

Riboga's Legacy

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Riboga the Hutt is long gone from Cularin, but he's not forgotten. His reputation for cruelty and his penchant for going beyond what even a crimelord might consider appropriate are the subject of interviews conducted with anonymous sources around Tolea Biqua. Check it out in our latest supplement to the **Living Force** campaign!



Greetings, friends. This is Ryk Osentay, reporting for "Eye On Cularin." I'm live today from Cularin's own little hive of scum and villainy, Tolea Biqua.

Ryk steps out of the doorway in which he had been standing and begins walking down a narrow Tolea Biqua street. Bright neon lights flash overhead, and a speeder whips past him, dangerously close, sending him spinning in a full circle before he continues to walk as though nothing happened. He passes a trio of shady types who pull back away from the camera with a flurry of whispers. Other individuals, mostly oblivious to his presence, pass him on the street. Ryk doesn't look nearly as tall when he's standing beside other people as he does when he's sitting down. He turns, looks over his shoulder, and speaks without slowing his pace.

As you know, Cularin Central Broadcasting has not allowed a live feed from Tolea Biqua since Melanda Forswoth's disappearance over a year ago. Melanda remains missing, and it was only through some serious negotiations --

The word "Begging" scrolls across the bottom of the screen.

-- that I was able to gain permission to come here with a remote. I have a few advantages Melanda didn't, however. For instance, I work out.

The screen scrolls, "He also has a security detail he doesn't know about locked 500 meters directly above his head."

I'm here today to find individuals to talk to me about Riboga. What did the Hutt mean to Cularin, and what legacy did he leave behind? There's nowhere that this legacy may be more apparent than Tolea Biqua, the city the Hutt all but built. Gambling, cantinas, all manner of vice --- they are what Tolea Biqua was known for. What it still is known for, to a great extent. These streets are very dangerous to the unwary individual. Thankfully, Ryk Osentay is not at all unwary.

"Which is why he doesn't know there's a ship with a firelinked turbolaser battery directly above his head."

All right. Are we ready? I see someone over there that we can interview.

Ryk hurries across the street to a figure slumped against the wall, sitting with his knees pulled up against his chest and his forehead resting between his knees. In the increased light from the camera, we see a pair of horns sprouting from either temple -- a Devaronian.

Ryk: Excuse me, sir? I'm Ryk Osentay, of "Eye on Cularin," and I'd like to speak with you. Do you have a few minutes?

Devaronian (not raising his head): Eh?

Ryk: I'd like to ask you some questions about the time when Riboga was here. Were you here when Riboga ruled Cularin's criminal underworld with an iron fist?

Devaronian (still not raising his head): Eh?

Ryk: Sir? Are you awake?

Devaronian: You seem dense. I don't want to talk.

Ryk: But I'm Ryk Osentay, from "Eye on Cularin"!

Devaronian (still not looking up): I thought that was Yara's show. Aren't you just one of the lap dogs she keeps around to go out and do the stupid work when she's too busy?

Ryk (blushing): Actually, "Eye" is my show, now. Yara asked to be re-assigned to the newsdesk permanently to deal with issues relating to the war, leaving me to do the local interest topics. And Riboga is certainly of local interest, wouldn't you say?

"It's not that we actually like Ryk, mind you. He's got an ego the size of Yara's make-up budget, and his idea of 'preparation' is what someone else does in the kitchen. He's been bugging us to let him go to Tolea Biqua ever since he saw the ratings Melanda's disappearance pulled."

Devaronian: The less anyone says about that bloated, slime-sucking, freak, the better. Why do you give a panthac's paw about him, anyway?

Ryk: Because, as the Jedi Code teaches us, evil is never really created or destroyed, but only changes forms.

The Devaronian looks up. His eyes are dead black, and the place where his nose used to be is a bloody hole. He glares at Ryk.

Devaronian: One, that's not the Jedi Code. That's not even something you'd pull out of a Jedi party favor. Two, you're starting to make Yara look like a rocket scientist. Now, get out of here before I call the wrath of the heavens down on my own head just to make you go away!

The screen goes black. The words, "Ryk didn't actually get that last comment" appear, then disappear as we fade back in on Ryk approaching a group of three Rodian females, each a distinctly different shade of green, and a fairly tall Wookiee.

Ryk: Hi, I'm Ryk Osentay, from "Eye on Cularin."

Rodian female 1: No way! Get out of here, you!

Rodian female 2: You're not Yara, either. What's up with this? It's like, we keep getting on "Eye," but like, it's never with Yara. I used to be her biggest fan, before she went and got all serious and started robe-chasing! She's still better than you, though.

