



Hank Jellico's people were some of the first to put down stakes on Wiseman, they are five generations deep in the mountains southeast of New Chicago. In those days, the pre-terraformed land was cheap, and they still have a good spread in part of Brandywine county, if Hank's Papaw had kept a good eye on investments, livin' would be easy now, he didn't and it ain't, though.

Hank did eight years in the Maritime Defense Force of Wiseman, seemed normal enough. Working on a hundred ton missile sub, defense boat, when the war came, loyal to his planet, he opposed the Colonial Alliance Navy. Later then, as they joined the Sidereal Federation forces, signed up with a raider, that was commerce raiding in Unity space.

The end of the war, his Captain took the offer of amnesty at the cessation of hostilities, the deal wasn't that good as he was put in cold sleep for "out processing". Finally, a year later, and he was faced with two Terran Marines:

"New Chicago, you all still figure yourselves Americans there?" The trooper asked.

"Til the twilight's last gleaming." Hank replied.

Now they were a bit surprised when he wanted to go to Dinezar, released there, and not his homeworld. Sigma Draconis had been neutral, mostly so, and he had thirty grand stashed in a bank at Tsirothe, the old city. He was going to go get it.

Notes: