

*The Memoirs of Mary Louise Barton, Faery Lady of the Daoine Sidhe*  
*Volume the Third*

*This volume of my memoir begins on the Twenty Second of January, 1870 as the humans tell time in this solid place. I, Mary Louise Barton, have continued my life indebted to the suggestion of Lord Auberon amongst humans and in the midst of this Belle Epoque in Paris on New Europa. While the lands of the United States and the Bear State Empire do attract my attention, for now I shall remain in New Europa. If you were not aware, I am fae and a Daoine Sidhe born of the intermingling of the blood of faerie and human. I am not a spawn of the Tuatha de Danu, but instead find myself to be the unlikely result of a Vampire who found a mortal worth enough to her to give a part of her life force to form me. Baobhan Sidhe are Vampires who take their blood in exchange for adoration and indeed the finest of things this Solid Earth has to offer - no lowly peasant attracts their greatest attentions and my father bears no exception to this rule.*

*I am called Lady Barton in mortal society, though I hold no true title and own none of their land - our kind are given respect because of our own powers that far surpass what most of them can ever achieve. I can outdrink even the stoutest of them with an application of my own Etherealness .... And my form is not as set as theirs. I don't understand it, but the Solid Earth they spring from does not allow the freedom of the Veil's form. Enough, though, on the history and nature of my kind. Lord Auberon is better suited to that tale and as the last of the High Seelie Sidhe, it is his tale to tell. I found that the ways of war were what I desired - the flash of swords and the celebration after were what appealed to me. As such, despite not needing to learn how I threw myself into the world of a duelist. You may say, as all my kind are, that I am exceptional of my physical pursuits [**Great Athletics**] and of my fortitude [**Great Physique**] with a well developed sense for recreation [**Good Fisticuffs**], pastimes [**Good Stealth**], and being able to discern the difference [**Good Perception**]. I also have some facility with the way in which the glamour may be woven [**Good Glamour**] and that mortals may be shaped by it [**Good Enchantment**]. While we Faery Daoine Sidhe are not known for our **Etherealness** nor **Shapeshifting**, they are not beyond our abilities [**Average**]. I chose to ensure that I was of some renown with a blade [**Great Fencing**] but I must shamefully admit to not understanding these firearms that the humans use [**Poor Marksmanship**]. They are so impersonal, but they also have built these constructs and machines that elude my understanding [**Poor Tinkering**]. I also seem to get along better with the humans who have a dreary existence than the ones who want to be like the fae [**Poor Connections**] though the ability of the humans, and dragons, to weave specific knots of energy is as foreign to me as all my kind [**Poor Sorcery**].*

*I am thought of as **Brash and Boisterous** by many who will talk once their tongue is loosened with wine. A few hundred years has left me no wiser, though the short lives of these humans does seem to provide them with a sense of certitude that I lack. Also, to be quite honest, a duel is a flashing amount of fun which is lacking in most of the days for the humans and dwarves. I am often called **Arrogant** by these Solid forms as well, though dwarves should know and remember the formless joy before this Earth. Perhaps I am overly sure of my own abilities or of the place that solid forms should*

take in the world, but no dragon has eaten me yet. I perhaps make up for this Vice by also showing a virtue on *Adventurousness*. It is perhaps too easy for these mortals to die the permanent death and so they hold themselves back with fear. I may not be the most potent of my kind, but for sure I will not let them live half a life in fear.

It is what my mother has left me of my father, *this knife*. I keep it close, though the metal is not always comfortable. I don't know what this rough hewn and well used blade meant to my father nor why my mother has passed it to me but it connects me to something more than other fae. I worry for *Amando* in Spain these days. After Queen *Isabella* was deposed and is here in France, the Cortes do not seem to know who should lead them. I may need to visit *Enrique* again and make sure that he is safe while this question of "nation states" is being resolved in Spain. I shall make the most of what time I have here on this Earth in their stead. I seem to have been called an "*Epicure*" here as well, where I dive deeply into the sensations and feelings that this solid world offers in terms of food, drink, arts, and life. I value those who will drink as deeply as they can from this rare gift.

*Lord Dracula* does have a personal vendetta it seems, though I do believe this is nothing more than a reflection of his own displeasure. We are of similar ages and of similar backgrounds, but his mother did not take his side and I do believe he simply wishes to take some revenge against the Fae as a whole and I am merely a convenient target. Thankfully *Dracula* and his agents have not yet succeeded though I loathe his impending visit to Paris but at least I have caught the eye of *Napoleon III* a time or two at his court even if not a formal advisor and the Agents of the Second Compact are sure to keep an eye on this entire event. The *Cygne Dore* shall continue to be my solace. While I am here, perhaps I will find a way to better have acceptance by the other Fae and the machinations behind the Veil [*Social Goal*] while at the same time I am drawn to *Enrique* and perhaps finding a respite in what these humans call life [*Romantic Goal*]. Regardless of what I do seek, I know that I will continue to be seen as the finest duelist, fae or human, on *New Europa*. [*Professional Goal*].

The previous few years shall be a bit of a blur. The first two Volumes of my memoirs should suffice for those interested in what can truly be called the past. Since keeping my own path apart from my mother's vampiric and *Unseelie* family, I have sought to make something of this life for myself. It was easy to spend the time in Spain, amongst the duelists and their *Magic Circle*. It was easy to ignore the world and the growing power of *Lord Dracula* and *Otto von Bismark* in my own corner of *New Europa*. Then the war happened and *Lord Auberon* stepped onto the field, with the *Bayernese Aeronavy* and the *Magical Engines* redefining the world's boundaries. My wine, sherry, ballestro, and blade could no longer ignore that meaning could be found in larger circles than just the *Magic Circle* of a fencer and her opponent.

*Lord Auberon* even granted me a brief audience. He gave me a bit of wisdom from one of the *Tuatha de Danu* - the last of the high *Seelie* fae that survive - this Earth and its solid form will not last forever. I redoubled my efforts to drink in what I could in this solid Earth, the Fifth my kind had found and hopefully not another we would destroy. Our own past left much to be discovered and my place in the society beyond the Veil did not provide insight.

*I found, once again, that callow Dracula causing distress and that he was the last thing I wanted to actually fight. I discovered strong drink, strong mortals, and the singular focus of blades dancing. I am fortunate to have a dwarf friend to help create such a fine blade I carry now. While some travel across New Europa was warranted, I found myself enjoying the time in the Papal States of Italy and France as this Belle Epoque dawned. I left the Three Romes behind to head to Paris to get further distance from Dracula, before he started this European Tour of his. Paris holds the immediate fascination I needed. The lights, the people, the fights and duels! This is what I cherish Solid form for! The Cygne Dore has a peculiar mix, and I must admit that I have had wonderful bruises from the adventures with Olga and Anatole. Besides, this Dragon Lord Koarnik may be what I need to keep Dracula at bay when he gets to Paris.*



