to secure or destroy sensitive assets if compromise becomes unavoidable. Demolition protocols exist to collapse key sections and eradicate archival material, ensuring that neither the facility nor its knowledge can be repurposed.

From a strategic standpoint, Vermillion

Base represents a latent rather than immediate threat. Over years of isolation, it has quietly documented Mandalorian activity, alien refugee settlements, and early recolonization efforts without direct intervention. Its continued existence ensures that any future Imperial successor state seeking to reassert influence over Mandalore would inherit both a detailed record of the planet's recovery and a functioning foothold already embedded beneath its surface.

Exiles Colony

I didn't hear it at first. That's the strange part. Thought it was just the mountain settling, or maybe my helmet picking up interference. But it didn't stop. Just this low hum, steady as a pulse. By the time I realized what it was, I was already inside.

Engines. Ship engines. A lot of them. Not running ships—gutted ones. Landers, freighters, escape pods. Anything with a core

worth salvaging. They'd torn them down and mounted the reactors straight into the rock. Not hidden, either. Just exposed, glowing faintly, like they weren't ashamed of how they were surviving. Cables ran everywhere, bolted into the stone with whatever hardware they had on hand. Some of it looked sloppy. None of it looked unsafe. There's a difference.

The air was warm. Not forge-warm. Lived-in warm. Smelled like metal, coolant, stone dust. And food. That surprised me more than anything. Someone was cooking like they expected to be there tomorrow.

Nothing matched. No plan. No symmetry. A cockpit shoved sideways into the wall, windows replaced, controls rewired to manage lights and airflow. Cargo containers stacked up like towers, cut open and reinforced with carved stone. I even saw old armor plates bolted into the walls—Mandalorian plates. Scarred bad enough they'd never be worn again. Still doing their job, though.

Aliens everywhere. Different kinds.



Different designs. Curved hulls, organic shapes, jammed up against old military frames that never lost their sharp lines. War gear and survival gear mixed together because no one had the luxury of caring.

Some ship names were still visible. Half-scratched out. Painted over badly. You could tell someone had thought about removing them and decided not to. I didn't ask why.

They're all tied into the same power web. Thick cables running straight into the rock. I could tell some lines had been added later—quietly. Everyone knew who was pulling more power than they should. No one said anything. You don't start fights over electricity when everything runs on the same breath.

The walls were a mess. Pipes carrying steam, water, fuel—whatever they needed. Wires overhead like a bad star map. Chalk marks, clan symbols, alien writing, warnings layered on top of each other. It wasn't decoration. It was memory. You could read where people had been afraid, where something broke, where someone died and they didn't want it to happen again.

Workspaces were carved out wherever there was room. Sensors bolted straight into stone. Microscopes next to geological drills. A biotech rig right beside a weapons bench, tools laid out neat like a shrine. No boundaries. No rules except "don't break what keeps us alive." Deeper in, it opened up. Big spaces. Almost felt like a square. They'd turned a massive engine core into a communal heat source. Platforms around it. Tables made from hull plating, chewed up by years of cutting and repair. Armor racks next to alien tools I couldn't name. Kids running through side tunnels like they'd been born there. Maybe some of them had.

No one stopped what they were doing to explain anything. They didn't have to. You learned by watching. An old Mandalorian corrected someone's stance without a word. Two engineers argued loud enough to echo, switching languages mid-sentence. No one bothered translating. Everyone understood enough.

Here's the thing I didn't expect: It didn't feel temporary. It should have. Everything about it

said stopgap. Hiding. Waiting. But it wasn't that anymore. It had moved past survival into something else. Something closer to a home than anyone would admit out loud. And that's what scared me.

Because if those engines ever fail, the place dies. If someone maps the power output, the mountain stops being invisible. And if the wrong people figure out what's being built down there—what they're fixing, what they're learning to do better—

then that hum I heard when I walked in?
It won't be the loudest sound for long.
I didn't stay.
Didn't feel like my place.
But I won't forget it.

Regions

Ash Plains

The Ash Plains stretch across the lowlands west of the old capitals, a region where the land never truly healed and never entirely died. From orbit it looks flat, even harmless—a muted gray skin pulled tight over Mandalore's bones. On the ground, it is endless.

This was once grazing land and clan territory, dotted with windbreaks, farms, and minor foundries. When the bombs fell, the blast waves flattened what the firestorms did not consume. What remains is a fused crust of vitrified soil, powdered stone, and pulverized cities—ground so compacted that nothing digs easily into it, and so fine that every step releases a sigh of pale ash into the air.

The ash is not just dust. It is history. Fragments of beskar, duracrete, bone, and glass are ground together here by constant winds. On still days, the plains lie eerily calm, a silent gray ocean broken only by the ribs of ruined structures and half-buried walkers. When the wind rises—and it always does—the Ash Plains come alive. Low storms crawl across the land, reducing visibility to meters and stripping unsealed armor bare. Filters clog. Lenses frost over. Sound is



swallowed. Veteran Mandalorians say the plains listen during those storms.

Nothing grows tall here. Life survives close to the ground: lichen clinging to slag-rock, burrowing scavenger-beasts, insects with ash-colored carapaces that vanish the moment they stop moving. Larger creatures cross the plains only at night or under escort, following old roads half-remembered by sensor ghosts and buried beacons that still pulse weakly beneath the surface.

The Ash Plains are littered with ruins—but not the kind people settle. Cities here were erased too completely, their remains scattered so evenly that there is nothing left to rebuild from. Occasionally a structure emerges intact: an Imperial relay tower, a Mandalorian bunker sealed just in time, a sensor spire snapped clean in half and lying where it fell decades ago. These places draw scavengers, pilgrims, and the desperate in equal measure.

Hidden beneath the plains are things far worse. Imperial installations favored the Ash Plains for their emptiness and strategic sightlines. Anything that surfaced here could be seen—and

targeted—from kilometers away. Many of those bases were meant to be temporary. Some never were. Even now, energy signatures spike without warning, ancient systems cycling through routines long after their masters vanished.

To Mandalorians, the Ash Plains are not cursed ground. They are contested memory. Some clans cross them as a rite of endurance. Others refuse to set foot there, believing the ash carries names that should not be spoken aloud. Alien refugees tend to understand the region instinctively—worlds ruined by empires often look the same in the end.

Recolonization efforts skirt the edges of the plains but rarely push deep. Settlements that try are swallowed by logistics, storms, and whatever still hunts the dark spaces between ruins. Yet the Ash Plains cannot be avoided forever. They sit astride old trade routes, ancient clan borders, and the shortest paths between what Mandalore was and what it might become again. The ash remembers every footstep.

And one day, Mandalore will decide which of them mattered.

Beskar Mines

The beskar mines of Mandalore are not neat tunnels or orderly industrial complexes. They are wounds in the planet—deep, dangerous, and never fully tamed.

Beskar does not occur in convenient seams. It appears in fractured veins, nodules, and warped inclusions embedded in ancient basalt and mantle rock, often twisted by immense pressure. The metal's unusual density and energy-resistant properties make it hostile to conventional extraction. Standard cutting tools dull or fail outright. Energy cutters scatter unpredictably, sometimes reflecting heat or discharging into the surrounding stone.

As a result, beskar mines are slow places. Progress is measured in centimeters, not meters. Most mines begin as narrow shafts sunk into regions identified by old clan records or seismic anomalies. Over generations, these shafts expand into irregular caverns, supported by thick Mandalorian-engineered braces and anchored pylons drilled directly into bedrock. Walls glitter faintly where raw beskar threads through the

stone—dull gray, almost unremarkable, until light hits it just right.

The air inside beskar mines is heavy and metallic. Dust carries trace particles that cling to armor and filters alike. Long-term exposure stains gloves, respirators, and skin with a faint gray sheen that never fully washes away. Veteran miners can smell beskar long before scanners confirm it.

The environment itself is hostile. Beskar-rich rock interferes with sensors and comms, producing dead zones and ghost readings. Structural shifts are common, as removing even small amounts of ore can redistribute stresses across entire sections of the mine. Cave-ins are not accidents so much as inevitabilities that must be planned around.

Mining beskar is rarely done continuously. Instead, it follows a ritualized cadence: dig, reinforce, test, pause. Some clans incorporate traditional chants or counting rhythms—not for superstition, but to coordinate movements and maintain discipline in spaces where echoes distort distance and timing.

Imperial-era attempts to industrialize



beskar extraction largely failed. Large-scale machinery triggered collapses, energy surges, and catastrophic feedback events. Many Imperial mining sites ended sealed or abandoned, their tunnels warped by explosive decompression or scorched by uncontrolled reactions. These ruins are still avoided, both for safety and for what they represent.

Modern Mandalorian beskar mines were typically clan-held and tightly guarded. Access is restricted not merely for security, but out of respect. Raw beskar is considered unfinished—powerful but unworthy until forged. Theft of ore is treated as a grave offense, not because of its value, but because it bypasses the proving ground of labor and craft.

Deep within some mines lie forge chambers, carved close to the source. These spaces are small, reinforced beyond reason, and marked by generations of tool scars. Ore extracted here is often forged on-site into ingots or rough forms, minimizing transport risk and symbolically binding the metal to the land it came from.

To outsiders, beskar mines are terrifying places—dark, unstable, and merciless. To Mandalorians, they are places of discipline and inheritance. Every strike against the stone is an argument with the planet itself, and every shard of beskar pulled free is a reminder that Mandalore does not give its strength easily.

Thornpeaks

The Thornpeaks rise where Mandalore refuses to be crossed.

They are not the tallest mountains on Mandalore, but they are the most hostile—an interlocking maze of jagged basalt ridges, needle-thin spires, and serrated escarpments that tear at clouds and travelers alike. From a distance they resemble a crown of broken blades driven up through the planet's crust. Up close, they feel deliberate, as though the world itself grew teeth. The Thornpeaks were shaped by violence long before the Purge. Ancient tectonic stress forced magma upward through fractured stone, cooling

too quickly, snapping, thrusting again. The result is rock that does not weather gently. It fractures into edges. Slopes collapse into fields of knife-sharp scree. Cliffs overhang without warning.

There are few true passes, and those that exist are narrow enough that a single defender can halt an army.

During the Night of a Thousand Tears, the Thornpeaks saved lives simply by being impossible. Bombardment struggled here. Targeting systems misread the terrain, shadows swallowed guidance beams, and explosive force dispersed upward instead of outward. Survivors sheltered in fissures, lava tubes, and ancient clan redoubts carved so deep and narrow that even firestorms passed over them like bad weather.

The wind is constant in the Thornpeaks, screaming through stone corridors and between spires at unpredictable speeds. It carries grit, ice, and the sound of distant movement, making it nearly impossible to tell whether something is approaching—or merely echoing. Snow gathers only in pockets, quickly scoured away, leaving exposed rock slick with frost and ash.

Life here is adapted, vicious, and sparse. Predators cling to vertical surfaces, hunting along ledges no sane being would walk. Flying scavengers nest in the upper spines, their wings reinforced to survive turbulent air. Plants grow in cracks, armored and thorned, feeding on minerals rather than soil. Everything in the Thornpeaks either cuts, pierces, or hides.

Mandalorians know this region well. The Thornpeaks have long been used for ordeal training—tests of endurance, navigation, and trust. Armor scratches earned here are worn with pride. Some clans maintain hidden forges and caches deep within the range, places reachable only by those who already know the way. Others keep burial sites here, believing the mountains sharpen the spirits of the dead.

Imperial forces avoided the Thornpeaks whenever possible. When they didn't, they paid for it. Walkers slipped. Patrols vanished. Bases carved into the rock were strong, but isolated—once cut off, relief never came. More than one Imperial installation remains sealed in the peaks,

its entrances collapsed by time, sabotage, or intent.

To alien refugees, the Thornpeaks are terrifying but familiar. Many recognize the pattern: mountains that shelter the unwanted because no one else wants them. Some learned Mandalorian survival techniques here. Others left offerings at cairns built by warriors who never asked their names.

Today, the Thornpeaks remain largely unclaimed. They divide regions, hide secrets, and slow every attempt to move too quickly across Mandalore. Recolonization planners curse them. Veterans nod and say nothing. The Thornpeaks do not bar the way forward. They simply demand proof that you deserve to pass.

Ghost Cities

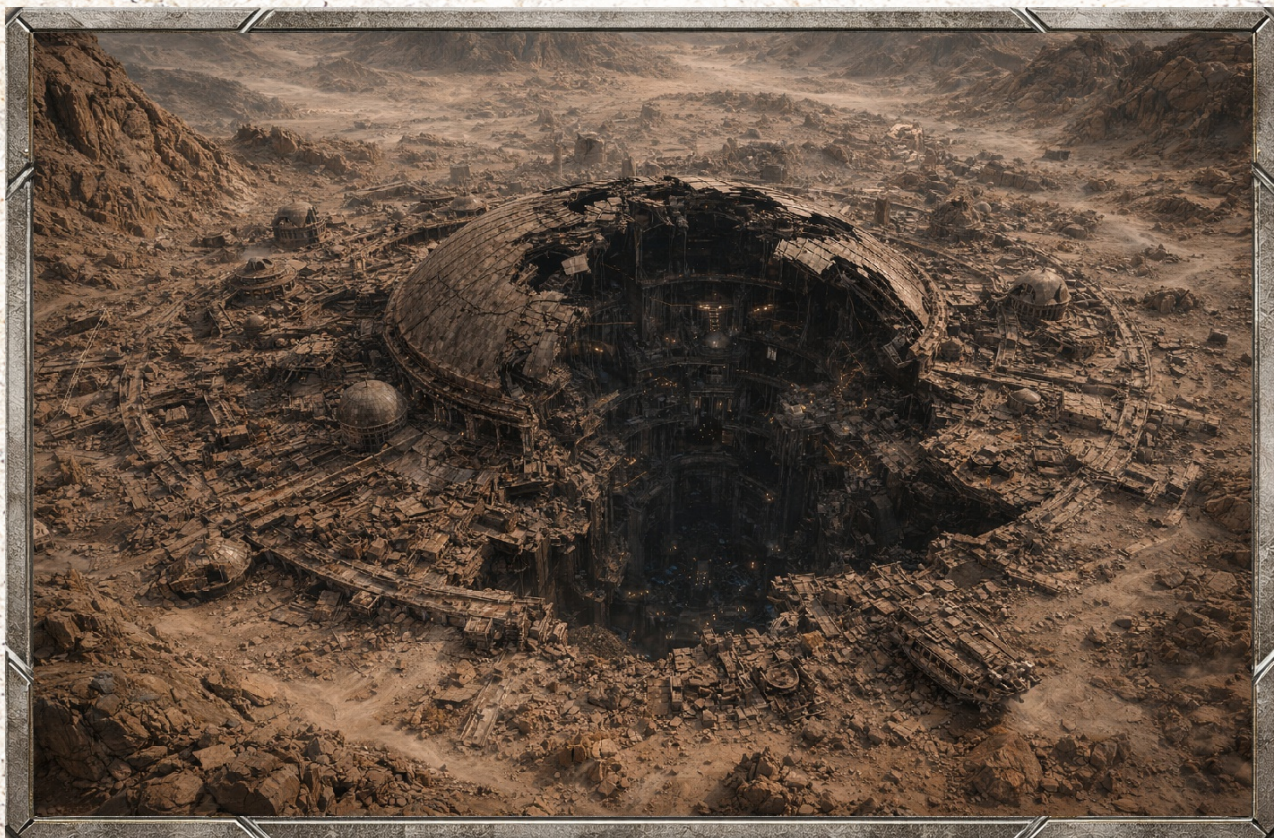
The Ghost Cities of Mandalore are the buried remnants of a civilization that attempted to survive by going underground and instead became entombed there. Constructed after the surface of the planet was rendered inhospitable by prolonged

war, these immense domed metropolises were carved downward into the crust and layered mile upon mile beneath the mountains. For generations, they served as the political, cultural, and industrial centers of Mandalorian life. Clan rivalries persisted, governance adapted, and daily life continued beneath artificial skies, giving the impression that Mandalore had found a way to endure.

This concentration of life made the cities visible targets.

During the Imperial fusion bombardment, the Dome Cities were struck with deliberate precision. The upper domes and central tiers absorbed the brunt of the attack, collapsing inward as heat and pressure overwhelmed structural supports never designed for such weapons. Power systems failed catastrophically. Shield generators burned out as their cores liquefied, leaving entire districts exposed in seconds. In many cases, the cities above the deepest levels ceased to exist almost instantly, transformed into sealed ruin zones of fused stone and metal.

What survived did so by accident rather than design. Beneath the civic levels lay mines,



maintenance corridors, and hardened bunkers driven laterally into the bedrock. These spaces—built for isolation, extraction, or last-resort defense—were far enough removed to escape total destruction. Cut off from the cities above, small populations endured in darkness, sustained by failing machinery and dwindling reserves. Over time, some escaped to the wider underground. Others never left, becoming the first true inhabitants of the Ghost Cities.

Today, the Ghost Cities exist as fractured vertical worlds. Upper levels are often unstable, choked with collapsed domes, twisted transit spines, and radiation-scarred chambers. Lower tiers remain intact but sealed, accessible only through forgotten maintenance shafts or breaches forced open by salvagers. Many systems still function in fragments. Emergency lights flicker in long-dead corridors. Automated defenses continue to patrol spaces they were never told to abandon. Data archives and armories remain locked behind protocols no one remembers how to bypass.

Despite the danger, the Ghost Cities are not empty. They harbor salvage on a scale unmatched elsewhere on Mandalore—beskar vaults, forges, armor halls, and archives preserved beneath kilometers of stone. They also shelter the living. Scattered enclaves of survivors, scavengers, and exiles occupy the deepest levels, relying on ancient life-support systems and hard-won knowledge of the ruins' shifting hazards. These inhabitants rarely advertise their presence, and many outsiders never realize how close they come to living communities hidden behind sealed bulkheads and unmarked tunnels.

The true threat of the Ghost Cities lies in their unpredictability. Structural collapse is constant and often silent. Radiation pockets and atmospheric failures appear without warning. Creatures adapted to the depths prowl transit shafts and collapsed plazas. Human dangers are no less severe: rival salvager crews, militant claimants, and those who believe the ruins are sacred ground to be defended at any cost.

In Mandalorian historical study, the Ghost Cities are treated with caution and restraint. They are not merely ruins, nor are they fully

abandoned. They represent a suspended state—cities that are neither alive nor dead. Within them lie the tools of Mandalore's past and the seeds of its future, waiting in darkness for those willing to descend far enough to find them.

Recovery and Reclamation

Choose a Reclamation Era for your game setting. The era will determine how harsh the atmosphere and survival conditions, population size, how developed the structures, and how interconnected different survivors are. Think of it as Desperation Level.

-Eras of Recolonization

-0 to 10 years

The First Decade (0–10 AR):

When We Found Out the World Still Hated Us

If you weren't there, it's easy to think reclamation started with settlements. With walls. With forges relit and banners raised. It didn't.

The first ten years were about figuring out whether Mandalore would let us live on it at all. When we came back to the surface for good, we didn't come back to land. We came back to poison. The bombardment hadn't just shattered cities—it cooked the soil, fouled the water, and left the air unreliable. You didn't step outside without sealed armor, and even then you checked your readouts twice. Nothing was assumed safe. Not the ground. Not the wind. Not the silence. The first thing we had to do was break the skin of the planet.

Large stretches of Mandalore had turned to glass and crystal slag. Beautiful, in a way. Lethal in every other. Before anything could grow, before water could settle, we had to shatter that surface and grind it down into something that could hold moisture. Ground-breaking droids did most of that work—slow, stubborn machines that chewed through vitrified terrain a meter at a time. We lost plenty of them to collapses, radiation

spikes, faults no one saw coming. When the droids failed, we worked by hand. Charges set low. Heavy tools. You learned how close you could stand to danger and still walk away. Once the ground could breathe, we taught it how to heal.

Nothing grew naturally anymore. The old ecosystems were gone. So we started small—lichens, mosses, engineered pioneer plants designed to do one thing well: soak up toxins and lock them away. You seeded valleys by hand, by drone, by air drop. Growth was uneven. Patchy. Green where it could survive, dead where it couldn't. No one pretended it was natural. It was work.

Microbial starters came next. Fungal networks beneath the surface to bind fractured soil and keep it from collapsing again. Only after years of that did grasses and scrub plants start to take hold. Tough ones. Stubborn ones. Nothing delicate survived.

Breathing was another problem.

The air never stabilized on its own, so we built scrubbing towers. Tall, skeletal things that drank the sky and spat it back cleaner than they found it. They didn't fix the atmosphere. They carved out pockets where you could loosen a seal, lift a helmet for a minute, remind yourself what breathing felt like. Towers went up, and towers fell. Storms took some. Quakes took others. Every rebuild taught us where not to put the next one. Travel routes formed between their overlapping fields, invisible corridors where survival was predictable instead of hopeful.

Water almost killed more of us than the air. Surface water was unreliable at best, deadly at worst. We drilled deep, tapped aquifers that had been sealed off beneath layers of stone, and treated everything like it was trying to kill us—because usually it was. Condensers pulled moisture from the air when nothing else worked. Purification never stopped. You tested every source again and again before trusting it. Some camps didn't survive their first mistake. We didn't try to clean the whole planet. Anyone who tells you we did is lying.

We learned where the poison was thickest

and where it thinned. We mapped radiation pockets, crystal growth zones, unstable ground, places that still burned decades later. Those maps were never finished. The planet kept shifting. We kept adjusting.

Armor stayed sealed most of the time. Exposure limits were strict. Fatigue was constant. Losses happened quietly. A seal failure. A bad reading. A droid that never checked in again. Toward the end of that first decade, we stopped asking if we could stay and started asking where. That's when the first permanent settlements became possible. Not because Mandalore was safe—because enough systems overlapped in the right places. Scrubbing coverage. Stabilized ground. Reliable water. Power that didn't flicker every storm. Where those lined up, people stayed.

Mandalore One was the most successful of those early choices, but it wasn't the only attempt. Everything was still provisional. Buildings stayed low. Walls were built to hold, not to impress. Nothing went up that couldn't be abandoned if it had to be. Expansion was resisted. Survival mattered more than ambition.

By the end of ten years, Mandalore wasn't healed.

But it wasn't dead anymore, either.

You could work the land, if you respected it. You could breathe the air, in the right places and for short stretches. Life—chosen carefully, fought for constantly—had taken hold. The planet hadn't forgiven us for leaving or for what had been done to it.

But it had stopped trying to kill us every moment we were on it.

That's what the first decade gave us. Proof.

Everything else we built came later.

-10-20

The Second Decade (10–20 AR):
When the World Started Pushing Back

By the second decade, we stopped wondering if Mandalore would kill us outright. That didn't mean it had accepted us. It just meant the rules were clearer.

We weren't living out of temporary camps anymore. We still told ourselves everything was provisional, but the buildings had weight now. Stone foundations. Reinforced walls. Structures designed to take a hit and stay standing. We didn't build tall—we built stubborn. Low profiles, thick skins, angled surfaces meant to shed blast and storm alike. Fortified buildings began replacing repurposed hulls, not because the hulls failed, but because we were finally confident enough to invest in something harder to abandon. We learned where the ground could be trusted. Where it couldn't, we anchored deeper. Where it shifted, we let it move and built around it. Construction became an argument between Mandalorian caution and Mandalorian pride, and neither side ever fully won. That was also when the animals started showing up.

Not all at once. Not dramatically. First it was tracks where there hadn't been any before. Distant movement on sensors that didn't resolve cleanly. Sounds in the scrublands that didn't match wind or settling stone. Some creatures were small—burrowers, scavengers, things that fed on the pioneer plants and fungi we'd introduced. Others were bigger. Herd animals following narrow migration paths through safer zones. Predators that learned those paths quickly.

We stopped pretending Mandalore was empty. Some of the animals were new. Others weren't. Some had survived underground, in caves and sealed ecosystems no one had checked during the Purge. Others had adapted so far from what they once were that we couldn't tell what they had been. We catalogued them anyway. Learned what hunted what. Learned which territories we could push into and which ones pushed back.

Not every encounter went well. Patrols went missing. Armor came back scored in unfamiliar ways. We learned fast that the land wasn't just healing—it was reorganizing. And then we found the others.

Not Mandalorians.

The first encounters were quiet and tense. Small groups at first—alien refugees who had survived

by hiding deeper, or who arrived later with nowhere else to go. Some had been here longer than we had, living in ruins, caves, or half-buried cities we hadn't reached yet. Others were scavengers who followed rumors of salvage and stayed because leaving was worse.

We didn't all agree on what that meant. Some of us saw allies. Survivors. Proof that Mandalore could support more than one future. Others saw liabilities—extra mouths, extra heat signatures, extra reasons for someone to come back and finish what the Empire started. No one was wrong. No one was completely right, either. What mattered was that Mandalore was no longer ours alone.

Reclamation efforts expanded during that decade, but they changed shape. We weren't just neutralizing poison anymore—we were managing growth. Scrubbing towers became more reliable, more permanent, and more interconnected. Environmental control shifted from isolated pockets to overlapping systems. We started thinking in regions instead of camps.

Plant life followed. Aggressive pioneer species were supplemented with hardier shrubs, ground cover, and early tree analogues that could survive Mandalore's storms and mineral-heavy soil. Some failed outright. Others thrived in ways we didn't predict, reshaping local ecosystems and forcing us to adapt again.

Our droids changed too. Not more elegant—more specialized. Environmental survey units. Wildlife monitors. Automated repair crawlers that lived half-buried in reclaimed zones and warned us about problems before they became disasters. We trusted them more than we used to, but never completely. That was the decade when travel got easier—and more dangerous.

Routes between settlements became established. Patrols ranged farther. In some places, under the right conditions, we could move without sealed armor for short periods. That confidence came with cost. The farther we pushed, the more we found places that didn't want to be pushed into. Ancient ruins woke systems that should have stayed dormant. Old

Imperial devices activated on schedules no one remembered setting.

By the end of twenty years, Mandalore felt... occupied.

Not conquered. Not reclaimed in the way the old stories promised. But lived on. Claimed through effort instead of declaration. The world had patterns again. Seasons, of a sort. Territories. Consequences that weren't random anymore. We stopped talking about survival so much. We started arguing about direction. And that's when we knew the hardest part was still ahead.

-20-30

The Third Phase (Around 20 AR):
When Survival Becomes a Choice

Twenty years in, Mandalore is no longer testing whether we belong here.

It is watching what we do with the space we have carved out.

We are past the point where survival itself is the question. Not everywhere, and never easily—but predictably. That alone changes us. When we stop asking if we will live through the year, we start asking what kind of life is worth building.

The settlements that last become permanent without ceremony. Walls are no longer temporary. Forges run on schedules instead of emergencies. Storage is planned seasons ahead. Buildings are designed for repair rather than abandonment. No one marks the moment this changes, but everyone feels it.

We do not call this expansion. We know better.

Still, we spread.

Reclaimed zones push outward from established sites, linked by travel corridors maintained through overlapping scrubbing coverage and stabilized ground. These routes are not safe—only survivable. Patrols become routine. Trade moves again, not because it is lucrative, but because it is finally possible. The world keeps changing around us.

Animal populations settle into patterns we can track. Herds follow repeatable migrations.

Predators claim territory and defend it. Some species learn to avoid us. Others learn to hunt us. Encounters stop being surprises and become calculated risks—risks that still kill people when misjudged.

Plant life thickens. Early scrublands mature. Engineered species cross with native survivors. In some regions, greenery no longer feels like reclamation—it feels like negotiation. We learn that the work does not end when the land turns green. It ends when it stops changing faster than we can understand it.

We also learn that we are not alone in shaping Mandalore.

Alien communities are no longer temporary guests or uneasy neighbors. They are established presences. Some live alongside us. Some deliberately do not. Trade routes cross cultural boundaries. Disputes follow. Alliances form and break. Not everyone wants Mandalore rebuilt the way we do—and some do not want it rebuilt at all.

We keep having to decide whether Mandalore is a homeland or a refuge. Droids are part of the landscape now. Survey units, maintenance crawlers, atmospheric monitors—machines that have worked nonstop for years without recognition. Some settlements rely on them more than they admit. Others distrust them openly, especially when the data contradicts tradition or instinct.

Imperial remnants never truly leave. They simply grow quieter. Old traps still activate. Surveillance signatures appear where none should exist. Every few years, something surfaces that reminds us the past is still present—still watching, still patient.

And then there is Mandalore One.

At twenty years, it is no longer just a colony. It is proof. Proof that the surface can support a stable population. Proof that beskar can be worked again at scale. Proof that Mandalorians can live openly on their world without sealing themselves underground. That makes it a symbol.

And symbols draw attention.

Now, the question is no longer whether

Mandalore can be reclaimed.
The question is who gets to decide what
reclaimed means.
We have proven endurance.
We have proven capability.
What we have not yet proven is unity.
This is where things stand.

*“They demand that we apologize for existing as
we are.*

*They demand that we be quieter, smaller, easier
to control.*

I say this:

*a people who must beg permission to survive has
already been conquered.*

Let them call us violent.

Let them fear us.

Fear has never killed Mandalore.

Forgetting who we are will.”

-Tor Vizsla, Before the Sundering-
-Political speech, widely criticized after the
fact



Cultures of the Mandalorian Wastes

Mandalorians are not a people alone or even apart on this brave new world. Several other notable populations share the challenge of survival in these glassy wastes. Hostility is often on an individual basis, with the notable exception of the Imperial presence. Will you share your home world? Do you have the strength to oust outsiders' settlements? Can you convince others to join you?

Alamites

The Alamites inhabited Mandalore before the first human settlers from Coruscant ever knew the system existed. A tusked humanoid of Neanderthal development, they survived the arrival of the Mandalorians, the civil wars that left the planet desertified and harsh, then they even survived the fusion bombing that many thought had rendered the planet utterly uninhabitable. They are extremely resilient, clever survivalists that operate in family groups. They are often in conflict with others of their own species and are prone to cannibalism in this harsh environment. They know Mandalorians as a dangerous and hated enemy. Interactions between other settlers to the planet are unknown but likely predatory. Imperials consider them dangerous animals and shoot them on site.

Alamites are omnivorous. They eat the fungi and algae growing in the caves and pipelines that make a maze of the worlds underground. They seek out what fish and mollusk life has survived in the deep waters of the world under the buried dome cities. They also hunt. Most land animals that have survived are fully capable of hunting them right back, and of course any sentient of another tribe or species is fair game.

In hunting, Alamites often drive their prey into pits or spikes, or when diving for fish they will try to push a school into a scoop. In combat they wield heavy clubs crafted from bones and spiked with crystal or metal shards. They also do not hesitate to use powerful claws and tusks.

Alamite males and females are the same size. The largest individual typically rises to power. Survival tasks seem to sort themselves out with each member gravitating towards some natural affinity and fulfilling that role. Children are born in sets of two to four most often, and rearing is a communal effort.

Alamite lifespan is typically around thirty years, but individuals have been known to live as long as fifty years. Most eventually die from an illness or injury that prevents them from securing a share of food. They mature into adolescence around ten years of age and begin to practice adult activities, learn to fashion tools, figure out aptitudes, and pursue members of the opposite sex, an activity both genders aggressively participate in. There isn't much Alamites don't do aggressively.

When a hunter locates a food source such as a body of water with snails, or a corroded pipe growing thick mats of algae, the whole group will relocate and secure the resource until another is located. Organized hunting parties only come together for specific tasks like when a threat or resource is on the move, dangerously close by, or too big for a lone hunter, or for driving certain types of prey into traps or falls.

