

## Andros Scrapyard

Chyron. Home of Clan Taldryan. And nestled in the shadows between an old, run-down foundry and a tertiary power station at the navel of Sector 003, all the way down on level 826, you'll find Andros Scrapyard.

Standing guard between street and yard proper is a stout, unremarkable building, no more than a giant angular box with durasteel walls marred by decades of ionization and filth. The workshop is large enough to house a dozen or so landspeeders, including the turbolift systems required to raise them for repulsorlift maintenance. The place is replete with tools of all sorts, from your classical power tool to industrial arc welders and grinders. You'll find a dingy cot in the back and a couch that looks like it was fished out of a landfill. A massive work table sits nearby, cluttered with disassembled weapons and a whole lot of junk. All kinds of boxes and crates and liquor bottles litter the shop as if no one ever bothers to clean up.

Beyond the building, you'll find the scrapyard, although if you asked anyone that isn't the burly Zabrak owner and they'd tell you *scrapyard* is indisputably the wrong term. In fact, the operation looks more like the aforementioned landfill. Or perhaps a butcher shop blown up a hundred fold, the meat replaced by the carcasses of old ships and speeders all chained up and dangling precariously over a criss-crossing mess of walkways and platforms and lifts, each more cluttered with junk than the last. To add a touch of claustrophobia, the whole blasted thing is sandwiched between great rising buildings like some sort of outsized alleyway. The only source of light is a bunch of spotlights spilling a grungy white light onto strategic spots. The ground beneath this grungy display is a literal sea of debris. More ship carcasses, mechanical components, leaking ion batteries, droid limbs, broken blasters, all the discarded whatchamacallits you could conjure up, and a whole lot more you couldn't can be found in this organizational nightmare.