

100 Words Or Less

Warden Rhys Pwyll

Between the sounds of the serving droids whizzing by, the vibrant music, and the slurred speech of the patrons; the hotel bar was filled with a familiar chorus. The clink of credit chips being slapped on the bar counter and the excited prattling of at least a dozen different languages; all gathered together to create a nostalgic ambiance for the man seated in the center of the room. This was the best place to spend your hard-earned credits or earn some more - like Rhys Pwyll was hoping to do, so long as the Council back home didn't find out.