

The Oblee

By Morrie Mullins

In this **Living Force** supplement, Yara Grugara lands a rare interview with crimelord Nirama, who wants to discuss the return of his people -- the Oblee -- to the Cularin system. Is Yara up to the challenge? Wait, don't answer that. Also: Full roleplaying game details and statistics on the mysterious Oblee!



Yara Grugara sits in the middle of an enormous soundstage. Behind her is the viewscreen to end all viewscreens -- twenty meters high and thirty meters wide, and occupied by the image of a stylized "N." Yara twists in her chair, looks up at the N as if expecting it to change, and then turns her attention to the camera.

Yara: Friends, this is Yara Grugara. Today, I have the opportunity to do something I never thought I'd do again. I'm going to interview Nirama, the local crimelord, overseer of scum and villainy in Cularin. While there can be no doubt that Nirama has played a role in recent events in Cularin, he has specifically asked that we focus today's discussion on the Oblee, whom he calls his "people." Being as this was the only criterion Nirama set for doing the interview -- aside, of course, from the interviewer being none other than Yara herself -- and being as Yara's producers really wanted this interview to happen, I've agreed to his terms.

She shifts in her seat, again glancing up at the N. It hasn't changed.

Yara: For security reasons, Nirama won't be in the studio today, but we have a remote connection that should be active any moment. In the meantime, I feel obligated to point out that it is only through the inestimable kindness of Nirama that this interview is possible. In previous interviews, Yara may not have carried herself as professionally as she could. For that, I apologize, both to the people of Cularin, and to Nirama. Or at least, I will as soon as he gets here. Or the connection does. Or whatever it is we're waiting for.

Behind her, the N disappears. It's replaced with Nirama's face. His four eyes blink as one, and he glances down to where Yara is seated, still oblivious that the screen behind her has changed.

Yara: Happily enough, there's only so much groveling he can take before his top eyes start blinking faster than his bottom eyes. I still think that's interesting, but we're not going to mention that in the interview today because the last time I asked him about it, it kind of freaked him out.

Nirama clears his throat. Yara, who has been facing away from the screen, turns pale. Her eyes go wide and she forces a smile that makes her look like she's about to get an injection of the lethal variety and is trying to think happy thoughts. Slowly, she turns.

Yara: Hi! Gosh, is it nice to see you. Thank you for agreeing to this interview.

Nirama stares at her for a few seconds before nodding. He seems to have been waiting for her to make some vapid comment or other, and looks pleased that she apparently resisted that temptation.

Nirama: Hello. I am pleased to be back on "Eye on Cularin."

He puts a little more emphasis on "eye" than he probably should. Then, for emphasis, he blinks his top eyes, followed by his bottom eyes. It doesn't seem to faze Yara in the least.

Yara: Actually, I don't do that show any more. That's Ryk's, now.

Nirama: Is he not dead yet?

Yara: Not to my knowledge.

Nirama: A shame. Although Nirama must admit, it would be hard to tell. If death is the absence of brain activity, one might speculate that your replacement has been dead for some time.

Yara: True enough. So tell me, Nir. What is it you wanted to discuss?

Nirama: You may call me Nirama. Did we not discuss this before?

Yara: Yeah, but Lan told me that I ought to be more comfortable in my skin when I'm doing interviews. So I'm not going to put on airs. I'll just call people by their nicknames, because hey -- that's who Yara is!

Nirama: My nickname is not "Nir." I am called Nirama. And who is Lan, a producer?

Yara: Beg to differ, Nir. I gave you the nickname in that first interview. Believe you me, I saw it replayed enough that I couldn't possibly forget! As to who Lan is -- well, he's no less than the headmaster of the Jedi Academy. I thought you knew him.

Nirama: Fine. What you call me is of no import. I am here because I wish to speak of my people.

Yara: The smugglers, you mean?

Nirama frowns, the wrinkles in his face deepening. He shakes his head, slowly, and rolls his top set of eyes.

Nirama: My people. My species. The Oblee. Long have they been removed from the galaxy, and now have some of them returned. It is of them that I wish to speak.

Yara: I've heard a little about this. Some big to-do out in the Belt, right? Yara's heard a few stories, but to be honest, she's a little confused by what happened.

Nirama: She can join the club. What happened is not important in its details. What is important is that I am no longer the only one of my kind. Nirama is no longer alone, and this is a powerful, good thing.

Yara: Right. I guess it is. So, what can you tell Cularin about your people? I mean, if they're going to be making their way into our cities, what should we expect? Do they look like you? Do they talk like you? What is it that makes an Oblee tick?

Nirama: There are as many different faces for Oblee as there are for any species. Some will be like Nirama. Some will not. Some will be pleasant, others less so. I have not met many of my kin, so far. I hope to. I hope they will grow to love Cularin in the same way Nirama has come to love Cularin.

Yara: In a way that involves making money?

Nirama's twenty-meter-high face glares down at her. Yara shrinks in her chair, fumbling with the datapad in her lap.

Nirama: You seek to throw my previous interview back in my face, you wampa-furred harlot? Nirama said what Nirama had to say. When you become the leader of an underworld organization, please, tell Nirama how to engender loyalty. Tell him that the best way to encourage so-called "criminals" to follow him in the years after a strategic reorganization is to speak with affection of a star system in which they attempt to skirt what few laws exist. Convince Nirama that this would have been the proper way to speak two years ago.

Yara: So, what's changed?

