

LIEUTENANT RANNA "WING-RIPPER" GORJAYE

The fiery tempered red-haired beauty named Ranna Gorjaye is the flight commander for the *FarStar's* complement of starfighters — although at times one could mistake her for the *FarStar's* captain. She knows how to get her job done without wasting pilots or starfighters. While she might be abrasive and pushy at times, Gorjaye is a valued member of the *FarStar* command team.

Gorjaye takes no guff from anyone — on the flight deck, in formation and in combat, her word is law. Anyone who disagrees with her can sit out the next mission. She has supreme trust in her abilities and her pilots. Gorjaye is a hard taskmaster, though, and insists that her pilots pay close attention during briefings, hang on every order she gives, and execute her orders perfectly and without question. This discipline keeps the *FarStar's* pilots alive — when it's disobeyed, people die in combat and starships are lost.

Gorjaye is the scourge of the docking bay. She's often found yelling orders, bossing the technicians around, and chewing out anyone who's getting in the way. To Gorjaye, having all craft in "ready" status is the optimal state of operation — unfortunately, this is rarely the case. The docking hangar is her domain, and anyone questioning her authority there, or trying to usurp it, is quickly and ruthlessly corrected.

Gorjaye was initially a squadron leader in the New Republic task force which drove Moff Sarne from Kal'Shebbol. She didn't choose to serve on the *FarStar*; she was assigned to the duty, and she's very upset about being dumped on this "losers' mission." Gorjaye doesn't trust the "hot-shot commandos" or the *FarStar* command team — she thinks they're going to get everyone killed and that they don't plan before they act. She firmly believes that the *FarStar's* situation would be better if she were in charge. Occasionally Gorjaye visits the bridge to dole out her free advice and tactical know-how. She doesn't get along with Ciro or Adrimetum, although Captain Ciro's younger brother, Noell, has a good deal of faith in Gorjaye, which has caused Captain Ciro to modify his views. Adrimetum and Gorjaye particularly don't agree — while they may agree on the end result, they argue over the finer points of how to achieve it. When barking out her free advice on the *FarStar's* bridge, Gorjaye is often asked to leave — in more critical times, she's sometimes escorted away.

Unlike most of the *FarStar's* crew, Gorjaye makes sure her peers and underlings know about her colorful past. She often boasts of her years of starfighter service with the Rebel Alliance and the New Republic, quoting battles and actions nonchalantly to add authenticity to her authority. Her greatest achievement — the one she

mentions most often — is her training and graduation at the top of her class from the Raithal Academy's flight corps program.

But while she brags about her past, a good deal of it remains in shadow. Gorjaye won't admit this, but she grew up on Salliche, in the Core Worlds, where she joined the Salliche Student Militia, a military training program for young people. Here she learned to fly Z-95 Headhunters in training, and won her scholarship to the Raithal Academy's flight school. She graduated from the top of her class. After that, it's uncertain what happened to Gorjaye. Rumors abound that she was an elite TIE fighter pilot. Some stories have circulated that she gained a good deal of her combat and survival training after being shot down — whether this happened when Gorjaye was a TIE pilot or a cadet at Raithal is unknown. Most of her peers get the impression that she joined the Rebellion soon after graduating from the Academy, although her reasons for defecting are unknown.



Chris Mosier

■ Lieutenant Ranna "Wing-Ripper" Gorjaye

Type: Brash Pilot

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 6D+2, brawling parry 4D, dodge 5D+2, melee combat 5D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Bureaucracy 4D, intimidation 6D+1, planetary systems 4D+2, tactics: starfighter 5D, streetwise 4D, survival 5D+2, willpower 4D

MECHANICAL 4D

Astrogation 6D, communications 5D, repulsorlift operations 5D+2, sensors 5D, starfighter piloting 7D, starfighter piloting: X-wing 8D+1, starfighter piloting: Z-95 9D+2, starship gunnery 9D, starship shields 7D

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 4D+2, command 6D, persuasion 4D, search 4D, sneak 5D+2

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 5D+2, climbing/jumping 5D, stamina 4D

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 4D, demolition 4D+2, first aid 5D, security 4D, starfighter repair 5D

Force Points: 3

Character Points: 12

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), flight suit and helmet, knife (STR+1D), medpac

SURVIVAL CLASS

Gorjaye was furious. It was a simple training patrol gone all to hell because of an overconfident and underskilled wingman: the kid crowded her formation and clipped her fighter's wing. Both fighters went down, right into the middle of the Wilds, an overgrown jungle filled with swampy lowlands, insect swarms and bloodthirsty predators.

After the fighter stopped skidding and thumped against a tree, Gorjaye forced open the bent canopy before the other kid could even unstrap. Ripping her flight helmet off, Gorjaye manually opened the hatch to Calson's fighter and dragged the disoriented trainee out. When he found his footing, he pushed Gorjaye away. "I can take care of myself," Calson spat.

"Listen, bud," Gorjaye sneered. "I'm not the idiot who crowded formation. If you had followed my orders, we wouldn't be down here. And if we're going to get out of the Wilds without some corvaj ripping our livers out, you're going to follow my orders, got it?"

Calson stepped back, brushing himself off. "I'm not taking orders from some woman."

"Damn straight you are," Gorjaye spat back. "You're part of my command; I'm responsible for your sorry hide."

Calson huffed, then rummaged through his cockpit for his survival gear. Gorjaye pulled the directional transponder from her own gear bag and took some readings, checking them on a datapad map of the planet.

"I've got a small settlement 17 kilometers northwest," she said. "I suggest we start out now while we still have a few hours of light." She stowed the map and pulled the service blade from her pack.

"No way I'm going with you," Calson said. "I saw something back there when we were going down, and I'm going to investigate."

"You're coming with me, and that's an order," Gorjaye said.

"I'm relieving myself of your command," Calson sneered. "You're just going to get us killed out here." The junior officer slung his gear bag and began shooting a trail through the underbrush with his blaster.

Gorjaye gave up. She wasn't going to let some rowdy runt endanger her safety. Cutting a path with her service blade, Gorjaye headed northwest toward the settlement.

It wasn't long before she heard a distant Human scream and the snarl of a corvaj ambushing its prey.