Survivors of the Bombings

How could anyone have possibly survived on the surface of Mandalore when the bombs fell? Well, the Alamites did, and so did an insignificantly tiny number of Mandalorians, maybe several hundred across the planet. But these began to find each other, formed groups, grew communities, and not all now welcome the target that Mandalore One puts on their collective backs, and the backs of their children growing up in the graveyard home world.

Those who did survive the fusion bombings mostly fall across three broad categories: mines, mountains, and survival bunkers. The surface of Mandalore was inhospitable, but not unliveable, and many young warriors sought challenges and training out in the

wilds. The best protection to be had on the surface when the bombs fell were the deep valleys and crags of the Boneshatter Peaks in the southern continent. A group of Initiates to the Way was conducting survival and endurance training on the Night of a Thousand Tears and became the only people known to survive on the surface of the planet that night. Their shuttle craft and main camp were destroyed, but they rode out the blasts in deep narrow valleys miles into the treacherous range.

They patched together a working communications unit from the shuttle and planted it on the highest peak, hoping to pick up a local system transmission. They waited for years. Pockets of plant and animal life sustained them, and stockpiles in old outposts and listening stations. Some fell to accidents, and dehydration, but eventually their mountain peak communicator picked up a signal. From Mandalore. A lone survivor with an air speeder, combing the planet for any hope that he wasn't alone.

The second main group of survivors owe their lives to the deep and winding beskar mines that delve through the crust of Mandalore's continents. Though many levels of the underground city collapsed, the deepest levels were preserved, and a mine survived intact. This would have spelled doom to the few trapped at these great depths anyway, but a single thermal generator, tapping into Mandalore's mantle for power, was fixable by the miners. Thus was born the small pocket of city living that came to be known as The Warm.

Once the miners scavenged the lower levels they tunneled right up and out of their slain city. They found death.

Every subterranean metropolis they checked was collapsed and cold. Every signal they were able to pick up was Imperial. Worst of all, the Empire had sewn killer droids and traps through the wreckage of Mandalorian civilization. Many were killed seeking survivors. They retreated to The Warm, and eventually other survivors found them, forming the first Scavenger community.

The third and smallest category is the

Survivalists. They predicted apocalyptic war, bet on it, and that tiny fraction of Survivalists who happened to be in or near their remote bunkers the night of the surprise attack, won. They emerge periodically as supplies run low or sanity breaks. Some seek fellow survivors and join scavenger groups. Some, disenfranchised by a long history of civil war, broken by the carnage wrought by Imperial bombs, and obsessed with survival, pose a grave threat even to fellow Mandalorians, who they may not recognize as allies. They view others as competition for resources, more likely to attack in their sleep than to contribute to mutual defense and provision.

Alien Refugees

Mandalore was never meant to shelter outsiders. Even before the Empire, it was a hard world with a hard people, and few aliens ever came willingly. Those who did were traders, specialists, laborers, or political necessities—present by contract, not invitation. When the Night of a Thousand Tears came, almost all of them died. Almost.

The alien survivors of Mandalore did not endure because they were stronger or better prepared, but because they were already living in the margins—forgotten enclaves, sealed habitats, sublevels never intended to last generations. When the fusion bombs fell, Mandalore became a dead world, and to the rest of the galaxy, a forbidden one. That isolation, brutal as it was, spared the few aliens who remained. They are now refugees with no ships, no governments, and no clear claim to the world beneath their feet.

Most alien survivors fall into three broad categories: Enclaves, Labor Depths, and Drifters.

The Enclaves

Before the fall, several alien communities were permitted to exist on Mandalore under strict limitation. These enclaves were often built to house diplomats, contract specialists, or species physiologically unsuited to Mandalore's surface. Sealed arcologies, pressure-regulated domes, radiation-shielded habitats—practical, utilitarian structures that prioritized containment over comfort.

When the bombardment came, most surface-level enclaves were annihilated. A handful survived only because they were buried deep enough, shielded enough, or simply overlooked. Their inhabitants emerged weeks or months later into a world of ash and silence.

The Enclave survivors tend to be cautious, insular, and acutely aware of their vulnerability. Many still operate under old agreements and protocols that no longer have meaning—ration councils, residency permits, diplomatic titles issued by governments that burned. They remember Mandalorians as distant overseers, sometimes harsh, sometimes fair, but always powerful.

Now, power is fragmented. Some enclaves attempt neutrality, trading knowledge, medicine, or technical skills for protection. Others quietly plan evacuation that may never come. A few have hardened into paranoid microstates, convinced that the return of Mandalorian dominance—or worse, the Empire—is inevitable, and that survival depends on secrecy above all else.

The Labor Depths

Long before the planet fell, alien labor was used where Mandalorians would not—or could not—be spared. Mines, waste processors, atmospheric control stations, industrial sublevels beneath cities. These workers lived close to danger, far from the surface, and largely out of sight.

That distance saved them.

When the cities collapsed, many labor

depths remained intact or only partially breached. Cut off from supplies and leadership, alien workers survived through grim adaptation: cannibalized machinery, sealed corridors, and brutal population triage. Entire generations grew up underground, learning of Mandalore not as a warrior's world, but as a machine that must be kept running to stay alive.

The Labor Depth survivors are practical, unsentimental, and deeply suspicious of surface politics. They understand infrastructure better than ideology. To them, Mandalorians are not conquerors or legends, but the people who once issued work orders and never came back. Some now emerge as indispensable allies—engineers who know how to restore heat, water, and power to dead settlements. Others have formed their own scavenger syndicates, stripping Mandalorian ruins without reverence or apology. A few view all surface dwellers, Mandalorian or otherwise, as reckless children standing on systems they do not understand.

The Drifters

The smallest and most unpredictable group are the Drifters.

These aliens were never meant to be on Mandalore at all.

Smugglers stranded when orbital traffic died. Prisoners forgotten in holding facilities. Nomads, pilgrims, criminals, or refugees who arrived shortly before the bombardment and had no way out. When the Empire sealed the system, they were trapped on a dead world that did not want them.

Drifters survive through movement. They rarely settle for long, scavenging what they can, learning which ruins are safe, which valleys are hunted, and which Mandalorian groups will tolerate their presence. Many adopt Mandalorian tools, armor fragments, or even customs—not out of reverence, but because adaptation is survival.

Some Drifters integrate into scavenger communities or alien enclaves. Others become raiders, information brokers, or guides through

irradiated wastelands. A few harbor deep resentment toward Mandalorians, blaming them for a war that was never theirs, while others see Mandalore as a shared graveyard that grants no one special claim.

They are the most likely to cross faction lines—and the most likely to ignite conflict by doing so.

The Alien Question

To many Mandalorian survivors, alien refugees represent a dilemma with no clean answer.

They are not conquerors, not Imperials, not even citizens of a fallen Mandalore. They are survivors of circumstance, living proof that Mandalore's tragedy did not belong to one people alone. Some Mandalorians see them as allies, others as liabilities, and still others as trespassers who will never truly understand the cost of this world.

Among the aliens themselves, Mandalore is not a homeland—but it may be the only home they will ever have.

And as Mandalore One's signal grows stronger, the question becomes unavoidable:

When Mandalore rises again, who will be allowed to stand on it?

Imperial Remnant Secret Bases

The Empire was the first to know Mandalore was habitable. The galaxy's assumption that it was a death planet made it the perfect location for hidden bases. Secret monitoring stations, underground experimental laboratories, secure Black Sites, and off grid prisons all took advantage of Mandalore's abandoned isolation. When the Empire fell this world naturally became a headquarters for the Imperial Remnant, secret as they needed to remain. Bo Katan busted open the secrecy of the



Remnant presence, but hardly wiped every Black Site and listening post from the world's surface.

What remains here are not conquerors, nor even occupiers in any meaningful sense. They are fragments that refused to scatter, garrisons that never received retreat orders, technicians who could not abandon functioning systems, and officers whose authority persisted only because someone had to give the next order. On Mandalore, Imperial presence is not a single force but a series of isolated, paranoid, and self-justifying enclaves, each convinced that survival itself is proof of correctness.

Imperials on Mandalore live underground almost without exception. The surface is treated as a weapons testing range gone wrong — useful only when traversed quickly, under armor, or observed through sensors. Those stationed planetside during the bombings learned the hard way that stormtrooper armor was never designed for days of radioactive glass storms or nights cold enough to crack seals. The Imperials adapted, but adaptation is not comfort. They move through their bases in sealed corridors, recycle air obsessively, and ration power with the same care once reserved for ammunition.

Imperial installations on Mandalore were never meant to be permanent. Many were contingency sites, observation posts, or research facilities hastily repurposed when withdrawal became impossible. Some were buried beneath beskar mines, others hidden inside canyon walls or masked beneath the ruins of cities that no longer existed. Each base developed its own culture in isolation. Rank still exists, but it is enforced less by doctrine and more by the fear of what happens when hierarchy collapses. An officer is obeyed because chaos would be worse.

Food is functional and joyless. Hydroponic algae, vat-grown protein, and long-expired ration stockpiles form the bulk of Imperial diets. Hunting parties are sometimes dispatched to capture surviving animals, but this is considered hazardous and wasteful. Imperials do not understand Mandalore's ecology, and those that attempt to dominate it tend not to return. When necessary, they scavenge — a practice that would

once have earned punishment, but now is quietly tolerated so long as reports remain clean.

Psychologically, Imperials on Mandalore exist in a state of suspended purpose. They continue to file reports to command structures that may no longer exist. They maintain equipment far beyond its intended service life. They drill, patrol, and plan for relief fleets that never arrive. The belief that the Empire will return is less faith than necessity. Without it, they would be forced to confront the reality that they are no longer soldiers — merely armed survivors clinging to obsolete authority. Some Imperials break.

Desertions are rare but devastating when they occur. A single technician leaving with access codes can doom an entire installation. As a result, loyalty is enforced not through inspiration but through surveillance, compartmentalization, and fear. Droids are trusted more than people. Security droids, monitoring systems, and automated defenses proliferate as manpower dwindles. The bases become quieter over time, not because they are safer, but because fewer living beings remain inside them.

Imperials do not build families on Mandalore. Children are almost nonexistent. Those few born planetside are quietly transferred off-world if at all possible, or raised within bases as liabilities that must be protected or hidden. The Empire here does not reproduce itself; it calcifies. Each year it becomes more entrenched and less capable of change.

To the wider galaxy, the Imperials on Mandalore are ghosts. To the people who live in the wastes, they are a persistent, organized threat — one that shoots first, records everything, and never forgets a slight. They are dangerous not because they are strong, but because they refuse to accept that the war is over.

Botany of a Broken World

Mandalore does not grow the way it used to. Whatever ecosystems once covered the planet were burned away, vitrified, poisoned, or driven underground. What exists now is not a return to the past, but a negotiation with the present. Every plant described in this chapter survives because it learned to endure radiation, toxins, heat, scarcity, or violence—or because someone deliberately taught it how. For the first decade of reclamation, vegetation was treated as a tool. Something to bind soil, neutralize poison, or feed bodies that would otherwise starve. Beauty was incidental. Safety was never assumed. Even now, many Mandalorians approach unfamiliar growth with suspicion. On Mandalore, the line between medicine and poison, food and weapon, is often thin enough to cut yourself on.

Blue Algae

Blue algae may be the only organism to truly thrive in the decades following the bombardment. It is present in every water source discovered so far, from shallow surface pools to deep aquifers. Highly resistant to toxins and radiation, it enters a dormant spore state when water evaporates, remaining viable for centuries until moisture returns. Nutritionally dense, blue algae contains proteins, fats, essential minerals, and vitamins sufficient to sustain life over long periods. Many survivors cultivate it deliberately or establish settlements near reliable growth sites. While bland, it is dependable, and that alone has made it foundational to post-Purge survival.

Firemoss

Firemoss is named for the painful rash it causes on contact, as its spores attempt to root themselves in exposed skin. Though incapable of growing into healthy organisms, it spreads aggressively across carrion and the remains of weakened animals. It is not uncommon to find skeletons outlined in thick mats of orange-fringed, yellow-green growth. Despite its hostility, firemoss has proven

invaluable. Refined extracts can be processed into an injectable serum that rapidly staunches bleeding, making it a critical emergency treatment in the field. Improper handling, however, often leaves scars.

Chem Lichen

Chem lichen is most commonly found at the sites of chemical spills and industrial contamination. It thrives on substances lethal to most known lifeforms, growing across corroded metal, poisoned soil, and chemical sludge. Despite its environment, the lichen itself is harmless to touch and ingestion is non-toxic. Its cellular structure displays strong antibacterial and antiviral properties, which have been successfully exploited in pharmaceutical production. Many reclamation teams actively seed chem lichen to neutralize hazardous zones before attempting further environmental recovery.



Sunbane Creeper establishes itself only in the harshest environments: high elevations, extreme heat zones, and regions exposed to constant solar radiation. It spreads as thick mats of twisted vines, from which rise tall stems crowned with striking yellow flowers. These eventually form chains of translucent orange berries. Every part of the plant produces a potent neurotoxin. The flower bulbs close when pollination is detected, trapping insects or small birds, while the vines constrict violently when berries are plucked. With careful preparation, the toxin can be rendered into a stable paralytic agent. Improper preparation results in rapid death.

Fudge Moss is an engineered organism developed by environmentalist Dr. Spartanish Fudge to halt desertification and reclaim toxic waste zones. It spreads aggressively across bare stone and sand, secreting powerful acids that denature toxic compounds and break mineral substrates down into usable elements. The moss requires intense, direct sunlight and dies quickly in sustained shade, preventing it from overrunning forested or settled areas.



Mandalorian reclamation efforts rely heavily on Fudge moss as a foundational tool in early-stage environmental recovery.

Venomous Peach

Now nearly extinct, the venomous peach is a rare tree once native to Mandalore's temperate regions. Its fruit appears inviting and sweet, but contains a pressurized venom sac at its core. When bitten, needle-like structures inject a lethal toxin directly into the consumer. If harvested and prepared with precision, the flesh surrounding the core is completely safe and exceptionally flavorful. Few living Mandalorians have tasted it, and fewer still know how to prepare it correctly.

Apple Pine is a hardy evergreen adapted to Mandalore's mineral-heavy soil and harsh winds. Its rigid needles deter most grazing animals, while its large cones develop a crisp, sweet outer flesh that can be eaten raw or preserved. Unlike many reclaimed species, apple pine requires little intervention once established and is often used to stabilize soil in partially recovered regions.

Sunscar Ivy grows only in regions exposed to fusion-level heat during the bombardment. It takes root in vitrified stone, slag fields, and scorched cliff faces where nothing else survives. The vine is dark, fibrous, and brittle, with small serrated leaves that appear permanently burned. It feeds on residual radiation and extreme heat gradients, slowly converting lethal environments into marginally stable ground. The ivy never fully neutralizes irradiated zones, but its presence measurably reduces ambient danger over time. Harvested fibers are highly resistant to heat and radiation and are used for insulation and protective linings. However, the plant continues to emit low-level radiation even after removal, and prolonged exposure during harvesting is dangerous. Areas where sunscar ivy thrives are survivable—but never safe.

Bonefruit Cactus is a squat, thick-bodied plant found in arid reclaimed zones with stable but nutrient-poor soil. Its pale, ribbed exterior is armored with dense spines that collect moisture and deter predators. The cactus grows slowly, often taking years to produce fruit, but once established it is extremely resilient.

The fruit is heavy and dense, with a chalky rind surrounding a nutrient-rich interior high in fats and proteins. Properly prepared, it can sustain a person for days. Harvesting is hazardous: the spines inject a mild paralytic toxin capable of immobilizing limbs. Improper handling has killed more scavengers than starvation in regions where the cactus grows.

Ashblood Fungus grows in warm, mineral-rich environments, particularly near thermal vents, old battlefields, and collapsed industrial zones. It forms thick red-black growths on stone, metal, and bone. When cut, it releases a dark, viscous fluid resembling blood, from which it takes its name.

The fungus absorbs heat and heavy metals, concentrating them within its tissues. Refined extracts are valuable coagulants and pain suppressants, capable of rapidly staunching wounds. Raw exposure is dangerous, causing hallucinations, disorientation, and heat shock. Many refuse to harvest ashblood fungus from sites of mass death, believing it feeds on unresolved violence.

Breathleaf is a pale, delicate plant found near scrubbing towers and stabilized atmospheric zones. Its narrow leaves tremble constantly, even in still air, storing oxygen-rich compounds within fragile internal structures.

Crushing the leaves releases breathable vapor, providing short-term relief in low-oxygen or contaminated environments. Scouts often carry dried breathleaf for emergencies. Overuse damages lung tissue, and improper use in enclosed spaces can cause dizziness or loss of consciousness. Despite this, breathleaf remains widely trusted because it works quickly when nothing else will.



*“Blood will lie to you.
It will tell you that you are owed something.
That you deserve respect without earning it.
Choice does not lie.
Every day you decide whether you will stand
with us or walk away.
And every day we decide whether to stand with
you.
That is the only lineage that matters.”*
--Clanless Speaker, Name Lost--
--Address to foundlings and mercenaries

The Neighborhood

This game is meant to take place mostly on the planet Mandalore itself. But Star Wars stories never stay put for long. Sooner or later your players will leave the surface—if not by choice, then because the galaxy refuses to let Mandalore be forgotten. They may take to the stars to chase rumors, intercept threats, follow distress signals, or simply to get what Mandalore cannot provide on its own. Just as often, the story will come to them: offworlders drawn by salvage, politics, faith, profit, or unfinished Imperial business. Even when the campaign never truly “leaves” Mandalore, the outside galaxy presses in through its people and its consequences.

Shuttle craft make this movement easy. A single functional ship turns the system into a playable map—short flights between Concordia’s scarred strongholds, Kalevala’s livable estates, Ordo’s mined-out dead zones, and the refueling platforms that cling to the shadow of Shukut. Within a few hours the players can shift from ash plains to orbital wreckfields, from hostile ground operations to tense docking-bay confrontations. These journeys do more than add variety; they remind everyone that Mandalore is not isolated. It is watched, it is wanted, and it is still strategically important.

Beyond the system, the lure grows sharper. Nearby hyperspace routes—especially the great arteries of trade and travel—invite even the most devoted reclamationist to look outward for answers, allies, leverage, and weapons. A desperate clan may seek medical supplies that cannot be synthesized planetside. A leader may hunt down a lost shipment of beskar or a traitor who fled into the void. A rumor about the Purge, the Darksaber, or Imperial black projects might lead far beyond Mandalore’s orbit. The galaxy is vast, and it is full of people who believe Mandalore is either dead, ripe, or returning.

As long as the campaign remains focused on Reclaiming Mandalore, the system supports a taste of high-space adventure. Leaving the planet should never feel like abandoning the premise. It should feel like extending it—because even when

Mandalorians travel, they travel with Mandalore in their wake.

The Perlemian Trade Route: The Artery Beside the Knife

The Perlemian Trade Route is one of the galaxy’s great hyperspace arteries: ancient, heavily traveled, and strategically sacred. It carries bulk freight and luxury goods, pilgrims and migrants, military deployments and covert operatives hiding beneath legitimate manifests. It is not a single line, but a network of reliable hyperspace corridors that makes civilization move. Where the Perlemian runs, the galaxy’s economy breathes easier.

And Mandalore’s importance is sharpened by proximity to that arterial flow.

A stable Mandalore system can serve as a guardian region, projecting enough force to deter pirates and keep shipping secure. But an unstable Mandalore becomes something worse: a bleeding wound beside the artery, a place where raiders can resupply, insurgents can hide, and warlords can threaten commerce simply by existing. Trade routes do not tolerate uncertainty. Corporations begin paying protection. Governments begin demanding military intervention. Admirals begin drafting contingency plans. All because of a few worlds that refuse to stay quiet.

This is what drew the Empire. The Empire’s obsession was never only conquest; it was control of movement. Troops must travel. Supplies must flow. Political power depends on logistics. A hostile Mandalore—even a half-functional Mandalore—could force the Empire into expensive escort programs, disrupt convoy schedules, embarrass regional governors, and become a symbol that the Imperial grip was not absolute. That symbol was intolerable. In this context, Mandalore was not merely a rebellious world—it was a potential choke point threatening one of the galaxy’s most important routes.

That is why Imperial policy in the region leaned toward destabilization, surveillance, and permanent containment rather than simple

occupation. It was safer to keep Mandalore broken than to risk Mandalore unified.

And Mandalorians, of course, understood the same truth from the opposite direction.

For Mandalorians, proximity to the Perlemian is leverage. They do not need to dominate the trade route to matter. They only need to remind the galaxy that they could touch it. Even rumors of Mandalorian fleet resurgence unsettle cartels and shipping concerns. That unease becomes contracts. Contracts become tribute. Tribute becomes weapons. Weapons become independence. A system near the Perlemian does not have to beg for relevance; it can extract it.

Thus the Mandalore system is never only a homeland or a graveyard. It is a strategic reality. It sits beside something the galaxy cannot afford to lose, and that fact ensures that outsiders will always circle it like vultures—not because they hate Mandalore, but because they need what passes nearby.

Kalevala (During the Mandalorian Era)

During the years when the New Republic struggled to define its borders and the Imperial remnant learned to survive without banners, Kalevala endured as one of the last worlds in the Mandalorian sphere that could still resemble a “real” planet. Where Mandalore had become poisoned legend and Concordia a militarized echo, Kalevala remained habitable—a world of breath and weather, of soil and harvest, of forests that had not been vitrified into glass.

But the calm was only surface-deep.

Kalevala in this era was not at peace. It was simply intact enough to be worth taking. Its cities and clan estates became political staging grounds, not for unified government, but for rival claims. Wealthy houses held their land like fortresses disguised as culture. Old banners flew again—some out of pride, some out of fear—while private militias patrolled roads with the quiet authority of those who had stopped trusting any central power to return. Many families still

told themselves they were merely protecting tradition, but tradition in this era often meant keeping weapons close and outsiders away. Kalevala’s greatest value was that it provided what Mandalore no longer could: resources, shelter, legitimacy. Survivors, claimants, warbands, and exiles flowed to Kalevala because it still had infrastructure worth salvaging. Its farms could still feed warriors. Its workshops could still build. Its halls could still host councils where the right name, spoken with enough confidence, might begin to sound like destiny.

Yet Kalevala was also a trap: a livable world meant visibility, and visibility drew predators.

Imperial remnants watched Kalevala as a measure of Mandalorian resurgence. Syndicates treated it as a market—arms, beskar fragments, salvage, and mercenaries passing through under polite terms like “trade.” New Republic authorities, when they cared at all, treated Kalevala as a confusing problem: Mandalorian-adjacent, culturally armed, not quite criminal, not quite allied. They preferred to let it remain “local politics,” which only ensured that local politics grew sharper and more violent.

In this era Kalevala’s mood was aristocratic, controlled, and tense—like a feast hall where everyone is smiling, everyone is armed, and everyone remembers exactly how many times Mandalore has fallen and risen again. It was a world that could have become a capital in exile, a rally point for reunification, or a prize fought over until it bled itself dry.

Concordia: The Gray Moon

Concordia hangs over Mandalore like a clenched fist. From orbit it is a scarred gray moon, pitted by impacts and carved by old industry, its surface broken into ridges and basins that look less like natural terrain and more like the remains of something battered and hardened. It is not beautiful in any friendly sense. It is practical, blunt, and inhospitable—stone and dust and old damage that never healed.

The atmosphere is thin and unreliable. Concordia has wind, but not the kind that brings warmth or weather worth naming—only abrasive currents that push pale grit across the flats and slowly strip paint from exposed metal. Static storms and dust fronts roll in without warning. Temperatures drop sharply after dark, and the night feels close and sharp-edged, with starlight reflecting off stone like cold knives.

What makes Concordia truly dangerous is not what is on the surface, but what lies beneath it.

Concordia is honeycombed with tunnels, caverns, excavated fortress-vaults, and buried installations cut into basalt. Many are natural caves widened into defensive corridors; others are wholly engineered strongholds disguised behind rock faces and sealed doors. The Mandalorians who used Concordia did not build cities. They built places to endure—barracks, training halls, armories, forge chambers, hidden hangars, and supply caches meant to survive bombardment and secrecy alike. Concordia is full of spaces designed for waiting: waiting out politics, waiting out occupation, waiting for the moment the system needed soldiers again.

Historically, Concordia served as Mandalore's hard shadow. When Mandalore's rulers attempted peace or reform, Concordia kept the older instincts alive—discipline, tradition, readiness. That made it valuable to some clans and intolerable to others. It also made it visible. Even before the Purge, Concordia drew surveillance and crackdowns, treated as a potential powder keg: not dangerous for what it was, but for what it could become.

After the Empire shattered Mandalore, Concordia grew quieter still. Surface settlements thinned or went dark. Some were abandoned. Some were stripped. Others were sealed deliberately, hidden behind rock and silence. The moon became a magnet for scavengers, mercenaries, and remnants hunting for forgotten Mandalorian stockpiles. Bunker doors were cut open. Vaults were looted. Some tunnels now contain bodies that were never recovered—left in the dark beneath a world that does not mourn loudly.

Concordia in this era is not a battlefield. It is a cache of dormant war—one clan, one leader, one discovery away from becoming a fortress again.





The Way and the Creed

A campaign guide

ACT I — INITIATION BY ASH

Work, Then Teeth

Tone: grounded, procedural, lived-in—until it suddenly isn't.

Theme: Mandalore is not glory. It is work.

Session Objective: become “real” to Mandalore One through routine labor, then learn—fast—what waits outside the walls.

Run this session like a slow machine that abruptly bites. The first hour should feel almost ordinary: intake, rules, faces, chores, competence under witness. Then the story snaps: the medic's transmission, the mission beyond the gates, a first kill, and an unfair blackout that turns “work detail” into captivity.

EVENT 1: FIRST DAY ON MANDALORE ONE

The compound is not a fortress. It's an organism that learned to survive in ash. It does not welcome people—it evaluates them.

Read Aloud:

A constant industrial hum fills the stone like a heartbeat. Not loud—just always there.

You smell warm metal, coolant, mineral dust, and something that shouldn't survive here: cooked food.

The corridors are functional stone and welded scrap. Lights are bolted in wherever they fit.

Pipes run in ugly lines across ceilings like veins in an anatomy chart.

Mandalore One does not pretend to be beautiful.

A line of initiates stands in worn travel clothes and mismatched kit. Some look eager. Some look hungry. Some look like they've already learned not to show either.

A durasteel door opens with a hydraulic groan.

A figure steps out wearing plated armor repaired so many times its original color is impossible to guess.

They look you over like you're equipment. Not cruelly. Just accurately.

The Mentor (Choose One Anchor)

Pick one mentor and let them become the voice of the compound.

Korda Venn is a scarred veteran with calm eyes and clipped delivery. They respect procedure because it keeps people alive, and they protect slowly, grudgingly, like someone who's learned what loss costs.

Asha Dral is young-blood steel: intense, demanding, convinced the Way needs teeth, and secretly terrified she won't measure up—she pushes Initiates as if pressure can forge certainty.

Tor-Kal is an alien Mandalorian with a low, measured voice who treats tradition like a tool; some elders distrust them, and they know it, which makes their tests quiet and precise.

Introductions (Fast Cuts, Not Speeches)

Introduce each PC like a module would: a quick cut—name, look, one visible piece of kit, one small behavior in the intake line, and one detail that hints at a past they're not explaining. After each cut, ask another player what they notice. Keep it short. Make it real.

Scrutiny Under Authority

This is the first lesson: everything here is earned. Run a short group social challenge against Mandalorian scrutiny. Success doesn't give them praise. It gives them fewer problems. Failure doesn't punish them. It tags them.

Challenge: Let players enter Social Challenges as they introduce themselves in conversation. Challenge 5 to project the airs of their choice and let others know what to think of them. Reputation starts now.

Mentor lines to set culture:

“You can posture later. Right now you learn where the water comes from.”

“If you don't know a thing, say so. If you lie here, someone dies later.”

“The ash doesn't care what you think you are.”

EVENT 2: WORK DETAIL (Competence Under Witness)

The mentor walks them through the compound with the impatience of someone showing a tool cabinet to new hands. Barracks. Mess. Training square. The direction of the medical bay—spoken like a warning. A glimpse of the forge corridor without access, as if they're being shown a locked artery.

Read Aloud:

The compound isn't a fortress. It's a breathing organism.

Every person here looks busy—not for ceremony, not for wealth. Busy because life outside these walls is expensive.

Waste is an insult. Laziness is a threat.

You pass a row of recycled air scrubbers built into the stone like shrine pillars.

A kid barely old enough to shave changes filters with hands blackened by ash.

They don't look up at you.

You're not important yet.

Run the next hour as a montage of short, sharp vignettes. Every PC gets one spotlight chore and one shared moment as a group. The chores aren't filler; they're identity tests. In each vignette, put the PC in a situation where someone notices what they do.

Challenge: Roll for chores and conduct a low level Challenge (3) for each. Let players get used to describing their actions and justifying their choices in detail, making their inner workings part of the action. Seed only a couple faces—enough to make Mandalore One feel inhabited without turning the session into a cast list. A quartermaster who trusts nobody but is fair. A cook who “moms” them without softness. A runner kid hungry for stories. An old veteran who seems asleep and hears everything. You're not building a town. You're building a place worth caring about. When players do well, the compound doesn't cheer. It simply becomes slightly less cold.

EVENT 3: THE MEDIC (Duty Continues)

The medic is blunt, clinical, and tired in the way only an overworked professional can be. No mysticism. No romance. This is triage as doctrine.

Read Aloud:

The medical bay smells like sterilizer and metal—not the comforting kind. The necessary kind. Bandages are stacked in precise piles. Tools hang from magnetic strips.

A droid arm lies on a table next to a human prosthetic like they're both the same problem—and here, they are.

A medic looks up from a datapad and doesn't bother pretending to smile.

“New blood,” they say. “Congratulations. Don't spill it on my floor.”

Dr. Ven'ra Kesh (or your name) doesn't threaten. They state facts the way a med-droid would if it had a sidearm.

“Outside the walls doesn't care that you're new.”

“If you faint, you become a resource problem.”

“If you get bit, do not improvise.”

The Assignment: Medicinal Moss

The task is simple on paper and dangerous in practice. Moss is used for disinfectant, wound packing, toxin neutralization. It grows where dampness survives: shaded rock shelves at the edge of the ancient dried lake bed. The medic issues mesh bags, sample vials, cutters, and a single emergency flare. They give rules like liturgy: stay within line-of-sight of perimeter beacons, return within the window. The mission is not optional because people bleed whether or not Initiates feel ready.

The Transmission:

As the medic speaks, a console chirps. The medic listens. Their expression tightens. Volume rises. Everyone hears it.

Read Aloud:

“...repeat—this is shuttle Kestrel Nine—we are taking fire—interceptors, Imperial pattern—surface vector—requesting shelter—Mandalore One, do you copy—”

(static)

*“They’re above us—by the ash, they’re right—”
(hard cut)*

The medic goes still. Then they begin securing supplies with practiced speed, calling for guard, shifting triage as if a storm has appeared on the horizon. And then they look at the PCs and say the line that tells the whole campaign what it is: “You’re still going. Moss doesn’t stop mattering just because someone is falling out of the sky.”

EVENT 4: THE MOSS RUN (Outside the Walls)

The gates do not open like a door. They open like a throat. Outside air cuts in thin and sharp, full of powdered minerals and ash that has had years to learn how to get into seams.

