

## Thuvis Shipyard - Disassembly Circuit

Owing to the station's chronic lack of supplies, an effort was made to convert part of the cycloidal assembly lines into *disassembly* lines. The circuit runs around the circumference of the Shipyard itself, being fed by cannibalizing operations in the derelict sectors and by fresh shipments of war scrap in others. Altogether, this creates a highly mobile and varied area with multitudes of fellow passengers aboard the snaking conveyor track where TIE fighters mingle next to husks of burnt-out AT-STs and ripped-out refresher sinks.

Many choose to ride this highly unsanctioned means of transport as it *does* offer some distinct advantages in getting around the station in a hurry. Whereas the central areas are heavily built up and movement channeled via narrow walkways connecting closed doors, the Circuit moves at a brisk pace unimpeded and, if one is wary of one's surroundings, offers quick and easy travel between the various sectors of the station's outer perimeter.

The circuit moves through various sectors of the station, some pressurized, others *less* so, with new scrap being added from every which direction by salvage crews or junker loaders, until eventually the durasteel track leads to the final disassembly area. There, a series of plasma grilles slice the scrap into chunks before a bewildering armada of automated arms, high-power magnets, tractor beams and jets of pressurized air separate the scrap and guide them further into bubbling melting crucibles.

Several repulsorlift skiffs patrol the area, taking samples from the vats with long ceramic lances and delivering them to the overlooking control room for analysis. These are automated devices, operated by simple droid brains and fly in predictable routes to and fro all over and around the moving conveyor belt.

Beyond them, the air lays heavy with the industrial scent of lubricants and burning metal, the choking gasses of venting cauldrons easily able to overpower an unwary organic – or char them to the bone if they're particularly unlucky. Gouts of molten durasteel bubble and boil out from the open-topped crucibles when particularly large chunks fall inside their hungry maws and the blistering heat just before the final plunge is almost enough to melt the very conveyor belt itself.