



While Py'zah the Hutt's glorious [Garganta Galleria Casino](#) bulges like a crown at the apex of Tipool City, down below, various tiers of the metropolis are cast in its glow...and its shadows. One such particular neighborhood, one of the lowest of the low, is known as **Little Ryloth**, dubbed so more by mocking of the large population of indentured Twi'leks — despite an equal population of similarly enslaved Humans and some other assortment of aliens — than any semblance to the desert planet.

Like many of Tipool City's destitute boroughs, Little Ryloth is a bizarre and ever-changing quagmire of residential tenements, recycled warehouses, and packed shantytown markets. Shop fronts abut garages while bars and fighting rings sit atop and between the smokestacks of factory floors. Crime is not rampant in the neighborhood; it *is* the neighborhood, and deviance from it abnormal. Gangsters of the [Hutt Clan](#), smugglers, slave traders and breeders, pirates, drugrunners, and all manner of traffickers, chemists, and spice-heads call Little Ryloth their base of operations. With buildings packed wall to wall in tall and irregular tiers along the seaside cliffs that Little Ryloth is built into, streets are steep and speederlanes frequent features for minor street racing circuits and common crashes. Any greenery that once existed before Tipool City's domination of the forests and beaches is long gone, while the natural stone is often stained in grime underfoot and, above, in thick and sickly sheets of strange neon colors, the result not of sooty factory production but of the burn-off of spice-cooking, Little Ryloth's one true trade. This is what makes the neighborhood more dangerous than any one of its denizens: it is Dandoran's foremost staging ground for the sector's [spice trade](#), and competitive operations are always trying to edge one another out, with minor subfactions of gangs and pirates murdering their competition, burning out the warehouses, and starting up their own attempt in the ashes before the cycle begins again.

Little Ryloth's spice culture is not merely contained to selling or distribution, either. It is known as a hotbed for spice "cooks," where a spice refinery can be found under every floorboard, in every kitchen and bathroom available, to varying degrees of quality and stability. A stray blaster shot or even an unchecked cigarra in Little Ryloth has the potential to set off a massive, poisonous explosion at any given time, and it is often joked that the ghetto specializes in fireworks celebrating Py'zah's Fatness; every new boom is a blessing for Py'zah, and there are many, many such blessings every week. No one is quite sure at any given moment whether walking the streets of the area is going to be deadly, or whether the fumes they breathe are swept in from the race tracks or from the open window of a nearby cookery. As a result, foot traffic is rare and quick in Little Ryloth, and most every resident is red-eyed and acid-throated, carrying a breath mask or scrap of cloth tied about their mouth and a knife on their hip for less incendiary means of weaponry. The frequent rains on the peninsula offer only brief periods of respite, dampening the clouds of toxic chemicals long enough for daily rushes of activity between markets and normal living, and woe to any newcomer that gets in the way of a fast-moving occupant of Little Ryloth going about their rare day outside of a semi-self-imposed quarantine.

Image credits:

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Resources:

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