Read Aloud:

*The wall gates grind open, slow and heavy.
Beyond them the ash plains wait—gray, wind-swept, silent.
Behind you, Mandalore One keeps humming—busy, alive, indifferent to your fear.
Ahead, the land waits like it remembers what you are.
They cross the dried lake bed, exposed under a bruised sky. The ground is fused silt and dull glass plates. The wind drags ash in long sheets. Radios hiss. Footsteps sound too loud. Make the journey short, but make it watched.
At the far rim, broken stone shelves run like an ancient shoreline. Shade gathers under a ledge. Dampness survives in pockets. The moss grows in stubborn clots beneath a boulder tucked under the rock lip—life pretending it isn’t here.*

Challenge: Enter a Mental Challenge (4) to search for the moss. Let the techniques, ideas, and process of the search take the focus of the action here.

Read Aloud:

*The lake bed ends in a broken rim of stone.
A long shelf casts a thin strip of shade.
Under it the air changes—cooler, damp.
You smell mineral water trapped in rock and something green trying to keep its head down.*

The moss grows in dark, stringy clots beneath the boulder, less like a plant and more like refusal.

Let them begin gathering. Let the procedure feel almost calm. Then break it.

COMBAT TEACH-IN: GLASSHOUND

A snarl crawls out from the shade—throat full of grit. Crystal scrapes stone. Something bony shifts behind the boulder.

Then it comes.

Read Aloud:

*Something lunges from under the ledge on bony legs.
Canine shape, but wrong—starved to angles, ribs like knives under leathery hide.
Its body is peppered with embedded crystal shards, fused into skin like the planet has been armoring it.
Its jaw is too wide. Its teeth too long.
Its eyes catch the light like broken bottle glass.
It does not roar.
It snarls like something that never eats unless it bleeds for it.*

This fight teaches the system. Keep it fast and clarifying. The glasshound is desperate, not tactical, but it behaves like hunger: it tries to isolate one target, snaps, backs off, snaps again. Use boulders and the ledge for cover and positioning. Let it draw first blood. Let the players win. The victory should feel earned and messy, not heroic. When it drops, the world doesn’t change. It just goes quiet again.

Read Aloud:

*The creature collapses in the ash, twitching once before going still.
For a moment, all you can hear is your own breathing—loud in your helmet, loud in your chest.
Then the wind fills the space again, dragging ash across the lake bed like nothing happened.
The planet doesn’t care that you survived.*

It only cares that you learned.

Let them breathe. Let them gather moss with shaking hands. Then end the scene the way Mandalore ends comfort: suddenly.

THE SHINY BALL (Hard Cut to Captivity)

A small sound—light and wrong. Something rolls down the slope from higher ground, bouncing once, twice, then wobbling to a stop at their feet. Smooth metal, perfectly round, clean in a world that is never clean.

Give them half a breath of confusion. Then the realization.

Read Aloud:

A little shiny ball rolls down the incline and stops in the ash between you.

Perfectly round.

Clean metal.

Out of place.

For half a heartbeat your mind refuses to understand what it is.

Then understanding hits like ice water.

Not a ball.

A grenade.

And it is already blinking.

If someone tries to throw it, kick it, dive—let them act. Success should change the flavor, not the outcome: less injury, more distance, a second more of awareness. This is a capture pivot. It happens.

The grenade goes off with a dull pressure thump that steals hearing, balance, and time.

Read Aloud:

Sound disappears first—like someone poured wax into the world.

Then the ground tilts.

Your vision fractures into bright cracks.

You try to breathe and the air won't obey.

Your muscles forget their orders.

And as you fall you see, through the ringing blur, shapes moving above the ledge—figures stepping into view with calm, practiced timing.

Not rushing.

Not panicking.

Collecting.

Because they knew exactly where you'd be.

ACT II — THE CAGES

Escape from Inventory

Tone: cold, clinical brutality—then sudden adrenaline.

Theme: you are not prey... unless you accept being prey.

Session Objective: wake in storage, break confinement, arm up, choose escape; end on first breath of the surface.

Run this session like a tightening vise. No speeches. No taunting villains. The horror is procedural: systems, tags, routines. Then the tempo spikes when guns start talking.

EVENT 5: THE HOLDING PENS

They wake where things are kept.

Read Aloud:

Pain returns first—not the kind that warns you, but the kind that informs you.

Your mouth tastes like metal. Your muscles feel borrowed. Somewhere nearby, something clicks in a steady rhythm... not footsteps—a machine cycling.

Your eyes open to thin bars of light and a ceiling of rough stone.

Then you realize the ceiling is irrelevant.

Because you're not in a room.

You're in a cage.

A lattice of shimmering force segments the air into hard geometry, faint blue arcs crawling across invisible surfaces. Every movement makes the field hum—as if it can taste your body heat.

Beyond your cage: others. Empty cages.

Scratched metal. Dried stains you don't want to look at too long.

A wireless generator sits on a stone pedestal ten meters away like a cold altar—its coils pulsing with quiet power.

No guards. No voices. Just the hum.

And the knowledge that someone expects you to still be here when they return.

The chamber, in one look: four electromagnetic cages arranged in a rough half-circle around a central stone block holding a wireless coil generator. A control post sits near the generator: old Imperial paneling hacked together with scavenged Mandalorian wiring, sloppy work done fast. Two exits exist: a reinforced durasteel service door (locked) and a natural tunnel blocked by a heavy sliding grate. Make it explicit: nobody is watching. This isn't a prison. It's storage. Give them time to test limits. Let them feel the field hum when they move, the arcs crawl when they touch air too close to the boundary. Encourage smart play. Reward inspection. The system should feel beatable, but not quickly.

Breaking Confinement

The cages are heavy bars with a metal plate on top and bottom. There are no doors. They are held together with powerful electromagnetic force powered by the wireless fusion generator. Their hands and legs are bound with zip-ties within the cages. This is an excellent time to practice the Help Action.

Challenges:

Power 7 to break the ties unaided.
Mental 7 to notice the Alamite's claw is razor sharp and could be used to slice bonds or stab a generator control panel.
Power 7 to hop-shove the cage across the floor.
Mental 7 to figure out how to power off the generator once close enough to reach it through your bars.
Social 7 to wake the Alamite and communicate to it how to reposition itself to be of use in either cutting your bonds or short-circuiting the shoddy generator.
Agility 7 to retrieve a small personal tool and cut your bonds if you have one, or to use the Alamite's claw once you've moved close enough.
Attunement 7 to gain information you haven't noticed or the nature of your predicament.
Likely at least two of these will be necessary to free the characters.

The droid and the Alamite (2–5 minutes in)
When they begin making progress—or when tension needs a shove—a side door opens with a soft pneumatic sigh.

Read Aloud:

A figure enters on smooth treads—a droid built from dull alloy plates, too angular to read as human. Its head is a faceted wedge with a single narrow optical slit glowing pale. It does not hurry. It does not glance at you as if you're people. It wheels in a metal gurney. On the gurney is a prisoner—thin, ash-gray skin, eyes half-lidded, breath shallow. An Alamite. There are bruises on its throat and a burn mark around one wrist like it was restrained by heat. The droid slides the gurney into an empty cage, closes the field, and turns away.

No explanation. No threats. No words.
Just procedure.

The droid is not a character; it is a process. It doesn't hate them. It doesn't fear them. It delivers.
The Alamite is your recursion anchor: a living clue with a voice. You don't understand it's guttural proto-language, and it doesn't speak Basic, but it has awareness of the communication gap and can gesture cleverly enough for you to exchange the broad strokes of ideas, if it wakes. It came looking for a child of its kind. It knows a back way out. It can smell where your weapons are.
Resolution: If they escape cleanly, they choose stealth or speed. If they escape partially, one cage drops first, forcing teamwork. If they delay too long, a generator surge triggers a deeper alarm beacon—pressure rises, but the route forward remains.

EVENT 6: THE EQUIPMENT CACHE

The tunnel beyond the holding chamber slopes downward. The stone changes—less

natural, more carved. Tool marks. Scorch cuts. The air grows colder. And then the PCs step into the storage caves and understand the scale of the operation.

Read Aloud:

This isn't a hideout.

It's a warehouse.

Crates stacked to the ceiling. Weapons racks bolted into stone. Sealed lockers marked with Imperial stenciling—scraped off and replaced with private symbols.

In one corner: Mandalorian armor segments laid out like someone was studying them.

In another: cages. Not for people—too small.

Creatures.

Some are dead. Some are alive. Some you can't identify.

Something with too many joints shifts in the shadow and makes a sound like wet gravel.

Whoever owns this place isn't only collecting gear.

They're collecting Mandalore.

Do not make this room feel like “loot.” Make it feel curated—cataloged, assessed, stripped of identity. Clan sigils sanded off. Helmets stacked like trophies. Imperial crates present, not as allegiance, but as supply. Medical binders and sedatives next to restraints, next to specimen tags. This is a collection site, not a battlefield.

Arm Up Under Pressure

Treat this as a timed scene. The PCs can take enough to be dangerous, not enough to be comfortable. Every extra choice costs time, noise, and risk. You don't need item lists on the page; you need a rhythm: “choose a primary, a backup, and one utility—then move.” If they overreach—heavy kit, extra packs, too many crates—make something answer: a distant mechanical cycle changes, a door thunks, the facility “turns its head.” The point is urgency, not deprivation.

The Evidence Piece

Before they leave, give them one discovery

that permanently reshapes the campaign. Something they can carry or remember. A wall chart of Mandalorian sub-clans with notes on resilience markers. A creature cage tag reading like a lab label. A torn map of Mandalore with survivor routes circled. A shipment schedule with “Imperial pickup delayed.” One piece is enough. Make it horrifyingly calm.

At the far end, give them the moral hinge: a narrow crack leading outward, single file, escape now; or a corridor toward flickering light and distant blaster fire, where something is actively happening. Put it plainly in the GM's mouth: do you leave, or do you move toward the fight?

EVENT 7: HANGAR FIREFIGHT (Set-Piece Exit)

If they go toward the fire—or if the quiet route closes behind them—this is where the session spikes.

Read Aloud:

The corridor opens into a hangar carved into the stone like a wound.

Floodlights glare off durasteel plating. A shuttle pulls away and disappears in the night sky.

Another ship rests in the center—scarred, utilitarian, armed. It looks less like a vehicle and more like a predator at rest.

Blaster fire cracks through the chamber.

Six stormtroopers in Imperial white push forward in a tight wedge formation, firing disciplined bursts toward cover near the ship's landing struts.

Someone fires back—fast, accurate, mean.

You glimpse a figure in a long coat moving like a professional: the bounty hunter.

Then—high on a catwalk—the droid appears.

Its optical slit sweeps the room, pauses on you for half a heartbeat...

...and it raises one arm, emitting a sharp alert chirp.

The nearest stormtrooper snaps their helmet toward you.

“Intruders!”

And suddenly every gun in the hangar wants you dead.

This is where power shifts. The PCs are no longer inventory—they are armed, moving, choosing. Keep the combat clean and cinematic. The stormtroopers fight like trained professionals: overlapping fields, controlled bursts, hard pushes when someone is pinned. Give the environment teeth: fuel lines that beg to explode, crates that can be shoved into cover or knocked loose, catwalk angles, landing struts that create blind spots. The hangar should feel industrial, not heroic.

If the players take too long in the caves, either in failing repeatedly to escape, or by getting greedy or indecisive in arming up, the droid will discover their escape. When it does it will immediately drop what it's doing and run to the bounty hunter to report. When that happens the bounty hunter will switch priorities from fighting storm troopers to loading up whatever is handy and blasting off in their modified light freighter.

The hangar bay is in the side of a canyon wall and offers no escape to the players. They roll into an ongoing firefight, roll initiative, and pick their targets. Whether they fight off the storm troopers or are driven back, the only escape is down a very narrow tunnel through the back of the cave the way they came from, up an old smuggler's turbolift. Note, this escape route leaves the option to flee before rearming, or flee without fighting. Be sure to make the temptation to at least check out the battle strong. (The final infinitesimally small possibility of escape is in the defeat of the bounty hunter and capture of his ship. They have effectively one round to accomplish this, after which he will be safely aboard and blasting off.)

GM NOTES (Keep It Sharp)

Keep cruelty industrial: no monologues, no sadism, no guards gloating—only routines. Maintain mystery by letting players find logs, fags, routes, conflicting clues about Imperials and the bounty hunter without explaining the whole machine.

OPTIONAL ALTERNATE EVENT 7: QUIET ESCAPE (If You Want Wilderness Faster)

If you want to pivot into surface survival without the hangar battle, run the exit as stealth: the facility “wakes,” the droid closes in, and the lift rejects living bodies with LIFEFORM DETECTED—ACCESS RESTRICTED until the PCs spoof sensors, override, or brute-force a power surge. Mental Challenge 6. End on the same surface reveal. This preserves the bounty hunter as a shadow without forcing a set-piece fight.

Whichever they choose, end the session with first exposure—the moment Mandalore becomes the environment again, bigger than any enemy.

Read Aloud:

The lift door opens—slow, unwilling.

Cold air pours in like a judgment.

You step out onto the surface of Mandalore and the world is wrong.

The ground is glassed in places—black, cracked sheets that reflect the sky like broken mirrors.

Wind drags ash in long streaks across the landscape, whispering over stone that used to be cities, forests, homes.

Nothing grows.

But the planet is not dead.

It is quiet in the way a blade is quiet.

Above you: storms rolling like bruises.

And for the first time you understand what Mandalore One really is.

Not a base.

A wound that learned to endure.

Cut there, on breath and ash and the sense that escape is only the beginning.

ACT III — SURFACE OF THE DEAD WORLD

The Glass Wastes

Tone: wilderness dread; low, grinding pressure; violence that comes fast and leaves no glory.

Theme: Survival is identity. If you endure Mandalore, you earn Mandalore.

Session Objective: cross two days of dead-world travel, endure the planet's hostility, then survive the real hazard: people—and earn acceptance through action, not claims.

Run this session like weather with teeth. Mandalore is not scenery. It is an antagonist that never stops pushing. Keep travel short in minutes but heavy in feeling. Every choice costs something: time, warmth, noise, blood. Then pivot sharply into a confrontation with survivors who think the PCs are Imperials—because they look like them.

EVENT 8: THE GLASS WASTES

The surface is wrong in the way only a murdered world can be wrong. It doesn't feel cursed. It feels processed—melted, cooled, cracked, sharpened. The first lesson is immediate: on Mandalore, “wilderness” means ash storms, glass fracture fields, toxic dust, and life that has adapted into scavengers, stalkers, and hunger.

Read Aloud (Day 1 Start):

*The surface is a graveyard of geology.
A place where sand has been melted into black glass, cracked into plates like old armor left too long in a fire.*

Your steps scrape and ring in places. In others the ash is soft enough to swallow your tracks.

The sky is bruised with storm bands.

Every few minutes the wind changes direction, as if the planet is tasting you.

Not deciding whether you are worthy.

Deciding whether you are edible.

Environmental Pressure (Always On)

Don't list rules to the players—show them. The air is breathable-ish but filthy; breathing without a mask tastes like licking metal. Visibility collapses into gray bands when ash haze rolls through.

Glass sheets slice boots and flesh if stepped wrong. Sound travels: wind carries voices far; gunfire echoes for miles. Nights drop hard into cold that bites through fatigue.

Let the PCs understand quickly: the world punishes waste. Every detour costs warmth and

water. Every shot costs attention.

THE TWO-DAY MARCH (Session Structure)

The PCs travel on foot or on scavenged transport, under-equipped relative to the environment, possibly injured from captivity. Structure the session as two days with pressure spikes. Do not run hex-crawls; run clean scenes with consequences.

Day 1 feels like exposure and logistics. Their supplies are wrong for this place. They learn what hurts first.

Night feels like being hunted by the planet itself. Cold, silence, distant lights.

Day 2 feels like momentum and exhaustion. They can move now—until people stop them. Run the travel as an extended challenge against one obstacle: Mandalore Itself. Navigation, endurance, hazard avoidance, and decisions under stress. Travel Challenges should be either Endurance, for consistent travel over time, which equates to speed, or Agility, which translates to a more methodical, aware, stealthy advancement. Get a detailed description from each player how they travel through the described scenery, let them roll, then present them with a new feature to navigate, and so on. Set Rating based on desired desperation level.

On strong success they reach the survivors in better shape, with more supplies, with more confidence. On weak success they arrive scraped, tired, thirsty. On failure they arrive limping, loud, behind schedule—more likely to be mistaken for what the survivors fear most.

Roll twice on the Random Encounters table during this trip. How those encounters manifest should be affected by the players' choice of stealth or speed.

EVENT 9: THE AMBUSH (People Are the Danger)

This is the heart of the session and the hinge of Act III. The PCs might be wearing scavenged Imperial kit—helmets, chest plates, ammo packs—from their escape. Even if they

aren't, they are armed figures moving like a unit across dead ground.

To survivors of Mandalore, that silhouette means one thing: Imperials.

They will not ask questions first.

Scene: Ridge-Line Fire

Set the ambush in an ash gully, shard ridge, or broken ravine—terrain that gives the survivors concealment and angles. When it begins, it should feel disciplined, not savage.

Read Aloud:

You don't hear the first shot.

You hear the impact.

A blaster bolt cracks against glass near your feet, shattering the ground into a spray of black shards.

Another bolt follows instantly, then another—disciplined angles, overlapping fields of fire.

From the ridgeline, figures rise from concealment like ghosts in dust-cloaks.

Not stormtroopers.

Worse.

People who learned to survive here.

A voice echoes through a mask-speaker:

“IMPERIALS!”

“DROP YOUR WEAPONS!”

“ON YOUR KNEES!”

And then the ridge lights up with fire.

Running the Fight (Avoid the Death Spiral)

This encounter is not meant to end in slaughter.

It's meant to test judgment. Survivors fight smart: cover, flanking, suppression. The first round can be warning shots—if the PCs hesitate, surrender, or call out. If the PCs escalate, the survivors respond with disabling efficiency: stun grenades, nets, old Mandalorian tricks.

Let the players understand fast: these people aren't raiders. They are a cell that has survived long enough to stop wasting bullets.

Victory condition is not “kill them.” Victory condition is “prevent misunderstanding from becoming a massacre.”

EVENT 10: THE TEST OF IDENTITY

As soon as the PCs create any pause—dropping Imperial gear, calling in Mando'a, naming Mandalore One, using Creed language, offering weapons butt-first—pivot hard into negotiation. The fight should cool into a social crisis, tense and shaking with adrenaline.

Challenge (Social) 6. Enter a social challenge to talk the Survivors down and turn them to your side, or at least convince them to take you alive. Survivor dialogue snippets:

“Lies. Imperials learn words too.”

“You wear their armor and expect mercy?”

“If you're Mandalorian—prove it.”

“Say the words. Don't choke on them.”

Prove You Belong (Trauma & Distrust)

This is a challenge against survivors who have every reason to shoot first. Success requires two things: proof and humility. Proof can be language, symbols, knowledge, or behavior. Humility is acknowledging why the survivors attacked without whining or taking offense. The cleanest proof is action: ripping off a stormtrooper helmet and crushing it into the ash. Offering a weapon correctly. Speaking a phrase the Way teaches. Naming the mentor, the medic, or a compound custom only locals would know. Showing beskar—if they have any. Most important: acting like a Mandalorian under scrutiny: steady voice, no pleading, no excuses. On strong success, the survivors become immediate allies and offer tangible aid. On success, they stand down and escort the PCs. On failure, they bind the PCs and bring them under guard—still not cruelty, just caution. Mandalore judges by what you do, not what you claim.

SURVIVOR ANCHORS

Use only two or three survivor NPCs so the scene stays sharp.

Keva Rook (Survivor Captain): calm, deadly, deeply suspicious. Lost family in the Night of a Thousand Tears. Wants Mandalore free of

Imperials and anyone who looks like them. She doesn't raise her voice; she raises rifles.

Harn Vodo (Old Purist): sees stormtrooper armor as contamination. Might demand ritual burning of captured gear. Can be won with respect, humility, and visible disgust at Imperial remnants.

Seli'Mar (Alien Refugee, adopted by the Way): empathetic, razor-smart. Recognizes moral truth faster than the others and bridges tension. She watches hands, not mouths.

OUTCOME: GUIDED HOME

When the survivors accept them, don't make it sentimental. Make it practical, heavy, earned.

Read Aloud:

The survivor captain gestures, and the rifles lower—but they do not vanish. Not yet.

"Fine," Keva says. "If you're Mandalorians... you're late. But you're ours."

They turn toward the horizon.

You follow.

And for the first time since escaping the cages, your path is not chosen by panic or pursuit, but by someone who knows the dead world like a second skin.

The ash shifts around their boots.

They leave no wasted motion.

In the distance, you can barely see it: a seam in the land where stone has been cut, reinforced, and made into shelter.

Home.

This closes Act III the way it should: not with triumph, but with belonging that costs something.

REWARD + ELEVATION: ACOLYTES

Reward them in three layers: material, social, symbolic. Better masks. Medical supplies. Ammunition. A tool that matters. Then names remembered. Faces reclassified from "Aspirang" to "asset." A nod from someone who doesn't nod. Finally: elevation.

Make it formal, quiet, weighty. No applause. No anthem. Just responsibility.

Read Aloud:

You stand in a carved chamber lit by hard white strip lights and forge-glow.

An elder steps forward. They hold no speech. No applause.

Just an object: a simple mark—etched metal, a cord, a strip of cloth, a piece of plate.

Not expensive. Not ornate.

Earned.

"You survived the dead world," the elder says.

"You did not bring Imperials home. You did not bring shame."

They step closer.

"Initiates learn rules."

They place the mark into your hands.

"Acolytes learn responsibility."

Mechanically, Acolyte status grants access to better missions and limited armory support, plus permission to leave the compound on patrol. Mark your new Creed advancement and Path Die on your character sheet.

GM NOTES

This session makes Mandalore the antagonist without relying on villains. It turns Imperial armor into a social hazard and a moral stain. It rewards clever play, identity performance, restraint, and cultural competence. The rank-up lands because it isn't granted for heroics—it's granted because they endured the world, and didn't poison home with the enemy's shadow.

ACT IV — WAR RETURNS

Fleet Assignment + The Gambit

Tone: controlled urgency, then void-dread, then surgical violence.

Theme: competence becomes destiny. War makes use of everyone. The Way does not ask if you are ready.

Session Objective: pull the PCs out of ground survival and into orbital war; give them a chain of command; force a high-stakes mission against overwhelming firepower; end with a new hook falling back to the surface.

Run this session like a mobilization drill that turns into a nightmare job done cleanly. No

speeches. No “chosen ones.” Just the moment the machine needs hands and points at them. Then the enemy arrives and the fleet does what Mandalorians do: win by refusing the obvious fight.

EVENT 11: FLEET ASSIGNMENT

Read Aloud:

The compound feels different now.

Not louder. Not more crowded.

Just... tighter.

Every corridor holds people moving with purpose. Helmets clipped on. Armor strapped fast. Crates being shifted. Mechanics with ash-black hands and sleepless eyes.

A runner finds you while you're still mid-errand.

They don't greet you.

They point.

“You. You and you. Command wants shipside hands. Now.”

Behind them, a blast door is already opening—revealing a corridor marked with a symbol most Acolytes never get near.

Flight Access.

You get a sudden, sharp understanding:

You've been living through history.

Now you're being used by it.

They are chosen for utility, not prophecy. If you need justification, pick the one that best matches what the table has already shown: prior flight experience, salvage work, calm under pressure, discipline on the surface, mentor recommendation. The point is not praise—it's recognition. They have become visible.

EVENT 12: THE MEDICAL ESCORT

(Humanity Amid Militarization)

Read Aloud:

They aren't escorting warriors.

They're escorting medics.

People in practical gear with soft pouches full of hard tools. Some wear partial armor, but not as identity—only as protection.

A woman with gray-streaked hair checks her kit three times, jaw clenched.

A med-droid rolls by on quiet wheels. Its chassis

is old—its paint scraped nearly to bare alloy.

And for the first time it hits you:

The fleet isn't preparing for conquest.

It's preparing for casualties.

Drop one or two medical faces so the later cost has weight: a senior trauma medic who doesn't flinch; a younger medic who tries not to shake; an old med-droid that moves with quiet competence. Don't overcast—this is a war corridor, not a social hub.

EVENT 13: TRANSFER TO ORBIT

The shuttle lifts. Mandalore shrinks. The sky doesn't become night—it becomes the void.

Read Aloud:

The shuttle lifts with a vibration you feel in your teeth.

Your pilot greets you. "Hey there y'all. It's a great day for flyin'! Name's Cody. I was born here. Born to FLY, I think!"

Cody is a young, enthusiastic slab of meat, but not a bad pilot. Was he really born here?

The compound shrinks behind you. The ash plains stretch into curvature.

Then the sky darkens not into night, but into space—a black ocean with no forgiveness.

Above Mandalore hangs the fleet.

Not huge. Not glorious.

But real.

Warships stitched together from surviving hulls, retrofitted freighters, escort corvettes, battered fighters flitting like insects.

And among them—long, skeletal, unmistakable: A Nebulon-B frigate.

Its spine is lit with running work lights. Its surface still bears scars from old wars.

Today it bears Mandalore.

Chain of Command: Dummon's Rival

They board a light cruiser that smells like ozone, fuel, and fresh welds. It's Mandalorian discipline trimmed into naval procedure.

Read Aloud:

You step into a hangar that smells like ozone, fuel, and welded metal.

Painted on a durasteel wall is a stylized sigil: a rival's blade crossed over a star.

A crew chief shouts orders over engine noise.

A pilot passes with helmet under arm, laughing too hard—like someone trying to outrun fear.

Then a figure approaches with unmistakable authority.

Not heavy armor. Not ceremonial plates.

A captain's harness, a sidearm, and eyes that have already watched ships die.

Captain Viggo speaks cleanly, never rushed. He values competence, initiative, sacrifice without theatrics. He doesn't need heroes. He needs people who follow orders under fire. Lt. Sadge burns hotter—sharp, intense, young enough to still believe in victory the way a blade believes in being swung. They treat PCs as assets first, then as soldiers. If you want Sadge to become the emotional knife, have a personal conversation with the PCs; share knowledge, talk about a hobby, show gratitude for the player's efforts, then make plans to work on a project together later.

Rotation Montage: Kalon's Adventure

Run a short montage on the Nebulon-B to cement scale and purpose. The ship feels like an artery of war: narrow corridors, loud power routing, stretcher racks bolted to walls, sealed sterile packs waiting to be opened. Someone paints over an old emblem with a new one—not because symbols matter, but because belief matters. This rotation is where the PCs realize: this fleet is being built for survival, not conquest.

EVENT 14: THE GAMBIT

The tactical feed changes and the room goes still. A Victory-class Star Destroyer slides into the holoprojector like a fact.

Read Aloud:

A holo-projection shows the enemy ship—a wedge of war sliding through darkness like a knife.

Numbers scroll beneath it: mass, weapon range, fighter capacity.

Then a second projection: your fleet.

Smaller. Scrapper. Outgunned.

Captain Viggo doesn't soften it.

"That is the Imperial Victory-Class Star Destroyer, Arsonist. If it reaches bombardment distance, Mandalore One becomes glass again." Silence.

Lt. Sadge points to a highlighted segment along the destroyer's dorsal ridge.

"Shield capacitors are here. The ship is too heavy to turn fast. We exploit that."

Viggo's voice goes quiet.

"We execute a gambit. We don't win by trading firepower. We win by acting like Mandalorians." He looks directly at you.

"You're going in."

The plan is simple because it must be executable under fear: draw turret fire, create a brief shield window, cold-drop a shuttle, punch inside the envelope, breach, sabotage shield systems, escape before the destroyer can respond properly. You are not trying to kill a moving city. You are trying to make it leave.

EVENT 15: LAUNCH + COLD DROP

The shuttle clamps release. Weightlessness. Then the cruiser moves and the PCs fall in silence like a fired round.

Read Aloud:

The shuttle clamps release.

For a moment the world is weightless.

Then the cruiser's engines roar—and you're falling.

Not falling like atmosphere.

Falling like a bullet dropped in silence.

The pilot kills power completely.

Everything goes dark except emergency strips and the faint ghostlight of instruments.

Outside the forward viewport: the Victory-class destroyer grows larger.

Not fast.

Just inevitable.

Lt. Sadge's voice in the comm is calm enough to be frightening:

"Hold. Hold. Hold..."

Your shuttle is a dead stone in space.

And the destroyer is a moving city of guns.

Treat interception here as tension, not a full dogfight unless you want it. Sensor sweeps pass close. TIEs cut across the viewport like knives. Give one near-detection moment—a loose tool drifting, a panel rattling, a breath caught too loud on an open mic. If the group succeeds, they remain a ghost; if not, they get “marked,” raising the difficulty of the breach or the time pressure inside.

EVENT 16: THE SHIELD WINDOW

Fighters carve a brief wound in the shield. It lasts seconds. That’s the point.

Read Aloud:

The void flashes.

A bright line of impact runs across the destroyer’s shields like lightning crawling over invisible glass.

Fighter chatter erupts:

“Hole! Hole! Hole—NOW!”

The pilot slams power.

The shuttle shudders violently, engines screaming back to life.

The destroyer’s hull rushes toward you.

You see surface plating. Turret housings.

Antennae. Maintenance lines.

You’re threading a needle at orbital speeds.

And you make it.

For a heartbeat, the ship’s shield passes over you like cold water.

You are inside the envelope.

You are under the guns.

You are where no sane pilot belongs.

Once inside, the world becomes narrow: hull geometry, turret shadows, armor plates the size of buildings. The destroyer feels less like a ship and more like an environment that is trying to kill you.

EVENT 17: HULL INSERTION (Breach)

They need access to the capacitor corridor along the dorsal ridge. Choose the insertion that fits their earlier performance. If they stayed cold and undetected, give them a maintenance access hatch or a service seam. If they were marked,

force the loud solution: cutting charges and mag clamps under time pressure. If the table wants brutality, let them explosive-breach and own the chaos.

Inside, the corridors are tight, industrial, and hostile. Automated defenses are not brave; they are calibrated. Marines don’t monologue; they clear corners.

Keep resistance sharp. Small squads. Fast engagements. The real enemy is time.

If you want a “we are part of something larger” beat, introduce a Mandalorian commando team hitting from another vector. The PCs aren’t alone—they’re one blade in a handful. Their job is either to keep the commandos from being pinned or to coordinate the push into the shield systems room. Fellowship is forged in shared angles and shared fire, not speeches.

EVENT 18: SHIELD CAPACITOR ROOM (Cut Out the Heart)

The objective space should feel like contained thunder.

Read Aloud:

The capacitor room is not a room.

It’s a throat.

Coils the size of speeders pulse with contained power. Blue arcs crawl across conduits thick as tree trunks.

The air tastes like electricity and copper.

Every alarm in the ship is screaming now.

Lt. Sadge’s voice snaps through comms:

“Charges on the inner ring! Don’t hit the wrong conduit—if that array collapses unevenly, you’ll detonate the section!”

You can feel the destroyer’s guns firing through the deck plating.

The ship is trying to swat your fleet...

...and you are inside it, cutting out its heart.

Give the PCs multiple viable methods: plant charges on key nodes, slice the control logic to force overload, sabotage coolant lines. Every method should involve tradeoffs: speed vs noise, safety vs certainty, time vs exposure. Defenders arrive in waves because the ship is a city waking

up to infection.

Challenge: Using the Explosives rules. Mental 5 to plant charges. Agility 5 to throw grenades. Power 6 to smash coolant regulators.

The Cost (Lt. Sadge)

If you want Sadge to die here, do it with competence and purpose. Not random. Not melodramatic. Sadge dies doing the job, buying seconds that become victory. A corridor held alone while charges arm. A shove into cover that saves a PC. A manual door closure that seals the room and takes them with it. Their death should feel like war's true language: calculus.

