

# Dietrich Tosh

## Thespian Gang Lord

### History

*Three gangs rule in Port Ol'val,  
Three gangs rule over us all,  
Pirates of Mal Company,  
Besadii with their money,  
Bots of Fly on the Wall,  
Those are the rulers, all,  
And if you think to disobey,  
And make yourself into their prey,  
Then you'd better hide your face,  
Or they'll toss you into space!*

There are three rulers in Port Ol'val. Three syndicates that, by dint of their history, influence, numbers are the greatest. Three factions that, through the skill of their mercenaries, depth of their pockets, or breadth of their knowledge have dominated the Shadowport's history.

This, any child in Ol'val will can tell - not that any would speak to a stranger if they could avoid it. The Shadowport is viciously hostile to all its inhabitants, and few can afford to show weakness by exempting children from their depredations. Those who *do* have the power rarely care: mercy is a message rarely well received. As for the Jedi that rule in secret...they are often raised too far above the common masses to notice the misery their home inflicts.

And yet, there are more than a few children born within the asteroid's hollows. Ol'val's inhabitants skew towards the young and impulsive, and pregnancies often result from simple carelessness. The Shadowport's extensive flesh-pits make up the majority of the others. Those with more sense seek to prevent any pregnancies from coming to term - but sense and care are commodities of sharply limited supply and vastly underrated utility within the confines of Qel-Droma's home.

Thus, children are born each year by the score, and abandoned in rates nearly identical. If not willingly, then due to the sheer lethality of life in a place where life is ruled by ascending layers of gangs. Such orphans have a hard life ahead of them: The closest thing to charity found within Ol'Val are the ragamuffin gangs that take in children and force them into a life of crime, making them pick pockets, be the lookout in heists, play scout in turf wars, or even fight other children in little gang wars over particularly choice places to hide. The best of these will allow such

delinquents a share in what they steal: The worst simply take, with the threat of selling them Ol'Val's brothels as an alternative.

Risen among such a gang was Dietrich Tosh, now tagged in the archives of Fly On The Wall as *the Thespian*.

Dietrich's earliest memory was being held down and choked for the bread he'd managed to steal. He remembers biting at a girl's finger, then biting down *harder*, and the taste of blood and scraps of flesh as she desperately flensed her finger on his teeth while trying to get loose. In the end, the girl walked away without a finger, and Dietrich with his prize. He was, by his own reckoning, four years old.

Like most children, Dietrich swung back and forth between crime and what kindness he could wring from the few compassionate denizens of Ol'Val. And he found a hidden pleasure in playing upon the heartstrings of those who tried to help young orphans like himself. All the more if they provided him aid and, in their trust of him, accidentally offered him the option to steal from them as well. Gratitude never truly stuck for Tosh: He found out rapidly that allowing such feelings to become more than dim glimmers in the back of his mind was the way to becoming a victim himself.

As age progressed, Dietrich's tricks slowly stopped working, and he fell more and more into crime, becoming adopted by a gang called the Crimson Acklays. Here, he learned the ways of the knife, the blaster, and the value of a well-timed and well-planned ambush. His flair for the theatrical was already developing: He dispatched several of the gang's opponents in grotesque fashion: In one particularly memorable incident, a durasteel cabling tied to an opposing gang member's feet and a heavy crate, and a longer length attached to his neck and a departing freighter, caused a rival member's head to be launched nearly the entire length of Kas Tunnel.

However, the Thespian's rising career within the gang was abruptly cut short in the brief confrontation between the Triumvirate and House Qel-Droma. The Crimson Acklays, as low-level enforcers under the thumb of Mal Company, were sent to take Thanatophilia from House Qel-Droma. They succeeded briefly, but the Arconans' counterattack was brutal: Nearly the entire gang was wiped out within an hour of the Qel-Dromans' retaliatory strike. Dietrich, ever the enthusiast, charged headlong at one of the attacking Jedi: the next moment, in a flash of light, he found himself short and arm and both legs, severed at the elbow and knees respectively. He crashed to the floor amidst the stink of burned flesh in indescribable pain, mitigated only by the shock of his lost limbs.

The Qel-Droman walked on, saber already deactivated, not even bothering to finish off the fallen gang member. The confrontation had lasted less than two seconds.

This was nearly the end of Dietrich. He crawled away from the wreckage, into the shadowed alleys of the Besadii Entertainment District. From there, he waited out the rest of the brief, vicious, hidden war for the Shadowport. He paid as close attention as he could given his wounded state, but soon came to realize that the war was over and that the Force-using enemies had emerged victorious: Ol'Val was theirs.

It took Dietrich nearly six months to heal. Six months of begging, calling in favors and diving deeply into debt as he replaced his limbs, one by one, with cybernetic replacements. In doing so, he found the tattered remnants of other gangs that had suffered casualties in what Qel-Droma knows as the *Trials of Loyalty*. With his own persuasive abilities, Dietrich managed to convince them to help and follow him, forming a new gang of his own. Though he resisted giving them a name, he eventually gained one anyway, named after himself: The *Thespians*.

The new gang was quite a different beast from the Crimson Acklays. While the old gang held forth in Jerem Plaza, the Thespians recruited aggressively from the Besadii Entertainment district. And, as soon as Tosh had the numbers, he started *cutting*. First and foremost, he struck at the flesh pits of Besadii, liberating the children sold to them and recruiting them into his gang. He then used their massed numbers to strike out at the gangs around him, subsuming them with horrifying examples.

