
Born January 3, in the year 281.

I was an orphan, passed around by different government institutions, but my unfortunate reality never stopped me from being happy. Since I was young, Ive dreamed of strolling through the old Palace of Lavinium and holding the majestic Diadem. Ive pretended to stare down my friends and family and know their intentions immediately, through quintessentially royal divination magic. Ive wished to attend a royal wedding, marveling at coins pressed with the contracts of kings and queens, consorting with mystical fortune tellers, approaching the altar that shall burn once and only once with the regal, sacred flame . . .

Have I mentioned Im a fan of the Sabine royal family?

Sadly, Im from Assyria, which has long since disassembled its monarchy. And while I appreciate the education-fueled meritocracy weve set up in its place, I still fantasize about the golden age of the Sabine Empire, along with its unforgettably glorious rulers. It was that passion for royal history that drove me to become an archaeologist, dedicated to the discovery and preservation of magnificent artifacts from Sabine times. Ive built up quite a reputation for myself, too. Despite my youth, Ive already participated in five groundbreaking digs— pun not intended— and personally discovered a cache of letters between military officers, a long-lost book of verses by great poetesses, and a secret treasure room underneath an ancient temple. These findings have established me as a brilliant archaeologist, and all the schools of Assyria have fought to have me as a student. Ive studied mainly in the school-city Ashur, with brief excursions to its neighbor, Nineveh.

Even as Ive worked and studied, the Sabine royal family has never been far from my mind. A few years ago, as I wandered the streets of Nineveh, I came across a treasure finer than any relic Ive ever found— Eidola, crown princess of Scythia, directly descended from the ancient rulers. And she was gorgeous, elegant, lovelier than any legends could convey. But I couldnt even bring myself to approach her, because I was too stunned to move!

Well, I wilted with embarrassment, but my hopes of meeting the royals werent crushed forever. Just six or so months ago, the news of the royal engagement struck Assyria— and Felix, the first in line to the throne of Etruria and Scythia, respectively, will be married in order to thwart of prophecy of war and assure peace. Theyll be bound together by love for each other and for the greater good. Now, what could be more splendid?

The best part of all, of course, was when the details of the agreement were released, and we realized that two high-ranking Assyrian scholars were asked to attend as peacemakers— neutral third-parties who could resolve the disputes that inevitably arise where Etruscans and Scythians meet. Immediately, I was determined to get one of those positions.

I fought tooth and nail, assuaging academic egos, even switching schools and taking on an onerous job as a teaching assistant. Yes, I even moved for this, because the administration at Nineveh was so happy to steal away one of Ashurs star students that they threw their full support behind my candidacy for the position of peacemaker. Scholarly shenanigans aside, I was quite a reasonable choice. Im young, like about half of the guests. Im enthusiastic, as you can probably tell. And, as Assyrians go, Im quite well-versed in Scythian and Etrurian affairs. Eventually, I won the position, and Ive never been so excited! The other peacemaker is some odd astronomy professor named Izdubar; she seems rather useless and unmotivated, and I cant help but wonder how she gained this position. But I wont let some old curmudgeon dampen my zeal.

So it falls to me to keep the peace. This might be difficult, since the Scythian and Etruscan royal families have nothing if not a tense history. Scythia and Etruria have always been at odds, ever since the days of the Diadem. There was a flare-up about twelve or thirteen years ago, when Queen Cerintha, the one and only spouse of Hiems, was killed during a battle at Hero, a hotly-contested border town then in the possession of Etruria. Soon afterwards, Moenia, the ten-year-old crown princess, was kidnapped, in what was widely understood to be Etrurias retribution. The Scythian palace declared that had passed away; presumably the Soulblades, powerful sorcerers who now serve the Scythians, used Soul Magic to ascertain that she was dead. Those few weeks altered both families forever. , Moenias mother, and , Cerinthas somewhat erratic younger child, have seemed

to take the loss hardest, while the famously cold-hearted Hiems, now Etrurias sole monarch, weathered the tragedy with her trademark endurance. Lingering grief over the whole affair will likely cause at least some disturbances during the wedding, but Ill try to de-escalate any conflict.

