



### Dr. Francis Wicks House

Frank Wicks waits on his balcony, lost in memories.  
Saluting General Washington. Dressing wounds in the field camp,  
while the better educated doctors called him a quack.  
Years of battling smallpox, bad luck, and his own temper.  
He'd clawed for the respectability this house symbolizes.  
Now the medical establishment wants to regulate who can practice medicine.  
But he's not done yet.  
He strokes the vial in his hand, filled with deadly virus.  
They need it for their experiment.  
Hoofbeats approach; the courier from Cambridge reins in below.  
Frank laughs, triumphant.  
He didn't go to Harvard, but Harvard came to him.

### Meg Costello