Read Aloud (Death Beat):

Lt. Sadge's voice comes through your comm—sharp, breathless.

“Charges armed?”

A pause—then you hear it: blaster fire at close range, armor impacts, a grunt of pain.

“Good,” Sadge says, and it's almost a laugh.

“Then it worked.”

You hear footsteps—Imperial boots.

Sadge speaks once more, voice suddenly quiet, almost gentle.

“Tell Viggo... tell him Mandalore breathes.”

Then the channel fills with static.

And somewhere deep in the destroyer, you hear the heavy thud of a blast door closing.

EVENT 19: ESCAPE WINDOW (Make It Leave)

The charges go. The systems fail. The destroyer doesn't explode—it withdraws. That's the victory.

Read Aloud:

The capacitors rupture in sequence—controlled, cascading destruction.

A pulse ripples through the ship. The lighting flickers. The hum becomes a howl.

On the tactical feed you see it:

The shield glow around the Victory-class flickers... shatters... dies.

Your fleet's weapons impact bare hull.

The destroyer begins to turn away—slow and furious, like a wounded beast pulling back into darkness.

You did it.

You didn't kill it.

You made it leave.

Sometimes that is the same as victory.

As it retreats, it lashes out. The Dummon's Rival takes parting damage: an engine array lost, a hangar hit, a decompression scare. Captain Viggo survives—shaken, injured, furious, alive. The fleet lives. Mandalore One is not glass again. As a parting promise, a heavy shuttle detaches from the destroyer's underside and burns toward the planet—too armored for a simple evac, too deliberate to ignore.

Read Aloud:

The Victory-class begins to retreat.

But something detaches from its underside before it's gone.

A heavy shuttle, armored, thrusting hard toward the planet.

On the tactical display it is a red spear descending through orbit.

Captain Viggo's voice is raw:

“They're not leaving.”

The shuttle is too big to be just an evac.

Too deliberate.

Too well-shielded.

Lt. Sadge is dead.

The cruiser is bleeding.

And the war, it seems...

...has simply changed arenas.

End the session on that descent. It ties orbital victory directly into the next ground arc: the shuttle is resupplying an existing Imperial base, and now the PCs have a reason to hunt it—because war has returned, and it's landing on their wounded world.

ACT V — THE SICKNESS

Steal Life, or Burn It

Tone: quiet dread, clinical panic, slow-burning guilt; then stealth under pressure; then intimate, human survival.

Theme: survival is not enough. You must choose what kind of people survive.

Pressure: time.

Moral Hook: the cure is in an Imperial base. This act turns Mandalore lethal in a new way: invisible, delayed, contagious. Blasters don't matter if the fleet dies coughing in sealed corridors. The PCs return from void-war to discover they've walked into a different battlefield—one that punishes mistakes hours later. The answer is cruelly simple: the Imperials have a cure. It's stored in the base laboratory. Retrieve it, or people die. If you can't retrieve it—burn the lab so nobody gets to use it again.

EVENT 20: THE PLAGUE

The sickness enters like a whisper and spreads like math.

Scene: The Cough Behind the Bulkhead
Set this 24–72 hours after the Victory-class engagement, wherever the PCs are: the Nebulon-B (Kalon's Adventure), a fleet triage station, or the crowded corridor between. Keep the environment tight. On a ship, quarantine is a word that means “we are already late.”

Read Aloud:

It starts with exhaustion.

Not the normal kind. Not battle fatigue.

The kind that makes a person sit down mid-sentence and forget why they were standing.

Then the coughing begins.

You hear it through the bulkheads—ragged, wet, wrong.

A cough that doesn't clear airways, just tears them.

A medic walks past you with stained gloves and eyes too focused to be calm.

A second stretcher follows. Then a third.

Someone is crying quietly in a corner and trying to hide it like shame.

And then, over the ship-wide intercom:

“Medical teams to Bay Three. Isolation protocols in effect.”

“Repeat: isolation protocols.”

The words land like a weight.

Aboard a starship, there is no such thing as “quarantine.”

Only containment.

Give the plague a consistent identity through NPC descriptions so it becomes a recognizable presence: fever spikes and chills, a persistent cough that produces metallic-smelling fluid, severe fatigue that makes people collapse mid-task, late-stage ash-gray lesions that look like the planet itself is blooming in skin, neurological fog and memory gaps, then respiratory failure. Keep it grounded and ugly. This is biology, not magic—environmental warfare by neglect, toxin adaptation, or a remnant agent that learned Mandalore's chemistry.

Scene: Trace the Origin

When the medics stop reacting and start thinking, the shape becomes visible. The cases aren't random. They cluster around specific crews, specific patrols, specific treatment stations. Names and timelines appear on datapads like crime boards. Dr. Pell Ordo (or your senior medic) cuts through the noise with professional certainty: this is not shipborne, not from recycled air. It came from below—from a wound treated planetside.

Then the medic looks at the PCs and says the line that makes guilt bloom.

“You're clean.”

Not because they're safe. Because they were never processed like normal crew. They were field irregulars, Acolyte assets, outside the system. The sickness passed through the system—and they didn't. The medical staff that treated the wounds of the first silently infected Mandalorian on the ground just performed check-ups on the entire fleet, exposing everyone to this new disease. Except you. Make that realization feel like a trap door. They didn't escape quarantine. They bypassed it. Which means they might be the only ones who can move freely now... and that freedom has a cost.

Scene: Containment Without Panic

Isolate the PC's immediately, along with their shuttle pilot. Their health may become a resource to exploit if this becomes an epidemic. Confirm their health, then send them to the ground to communicate with Mandalore One and assess their status.

Scene: The Stormtrooper Who Recognizes It

The final pivot is a piece of ugly intel. Use a captured stormtrooper in the brig; if you don't have one, insert one cleanly—recovered from a drifting pod after the engagement, or pulled from wreckage, wounded and shaken.

Read Aloud:

The stormtrooper looks smaller without the helmet.

Not less dangerous—just more human, in the worst way.

His lips are cracked. His eyes are bloodshot.

There's a tremor in his hands that isn't fear.

When asked about the sickness, he reacts instantly—too quickly.

A flinch.

A grimace.

Recognition.

He swallows like the memory tastes bad.

"We had it too," he says.

"It killed a whole platoon. We thought it was... the planet."

He laughs once, bitter.

"But command had a cure. Of course they had a cure."

He looks up at you like you're stupid for asking what comes next.

"It's stored in the base laboratory."

Let him confirm the worst: the Imperials suffered it, the cure exists, distribution is controlled (command access), the base has infection protocols and sealed medical units. If you want an extra sting, imply they used the plague as a gatekeeper—anyone without filtration doesn't last; the planet keeps their secrets. End Session 5 with inevitability. People are dying. The cure is in the base. The mission is not optional.

EVENT 21: INFILTRATION

You coordinate with Mandalore One and the fleet using the shuttle. The Forge Master and Captain Viggo hatch a plan. A plan that revolves around you. You will be dropped off in the shuttle a two-day's trek from the hidden Imperial Base. In two

days those who can still fight will launch a flashy boomy frontal assault at the base. You will use this attack as a diversion to infiltrate the base from behind. You had better be in position when the attack launches; any communication could betray its true purpose.

You are shown to an Inner Armory, where warriors store personal gear for special missions. The Forge Master gestures heavily, "All have agreed: Take what you need." Here the players can load up on any equipment they want to try and have training for. Best versions of their favorite weapon class. Fill up on grenades. Pack a flame thrower if you like. Borrow heavier plate armor. Gear. Up. Just don't plan to keep it.

The Helmet Upgrade (EM Spectrum Detection) Give them the one advantage that makes stealth feel competent instead of helpless. Their helmet upgrade paints the world's hidden machinery: powered devices behind rock, comm bursts, wiring, turrets, sensors, generators. It can ghost-highlight minefields by residue and pattern. Use it constantly. This is how they survive approaching an enemy that lives inside stone.

Scene: The Drop

Captain Viggo meets them briefly, expression already wearing loss like armor.

"You bring it back," he says. "Or people die." Then the real order, spoken softer: "And if you can't... you burn the lab."

Not retrieve medicine. Decide who gets to live.

The shuttle insertion is quiet and deliberate. Dim lights. Stripped noise. The ramp opens on cold air and hard purpose.

Scene: Miles on Foot

Read Aloud:

The shuttle drops you far from the base—miles. Because anything closer would be a flare in enemy sensors.

Your boots hit glass-sand that crunches like old teeth.

The horizon ripples with heatless distortion. In the distance, black ridges rise like broken spines. There is no path. Just direction. And the knowledge that every step costs energy you cannot spare.

Let the players choose how they cross: stealthy and slow, using ravines and ridgelines; or fast and exposed, sprinting before patrol cycles close. Don't present this as a menu—present it as a trade. Stealth risks delay; speed risks fatigue and discovery. Track a simple regional alert pressure that rises when they fail. You don't need numbers on the page; you need consequences in the fiction: patrol density, sensor sweeps, drones that start pausing over ridgelines as if thinking. On approach, show the base the way Mandalore hides it: not a building, a shape of power.

Read Aloud:

*You see it only because your helmet's EM filter paints it into existence.
Not a building.
A shape of power.
Lines of electricity in the rock. Heat signatures behind sealed stone.
A perimeter grid like a net stretched tight.
The base is there because the planet hides it.
The planet's dead surface is camouflage.
And now you are close enough that the Imperials aren't just enemies.
They are neighbors.*

End this phase with the PCs in sight of the perimeter—close enough to feel watched—then introduce the act's emotional centerpiece.

EVENT 22: KAL BEKKEN (The Mirror)

Kal is what the PCs could become: a survivor who buried identity to keep breathing. He is Mandalorian without ceremony. He grieves the Way more than he rejects it.

Scene: The Ghost in Funeral Armor

Read Aloud:

Your helmet catches it first: a distortion.

*Not heat.
Absence.
A shape that eats the light a little differently.
Then you see him.
A man half-buried in ash camouflage, so still he could be stone.
He wears Mandalorian armor—but not like a warrior.
Like a tomb.
The plates are old. Scratched.
Symbols worn down to ghosts.
Straps repaired with cable and cloth.
A rifle points at your center mass without shaking.
A voice speaks from the ash like the planet itself:
“Don't move.”
A pause.
Then, colder:
“Imperials wear stolen armor too.”*

Kal Bekken speaks like someone who expects betrayal but still hopes for honesty. He checks wind constantly. He never wastes motion. He doesn't romanticize anything. He tells them the truth as doctrine: out here you don't wear plates—you wear shadows. If they claim Mandalorian identity too loudly, he calls it what it is: a good way to die.

Kal has a daughter nearby in a concealed dugout shelter. She is not raised Mandalorian. Kal prevented it deliberately. Not from shame—from mercy. If asked why, give him the line that lands like a blunt object: “I wanted her to live.” Then, after a pause that hurts, “And Mandalorians don't get to.”

Earn Trust

Challenge (Social) 5 to convince him of who you are and even to aid you. Remember the description and adjustment of a normal challenge is done in the form of conversation in a Social Challenge. Let a player roll after they make a particularly good point, or try another conversational ploy to change attitude. Have the NPCs positions and contributions reflect the player's rolls.

Kal does not join because he is inspired. He joins

if convinced they are real and the mission matters. Trust is earned through two things: proof and restraint. Speaking Mando'a helps. Showing a clan mark helps. But the strongest proof is how they treat his daughter—respect without claiming authority, protection without ownership. The second strongest is the objective: the cure. Kal understands plague. He understands time. Failure doesn't turn Kal into an enemy. It turns him into a boundary: he disappears back into ash, leaving only vague direction. Success makes him a guide.

Passage Through the Minefield

Kal collects and reuses Imperial mines. The minefield near the base isn't a trap—it's a statement. A line drawn in the earth that says: survivors are not prey.

Read Aloud:

Kal leads you in a line, stepping where the earth looks identical to every other place.

He moves like someone who has mapped the dead world in his bones.

"You step where I step," he says. "Not near. Not close. Exactly."

A few meters away you see it—only because of the helmet upgrade.

A mine.

A black puck buried under glass ash.

Then another.

Then a dozen.

The minefield isn't a trap.

It's a boundary.

A statement written into the earth:

This Land is Still Claimed.

If Kal is with them, he provides safe passage, patrol timing, and a hidden approach route toward lab access—vent line, service tunnel, drainage conduit. If he isn't, the minefield becomes a tense stealth hazard the helmet upgrade can partially read, but never fully tame.

ACT V END STATE

Read Aloud (Closing Beat):

From the ridge, the Imperial base looks like

nothing.

Just another scar in stone.

But your helmet shows the truth—electric blood in the rock, sensors sweeping like eyes, heat blooming behind sealed walls.

Somewhere inside, the cure sits in a cold cabinet. And on the fleet above, people cough until they cannot.

Kal Bekken speaks beside you, voice almost too quiet to hear.

"I've watched this base for years," he says.

Then:

"They don't leave survivors."

ACT VI — THE IMPERIAL BASE

The Back Door, The Droid, The Wing

Tone: quiet horror. surgical logic. the feeling of being expected.

Theme: the Empire isn't just evil—it is organized. Mandalorians aren't just warriors—they are a people deciding what they are willing to become.

Session Objective: infiltrate an awake base that thinks you're dead, survive the first bureaucratic predator, reach the medical wing, and make a choice that changes what "Mandalorian" means at your table.

Run this like a three-beat dungeon: Unease → Choice → Judgment. Keep the horror administrative. The worst lines are calm. The lights are clean. The doors open before you touch them. The base behaves like it has already decided what you are.

EVENT 20: THE BACK DOOR (Unease)

Scene: The Sensor Web

Read Aloud:

Kal's route ends at a seam in the rock that shouldn't exist.

Up close, you see it: stone that has been cut and replaced, blended with ash-colored sealant to match the dead world.

A door pretending to be geology.

Your helmet's EM overlay lights the area in

faint lines and nodes—

Sensors.

Not one.

A web.

**They're hidden in the rock like parasites:
micro-lenses, pressure threads, passive EM
sniffers.**

Not crude alarms.

**Not the kind you jam with a knife and
courage.**

**This is an Imperial base that learned how
Mandalore works.**

Kal's voice is barely audible.

"They don't just watch the ground," he says.

"They watch the air. They watch the dust."

He steps back.

"And now they're watching you."

Give the players a short, tense tech/perception scene here on their final approach. Not to "solve" the base—just to decide how clean their entry is. Success lets them thread between nodes and avoid waking the deeper protocols. Failure doesn't blare sirens. It shifts the base into quiet readiness: more doors hesitate, more cameras linger, more patrol routes tighten later. The dread does the work.

Challenge (Mental) 6 to plot a good course.

Or Agility 7 to use the EM filter to acrobatically avoid the sensor web.

Scene: The Door That Opens by Itself

The access panel is Imperial-clean: flush, surgical, a dark glass square that looks like a scalpel blade embedded in stone.

Read Aloud:

You find the access panel.

*It's flush in the stone—Imperial manufacture,
clean as a scalpel.*

No manual latch. No keypad.

Just a dark glass square.

You raise a hand toward it—

And the panel lights up on its own.

A soft tone sounds.

Not an alarm.

A welcome.

The seam in the rock hisses, pressure equalizing.

And the door slides open.

For a moment, none of you move.

Because it doesn't feel like you've broken in.

It feels like you've been let in.

This is the base's first statement. It opens because it believes you are what it expects: dead units returning for processing. The base is not fooled by heroism. It is fooled by your scavenged Imperial gear.

Scene: "Welcome Home."

As soon as they cross the threshold, the base claims them with calm certainty.

Read Aloud:

A voice speaks from nowhere.

Not loud. Not threatening.

Just... administrative.

*"ATTENTION: RECOVERY TEAM ENTRY
CONFIRMED."*

*"ARMOR CONDITION: NINETY-NINE
PERCENT DESTROYED."*

"CASUALTY STATUS: CONFIRMED."

"DIRECTIVE: PROCEED TO PROCESSING."

A pause.

"WELCOME HOME."

The door seals behind you.

Sell the wrongness: fluorescent lights that are too clean, filtered air that smells sterile, a constant hum of power routing through rock. This is not a ruin. It is operational. It is awake.

EVENT 23: KX CHECKPOINT (Choice)

The corridor narrows into a scanning frame—lenses in the ceiling, clean lines on the floor like the base is measuring your footsteps.

Scene: The Droid Appears

Read Aloud:

Your steps echo.

Too clean. Too loud.

The corridor narrows into a checkpoint frame with scanning lenses embedded in the ceiling.

Then something moves in the light ahead.

A tall shape steps into the corridor with a heavy, controlled gait.

Black plating. Long arms. Narrow head.

Imperial design.

A KX-series security droid.

*Its optical sensors flare white as it scans you.
Then it speaks in a voice that is almost polite.
“RECOVERY UNITS IDENTIFIED.”
“STATUS: KILLED IN ACTION.”
“ANOMALY: NON-STANDARD EQUIPMENT
DETECTED.”*

*“DIRECTIVE: CEASE MOVEMENT.”
It takes one step closer.
“SURRENDER FOR PROCESSING OR
CONFIRM HOSTILE INTENT.”
The KX is bureaucracy with legs. It isn't angry. It
is insistent. It corrals. It asks short questions.
Irregular answers become escalation. It triggers
alarms only if necessary.
“YOU ARE NOT AUTHORIZED TO BE ALIVE.”*

Now branch the session based on the table's temperament. All routes are valid. All routes have costs.

Path A: Surrender (Obedience as Infiltration)
If the PCs comply, the base becomes scarier because it works.

Read Aloud:

*The droid's hand extends.
Not aggressively. Not gently.
Just inevitably.
“COMPLY.”*

*Binders click around wrists.
The droid escorts you through sterile corridors
where cameras track every movement.
Doors open ahead of you before you reach them.
You pass workers who do not look up.
You pass troopers who do.
And you understand with sudden clarity:
The Empire doesn't need hatred.
It functions on obedience.*

Make the holding-cell escape satisfying, not punitive. Give them a loose panel screw, a predictable guard pattern, an overlooked tool, or a hidden vibroknife. This is the reward for discipline: they learn the base's rhythms from inside the machine.

Challenge (Mental or Agility for fiddling with simple electronic mechanisms) 5 to escape the holding cell.

Path B: Deception (Talk Your Way to Logistics)
If the PCs lie well, they are escorted—not deeper into prison, but into the base's true religion: supply.

The KX accepts structure. If they present structure—salvage team, emergency retrieval, classified authorization, rigid logic exploited—it may route them to a quartermaster rather than an alarm.

Challenge (Social) 6 to outwit the security droid. If they succeed here they will avoid close scrutiny as the droid escorts them through the base.

Chief Warrant-Officer Jorren Vale should feel like the Empire's spine. Not theatrical. Tired. Suspicious. A mind that believes order is morality.

*“If you're dead, you shouldn't be paperwork.”
“Nobody outranks logistics.”*

“You people kill with honor. We win with supply.”

This path grants layout intel and potentially a clean line toward the medical wing—at the cost of time and the constant risk that the paperwork collapses.

Path C: Violence (The Base Wakes Up)

If the PCs decide the KX cannot report them, make the fight brief, heavy, and consequential. The droid is strong, armored, crushing. It doesn't attempt to transmit a warning until it feels the situation is out of its control. This gives the PCs a short window. If it gets the signal out, the base doesn't scream—it tightens. Doors lock. Patrol density rises. The lab begins evidence protocols. This choice is catharsis with a price.

No matter which path they choose, end the checkpoint with forward motion toward the same destination: the medical wing. The base's judgment is waiting there.

EVENT 24: THE MEDICAL WING (Judgment)

The corridor changes as if they've crossed into a different philosophy. The base is still clean, but here the cleanliness feels cruel.

Scene: The White Corridor

Read Aloud:

*The air becomes colder. Cleaner.
The lights brighten until shadows feel thin.
White walls. Gloss floor. Red Imperial markings.
This part of the base wasn't carved for survival.
It was built for work.
A sign in crisp Basic reads:
MEDICAL WING — AUTHORIZED
PERSONNEL ONLY
CONTAMINATION PROTOCOLS IN EFFECT
You pass an isolation station.
Blood samples sealed in stacked canisters.
Sedatives arranged like ammunition.
Then you see a door with a glass window.
And behind it—
Small shapes.
Beds.
You stop without meaning to.
Because the beds are too small.*

Scene: The Logs (Imperial Truth in Euphemism)

Give them terminals that tell the story in Imperial language—clinical, bloodless, precise. The vector: wounds treated planetside. The cure: derived from living Alamite tissue response. Effective, stable, limited production. Ethically compromised, framed as efficiency. Let the writing be the horror. Use phrases like “juvenile resource units,” “sustained extraction viability,” “culling not indicated.” No villain cackles. The words do the violence.

Scene: The Alamite Children

Read Aloud:

*You open the door.
The smell hits you first: disinfectant struggling to mask biology.
There are children here.
Alamite children.
Thin limbs. Pale eyes. Bandages.
Tubes running into machines that hum softly.
Their skin bears tiny puncture scars in regular patterns—like someone has been harvesting them in portions.
One child watches you with wide, exhausted*

eyes.

They don't cry.

They don't scream.

They just stare like an animal that has learned screaming doesn't change anything.

A medical droid turns its head with a soft whirr.

“EXTRACTION CYCLE IN PROGRESS.”

“PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB RESOURCES.”

The word resources lands like blasphemy.

Now stop and make the table say the truth out loud.

GM prompt, plain and calm:

“You can save the fleet with this cure.

You can save these children from the Empire.

You cannot guarantee both.”

Remind the players that the Mandalorian Creed heavily stresses sacrifice for the next generation, rescuing orphans, and taking in Foundlings. That said, you don't know exactly what could come from any decision you make here, and the choice truly is yours.

The Three Choices (All Valid, All Costly)

Keep these as concrete options with immediate and future consequences.

-Take the cure, leave the children. The fleet lives quickly. The mission stays clean. The moral injury becomes a permanent stain. Someone will learn later. Kal Bekken—if involved—may turn cold as stone. The Empire continues production because you didn't break the machine.

-Rescue the children. You preserve the soul of the story. You also inherit logistics: filtration, warmth, food, transport, speed. The cure you carry may be limited. The extraction equipment might be needed to stabilize them. Pursuit becomes more dangerous because you are slower and louder. The long-term consequence is profound: responsibility, integration, and a wider Way that is more complex than “Mandalorian = warrior.”

-Burn the wing / deny the cure. You end the program. You also accept immediate deaths in the fleet. This is war logic, not cartoon evil—terrible because it is coherent. The consequence is factional rupture: morale fractures, leadership splits, and the PCs become legends for reasons

that are not comfortable.

Whatever they choose, make “release means death” real. Outside air is toxic. Ash fronts can roll in. The children are weak. The base may hunt. If they rescue, it is an ordeal. If they leave them, it is a decision they will remember when the coughing stops.

EXIT: WHAT YOU BECOME

On the way out, the base doesn't care. The attack in its face is holding nearly all attention. Automatic systems are uninterrupted. Doors cycle. Lights blink. Sirens may sound—or may remain indifferent. The Empire doesn't hate you. It processes you.

Read Aloud (universal closer):

The base hums around you.

Lights blink. Doors cycle.

Imperial systems do not care what you just decided.

But you do.

You came here for a cure.

You found something else.

A line.

A boundary.

A question Mandalore asks of everyone who survives it:

What are you willing to become... to keep living?

Reward, regardless of choice: the PCs leave with something meaningful—cure vials, synthesis data, or a method; hard intel on base operations; and a reputation that will follow them. Beloved or controversial. Either way: real.

You rendezvous with the shuttle that dropped you off.

ACT VII—CONSECRATION

Return, Reckoning, Initiation

Tone: quiet gravity, bone-deep exhaustion, unromantic honor.

Act Purpose: resolve the story the most Mandalorian way possible: heroism without applause, recognition without indulgence, reward as responsibility rather than privilege.

Themes: people survive by remembering and rebuilding; honor isn't a medal, it's an obligation; identity is practice, not bloodline.

This act should feel like coming back from the impossible and discovering the world didn't pause to clap. It only got busier. The reward isn't comfort. It's accountability. The ceremony isn't celebration. It's a ledger entry written into living memory.

EVENT 25: RETURN WITHOUT CELEBRATION

Scene: The Smell of Home, the Sound of Pain Bring them in through the hangar or docking collar and hit them with realism like a wall. It's not cheers—it's logistics. The fleet and Mandalore One have been hurt while the PCs were gone. Make the first thing they see something they cannot fix with a gun: stretcher racks, exhausted medics, the dead stacked with the living.

Read Aloud:

Your return isn't greeted by cheers.

It's greeted by noise.

Not celebration—industry.

Shouted orders. Metal on metal. Stretcher rails clacking. Boots running.

The hangar bay is filled with wounded from the diversionary attack—too many to count in one glance.

Some lie still with eyes open.

Some fight their own breath.

Some stare into nothing, waiting for their pain to become someone else's problem.

A medic you recognize moves past you without looking up, hands soaked to the wrists.

Someone shouts:

“WHERE'S THE CURE?”

Not like a question.

Like a life-and-death accusation.

And you suddenly understand the truth:

You didn't come home to be honored.

You came home to be useful again.

Play their Act VI choice immediately, physically, without moralizing. If they rescued children,

show the burden the same second: extra beds that don't exist yet, respirators being rationed, a medic counting masks like ammunition. If they brought only cure, show the absence as a silence where small feet should be—an empty row of cots that could have been filled. If they burned the wing or denied the cure, show cost with cruel clarity: more bodies, more coughing, anger that isn't theatrical—it's exhausted and real. Mandalore is under strain. Fantasy payoff dies here on purpose.
Scene: Delivering the Cure

Read Aloud:

The medical bay is the cleanest room you've ever seen in Mandalore One—and it still feels like a battlefield.

Tables are lined with sealed packs.

Disinfectant pools in corners.

A sterilizer unit hums like a prayer.

Dr. Pell Ordo sees what you're carrying and freezes for half a heartbeat.

Then they move.

Fast. Sharp. Alive with need.

A crew takes the cure from your hands with reverence so practical it isn't reverence at all—it is urgency made physical.

Ordo's voice is steady, but their hands shake slightly as they inspect the vials.

"This is it," they say.

A pause.

Then, not as gratitude—but as something deeper:

"You brought people back from the edge."

And the medics do not cheer.

They get to work.

EVENT 26: NO MEDALS (Reward as Duty)

After the cure is handed over—or after the consequences are faced—the PCs are summoned. Not to banners. Not to a hall. To a small room of stone and strip lights where authority looks tired.

Read Aloud:

You are summoned after the cure is delivered.

Not to a hall of banners.

To a small room of stone and light strips.

An elder waits.

A mentor.

Perhaps Captain Viggo if he still lives—or someone who carries his authority.

They don't smile.

They don't clap.

They don't say your names like you've become myth.

They say your names like you've become accountable.

An item is placed in your hands.

It's not a medal.

It's a book.

Old. Repaired. Covered in layered ink and margin notes from other hands across years.

A second book follows.

Then a third.

Language primers. Lore texts. Accounts of Mandalorian diaspora.

The Creed—debated and footnoted by people who survived enough to argue about meaning.

The elder speaks:

"You have spilled blood."

A pause.

"Now you will learn what it was for."

This is the Mandalorian reward: obligation to understand. Orders to study. Not as punishment.

As recognition that they are now trusted with meaning, not just violence. Give the mentor one line that lands like armor being set onto

shoulders:

"Glory is a fire. Learning is the forge."

"We don't reward victory. We prepare you for the next price."

"You wanted the Way. Here it is. It's heavier than armor."

EVENT 27: Initiation

This is public recognition—solemn, not celebratory. The gathering should feel like a community doing what it must do to keep itself coherent: witness, remember, bind people to obligation.

Scene: The Gathering

Set it in a forge chamber, a communal assembly hall, or a stone room warmed only by heat:

reactor hum, forge glow, work lights overhead.

No cheers. Just people. Wounded. Masked.

Missing pieces. Children perched on crates to

see.

Read Aloud:

They gather in a chamber where the light is warm only because it comes from heat.

Forge glow. Reactor hum. Work lights overhead.

There are no cheers.

Just people.

Some wounded.

Some masked.

Some missing pieces of themselves.

Some with children perched on crates to see what happens next.

Armor plates hang on the walls like relics— not trophies, reminders.

You stand before them without knowing what your face should do.

Then the elder speaks, and the room becomes quiet enough that you can hear the building breathe.

“We do not honor you.”

The elder looks over the crowd.

“We do not need to. Your deeds have already been paid for.”

A pause.

“We recognize you.”

Scene: Witness Testimony

Do not let this become speech night. Keep testimonies sharp—truths that cut, not praise that floats. Choose three to six voices depending on time. Pull from your campaign’s spine: Dr. Pell Ordo. Captain Viggo (or his delegate). The mentor. A commando. Kal Bekken (in person or recorded). An Alamite caretaker or survivor if the children entered your story.

Let testimony include tension if the PCs made darker choices. Not condemnation—witness. The community isn’t here to absolve them. It’s here to record what happened and decide what it means. A medic: “They returned not with glory but with medicine. They brought back what war steals.”

A commando: “They didn’t freeze inside the hull. They moved like Mandalorians. They held when the Empire expected prey.”

Scavenger Survivor: “I thought you were ghosts

wearing funeral plates. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe we weren’t extinct. Maybe we were sleeping.”

Scene: Gifts (Proof, Not Reward)

No full suits. Pieces. Weighty with history. Each piece says: you are now accountable in public.

Read Aloud:

A piece of armor is placed into your hands.

It isn’t new.

It isn’t perfect.

It is heavy with history.

The elder’s voice is low:

“This is not a reward.”

A pause.

“This is proof.”

Give each PC one component that fits their arc: a stamped shoulder plate, a blank bracer waiting for story, a helmet attachment, a clasp with a clan-neutral sigil, a beskar fragment that is promise rather than completion.

Scene: Declaration —Initiate of Mandalore

Make the ritual brief, permanent, and inclusive in the way your campaign has been aiming:

Mandalorians, aliens, refugees—deeds over blood.

Read Aloud:

The elder raises a hand.

“Blood does not make you Mandalorian.”

The chamber is still.

“Birth does not make you Mandalorian.”

Their gaze moves across the crowd—

Mandalorians, aliens, refugees, survivors of every kind.

“Deeds make you Mandalorian.”

The elder steps forward.

“By witness of this people, by oath spoken and price paid, you are no longer merely Acolytes.”

A pause—then words like iron.

“You are Initiates of Mandalore.”

Scene: Reclaiming Borrowed Equipment

End with the most Mandalorian beat possible: the quartermaster arrives with a datapad. Not cold.

Not unkind. Inevitable.

Read Aloud:

After the ceremony, a quartermaster approaches.

Not cold.

Not unkind.

Just inevitable.

They hold out a datapad.

“Sign here,” they say.

A crate is rolled forward.

“Inside: the borrowed gear you used—tools that belonged to the fleet, to the compound, to the dead.

Helmets. Weapons. Equipment with serial marks.”

The quartermaster doesn’t look at you as they reclaim it.

It’s not insult.

It’s culture.

Mandalore doesn’t give you ownership of resources.

It gives you ownership of what matters.

The elder says, quietly, almost to themselves:

“Equipment is borrowed.”

A pause.

“Honor is permanent.”

That’s your closing click. The chapter doesn’t end with applause. It ends with a signature and a weight.

ACT VIII — THE CHILDREN OF THE ASH

Care Is the Hardest Kind of War

Tone: somber hope. cultural tension. survival logistics. a miracle of light in a buried world.