The Red Light Wampas refused his request for tribute. For the next month, the body parts of its members were found circling the border of their terrain. When the circle was completed, the Thespians moved in and slaughtered the Wampas, leaving them hung upside-down with thin, deep cuts in their flesh, to slowly bleed to death in front of a populace they had intimidated for years.

The Besadii Hutts, when they came around for a tribute of their own, were likewise rebuffed. The first enforcers never returned, their bodies instead being found staked in front of Mal Company's headquarters near Jerem Plaza. A larger group was sent out, only to be captured and returned, not long after, each of them dead from having molten transparisteel poured down their throats. Besadii has left him alone since, though they will doubtlessly attempt again soon.

Each and every victory emboldens the Thespians, each rallies further gangs behind them and in their service. Soon, whisper the inhabitants of Ol'Val: Soon, the Triumvirate will recognize a *fourth* great power in their midst.

And they will be very lucky, indeed, if that remains the extent of Dietrich's ambitions.

## **Goals**

Dietrich's goals are simple on the face of it. He desires to grow his gang, make it stronger, and to deter anyone from interfering through horrifying examples. He has known, ever since biting that girl's finger from her hand, that oftentimes the willingness to go further than others is all it

takes. This is a mentality that he carefully cultivates in his subordinates as well. Even the children he liberated from bondage are taught this lesson, soon: unsurprisingly, the former child prostitutes take to his ethos like fish to water.

Dietrich's other goals seem fairly obvious on the surface: He wants to eventually have his Thespians be recognized as an equal to Mal Company, the Besadii Hutts and Fly on the Wall. This would make him, in view of the greater populace, a co-ruler of Ol'Val itself.

Of course, his ambitions do not end there: Dietrich remembers who cost him his limbs. He remembers his lightsaber-wielding enemies, and what they did to him. Since then, careful listening has given him names. *Clan Arcona*. *House Qel-Droma*. All his maneuvering, and that of the fellow Thespians who were wronged by Qel-Droma, has been aimed towards one end, one they rarely discuss even between themselves:

Revenge. Revenge on the Sith.

### **Appearance and Demeanor**

Dietrich is a solidly-built Human male in his late thirties. His face is rough-hewn, with an uncontrollable stubble. Gray eyes are set beneath trimmed black hair. Like most of Ol'val's permanent inhabitants, he is on the pale side, with skin that has never touched natural sunlight. To the degree that he has any tan at all, it is a smeared bronze from long hours of exposure to ships' plasma engines. He keeps his replaced limbs open and visible: the cyborged features are useful to him for intimidation: the integrated flamethrower moreso.

In his demeanor, Tosh is sharp and somewhat gregarious, but also careful. He has, at all moments, a plan ready for a gruesome example or horrifying death. If nothing else, it sets at ease a mind that knows forces far greater than himself roam his Shadowport.

Dietrich *hates* Qel-Droma, even though he understands very little about it. From his point of view, they are interlopers in a place he calls home. The injuries they have done to him and his only strengthen this conviction. If at all possible, he will seek to remove all Jedi presence from Ol'Val, be that by intimidating them, forcing them to vacate, or outright killing them all. However, he knows very little about their abilities, and knows it. As it stands, he is looking for someone who could advise him on the topic.

The Thespian makes a great showing of his care for children, as it gives him an image of dashing heroism. Likewise, any resisting gangs are often turned over to the tender mercies of the people they have spent time brutalizing. Both of these help maintain the facade of him being, perhaps, better than those he opposes. In truth, he cares very little for anyone but himself: he would gladly abandon all he built in order to save his own skin. One of Tosh's most deeply-held secrets is that he maintains a credit-filled freighter that he and his chosen followers can use to leave the Shadowport should he ever draw the ire of an opponent he cannot defeat.

## Story Hooks

A few stories could easily be told regarding Dietrich:

One is to have him and his Thespians be, essentially, a background group. Have them hang around, their particularly horrifying manner of control be something that the Clan members can interact with as they choose.

Second, one can imagine that something goes wrong. Dietrich's gang exists by the power of his force of personality: It is easy to imagine that his death would throw parts of the city into chaos.

One could easily see Dietrich as a contact of sorts: While he dislikes Qel-Droma, he is looking to understand their skills and abilities. This also makes him a dangerous but tempting pawn in any of Arcona's internal politicking.

Then, there is the issue of the Qel-Droman that first wounded Dietrich. Whoever that is, the Thespian might want to take his revenge, with all the complications that could entail.

Finally, of course, there's the big one: A large story in which, over time, Dietrich manages to ascend to the pinnacle of Ol'Val and kicks off another war for control over the Shadowport.

## The Thespians

The Thespians are Dietrich Tosh's gang. More strictly speaking, they are the small inner circle of what is now a sprawling, poisonous bloom of different gangs across all areas of Ol'Val. The original Thespians are, nearly all, survivors of the Trial of Loyalty: gang members broken by Qel-Droma's attempts to retain their hold on the asteroid. This has left several of them horrifically wounded, and all of them itching for revenge.

Among themselves, the Thespians never really discuss those days. Instead, they hold to an informal code of silence, aiming their violence outward, venting their rage at the gangs they must control if they are to challenge the Shadow Clan.

The Thespians can be recognized, mostly, from their mechanical replacement appendages, which - in emulation of their leader - they never conceal, and often fill with various weapons or tools. Their modus operandi can be summed up as *artful atrocity*: the idea that a sufficiently horrific style of action can shock other gangs into fear and hinder any response. Similar actions against the Thespians have so far failed: knowing the nature of their enemies - and having decide to fight even them - they are only ever galvanized by opposition.