Nirama: Everything has changed. I have shown force. I have demonstrated my commitment to my organization, and I have demonstrated my commitment to the system in which we live. There are some organizations in which a title is sufficient to garner respect, and too-free use of the title cheapens it. Any herder of nerfs can call himself a "crimelord." To maintain power, one must demonstrate that the title is deserved or, at least, that the power implied by the title is deserved.

Yara: I thought I heard subtext there. Care to elaborate?

Nirama: No.

Yara: Riiight. Anything else you want to say to the people of Cularin? We're a captive audience, after all.

Nirama: Be kind to the Oblee as you are kind to one another. That any of my people have found their way back to Cularin is due almost wholly to Cularin's heroes. Those who have assisted in this matter have my undying gratitude. But do not assume, and do not allow yourselves to be convinced, that any Oblee who transgresses is under my protection. Your kindness should not become foolishness. If an Oblee wrongs you, treat him as you would any other.

Living Force Game Notes: The Oblee

This section contains spoilers for those who have not yet played the **Living Force** scenario "Recursion." The information on the Oblee below is for the GM's eyes only.

Oblee are wrinkled, heavy-set humanoids with two sets of eyes (one set above the other) and a third arm. Oblee are technologically curious, and generally hesitant to trust Force-users. Most tend to believe that if there is a way to accomplish a given goal without using the Force, the non-Force method is preferable.

The Oblee species was all but wiped out over a thousand years ago by the darkstaff, a powerful Sith artifact. Shifted into a kind of stasis, the Oblee were slowly drained of their Force essences by the darkstaff, which needed them in order to survive. A few Oblee were "seeded" throughout the galaxy by forces unknown, with the most prominent being the crimelord Nirama, in the Cularin system. It was only through the intervention of the heroes of Cularin that the Oblee were returned to the galaxy.

Personality: Oblee are direct in their dealings. They do not tolerate dishonesty, for that is what all but destroyed their species. Oblee are slow to anger, but anyone who succeeds in making one mad has a real problem on his hands. An Oblee who feels he or she has been wronged will often go to extreme lengths to obtain revenge. While Oblee prefer not to fight, they will do so if forced. Diplomacy is always the first option of the Oblee.

Physical Description: Oblee appear somewhat squat (though their average height is approximately 1.6 meters, they are built strangely) and extremely wrinkled. The easiest way to guess the age of a mature Oblee is through the individual's skin tone. Young adults tend to be bright pink and mature adults chalky white. As an Oblee continues to mature, his or her skin takes on successively darker shades of gray. The two sets of eyes and third arm are other distinguishing traits of Oblee.

Homeworld: The Oblee homeworld of Oblis no longer exists. Its remains now make up the Asteroid Belt in Cularin. It was destroyed over a thousand years ago by the explosion of a weapon powered by the darkstaff. At its peak, Oblis was a place of technological wonders, and its citizens were diligent and excited. The destruction of Oblee civilization was a great loss to the galaxy, and while bits and pieces of it remain in Cularin's belt, little of this material has been integrated.

Language: Oblee have their own spoken and written language (Oblee). They also receive Basic as an automatic language.

Example Names: Nirama, Ronorra, Kiffel, Azbedal, Flef.

Age in Years: Child 1–16, Young Adult 17–30, Adult 31–70, Middle Age 71–100, Old 101–120, Venerable 121+.

Adventurers: The idea of adventuring is strange to Oblee. Before their world was destroyed, they knew of no sentient species other than their own. Being introduced to a galaxy where hyperspace travel is not only possible but commonplace has caught some of them off guard. By training, most Oblee are Nobles or Fringers. Force-sensitive Oblee have generally followed the path of the Force Adept. No known examples of Oblee Jedi exist, but that doesn't mean Oblee can't become Jedi. Rather, either the Jedi didn't know of the Oblee prior to the destruction of Oblis, or they elected not to recruit from the Oblee.

Oblee Species Traits

- +2 Intelligence, –2 Wisdom; Oblee are highly intelligent, but given to lapses in judgment.
- Medium-size: Oblee gain no special bonuses or penalties due to their size.
- Base speed is 10 meters.
- Low-light vision: The Oblee's lower set of eyes allows them to see twice as far as a Human in dim light (for example, moonlight). Oblee retain the ability to distinguish color and detail under these conditions.
- Darkvision: The Oblee's upper set of eyes allows them to see in the dark up to 20 meters. Such darkvision is black and white only, but it is otherwise like normal sight. Oblee can therefore function quite well with no light at all.
- Rear-hand Dexterity: Oblee have a third arm that extends backward from their left shoulder. This arm is awkward to use, because it is behind the Oblee, and as such any checks or attacks made using this rear hand take a penalty of –2. The GM should adjudicate other penalties (such as penalties to hit objects the Oblee cannot see) on a case-by-case basis.
- +2 species bonus on Diplomacy checks: Oblee are adept at communication, and can often convince others that a bad idea may, in fact, be quite a good idea.
- Automatic Languages: Speak Oblee and Basic.

Oblee Commoner: Init +0; Defense 10; Spd 10 m; VP/WP 0/10; Atk +0 melee (1d3, unarmed) or +0 ranged; SQ species traits; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will –1; SZ M; FP 0; DSP 0; Rep +0; Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 8, Cha 10. Challenge Code A.

Equipment: Various personal effects.

Skills: Diplomacy +2, Listen +1, Read/Write Oblee, Speak Basic, Speak Oblee.

Feats: None.