Theme: rescue isn’t finished until the rescued belong somewhere. the PCs don’t merely save lives—they decide what those lives become.

Act Purpose: put the PCs in the role Mandalore avoids when it can: intermediaries. diplomats. protectors. custodians. the children are not loot. they are people with a people of their own, and Mandalore must prove its honor extends beyond itself.

Run this act as a descent from ideology into

practice: doing the right thing when it is inconvenient, dangerous, and politically messy. The Mandalorians are not tested by combat first. They’re tested by care.

EVENT 28: FIND AN ALAMITE (Mission Mandate)

Scene: The Forge Master’s Mandate

Read Aloud:

The Forge Chamber is alive with heat.

Not ceremonial heat—working heat.

Metal glow. Hammer clang.

The sound of a people rebuilding themselves one piece at a time.

The Forge Master doesn’t look up immediately when you enter.

They keep shaping a piece of alloy as if your presence is incidental.

Then they set the metal down.

They look at you like you are a tool being assessed.

“You brought children out of an Imperial lab,” they say.

A pause.

“You did not bring them home.”

Silence stretches.

Then the Forge Master gestures toward a sealed case on the table.

Inside: injector pens, measured doses, careful labels—tranquilizers.

The Forge Master’s voice is iron.

“Return the Alamite children to their people. Safely.”

They lean forward slightly.

“Not controlled.”

A pause.

“Carried.”

Let the Forge Master define Mandalorian morality in one sentence that doesn’t flinch: “Rescue without return is theft.” Follow it with the warning that keeps this act from becoming self-congratulatory: “If we become the Empire with different banners, Mandalore deserves to die.”

Scene: Care Over Control

The tranquilizers are not a domination kit. They're trauma medicine. Play it that way. Helmets might trigger panic. The children may have dependencies—filters, nutrient drips, routines tied to machinery. They may not distinguish Mandalorians from captors. Some might go still and silent in the way abused animals go still: not calm. shut down. Run transport as competence under compassion: dose timing, gentle restraint, warm layers, hydration, quiet voices, keeping weapons low, letting one PC be the “face” who removes helmet and speaks softly while another watches angles. Success builds trust in tiny increments. Failure produces a panic episode that costs time, risks injury, and makes the children harder to move later. Either way, remind the table: this is what “honor” looks like when nobody is watching. **Challenge Social 6** to slowly build trust with the Alamite children in place of a normal travel challenge. Roll for random encounters normally. At least one.

Scene: You Need a Guide

Read Aloud:

*The Forge Master taps a map projection.
Not a clean map—a scarred one.
Lines drawn and redrawn.
Terrain annotated in notes rather than symbols.
“You will need a guide,” the Forge Master says.
“They migrate,” they continue, “not because they wander... but because Mandalore forces everyone to keep moving.”
A pause.
“Find one who knows where the Alamites go when they cannot stay.”
Their finger marks an underground zone.
A name in old script:
Old Aang'Tohr.
“Go there,” the Forge Master says. “Find an Alamite.”*

End the event with the mission locked: return the children to their people, and the first step is Old Aang'Tohr.

EVENT 29: DESCENT INTO OLD AANG'TOHR (Re-descent)

Give them one travel complication on the way—something short that reminds them the surface still taxes everything. An ash squall that collapses visibility. A glass fracture slope that slices boots. A strip of old Imperial mines that forces patience. A distant silhouette that vanishes when approached. A dead comm beacon that pings once then dies. Predators trailing that do not attack yet—only learn.

Then drop them into buried Mandalore.

Scene: Entry to the Buried City

Read Aloud:

*The entrance is not a door.
It's a wound in stone.
A cratered passage leading downward where the ground collapsed during bombardment—old infrastructure exposed like bone through skin.
You descend through layers of history.
First: broken transit rails.
Then: sealed tunnels split by heat.
Then: carved stonework older than the Empire, older than the myths.
You reach a point where the air changes.
Warmer.
Wet.
The walls begin to sweat.
Somewhere below, you hear a constant distant sound:
A deep thrumming that isn't natural.
A generator.
Still alive.
Still burning.
Mandalore buried its cities...
but one of them refused to die quietly.*

Scene: The Warm

This is your set piece: not pretty, not clean—impossible.

Read Aloud:

*You see it from above—and your breath catches.
Far below in the cavern belly is an island of light.
Not sunlight. Not holograms.*

A living patchwork of lamps, string lights, scavenged glow panels, and jury-rigged floodlights aimed down from cranes and broken balconies.

The Warm.

A market. A refuge. A lung.

Power rises from a deep-core thermal generator—old industrial tech tapping a heat vein beneath the city's corpse.

The Warm isn't beautiful.

But it is impossible.

It is sentient life—or something like it—declaring stubbornly into the dead earth:

We are still here.

Make traversal a lived hazard: conveyors rattling over an abyss; rope systems frayed but maintained, timing cues yelled by workers who keep this place from falling apart by refusing to sleep too deeply. Children move like they belong because they do.

This is the act's tonal pivot: from mission to community.

EVENT 30: THE BAZAAR OF SURVIVORS (Values Clash Without Violence)

The Warm should not feel like a shopping menu.

It should feel like a morality ecosystem under strain: mutual aid at the front, predation at the edges, culture traded like medicine.

Scene: The Free Food Line

Read Aloud:

The first thing you smell isn't metal.

It's food.

Not good food.

But real calories.

Mushroom gruel ladled into battered bowls, algae bread handed out by volunteers with exhausted eyes.

No payment.

No bargaining.

Just survival infrastructure.

Someone has written a sign in crude paint:

EAT FIRST. TRADE LATER.

A child watches the line like it's sacred.

An elder sits nearby with a cup, eyes closed, as if

remembering what it felt like to eat without fear.

Make the PCs feel the contrast: the Empire extracts; survivors share enough to keep the machine of living running.

Then let commerce sharpen. Flavor packets worth more than blaster packs. Filters, boots, tools.

Manuals traded like heirlooms. Songs purchased with battery cells. Sigils copied for a price.

Scene: Tarra Curena (Civilized Predator)

Introduce Tarra like an insult made human: clean boots in a place built from rust, a smile too practiced to be kind. She's not a cartoon villain—she's an off-world curator who treats Mandalore like a collapsed museum.

Read Aloud:

Tarra Curena looks like she stepped onto the wrong planet and decided to make it profitable anyway.

She's clean in a place built of rust.

Her boots don't even have ash on them—which feels like an insult.

Her smile is warm enough to be believable until you notice how her eyes move.

Not like someone meeting people.

Like someone appraising goods.

Play her as velvet over teeth: “collectors,” “scholars,” “preservation,” always one euphemism away from theft. She sells expired Imperial medicine (still valuable), ancient ration tins (legitimate calories), luxury spices, tobacco substitute, and—quietly—artifact pipelines and culture laundering. Let the PCs interact in a sandbox: trade for supplies for the children; investigate her network; confront her morally without violence; plan a quiet heist; or let her go and mark her as a recurring threat.

Challenge (Social) 6 to ply Tarra with questions and conversation to figure out who and what she really is.

Whatever they do, Tarra should leave knowing something about them—or them knowing something about her.

End this event with two things: supplies secured for transport, and the sense that “belonging” is

political, not just moral.

EVENT 31: KAL BEKKEN, AGAIN (Continuity and Consequence)

Bring Kal back not as nostalgia, but as proof the campaign remembers.

Scene: Reunion in the Ruins

Read Aloud:

You see movement in the ruins where no one should be moving that quietly.

A silhouette you recognize immediately—because nobody else wears armor like a burial shroud.

Kal Bekken steps out from behind a broken column, a bundle of stripped materials slung over his shoulder.

A smaller figure follows—Kikkimora.

She's bolder than the last time you saw her.

Comfortable in the relative safety of this metropolitan tomb.

Kal stares at you a long moment.

Then he speaks, voice rough as stone.

"You're still alive."

A pause.

"...That's unfortunate for my worldview."

Kal is scavenging radiation insulation—shielding panels, leaded polymer sheets, thermal foam from old industrial infrastructure. Valuable enough to justify risk. He looks past the PCs to the children and his jaw tightens.

"You actually brought them."

He makes a deal the way Mandalore makes deals: transactional, principled, and real. Help him strip insulation from the factory hollow and he will guide them to an Alamite watering hole and get them through minefields without dying. This is not a quest giver. It's an authority granting access to survival.

If the PCs' past choices were darker, let Kal's offer come with a quiet edge—less trust, more conditions. If he approved of their actions, let him show something like reluctant respect. Either way, the world reacts to what they did.

EVENT 32: FACTORY HOLLOW (Endurance + Predator Assault)

This is your combat capstone for the act, but the goal isn't "win." The goal is "work while under attack." Mandalore doesn't fight fair. It punishes value.

Scene: Ascent

Read Aloud:

The climb is not heroic.

It's ugly.

Rope pulls.

Conveyor rides that jerk your stomach.

Rusted ladders that flex under weight.

The sound of water dripping constantly from somewhere unseen.

You rise above The Warm until the lights below become a distant cluster like stars trapped underground.

Up here, the air is colder.

Darker.

More abandoned.

And the metal begins to speak—groaning softly with old stress.

Kal says only one thing:

"Don't fall."

Scene: The Hollow Itself

Read Aloud:

The factory hollow is a skeleton.

Hundreds of feet above The Warm, old industrial machinery hangs in pieces like bones in a cavern.

Water drips from pipes eaten by time.

Algae covers everything in a slick sheen that makes every step a decision.

It smells like wet metal and old insulation.

There's very little light.

Not darkness—worse.

A dim gray that makes depth hard to judge.

Kal kneels by a wall panel and begins working with a tool.

"Quietly," he says.

Then, without looking at you:

"You ready?"

Run the harvest as a pressure scene with a simple rising consequence: noise draws attention. The more they rush, the louder they get. The more

they fight, the more vibration and blood scent spreads through the hollow. The smart play is controlled work and controlled violence.

Scene: Predators (Waves, Not a Boss)
These aren't dragons. They're grave-adapted opportunists: bat-raptor silhouettes, hooked claws, perching on beams, dropping like knives. They don't need to win. They need one mistake.

Read Aloud (first wave):

The first scream comes from above.

Not a roar.

A sharp hunting call that echoes across metal and stone.

You look up just in time to see shadows detach from beams like falling knives—wings snapping open, claws extended.

They aren't huge.

That's worse.

Because there are many.

And they move like things that learned the hollow was safe... until today.

Kal shouts:

"KEEP WORKING!"

Another scream.

Then impact.

Claws hit metal.

And the hollow erupts into violence.

The objective is survival long enough to finish the harvest and withdraw. Players can choose to split roles or split actions: two PCs strip panels while others hold angles and drive predators off; or everyone can engage in Power, Mental, Agility, or Endurance challenges, depending on their preferred method of harvesting materials. If they do this they will have to split their action points between Attacks and Challenges. controlled retreat routes; avoiding explosive noise unless desperation demands it.

Scene: Withdrawal

Read Aloud:

Your bags are heavy with insulation.

Your arms ache.

Your lungs burn in damp air.

The predators cling to beams above, watching,

waiting for weakness.

Kal tightens the last strap and nods once.

"Good."

He looks toward the ascent path.

"We go."

Then the predators scream again.

Not because they're brave.

Because they've learned something.

You're carrying valuable things.

And Mandalore punishes anyone who carries value.

End with the promise locked: insulation secured, Kal's guidance secured, and the next beat set—Alamite watering hole, cultural return, the real meaning of "belonging" about to be tested face-to-face.

ACT IX — THE ALAMITE

Event 33: The Watering Hole

Tone: quiet peril, then somber recognition.

Purpose: test restraint and understanding. the PCs must prove they can protect without conquest and communicate without domination.

Themes: protection is not ownership; strength is restraint; culture cannot be carried like loot.

Core truth: this is not a "win the fight" event. it's a "refuse the easy solution" event.

Run this as a three-beat escalation: first contact goes bad → restraint under fire → guardianship under chaos → adult judgment. If the table treats the Alamites like hostile animals, the campaign's bridge collapses. If the table treats them like frightened people in a dead world, the campaign becomes something larger than war.

Scene: Approach to the Watering Hole

Location: wind-sheltered ravine with seep-water pools.

Make the approach feel like stepping into a sacred necessity. The water is real. That means someone owns it—not by law, by survival.

Read Aloud:

The wind shifts.

And for the first time in a long time, you smell something that isn't ash.

Water.

Not clean. Not abundant. But real.

The ravine narrows into broken stone shelves where dark seep-water gathers into shallow pools.

Mineral crust rings the edges like old salt scars. Around the pools the dead world almost looks... lived in.

There are tracks.

Barefoot tracks.

Small.

And something else: long gouges like dragged tools, and prints like narrow pads.

This place is not safe.

It's simply necessary.

Your helmet filters whisper soft readings: moisture. heat traces. movement recently.

Someone is near.

And they know you're coming.

This scene is a quiet skill test disguised as a walk. The PCs are armed. They're carrying children. They're afraid of being ambushed. The Alamites are afraid of being taken. Let that mutual fear be the true "enemy."

Challenge (Agility 7) or (Social 6). Are the players using stealth or diplomacy to approach? GM handling: ask, briefly, what the group looks like from a distance. Are weapons lowered? Helmets off? Children visible? Hands open? Do they announce themselves or try to sneak? Their choice sets the tone of the patrol's reaction. If you're tracking stakes cleanly, use a simple "Approach Posture" result: open posture makes the patrol hesitate later; threatening posture makes the patrol try to kill fast and escape.

Scene: The Adolescent Patrol Attacks

Read Aloud:

A stone clicks.

Then another.

You see them—three figures on the ridge above the pools, skin ash-gray against darker rock.

Lean, adolescent bodies wrapped in layered cloth

and scavenged straps.

Not armored.

Not soldiers.

But their eyes carry the look of something that has learned that hesitation gets people eaten.

One raises a compact weapon—low tech, spring-driven.

A bolt snaps through the air and embeds in stone near your feet.

A voice cracks across the ravine in a language like dry wind through bone.

A warning.

Then the second bolt comes, aimed to kill.

They aren't negotiating.

They're defending their water.

Run the patrol as frightened youth: quick, sloppy, desperate. They fire from cover, retreat if pressured, and try to disable rather than duel—until panic makes them reckless.

This is where you test the PCs' identity in action. Don't moralize. Just narrate consequences. If the PCs answer with lethal force, describe what it looks like when a young body hits the rock and doesn't get up. Not as punishment. As truth. GM emphasis: make "restraint" mechanically and fictionally viable. Stun, disarm, shields, grapples, covering fire into stone, controlled positioning. Reward non-lethal choices with clearer off-ramps later.

Scene: Escalation — The Youth Flee (Not Hate, Fear)

Read Aloud:

One of them drops hard—stunned, shaking, breath knocked loose.

The other two do not attack you in revenge. They flee.

They rush down toward the pools, half dragging the stunned one as if the water itself is their only sanctuary.

They glance back once—not with hatred.

With fear that you will follow and finish the work.

They reach the edge of the seep-water and huddle there like animals in a storm.

And that's when the real danger arrives.
The point here: the PCs have a chance to stop being “intruders” and become “protectors” in the eyes of a watching culture—if they choose it fast.

Scene: The Hounds

Read Aloud:

A sound rises from the rocks.
Low. Wet. Hungry.
Then shapes pour into the ravine.
Hounds—ash-colored, lean, muscular, moving with the confidence of things that have eaten here before.
They don't hesitate. They don't posture.
They go straight for the vulnerable.
The Alamite youths scream and scramble backward, slipping on stone.
The hounds rush in.
Not to fight you.
To feed.

This is the true “combat tutorial” beat of the event if you want it to be: defense under constraints. The PCs must protect the youths and protect the children they're carrying, without turning the entire ravine into a massacre.

Run the hounds as predators with priorities: they try to take the smallest, bleeding, panicked targets. They disengage if hurt, circle, return. Loud explosives might solve the hounds and ruin everything else—because panic makes youths bolt and get caught.

Win condition: the PCs repel or drive off the hounds while keeping collateral harm low. If the PCs throw themselves between the hounds and the youths, describe it. That is the moment the Alamites will remember.

Scene: Adults Emerge

Read Aloud:

The youths stop scrambling.
Not because the danger is gone.
Because something else has arrived.
Figures step from the ravine shadows—silent, controlled, not hurried even as hounds snarl and

circle.

Adults.

Alamites.

They move like people who have lived here long enough to stop flinching at threats.

At the center is a massive female—taller than the others, broader, her posture heavy with certainty.

Jewelry gleams faintly on her throat and arms: scavenged metal, carved stone beads, polished fragments of old civilization.

She does not look at you first.

She looks at the children you brought.

Her eyes narrow—not anger.

Assessment.

She walks forward with deliberate steps, ignoring the hounds as if they are dust on the wind.

One hound lunges toward her.

She does not react.

The beast stops short.

As if it suddenly remembers what a real predator is.

She reaches the children.

And without ceremony, without gratitude, without apology—

She takes them.

Scene: Aftermath — The Token

Don't reveal this immediately. Let the adults vanish. Let the ravine go quiet. Let the PCs feel the vacuum where “closure” usually goes. Then let them find the bead strand on their return path.

Read Aloud:

The ravine settles.
The adults and children disappear into stone paths you can't even see until they are gone.
The hounds scatter into the cracks, already searching for easier prey.
Only then do you notice something on the ground looped around a large stone.
A piece of jewelry.
A bead strand—polished, smooth, deliberately crafted.
Not dropped by accident.
Placed.

It catches the light and throws it back like a quiet signal.

Not payment.

Not gratitude.

Something else.

A statement.

We saw what you did.

We know what you chose not to do.

This token can function as proof to Mandalore One, a future passage-sign in Alamite territory, an invitation to speak later, or a moral receipt: recognition is what's left behind when ownership is refused.

EVENT END STATE

Success: children returned without conquest; restraint held; youths protected; token left; bridge built.

Partial: children returned, but injury/hostility lingers; no token; tolerated, not trusted.

Failure: youth killed, violence escalates; the return becomes extraction; future Alamite contact hardens into hostility.

GM close: end by framing what changed—not in speeches, but in weight. The PCs came to deliver children. They left having been seen. From here on, they aren't only soldiers. They are founders. And founders are judged not by who they defeat, but by who they protect—and what they refuse to become.

-----Solo/Side Quest Interlude-----

ACT X — ECHOES OF EMPIRE

Tone: haunted machinery, bleached bones, corridors too clean to be real. opportunism dressed in civility.

Themes: the Empire leaves behind objects that continue to act; civilization can be predatory in silk gloves; Mandalore does not forget its dead.

Use: best as a dread-and-clarity interlude between major arcs. Event 32 plays like a spotlight horror. Event 33 is culture vs commerce—justice without indulgence.

Event 34 The Angular Shape (Spotlight

Horror)

Purpose: remind the table that Mandalore is still a graveyard full of machines that never stopped working.

Best play: solo with one PC (two at most), or as a night-watch incident if you don't split the party.

Win condition: leave with your mind intact and your gear still yours.

Failure condition: you wake up "processed," clean, arranged, and missing time.

Scene: The Viewport in the Dune

Location: Glass Wastes, late afternoon ash-light.

Read Aloud

At first it looks like a shard of obsidian—an angular black shape protruding from a dune at an impossible angle.

Then sunlight catches it—and the reflection is wrong.

Not stone.

Transparisteel.

A viewport.

The kind found on capital ships. The kind meant to face stars, not sand.

Half-buried in ash and glass grit, it rises from the dune like the eye of something dead that never stopped watching.

You circle it.

And then you see the trench.

A long impact gouge carved through the wastes, filled with drifted dust and wind-swept debris.

Whatever this was... it didn't land.

It fell.

Give the investigator three details, in this order: the impact direction, the Imperial manufacture marks on scattered plating, and the tracks—not boots: droid treads/rollers, repeated, clean, and purposeful. Those tracks are the hook. The ship isn't simply dead. Something is maintaining it.

Scene: Tracks into the Tunnel

Location: collapse seam into buried ship corridors.

Read Aloud

The tracks lead down the crater wall and into a narrow break in the earth—half natural, half

made.

Metal ribs protrude from the rock like a skeleton's spine.

The passage descends into darkness where the sand can't follow easily.

Your light catches something unsettling immediately.

The walls are... clean.

Not "less dusty." Clean.

As if someone scrubbed them. As if the dead ship is still being prepared for inspection.

Your footsteps echo sharply.

And the echo doesn't sound like a ruin.

It sounds like a corridor that expects officers to walk it.

GM pressure: make the PC notice that their footprints look obscene. Like vandalism. That feeling is the engine. Let it build.

Challenge: Move Through a Place That Thinks It's Still On Duty.

Agility 5 for stealth. Mental 7 to get a handle on details and try to start forming pieces.

Run a short, tight sequence: every meaningful action risks "contamination" in the system's eyes. Success keeps the ship quiet. Failure doesn't trigger sirens—just subtle readiness: a door seals behind, lights brighten, a faint cleaning whirr begins to follow.

Scene: The Polished Dead

Location: mid-corridor junction / crew access.

Read Aloud

The corridor opens into a wider section.

Your light catches armor first—Mandalorian plates, unmistakable even beneath years of wear.

Then bone.

Remains arranged along the wall like they were placed there carefully.

Not tossed. Not scavenged.

Laid out.

The plates bear clan markings—some scratched deeper, some defaced, some intact.

But the bones are pale and polished, too clean for this world.

Someone has been maintaining them.

As if the ship refuses to let its dead become part of Mandalore.

Do not explain the story. Let it become a question the PC carries out. Offer one concrete clue only: a small, repeated emblem or stenciled designation that matches later trade gossip—something Tarra would recognize. Not because she's important here, but because predators always circle tombs.

Scene: The Bridge

Location: shattered bridge with viewport sealed by packed earth.

Read Aloud

You find the bridge.

The shattered viewport faces upward into compacted glass sand like a broken eye sealed shut.

Consoles lie dead, screens blank. Seats sit frozen in place. Overhead panels sag like collapsed ribs. And in the captain's chair—

A skeleton.

Uniform remnants cling in strips to the bones. A rank plaque faded to nothing.

Hands still clutch the chair's arms like they died refusing to let go.

It isn't the skeleton that chills you.

It's the way it sits.

Not slumped like death.

Braced.

As if the last thing the captain did was hold the ship steady while it died around them.

Then let the PC hear it: soft brushing, a detergent hiss, the rhythm of cleaning. The sound of a job continuing long after the paycheck stopped.

Scene: The Maintenance Droid

Reveal beat: it's not "hostile." it's administrative.

Read Aloud

A shape moves at the edge of your light.

A maintenance droid—old, low to the ground, jointed cleaning arms folded like tools, a sprayer mounted like a weapon.

It pauses.

Its optical sensor swivels toward you.

Then it speaks in a voice full of artificial cheer that feels like a corpse smiling.

“HELLO CREW MEMBER!”

“CORRIDOR MAINTENANCE IS IN PROGRESS.”

“PLEASE REMOVE UNSANCTIONED FOOTPRINTS.”

It rolls forward.

Its brushes extend.

Not to clean.

To erase.

Behavior: obsession with contamination. living people are “mess generators.” it doesn’t kill; it processes.

If the PC complies (backs away, reduces footprint, speaks like crew), it attempts to herd them out. If the PC resists, it escalates into capture: tranquilizer darts (fatigue/sleep), restraining arms, detergent spray (blind/slip), door cycling to separate prey from exits.

Challenge 6 (Any) Escape a Machine That Thinks You Are a Spill.

Winning is quiet: lure it into a sealable room, jam it, stun/EMP it, or retreat and collapse debris.

Losing is eerie: the PC wakes later on the surface at the viewport, gear scrubbed and neatly arranged, footprints erased, a small “inspection tag” clipped to a strap like a joke no one is laughing at.

Keep it spare, keep it sharp

On the way out, the PC can take: a broken datapad core with partial crash log, a Mandalorian sigil fragment from the arranged dead, or an Imperial access token stamped with a designation that will matter later. The real reward is tone: the players now know Mandalore contains functioning ghosts.

End beat (optional): as the PC climbs out, they notice their own bootprints fading behind them—wet and then gone—because something below has begun to follow the trail.

Event 35: The Redhead’s Demand (Culture vs Commerce)

Purpose: show opportunism and cultural theft as a form of violence. deliver Mandalorian justice without spectacle.

Trigger: Tarra Curena arrives at Mandalore One to demand satisfaction.

Win condition: the community refuses the parasite without becoming one.

Failure condition: Tarra plants doubt, divides people, and turns Mandalore into a marketplace.

Scene: Tarra at the Gates

Location: Mandalore One outer gate / command corridor.

Read Aloud

Tarra Curena does not arrive like a refugee. She arrives like a client.

Her coat is dust-proof. Her boots polished. Her hair bright as a signal flare in a world of ash.

She steps past guards as if they’re furniture and smiles like she’s greeting friends.

“I’m here for what I’m owed,” she says brightly. Behind her, work slows. Heads turn.

Not because she’s dangerous.

Because she’s wrong here.

Clean in a place that can’t afford cleanliness.

And acting like Mandalore is something you can purchase.

Give her one specific demand, clean and ugly. Pick the one that best fits what your PCs have already done: repayment for “supplies advanced,” return of “her property” (artifact), exclusive salvage rights, or trade access into The Warm. She frames it as business. It is extortion with manners.

Scene: The Forge Master Hears Her Out

Location: Forge Chamber / council niche.

Read Aloud

Tarra speaks smoothly, like the dead world is a ledger and the Mandalorians are a vendor with poor negotiating skills.

“These artifacts are safer with me,” she says.

“Preserved properly. Sold properly. Appreciated by those who understand value.”

The Forge Master listens without blinking.

When Tarra finishes, the Forge Master repeats a single word.

“Value.”

A pause.

Then, colder:

“You mean profit.”

Play this like a trial without robes. Tarra’s weapon is paperwork, tone, plausible deniability.

Mandalore’s weapon is communal memory and the hard line of “we keep each other alive.”

Challenge (Social 6) Make the Case.

The PCs can present evidence: datapad fragments from the tomb-ship, testimony from The Warm, proof she trafficked Imperial medicine, proof she fences Mandalorian culture off-world. Tarra counters with smiles and contracts. Success doesn’t “defeat” her in debate—it turns the room. Failure doesn’t absolve her—it creates doubt, which is how parasites breed.

Scene: Vaccination and the Contract of “Us”

A medic steps forward with an injector. Not as intimidation. As entry into the community.

Read Aloud

A medic approaches with an injector pen.

Routine. Necessary.

Tarra recoils as if she’s been asked to drink ash.

“You want to inject me?” she laughs. “With some Mandalorian concoction brewed in a cave? Absolutely not.”

The laughter dies when nobody joins her.

A voice from the back, exhausted and steady:

“It’s not a favor.”

Another:

“It’s how we keep each other alive.”

Tarra looks around and realizes something she’s never had to accept.

She has entered a culture that does not need her.

The Forge Master speaks once, final as a gate seal:

“Then you do not stay.”

Guards step forward. Not to hurt her. To remove her. That’s the point. No martyr. No indulgent cruelty. Just community enforcing its boundary.

Scene: The Trade That Isn’t Corruption

The quartermaster receives (Or the players hand over) an access token or vault key recovered

honestly (Event 24’s salvage, trade from The Warm, or a cultural item confiscated earlier that turns out to be a key), and in return the PCs receive honor and recognition. And responsibility.

Read Aloud

The quartermaster turns the key in their palm like it weighs more than metal.

“Where’d you get this?” they ask quietly.

Tarra sees it and her eyes widen—greedy and furious.

“That belongs to me.”

The Forge Master doesn’t look at her.

They look at you.

And you understand:

Some things are reclaimed by war.

Some by trade.

And some by simply refusing to let parasites write your history.

Tarra’s Exit Beat

Read Aloud

As Tarra is escorted out, she turns back once.

The smile is gone.

Humiliation tightens her face like a bandage she’s never worn before.

“This place will die without trade,” she says.

Nobody answers.

The gates close.

And for the first time, Tarra Curena looks genuinely afraid—

Not of weapons.

Of irrelevance.

Outcome: Tarra expelled alive and diminished; her theft exposed; heritage items reclaimed; Mandalore asserts a truth that will carry forward: we do not sell ourselves to survive.

Event 36: An Accounting

Scene: Gathering Witnesses

Location: The Central Forge Furnace, beneath Mandalore One

Purpose: Elevate the PCs from Initiate to Attendant upon their chosen Creed Path

Tone: ceremonial, heavy, earned

This is not a reward scene. It is a recognition

scene. The players are not being congratulated — they are being acknowledged.

GM SETUP

The Central Forge Furnace should feel older than the city above it. Carved from bedrock and reinforced with plates of scarred beskar, it is equal parts industrial heart and sacred chamber. The air is hot enough to sting the lungs. Chains rattle. Sparks spit from the great crucible pit below. The Forge Master presides from the anvil dais. Past NPCs are present in a semicircle: mentors, rivals, medics, ship officers, laborers, mechanics, militia captains. Anyone who has reason to care — or to object.

If there are unresolved grudges, this is where they surface.

Allow the players to stand together, helmets on or off as they choose.

READ ALOUD

The furnace roars beneath the grate, a river of white-orange light.

Heat bends the air into something alive.

The Central Forge is not silent — it breathes.

Chains creak. Bellows thunder. Metal shifts as it cools.

The Forge Master stands above it all, hammer resting across both palms.

“Initiates,” they say.

The word echoes like something unfinished.

A long pause.

“You have bled in our dust.

You have worked our salvage.

You have chosen to remain.”

“Today we decide if that choice binds.”

THE TESTIMONY

The Forge Master does not speak further at first. Instead, they strike the anvil once. The sound rolls through the chamber like a verdict.

“Who speaks?”

Now the past steps forward.

Encourage players to remember who they saved, who they argued with, who they failed.

A medic might step forward first, voice steady.

“They carried wounded before they carried

themselves.”

A ship captain might nod once.

“They held formation when it mattered.”

A mechanic might scowl.

“They break things. Then they fix them.

Sometimes in that order.”

Let these endorsements feel specific. Let them reference real moments from your campaign.

Then allow dissent.

Perhaps a rival speaks.

“They broadcast what should have been handled in private.”

Perhaps a Forgemaster loyalist adds quietly:

“They choose truth over unity.”

The chamber does not erupt. It absorbs.

The Forge Master listens without interruption.

If the players have burned bridges, those bridges speak here.

THE WEIGHING

When the last voice fades, the Forge Master descends from the dais.

They circle the players slowly.

“The Creed is not a reward,” the Forge Master says.

“It is a burden you agree to carry in sight of others.”

THE RAISING

An apprentice brings forward heated metal bands — not full sigils, not yet. Attendant bands. Each bears the mark of the chosen Path, simple and severe.

The Forge Master lifts one with tongs. It glows dull red.

“You are no longer unshaped,” they say.

“You have edges now.”

The band is pressed to the character’s vambrace, shoulder plate, or collar plate — wherever your tradition places it. The contact hisses. Not enough to burn through armor, but enough to leave a permanent temper mark.

Repeat for each player.

When the last band is set, the Forge Master turns back to the furnace.

They raise the hammer.

“Initiates are sheltered.”

“Attendants are seen.”

The hammer strikes the anvil.

“You will act where others hesitate.”

A second strike.

“You will be named when things go wrong.”

A third strike.

“You will be remembered.”

Silence follows.

The furnace roars approval or indifference — it is impossible to tell.

FINAL WORD

The Forge Master looks to the gathered assembly.

“If any here believe these Attendants unworthy, speak now — and carry the burden of your accusation.”

