

Fête

——《Tales of Tarsylia》7

吴淼作品

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Year 102 of the Heroes
October 17th
Scavia, the mesa country

Prince Phidias's Royal Cavalry
Unit and Duke of Tabor's
Green Devil Pike Regiment
joined forces to recover the
port city Drassa from the
hands of the Jesper army.

Drassa Castle,
seat of the
Earl's court



A grand ball
is held...

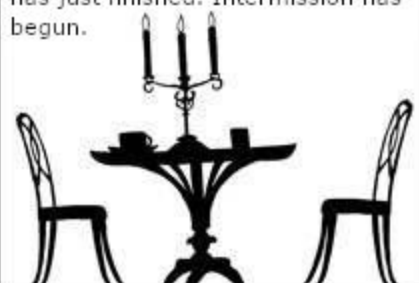


...to celebrate the
victory.

Drassa's noblemen, wealthy
businessmen, and knights all
gather here tonight.



At this moment, the seventh waltz
has just finished. Intermission has
begun.



Sir knight, are you in
love with me?



What makes you
think that?



You've asked to dance
for seven dances
straight now.



Actually...that's...



You've been clutching my
arm since the first dance.



And only let go just now.



As a knight,



in truth...



I already have my eye
on someone.



Once the next dance begins...



I intend to ask the Earl of Leed's daughter for a dance.



For a penniless, landless knight like me,



I can't rely on a few battle honors to get promoted.



So...



But the earl's fortune has already been promised to Hyde's eldest for a naval expedition...



They've been quietly making plans for over 6 months.



Then I'll ask Hyde's daughter for a dance.



She likes men with beards, so unless you can grow one out now...



I've heard Baron Stewer's daughter is intelligent and beautiful.



So her mother sold her off to the prince's nephew



Lady Tracy wouldn't...



That pretty widow? She's well respected in many social circles...



And she really likes fooling around with young knights.



You'd be just her type.



But she's also the Earl of Leeds' secret mistress, so...



It never ends particularly well for those knights.



How do you know all of this?



What do you think all the nobles do when they see each other?



Admire poetry and discuss politics?



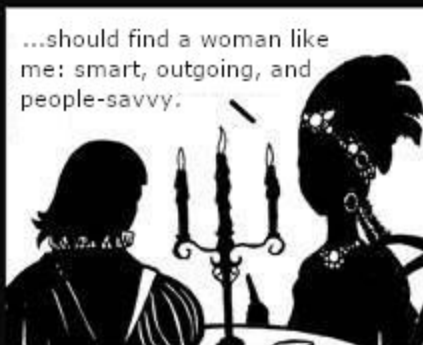
Then do you have any suggestions?



I think an honest rascal like yourself...



...should find a woman like me: smart, outgoing, and people-savvy.



Hahahahaha!



When I was a child, I once met a strange man.



He said that when I was 28...



He said I would receive the chance of a lifetime. Grandmother called him the devil.



She chased him out, and told me to forget what he said.



I've always believed, when the world has this much potential and with my abilities...



Why would I need to wait until I was 28?



Do you know, for a knight born into poverty like me...



...how many miles we must walk, how many battles we must fight in...



...in order to secure an invitation, and be able to step foot in this golden palace?



As a knight, I believe in courage and loyalty.



But there's no way I can believe life is fair.



You're 28?



Yes, and I received the merits in this last battle.



Then today is the day that fate has smiled on you.



There are certain things a lady like you couldn't understand.



I have a childhood friend.



She started taking me to learn court dance since I was 10.



Every year she would add at least 4 new evening gowns and a pile of jewelry to her wardrobe.



And she prayed every day for the moment she would finally be old enough to attend a ball and meet a dashing knight.



In these past 5 years, the question she's asked the most has been:



"What should I do if that knight doesn't want to let go after the dance is over?"



In my head, I always made fun of her. It was as if...



As if she were living only for that next dance.



Life held no other meaning for her. It was truly pitiful!



Thank you for the handkerchief.



I would guess that you think I'm talking about myself.



She got sick. Last night she was too excited to fall asleep, and then woke up this morning with a fever.



And then, I...



I put on her dress and her jewelry and called myself a carriage.



Stupid, huh? I bet everything.



Just to live out someone else's dream!



And then I saw for myself the four-tiered crystal chandeliers she had painted with her words. The marble columns, the exotic flowers, the strangely-clothed jesters, the singing minstrels...and the dashing knights.

I knew none of this was really mine to behold.

But hell, sometimes a woman just has to live for a dream.

Exactly how many handkerchiefs do you have?



As I stand here, who can tell that I'm just a maid? People are now flattering me. All because of a few scraps of clothing! So, sir knight, don't tell me I don't fucking get it.