Rodian female 3: Didn't you used to announce Podraces from the pits? Wasn't it you who dropped a microphone into that mean Dug's engine that one time, and got pounded live on the air?

"In addition to being an egomaniac, Ryk isn't particularly smart. For instance, we're confident that he won't bother reviewing the full version of this segment. He'll just want the video of him, to see how he looked. Seriously, what kind of man tries to duplicate the ratings pulled by an on-air disappearance by going back to the same place the disappearance happened? If Yara were still in charge, things would be better. We can't believe we just said that."

Ryk: Um, no. That wasn't me. And this isn't Yara's show any more, it's mine. I'm Ryk Osentay, new host of "Eye on Cularin."

Rodian female 2: You know that we were, like, some of the last people to see that Melanda woman before Falsswon got her? Man, that was rough! You should have seen the way she was looking that day. All hot and stuff. Is that what you're here about?

"Ryk didn't bother studying Melanda's video before he came out. We did. Editors confirm that these are the same individuals Melanda interviewed before disappearing."

Ryk (slightly flustered): I'm not here about Melanda. She's missing, so she's not currently employed by the show. I'd like to talk to you about Riboga, the Hutt who once controlled the system.

Wookiee: Grunt. Grunt.

"Let's see if Ryk falls for this."

Ryk (to camera): My translator's on the fritz. What did carpet-back say?

Wookiee: I said, "Grunt. Grunt." It's a standard tactic I use in determining whether I'm dealing with a moron who relies on a translator. It's now worked twice against individuals from your network. If you insist on being stupid, however, I will grant your interview. Call it sympathy. I am Nerrowr. These are my companions, Nesha, Besha, and Kesha.

Ryk: Ah. Triplets?

Nesha: Um, no.

Ryk: Twins?

Besha: Like, no. We're not related. We're just Rodians. Unless you're related to every, like, Human.

Ryk: So, how about that interview? What can you tell me about Riboga?

Nerrowr: What do you want to know? We all worked for him, at least for a time, prior to Nirama's emergence as the most powerful figure in the system.

Ryk: Most powerful criminal, you mean. I'm sure that Master Lanius Qel-Bertuk of the Jedi Academy is more powerful than Nirama.

Nerrowr: I meant what I said. Do you wish to hear what we have to say, or don't you?

Kesha: He's lame. He's got as much charisma as Yara's toes. Maybe.

Ryk: Really? I'd have thought Riboga would be oozing charisma. He was quite the feared criminal figure, after all. Of course, I never met him.

Nesha: She wasn't talking about Riboga.

Ryk (flustered): Let's stay on task, ladies. And gentlewookiee. We're here to talk about Riboga. What can you tell me?

As he asks the question, a young woman staggers past, bouncing off the camera and falling to the ground. Her face is a mess of blood and dirt, and the hair has been shaved from one side of her head. She whimpers, then pulls herself to her feet and starts to stagger off down the street. The camera follows her, though we still hear Ryk's interview.

Nerrowr: Riboga was a very powerful, very frightening individual. He left Cularin, but only in the way that a Hutt ever truly "leaves" a place he has occupied. There are still people in Cularin who are loyal to Riboga, and they will remain so until they die, or until he dies.

Ryk: So, when you say he hasn't really left, what do you mean? Is the Hutt still here?

Nerrowr: No. I said that he left Cularin. Talking to you is worthless. This conversation is finished.

The camera continues to follow the staggering young woman. She looks back and the frame freezes. Her face is shoved to the left half of the screen, and a familiar face appears beside it, on the right half of the screen. It is Melanda Forswoth, in an image from the interviews conducted the day before she vanished on Tolea Biqua. There's no doubt -- the two women are the same.

Interior, Cularin Central Broadcasting studios. Yara and Ryk sit side by side at the anchor desk. The dual images of Melanda hang suspended in the air behind them.

Ryk: I'm pleased to report that Melanda is in a hospital on Cularin, and she seems to be recovering physically. It's unclear where she was, or what was done to her, and the status of her mental recovery is in doubt. She may well remain a dancing vegetable for the remainder of her life, such as it is, but she has a life. And I'm pleased to say, it's all because of my crack investigative reporting.

Yara glares at him, then forces a smile.

Yara: Of course, Ryk. Nicely done. And I'm sure you'll be happy to hear that you get to go back to Tolea Biqua next week and ask more people about Riboga. Won't that be fun?

Ryk: I can hardly wait!

"And the sad thing is, we're pretty sure he means it."



If you want to learn more about the **Living Force** campaign and how to take part in the adventure, this [introduction](#) will get you started.