

# Bring the Jubilee

As his soldiers removed the last slave's collar, the colonel's mouth twisted. He was allowed that much, at least. He could scowl all he liked, as long as he obeyed.

The colonel scowled at his keeper. "So that's twenty-four, then?" he growled. His keeper smiled.

"Twenty-**six** to your credit, Colonel. *We* count those conceived in bondage, though they'll be born to freedom. Well done!"

"I ain't doing it for your approval," the colonel said. His keeper smiled at that. A too-wide smile, with an even wider set of teeth.

"Of course not, Colonel "Slave-catcher." You're doing it for your *life*."

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