# Planets D6 / Conheav Sector - Lechar

Lechar

System Datafile:
System: Lechar
Star: Hondar (yellow)
Orbital Bodies:

| Name | Type | Moons |
|---|---|---|
| Fornief | scorched rock | 0 |
| Donnin | gas giant | 6 |
| Lechar | temperate terrestrial | 1 |

Capsule: Lechar is the gateway system to Conheav sector. Lechar is on the more popular of the two major routes into the sector, and is the most trade-driven system in the sector. There are 2 inhabited worlds in the system, Donnin and Lechar.

Donnin:

Type: gas giant
Temperature: hot
Atmosphere: Type I (at a certain altitude)
Hydrosphere: dry
Gravity: light
Terrain: clouds
Length of day: 59 standard hours
Length of year: 48 local days
Sapient species: humans, various aliens
Starport: standard
Population: 5,500
Planet function: agriculture, research
Government: representative democracy
Tech level: space
Major exports: flitter "meat"
Major imports: low-high tech, staple foodstuffs
Capsule: Donnin is a rare type of gas giant with a breathable layer of atmosphere, and a wide variety of airborne lifeforms. There are only two settlements on Donnin, one of which is a research station which studies the native life, the other being a floating farming community which farms a type of mobile plant that floats on the winds of the planet.

The research station is owned by ZaraTech, a genetic research company which is interested in the photosynthetic plantlife of the planet. ZaraTech is hoping that this research will allow them to come up with floating plants which could create a breathable atmosphere on other gas giants in order to facilitate gas mining operations. The experiments to date have centred around speeding up the rate at which the mobile plants, known as flitters, produce oxygen. The research station has been hybridizing many of the various varieties of flitters to get the hardiest and most efficient variety possible. The station employs 215 staff, including a 20 man security detail to prevent

industrial espionage. ZaraTech vessels are the only ships which are allowed to land on the huge station, much of which consists of vast interior habitats for the different species of flitters. The station looks like a haphazard collection of giant ovoids connected in a seemingly random manner, and held up by large repulsorlift engines.

The farming community is a small floating city called New Bonlar. New Bonlar is the home to aproximately 5,000 humans and aliens, most of whom are employed in the harvesting of flitters. The flitters are kept in "fields" which are sometimes as much as a cubic kilometre in volume, and can contain tens of thousands of sizable flitters of various species. These "fields" are maintained by a net of repulsorlift-equipped bouys which link together and create a mild force field that keeps the spongey flitters inside, but allows harder objects, such as harvesting skiffs, to pass through. The force fields also allow gases of all types to pass through in order to maintain a healthy environment fot the flitters. Modified probots patrol the perimeters of the fields in order to keep the grazing animals of the planet from eating the crops. The probots have been programmed to fire upon any of the planet's native animals that venture too close. Since most of the animal life on Donnin uses flammable gases kept in internal sacs to stay aloft, it can be quite spectacular to watch a probot defending a field, and the explosions which inevitably ensue, while impressive-looking, are relatively harmless, being fairly cold as such things go, and involving no shrapnel. Flitter "meat" is a popular foodstuff throughout Conheav sector, as it is exceedingly light and tasty, although it has virtually no nutritional value. New Bonlar itself is a large circular platform with many structures of varying sizes and shapes constructed on the basic platform. There are a number of landing pads scattered throughout the complex, with a few larger ones beside the 3 flitter processing plants for the bulk freighters that periodically ship flitter "meat" to the other worlds in the sector. Most of this "meat" goes to the more populous planets in the sector, such as Conheav prime, but tramp freighter captains often purchase a few dozen tons of the "meat" and ship it to some of the less important planets where flitter "meat" is considered a rare delicacy and can fetch a reasonably high price.

Lechar:

Type: temperate terrestrial
Temperature: temperate (slightly cool)
Atmosphere: type I
Hydrosphere: average
Length of day: 29 standard hours
Length of year: 167-221 local days (varies based upon gravitational influences of Donnin)
Sapient species: humans, various aliens
Population: 2 billion
Planet function: trade
Government: representative democracy (in practice guild-controlled)
Tech Level: space
Major exports: anything
Major imports: anything
Capsule: Lechar is the most active trade world in the Conheav sector. Fully half of the beings at any one time in Lechar City, by far the largest settlement on the planet, are non-residents. Virtually anything can be found for sale at Lechar City, for a price, and Lechar City has a thriving, if discreet, black market. The most powerful political entities on the planet are the trade guilds, which control imports, exports, and all sales on the planet. Aside from its location on a major hyperspace route, trade on Lechar has been encouraged by the fact that tarriffs on goods are so low, less than 0.05 percent, and also by the relatively low docking and
warehouse fees. Most of the economy of the planet is based on catering to the needs of all of the passing traders, and the service industry is booming.

Due to the emphasis on serving off-worlders, two basic mentalities are common amongst natives of Lechar, there are those who are grateful for the boost that all of these off-worlders give the planet's economy, and then there are those who resent the off-worlders because they force the natives into "subserviant" roles. The latter are normally quietly resentfull, but there are a few who have organized themselves into so-called "Lechar freedom" groups. These groups are frowned upon, to say the least, by the authorities.

