

Delpin Aarave Apothecary & Clinic

Port Ol'val is not the kind of place you'd expect to find a walk-in healthy clinic with its own in-house apothecary. Further adding to the intrigue is the fact that no patient or guest is charged anything more than they can or are willing to offer. Their policy is to never turn away a patient, and if treatment goes beyond what is available, they can place orders for supplies from off-world. Delpin Aarave Apothecary & Clinic (DAAC) does not care about your background or history—all patients will be seen and treated. Visibly, the profits come from sales of supplies and over-the-counter tinctures sold at the Apothecary.

The front entrance to DAAC is a plain durasteel blastdoor with simple aurebesh lettering overhead. The reception area is small but quaint, with imported wood-grain paint across the floor and walls. A single desk sits behind a glass transparisteel window with a square opening and sliding panel. The apothecary's carefully labeled and organized inventory is kept behind it. In front of the desk, a standing data-pad allows patients to sign in and enter basic information to help assist with administration of service. A water cooler next to a caf machine and electric kettle is set up on a small table to the side, with fresh artisan blends of tea from local staple *Steep Trouble*, to serve to guests.

Med Clinic

A door leads back to the walk-in med bay. The room is not very large, but has enough beds with curtain-dividers to hold four patients at once. State of the art medical equipment for scanning and in-house testing has been set up against sterile, durasteel shelving and pale blue-white walls and flooring. There is plenty of overhead lighting with section control, a closet filled with the latest tools, drips, and bacta treatments, as well as a private terminal with a wide-format vidscreen hardlinked to the holonets medical archives.

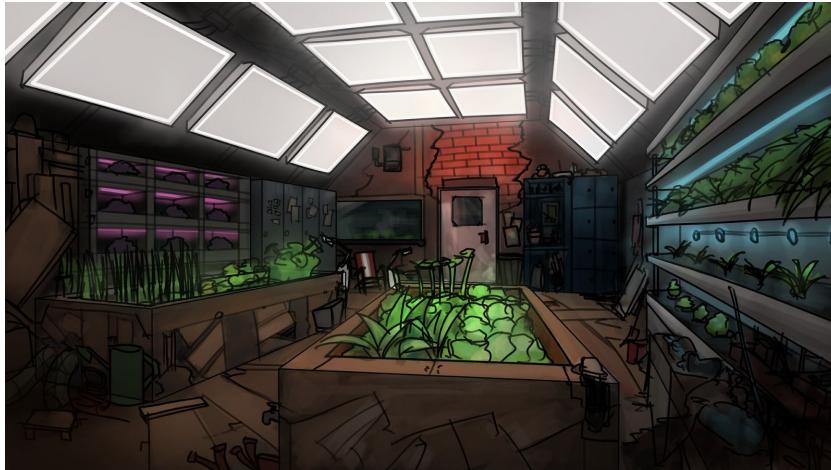


[Image Credit/Source](#)

Private Garden

Adjacent to the medbay through a locked door is a small private garden. Artificial Sunlight beams from a series of overhead panels that provide temperate and climate control that gets paired with piping for irrigation and misting. Exposed stone and earthy tones hide the former

abandoned storage holds interior. A center planter holds a medley of vegetation and herbs, while metal cabinets housing tools and gardening equipment. There is a long work bench on the far end with pistol and motor, filtered water, and a host of empty vials and beakers. A separate display case shelters a collection of antidotes, poisons, and venoms imported from across the galaxy.



Private Garden - [Image Credit/Source](#)

Operation & History

The facility is run by [[Atyiru Caesura Entar Arconae]] and [[Marick Tyris]], who own the single bedroom apartment above the shop. Marick tends to the Apothecary while Atyiru works and serves hours as the resident doctor and caretaker. They have a single, full-time nurse practitioner and administrator by the name of Tzina, a male Twi'lek-Selenian hybrid with whitish skin and pale minty green eyes, shorter lekku, and tan striping. He is very kind and generally soft spoken when he chooses to speak up, but can sometimes be mistaken as mute or simple. In truth, he's sharp, well studied, and just tends to keep to his own ivory tower of intellect.

Tzina is fully capable of running both the register and concierge at the front desk, as well as basic medicine and nursing. While diminutive in structure, he knows full well how to make use of a scalpel as a weapon, and keeps a hold-out blaster in a hidden compartment under the credit-register. He stays on Ol'Val because he thinks it needs his help and he should be where the "battle" is- the common workers who have made their home in the shadowport. He had experience at various underfunded and doomed street clinics before pleading to lend his services to DAAC (or *Doc's*, as the locals have come to call it). Likes learning about the plants that Master Tyris cultivates, and thinks that Lady Atyiru talks too much, but is somehow the nicest person he's ever met.

The property is registered under *Encanis Investments*, an entity that has but one public record and no other information on registry. In larger planets and more populated cities, one might wonder how the place was funded, but in a shadowport like Ol'val, no one ever felt a need to pry or wonder too hard.

The one time that a local gang tried to accost the small shop and clinic did not end well for the four ruffians. Their bodies, or what parts that were left of them, eventually resurfaced in disparate locations around the shadowport as a message. Since then, no local gangs have seemed keen on giving the shop any trouble, or make any inquiries into *Encanis Investments*.