

Frank

Delegation: Matters' Folly

Nationality: Badlands

If I ain't got it and you need it, I'll have it faster and cheaper than anybody else, and that's a guarantee. Such is the claim to any would-be customer of your caravan trading business, and pandering to the convenient stereotype of the wheeling-and-dealing caravan trader makes people assume they know more about you than they actually do, which cuts down on the annoying questions you might otherwise be asked. Like how you manage to offer such consistently good prices. Or just who the hell you are anyway, and what kind of an accent that is that sometimes slips through.

Picking up a touch of an accent is inevitable when you grow up in a rough neighbourhood like you did, but the unusual thing about that particular neighbourhood, your present company would no doubt note, was that it was on Earth. Born Marrion Francisco, your parents were kind and caring and made you go to school, but you knew that there was little chance of climbing out of the slums that way. You spent your free time working up through the ranks of a local organised crime group, first as a courier, then as a drug dealer, then in a more organisational role. Inevitably you got caught and tried. You were offered the choice between imprisonment and joining the Colonial Expeditionary Force and with with the New Earth Commonwealth's penal system being what it was opted for the military service.

It was a good deal, considering. Given as clean a slate as any other enlisted grunt, your schooling and knack for organising logistics (you didn't go into much detail about your relevant experience on that particular front) got you posted to a supply company, and you were attached to the Terra Nova invasion force. You had no gripe with the Terra Novans of course, but you had a job to do and you did it well. Keeping something as fast and powerful as hover tanks supplied when they're racing ahead of their supply lines is no easy task, but you were competent and earned the respect of your comrades. You were promoted several times, eventually becoming an officer.

And so as Lieutenant Marrion Francisco you were administrating an ammo dump planetside when you heard of the CEF's surrender, although you'd suspected for several weeks that it was on the cards sooner or later. You'd done your homework – you knew there weren't enough ships to get everyone home and you knew you were too far away from a pick-up point to be in with a chance of being one of the lucky ones, so you liberated as much military equipment as you could carry and along with a few others headed into the Badlands to begin a new life, robbing from the rich and selling at a profit.

Once you'd found your feet by taking down a few military and civilian caravans (having a few GREs to command really helped you out there, although they've since moved on) you were in a position to actually go semi-legit. Buy low, sell high! There's money to be made shipping food to Peace River and manufactured goods out to the little Badlands towns, for example. Or running "immoral" materials up to folks who can get them across the CNCS borders. Of course there's still plenty of room for taking from those who are rich and stupid enough to leave their own caravans insufficiently guarded – most of your less-than-legal dealings originate with the smoking ruins of a Peace River or Southern caravan, but you try not to hit more than one or two per season nowadays.

You were dealing with the tiny hamlet of Matters' Folly when it was just that, but after local farmer Milan Kopier discovered an abundant supply of water on his land it started to take off. You were there to supply its needs – machinery, construction materials, alcohol, furniture – and developed a reputation as the best person to come to for just about anything. With the help of a few insiders in Peace River and elsewhere, you

were usually able to find what was sought and bring it to the customer without much damage. You helped Matters' Folly grow into the thriving town it is today, and you feel a certain warmth for the place, a place you had a hand in creating. It's good to know that you're still held in the same high regard for your ability to supply what's needed – Mayor Dellasanta agreed to have you along as part of the town's delegation for these negotiations, and just as well too because this could have serious repercussions for your business.

A military alliance would mean more troops in town, and troops like nothing so much as drinking and its related service sectors. As things have been up until now your profits have soared when there's soldiers kicking back in Matters' Folly, and if it were a permanently garrisoned outpost you'd have a steady and lucrative thing going. You could turn it into a real military party town, for whatever army gets it. A trade alliance, on the other hand, would hurt your business. Peace River bringing in weapons, Port Arthur offering diamonds or whatever-the-hell, consumer electronics and the like from the Poles – that'd just cut right into your market. As the primary trade pipeline into the town you command a fair bit of respect, but what would really seal the deal would be a place on the town council, and the accompanying vote. After all, you're at least as much responsible for building up this town as anybody else, and you keep it going. It's the least they owe you.

Time to play the politics game, and you can play it the same way you usually do business – buy low, sell high, and if you can, just nick what you need!

About Your Delegation <

- **Mayor Dellasanta** – Good mayor, with personal problems. Knows what's what, has been trading in Matters' Folly for ages.
- **Marshal Hadland** – Gotta keep an eye on this one, she's one of those Marshal types that've given you trouble in the past. Just don't let her know how you really operate.
- **Shad Kolkman** – Nice guy, friendly but maybe a bit of a sucker.
- **Milan Kopler** – Reckons he's hot stuff, dragged himself up by the bootstraps and all that. Owns the water company and so is pretty rich.
- **Rabbi Gonzales** – The Jerusalemite preacher, representing the town's religious viewpoint. Decent type but a bit of a hard-liner.

About Others You Know <

- **Marna Kounkel** – A tough from Peace River whose sister was married to Mayor Dellasanta. He got into a gunfight with somebody in a bar in Matters' Folly once, and his sister was killed. Apparently the Mayor blames him for her death. You haven't met him though.

Resources <

Your caravan\gang, totalling slightly under twenty souls and all fighting fit, is camped a short distance outside of town with all their equipment.

- **Get Matters' Folly into an alliance that'll keep it secure and offer you plenty of business.**
- **Get onto the town council. The existing council will have to vote you on.**
- **Keep clear of the long arm of the law.**

Additional Player Info: Lieutenant Marrion Francisco <

Marrion Francisco is a nice enough guy, really, but utterly amoral. He doesn't really see the need to justify his actions and so has no qualms about raiding other caravans, killing in cold blood if necessary, back-stabbing and lying. At the same time, he genuinely does offer lower prices than he needs to and isn't greedy – he's just trying to help his town prosper and help out his friends in the place. All he really wants is to make a good go of his enforced life on Terra Nova, and as far as he's concerned he's done exactly that and has no regrets.