

Ugnaught

Heroic Surge

Skill	A/D	Att	Bonus
Acrobatics		Dex	0
Athletics		Str	-1
Deception		Cha	-3
Endurance		Con	+4
Investigation		Int	+4
Intimidation		Cha	-3
Insight		Wis	+1
K. Galactic		Int	+2
K. Sciences		Int	+6
K. Tactics		Int	+2
Mechanics		Int	+6
Perception		Int	+4
Persuasion		Cha	-3
Pilot		Dex	0
Stealth		Dex	0
Survival		Wis	+1
Treat Injury		Int	+6
Use Computer		Int	+6
Use the Force		Wis	+1

Ugnaught	Basic	Binary	Jawa

Allowed: 30.375

Species and Class Traits / Force Powers

[illegible]

Character Backstory and Roleplaying Tips

Pevvik was born in the steaming mechanical warrens of Clan Irontooth, a clan renowned for producing fearless forge-workers and engineers who could keep ancient machinery running with nothing but scrap metal and profanity. Even among Ugnights, Pevvik was... intense. While other kids played with scrap toys, he was disassembling atmospheric processors just to see “what secrets they were hiding.” By ten, he had personally repaired more malfunctioning service droids than most adults in his clan; by twelve, he learned how to bypass their safeties to “make them funnier.”

His clan considered him gifted, but also a little worrying.

At fifteen, Pevvik was assigned to a deep-forge rig beneath Gentes, a hellish environment of molten heat, deafening machinery, and toxic fumes. He thrived there. The heat toughened him, the danger sharpened him, and the constant technical failures taught him to solve problems under pressure that would cripple most species. By eighteen, he was the youngest technician trusted with maintaining the massive foundry engines—ancient roaring beasts held together by nothing but stubbornness, welding foam, and the collective prayers of the clan.

But Pevvik wanted more than the foundries. He wanted the galaxy. He wanted strange machines, foreign circuitry, alien challenges. So when a merchant freighter needed a “maintenance worker willing to crawl into the parts of the ship nobody else would touch,” he packed a toolkit, hugged his clan, and left with zero hesitation.

Life aboard starships opened his world. Pevvik learned Binary from astromechs, Jawa Trade from scavengers, and Basic from impatient captains who needed him to understand the words “that’s going to explode.” He became known as a miracle tech — loud, blunt, irritable, and absolutely brilliant. The kind of Ugnight who could fix your engine, fix your medical scanner, and fix your comms array... all while insulting your poor life choices.

Now, at 20, Pevvik works as a freelance Tech Specialist. He has no interest in fame or fortune. He wants challenges. He wants machines he’s never seen before. He wants to stare at a broken hyperdrive and mutter, “Finally. Something interesting.”

To him, every malfunction is a puzzle, every explosion is a learning experience, and every near-death moment is just proof he’s doing important work.

If you need someone to hack a door, repair a droid, disable a trap, fix your blaster, or rewire a detonator? Pevvik will do it — loudly, stubbornly, brilliantly — and probably while telling you you’re doing everything wrong.

Roleplaying Tips:

- **Blunt, honest, zero social polish.** If he thinks it, he says it. If it’s stupid, he calls it stupid.
- **Work-first attitude.** He fixates on machines before people — and gets tunnel vision while working.
- **Grumbly but loyal.** Complains constantly, but once he commits to a group, he’ll crawl through fire for them.
- **Tech-obsessed curiosity.** If it sparks, hums, or glows, he wants to take it apart right now.
- **Heat-tough, danger-comfortable.** He barely reacts to environments others find unbearable — fumes, fire, or constant alarms don’t faze him.