Kiast : Taslem Docks

On the western edge of the Essadan-Aurek city, the Docks are usually a hive of activity. Workers toil during the day to maintain the plentiful trade that keeps Essadan ‘afloat’. Now, only a few owlish workmen stay as the binary suns drop beneath the cloud layer. The dockhands show little enthusiasm, though they still ferry goods between shuttle, hangar, and lorry. It is dusk, and glorious warm hues of yellow, red and orange illuminate the twilight sky. Long shadows are spread across the Docks. Despite the late hour, it is still fairly warm, though not too much so. There is moisture to the air, though it is not overly humid.

Reaching out over the thick clouds below, there are platforms for the movement of small ships and shuttles. When viewed from the side and compared to the immense size of the city, they are starkly thin. Below, there is a streak of cloud darker than the rest – a slightly different chemical make-up which swirls slightly slower than the surrounding gas, making the most peculiar patterns.

Running along the edge of the city adjacent to the docks is a wide thoroughfare, for the transport of goods throughout the city. A constant stream of traffic arrives to the docks, picks up their load of goods, and then leaves, their axles hanging lower, encumbered. Even at this late hour, a trickle of lorries pass by.