

Species
Trandoshan

Allowed: 144.5

Species and Class Traits / Force Powers

[illegible]

Sskarr hatched in the shadow of the Great Shellspire, a jagged obsidian formation rising from the swamps of Hsskor like the spine of some dead titan. His clutch belonged to Clan Krask, a hunting lineage famed for producing relentless trackers and ruthless slayers. From the moment he broke through his eggshell, Sskarr's path was laid before him: hunt, kill, earn Jagannath points, glorify the Scorekeeper.

The hatchlings of Clan Krask began training young. At four years old, he was thrown into mud pits with other clutchmates, forced to fight until every instinct screamed survival. At six, he was taken into the toxin mists and told to hold his breath until his vision blurred. At eight, he was sent into the Night-Spine jungles with nothing but his claws to return with a trophy — or not at all. Sskarr returned with a broken arm and a severed murglak head clenched between his teeth.

His elders took note.

Unlike his siblings, Sskarr didn't enjoy cruelty. He enjoyed challenge. He liked prey that pushed him. Creatures that fought back. Foes that made victory mean something. He didn't have the cunning of the clan's scouts or the patience of its snipers, but he had something else: a warrior's purity, an unshakable loyalty to combat itself.

By twelve, he was permitted into the First Hunt, a rite marking a young Trandoshan's first offworld hunt. Clan Krask chose Rodia. Their target: a hardened Rodian assassin who had evaded a Trandoshan hunting party for over a year. Sskarr tracked him through swamp canals, shadowed him across neon-lit bazaars, and eventually cornered him atop a rusted gantry. They fought for nearly six minutes — a lifetime for their kind — before Sskarr struck the final blow.

When the Scorekeeper remained silent — no spiritual backlash, no omen — Sskarr felt a thrill he'd never known: the exhilaration of worthy victory. But everything changed three years later.

During a clan raid on a smuggling outpost, Sskarr and three others cornered two surrendering technicians — unarmed, terrified, posing no threat. His clutch-brother Vekkor executed them anyway. Their pleas barely echoed before blaster fire drowned them. In that moment, Sskarr felt a jolt like lightning firing down his spine. His vision blurred, his muscles seized, and his legs gave out.

He gasped in the mud, clutching at his chest, as the Scorekeeper's judgment tore through him.

Dishonor.

A spiritual blow harsher than any wound.

The clan saw him as weak — spiritually soft. Vekkor called him “half-hatched,” mocking him for flinching at an easy kill. But Sskarr knew the truth: he had violated nothing. They had.

Killing helpless prey did not earn glory. It stole it.

Tension simmered between him and Vekkor. It finally exploded when Vekkor murdered a fleeing merchant during a hunt. Sskarr tackled him into the swamp water, claws slashing, teeth bared. The two nearly killed each other before elders intervened.

To prevent full-blood feud, the elders suggested exile — a “pilgrimage” for Sskarr to rediscover his worth.

But Sskarr didn't wait for formalities. He left that night.

He took a freighter bound for the Mid Rim, paid for with a trophy he ripped from the Night-Spine jungle on his way out — a symbolic gesture, an offering to the Scorekeeper that his hunt was not over, merely altered.

Offworld life suited him strangely well. He became muscle for caravans, then a shipboard guard, then a mercenary soldier. But unlike other hired guns, he chose his contracts carefully:

No helpless prey.

No butchery.

No dishonorable kills.

Only worthy fights.

Word spread about the “Trandoshan with a conscience,” though anyone who fought beside him knew the truth: Sskarr is not gentle. He is not soft. He is a predator, through and through — but he is one who hunts by a code sharper than any blade.

Now, Sskarr wanders the galaxy with his great-axe and blaster, driven by two forces:

The need to earn his Jagannath points—

and the desire to redefine what honor means in a galaxy full of prey that doesn't play fair.

He wonders if he'll ever return to Hsskor. Part of him hopes to stand before his clan again, not as an exile but as a champion. Another part fears what would happen if he crossed paths with Vekkor once more.

Roleplaying Tips:

- **Honorable Predator: He seeks worthy prey, despises cruelty, and respects warriors.**