

## *The Unusual Written Memories of Lord Kaornik, Ladoni, Dragon Lord and Inheritor of the Collections of Food*

*I do not pretend to understand why the humans record their memories like this - I am aware that they do not have the line of thought through the Ages but I must admit a failure of comprehension on my part. I am Kaornik, Ladoni, Dragon Lord and this is my story for those whose Collections may make up such things even as I seek out the recipes and food my kind so loves. It is, as the human nations say, January 15, 1870, as I do put my pen to this paper.*

*First, dear reader, know that I am a Dragon and not some mere approximation. My kind are the first Speakers, the First Sorcerers, and we all remember the time before the humans even arose. Yes, I can recall and see within my mind the history of my line back to Lagon in what you now call Greece and his love of food. Even when I shift to human shape, I stand four and one half cubits tall with eyes that show my draconic heritage. I believe they have been called "cat-like" by some of you hairless types before. My human shape resembles those from whom my forebearer came with dark hair gathered by a bow that streams down my back, dark tanned skin, and a sinewy body. I do tend to wear a large cloak over fairly inexpensive clothes as they do not survive the translation to my natural form well. I know that this does nothing to lessen my reputation as an Aloof Dragon but I hope my Earnestness wins out.*

*I am known well in Paris for the depth of my wallet [Great Exchequer] but as all of my kind I am also skilled in working Etheric Knots into spells [Good Sorcery]. The Ladoni are known to be strong of limb, and I am no exception [Good Physique] but it has been paired with a firm will [Good Courage] and a steel trap mind [Good Perception]. Sadly, I do not yet understand how these humans comport themselves, though it would likely benefit me to learn their customs one day [Poor Social Graces].*

*While I do admit to being considered Stubborn by many of the humans I have met, it is only in service to what I already know. My Kindness and Generosity runs deep, and the rarity with which these humans will sometimes move to help their own leaves me confused. If I must move myself to help them, so be it. It is important to keep the Collection I carry from my father and his father and his father before him continued. We of the line of Ladon find that food and the Recipes behind them carry the richest of life's memories. I must admit that my decennial trip into the human cities does provide a greater opportunity to find what they have begun to cook.*

*I did take with me the collection of recipes from Antiquity that Ladon himself had touched. This helps to ground me to my home even when here amidst the lights and energy of their newest cities. They have found a remarkable level of magical involvement and I am quite impressed with their resourcefulness. I do hope that they find value in Family as I have over the decades. That, to me, matters more than even my Collection and they would do well to avoid another war. Sadly, though I must admit to my failings of late - I cannot locate Charles-Gustave who should have been ready to come home with me from Paris.*

*I should explain then what my habits are and how we Ladoni have comported ourselves. Every decade or so of time, I, or my ancestors, would come to human cities from the mountains of Greece, and find a mate. It may be more like that of what you would call a wife, as they are cared for henceforth. To continue*

*the line, we dragons require breeding with humans and it is far easier to woo than threaten a village with immolation. And so, I returned to Paris in search of my son left here with his mother to be raised the first decade of life amongst the humans as a human. Arrangement were made to ensure that they were taken care of and would want not for a comfortable life but the letters did stop a few short months ago. I therefore came to Paris as I planned to find no trace of them. The line of money to draw 'pon had been left and not emptied. The house where they were to have lived was in one piece though abandoned for what looks to be a year at least. I must now look forward and find my son, find the next mother a Ladoni[Romantic Goal], and continue our future. To that end, I have engaged Monsieur Clemenceau as a Consulting Detective to begin the search in this matter and in the meanwhile I am taking in the sights and sounds of Paris, including the Cabaret in which I have found the most remarkable of humans. Sadly, it seems that the Austro-Hungarian Secret Service has taken a dislike to my activities here, as they seem to be watching what occurs around "their" seas especially as my history with a Society of Friends who supported Greek Independence may have come to light. I expect I shall have to take action at some point, but for now I watch them watching me and my fellow Ladoni especially with how recently the Ottoman Empire lost their sway over the peninsula.*

*In this endeavour, I hope to remove the stain on my honour to not know what has happened, and perhaps find a new way to do things amongst my brethren[Social Goal]. I can summon the Hundred Heads of Ladon again and we can feast, as once we did, in finding our family's continued survival. In this end, I shall also set my sights on finding a chef to hire on to my fief to set about organizing and cataloging what we Ladoni have Collected thus far [Professional Goal].*