

From the Pages of the Diary of Anatole Clemenceau

I stand just over the average height here in New Europa, though I am far shorter than a Dragon Lord but indeed taller than many in the Eastern Dragon Ruled Kingdoms. My time travelling, and indeed my time in the Bear Empire and United States of America may have set my attire on a peculiar path. I fancy the American style, the sock suit, in my daily dress but one with a strong baker stripe to set it apart. My bowler hat is impeccable and the moustache I sport reminds me of my father. While I may not be practiced in the fine arts of Tegatajutsu I was introduced to in the East, my cane sports a carved handle to remind me of the family farm.

I must be honest in that my clear eyes and developed intellect are my greatest asset [Great Perception]. I am also well endowed with a great number of friends, acquaintances, and contacts through the globe both in New Europa's finer circles as well as the continents of Asia and North America [Great Connections]. My training both in the formal halls of the ecole and in the field [Good Education] have helped me maintain a comfortable standard of living even through these difficult years [Good Exchequer]. That is not to say that I am a dandy, for I can handle myself well in a duel [Good Fencing] and have a certain pleasant mien enough to ensure I am invited to the best of social events [Good Charisma]. Sadly, though, these events seem rife with songs and poems for which I have no talent [Poor Performance]. I cannot quite see the way of the arts that are less than a truthful look at the world. Similarly, these newfangled contraptions confound me [Poor Tinkering]. I shall remain observant with a clear eye, a pad of paper, and a pencil over these clockwork abominations.

Perhaps it is apparent that I strive for and am known for my Truthfulness. It is a Virtue that signals good breeding but also that provides a structure and knowable form to the world. Sadly, I must admit to being a bit overly fond of Champagne and Absinthe that so readily flows these days. It seems easier, and perhaps an ill advised Vice, but they offer respite from my own mind when I cannot have it stop turning. When it is the faces of Claudine and Lili that I see. Yes, I do tend to hold tightly to Lili's Baby Blanket. It was what kept her safe and only when she no longer had it did tragedy befall her and her mother. I have no one else near as close - my parents, my wife, my child have all passed before me. I shall make the most of what time I have here on this Earth in their stead. In that vein I do value Loyalty. The money, clockwork, and magick that fuels this Age can distort and subvert those who are true. Loyalty is what will bind us as men and gentlemen, or men and dragons, or men and fae. One's word should be more than one's bond.

In this end, it is unsurprising that I would seek to find a way to move past Claudine's death and see myself as less a widower, though it is a difficult goal. In the meantime, I am focusing my efforts on the favor of the COurt perhaps to see Napoleon III himself grant enough land or title to become a Chevalier and to retire from the life of a consulting detective unless it strikes my immediate fancy.

While I have recounted the tragedy I encountered as a young man who failed to see his family grow, I have not yet explained how I came to be where I am. I was apprenticed to a Monsieur Dupin, who served as a consulting detective in a manner I aspire to emulate. From him, my natural gifts were honed and I began to offer my own services. The Anarchists bomb changed many things for me. Without Claudine and Lili, I took the opportunity to travel. I briefly visited the areas north of the Papal States before travelling to the Ottoman Empire. It was only a small time there before I found myself in the Austro-Hungary Empire facing a Faery

Vampire in her own castle. I continued East across Asia, spending as little time in the Russian Empire as possible before learning of the First Dragon and the land of Qing Dynasty. I was looked at with skepticism by their Board of Rites as they were beset by bandits, renegades, and New Europa's own expansion pressures, but as I learned their language they did trust me and I was even granted an audience with their Dragon Emperor. The strict isolationist policies of the Tokugawa Shogunate were being challenged with the arrival of United States and BEar Flag Empire Ships.

I took this opportunity to depart the Asiatic lands and come to North America. As I approached San Francisco, I saw that the still newly formed Bear Flag Empire was celebrating Emperor Norton I. It was a heady time to be in the Empire and far superior to the war in the United States. I could not, however, stay away, and I proceeded across the 20 Nations Confederation to the United States and took up with the Pinkerton Detective Agency in Chicago. I had amassed no small amount of funds, but I found that regular employ or at least time spent working as a detective kept my mind occupied. I honed skills with these brash Americans working as a detective for the Pinkertons. The railroad barons there are very much like the Lords of Steam in England - constantly looking for new profit and working to find ways to enhance what they already have. At the conclusion of the War between the States, my reputation as a world traveller and detective had even reached the ears of Pres. Abraham Lincoln. I helped the United States Secret Service start, and while I cannot fathom their unhealthy obsession with trinkets and gadgets, I was honored to help stop the Masterminds who seemed to be coming from the woodwork.

It was time, though, in 1868, to return to New Europa. I was past my prime, and now a widower of respectable age. Prussian had suffered a defeat and a new era was dawning. I could find both jobs as a consulting detective and ways to forget. For now, I have been hired by a Dragon Lord, Kaornik Ladoni, to seek out his lost child. In the meantime, a Cabaret and some friends, the Club and some quiet, these are the things that a Consulting Detective seeks in his spare time.