

Milan Kopier

Delegation: Matters' Folly

Nationality: Badlands

It's lonely at the top. You'd think that with all you've done for your adopted town of Matters' Folly – which perfectly frankly you single-handedly put on the map – you'd be treated with a bit of respect by the citizens, but it seems that with human nature being what it is they're jealous of your success. You own the largest water company in a radius of hundreds of kilometres, provide a large proportion of the town's employment and have provided numerous amenities to the town, and yet they still laugh at you behind your back. Typical peasant farmers, you suppose, to begrudge their betters success.

You haven't always been a runaway success, of course. Like so many in the Badlands, you were born on a homestead, out in the wastes where your parents raised springers and grew waterroot and a little johar on land they'd made fertile and productive by their own toil. An only child, you had an enjoyable life, learning farming and machines, until the day the Poles came. To this day you don't know what they were fighting over, but at the time of the Judas Syndrome it was common for antagonistic units from the Poles to settle their differences in the Badlands, and so it happened that patrols from the Northern Guard's 113th Gear Regiment the *Short Fuses* and the Southern MILICIA's 27th *Hanged Men* clashed on your farm. Enraged, your mother charged out on a springer brandishing a rifle and was swiftly dispatched by an anti-personnel grenade. Your father, horrified, ran out after her, waving his arms at the skirmishers, but had no chance when a wild spray of rocket fire missed its target.

Neither government ever acknowledged that the incident even happened. At the age of 15 cycles, with nothing to do but look after the farm, you became bitter and isolated – not difficult when you're the better part of an hour's ride from the nearest person. You had little contact with the outside world and that was the way you wanted it.

Until Anabel Beauregarde showed up. An energetic and flighty geologist for a Southern Republican mining company, she was following some promising-looking vein or something that led right onto your land. Out of politeness, and some degree of attraction, you allowed her to continue her work on the farm, and even offered her a bed in the house instead of in the tent she'd been using. She was grateful, and seemed fascinated by your lifestyle. You in turn found her innate cheerfulness infectious. After several weeks of this, after she'd determined that there was abundant water to be had on your land by drilling far enough but none of the minerals she sought, you both realised you'd fallen in love. She spontaneously quit her job and moved onto the farm. You were happy for the first time since your parents had been killed.

Unfortunately it turned out that while you'd fallen for Anabel, she had merely fallen for the Badlands life, the uncomplicated battle against nature that the farm provided. And after all you'd been through together – two children, Elise and Xavier, and surviving through the War of the Alliance – she declared that she'd had enough, and took off back to her home town of Aquitaine in the Southern Republic, taking the children with her. You were heartbroken. For several cycles you contemplated suicide, but eventually decided you wouldn't give another manipulative Polar the satisfaction. Stage one of getting your life back together, you decided, was to investigate this water source Anabel had found.

To cut a long story short, fifteen cycles later you're the top dog of the water business in the area. Nobody else has such an abundant supply, and you've made your fortune mining it and bottling it for drinking, washing and engines, and piping it out to other homesteads for irrigation. You're the wealthiest man in Matters' Folly – the nearest town, where you now live – and should be the most respected. But that's not

the case – you have an image as a bitter, reclusive hermit. Which is perfectly true, of course, but none of these people has had to go through what you had to go through. You spent so many years alone that you never really learned the knack of dealing with people – when you have difficulty communicating something you tend to resort to yelling. But it was the availability of your water that transformed this town from a tiny hamlet into a thriving trade centre – these people owe you, the least they could do is afford you the special treatment you deserve!

The worst of the bunch is Shad Kolkman, the unofficial farmers' representative. Although no better of a farmer than most, and worse than some, through sheer force of personality he's managed to blag his way onto the town council, of all things, making him officially your equal in terms of deciding the town's future – although your equal he most certainly is not. Somewhat younger than you, his homestead borders onto yours, and he has the nerve to think he has a valid claim to your LAND. The land that your parents tamed alone and which you worked for so many cycles before your water find allowed you to retire from the farming life, he claims actually belonged to his parents and that yours were farming it without permission. The water mine occupies only a small part of the land, so you've let the rest go, a sort of monument to your parents and the lunacy of war. But Kolkman persists, even though he's well aware that he has absolutely no right to even suggest that he knows what's best for your land. He's even tried on several occasions to have the rest of the town council pressure you into selling. Sometimes you're very glad your mine is guarded by well-trained and equipped security guards, because who knows what Kolkman is capable of? He'd easily con people into supporting him, that's the way he is.