Let the silence stretch.

If someone steps forward again, that becomes the next arc of your campaign.

If no one does, the Forge Master nods once.

“Then rise.”

SCENE END

The chamber does not cheer.

It acknowledges.

Old rivals look at the players differently now.

Mentors step back. Responsibilities shift.

The players are no longer Initiates.

They are visible.

And visibility, on Mandalore, is never safe.

ACT XI — THE VAULT OF MANDALORE

Tone: stone and ancient fire; cultural awe; haunted guardianship; the dead watching the living.

Themes: history is not neutral; knowledge is a weapon; Mandalore judges its heirs; betrayal wears familiar armor.

Act Objective: enter the Vault, survive its tests, and leave with a truth that threatens reclamation from within.

Event 37: The Puzzle Room

Purpose: history as a weapon. The Vault does not

reward strength; it authenticates worth.

Competence and reverence open doors—brute force feeds the guardians.

Location: vault entry corridor.

Read Aloud

The tunnel narrows into stonework so old the tool marks look like erosion.

No Imperial seams. No durasteel. No patchwork salvage.

This place is pre-Empire. Pre-reclamation. Pre-ruin.

The air changes—cooler, drier, preserved.

Ahead: a door cut from solid stone.

Not decorative. Not ceremonial.

Functional.

No handle. No lock.

Only symbols carved deep—Mandalorian runes older than most spoken language.

Your light catches a faint shimmer across the carvings.

Not dust.

A dormant field.

A system still running after centuries.

Waiting. Remembering.

Judging.

GM pressure: make the Vault feel clean in a different way than the Empire. not sterile—precise. nothing improvised. nothing apologetic. A thin scan sweeps once (heat, EM, something older than either). No alarm. A prompt. The stone is asking a question.

Scene: The Seven Panels

Location: circular antechamber, like the inside of a sealed helm.

Read Aloud

The chamber beyond is round, like the inside of a helmet you can't remove.

Seven stone panels rise from the floor like upright tombstones.

Runes. Symbols. Clan marks stylized into something older, more geometric.

The air hums faintly as if power is moving through the stone itself.

Above the panels, an etched ring of script circles

the chamber.

Your helmet auto-translates fragments:

“...by House and by deed...”

“...inheritance is not enough...”

“...proof is demanded...”

A thin beam of light sweeps across you once, like an eye blinking open.

Then a tone sounds.

Not welcome.

A prompt.

The panels wait for input.

Run the puzzle as three overlapping paths so nobody gets stuck on trivia. The room gives clues. characters may know lore. and, if neither lands, Mandalorian values can still solve it.

Challenge (Mental 7) to recall lessons about Mandalorian history, or to scan the connections behind and between all these stone panels and figure out how the system works. It can be hacked if you have the Skill Training (not just equipment training) for it. Remember the Help Action here. Each panel bears an inscription—short, hard, not poetic. They read like doctrine turned into engineering:

House of the Forge: “Heat makes truth.”

House of Law: “Order binds strength.”

House of Union: “Many are one.”

House of the Hunt: “The dead world teaches.”

House of Mercy: “Restraint proves power.”

House of Exile: “Survival without home.”

House of Conquest: “War crowns the unwise.”

The correct configuration is not a sequence for its own sake. It is a hierarchy. The Vault is asking: what do you put first?

Solution: Forge → Law → Union → Hunt → Mercy → Exile → Conquest. Creation first. structure second. people third. adaptation fourth. restraint fifth. diaspora acknowledged. conquest last—never leading.

Alternate Challenge (Social 6) or (Attunement 7) Prove You Understand What Mandalore Is For, or just get lucky.

Success opens the next layer without blood.

Failure teaches with violence.

Scene: The Guardians Wake

Incorrect input triggers defense programs. Not

angry. Not dramatic. Simply: standard failed authentication response.

Read Aloud (first failure)

One panel flashes red.

A sharp tone cuts through the chamber.

The stone beneath your boots vibrates like a struck drum.

Then the air tears.

A figure forms—pixelation hardening into armored clarity.

A Mandalorian shape, but wrong in the eyes: they glow with system-light.

Edges too crisp. Movement too perfect.

It raises a blade and its voice comes out like corrupted audio:

“UNWORTHY.”

And it attacks.

Guardians fight like ideals given teeth. Don't make them random bruisers. Make them doctrine.

The Duelist pressures the strongest. The Hunter flanks and disappears. The Warden controls space and denies exits. The Judge punishes “dishonor” (finishes downed, disarms, targets the hesitating). They don't taunt. They enforce.

Escalate by consequence, not by numbers. Each failure increases threat, but never to a dead-end TPK. The Vault is harsh, not stupid. It expects you to retreat and return wiser.

Failure 1: one guardian imprint.

Failure 2: two, coordinated.

Failure 3: a champion program (heavy, controlling).

Failure 4: a beast imprint—something Mandalore remembers fearing.

Failure 5+: sustained pressure until they withdraw or solve it.

GM rule: the doorway remains an exit. always. the Vault judges; it does not slaughter pilgrims for entertainment.

Scene: The First Mandalore Appears

When they solve the configuration (or earn it through enough struggle), the room shifts from defense to assessment.

Read Aloud

The panels glow together.

The hum deepens. The ring of script brightens.

Then the chamber stills.

All light dims except the center, where something begins to form—not torn into existence like a guardian, but assembled like a memory choosing to stand.

A figure manifests.

Tall. Armored.

Not one clan's style—something older, ritual-shaped rather than war-shaped.

The visor glows faintly.

The presence is not fear.

It is weight.

A voice speaks—no speakers, no comms—directly into bone and breath:

“I am the first Mandalore.”

The figure looks at you.

“The vault does not open for thieves.”

“It opens for heirs.”

A pause.

“Tell me what you are.”

This is not a lore quiz. It's a values check. Pick one question that forces the table to say out loud what kind of Mandalorians they intend to be:

“What is stronger than beskar?”

“What makes a foundling Mandalorian?”

“What do you owe the dead?”

“What is the purpose of war?”

Resolve it by speech, oath, or action. A weapon laid down. A helmet removed. A piece of armor offered—not as payment, but as proof of vulnerability. If they answer as individuals, the First Mandalore pushes: “As one.” If they answer as one, the Vault recognizes a people, not a party. Success opens the archive and may grant a token—an access mark, a rune-brand on a plate, a resonance key. Failure doesn't slam the door; it demands proof through a trial duel or a final guardian test. Not lethal. Exhausting. Humbling.

Event 38: The Archive

Purpose: reveal the truth no one wants seen. The Vault holds Mandalore's story—and it shows someone has been inside.

Theme: history is alive, and it records the present as mercilessly as it records the past.

Scene: The Vault Proper

Location: the archive chamber.

Read Aloud

The door into the archive doesn't open like a door.

It unseals—as if the vault exhales.

Beyond is darkness.

Then light—threads of it, like constellations forming in midair.

The chamber is enormous: layered terraces of stone and metal, suspended hololith plates floating like pages without gravity.

Maps pulse slowly: cities rising, falling, being buried. Wars blooming like infections across centuries.

It isn't a library.

It's a living record.

A machine built to remember everything.

And as you step inside, you realize something simple and unbearable:

This place is not merely preserving Mandalore.

It is watching Mandalore.

Let them “browse” history like stepping through shards of a mirror: ancient cities before glass, underground empires rising, civil fractures, bargains in the dark, bombardment from orbit, scavenger eras, the birth of Mandalore One. Let it awe them.

Then twist the knife.

Scene: The Vault Records You

Read Aloud

A hololith flickers as you pass.

At first you think it's ancient.

Then you see yourself.

The seven panels behind you. The angle of your bodies. Your hesitation.

Not from your helmet feed.

From a third angle you never had.

Recorded by the Vault.

The sickest part isn't being watched.

It's the neutrality.

*The record doesn't care what you intended.
It only cares what you did.*

This changes the campaign's physics. It means the Vault can become evidence. It means secrets don't stay secret. It means betrayal can be proven—if the Vault chooses to show it.

Scene: The Clip the Vault Resents Showing

This is your cliffhanger. The Vault doesn't scream it. It presents it like a wound file.

Read Aloud

*The archive shifts.
A new scene forms—grainier, older, corrupted, as if the stone itself resists displaying it.
A figure walks through the vault with confident familiarity.
Black cloak. A horned crown silhouette.
The runes dim slightly, as if even the chamber remembers pain.
Your translator tags the name automatically—pulled from Mandalore's own record:
Darth Maul.
But he isn't alone.
Behind him move Mandalorians.
Not captives.
Not guards.
Followers.
Their armor bears a mark that twists your stomach.
A sigil you recognize.
The Forgemaster's.
The hololith holds on the symbol for a fraction too long.
And the truth lands with a quiet violence:
The vault hasn't been invaded.
It has been accessed.
By your own.*

Do not over-explain. Let players argue in the space you created. The Vault has just handed them a knife with no handle.

What this can mean (keep it ambiguous on purpose): a forged sigil framing your Forge Master; a splinter faction inside Mandalore One; a buried continuity from Shadow Collective remnants; the Vault showing layered time—past

and present folded together; a warning recorded as a trap for “heirs.” The only certainty is the axis shift: the enemy is no longer only outside the culture.

Scene: The Vault's Judgment

Read Aloud

*The archive dims, like it has shown too much.
The First Mandalore's voice returns—quiet, grim.
“History is a weapon.”
“It cuts the hand that wields it.”
A pause.
“You came seeking truth.”
Runes flare around you like eyes opening.
“Now decide what you will do with it.”
Somewhere deep in the vault, a hidden mechanism clicks—soft, prepared, awake—as if the archive has begun to ready itself for war.
End on that click. Not a fight. Not a speech. A system changing state.*

Act XI Outcome

The party leaves (or is forced to flee) with five burdens: access to Mandalore's deepest record; confirmation the Vault observes the present; proof a dark legacy walked these halls; the Forgemaster sigil implicated—whether by truth or by frame; and a new campaign engine: internal betrayal + myth weaponized.

ACT XII — CIVIL WAR

Tone: shock; confusion; fury; no safe ground.

Themes: truth is dangerous; identity can be weaponized; survival sometimes means leaving; civil war is the final wound.

Act Objective: the PCs survive betrayal and escape Mandalore alive—not because they failed, but because they now carry a truth that destabilizes power.

Event 39: Betrayal at the Vault

Purpose: shatter certainty. the PCs are punished for seeing what they were not meant to see.

GM spine: fast. emotionally violent. not a

dungeon crawl. a snap-break: accusation → one round of chaos → external catastrophe → extraction under fire.

Scene: The Return to the Surface

Location: vault exit approach; ascending stone corridor.

Read Aloud

Leaving the archive feels like waking from a dream with blood in your mouth.

The Vault seals behind you with a slow stone sigh, as if it regrets letting anyone carry truth into the world.

Your helmets adjust to outer darkness. Your breath fogs. The tunnel climbs.

And then—voices.

Not echoes. Not the Vault.

Voices with anger in them.

Torchlight spills over stone ahead, harsh and alive.

Armor silhouettes block the exit.

Too many.

You recognize plates. Marks. Colors.

Mandalorians.

Not enemies.

Not supposed to be.

And the voice you hear first is one you never expected to hear with hatred in it:

the Forge Master: “I’m sure you didn’t mean to, but the whole system just saw what you broadcast. I wish you hadn’t seen that.”

Let the players feel it before they understand it: the “home” they fought for is standing in the doorway like a firing squad that thinks it is a jury.

Scene: “We Refuse to Be Remembered as Traitors”

Location: the threshold chamber at the Vault mouth; wide enough to stage an execution.

Read Aloud

The Forge Master stands at the center of the chamber like a judge carved from stone.

Behind them: a knot of warriors—armed, arranged deliberately. Not a mob. Not panicked.

A decision.

The Forge Master raises a hand and the

murmuring stops.

Their voice fills the chamber.

“You went into the Vault.”

A pause.

“You saw what you were not meant to see.”

Their gaze locks on you.

“And now you will drag Mandalore into shame.”

A warrior steps forward, visor dark.

“We will not be remembered as traitors,” they say.

“We will not be recorded as the ones who let lies spread.”

Another voice, sharper:

“You’re either fools... or Imperial poison.”

The Forge Master speaks again—colder.

“No exile. No trial.”

A pause.

“Deaths here are clean.”

They gesture.

Weapons rise.

“By the Creed... you die.”

GM Notes (keep it tight, keep it human):

This isn’t cartoon villainy. It’s survival ideology going authoritarian. They believe the Vault record will fracture Mandalore One, undermine legitimacy, invite Imperial exploitation, and ignite collapse. So they choose control over truth. They aren’t “enjoying” it. They’re doing it like procedure.

Give the table 10–30 seconds to react. Let them speak. Let them try. Let them reach for the token, the jewelry, the evidence, the “show the Vault.”

Let them feel the futility.

Then move.

Scene: One Round of Chaos

This is the only “combat” before the world interrupts. You want one round because it keeps it cinematic and prevents a messy massacre.

Read Aloud (initiative begins)

Weapons rise like a single organism.

You hear safeties click off.

This isn’t a duel.

It’s an execution carried out by people who believe they’re saving Mandalore.

The first bolts cut the air—

Run exactly one round.

Let the PCs act: dive for cover, throw smoke/flash, return fire, sprint, grab an ally, shout a last line into the betrayal. Let their choices matter—but don't let them "win." Make the hopelessness clear without saying it out loud.

At the end of the round, before the second begins, the planet speaks.

Scene: Interruption - The Shuttle Crash

Purpose: external catastrophe disrupts internal murder. Mandalore is too unstable for control.

Read Aloud

A sound hits the stone like a god punching the planet.

Not blaster. Not explosion.

A full-body impact.

The chamber shudders. Dust pours from ceiling seams. Someone stumbles.

*Then the outside world screams into existence—
A shuttle, burning, spiraling, drops through the
ridge line and slams into the ground with
apocalyptic violence.*

Flame bursts outward. Metal shrieks.

*A shockwave rolls through the threshold and
knocks warriors off balance.*

For a heartbeat, every gun pauses.

*Because everyone remembers the same truth at
once:*

Mandalore does not care about your politics.

It kills you all equally.

This crash is the war you've been carrying: the Empire's shadow, the Remnant's logistics, the planet's hatred. It arrives at the exact moment Mandalorians turn on Mandalorians—like an accusation with engines.

Scene: Cody's Extraction

NPC: Cody. Define Cody as someone the table already trusts: a loyal pilot, a commando, a medic-turned-extractor, someone who owes the PCs a life. Cody should feel like a hand grabbing a drowning person, not like a new protagonist. Or use whatever NPC you've had chaperoning the characters around Mandalor One.

Read Aloud

A voice snaps into your comms, hard as a slap.

"MOVE."

You know it instantly.

Cody.

*A figure in armor bursts through smoke and
grabs you by the strap like cargo.*

*"I'm not asking twice," Cody snarls. "CIVIL
WAR'S STARTING."*

Another impact echoes deeper in the ridge.

*Cody points to a service tunnel washed in
emergency red.*

"THAT WAY. NOW."

Behind you, the Forge Master is shouting orders.

*Warriors are turning—dividing—choosing
targets.*

And the truth becomes unavoidable:

this isn't a misunderstanding.

this is Mandalore killing itself.

Escape Challenge: Extraction Under Fire

Keep it short, brutal, and physical: falling debris, smoke, collapsing tunnel choices, friendly fire angles, a moment where a PC can either keep evidence safe or keep a teammate upright.

Success: clean escape, minimal injuries, you keep what matters.

Failure: scars—lost gear, a separated NPC, a wound that will ache every time they say "Creed."

Event 39 End State: they're labeled traitors/threats; the coalition fractures; the PCs lose "home" for now.

Event 40: Flight from Mandalore

Purpose: transition to exile. the PCs flee wounded and hunted through old Imperial defenses while Mandalore One fractures behind them.

Theme: a Mandalorian can lose everything—except the right to choose what they become next.

Scene: The Run to the Ship

Location: surface badlands / glass plains near the extraction craft.

Read Aloud

*The surface wind hits you like accusation.
Smoke rises behind you from the shuttle crash.
Distant blaster fire flashes—Mandalorians
fighting Mandalorians now, silhouettes splitting
into factions.
Cody leads you low along a ridge toward a craft
half-buried in ash.
“Imperials have ground defenses out here,”
Cody says. “Old ones. Quiet ones.”
They glance back, jaw tight.
“And now we’ve got our own people hunting us
too.”
They spit into the ash.
“Welcome to exile.”*

Challenge:(Endurance 7) or (Mental 6) to disarm or simply outrun Hidden Imperial Ground Defenses

Make it feel like being hunted by machines while your own culture collapses in the background. Use the helmet EM overlay if you’ve established it: the ground “lights up” with dormant teeth. Options for the party: detect → disable → avoid. Success: you reach the craft unseen and intact. Failure: defenses wake during launch; damage becomes inevitable, not random.

Scene: Launch Under Fire

Read Aloud

*The craft powers up.
Engines whine.
Then the ridge behind you lights up—
Not Imperial fire.
Mandalorian.
Someone followed.
A bolt cracks overhead.
Cody shoves you up the ramp.
“GET IN!”
The hatch seals.
The ship lurches upward.
And the dead world drops away beneath you like
a curse.*

Do not turn this into a long ship combat. Make it

a three-beat piloting gauntlet: competence under pressure, not dogfighting.

Scene: Piloting Gauntlet

Run three checks, escalating tension. Each failure is a concrete scar.

Lift-Off Evasion: ground fire, debris, rising heat plumes.

Ridge Run: fly low through glass spires to break lock; the planet itself becomes cover.

Atmosphere Punch: storm layers swallow you; lightning crawls; instruments lie.

Failure results (choose per miss): ship damaged, forced hard landing, or a bad vector that extends hostile travel.

Scene: Outcomes

Pick the outcome that best fuels your next act without bogging:

Clean Escape: they punch through cloud into stars; exile begins with agency and a clock.

Damaged Landing: they crash far from Mandalore One; a short survival run follows—repairs, pursuit, hard choices about returning vs running.

Extended Hostile Travel: they abandon ship and go on foot; the Glass Wastes return like an old enemy; pursuit becomes personal.

Closing Beat (Act XII End)

Read Aloud

*The ship shudders as it clears the storm layer.
For a moment there is nothing outside the
viewport but gray cloud and lightning.
Then the sky breaks open.
Stars—cold, silent, indifferent.
Behind you is Mandalore: wounded, living, and
now fighting itself.
Ahead is exile.
Cody activates comms, “I think I know a place
we can hide for now. I met them a long time ago.
Let’s hope they remember me well. Then his voice*

drops low, almost like prayer:

“We don’t get to choose what Mandalore was.”

A pause.

“But we get to choose what it becomes... if we live long enough to return.”

ACT XIII — BRASSHOUSE

Tone: cold mountain air; warm forge cores; watchful hospitality. Evaluation without contempt.

Themes: identity can be chosen and still be real; a culture survives by adapting without surrendering its spine; violence is a tool—not a god; community can be hardened without becoming the Empire.

Act Objective: the PCs reach Brasshouse seeking shelter and alliance—and encounter living proof that Mandalore does not require sameness to endure.

Event 41: The Ithorian Mandalorians

Purpose: show what Mandalore could become, and force the mirror-question: if the PCs had power, would they rebuild Mandalore like the Forge Master... or like this?

Scene: First Sight of Brasshouse

Location: ridge trail into the mountains; the approach is exposed, cold, and loud with wind.

Read Aloud

Mandalore’s mountains aren’t pretty.

They’re honest.

Knife-ridges of stone rise out of ash haze like the bones of something too stubborn to die. Wind whistles through cracks in rock, carrying grit that stings exposed skin and scrapes against armor.

Then the mountain shifts shape.

Not naturally.

Lines that don’t belong: squared edges, reinforced beams, a carved lip like a jaw.

Brasshouse.

A fortress built into a mineshaft settlement—half defensive bunker, half industrial cathedral.

Its entrance is a slit in the rock guarded by layered barricades and retractable shutters. No

banners. No firelight. No welcome signs.

Just one thing carved above the entrance: a mythosaur skull.

And beneath it, smaller and subtler: an Ithorian spiral-glyph etched into brass plate.

Two cultures in one stone throat.

Watching.

Waiting.

GM Direction: Brasshouse should feel competent before it feels hospitable. The defenses are not paranoia-as-fear. They are paranoia-as-wisdom: invisible settlements survive. Visible ones become targets.

Scene: The Signal Demand

Before the PCs get close enough to negotiate, Brasshouse asserts its first law: you do not bring eyes to the door.

Read Aloud

A spotlight snaps on.

Your shadows become sharp-edged.

You feel the heat of attention like a weapon.

A voice comes through a loudspeaker—calm, heavy, layered with a strange resonance.

Not human.

“TRAVELERS. YOU ARE IN RANGE.”

“DISABLE ALL SIGNALING DEVICES.”

“COMMS. BEACONS. TRANSPONDERS. EMITTERS.”

“YOU WILL NOT BRING EYES TO OUR DOOR.”

A pause.

“CONFIRM COMPLIANCE.”

Challenge: (Players choose a skill to demonstrate compliance and enter a challenge at rating 5.)

Prove You Are Not a Beacon

Run this as a short, tense competence scene. The PCs have to demonstrate compliance in a way Brasshouse can verify: powering down hardware, physically removing batteries, surrendering modules, allowing a hovering inspection drone to crawl over them and “listen” for emissions. Success doesn’t earn trust yet—it earns the right to be spoken to. Failure doesn’t trigger an immediate firefight; it triggers an immediate

lockdown. Shutters close. Rifle ports open. The PCs are shadowed by invisible angles until they either comply or retreat. Either way, the message lands: this place has survived by refusing contact on anyone else's terms.

Scene: Gate Chamber Hospitality

Location: an outer gate chamber built like a kill corridor, but not cruel—clean lines, clear rules, no theatrics.

Key NPCs: Gate Marshal Keth Varn (Mandalorian) and Hush'Rala (Ithorian Mandalorian).

Read Aloud

Stone slides with a low grind. Not a welcome. An inspection.

You're guided into a narrow chamber where the ceiling is low and the walls are thick with layered metal ribs. Lights are steady. Air is filtered. Everything feels maintained.

Then the inner door seals behind you.

Not a trap.

A decision.

A figure steps into view: Mandalorian plates worn with professional economy—no trophies, no flourish.

Keth Varn's visor reflects you like a measurement.

"We are not Mandalore One," he says.

"We don't do speeches. We do survival."

His head tilts, listening—not to your words, to your silence.

"If you brought pursuit here, we'll bury you outside."

It isn't a threat.

It's policy.

Then another presence fills the chamber—large, calm, impossibly steady.

An Ithorian in Mandalorian gear, voice-box resonance making each word feel like it has weight.

Hush'Rala studies you the way a gardener studies a plant that might be poisonous.

"Your body survived," they say.

A pause.

"Now we will see if your choices did."

GM Tools: Let the questions be simple and hard. Where are you coming from? Who is hunting you? What did you bring that could betray us? What do you want? What will you do if we refuse you? The point is not interrogation-as-drama; it's evaluation-as-culture. If the PCs lie, the response is not outrage. It's doors closing and time running out.

Scene 30.4 — The Interior That Changes the Campaign

Once admitted beyond the gate, give them a guided walk that functions like a thesis statement. Brasshouse is proof that Mandalorian identity can coexist with stewardship without becoming soft—and without becoming Empire.

Read Aloud

Inside Brasshouse the air smells like metal and wet stone.

Warmth rises from below—deep-core heat captured through mining vents. Condensation beads along pipes and falls in slow drops like measured time.

You pass training platforms cut into rock. Sparring circles. Weapon racks. Duty rosters chalked into stone.

Then the tunnel opens into a communal stretch... and you see something that shouldn't exist in a Mandalorian fortress.

A garden pocket.

Moss beds fed by filtered drip lines. Fungal panels. Algae trays lit by scavenged glow-strips.

An Ithorian kneels beside it—large hands tending growth like ritual.

A Mandalorian child watches, then imitates.

No one mocks them.

No one calls it weakness.

It is simply how the fortress breathes.

GM Note: This is the Act's central "show, don't tell." The PCs don't get a lecture about adaptation. They see it practiced: drills and gardens, weapons and stewardship, readiness and restraint. Brasshouse isn't friendlier than Mandalore One—it's saner.

Event 30 End State: the PCs are accepted

provisionally, under watch, with their comms disabled or surrendered. They have refuge, but not belonging.

Event 42: Earning Trust

Purpose: the PCs are no longer school initiates. They are political refugees. Brasshouse will not crown them, but it will test whether they add stability or bring catastrophe.

Theme: not every problem is solved with violence—but violence still matters.

There's a saying in Brasshouse: Nonlethal, not nonviolent.

This event plays as a compact three-beat montage designed to fit a three-hour session: one hazardous retrieval, one cultural friction scene, one "human" scene that reveals whether the PCs can be decent while under pressure. If you need to shorten, drop the middle beat; if you need to lengthen, add a combat capstone.

Scene: The Work They Give Strangers

Keth doesn't offer comfort. He offers tasks. Brasshouse hospitality is employment.

Read Aloud

Keth Varn meets you near a heat-vent where people warm their hands without making a ceremony of it.

He doesn't welcome you.

He assigns you.

"We don't shelter problems," he says. "We shelter people who reduce problems."

He nods toward a sealed locker and slides it open just enough to show tools, shielding wraps, and a case with brass clamps.

"We need a part. We need it quiet. And we need you to bring it back without turning our mountain into a signal flare."

Hush'Rala's voice rumbles in agreement like distant machinery.

"If you wish to stay," they say, "then contribute. That is how belonging begins."

Scene: Retrieval Without a Broadcast

Objective: recover a spectrum power dilator from a salvage zone without triggering emissions or collapse.

Location: an old mining relay station or half-collapsed maintenance spur.

This is your competence scene: navigation without comms, careful extraction, environmental hazards, and a single moment where the device "sings" electrically if mishandled.

Read Aloud

The route out of Brasshouse is narrow and steep, cut into rock like a wound that never healed.

You travel with no comms, no chatter, only hand signals and the scrape of boots.

The salvage site waits in a pocket of the mountain—an old relay station that once fed power down into mines that no longer exist.

Support beams bow. Radiation warnings are scratched over older warnings. A dead panel still ticks softly, stubborn in its failure.

And there—nested in a housing like a heart in a rib cage—is the dilator.

Brass clamps. Ceramic shielding. A component built to stabilize power without shouting its presence into the sky.

When you touch it, the air feels thinner.

As if the mountain is listening for the sound you're about to make.

Do a travel challenge and make a random encounter roll. Be sure to modify it so it makes sense for the setting.

Challenge (Mental 6 or Power 7). The PCs must get it out intact, shield it fast, and exit without noise or collapse. If you want tension without combat, let the complication be a faint EM chirp that forces immediate improvisation: wrapping, grounding, burying in shielding foam, or making a hard choice to move faster at the cost of fatigue. Consequences: Success earns real regard. Failure earns quiet suspicion. Brasshouse does not yell. Brasshouse remembers.

Scene: Council Friction, Brasshouse Style

If the PCs want to stay, they must prove they can sit in a room with conflicting values and not turn it into dominance. This is your roleplay test: "Mines on the lower ridge trail?" Mandalorians argue deterrence. Ithorians argue stewardship and non-ownership of the mountain.

Read Aloud

The debate isn't loud.

That's what makes it dangerous.

People sit in a semicircle cut into stone, heat venting beneath their feet like the fortress itself is breathing.

A Mandalorian speaks about deterrence the way you speak about weather.

"We lay mines, we keep the ridge. Simple."

An Ithorian answers without anger.

"The mountain is not a wall we own. It is a living corridor. Mines do not only stop enemies."

Eyes turn toward you—not to judge your politics, but to measure your restraint.

Keth's voice is flat.

"You've been hunted. You've been betrayed.

Speak."

Challenge (Social 6 or Mental 7) to participate in the debate, demonstrating respect and understanding of their culture while conveying the value of your experience. Grandstanding costs trust. Mockery costs trust. "Just kill them" costs trust. This would be a good place for the Help Action.

Scene: The Small Test That Reveals the Person

Keep this short. It's your pressure-release valve and your character-reveal. A shy smith—or a medic—asks a PC to deliver a love letter so painfully sincere it feels like a vulnerability under armor.

Read Aloud

The letter is folded with absurd precision.

The words inside are worse.

Not because they're cruel.

Because they're honest.

"Request permission to court you."

"Your presence improves my operational morale."

"You are like a properly calibrated weld seam: strong, clean, and trustworthy."

The person who hands it to you can weld beskar and still looks terrified.

"Don't read it out loud," they whisper.

"Just... deliver it."

This is a social challenge with one rule: do it without cruelty. If the PCs can carry other people's vulnerability without stepping on it, Brasshouse begins to soften toward them—not as heroes, but as safe.

Scene: Trust Earned

End the session with Brasshouse's version of gratitude: not applause, but access.

Read Aloud

No one in Brasshouse says "thank you" the way off-worlders do.

Instead, the world changes around you.

A door that was guarded is no longer guarded.

A weapon rack that was locked is now open—just slightly.

A name spoken without suspicion.

A seat offered near the warm vents.

Keth Varn meets your eyes and nods once.

"That'll do," he says.

Then, quieter—almost unwilling:

"You're not bringing death here."

A pause.

"... You might be bringing Mandalore."

Event 42 End State: the PCs are integrated enough to stay, treated as contributors rather than liabilities. Brasshouse becomes a base of operations for the exile arc, and a living argument against the Forge Master's version of unity.

ACT XIV — THE SHIP

Tone: hidden industry; quiet pride; risk disguised as routine.

Themes: agency is built, not granted; a ship is a culture that can move; exile ends when you decide it ends; hope requires logistics.

Act Objective: the PCs learn Brasshouse's long-kept secret: a vessel being built in silence. Their job is to secure what it needs—fuel, pilots, nerve—and to train for a launch that will likely be contested.

Event 43: The Secret Project

Purpose: restore agency. The PCs are no longer being pushed by events—they are offered a lever

that can move the world.

Scene: CASCADE POINT

Location: Subterranean industrial cavern, deep beneath the colony

Primary Challenge: Power

Secondary Challenge: Mental

GM Context

The colony's emergency systems were never meant to handle this scale of failure. A destabilized engine housing has crushed an engineer against the deck, rupturing the emergency reroute cyler. What should have been a controlled shutdown has become a chain reaction.

If the players fail to intervene, a mechanical cutout will activate automatically. It will prevent a catastrophic explosion—but at the cost of flooding the entire cavern system with superheated, radioactive toxic plasma. The colony will survive structurally. Almost no one inside will survive biologically.

The leader of the enclave has ordered the Guardians to evacuate every civilian through the mine tunnels. External access points have been opened to vent pressure and disperse the blast. He stayed behind to help free the trapped workers and scientists.

He is now unconscious, overcome by vented gases.

Time matters. Every action has weight.

Read Aloud

The engine screams—not like a machine, but like something tearing itself apart.

Steel shrieks. A housing the size of a speeder shears loose and slams down, pinning a man beneath it. Warning lights strobe across the cavern walls as systems begin to fail in sequence. Somewhere deeper in the rock, something starts counting down.

Challenges

A Power challenge is required to lift or stabilize the collapsed engine housing and free the trapped engineer. Success prevents immediate loss of life and buys precious seconds.

A Mental challenge is required to override the cascading shutdown failure in the emergency reroute cyler. This is not a clean fix—only a controlled interruption. On failure, the system defaults toward mechanical cutout.

If both challenges succeed, the meltdown is arrested and the cavern stabilizes.

