

Simosan Ypma, a young Nautaloan immigrant to Selen, has been working at the Sandy Kelp for four years at the current point in our timeline. He left his homeworld to see the stars, intent on settling down back home and marrying his childhood sweetheart before taking up a post in his father's trading company, but some undisclosed event changed his plans. Instead of returning home after his stint of planet hopping was coming to an end, he decided to head out into the farther reaches of space until he stumbled across Arconan territory and Selen.

The sunny atmosphere, vast oceans and friendly populace spoke to the young man, who decided to settle, at least for a while, on the sun-kissed beaches of Selen's tourist district and make a living in one of the bars. The first year of employment saw him rise from busboy to bartender, mainly on the back of his tirelessly positive outlook and bright, charming smile that sat well with the Kelp's clientele.

Always seen dressed sharply in the colors of his employer, his green skin contrasting nicely with the sharp lines of deep naval blue and gold trim, he takes pride in keeping his white undershirt clean, despite the hazards of juggling cocktails and shakers. Indeed, it is this dexterity and an intrinsic knack for knowing what cocktails best suit the mood and palate of his patrons before they even order that make him a beloved feature of the Kelp's famous counter.

Behind that beaming smile and light-hearted charmer lies a keen mind, however, as his true potential for Arcona arises from the same skill as his ability to predict beverage preferences. He has a vivid, encyclopedic knowledge of people, manifesting through their beverage history, and he can recount individuals' moods over vast distances of time, along with often very accurate conjecture as to the nature of their emotional states.

If you're in his good graces, he will part with the information without extra cost, though he does appreciate a tip (and just the tip), but if you happen to have wronged him or he finds you to be of shady motivation, his smiling lips will remain sealed.

"Ah, mistress Vasano! What a sight for sore eyes! A Coruscant Cloud Car to start off your evening?"

"Good call, Ypma, but..."

"...With the twist on the side and shaken over Large ice. I remember from last time and I have to say, the black number you wore that day was particularly fetching. The Ryn could hardly keep his eyes from you! Poor man, straight whisky all night, domestic too. He must have been taking the news about Atyiru hard. Shame on you for disturbing his grieving."

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CH33-KY is an RA-7 protocol droid with a very peculiar set of programming. No-one is quite sure where the droid originally came from, but some who have met it say the droid had flash burns along the cranial memory access hatch. This could hint at some form of bootleg reactivation as many of its peers served in the now defunct Galactic Empire and were

scrapped during its downfall. Whatever the truth of the matter, CH33-KY remains an unknown force within the underground of Selen's shadier circles with an unknown number of assistants and accomplices.

The first mention of the enigmatic droid was almost seven years ago, although knowing for certain when one is addressing CH33-KY is a guessing game. The droid often uses disguises, preferring broad-brimmed hats bushy mustaches made from haphazard cabling and frequent repaints of its carapace with acrylic quick-wash paint to quickly change appearances and it has even been known to masquerade as other droids, or people, at times.

Due to this very reason, it is not known if the first recorded incident of CH33-KY's actions on Selen are true or if they happened to a similar droid roughly around the times CH33-KY became active at large.

During a particularly busy day at one of the repair foundries on Selen, focusing on the repair of ocean-going bulk haulers keeping domestic trade going, the droids suddenly went on a strike. Although this was not an isolated incident, it was one of the worst-timed as the yard had a large order to fill in preparation of festivities at the capital.

The leader of the strike, a DUM-series repair droid, was keeping the GNK power supply droids from performing their work and inciting them to keep their power to themselves with slogans of "Power to the processors!" and "Viva la Robolución!" The foreman at the foundry tried to solve the issue with ion blasters, but the leader kept itself hidden behind the GNKs, which were too volatile to risk being shot at.

At their hour of need, however, an unmarked RA-7 series protocol droid appeared on the worksite and offered to negotiate with the rebels. Pressed for time, the foreman agreed to let the droid give it a try. After ten minutes of negotiations behind closed doors, the RA-7 emerged and stated the rebellion would end if the foreman paid a donation of 12 000 credits to the Droid Retirement Fund. His back against the wall, the foreman acquiesced and the GNKs went back to work while the RA-7 collected the credits to be deposited to the DRF.

When he asked what had happened to the leader of the strike, the foreman got no answer beyond "the DUM won't be bothering you anymore". Some say fishermen pulled up a heavily banged up DUM-series droid from the ocean a week later, its motive servos encased in permacrete.

CH33-KY prefers to never frequent a single establishment more than once in a fortnight, but its usual habitat tends to revolve around the Cloud Shine in the Upper Sinchi ring and the Purgatorio at the ring's edge. The shady droid can sometimes be found lurking in plain sight, hiding among the other protocol droids or sometimes even masquerading as a patron, preferring to use long coats and broad-rimmed hats in such a case. One incident even mentions CH33-KY donning a flayed Rodian face in an effort to blend in, the head-shapes being vaguely similar, but the veracity of such a claim is dubious.

What is known, however, is that the pesky droid seems to have a firm grasp on what's going on in the underworld of Selen and has connections to essentially everyone who matters. Although some would argue that this is because of his extensive droid information network, others have stated even more disturbing claims that sentients, usually of the poor or financially troubled kind, have been seen brokering information for the droid, as if its subservients.

When dealing with the elusive droid, the price is always hard currency, a donation to the equally elusive "Droid Retirement Fund". What this fund is and what its purpose is has, despite the name, not been fully uncovered. However, judging by the shady nature of the characters surrounding it, suspicions run high. Nevertheless, if you have the creds and you can get a hand on it, CH33-KY is a treasure trove of information and an ally-for-hire in case you need some very specific problems solved in the underworld or droid community.

More than a few times have bumbling droids led to the unfortunate demises of key figures in the local underworld, but due to the ubiquitousness of droids everywhere, it is a danger few take seriously or can even take steps to avoid. Such is the reverence for CH33-KY among the working-class droids that its identity tag is chattered only in muted binary and with sensors alert. Because no-one truly knows where CH33-KY might be lurking, or who is selling it your secrets.

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Never too far away from CH33-KY and having acquired the status of "enforcer" is the B2 super battle droid BL1-73R. Originally, this hulking monstrosity was recovered from the tangled underbelly of the Matron and brought back to life by unscrupulous scavengers, whom it promptly murdered upon reactivation. After being passivated by the Matron's security team that resulted in some more collateral damage, it was shut down and placed into an evidence locker for prosecution and disposal once its owners were found. However, due to "an accounting error" the droid was "misplaced" and somehow it ended up on Selen.

There is little left of the droid's trademark blue paint coat, having been chipped and worn off by age and instead replaced by layers of cheap dark brown coatings that prevent it from corroding in the oceanic atmosphere. These coats leave it smelling heavily of varnish, however, and oftentimes the last thing an unsuspecting prey senses is a faint scent of pine and industrial solvents before their head is caved in by a hydrowrench.

Although BL1-73R does have its wrist-mounted wrist blaster still mounted upon its chassis, it has never been seen using it and this has led to some speculation that it may not be fully functional. Or perhaps the only safeguard that the scavengers saw fit to put on it before reactivation. Indeed, BL1-73R uses almost exclusively melee weapons, with the hydrospanner being a trademark item, but its durasteel fists being quite capable of dealing lethal damage without much effort.

Nevertheless, BL1-73R remains a menace of the underworld, following CH33-KY's orders without question and acting as very brute servo ("muscle") when such application of direct force is required to bring people (and droids) in line. Especially, if they fall behind on their payments to the Droid Retirement Fund.