

Sinchi Logistics Hub 12

Situated in the Sinchi ring, though having several near-identical siblings scattered all across Selen, Sinchi Logistics Hub 12 is a purely utilitarian place of dulled greys and oil slick browns at the far edge of the Ring. Thousands of tonnes of cargo pass through here every day, feeding the insatiable appetite of the Ring and her hedonistic inhabitants.

Within its cavernous bowels, work crews bustle like bees around cargo modules, worker ants serving the hive. Tractor-cranes on overhead guide rails haul and transfer cuboid crates and containers onto smaller repulsor sleds that dart around in the shadows of Sinchi as envoys of commerce and trade.

Shipments of heavy goods arrive on flatbeds and freighters during the night time hours, though the city rarely sleeps, and from hubs much like number 12, vital supplies and luxury items are then delivered upon the skiff network to the shops and businesses around the rings.

Dirty, loud and unpleasant places that operate on vintage machinery and outdated licenses, they nonetheless provide an invaluable service to the city and employment to countless stevedores who operate the cranes, sort the shipments and drive the skiffs. Indeed, at one point in time, the most common job of a Selenian male was skiff-driver, though that too has now begun to dwindle as automated droid-skiffs have taken to the scene.

This shift in employment would normally have resulted in riots and protests by the workers, were it not for the fact that the city were so crippled by other events as to leave a near-constant shortage on able bodied workmen and ensuring employment. However, as automation carries on to encompass the crane operators as well and things in the city settle down, there exists a grave potential for mutiny and strikes which could potentially cripple the entire city yet again.

Communal Feeding Halls

Established in the wake of the destructive plague that swept the Dajorran system in 36 ABY, the Communal Feeding Halls were an expediency undertaken to ensure the populace remained healthy and fed, while maintaining wartime rationing. The system of similarly decorated halls, ranging through all the three rings of Selen, provides hot meals for a few credits per diner and are accessible to all of the city's residents almost around the clock.

Simple halls with long row tables, bolted seats and simple plastoid cutlery, each establishment is painted in a subtly different shade to its neighbor though ranging on a pallid scale of beige browns to salmon pinks. Sterile and bare, the halls themselves are cheap and utilitarian in nature, though some have been tuned up by local residents upon donations of paint and brushes by [ATTY'S ORPHANAGE]. Often, these artistic expressions have been created by street urchins or other less well-to-do children who would otherwise be spending their days on the streets or worse.

The food on offer is basic, but hearty and considering the rationed imports consists mainly of seafood abundant in the planet's vast oceans. A long counter stands at one end of the hall, behind which the service staff waits to shovel out ladlefuls of the day's grub or take the few credits of payment.

Depending on the day and staff, the service can range from mechanically unpleasant to almost familial. Especially in the poorer parts of the city, the feeding halls have become common living rooms and serve to foster hope in bleak times, while in the more well-off sections they are shunned and only frequented by workers or those few families whose wealth is no longer what it used to be.

Selenian Fire Brigade, Field Command C

The Selenian fire brigade consists of a mix of volunteer and professional fire fighters whose job is to keep the vast city safe from fires and the effects of natural disasters. Though an extensive fire suppression system is in place in most of the city, at times fires may break out which that sprinkler-based solution is unable to defend against.

Several locations exist along the rings, with Field Command C being a rather small two-speeder affair nestled in a repurposed vehicle bay very close to the Citadel. The station is officially a limited-time expediency for a first-response unit catering to the Citadel, but funding has been secured for perpetuity, hinting at a more permanent need.

The two-storey venue has a pair of hangar doors sitting side by side at street level, each holding a self-contained bay for maintaining and equipping a single Waterspray-class fire suppression landspeeder. The second floor houses the command center, ready room and utilities for the professional fire crew to maintain their equipment and physical fitness in while not deployed on mission. Indeed, allowances were made for a rather extensive gym during the refurbishment process and many of the all-Chiss crew chose to spend several hours perfecting their physique for the demanding tasks they face.

On top of the building sits a hoverpad on which a single F-145 fire ship is nestled. The vehicle is designed to provide overhead fire suppression capability and transport for the members of the fire brigade when engaging threats in the upper levels of the Citadel. The ship itself is a modernized version of the venerable F-143 design by Rothana Heavy Engineering, which served the Coruscant Rescue Ops during the Clone Wars.

