

Species
Nightbrother

Heroic Surge

Skill	A/D	Att	Bonus
Acrobatics		Dex	+1
Athletics		Str	+4
Deception		Cha	-2
Endurance		Con	+1
Investigation		Int	-1
Intimidation		Cha	-2
Insight		Wis	+5
K. Galactic		Int	-1
K. Sciences		Int	-1
K. Tactics		Int	-1
Mechanics		Int	-1
Perception		Wis	+3
Persuasion		Cha	-2
Pilot		Dex	+1
Stealth		Dex	+1
Survival		Wis	+5
Treat Injury		Wis	+3
Use Computer		Int	-1
Use the Force		Wis	+7

Allowed: 98

Species and Class Traits / Force Powers

[illegible]

Character Backstory and Roleplaying Tips

Dhron Daal was born beneath the iron skies of Dathomir, in the blood-soaked ravines of Nightbrother territory where strength is survival and weakness is a death sentence. From childhood, he fought — not for glory, but simply to endure the brutal rites of his clan. His early years were marked by bruised knuckles, spear drills, and endless contests of dominance among boys raised to be weapons.

But Dhron was different.

Where other Nightbrothers embraced rage without thought, Dhron felt something simmering beneath the fury — a silent, heavy pressure in his chest that flared during conflict. At thirteen, during a ritual combat trial, that pressure erupted outward as raw kinetic force that hurled his opponent ten feet through the dust. The elders recognized the gift immediately.

Witch-blood. The spark of a Force-touched warrior.

This brought both fear and expectation. Nightbrothers with Force talent are valuable... and watched carefully. The witches found him volatile, too blunt to bend to their rituals. The warriors found him strange, too thoughtful behind the eyes for a proper berserker. So Dhron found himself trapped between two worlds — feared by the trained, distrusted by the mystic.

He endured anyway.

In secret, he trained alone, meditating in the shadow of the Singing Mountain and practicing crude forms of Force manipulation. He pushed boulders. Pulled fallen trees. Learned to channel his frenzy, not drown in it. And over time, he discovered a dangerous truth:

He did not want to be used by the witches, nor controlled by the Nightbrothers.
He wanted to leave Dathomir—
to choose his own path.

When he finally departed at age twenty-one, it was not with celebration but with quiet understanding. Some of his clan believed he would die off-world. Others believed he would return stronger. Dhron made no promises either way.

Now he walks the galaxy with a spear in hand and the Force at his back — a warrior shaped by brutality, disciplined by solitude, and driven by a hunger to discover what power means outside the chains of Dathomir.

He speaks little. Watches much. And when the fury breaks loose, the ground itself seems to recoil.

Roleplaying Tips:

- **Quiet and stoic:** He speaks rarely and only when necessary; words are tools, not decoration.
- **Controlled anger:** Rage exists in him, but he clamps down on it until it's needed — then unleashes it with terrifying precision.
- **Warrior-philosopher vibe:** He thinks deeply but expresses simply; short statements with weight.
- **Instinct over charm:** Struggles with persuasion or reading emotions — relies on intuition, survival sense, and physical presence.
- **Protective by nature:** He bonds slowly, but once he does, he becomes fiercely loyal and throws himself into danger for allies without hesitation.