

The 40th Street Medical Clinic

Though Estle City boasts a large and impressive hospital, there are times when a person might want to avoid it. Perhaps they lack the funds to pay, or are suffering from wounds or ailments that would attract too many questions if they were to seek help at the hospital. Perhaps they simply want to avoid the Chiss medic that occasionally stalks the halls there. Whatever the reason, the 40th Street Medical Clinic serves as a suitable second choice.

Located at the corner of 40th and 77th Street, the clinic is situated within an unassuming two-story building. During the daylight hours, a steady stream of people from all walks of life can be seen coming and going through the front doors, making it clear that the physicians of the clinic are willing to see just about any patient.

The front room is a shabby affair. The floor is covered with a threadbare rug, and though the chairs are comfortable, none of them match. The reception desk is in the back of the room, next to the door that leads to the exam rooms.

There are three exam rooms in total, one for each of the medics who work there. The appearance of each room closely resembles the personality of the medic who utilizes the room. The first is just as shabby in appearance as the front room. It contains two mismatched overstuffed armchairs, as well as a worn exam table on which the tools of the trade have been casually piled. In one corner stands a rickety table, on which an impressive collection of beakers and droppers have been assembled into a makeshift distillery for cheap and potent vodka.

The second room more closely resembles an office than an exam room. It boasts a large desk made of dark wood, with a wide variety of medical degrees displayed proudly behind it. The walls are lined with books and datapads boasting information on a wide variety of medical information. Faint classical music can be heard playing from a small recorder in the corner.

The third office belongs to the nurse, though it most closely matches what one might think of when they imagine an examination room. The shabby carpet ends at the door, replaced by flextile flooring. An examination table stands in one corner, with a folding chair next to it. In the opposite corner stands a small table, with the medical tools arrayed neatly in order of usage.

Past the exam rooms stands a small surgery suite, featuring just enough tools for what one of the medics sarcastically refers to as "meatball surgery". Across from the surgery is the pharmacy, located behind a locked durasteel door. At the end of the hall stands a set of stairs that leads up to the sleep rooms, where the medics can occasionally catch a quick nap after a particularly long case.