

Character Name

Ivi Marran

Class

Soldier

LVL

1

PB

+2

Species

Kessurian

Attribute

70

Mod

ST

STR

9

-1

+1

DEX

16

+3

+5

CON

14

+2

+2

INT

12

+1

+1

WIS

10

+0

0

CHA

9

-1

-1

Initiative

AC

HP Curr

HP Max

HP Temp

Speed

Size

Force Points Max

Force Points Current

0

6 sq

M

Weapon

Attribute

Range

Att

Damage

Heroic Surge

Blaster Pistol

DEX

50 ft

+6

1d10

Survival Knife

DEX

5 ft

+5

1d4+3

Proficiencies:

Melee (Simple), Ranged (Light)

Armor

Cat

AC

Dex

Speed

Special Attack

ATT

DMG

Half-Vest

L

1

6

No

Proficiencies:

Light Armor

Sex

F

Age

21

Height

1.7 m

Weight

55 kg

Languages

Kessurian

Basic

Rodese

Skill

A/D

Att

Bonus

Acrobatics

Dex

+3

Athletics

Str

+3

Deception

Cha

-1

Endurance

Con

+4

Investigation

Int

+1

Intimidation

Cha

-1

Insight

Wis

0

K. Galactic

Int

+1

K. Sciences

Int

+1

K. Tactics

Int

+1

Mechanics

Int

+1

Perception

Wis

+2

Persuasion

Cha

-1

Pilot

Dex

+3

Stealth

Dex

+3

Survival

Wis

0

Treat Injury

Wis

+2

Use Computer

Int

+1

Use the Force

Wis

0

Character Portrait

Item

Qty

W

Blaster Pistol

1

1

Survival Knife

1

0.2

Item

Qty

W

Credits

600

Total Weight:

1.2

Allowed:

40.5

Species and Class Traits / Force Powers

[illegible]

Character Backstory and Roleplaying Tips

Ivi Marran was born into the artisan caste of Kessur on Rodia — a line known not for wealth or political influence, but for steady hands, careful minds, and immaculate discipline. From a young age, her montrals marked her as unusually sensitive to motion and subtle shifts in her surroundings; elders said she “felt the world before she saw it.” That talent made her a superb apprentice craftswoman... but a terrible fit for the quiet, rigid life expected of her caste.

The truth was:

Ivi was restless. Curious. Drawn to danger.

She preferred the company of off-worlders passing through trade ports, asking them about their weapons, their conflicts, their travels. Her fascination with technology and combat was considered improper — a path reserved for higher castes or exile-born.

Eventually, “improper” became “unacceptable.”

At age 17, she left her family enclave, hiked alone across the humid Rodian marshlands, and signed on with a small mercenary outfit operating out of Nola Daark. They taught her how to shoot, how to survive, and how to read a battlefield. And they discovered something rare:

Ivi’s montrals made her frighteningly quick in close-quarters fights.

She felt motion before it happened — the shift of weight before a punch, the tiny rustle of an enemy’s stance, the snap of a twig under a boot. Her mercenary team jokingly called her “Three Steps Ahead.”

But the mercenary life was messy, morally inconsistent, and often cruel. Ivi longed for purpose — something beyond credits and survival. So when a rebel-aligned cell operating against Imperial oppression needed volunteers, she didn’t hesitate.

Now, at 21, she’s a newly enlisted soldier, sharp-eyed and steady-handed, fighting with conviction instead of coin. Her calm Kessurian demeanor masks a simmering intensity, a desire to prove herself beyond her caste’s narrow expectations.

She’s young, disciplined, and ambitious — and she intends to carve her own place in the galaxy.

Roleplay:

- Calm, formal, and controlled; speaks with measured politeness.
- Hyper-aware of movement and surroundings thanks to her montrals.
- Prefers logic and persuasion over threats; intimidation feels unnatural.
- Moves and fights with precision and efficiency—fast, not forceful.
- Loyal once trust is earned, showing care through actions rather than emotion.