Lechar City is built around 5 different Imperial class starports, each of which is surrounded by a commercial district. The city has an extensive network of passenger monorails which connect the different starports and districts, and an even more extensive network of freight monorails that connect the starports, the warehouses, and the commercial districts. This monorail system allows goods to be shipped to storage in the city's many warehouses just as easily as if the warehouses were right beside the starports, more easily in fact, since the docking bays for the bulk freighters have small monorail stations right inside them for ease of
transport. A small fee is payed for these monorail service, but it is cheaper and more conveinient than any other available form of cargo transportation. This service is run by the Lechar planetary government, and turns a small profit each year, although it exists primarily to make the city more attractive to merchants. If there is one type of buisiness which thrives in Lechar City, it is the bars and other drinking establishments. There are literally hundreds of bars in the city, not even counting the nightclubs. Entertaining spacers is a lucrative trade indeed, and all forms of entertainment can be had in Lechar City, for a price. There are a number of bars that are typically used for discrete deals, and the best kept secret amongst these bars, and therefore the best for these purposes, is known as Easing the Rancor. There are a number of hotels in Lechar City, from the prestigeous Palantine, which is over 700 years old, and carries a grand tradition of excellence, to dives such as the Candun, where the price of a room for the night is only a few credits, but the chance of making it out without being murdered, or at the least robbed and brutally beaten, is small.

Lechar city is laid out in a sort of doughnut shape. The five starports are set in a pentagonal pattern, with the districts of the city
between them. There is a large expanse of forest in the centre of the city, a sort of a tribute to the untamed wilderness that makes up much of the planet. This forest has a few small dirt paths in it, but other than that it is complete wilderness. The areas directly surrounding the forest are residential zones, and most starship crews landing at Lechar city approach at a low altitude at the behest of traffic controllers, and so never see the central forest. None of the monorails that criss-cross the city cross the forest, and a great effort is taken by virtually all of the permanent residents of the city to ensure that the forest remains unspoiled and pristine.

Toc Drolin tucked his hotel securi-pass into his shoe and stepped out into the open air. It was a beautiful day, and he was looking forward to his run. Toc often thought that he wasn't really suited to life on a bulk freighter. He simply enjoyed the open air too much. After a long journey cramped up on one of those smelly corporate ships he always loved to get out and go for a long run on his first day in port. A lot of spacers never really care to look around the starports that they land in, except to go to the nearest cantina, but Toc Drolin was different. He loved to get a feel
for the different cities that he had visited throughout the galaxy. Because of this he usually made sure to get a hotel as far away from the actual starport as possible, and this layover in Lechar City was no exception.

His hotel, a quaint little building which seemed a little out of place in the hustle-bustle of one of the busiest trading cities in the region, was situated right on the edge of the residential areas of the city, and it was into these residential areas, and away from the mass-produced faceless franchises of the buisiness portions of the city that he planned on going.

Toc set off, happy in the realisation that his ship wouldn't be leaving for another two days, and that he had this much time to become aqquainted with Lechar city as her residents saw her. At first

he saw little difference between the residential area and the rest of the city; all of it looked as though it had been pumped out of a production line in
some vast factory, with great attention to efficiency, but virtually none to detail or individuality. It wasn't long before Toc noticed a marked change, however, and the buildings began to look more and more like homes, rather than simply functional dwellings. After he had run for some time, Toc came upon an opening into what looked like a small wooded area, perhaps a park of some kind. This was the side of cities that Toc liked to see, some sort of reminder that even in the heart of capitalism there was room for some sort of individuality.

It wasn't long before Toc came upon an opening between buildings that seemed to lead to what looked like a small wooded area. There was a small dirt path leading into the forest and Toc, ever on the look out for an interesting place to run, decided to take a small excursion into this apparant park. As Toc ran further into the woods, he noticed that the park was much bigger than he had at first expected, and much more pleasant and natural than most parks that he had seen in cities. After about ten minutes of running, Toc realised that he hadn't passed any other people enjoying the park, nor had he seen any signs that the path that he was on was well-used. Though he began to worry, Toc forced himself to relax. After all, this was in the heart of one of the most advanced cities in the sector, what could possibly go wrong? The only thing that one usually had to fear in a park was getting attacked or mugged by criminals, and this certainly didn't look like the kind of park that was frequented enough to warrant that kind of attention on the part of the criminal element.

The more he thought about it, however, and the further into the woods he ran, the more uneasy Toc became. Toc stopped suddenly as he finally put his finger on what had been bothering him. After the first 20 meters or so of the path, there were no signs at all that there had ever been any people in these woods, and the path had begun to resemble the kind made by and used by wild animals. Once he had stopped Toc began to get even more alarmed. Why couldn't he hear any artificial noises? This was crazy! Here he was in the middle of a huge, incredibly busy city, and all that he could hear around him were the noises made by birds and animals on every side. It was as if he had been somehow transported a thousand kilometers away from any inhabitation. Something more than met the eye had to be going on here. No city could possibly have a completely untamed forest right in it's centre.

Toc sprinted the whole way out of the woods.

It should be noted that the space around Lechar is crowded indeed. Aside from the constant traffic generated by trade, and the accompanying customs vessels, there is always a large naval detachment in orbit and patroling the system. This is partially due to Lechar's strategic position should the New Republic attempt an invasion, partly to discourage any pirates who might be tempted by the vast flow of cargo through the system, and partly to protect the system's fairly extensive shipyards. These orbital shipyards are reserved for maintenance and repairs of ships which are unable to land at Lechar City, and for customs and naval vessels. The shipyards, which are a series of 7 different docks, as well as numerous repair and construction gantries, are owned by the Lechar Orbital Consortium, and sub-leased out to various other companies. Little ship construction goes on at these yards, they are more focused on maintenance. What little construction that goes on is typically performed at the dock which is leased by Sienar Fleet Systems, and is usually military in nature.

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