

The Merc

**STAR
WARS**Character
Template

Character Name _____

Player Name _____

Height _____ Weight _____

Sex _____ Age _____

Physical Description _____

DEXTERITY ____ 3D+2

Blaster _____ 5D+2

Brawling Parry _____ 4D+2

Dodge _____

Grenade _____

Heavy Weapons _____

Melee Parry _____ 4D

Melee _____ 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE ____ 2D+2

Alien Races _____

Bureaucracy _____

Cultures _____

Languages _____

Planetary Systems _____

Streetwise _____

Survival _____

Technology _____

MECHANICAL ____ 2D+2

Astrogation _____

Beast Riding _____

Repulsorlift Op. _____

Starship Gunnery _____ 3D

Starship Piloting _____

Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION ____ 2D+1

Bargain _____

Command _____

Con _____

Gambling _____

Hide/Sneak _____ 3D+1

Search _____

STRENGTH ____ 3D+2

Brawling _____ 4D

Climbing/Jumping _____

Lifting _____

Stamina _____

Swimming _____

TECHNICAL ____ 3D

Comp. Prog./Repair _____

Demolition _____ 4D

Droid Prog./Repair _____

Medicine _____

Repulsorlift Repair _____

Security _____

Starship Repair _____

The Merc

Equipment *VIBROAXE (DMG: STR+2D)*

uniform of your unit	comlink
blaster rifle	backpack
melee weapon of your choice	protective helmet 2000 credits standard

Background: The Company meant everything to you. You joined up as a kid, raw off the farm, eager to find the camaraderie you'd only known from vidshows. It was everything you thought it would be. You fought with the Company through two grueling battles, surviving more by luck and with the help of friends than by skill. Blooded in combat, you became a full-fledged member of the finest body of men and women in the galaxy — loyal, dependable, and true. Someday, you hoped to be everything that they were.

Then came the battle. The Empire hired you to defend a base and told you there'd be reinforcements if there was trouble.

Then the Rebels came. You fought desperately. Men and women died. Again and again the call went out for reinforcements. They never came.

Later, you learned you'd been betrayed. They never planned to rescue you. Mercenaries, they figured, were expendable.

So many friends gone. So much lost forever. Your whole future — destroyed. This time, you won't fight for pay. This time, you'll fight for revenge.

Personality: Inclined to depression and nostalgia for lost comrades. You're an individualist (the Company taught you that), but you work smoothly as part of an organization (the Company taught you that, too). You get along well with just about everyone.

A Quote: "Sergeant Harbon told me something about a time like this on Ferton."

Connection With Other Characters: You might have been hired by the family of any Senatorial or Noble at some time. You might have helped occupy the planet of the Armchair Historian, Brash Pilot, Outlaw, or Mon Calamari. Your Company may have hired the Smugler or Bounty Hunter at one time, or have been swindled by the Gambler.

Force
PointsDark Side
PointsWound
StatusSkill
Points**STAR
WARS**