

Mayor Arland \ Arlie Dellasanta

Delegation: Matters' Folly

Nationality: Eastern Sun Emirates

For eight cycles now you've been the mayor of your adopted home of Matters' Folly, being the natural choice for election when the previous mayor passed away. The only reasonably successful businessman in town for cycles, you obviously had the know-how and talent to steer the growth of the community from unheard-of hamlet to bustling trading post when water was discovered and money started to roll into town. You quite literally put Matters' Folly on the map. Pity you're so terrible at handling your own life.

You were born on a tiny farm in the Eastern Sun Emirates to lower-class parents, and grew up in the squalor one would expect from such a situation. Your mother was a drunkard and would beat and abuse you and your siblings, and your father, although a loving man, would gamble away what little money came into the family in town. Eventually he was convicted of non-payment of debts and sentenced to participate in the local Emir's, Emir Mersha Lavezzo's circus. His job was to run across a minefield for the entertainment of the crowds. He was killed on his fourth show.

Your mother became worse, and your siblings, both older, took over the running of the farm, expecting your help. But you'd had enough, you explained, you wanted to get out before you ended up like the rest of your family. They were unimpressed by what they saw as your ideas that you were better than them and turned their backs on you. You had little choice but to run away, to the Badlands where anyone can start a new life with their character what mattered, not the station of their birth – you'd seen it a dozen times in the movies.

Having found your feet and your hidden talent for trade in the city-state of Elayu, you joined up with a caravan and travelled about the Badlands selling whatever needed to be sold. The War didn't change things a huge amount, and you kept your nose clean, dealing with the Allies and the CEF in equal measure and not assisting any rebels who could get you in trouble. Nevertheless, when the War was ended everything you owned was confiscated by the Peace River Army on suspicion of being an Earth collaborator, and you drifted into the tiny hamlet of Matters' Folly. The War, of course, had taken its toll on this place too, and you managed to set up shop dealing in building materials and necessities. Yours was the only general store in the area and although you weren't making big money, you liked the quiet stability of life out here on the frontier. Just like in the movies.

Uasha Kounkel was running a family caravan business that would stop through Matters' Folly to deal with you from time to time, and eventually the pair of you fell in love and were married. She settled down in Matters' Folly with you and in the next few cycles you had two children, Wynston and Greta. Unfortunately she had baggage that followed her. Her brother Marna, some kind of operative for Peace River's government, started visiting Uasha from time to time, and on one such occasion his business caught up with him in town. There was a gunfight and when the smoke cleared Uasha was dead. You've never forgiven him.

You started drinking when Uasha was taken from you. It was painful to you to see your children growing up, because they reminded you of how the plans you'd made with her would never see fruition. You didn't let it show too much though, except maybe whilst drunk when you may have been a little short with them. Then Wynston declared he wanted to join the Southern MILICIA. There was no way you were having that, and flat-out refused. The heated, passionate argument lasted long into the night, with you drinking as it progressed. You eventually lost your patience and hit him. He stormed out and you haven't heard from him

since.

That incident drove Greta further away from you. She became sullen and withdrawn, never speaking to you in more than clipped minimal sentences. When she turned eighteen cycles she told you she was going to Peace River to attend business school. Depressed by how you'd handled the Wynston affair, you made no move to stop her, but you haven't heard from her since either.

You buried yourself in your work, the area in life where you really shone. By this time Milan Kopier had discovered water on his land and money was starting to flow into Matters' Folly, providing ample opportunity for a canny businessman to do well. And do well you did, providing what was needed for a growing town. When the previous mayor died you were the obvious replacement, and have worked wonders for the town since then. You're expert at keeping meetings of the town council productive regardless of the bickering personalities involved, and have an innovative mind that leads to groundbreaking decisions like the one to hold these current negotiations to protect your town. Under your guidance Matters' Folly has become a success, rather than falling into the all-too-common pit-trap of becoming a lawless, degenerate frontier town.

A shame your own life hasn't been such a success. Sometimes, when you raise your head from your work for a moment, you wonder how your siblings are doing, whether your mother is still alive, whether Greta got into business school, how military life is treating Wynston, how it all went so badly wrong. And then you turn back to your work, and a bottle of Bethanite rum, and it helps you forget for another while.

About Your Delegation <

- **Marshal Hadland** – A tough no-nonsense type under a likeable, diplomatic exterior. You were instrumental in getting her into office because the town needed a Marshal badly. She's got a relationship with Kolkman.
- **Shad Kolkman** – Head of the farmers' association, a nice guy with a knack for dealing with people, except it would seem for Milan Kopier.
- **Milan Kopier** – Owner of the water company and the richest man for a long way. A bit of a recluse, and thinks the world owes him. Has a land dispute with Kolkman.
- **Rabbi Gonzales** – The town's Jerusalemite preacher. Most of the town, yourself included, is Jerusalemite and the Rabbi does a good job of keeping them in line and out of the Marshal's jurisdiction. Helpful sort who's always keen to smooth out disagreements.
- **Frank** – You privately figure him for an Earther, but he's the best, cheapest, most reliable caravan trader in the area, and has been helping the town out since before it hit the bigtime. He obviously feels some affection for the place and as the most important trade link you invited him along to these negotiations.

About Others You Know <

- **Marna Kounkel** – Your son-of-a-bitch brother-in-law who got your beloved Uasha killed. He'd mentioned wanting to start over in Matters' Folly cycles ago, but that was then and things have changed a lot.
- **Emir Lavezzo** – The heir and successor of the crazed, hedonistic, degenerate maniac who was Emir of the area you grew up in. You doubt the apple has fallen far from the tree in this case.

Resources <

You are in charge of this town, and can call out the militia. You've already got them on standby in case anything goes wrong, as a matter of fact, and have several guards watching this room.

Goals <

- See that decisions get made. All parties have agreed to a three-hour deadline before they leave town, and you have to have secured Matters' Folly's future by then. This will mean getting the town council into gear.
- Maybe you want to get your life sorted out a little... a good place to start would be the most painful, with Marna Kounkel, as this is an opportunity unlikely to arise again. What's the other side of the story?
- Find out what Emir Lavezzo is doing here, and unless it's directly beneficial to you, frustrate it. Those bastard Emirs need to learn a little humility, and this is your town.

Additional Player Info: Mayor Dellasanta <

You have a casting vote on the council.