

Corellia: Grand Casino (Word Count: 338)

The Golden Beaches of Corellia are one of the most well-known, well-renowned wonders of the galaxy. Hologrid stars, bureaucrats, ganglords, businessmen, and all manner of upscale gentry alike joined everymen and tourists from the Core to the Unknown Regions in flocking to their sunny, humid sands. The nearby cities of Coronet and Tyrena offered everything any visitor could hope for: luxuries large and small, including a gambling district nearly as famous as any on Nar Shaddaa.

In one such district stands a casino made of gilt and glitter. Its entire outer surface is lined in small lights like a second skin, their burnished luminescence reflecting back off the walls and casting the whole bustling street in a fiery glow. Golden steps lead up to its lavish doors, where anyone wealthy, powerful, or beautiful enough could attempt to gain entry on the whim of the doormen who watched from behind darkly tinted glasses, a necessity of their particularly blinding post. It is, in short, spectacular, a beacon of revelry and chance.

But even the brightest places hide dangers. Inside, the casino is a near-painful menagerie of blaring noise, light, and debauchery. Game tables of all kinds are scattered throughout the main, open floor, overseen by well-paid people in favor of droids, and three enormous bars rise interspersed along the east, west, and back north wall provide drinks and secrets. Behind the northmost bar, a set of 'restricted' lifts connect to the upper level of the casino, a raised, suspended platform more than another floor that hung over the first, a constant reminder of the way the casino's lord - a powerful Hutt - stood above all his patrons. The casino's security staff, all of them of the Hutt Cartel itself, flock throughout the chances house among its hundreds of vacationing patrons, some of them themselves potentially dangerous targets. It is a place where not only credits but the business of many underworld factions change hands under extreme stakes, and those foolish enough to be caught cheating are quickly removed and silenced.

Corellia: Gold Beaches (Word Count: 336)

The Golden Beaches of Corellia are one of the most well-known, well-renowned wonders of the galaxy. Hologrid stars, bureaucrats, ganglords, businessmen, and all manner of upscale gentry alike joined everymen and tourists from the Core to the Unknown Regions in flocking to their sunny, humid sands. The nearby cities of Coronet and Tyrena offered everything any visitor could hope for: luxuries large and small, including a gambling district nearly as famous as any on Nar Shaddaa.

The main attraction, Corellia's beaches, are a splendor all their own. Eons of erosion have turned the sands as fine and powdery soft as flour, shining, reflective, in the sun due to particular particles within their grain. In the daytime, the shores are filled with vacationers of all kinds, sunbathing, swimming, doing business with one another or local vendors that bring carts of wares down to the beachfront during its busy hours. Corellia's vast blue oceans stretch to the horizon on one side of the sands, the faint shimmers of coral reefs in the distance, while the

nearby town and the grav-train line to Tyrena that runs through it borders the other. Further down the beach, the small city ends abruptly, disappearing into thick jungle and forest, where the unwary might find Corellian [grass snakes](http://starwars.wikia.com/wiki/Corellian_grass_snake) or the extremely rare but deadly [sand panthers](http://starwars.wikia.com/wiki/Corellian_sand_panther) that venture out from Corellia's deserts.

At night, Corellia's three moons make a picturesque stage of the scene. The breeze is almost always still warm from the day's sunny touch, and often carries the smell of ocean foam and tangy smoke. Small and large bonfires alike on the beach below lushly vegetated cliffsides send the shore's shadows dancing, their bright orange glow just illuminating occasional late-night partygoers in the sand. Strands of very distant music and the faint cacophony from the nearby jungles and urban landscape drift by, accenting the view of dark, deep waters lapping at the shore, an all-too-easy demise for reckless swimmers.

Corellia: Spaceport (Word Count: 282)

The Golden Beaches of Corellia are one of the most well-known, well-renowned wonders of the galaxy. Hologrid stars, bureaucrats, ganglords, businessmen, and all manner of upscale gentry alike joined everymen and tourists from the Core to the Unknown Regions in flocking to their sunny, humid sands. The nearby cities of Coronet and Tyrena offered everything any visitor could hope for: luxuries large and small, including a gambling district nearly as famous as any on Nar Shaddaa.

Equally famous, though, is Corellia's reputation for producing ace pilots, smugglers, and airmen. Boasting four major spaceports around the planet, heavy manufacturing in starships, an independent navy, a thriving export and import economy, and a notorious criminal underground comfortably situated in the tourism circuit, spacefaring is as natural as breathing to many Corellians.

The largest of these spaceports lies in orbit around Corellia, called its fourth moon by some. The extensive port features docking space for anything from a cruiser to a dreadnaught, frequently seeing off both cargo and travelers of all kinds. The main terminal is a bustling place presided over by a completely modernized company of droids, a population that makes up the entirety of the spaceport's workers — the only organic beings to be found are those that come and go from ship to ship.

The spaceport, though mostly considered safe, is actually a perilous nest. Heavy machinery, equipment, and loading crates offer constant danger, as do steep drops into nothingness at the edges of platforms. The circuitry required to keep the port running is exposed in places, with droids busy in repair, and less mechanical threats prove their own malice, from cutpurses and urchins to the shadier customers passing through the port.