Of particular mention in this particular facility is the increased security measures, due in part because of its role in serving the Citadel. Several security cameras are installed around the compound, and the gym, with the members of the fire brigade having been instructed to avoid wearing baggy clothing as such could be used to smuggle contraband or dangerous devices inside the Citadel via the fire brigade deployments.

Despite officially serving the entire Citadel, station records show that a disproportionate number of emergency calls have been filed under code 12-21-3-9-14-5, relating to fires in the Aedile's offices, specifically the kitchen.

(* 12-21-3-9-14-5 is alphanumeric for L-U-C-I-N-E)

Selen Iron Works

Once a pillar of Dajorran industry, Selen Iron Works (SIW) is by now little more than a rusting shell of its former self. The company used to employ thousands in its foundries scattered across what is now known as the Capac and Sinchi Rings and built its opulent headquarters in a highrise in the Huascar Ring, before unfavorable trade winds and a devastating series of investments into war materiel brought the company to its knees. By now, most of its former assets have been swallowed by the growing city and what once was a zone for heavy industry is now entertainment or housing districts, the giant cuboid foundries standing as silent reminders of the city's industrial past.

Some say an elusive cabal of so-called 'Arconae' was responsible for SIW's downfall, wishing to drive the company to the ground rather than see it grow in influence enough to become politically active. However, such rumors are but the deranged and bitter ramblings of the company's former owner, spoken under the influence of medication of which he died soon after making these statements.

After having been declared bankrupt, the company was split up and sold to a number of private investors, some merely dismantling their property or repurposing the vast manufacturing halls for other uses, while others still tried to breathe some life into the old embers of industry. Only a single foundry still survives, far in the Capac ring, where it produces heavy durasteel armor plate for use in repairing the Darjorran Defence Forces fleet assets.

Foundry number 5

This particular foundry, number 5, is an ancient relic amidst its modern rivals. A structure of beige duracrete and blackened steel, its corroded chimneys belch forth a stream of black smoke whenever the giant forges are lit and the thunderous rumble of the hydraulic hammers and rollers flattening tons of red-hot durasteel ingots into plates are a constant reminder of its arthritic, yet still beating heart. For despite the novelty of its high-tech competition, no other place on Selen has the sheer brute capacity to bend durasteel into shape and process the material into armor plate worthy of protecting vessels against the rigors of combat.

When finicky shields fail and fancy combat maneuvers are outdone, any vessel in the Dajorran Defence Force can be still safe in the knowledge that her hull is still protected by

layers of ablative armor made by the hard-working men and women of Selen Iron Works Foundry number 5. Those workers who still find employment at the foundry know full well where their products go to and in turn, know that their craftsmanship is what keeps the DDF vessels alive and protecting all of Dajorra. It is hence no hyperbole to state that they put all their skill into their work and produce some of the finest starship armor in the Rim.

Foundry number 3

Situated in what by now has become known as the Sinchi Ring, foundry number 3 has long since been defunct. Even during the heyday of the Selen Iron Works, the growing city began encroaching on the land around the foundry and made work difficult as heavy shipments became increasingly laborious to complete in a residential neighborhood.

Indeed, the foundry was being run down even before SIW was finally declared bankrupt and split apart, and no official plans were ever made for what to do with the vacant industrial complex. Much like her sister foundries, the monolithic block of beige duracrete and corroded iron stands as a monument to days long past, though unlike places like Foundry 5, no smoke has risen from its chimneys in decades.

Old company records show that Foundry 5 was being converted into a lathe shop, a machining factory where finer and more specialized components were manufactured, but by now the vast factory floors lie empty and decrepit, with only heavy dust of durasteel chippings and crumbling stoneworks covering the desolate machine shops.

However, the land upon which the foundry stands is still valuable and many wonder out loud why the old eyesore has not been taken down and new residential buildings erected in its place, but each time some entrepreneurial individual approaches the Citadel with such plans, they are informed that the lot is not for sale.

Apparently, the ancient foundry still has an owner, though it serves no use. The last recorded custodian was DDF Fleet-Admiral Ravensburg, before his disappearance in 36 ABY. Although ownership records beyond that are not known, the foundry still holds marks of infrequent visitors and the security systems are updated from time to time.

To what end someone would go to such trouble in preserving a crumbling piece of ancient industry is unknown, though local residents have complained about the occasional whining of what sounds like ancient turbolifts, coupled with the whiff of spicy condiment.