To make matters worse, in the past few cycles you've developed an affection for the town Marshal, Maxine Hadland. Only the second woman who has come close to breaking through the emotional barrier you and life have constructed around you, she's confident and self-assured, and yet surprisingly sensitive and caring. She can see that you're not the greedy tyrant nor the eccentric hermit as which you've been painted by popular opinion, can see through to the real you. Your absolute favourite time of the week is when she comes to visit, to share a whiskey and a chat about everything and nothing. You haven't said anything to her about how you feel, but it's pretty obvious that she knows.

The problem is again Kolkman, who's been dating her on-and-off for far too long now. She doesn't talk about their relationship, but you can see clearly that he treats her extremely poorly, which angers you a great deal. She certainly deserves much better than that avaricious, manipulating schemer, and you're quite prepared to offer her a way out – once you pluck up the courage, that is.

Now, Mayor Dellasanta has called these negotiations to basically sell off Matters' Folly to the Poles. Over your dead body is that going to happen – between your parents' deaths, your lying wife and the incidents that led to the Mayor calling these negotiations in the first place, you've had your fill of what the Poles can do once they get going. You're going to put up a stiff fight to ensure that whatever happens, your town stays out of Polar hands. They might have the muscle to pick on the weak, but this meeting is going to change things, and around here, you're the big cheese.

About Your Delegation <

- **Mayor Dellasanta** – A good, competent mayor. Wife was killed long ago and his kids left in the meantime, so he's probably pretty lonely, like yourself.
- **Marshal Hadland** – An angel in a duster coat, kind and open. A desert flower being trodden on by her relationship with Kolkman.
- **Shad Kolkman** – Greedy swine who wants your land. Abusive to Maxine Hadland, and to top it all off, a follower of the bloody Revisionist religion.
- **Rabbi Gonzales** – The town's Jerusalemite preacher, a good diplomatic type who holds the community together. You helped fund the new church.

About Others You Know <

- **Sous-Commandant Beauregarde** – You don't know how they managed it, but those Southern bastards have sent your own offspring to this negotiation. You haven't seen him since he was about ten cycles old, and now he's working for the MILICIA. Still though, apart from that you don't really have anything against him personally – although his mother is a different matter – and maybe you can make use of him.
- **Marna Kounkel** – Some sort of a tough from Peace River. His sister was married to Mayor Dellasanta, but some of Kounkel's business followed him into town during one of his visits and she was killed in the resulting gun battle. That's what you've heard, anyway – you've never actually met.

Resources <

You have a force of ten security guards who guard your operations out of town. There may not be many of them (although it's still not a group to be sneezed at) but they're significantly better trained and equipped than the local militia.

Goals <

- Ensure control of the town doesn't fall into the hands of either the North or the South. Anything is preferable to that.
- See that all of Shad Kolkman's plans fail, particularly those to get his hands on your land.
- Now's as good a time as any to secure Marshal Hadland's affections and help her get away from that slime Kolkman!
- Find out what you can about what's become of your family – Anabel, Elise and Xavier.

Additional Player Info: Milan Kopier <

Kopier is the big-wig who dragged himself up by his bootstraps to where he is today and wants everybody to know it, loudly. Something of a Boss Hogg type, nevertheless as you can see he's is plenty of ways a sympathetic character, so you can play him whichever way you want – loudmouth blustering braggart, melancholic recluse or anywhere in between. By religion he is a Jerusalemite – a fusion of Christianity, Islam and Judaism, and the primary religion in Matters' Folly, although a distinct minority on Terra Nova.