

Species
Human

Heroic Surge

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

Basic	Binary		

Allowed: 24.5

Species and Class Traits / Force Powers

[illegible]

Character Backstory and Roleplaying Tips

Jaxx Varn grew up on the lower platforms of Taris, where the sky was a myth and the streets belonged to whoever shouted the loudest. His mother patched droids for scraps; his father was a slicer with too much talent and too little sense. Jaxx spent most of his childhood listening to the hum of old power conduits and the arguments of people who hadn't had a good day in years.

When he was nine, his father disappeared—gone after stealing something “important” from a syndicate Jaxx was too young to understand. His mother didn't talk about it, and the gangs didn't come looking, which somehow scared Jaxx even more. It taught him his first and most enduring lesson:

If you want to survive, you stay light on your feet and lighter on your attachments.

He became a fixture of the underlevels: running errands for street crews, slipping through crowds with stolen keycards, and using his quick tongue to get out of trouble he absolutely deserved. He learned to read people the way others read datapads—every hesitation, every twitch, every lie. More importantly, he learned how to weaponize that knowledge.

By fifteen, he was a courier for Black Nebula smugglers. By seventeen, he was moonlighting as a mechanic's assistant, fixing the very speeders his friends were stealing. By nineteen, he could slice a cheap lock in under five seconds, sweet-talk a patrol officer, or vanish into a crowd before anyone remembered his name. He didn't have a plan, but he had momentum—and that seemed good enough.

That changed during a weapons pickup gone bad. Jaxx was supposed to hand off a crate to a mid-level syndicate enforcer. Easy job, quick credits. Instead, two rival groups showed up, blasters drawn, each convinced he was double-dealing them. The standoff exploded before Jaxx could open his mouth. He dove behind a crate, feeling blaster bolts tear through the metal, and for the first time in his life, he wasn't thinking about an escape route—he was thinking he might actually die.

The firefight only ended because local security swarmed the area, and Jaxx fled through steam vents and service shafts until his legs gave out. He lay there in the dark, chest heaving, hands shaking, and made himself a promise:

He was done being a disposable gutter-runner. He'd become someone who chose his own life, not someone trapped in everyone else's games.

He slipped off Taris, hitching a ride on a freighter in desperate need of repairs he claimed he could do. (He actually could—mostly.) Since then he's drifted across the Outer Rim, picking up work wherever his skills fit: fixing ships, slicing locks, delivering questionable packages, charming his way into cantinas and out of arrest.

At twenty-one, Jaxx is trying—very loosely—to reinvent himself. He's not trying to be a hero. He's not trying to be a villain. He just wants freedom, credits, and maybe one day a ship that doesn't explode when someone looks at it wrong.

He still lies too easily, he still takes risks, and he still talks himself into corners. But unlike the scared kid on Taris, he's no longer running from danger—he's running toward opportunity.

Because out here, in the sprawl of the galaxy, someone with quick hands and a quicker smile can become anything.

Even someone better than the life they crawled out of.

Roleplaying Tips:

- **Always charming, always scheming:** Talks fast, makes jokes, and bends the truth without hesitation.
- **Acts confident, hides insecurity:** He'll bluff bravery even when terrified.
- **Street-smart and opportunistic:** Spots angles, shortcuts, and scams instantly.
- **Reckless but not stupid:** He'll take risks—just not ones that trap him.
- **Loyal (eventually):** Once someone proves they're not using him, he sticks by them fiercely.