

“Tourist Destination” is perhaps not the first words to cross most people’s mind when they stumble upon *Peg Pecker’s Pearly Prize*. “Eyesore”, perhaps, is more appropriate. That, or “public safety threat.”

For lack of a better term, the *Pearly Prize* is a sort of floating tiki bar. It frequents the shallow waters around Atolli, coming to shore wherever or whenever there are tourists about , or enterprising Arconae with their heavy pockets. It isn’t the most unique business model, of course. The beaches are often thronged by seasonal workers in floating craft, seeking easy credits for low quality pearls or knick knacks.

Peg Pecker’s Pearly Prize stands out quite clearly from the rest, however. A large, catamaran-type hover-barge, the vessel looks like it is held together by a few dozen clapboard nails, driftwood scrap, and the odd tangles of hemp rope and neon lighting that trail into the water in its wake. The tiki bar itself is a far too much building shoved into too little room. A two story amalgamation of pulled-up decking, pipes, thatch, tin roofing, the entire thing leans violently to the portside. At any moment, it looks like the structure could collapse into the water, pulling the rest of the barge down with it. As briefly mentioned earlier, the exterior is covered in a rather extensive light-display. Hanging sheets of neon lights drape over the cobbled-together outer structure, like a glowing layer of glowing cobwebs. When one set of lights dies, the employees don’t bother to pull it down. Instead, a new layer is simply thrown over the top, producing quite a tangle as the years have gone by. Where exactly these lights are wired to is anyone’s guess. A hap-hazardly placed spiral staircase, covered in the lights, trails down to the waterline, the point of embarkment for any of those souls brave enough to come aboard.

If the exterior of the *Pearly Prize* is a safety nightmare, then the interior is a grievous insult to home decorators the galaxy over. The bar’s two floors are surprisingly roomy on the inside. This does little to improve things, as just about every square inch of floor space is taken up by seating. There is no rhyme or reason to the seating arrangements available. Plastic lawn chairs are lined up alongside hair-salon stools, stood at soiled card tables, raised benches, large stumps, and what seems like a shuffleboard raised up on legs. An ornate, velvet throne is often passed between the tables as a sort of seat of honor, its once-red cushions bleached by years of stains and stiffened by layers of vomit and sweat. The floorboards are ragged and ripped, creaking audibly underfoot, even through the pounding cacophony of the cantina music from the floor below, and the crushing swell of voices on both floors.

The crowded tables are only broken up by a strange collection of...well, decor wouldn’t really be the right word. Junk works better, perhaps. Artificial plants in broken ceramic pottery dot the floor, alongside flocks of pink plastic porgs and shattered Selenian statuary. Two large plaster statues of the former Consuls Atyriu and Kord take up the center of the floor, the only two objects in the *Prize* that are in any semblance of good order. Lady Atyriu’s statue is festooned with rainbow lights, hanging like a blinking gown, while Kordath’s statue is decorated with empty bottles of liquor, and a few obscene pieces of graffiti. Notably, Consul Vasano has not joined the likenesses of the two former leaders. Perhaps the sculptor is still at work.

Lighting on the top floor is provided through an array of haphazard means. Neon tubes snake across the ceiling, joined by additional snarls of multicolored bulbs. Moving holos of scantily clad men and women line the walls, without any preference given to species or body type. Once again, there is no telling where the electricity required to *power* these eclectic displays originates from. Perhaps it is better not to ask too many questions.

If one can successfully navigate down the stairs to the bottom floor, then they will become acquainted with the *Pearly Prize's* captain and primary form of entertainment. Whereas the top floor is mostly taken up by seating, most of the bottom floor consists of a central, circular stage, covered in powdery sand and a few artificial palm trees. A long bar is tucked along one wall, boasting an impressive display of liquors as well as a roaring, open fire grill... of questionable safety, given the wood-board construction of the vessel. The bar itself is actually reasonably well made, composed of multiple longboards laid end to end and sanded together into a single, smooth surface. A portion of the bar's seating is normally occupied by the *Prize's* all Selenian band, a troupe of young performers using native instruments that can fill the vessel with riotous Jizz, or more mellow Selenian tunes. Otherwise, like the floor above, the packed seating is random and varied, but that shouldn't be what draws the attention of the *Prize's* patrons.

Aside from the band, there are three employee's on the *Prize*. The first, and most important, is Peg Pecker himself. A tall, lithe, golden-skinned Gran, the *Prize's* proprietor does not answer to any other name. Two of his three eyes are cloudy and grey, marred by extensive scars that cross his face and body, tangling with nets of tattooing. Two of his legs have been replaced by cybernetic pegs; he claims that the originals were lost in space over Endor... alongside his member, which he says was replaced with an extendable "double decker pecker,". This is only one of many backstories that he has invented for himself, of course. He also claims to have spied for the Empire, to have trained in the Jedi Praxeum before being expelled for attempting to seduce Luke Skywalker, to have carnal knowledge of the queen of Naboo and the Hapan Consortium, and to have served Clan Arcona for his entire adult life. He is a bandier of the bawdiest stories, a roughneck who throws himself into bar-room brawls, and a planetarily renowned mixologist. Even the Hats'utsil resort admits to this, often bringing him on to serve at banquets. He is famed for his "Pecker's Punch," a bright green swill said to reduce its drinkers to more than a week of intoxication.

Peg Pecker's "husband" and "wife" serve as the *Pearly Prize's* primary entertainment, and one of the vessel's biggest draws. His wife, as one would expect of the seedy joint, is a gorgeous, yellow-skinned twi'lek covered from lekku to ankle in scrawling tattoos. Her partner, Peg Pecker's "Husband", is a Wookiee, apparently male, with thick salt and pepper fur. Neither of their names have ever been revealed to their audience; they remain known as the Husband and Wife. The Wife, contrary to what one might expect, is a masterfully skilled musician, a virtuoso kloo horn player and the jewel of the Selenian band. The Husband is the dancer; with red ribbons wrapped into his fur, he dances to the tune of the wife's pipe and performs alongside her in uproarious skits that range from the profane to the abjectly lewd.

