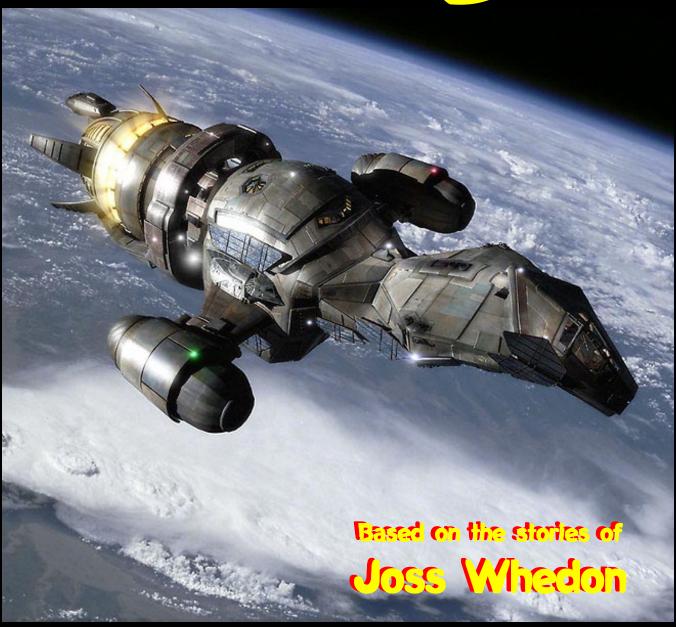
Girefly



HERE'S HOW IT IS:

It's the year 2517 and Earth-that-was is hardly more than a dimly remembered story. Earth got used up, so we terraformed a whole new galaxy of Earths. Some rich and flush with the new technologies, some not so much. Central planets, them that formed the Alliance, and waged war to bring everyone under their rule. A few idiots tried to fight, among them, you.

YOU MANAGED TO SCRAPE TOGETHER ENOUGH TO BUY YOURSELF A CARGO SPACESHIP. NOW YOU AND YOUR CREW ARE FLYING FROM PORT TO PORT, LOOKING FOR WORK, JUST TRYING TO KEEP FLYING. TAKING JOBS AS THEY COME AND AND TRYING NEVER BE UNDER THE HEEL OF NOBODY EVER AGAIN. NO MATTER HOW LONG THE ARM OF THE ALLIANCE MIGHT GET...YOU'LL JUST GET A LITTLE FURTHER.

SOMEONE'S GOT A JOB, YOU CAN DO IT. DON'T MUCH CARE WHAT IT IS.