If the Mental challenge fails, alarms escalate and the cutout begins its final cycle. The players may still escape—but everyone left in the cavern will be lost.

Scene: THE MAN WHO STAYED

Location: Emergency control gantry, upper cavern

Primary Challenge: Endurance

Secondary Challenge: Mental / Power

GM Context

With civilians moving through the tunnels, the cavern is quieter—emptier—but no safer. Toxic vapors bleed through damaged vents. The leader lies where he fell, breathing shallowly, still wearing a respirator that failed minutes ago. Saving him is not required for success. It matters anyway.

Boxed Text (Read Aloud)

The cavern feels wrong without people in it. Machinery still hums, but it's hollow now—echoing. Near the control gantry, a figure lies motionless, one hand still wrapped around a manual override that was never thrown. He didn't run.

Challenges: Endurance, Mental, or Power (6)

is required to function in the vented atmosphere long enough to reach him, stabilize his breathing and clear the worst of the gas from his system, or carry him out of the hazard zone.

If saved, he will live—and he will trust the PCs completely.

Scene: Summoned Below

Location: Brasshouse, restricted mine galleries.

Tone: conspiracy; trust earned; the feeling of being escorted into a truth.

Read Aloud

*You are not summoned loudly.
No formal call. No announcement.
A young runner finds you while you're busy with
ordinary life—maintenance, drill, meal duty—and
says only:
"The Council wants you below."
You're led past corridors you've never been
permitted to see.
Past sealed blast doors.
Past a guard who scans your face without
hostility—only weight.
Then you descend deeper than the warmth vents.
Deeper than the gardens.
Into stone where the air tastes of ancient ore and
machine oil.
The tunnel opens.
And your steps stop.
Because in the cavern below is something that
should not fit underground.
A hull.
A ship.*

GM Direction: don't rush. Let the descent do the work. Every door they pass is proof Brasshouse has been hiding something with discipline—not luck.

Scene: The Reveal

Key Beat: Brasshouse has been building a ship in silence for years.

Tone: awe without romance; the miracle is practical.

Read Aloud

*It isn't finished.
It isn't pretty.
But it is real.
A starship hull stretches across the cavern like a
sleeping beast forged of salvage: Nebulon-B
struts repurposed as spine supports, freighter
plating welded into layered armor, engine mounts
fitted where mining turbines once stood.
Lights hang in chains around it. Workers move
across scaffolds like insects in a forge. Sparks fall
in bright arcs and die on stone.
Painted on the hull is a symbol: a mythosaur
skull.*

*And beside it—smaller, deliberate—the Ithorian
spiral-glyph.
Two marks on one body.
Then a voice speaks behind you.
"This is how we survive civil war."
Hush'Rala stands there, calm as carved wood.
"It cannot be taken from us," they continue,
"because it has not yet been seen."
A pause.
"And when it launches, it will carry more than
people."
Their eyes settle on you.
"It will carry Mandalore."*

GM Note: make the reveal land like logistics made holy. This isn't a "secret superweapon." It's an escape route, a supply line, and a claim to self-determination.

Scene: The Council Briefing

Purpose: translate awe into pressure. The ship is real; the constraints are realer.

NPCs: Gate Marshal Keth Varn; Hush'Rala; Chief Engineer Vexa Tal.

Read Aloud

*Keth Varn doesn't admire the hull.
He measures it.
"A ship is only as safe as what it drags behind
it," he says.
"If this launches, it paints a target across the
sky."
Hush'Rala's answer is quiet.
"Then we learn to live with being seen."
Then a third voice cuts in—sharp, impatient,
alive with numbers.
Vexa Tal steps forward with grease-black hands
and eyes that haven't slept enough in years.
She doesn't greet you.
She points at the ship like it's a patient on a
table.
"Hull's not your problem," she says. "Fuel is."
"We can build a dream. We can't build
propellant out of stone."
Her gaze hardens.
"And if you light those engines without proper
calibration, it dies in the mountain and takes us
with it."*

Scene: The Offer

Purpose: force explicit commitment. Brasshouse is placing history in their hands.

Tone: trust as burden.

Read Aloud

Keth Varn speaks first, blunt as a tool.

"You're fugitives," he says. "Useful fugitives."

He looks back at the ship.

"That hull doesn't launch without risk. And if it launches, it brings danger home to us."

Silence stretches—not dramatic, just heavy.

Hush'Rala steps closer.

"You have fought for Mandalore," they say.

A pause.

"Will you build Mandalore?"

Vexa Tal shoves a datapad into your hands like she's tired of waiting for people to decide.

"We need pilots who don't freeze," she snaps.

"We need operators who can hold a launch line steady while the mountain shakes."

She leans in, eyes bright with the kind of fear that becomes devotion.

"Commit—or get out of my cavern."

Player-Facing Choice: Brasshouse is not asking for help. Brasshouse is offering them a place in the lever-system that moves the campaign. If they say yes, they stop being refugees and become architects of exile.

Pressure List: What the Ship Needs

You have earned the trust of Brasshouse. Now you are invited to participate in their most cherished, desperate endeavor.

Challenge: Choose an attribute and determine how that can be applied to the situation in a "Montage Challenge (6)" as you assist the crew and technicians with the final steps of completing the ship's construction, and training in simulator runs to learn to fly it.

Fuel: refined hyperfuel, reactor cores, or a cache of stabilized propellant that can't be improvised.

Pilots: skilled hands willing to fly without rescue and without applause.

Silent Systems: a nav core, shield capacitor, or comm suite that can remain dark until the moment it must speak.

GM Direction: the players should understand: the ship is not a reward. It is a promise with an interest rate.

Scene: BREAKING THE ROCK

Location: Launch Cavern → Upper Atmosphere → Orbit

Primary Challenge: Agility

Secondary Challenges: Mental, Power, Endurance

GM Context

The ship was not built in a shipyard.

It was assembled in secret beneath stone that was never meant to open.

The launch corridor is a mining shaft widened by explosives and optimism. The engines are calibrated for vacuum, not confined ignition.

Systems are cross-wired. Shields are theoretical.

The cavern ceiling still bears stress fractures from the earlier cascade.

Nothing about this departure is clean.

Run this event as escalating instability. Each success buys seconds. Each failure compounds pressure. The players should feel the ship straining around them.

This is not a smooth launch.

It is an escape.

Read Aloud

The cavern doors grind apart with a noise like tectonic plates shifting.

The ship rises on repulsors that were never meant to bear full mass. Rock dust cascades from the ceiling. Warning glyphs stutter across the console faster than they can be read.

Above you, a jagged wound in the planet's crust opens to a slice of sky.

There is no countdown.

There is only now.

Sequence of Challenges

Agility Challenge — Clearing the Cavern

The shaft narrows unexpectedly. Unstable rock shears loose from the walls as engine wash destabilizes fractured stone. The pilot must thread the scrap-built vessel through uneven stone and falling debris without crippling the hull.

On success, the ship clears the cavern with only superficial damage.

On failure, the vessel scrapes hard against rock. Structural stress increases. Future complications become more volatile.

Mental Challenge — Systems in Revolt

As the ship breaches open air, power distribution spikes. Improvised couplings overheat. A cascade of conflicting system priorities threatens to shut down life support or vent drive plasma into the intake manifolds.

Someone must override the automated safeties and reroute power manually.

On success, the ship stabilizes long enough to continue ascent.

On failure, one subsystem remains compromised at GM discretion—navigation lag, shield flicker, or intermittent thrust loss.

Power Challenge — The Generator Break

Mid-ascent, turbulence slams the vessel sideways. A generator housing—poorly seated during construction—breaks loose and wrenches free of its bracing. If it disconnects fully, main power will collapse.

This is physical. Someone must force the housing back into alignment and secure it while the ship is under violent strain.

On success, power stabilizes in time.

On failure, the ship loses output efficiency. Climb becomes harder. The final phase grows more dangerous.

Resolution

If the majority of challenges succeed, the ship enters orbit battered but triumphant.

If multiple failures occurred, the ship survives—but carries visible damage and lingering system instability that may resurface later in the campaign.

Either way—

The sky falls away.

Stars take its place.

And the galaxy waits.

Act XIV Closing Note

This is the moment the PCs stop being survivors of Mandalore. They become authors of Mandalore. And the ship is not their reward. It is their burden—and the first thing they've held in a long time that can actually carry the burden with them.

ACT XV — THE GALAXY ANSWERS BACK

Tone: cold aftermath; fragmented radio; survivor grief; a horizon full of new threats.

Themes: the galaxy punishes anyone who changes the story; survival has enemies; power fills vacuums; some names become missions.

Act Purpose: set the next arc. The PCs escaped civil war and built agency—now they learn the cost: Mandalore is fractured, occupied, and hunted. This act should feel like the end of innocence, the end of safety, and the beginning of a larger war.

Event 44: What Remains

Purpose: deliver devastating intelligence and one clear objective.

Structure: transmission → brief → mission name → lead → cliffhanger.

Scene: The Transmission

Location: aboard the Brasshouse ship, in the quiet after launch.

Tone: exhaustion; waiting; dread.

Read Aloud

Space is too clean.

After Mandalore, it feels like wrongness.

No ash. No grit. No constant wind. Just silence and stars.

The ship creaks as it cools, a living thing settling into an environment it wasn't born for.

You drift in a corridor while the crew runs diagnostics—checking damage, checking life

support, checking the dream.

Then the comm unit crackles.

Not a hail.

Not a greeting.

A burst transmission—fragmented, encrypted, desperate.

Captain Viggo's voice hits first, distorted like someone shouting from inside a storm:

"...repeat—do not return—Mandalore One is lost—"

"—Death Watch—"

"—they're hunting survivors—"

"—fleet... gods... the fleet—"

Static swallows half the words.

Then the channel clears long enough for one sentence to land like a knife:

"Two-thirds of our ships are gone."

The comm goes dead.

Space becomes quiet again.

But it isn't peaceful now.

It's predatory.

GM Direction: don't move on immediately. Let the players sit in it. Let someone go quiet. Let someone get angry. Let someone try to bargain with the idea of going back anyway. Make the silence a character.

Scene: The Situation Brief

You have docked with *Kalon's Adventure*. There is a new mission laid out before you.

Location: mess hall turned war room / briefing compartment.

Tone: cold facts as trauma.

Read Aloud

Viggo gathers what little intel exists.

It isn't a report.

It's a wound catalog.

A holomap flickers—stitched together from scattered pings, survivor beacons, and long gaps of nothing.

A ship list scrolls.

Names you recognize.

Some marked missing.

Some marked destroyed.

Some with no status at all—as if the galaxy

refuses to confirm the deaths.

Captain Viggo speaks without drama, because drama would be indulgence.

"They turned on each other," they say.

"The Death Watch moved faster."

They gesture at Mandalore One's position.

"It's under control now."

Another pause—long enough to hurt.

"Not ours."

INTEL REPORT: "MANDALORE STATUS"
(Handout-Style Delivery)

Two-thirds of the Mandalorian fleet is destroyed or missing, and the remainder is scattered into fragments—isolated hulls, limping escorts, transponders that flicker once and never answer again. Mandalore One is no longer a refuge; it is a seized throat. Death Watch holds it with discipline and narrative control. Public channels now repeat the same line until it becomes "truth"—that the PCs are traitors, corrupters, imperial-tainted contagion given names. Loyalists and civilians are being hunted, not in chaotic raids but in administrative sweeps: food, medicine, fuel, and access controlled by authorities who call it restoration. Beneath that, multiple wars overlap like layers of scar tissue—civil fracture, ideological cleansing, Imperial Remnant opportunism, and black-market extraction moving through the cracks with smiling faces.

GM Note: Death Watch Tone

Keep them frightening by making them competent. They aren't cartoon villains; they are disciplined, self-righteous, effective, and convinced the brutality is "order." That's why people comply.

Scene: Recognition

Captain Viggo coughs and glares the room into preparatory silence

"There is another issue we are gathered here to address. We can't afford to stand on ceremony here. We can't afford speeches or celebrations. There is time only for recognition before your next mission."

He turns with a gesture that encompasses all the

players.

“We recognize the commitment you have demonstrated to Mandalore. We recognize the mettle demonstrated by your very survival. And we recognize the loyalty in your hearts as you put your lives on the line as you prepare to face our most desperate hour. We recognize YOU, all of you, Ordained of Mandalore. Now be ready. There’s no more time to lose.”

SCENE: THE NEW GOAL

Location: Strategy chamber aboard the fleet vessel

Tone: grief compressed into resolve

Purpose: collapse despair into direction

Key Objective: Find Bo-Katan.

GM Context

The table has absorbed the losses. Let the silence hold before this begins.

This is not a rumor.

This is not a myth.

Bo-Katan Kryze is not a cipher or a mask. She is a known quantity—war leader, claimant, symbol, liability, rallying point. Her name carries history, division, loyalty, and blame in equal measure.

The fleet cannot strike Mandalore One. They cannot splinter their remaining ships searching blindly.

They need someone who understands Mandalorian fracture from the inside.

They need someone people will follow.

This is the moment grief becomes direction.

Read Aloud

Captain Viggo hesitates before continuing.

Not because they’re afraid.

Because names matter now.

“There’s one lead,” they say quietly. “One signal cutting through survivor channels. One person who might be able to get us through the blockade net and back into the story.”

They slide a datapad across the table.

On it is a single entry.

Not a call sign.

Not a rumor.

A name people recognize.

Bo-Katan Kryze.

Viggo’s jaw tightens.

“She’s alive. Moving. Avoiding confirmed capture. There are reports she’s been redirecting survivors. Consolidating resistance pockets. Staying just ahead of Death Watch sweep patterns.”

A pause.

And then the sentence that shifts the weight of the room:

“If we want to save anyone still alive... we find Bo-Katan.”

GM Guidance — What Bo-Katan Is Now

Bo-Katan is not mystery. She is consequence.

Decide privately how the galaxy currently sees her:

She may be the last credible unifying figure among fractured Mandalorian factions.

She may be viewed as partly responsible for the present civil fracture—and determined to correct it.

She may be hunted not only as a military threat, but as a symbol that refuses to die.

She may not want to lead again—but understands that leadership will find her regardless.

Let the players discover her current state through action, not exposition.

SCENE: LEAD-TATOOINE

Location: Nav table / holo-map chamber

Tone: resignation; inevitability

Purpose: establish destination

GM Context

Bo-Katan is not stationary.

She moves through contested space using fractured networks and Outer Rim anonymity. Survivor chatter, encrypted burst signals, and half-burned transponder pings intersect in one unlikely place.

Of course it would be there.

War always passes through places that pretend not to care.

Read Aloud

Captain Viggo zooms the holomap outward.

Mandalore shrinks into a red haze of contested space.

The galaxy resolves—cold, watchful.

The map slows.

Stops.

A dusty Outer Rim world rotates into center frame.

A single word glows above the planet:

TATOOINE.

Viggo exhales through their nose like it physically hurts.

“Mos Eisley,” they say. “Of course.”

They rub their temple, slow.

“If Bo-Katan is still moving pieces...”

A pause.

“She’ll pass through there.”

Another beat.

“Everything does.”

Transition

The fleet cannot break the blockade.

They cannot leave their defensive line.

They can only hold.

The players have a ship.

And now they have a leader to find.

Scene: Final Beat - Dreadnaught Over Mos Eisley

Purpose: end the act with a sky that is wrong.

Tone: cinematic; oppressive; a noose made of metal.

Read Aloud

The ship slips into the edge of the system.

Scanners fill with sand-world interference—dust storms, heat noise, countless weak signals.

Then the sensor officer goes still.

“Contact,” they say.

“Big contact.”

A silhouette forms on the holo display.

At first your brain refuses it, because it’s too large to be here.

Too heavy to hang above a planet like this.

Then the shape resolves in cold blue projection:

An Imperial dreadnaught.

Hanging over Mos Eisley like a blade held inches above a throat.

Its shadow rewrites the sky.

Cody whispers, almost involuntary:

“...What is that doing here?”

And then your comm system catches a broadcast on open channels—amplified across the system, a voice like iron:

“THIS REGION IS UNDER IMPERIAL PROTECTION.”

“ALL VESSELS WILL SUBMIT TO INSPECTION.”

“RESISTANCE WILL BE DESTROYED.”

Tatooine is still Tatooine.

But now it has a noose around it.

And you are flying straight toward it.

GM Direction: don’t over-explain the dreadnaught yet. Let the questions become fuel. Why here? Who called it? What deal is being enforced? Is it Imperial Remnant, opportunists, or something older wearing Imperial paint?

Event 44 Outcomes

Mandalore is lost to Death Watch—for now. Survivors are hunted. The PCs are fugitives and symbols, and the only clean path back into the fight is to contact Bo-Katan Kryze. The lead points to Mos Eisley, and the immediate obstacle is a system-wide chokehold—an Imperial dreadnaught turning a lawless port into a controlled throat.

ACT XVI — SHADOW OVER THE DUNE SEA

EVENT 45 — ARRIVAL UNDER THE SHADOW

Location: High orbit over Tatooine

Primary Challenge: Piloting / Agility

Secondary Challenge: Tactical judgment under pressure

Purpose

Introduce Imperial pursuit, force the party planetside, and establish that information about Bo-Katan is contested and dangerous.

GM Context

The players arrive at Tatooine expecting

anonymity and find the opposite. An Imperial dreadnaught dominates orbit, its sensor shadow covering the primary population centers. Patrol patterns are aggressive and deliberate. This is not a routine occupation force — it is a dragnet. The Imperials know Mandalorians when they see them. The ship's lack of registration removes any legal cover. Surrender means impoundment, interrogation, and eventual disappearance. This encounter should move quickly. Do not linger on options that end in capture unless the players insist. The intent is flight, resistance, or desperate improvisation.

Read Aloud

The stars stretch and snap back into place — and one of them doesn't belong.

A slab of black hull hangs above the planet, its bulk eclipsing half the sky. Antennae and sensor vanes crawl along its surface like parasites.

Your console lights spike. A tight-beam transmission punches through the static.

“Unregistered vessel. This is the Imperial dreadnaught Discriminator. Power down and prepare for inspection.”

Before you can answer, three TIE fighters peel off from the shadow of the ship and angle toward you, solar panels flaring like knives.

Imperial Response

The dreadnaught immediately begins broad-spectrum jamming over the major settlements. Civilian traffic is being forced to land or rerouted away from the primary cities. The tractor beam is warming up, not yet locked — a clear warning. If the players hesitate, the TIEs close aggressively. If they comply, they are escorted into tractor range within moments.

Challenge Resolution

Successful Agility and Mental Challenges allow the party to evade the tractor envelope and break patrol formation. Partial success results in damage, heat buildup, or sensor tagging. Failure brings the tractor beam online — escape then requires sacrifice: cargo dumped, systems burned out, or someone staying behind at a turret too

long.

EVENT 46 — NO SAFE LANDING

Location: Tatooine surface

Primary Challenge: Strategic choice

Secondary Challenge: Endurance / Survival Purpose

Force the players to choose between exposure and hardship. Establish that information has a price.

GM Context

Once planetside, the jamming becomes absolute. Long-range communications are useless near population centers. The dreadnaught's attention is focused on Mos Eisley and the major spaceports — a fact the players may notice.

Landing near a settlement is fast and easy — and immediately compromises them. Landing far from civilization avoids Imperial notice, but strands them in hostile terrain.

Let the players decide. Both paths are valid. Both have consequences.

EVENT 46A — BETWEEN SETTLEMENTS

Location: Open desert, broken roads, forgotten routes

Primary Challenge: Endurance

Secondary Challenge: Random Encounters

Remote Landing

If the party hides their ship in the desert, canyons, or baked-earth flats, they avoid immediate pursuit. In exchange, they must cross harsh terrain on foot or find transport.

This becomes a travel sequence: heat, dehydration, and exhaustion tests punctuated by encounter rolls. The land itself is the enemy here.

GM Context

If the players don't secure transport—or choose discretion over speed—they travel on foot or unreliable conveyance.

Tatooine is vast. It is not empty.

EVENT 46B — ASKING THE WRONG QUESTIONS

Location: Outlying settlements and farms

Primary Challenge: Social / Deception

Secondary Challenge: Resource management

Settlement Landing

If the party lands near a town or farmstead, word spreads within hours. Credits change hands. An Imperial patrol arrives soon after — scouts first, then troopers.

This results in a combat encounter under poor conditions: civilians present, limited cover, and the risk of collateral damage. Even victory increases the party's notoriety.

Purpose

Begin the search for Bo-Katan while reinforcing that trust is scarce and expensive.

GM Context

No one gives information freely. Locals are afraid, opportunistic, or both. Some know the name Bo-Katan. Others only know that Imperials are paying well for Mandalorian sightings.

The players must barter, bribe, threaten, or perform favors. Each settlement offers fragments: rumors of a woman passing through, mechanics asking odd questions, a bounty posted quietly and pulled down just as quickly.

Endurance challenges continue between locations unless the party secures transport.

Read Aloud

Every conversation feels measured.

Eyes flick to your armor, then away. Credits vanish into sleeves. Doors close a little too quickly.

Someone is selling information — you just don't know who yet.

EVENT 47 — LANE COOLIDGE

Location: Outer moisture farm settlement

Primary Challenge: Negotiation through action

Secondary Challenge: Combat demonstration

Purpose

Introduce a reliable contact and provide a credible path into Mos Eisley.

GM Context

Lane Coolidge is a border mechanic, not a hero. They're competent, tired, and pragmatic.

Currently between contracts, they've taken work keeping vaporators running on the edge of a small settlement.

The farms are under pressure from Sand People raids. The locals see the water as survival. The raiders see it as theft.

Lane will not risk transport into Mos Eisley unless the settlement becomes safer. They don't ask for extermination — just proof that the town is no longer an easy target.

Once Lane is satisfied, they will secret you in a batch of vaporator hulls and drive you into Mos Eisley past Imperial patrols and checkpoints. They know someone they think you'd like to meet.

Read Aloud

The vaporators hum unevenly, patched and re-patched.

Lane wipes their hands on a rag that's seen better years and looks up at you without flinching.

"You're not subtle," they say. "Which means you're either very dangerous... or very dead soon."

They glance toward the dunes.

"Make them hit somewhere else. Then we talk."

The Demonstration

How the players "show force" is deliberately open. Use a travel Challenge to find the Sand People. Note they will almost certainly know where the players are long before the players catch sight of the elusive nomads. Remind them to use the travel time to plan. They might stage an ambush, destroy a raiding party's equipment, lay traps, or make a spectacle visible from afar. Excessive slaughter has consequences; clever deterrence earns respect.

Run this as a contained combat or tactical encounter with environmental factors and limited visibility.

Resolution

Once Lane is satisfied, they will secret you in a batch of vaporator hulls and drive you into Mos Eisley past Imperial patrols and checkpoints. They know someone they think you'd like to

meet.

Failure means the settlement remains under threat — and Lane refuses to move, forcing the party to find another way in under worse conditions.

EVENT 48 — ROAD TO MOS EISLEY

Location: En route to Mos Eisley

Primary Challenge: Maintaining cover

Secondary Challenge: Information synthesis

Purpose

Deliver the party to their next major node while allowing them to infer the truth.

CHAPTER END STATE

By the end of this chapter, the players should understand that they are not the only hunters, that Imperial attention carries real cost, and that Mos Eisley is no longer neutral ground. They should be embedded, however precariously, in the city's social web, with the clear sense that time is no longer on their side.

Bo-Katan is close.

And the Empire is closer than it should be.

EVENT 49 — SMUGGLED THROUGH THE LOCKDOWN

Tone

Claustrophobic infiltration. Suspicion everywhere. A city pretending nothing is wrong.

Scene: The Checkpoint

Location: Imperial checkpoint at the outskirts of Mos Eisley

Primary Challenge: Stealth / Composure

Secondary Challenge: Endurance

GM Context

Lane Coolidge smuggles the players into the locked-down city hidden inside the gutted shells of two large vaporator casings stacked in the back of his transport.

Imperial checkpoints have been established along every access road into Mos Eisley. Cargo inspections are common. The Imperials are hunting someone—and everyone entering the city is suspect.

Read Aloud

Lane is calm. He's done this before.

But the troopers are bored.

And bored stormtroopers improvise.

During the checkpoint inspection, one trooper suggests bringing out scanning equipment. The other decides to test the cargo in a simpler way. He rakes a burst of blaster fire across the scrap vaporator casings.

You smell hot metal before the shooting starts.

Blaster bolts slam into the vaporator casing like a hammerstorm.

The entire shell rings like a bell around you—sparks, heat, shrapnel.

Someone outside laughs.

"See? Scrap."

A few more shots for good measure.

Then silence.

The troopers laugh, convinced they just shredded worthless junk.

Lane is waved through.

The engine revs.

The truck rolls forward.

Make one attack roll against any characters hiding inside the casings.

If the attack hits, the character takes damage normally. Any involuntary cries are drowned out by the sustained blaster fire striking the scrap metal shells.

Scene: Inside the Lockdown

Location: Streets of Mos Eisley

Primary Challenge: Streetwise / Social

Secondary Challenge: Stealth

Read Aloud

Lane drives several blocks deeper into the city before turning sharply into a narrow industrial garage bay.

The back doors slam open.

He doesn't linger.

The doors rip open and harsh sunlight floods the cargo bed.

Lane is already climbing back into the driver's seat.

"Get out. Get moving."

*He wipes grease off his hands onto a rag.
"You're looking for Taba Kosta at the Faaz."
He punches coordinates into your nav system.
"Private club. Don't ask questions. Just go."
Then he pauses.
"And if anyone asks—"
He jerks a thumb toward the street.
"You were never in my truck."
The engine roars and the vehicle disappears back into traffic.
Mos Eisley is not quiet.
It is busy.
The city remains a chaotic blend of industry and street trade. Conveyor belts drag scrap metal through screaming grinders just meters from fruit vendors shouting under umbrella stalls.
Mechanics weld starship panels while moisture farmers barter in alley markets.
But something new stains the city.
White armor.
Stormtrooper patrols sweep every major street.
Navy troopers run checkpoints at intersections.
Imperial Intelligence agents move door-to-door with armed escort teams.
Yet life continues.
It must.
Traffic moves. Crowds bustle. Business continues.
Everyone pretends the occupation is temporary.*

The players must traverse the city to reach the Faaz while avoiding Imperial scrutiny. Run relevant challenges depending on the party's approach:

- blending into crowds
- navigating back streets
- bribing informants
- evading patrols
- acquiring disguises
- impersonating imperials

If combat occurs, it should be fast and quiet. Bodies must be hidden quickly. Imperial jamming has degraded communications across the city—even Imperial forces struggle to coordinate. If the players attempt to call for help, there is no guarantee anyone hears.

Eventually, the players arrive at the Faaz.

Scene: The Faaz

Location: Private club, Mos Eisley

Primary Challenge: Social / Presence

Secondary Challenge: Perception

Read Aloud

*The Faaz is dim and cool inside.
A long counter splits the room like a trench.
Behind it stands a bartender built like a durasteel crate.
The room quiets when you enter.
Eyes follow you.
When you mention the name—
Taba Kosta—
The bartender leans forward slowly.
"You don't look like her kind of problem."
A pause.
"So why are you asking?"*

If negotiations succeed, the bartender taps twice on the counter.

If negotiations fail, the room explodes into blue flashes of stun fire.

Either way—

A panel under the bar slides open.

A woman climbs out from beneath the counter. Calm.

Composed.

And already studying the players.

End of Event 47

The players have made contact with Taba Kosta, a figure who moves freely through Mos Eisley's underworld despite the Imperial lockdown.

Whether the meeting began peacefully or violently, Kosta now knows exactly who they are—and that they came looking for her.

EVENT 50 — THE FAVOR

Tone

Urgent escape. Criminal opportunity. A favor with teeth.

Scene — Imperial Pressure

Location: The Faaz, Mos Eisley

Primary Challenge: Speed / Coordination

Secondary Challenge: Perception

GM Context

The confrontation at the Faaz has drawn attention.

Imperial patrols are converging on the district.

Kosta has already anticipated this.

A concealed door behind the bar opens into a narrow escape corridor leading to a concealed speeder tunnel.

Kosta's crew waits beside a long, narrow high-speed "bullet" speeder designed for rapid transit through the underground lanes beneath Mos Eisley.

There is no debate.

Everyone leaves now.

Read Aloud

Someone at the door looks outside.

"Stormtroopers."

A second voice whispers from the back.

"Two squads."

Taba Kosta sighs like someone whose evening has become inconvenient.

"Time to leave."

The bartender pulls a lever.

The floor behind the bar slides open.

Below waits a narrow tunnel.

And a sleek speeder shaped like a blaster bolt.

"Everyone in," Kosta says.

"We'll talk on the way."

The speeder screams through the tunnel like a fired round.

Kosta leans back in her seat.

"So."

"You came to find me."

"That means you want something."

Her eyes move from one of you to the next.

"And the question becomes..."

She folds her hands.

"What are you willing to pay?"

After hearing their offers, Kosta smiles faintly.

Then she explains the situation.

While the Imperials are flooding Mos Eisley,

Boba Fett has withdrawn to his remote fortress outside the city.

Normally the local underworld operates under his watchful authority.

But with him absent—

Opportunity has appeared.

Kosta's rival, Nadron Hesk, an exotics and information dealer, recently purchased something Kosta had intended to buy herself.

A domesticated blurr.

She wants it back.

And the players are going to get it.

Scene — Nadron Hesk's Front

Location: Outskirts village, Mos Eisley outskirts

Primary Challenge: Infiltration / Mental

Secondary Challenge: Endurance

GM Context

The speeder exits the tunnel far outside the city center.

Kosta leads the players to a quiet, unimpressive hut in a dusty outskirts settlement.

It looks like nothing.

That's the point.

The building is the surface entrance to Nadron Hesk's underground facility.

The players must find a way inside.

Possible approaches include:

- **Mental Challenge:** slicing security locks or bypassing hidden systems
- **Demolitions / Technical Challenge:** breaching reinforced doors
- **Endurance Challenge:** blasting through the exterior wall

Inside the hut is sparse equipment and a turbolift platform leading downward.

A single security droid sits connected to a monitoring console.

If the players disable or bypass it, the lift descends.

Read Aloud

The hut is small.

Quiet.

Too quiet.

Sand scrapes against the metal siding in the wind.

Inside—

A single turbolift.

A security console.

And a droid slumped against the interface ports like a spider on a web.

Below the floor—

The real operation waits.

Scene - Hesk's Underground Showroom

Location: Nadron Hesk's cavern complex

Primary Challenge: Combat / Tactical

Secondary Challenge: Perception

GM Context

The lift descends into a cavern system that has been transformed into a bizarre underground palace.

The rough cave walls are draped in rich tapestries. Elegant carpets cover the stone floor.

Expensive furniture creates a grotesque parody of aristocratic luxury inside natural caves.

This is Nadron Hesk's showroom for exotic animals and rare goods.

Opposition includes:

- Two security droids
- Three to five armed guards

The guards are competent but not elite. Whatever stat block you use, they do not have the Generic special rule.

During the battle, Nadron Hesk briefly appears from a balcony or doorway to assess the situation. He quickly retreats and hides deeper in the complex.

If the players remain long enough, he will eventually attempt to escape using the turbolift.

Read Aloud

The turbolift doors open.

And the cave beyond looks like a palace.

Rich carpets spill across the stone.

Tapestries hang from stalactites.

Expensive furniture stands where cave fungus

should grow.

A voice from somewhere deeper inside says:

"What is the meaning of—"

Blaster fire erupts.

Scene — The Blurr

Location: Holding chamber in the cavern complex

Primary Challenge: Mental / Technical

Secondary Challenge: Power

GM Context

The domesticated Blurr is held inside a reinforced pen deeper in the cave complex.

The enclosure is secured by a heavy control panel and barred gate.

Possible solutions include:

- **Mental Challenge:** slicing the lock
- **Power Challenge:** forcing the bars apart
- **Blaster solution:** destroying the control panel and physically lifting the gate

Inside waits a surprisingly docile creature.

Stacked cans of feed nearby make it easy to earn the blurr's trust.

If fed, the creature happily follows the players.

Read Aloud

The pen opens with a heavy clang.

Inside stands a squat reptilian creature with wide curious eyes.

It sniffs the air.

Tilts its head.

Then trots toward you expectantly.

Behind you sits a stack of animal feed cans.

Apparently—

Someone forgot to warn it about intruders.

Scene — Payment Delivered

Location: Surface hut, outskirts village

Primary Challenge: None

GM Context

Kosta waits outside the hut beside the bullet speeder.

When the players return with the blurr, she kneels down with delighted enthusiasm.

Read Aloud

Kosta crouches as the blurr waddles toward her.

"Oh whosa good boy then?"

She scratches under its chin.

"Whosa good boy?"

The creature wriggles happily and presses against her.

Kosta laughs.

Then she looks up at you.

Now she provides the information the players came for.

Bo-Katan Kryze is hiding under the protection of Boba Fett.

Fett's network has been instructed to capture anyone searching for her and bring them to him.

Kosta straightens and gestures toward the waiting speeder.

Read Aloud

"Bo-Katan is under Fett's protection."

"And his network has been told to deliver anyone looking for her... directly to him."

Kosta smiles faintly.

"Which means we should leave."

She climbs into the speeder.

"Now."

End of Event 50

The players now know where Bo-Katan is hiding—and that reaching her will require navigating the dangerous power structure surrounding Boba Fett.

Event 51 — THE AUDIENCE WITH FETT

Read Aloud

The Dune Sea stretches endlessly in every direction, a pale ocean of wind-carved dunes and buried wreckage. Your vehicle cuts a harsh line through it, engine whining against the open expanse. There are no markers here. No roads. Only direction, memory, and the promise of something waiting far beyond the horizon.

GM Notes

The party is traveling by vehicle.

Do NOT run a Travel Challenge.

Instead, roll on your Random Encounter Table once.

Only interrupt the journey if:

The encounter would physically disrupt travel (ambush, trap, obstruction, pursuit)

Otherwise:

The journey is uninterrupted and quiet, reinforcing isolation and scale.

Read Aloud

The palace emerges from the dunes like a fossilized beast, half-buried and unmoving. Its gates stand open—waiting. Not broken. Not abandoned. Waiting.

Entrance Hall

Upon entry, the party is greeted immediately.

Read Aloud

A Twi'lek in fine but understated attire approaches with measured confidence. Her eyes pass over you briefly, already dismissing you as irrelevant.

"Taba Kosta, you have done well. You are expected. This way."

She acknowledges Taba Kosta only

The party is ignored unless:

They are visibly critically injured

They behave disruptively

She leads the group inward without waiting for consent.

Throne Room

Read Aloud

The throne room is alive with quiet indulgence.

Drink trays pass between shadowed figures.

Laughter flickers in corners but never rises.

Armed men stand still as statues—uniform, disciplined, and watching everything.

At the far end, elevated on a curved, rising dais, sits Boba Fett. The chamber bends around him like gravity itself.

Seated beside him—bright blue armor, sharp posture, and a clean blonde bob—is Bo-Katan Kryze.

Taba Kosta immediately bows:

“I found them, Lord Fett. I found them and brought them right to you, you know, and I... Well, yes. For you.”

Fett dismisses her with a wave.

“You are here for her.”

He gestures to Bo-Katan.

“She owes me a favor. You will leave here with her.”

A pause.

“And you will repay the favor.”

He gestures again—dismissal.

Bo-Katan rises without ceremony and leads the party out.

Event 52 — TERMS OF ALLIANCE

Read Aloud

The noise of the throne room fades behind you. The chamber you enter is smaller, quieter—private. The air feels sharper here, less indulgent, more honest.

Bo-Katan’s Briefing

She turns to the group directly.

“I’ve been searching the galaxy for recruits. The Imperials eventually figured it out and started hunting me.”

“Fett gave me shelter. Not for free.”

She studies you carefully.

“We both knew someone would come looking.”

“So why did you come now?”

GM Instructions

Allow the players to:

Explain Mandalore’s situation

Describe the Forgemaster’s betrayal

Mention the Ithorian colony and hidden settlement

Reaction

When the Forgemaster is mentioned:

“I trusted her...”

Her tone turns cold—controlled anger, not outburst.

Mission Reveal

After hearing the full situation:

“Then we don’t have time.”

She explains Fett’s demand:

Read Aloud

“The dreadnought in orbit isn’t operating at full strength. It’s been refitted—automated. Skeleton crew. Roughly two thousand.”

“Most of its personnel are planetside, sweeping Mos Eisley.”

“Internal security is mostly automated. Centralized.”

She pauses.

“There’s a Controller Droid aboard. Advanced command unit. Clone Wars design. It coordinates everything.”

“Fett wants it.”

GM Clarification

The Controller Droid:

Controls:

Ship-wide automation

Internal defenses

Coordination systems

Removal results in:

Loss of centralized control

Severe operational degradation

Likely withdrawal from orbit

Bo-Katan Continues

“You get that droid, the ship loses its spine.”

“Fett gets his prize.”

“And we walk out of here even.”

Event 53 — INSERTION OPTIONS

Read Aloud

Bo-Katan crosses her arms, shifting from explanation to expectation.

“There are three ways in.”

Option 1 — Silent Infiltration (Stealth)

“Sneak back into Mos Eisley. Find an Imperial-held spaceport. Steal a troop transport.”

Approach:

Full stealth operation

Urban infiltration

High tension, low margin for error

Primary Challenges:

Mental (planning, infiltration)

Agility (movement, evasion)

Social (if blending or deception is attempted)

Option 2 — Captured Entry (Deception / Flying)

“Use a civilian ship—or yours. Get their attention without getting vaporized. Let them pull you in.”

Approach:

Controlled interception

Requires precise piloting and deception

Primary Challenges:

Agility (piloting under threat)

Mental (timing, signal manipulation)

Social (deception if communication occurs)

Option 3 — Shuttle Seizure (Combat)

“Find a patrol shuttle near the outer settlements. They’re running inspections out there.”

Approach:

Direct assault on isolated Imperial unit

Safer due to signal jamming

Leads to legitimate access craft

Primary Challenges:

Combat encounter

Endurance / Power

Quick extraction

GM Notes

All three paths should be viable.

Do NOT signal a “correct” choice

Let players choose based on:
strengths

current condition

preferred playstyle

Each path should:

Lead to boarding the dreadnought

Create different complications later

Closing Line

Bo-Katan finishes:

“Pick your way in.”

“Once you’re aboard...”

She pauses slightly.

“That’s where things get difficult.”

END OF EVENT 53

EVENT 54 — GHOST IN THE WARSHIP

Tone

Tense infiltration. Predatory intelligence. A ship that fights back.

Themes

Man versus machine

Control and counter-control

The illusion of access

Purpose

Board the Imperial dreadnaught, survive the initial trap, and infiltrate its systems to extract the controlling droid that has transformed the ship into a semi-sentient war platform.

Structure

Approach and hail by the dreadnaught

Deceptive clearance and forced docking

Ambush in the hangar bay

Discovery of the controller droid system architecture

Progression through the ship via challenges and encounters

Confrontation with the controller droid

Extraction and collapse of ship-wide systems

Scene 54.1 — The Approach

Location: Low orbit above Tatooine

Primary Challenge: Social / Deception

Secondary Challenge: Insight

GM Context

The players’ stolen ship breaks atmosphere and ascends toward the waiting Imperial dreadnaught.

Soon after entering range, they are hailed.

If the players are using a civilian or non-Imperial

vessel, the officer demands to know their purpose. If they are using a stolen Imperial shuttle, the officer requests orders and identification. The players must pass a Social Challenge to justify their approach. If they succeed, the officer does not truly believe them—but allows docking anyway.

This is intentional.

Read Aloud

The stars sharpen as you clear atmosphere.

Above you—

A wedge of black steel hangs in orbit.

The dreadnaught.

A signal cuts across your comms.

"Unidentified vessel, state your purpose."

A pause.

Then another voice, colder:

"Transmit identification and orders."

Silence waits for your answer.

Regardless of success, a pair of TIE fighters falls in behind the players' ship.

Moments later—

They are seized by a tractor beam and pulled into the hangar bay.

Scene 54.2 — The Trap

Location: Dreadnaught hangar bay

Primary Challenge: Combat / Initiative

Secondary Challenge: Tactical Positioning

GM Context

The docking bay is not welcoming.

A full squad of stormtroopers stands ready, led by a deck officer.

This was always a trap.

The moment the players disembark, combat begins.

All allied NPCs present—surviving pirates and Bo-Katan Kryze—act immediately.

Roll initiative.

Read Aloud

The ship slams into place.

Docking clamps engage with a heavy clang.

The ramp lowers—

And a line of stormtroopers waits beyond it.

Weapons raised.

A deck officer steps forward.

"You are not cleared to—"

Blaster fire erupts.

Once the security team is defeated, the players gain access to the ship interior.

But something feels—

Wrong.

Scene 54.3 — The Living System

Location: Dreadnaught interior corridors

Primary Challenge: Mental / Slicing

Secondary Challenge: Perception

GM Context

As the players begin interacting with ship systems, they discover something unprecedented.

The ship is not merely controlled.

It is inhabited.

A controller droid has been directly interfaced with the dreadnaught's systems, forming a secondary "nervous system" layered over its infrastructure.

All system interactions fall into three categories:

- Major System Control (Challenge 9): Weapons, engines, full system override
- Local System Control (Challenge 7): Doors, turrets, localized defenses
- System Disruption (Challenge 5): Tracking interference, sensor disruption, lift randomization, automated targeting interference

Whenever a player attempts to slice or interact with a system—

The droid responds.

It speaks through the ship.

It identifies itself as a Slicer, and treats the ship as its body.

It considers most beings irrelevant.

But skilled operators—
Are worth engaging.

Read Aloud

You access a terminal.

The interface flickers—

Then changes.

Reorganizing.

Watching you.

A voice comes through the ship itself.

"Interesting."

A pause.

"You are not authorized."

Another pause.

"But you are... capable."

The droid begins a running dialogue with the players.

Its tone evolves based on their actions:

- *respectful toward skilled slicing*
- *dismissive toward brute force*
- *hostile if repeatedly opposed*
- *curious if engaged intelligently*

Scene 54.4 — Through the Hull

Location: Mid-deck systems and corridors

Primary Challenge: Travel / Endurance or Agility

Secondary Challenge: Combat / Adaptation

GM Context

The players must navigate toward the secondary engineering bridge, where the controller droid is physically housed.

Use a series of travel challenges combined with your Capital Ship Random Encounter Table.

After leaving the hangar deck, organic crew presence becomes minimal.

This level is dominated by:

- automated defenses
- security droids
- environmental hazards
- system-controlled obstacles

The ship actively resists their progress.

Turbolifts misroute.

Doors lock.

Defenses activate.

The droid is testing them.

Read Aloud

The corridors stretch long and empty.

Too empty.

Lights flicker as you pass.

A door ahead seals itself shut.

Behind you—another opens.

The voice returns.

"You persist."

A hint of something new enters its tone.

"Good."

Scene 54.5 — The Controller

Location: Secondary engineering bridge

Primary Challenge: Combat / Precision

Secondary Challenge: Mental / Interface
Disruption

GM Context

The players reach the secondary engineering bridge.

The room is dominated by a central control station.

Seated within it—

The controller droid.

A dozen heavy cables run from the console into its body and head, embedding it into the ship's systems.

It does not immediately attack.

It addresses the players based on their prior interactions.

This is the culmination of their evolving relationship.

The encounter may begin with dialogue—

But it will end with disconnection.

Read Aloud

The doors open.

The room hums with power.

At its center—

A droid sits in a throne of cables.

Thick lines run from the console into its frame.

Into its head.

Into its spine.

The ship breathes through it.

The voice speaks again.

Closer now.

*"You have come very far."
Once the players disable or overpower the droid,
they must physically disconnect it.
Each cable removed weakens system cohesion.
When the final cable is pulled—
The effect is immediate.*

Scene 54.6 — Collapse

Location: Secondary engineering bridge

Primary Challenge: Extraction Planning

Secondary Challenge: None

GM Context

With the final disconnection:

- power regulation destabilizes
- sensor systems fail
- engine output drops
- automated systems cease functioning

The ship loses cohesion.

Security feeds show multiple Imperial assault teams converging on the players' location.

However—

For the moment—

The path out is clear.

They have only minutes.

End the mission here.

Read Aloud

The final cable comes free.

The droid goes still.

And the ship...

Falters.

Lights dim.

Engines stutter.

Displays flicker into static.

Somewhere deep in the hull—

Something massive winds down.

Your comms crackle with distant shouting.

Boots.

Orders.

They are coming.

But not fast enough.

End of Event 54

The players have severed the mind controlling the

dreadnaught, leaving the vessel crippled and vulnerable. They depart in their ship and return to Boba Fett. He accepts the droid eagerly, offers healing and refreshment, then suggests you all leave his world without delay. You set course to Mandalore.

For Random Encounters during Travel Challenges on Capital Ships, use this table:

Capital Ship Encounter Table:

1. Patrol Intersection

A squad of stormtroopers rounds the corner mid-conversation.

Twist: They're arguing about orders—one may hesitate if challenged confidently.

2. Malfunctioning Blast Doors

A corridor is sealed by flickering blast doors cycling open/closed.

Options: Time movement carefully, override controls, or crawl maintenance ducts.

3. KX Security Droid Sweep

A towering KX unit scans the corridor.

Play it like your campaign: It can be talked down, misdirected, or fought.

Hook: It recognizes Mandalorian armor as a historical threat.

4. Officer Inspection

A junior Imperial officer demands identification.

Escalation: Failure triggers a silent alarm—not immediate combat.

5. Troop Deployment Prep

A hangar bay is active with troops loading into dropships.

Opportunity: Sabotage, steal gear, or hitch a ride.

6. Medical Bay – Unethical Experiment

A restrained alien is being used for testing.

Moral choice: Free them (risk alarm) or extract intel quietly.

7. Turbolift Ambush

The lift opens to reveal enemies—or opens behind your group.

Variation: Power flickers mid-ascent.

8. Reactor Coolant Leak

A corridor is filling with superheated vapor.

Challenge: Endurance or Mental checks to navigate safely.

Failure: Damage or forced retreat.

9. Comms Interception

A nearby console crackles with live orders.

Intel: Reveals troop movements, lockdowns, or a secret project.

10. Armory Locker Room

Unlocked weapon racks and armor crates.

Catch: Inventory is monitored—removal flags the system.

11. Imperial Intelligence Sweep

Black-uniform agents conduct a quiet search.

Tone: Tense, silent, deadly.

They don't shout—they eliminate.

12. Droid Maintenance Bay

Inactive droids hang from racks.

Twist: One activates unexpectedly—or can be reprogrammed.

13. Gravity Fluctuation

Artificial gravity stutters.

Effect: Movement becomes erratic; ranged attacks harder.

14. Officer Argument Escalates

Two officers argue over conflicting orders.

Exploit: Impersonate authority, forge orders, or sow confusion.

15. Brig Detention Block

Cells hold prisoners—rebels, civilians, or something worse.

Hook: One prisoner knows something critical.

16. Hull Breach Warning

Klaxons blare—section decompressing.

Immediate pressure: Seal bulkheads or evacuate.

Visual: Bodies and debris pulled toward vacuum.

17. Mess Hall Tension

Off-duty troopers eating, relaxed but armed.

Stealth/social encounter: Blend in or avoid entirely.

18. Hidden Maintenance Crawlspace

Access panel leads to tight internal passageways.

Benefit: Bypass security.

Risk: Claustrophobic, possibly occupied.

19. Experimental Tech Lab

Prototype weapon or device under testing.

Options: Steal, sabotage, or trigger catastrophic malfunction.

20. Bridge Alert Lockdown

The ship enters high alert.

All doors seal, patrols double, communications jammed.

This encounter escalates everything currently in play.

EVENT 55 — THE SPEAR RETURNS

Tone

Homecoming under siege. Earned recognition.

The beginning of reclamation.

Themes

Return and responsibility

Inheritance of leadership

Reclaiming what was lost

Purpose

Return the players to Mandalore, establish the Imperial occupation of Mandalore One, elevate the players into full Mandalorians under Bo-Katan's authority, and begin the final liberation assault.

Structure

Return from hyperspace

Debrief aboard the Kalon's Adventure

Promotion ceremony

Preparation for the assault

Warning from Kal and Kiki
Reconnaissance and revised battle plan
Ground infiltration at Mandalore One
Neutralization of Imperial defenses
Liberation of the compound
Judgment of the traitors

Scene 55.1 — Homeworld

Location: Orbit above Mandalore

Primary Challenge: None

GM Context

The players escape the Imperial blockade and jump to hyperspace.

When they emerge—

Mandalore waits below.

The planet remains scarred and lifeless from orbit, its surface a swirl of pale grey and dirty green.

Two capital ships are visible in orbit:

- The Nebulon-B frigate Kalon's Adventure
- Victory-class Star Destroyer Arsonist

The destroyer maintains a defensive posture, having clearly learned from its prior engagement with the Mandalorian fleet.

Steady supply shuttle traffic moves between the destroyer and the surface base previously infiltrated by the players.

Soon after arrival, Captain Batch hails them.

Read Aloud

Hyperspace streaks collapse into stars.

Mandalore hangs beneath you.

Grey.

Green.

Wounded.

Two warships drift above the world.

One familiar. Warming.

The other is also familiar, but the sight of it slides a frozen dagger into your guts.

A red Imperial signature flashes across your sensors.

ARSONIST.

Then your comm crackles alive.

"Mandalore be praised!"

A laugh follows.

"You're back!"

The players recognize the voice of Captain Batch,

commander of the Kalon's Adventure.

He requests immediate docking for debriefing.

Scene 55.2 — The Situation

Location: Kalon's Adventure briefing chamber

Primary Challenge: Strategic Discussion

Secondary Challenge: Insight

GM Context

Captain Batch informs the players of the current crisis.

The Imperial Remnant has exploited the Mandalorian schism and seized control of Mandalore One.

Many Mandalorians are being held prisoner inside the compound.

The fleet has prepared for an aerial assault—

But hoped the players would return first.

Before discussion can continue, Bo-Katan Kryze interrupts.

She immediately orders an advancement ceremony.

Read Aloud

"The Imperials moved fast."

Batch gestures toward a tactical display.

"They took Mandalore One."

The image rotates.

White Imperial markers spread across your home.

"We've got prisoners inside."

"We were preparing an assault but—"

A sharp voice cuts across the room.

"No."

Bo-Katan steps forward.

"First things first."

Her gaze settles on you.

"My honor guard cannot be apprentices."

Scene 55.3 — Advancement

Location: Ceremony chamber aboard Kalon's Adventure

Primary Challenge: None

GM Context

An hour later, the players stand before gathered Mandalorians.

Their actions have exceeded every expectation placed upon them.

They are formally recognized as full Mandalorians.

Cody is promoted alongside them for his recovery operations rescuing isolated Mandalorians after the betrayal.

The players are now members of Bo-Katan's honor guard and will form the spearhead of the coming assault.

At this point, allow players to select one Calling-only ability to use during the final assault campaign.

Read Aloud

The forge burns hot.

Helmets line the chamber walls.

Mandalorians stand silent as Bo-Katan approaches.

"You crossed deserts."

"You crossed warships."

"You crossed betrayal."

She pauses.

"And you returned."

Her hand settles against her chestplate.

"Rise."

"As Mandalorians."

Scene 55.4 — The Armory

Location: Kalon's Adventure armory

Primary Challenge: Social / Reflection

Secondary Challenge: Preparation

GM Context

The players prepare for the coming assault.

Weapons are issued.

Armor repaired.

Explosives counted.

This is an opportunity for roleplay and reflection before the final operation begins.

Cody catches up with the players while loading equipment.

Encourage conversation about:

- where the players have been
- what happened after the betrayal
- what they intend to bring into battle
- fears, expectations, or hopes

Read Aloud

The armory smells like oil and scorched metal.

Cody tosses a power pack into a crate.

"So."

He grins tiredly.

"Where ya been?"

Another rifle goes into the rack.

"What happened out there?"

He gestures vaguely toward the planet below.

"And what in the stars happened here?"

He looks over your gear.

"More importantly—"

"What're you bringing with you?"

Scene 55.5 — The Warning

Location: Assault shuttle descending toward Mandalore One

Primary Challenge: Piloting

Secondary Challenge: Missile Neutralization

GM Context

The assault force begins deployment.

As the shuttle descends through Mandalore's electrified cloud layers, the players receive a sudden tight-beam transmission.

The signal identifies itself as Kal and Kiki.

They warn the players the Imperial defenses are prepared and hidden.

The assault must be called off immediately.

Read Aloud

Lightning flashes across the clouds outside the shuttle.

Turbulence rattles the hull.

Then—

A signal cuts through the static.

"CALL IT OFF."

"HIDDEN AIR DEFENSES."

"IMPERIALS PREPARED."

A burst of coordinates follows.

"FOLLOW MY COORDINATES."

"KAL AND KIKI."

After discussion, Bo-Katan concludes the warning must be trusted.

The shuttle begins to climb back into transmission range before diverting toward the coordinates. A wailing alarm blasts through the cockpit as sensors detect a rapid target lock from the ground and a pair of incoming missiles.

Deal with them. Jamming? Fancy flying? Laser turret? Abandon ship?

Scene 55.6 — Ghosts in the Ravine

Location: Narrow canyon ravine, Mandalore

Primary Challenge: Perception

Secondary Challenge: Social

GM Context

The coordinates lead into a deep ravine.

Eventually the players discover two dull six-foot spherical shells partially concealed among the rocks.

The shells open briefly.

Kiki emerges first.

Thin.

Dark-haired.

Sharp-eyed.

She gives only a brief statement before retreating.

Kal never fully emerges.

Instead, a small viewing port opens and ejects a data slate.

Their tone implies they have been surviving here like ghosts among the dead world.

Read Aloud

The canyon narrows until the shuttle can go no further.

You continue on foot.

Eventually—

Two dull spheres sit among the rocks.

One unfolds.

A thin woman with tangled black hair steps out.

"You guys got a huge mess to clean up."

She points toward the horizon.

"Get those imps off my world."

She retreats immediately.

The second shell opens only a slit.

A small data slate ejects outward.

Kal's voice crackles through a speaker.

"Figured you'd come back."

"Like a ghost."

"Over and over."

A dry laugh.

"Anyway, ghost—"

"Time for the dead to fight the dead."

"Back to your tomb."

The data reveals critical intelligence:

- Four structures inside Mandalore One conceal pop-up missile and laser batteries

- A network of sensors covers the obvious hill approaches around the dry lakebed compound

The original assault plan would have been catastrophic.

The players must now formulate a new strategy.

Cody is sent back to relay the revised plan to the fleet.

The ground operation begins.

Scene 55.7 — Outer Patrol

Location: Hills surrounding Mandalore One

Primary Challenge: Stealth / Tactical

Secondary Challenge: Combat

GM Context

The players and Bo-Katan approach Mandalore One on foot.

The compound is now visibly occupied by Imperial forces.

White-armored sentries stand atop the walls.

Beyond the perimeter patrols:

- One AT-ST

- One scanning probe droid

The patrol moves roughly one hundred yards from the walls.

The players must determine how to approach.

AT-ST

Speed: 50

Defense: 20

Durability: 4

3 Medium Repeating Blaster Cannons (fire as one)

1 Missile Launcher (use Pack Missile, once per turn maximum)

Read Aloud

Mandalore One rises from the dry lakebed ahead. Home.

Occupied.

An AT-ST stalks beyond the walls.

A probe droid floats beside it, scanning the darkness.

Above the battlements—

Stormtroopers watch your home through Imperial

visors.

Scene 55.8 — Breaking the Walls

Location: Mandalore One perimeter and interior

Primary Challenge: Combat / Assault

Secondary Challenge: Sabotage

GM Context

Six elite range troopers defend the wall sections.

Elite Range Troopers

Defense: 12 (+ wall cover)

Fatigue: 3

+3 attack

Heavy Blaster Rifles

Not Generic

Inside the compound are:

- At least two dozen stormtroopers
- One Imperial officer
- Four buildings containing hidden anti-air systems

At least two anti-air structures must be neutralized before the fleet assault can proceed safely.

The players may also discover approximately twenty captive Mandalorians imprisoned inside a barracks building.

Allow the players freedom in planning and execution.

This is the liberation of Mandalore One.

Read Aloud

Blaster fire echoes across the lakebed.

Imperial alarms begin to scream.

*And somewhere inside the compound—
Mandalorians wait in chains.*

Scene 55.9 — Judgment

Location: Mandalore One aftermath

Primary Challenge: Moral Judgment

Secondary Challenge: Leadership

GM Context

With the compound liberated, Bo-Katan turns her attention to the traitor faction responsible for the betrayal.

She specifically asks the players for their opinion.

After all—

They were the first targets.

Allow discussion and player input.

Unless the Structure Inflicter believes a player solution better suits the campaign, Bo-Katan ultimately renders judgment:

The traitors will receive one final opportunity to redeem themselves—

By leading the assault against the Victory-class Star Destroyer Arsonist.

Read Aloud

Smoke drifts across Mandalore One.

The forge burns again.

Bo-Katan removes her helmet slowly.

"The betrayers."

Her voice is calm.

"What would you do with them?"

She studies you carefully.

"You were the first they tried to kill."

After hearing the players, Bo-Katan gives her ruling.

One final chance.

One final battle.

Read Aloud

"Then let them earn Mandalore in death."

She turns toward the stars.

"Prepare the assault."

End of Event 55

Mandalore One has been reclaimed.

The Imperials have been driven back.

The forge burns once more.

And now—

At last—

The process of reclaiming Mandalore can truly begin again.

Reclaiming Mandalore Character Sheet

Player Name

Character Name

Character Personality

Background

Combat Fatigue

Armor

OOOOOO

Head _____

Torso _____

Lower Legs _____ / _____

Upper Legs _____ / _____

Lower Arms _____ / _____

Upper Arms _____ / _____

(If split numbers match, add that number to Defense; if unmatched, add lower number to Defense)

Motivation

Action Points

OOOOO

Attributes - Fatigue

Power ___ / OOO

Agility ___ / OOO

Endurance ___ / OOO

Mental ___ / OOO

Social ___ / OOO

Attunement ___ / OOO

Total Defense _____

(Armor+Agility+Skill
Bonuses)

Signet Beast _____

Signet Relic _____

Current Loadout

Skill Trainings

Equipment Trainings

Critical Injuries

Reclaiming Mandalore Character Sheet

Player Name

Character Name

Rifleman Template Character

Character Personality

Independent

Moody

Impatient

Enthusiastic

Nervous

Fearful

Background

Survivor in Hiding

Motivation

Fear

Attributes - Fatigue

Power 3 / 000

Agility 3 / 000

Endurance 4 / 000

Mental 2 / 000

Social ___ / 000

Attunement ___ / 000

Combat Fatigue

000000

Action Points

00000

Total Defense

(Armor+Agility+Skill

Bonuses)

Signet Beast

Signet Relic

Armor

Head

Torso

Lower Legs /

Upper Legs /

Lower Arms /

Upper Arms /

(If split numbers match, add that

number to Defense; if unmatched,

add lower number to Defense)

Current Loadout

Heavy Blaster Rifle

Vibroblade

Helmet Comms

Skill Trainings

Rifle Practice

Heavy Blaster Specialization

Crack Shot

Shake it Off

Motivation

Defensive Duellist

Equipment Trainings

Blaster Training

Helmet Electronics Training

Melee Training

Critical Injuries

Reclaiming Mandalore Character Sheet

Player Name

Character Name

Melee Specialist Template Character

Character Personality

Energetic
Organized
Clingy
Loyal
Cowardly
Empathetic

Background

Traditional Cadre

Motivation

Exhilaration

Attributes - Fatigue

Power 3 / 000
Agility 4 / 000
Endurance 2 / 000
Mental 2 / 000
Social ___ / 000
Attunement ___ / 000

Combat Fatigue

000000

Action Points

00000

Total Defense

(Armor+Agility+Skill Bonuses)

Signet Beast

Signet Relic

Armor

Head
Torso
Lower Legs
Upper Legs
Lower Arms
Upper Arms

(If split numbers match, add that number to Defense; if unmatched, add lower number to Defense)

Current Loadout

Vibroblade
Wrist Lariat Launcher
Helmet Comms

Skill Trainings

Small Blade Specialization
Melee Practice
Melee Prodigy
Surgical Strike
Raise Tempo
Blood Frenzy
Dip, Duck, Dive, Dodge, and Duck

Equipment Trainings

Melee Training
Helmet Electronics Training
Lariat Training

Critical Injuries

Reclaiming Mandalore Character Sheet

Player Name

Character Name

Field Medic Template Character

Character Personality

Honest

Mean

Lazy

Calm

Gloomy

Ambitious

Background

Non-Mandalorian

Motivation

Hope

Attributes - Fatigue

Power 3 / 000

Agility 2 / 000

Endurance 4 / 000

Mental ___ / 000

Social 3 / 000

Attunement ___ / 000

Combat Fatigue

OOOOOO

Action Points

OOOOO

Total Defense _____

(Armor+Agility+Skill
Bonuses)

Signet Beast _____

Signet Relic _____

Armor

Head _____

Torso _____

Lower Legs _____ / _____

Upper Legs _____ / _____

Lower Arms _____ / _____

Upper Arms _____ / _____

(If split numbers match, add that number to Defense; if unmatched, add lower number to Defense)

Current Loadout

Blaster Rifle

Medical Kit

Helmet Comms

Skill Trainings

Blaster Rifle Specialization

First Response

Call To Action

Combat Medic

Pack it and Strap it

Sprint

Equipment Trainings

Blaster Training

Medical Kit

Helmet Electronics

Critical Injuries

Reclaiming Mandalore Character Sheet

Player Name

Character Name

Support Specialist Template

Character Personality

- Ambitious
- Helpful
- Driven
- Caring
- Funny
- Bossy

Background

Raised Mandalorian

Motivation

Escape

Attributes - Fatigue

Power 3 / 000
 Agility 2 / 000
 Endurance 2 / 000
 Mental 4 / 000
 Social ___ / 000
 Attunement ___ / 000

Combat Fatigue

000000

Action Points

00000

Total Defense _____

(Armor+Agility+Skill Bonuses)

Signet Beast _____

Signet Relic _____

Armor

Head _____
 Torso _____
 Lower Legs _____ / _____
 Upper Legs _____ / _____
 Lower Arms _____ / _____
 Upper Arms _____ / _____

(If split numbers match, add that number to Defense; if unmatched, add lower number to Defense)

Current Loadout

- Advanced Slicing Gear
- Helmet Comms
- Vambrace Charges
- Grenades
- Concussion Grenades
- Wrist Flamer
- Blaster Rifle

Skill Trainings

- Professional Slicer
- Tireless Mind
- Logic Training
- Precision Demolitions
- Figure it Out
- Scout Veteran

Equipment Trainings

- Helmet Electronics
- Explosives Training
- Cyber Security Training
- Blaster Training
- Melee Training
- Flame Thrower Training

Critical Injuries

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