

Insecurities

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Senator Wren is visiting Cularin, and two guards prepare the security for her arrival. But when dignitaries visit, some people make it their business to iron out complications, make arrangements, and handle whatever troubleshooting is required. And on occasion, "troubleshooting" involves both halves of the word. Learn more in our latest supplement to the **Living Force** campaign!

When dignitaries visit Cularin, the details are often left to a personal entourage or officials in the government to work out. There are times when such channels are insufficient to the risk implicit in the dignitary's arrival, however. When such incidents occur, there are people on every world who make it their business to iron out any complications, make all the necessary arrangements and -- when necessary -- handle whatever troubleshooting is required.

On occasion, "troubleshooting" involves both halves of the word . . .

"Would you quit that? You are making me nervous."

Warlan looked back at Gibbs, still pacing despite the request. "You nervous? I'm the one who's bantha fodder if anything happens to the Senator during her visit." His left hand kept drifting to his hip, a centimeter closer to its silverhorn grip with each pass. He was obviously worried about the security arrangements, but that was no great surprise. Warlan Tosk was *always* worried about something. It was his job.

"Would it help to go over the layout of the building one more time?" Gibbs was trying to calm the man down, even though he knew it was a lost cause. People like Warlan Tosk were never calm while they were on duty. "You need to relax," he told Warlan, knowing exactly what the pacing man would say in return.

"I'll relax when Senator Wren is back in her transport and out of Cularin space." Warlan walked from the edge of the table Gibbs was sitting at and strode quickly to the door of the room. After a bit of mental math, he muttered, "Eleven meters to the conference table." Then he did the same from the table to the room's only window. "Can we lose the window?"

Gibbs shook his head. "Not unless you want to let the media into the room," he said dryly, "and you don't." He took another sip of his Jawa juice, grimacing at the bitter taste. It was better than the rank stuff the convention center usually served, but only in the same way that processed sewage was better than raw waste.

Warlan nodded emphatically. "You're right about that. Okay, the Press will need the window, but we can at least install another sheet of transparisteel, yes?"

Gibbs groaned. "We have one on the outside already. I don't think we have the budget for a second one." He made a show of checking his datapad, but he already knew the answer. "No. We can't add another layer on such short notice."

"Frell, that's not good. I suppose we'll have to manage with an observer in the room watching for a weapon at the window and a droid scanning for targeting signals. That'll do, I suppose. Now, about the emergency exit; who has access?"

Gibbs went back to his datapad. "Governor Chistor, though I don't think he is back from his negotiations with the Five Masters. The Senator and her delegation, of course, and the two of us. No one else can get past the retina scan, and we've installed the thermoscanner, though I have no idea why."

Warlan stopped at the window, peeking out of it like there was a gang riot just outside. His hand was fully on his weapon now, though it was still holstered. Gibbs looked at him like he was a madman, but he was too polite to say so. "Because retina scanners without thermograph scanners can be fooled if the eye is removed from the socket." His serious look left no doubt in Gibbs' mind that Warlan had seen that done before.

"Okay. That's a little intense." Gibbs went back to his drink, noting with an inner chuckle that Warlan was walking the floor like he had already downed a dozen cups already. "Are you sure you are from Alderaan?"

That stopped the pacing for a moment. "Yes, quite sure." Then, with a puzzled tone, "Why?"

Gibbs shrugged. "You just don't seem all that 'centered,' you know? Everyone I have ever met from Alderaan is calm and quiet. You are . . ." -- Gibbs chose his next word as tactfully as he could -- "not."

Just then, Warlan spun around and his pistol seemed to materialize in his hand. A shot rang out, high over Gibbs' head. Before he could even blink, there was a shriek and something heavy hit the ground. Warlan was already moving to it, blaster trained on the smoldering corpse, before Gibbs could turn around and register what had just happened.

"Congratulations. You just killed a big rat." Gibbs' tone was a little breathless despite the sarcasm. Dead rat or not, that was very, very fast.

Warlan shook his head and turned the fur-covered body over with his foot, never aiming his blaster at anything but the creature's head. "It's a veshet, a relative of the Tatooine womp rat. Indigenous to planets like Dathomir, they can be trained to attack on command or by remote through olfactory cues."

Gibbs shook his head. "It looks like a big rat to me. You really think someone put that in here to kill Senator Wren when it *smelled* her?"

Warlan nodded severely. "Yes, I do. Head to the City Office and see what you can do about getting me another division of OPS officers for the meeting. I am also invoking the Koru Act and requisitioning funds from the Senator's account." He stepped back from the blackened vermin and gestured to the window. "I want that second pane of transparisteel in an hour."

"Seems like a lot of trouble over a dead rat, but okay." Gibbs headed out, grabbing his cup on the way to the door. He would need all the wake-up fuel on Muunilinst just to get through this night . . .

Ten minutes later, Gibbs stepped onto a side street and flashed a personal light. The signal was answered after a few seconds, and a figure slipped out of the shadows. Wearing a body suit of night black, the newcomer was definitely Human, but none of her facial features were visible. "Report," she said, without a trace of emotion.

Gibbs answered in kind. "We have to abort. The security operative will not be fooled, and he is too competent to make a mistake. The veshet is dead and cannot be replaced quickly enough. I estimate the bodyguard is not bribable, and he will not leave the venue until after the meeting."

The shape nodded affirmatively. "Recommendation?"

Gibbs, his face as cold as stone, answered quickly. "We should let this meeting go as scheduled. I can maintain this disguise until after the target has left Cularin. I will rendezvous with you at the ship, and we can follow our quarry back to Coruscant. We will have ample opportunity to try again at a later date."

"Understood." And with that, the figure disappeared again into the depths of the alley. Gibbs turned around, and his entire demeanor became Human again. With a deep sigh, he started walking back to the convention center. The target was safe for now, but that kind of luck would not hold out forever.

Living Force Game Notes

Effective immediately, the following prestige classes are available for use from the *Hero's Guide*: loyal bodyguard, infiltrator, and a modified version of the master spy.

The master spy available for **Living Force** is not associated with any given spy organization but instead refers to someone extremely capable in the field of espionage and information gathering. Instead of the class's usual prerequisites, a hero needs:

- 8+ ranks in Disguise, Gather Information, and Bluff
- The Skill Emphasis feat for one of the three skills (hero's choice)
- To be able to speak and read at least two languages in addition to the ones he or she began play with for free.

The **Living Force** version of the master spy class gains a bonus feat of the hero's choice at 4th level instead of the False Loyalty feature. All other class details remain the same.



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.