Then theres the issue of the war mentioned in the prophecy. Hopefully, the wedding will prevent violence, but the fact stands that, under s guidance, Etruria is for the first time strong enough to possibly beat Scythia in a military conflict. I wouldnt be surprised if is planning to attack Scythia. While I likely shouldnt ask her outright whether she intends military action, I should still communicate with other Etruscans to determine whether theres any real risk of war. Alternatively, the Scythians may know of s plans through their non-negligible intelligence corps, so they could also provide valuable insight. But Ill have to be careful even with the Scythians, for theyve had some trouble with information leaks recently, and I wouldnt want them to get the wrong idea about me. I suspect my greatest ally in peacemaking will be Princess , whos known as something of a pacifist, quite unlike her mother. s political acumen could also make her a helpful comrade, but I dont yet know her position on war.

My official mandate is diplomatic, but I, of course, have plenty of other plans for this event. After so many years of dreaming, Im going to a royal wedding! While Ive fought off the impulse to start collecting autographs, I still intend to enjoy myself to the fullest. Therell be a clandestine Bluffmaster party, of course, with higher stakes than any card game back in Assyria. Ive scraped quite a bit of disposable income together from tutoring less advanced students, so I can freely play my cards while sipping a cool drink and mingling with princes and princesses.

While Id of course like to win at Bluffmaster, Ive got an even greater game in mind. Yes, its the wedding of and . . . But why cant I do some matchmaking for myself? Therell be two young, single royals at the wedding– of Etruria and of Scythia, and technically is also unattached. Now, I cant imagine any greater bliss than marrying one of them and being officially inducted into the world of the royals. Thus, I want to woo one of them– or maybe all of them! Perhaps, as approaches the altar, walking with , Ill also stride forward, walking with whoever I can get . . .

Im intelligent, good-looking, and reasonably likeable, but I admit arranging my wedding within the span of another persons wedding is a long shot. On the bright side, both and are studying in Nineveh, so I suppose I could settle for just getting a date with them. But Im really aiming for a guaranteed entrance onto the royal stage, and I know just how to obtain it. Marriages of convenience are a long-established tradition my background as an archaeologist will provide all the leverage I need.

You see, Queen Smaragdus, daughter of Mel, was the first monarch of Scythia, a wondrous lady renowned for her ambition, daring, and prodigious magical skill. Shes perhaps my favorite royal of all, and Ive done quite a bit of research on her. I uncovered a dusty tome in a minor library in Ashur, a history book of the lowest sort, filled with bizarre theories and rumors. Most of the contents were mere hearsay, but one bit stands out in my mind it claimed that Smaragdus had visited Cos in the days before her death at sea, and that she had brought along the Diadem, the item that originally sparked the Scythia-Etruria feud, in order to hide it on the island where no Etruscan would ever get it. It sounded like something the great queen would do; her competitiveness was unparalleled. Furthermore, a professor of mine who visited Cos a few decades back reported seeing golden sigils, which Smaragdus frequently used as part of her magic, so it seems increasingly possible that shes concealed the Diadem on the island with her magic. I dont dare believe the last part of that old books claim– that Smaragdus herself was still somehow preserved on the island– but its thrilling to even think that I might be near the Diadem.

Of course, any good architect near the Diadem would have to investigate further, and I will certainly be doing so. For one thing, itd be the find of the century, and my fame as an archaeologist will be eternal. Secondly– and maybe more importantly– it makes for great leverage in my matchmaking! Marriages of convenience are the norm among the royals, and what could be more convenient than marrying a woman who will grant her spouse the Diadem? Thirdly, I could use the Diadem for my peacemaking duties, perhaps convincing Scythia and Etruria to share it as a symbol of their burgeoning friendship. But I dont really trust them to share well, and this last options too boring for my taste anyway . . .

So Im going to step into the world of royals, with all its drama, magic, and fantasy. I will keep the peace between two great countries, and I will also retrace Queen Smaragdus last steps and perhaps recover one of the most fabulous relics of history. Most

importantly, I shall play cards and party with all the nobles, and Ill cozy up to one of them— or maybe more. Here I go!

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- none

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2