

Unto the Mouth

From the Right Ear, with analysis from the Lobes of the Brain

Re: Guests for the coronation and coronation dinner – and other things

This coronation will have the largest number of outside guests in history, by about 15.

For that number of diverse guests, situations have been remarkably quiet up until this point among them, though not perfectly so:

Some points of note:

A duel was fought yesterday evening to the blood between Lord Duke Varance Higgins of Debonai's delegation and Sir Alvinus Toringvale, as champion to the Sheriff of Cogswood, whose absent son, Derek, was insulted by an overheard comment made by the Duke to a companion – to the effect that obviously the borderlands of Canberry were still not in full control, since the wild streak there was so powerful that even a ranked noble did not dare bring his boy, ready to enter his manhood, to the most important event to occur in his nation in his life to date – due to what was undoubtedly fear of the behavior that the young savage would evidence.

A plea by the master of ceremonies for the Sheriff to withdraw his challenge was not sufficient, but the Sheriff's loyalty to the throne, when appealed to, was adequate that he did reduce the challenge to the blood, and permitted his vassal advisor to function as his champion - rather than personally engaging in the duel (while the Sheriff has very rarely dueled inside Canberry, his reputation in his youth elsewhere on the continent was impressive and his protective temper toward his family, particularly his beloved son, is well known.)

A verbal exchange between Grand Dame Vivian of the Order of the Pure White Flame (here in Canberry) and Grand Dame Sophia of the Order of the Azure Flame (one of the coronation guests from Khamista - from the Arch-barony of Mandrath and a member of the retinue accompanying the Arch-baroness, as personal representative of the Protector and Defender of the Faith ) was heated enough that they were led apart by their entourages yesterday. The Two orders both belong to an overarching mystical society centered in the City of the Flames – called the Order of the Mystic Flames – but there are religious and other differences between the different orders that lead their general council meetings to sometimes being.... violent. Note that Grand Dame Sophia has asked, through channels, for a personal and private meeting with any representative of his Grace's "personal circle." Exactly what conversation initially led to the exchange is not known.

Princess Curini'rim – of the Noldar, representative of the Empire of Krashmere and of the Noldar great houses, made symbolic restitution yesterday evening for the damage done among the poor by the servants of her distant cousin, Lord Quinliart Moriquendi'rim by permanently endowing a new orphanage of 600 beds in Stettington, to be overseen by the members of the Order of the Sisters of Constance – one of the smallest and most pure of the orders of nuns in the true faith. The Sisters of Constance

have order houses on Drucien, but not in Canberry. In light of that, the Princess also endowed a new convent to be built. She has directed that both be completed before snowfall, and has hired a dwarven owned firm to be certain that it is done. She has paid in coin in the usual Noldar way. She is somewhat shrewder regarding humans than many Noldar however, which leads to the difficulty.

She entertained several contractors at her Inn after the announcement of her intent to select the builder. One of them, Jendrid Smithers, doctored his proposal heavily. She noticed the proposed overcharges (to the tune of 100% additional) mixed with the proposed use of apparently inferior material - unexpected even by our experts on the Noldar, few of them would notice unless the materials were things like the various glasses; but she did and consulted her guard captain, a Shadow elf from a full cadet house (Vahar - Nali), who apparently has significant engineering and building experience in the City and Necropoli of the Crescent Moon (the Noldar capital). The Captain confirmed that using the materials that the contractor proposed might well lead, in 20 or so years, to the building collapsing on the inhabitants under heavy snow. The Princess was furious at the thought of the death of innocents (we have been warned that this was her way, she even treats her least slave well – the Noldar vary widely, and she is at one extreme). At her outrage, the contractor, feeling threatened, drew steel to defend himself. The captain of the Princess' Guard drew his own blade and ordered the contractor to relinquish his and surrender himself to the authorities of the city as a traitor. Instead, the contractor struck out at the guard captain, missing him and actually touching the Princess, drawing her blood, as she did not have normal Noldar precautions in place for the meeting, wearing only silks, with no psionic wards in place. The guard captain ran him through at once, killing him on the spot.

This is all bad enough, and with most other Noldar would have led to a diplomatic incident. The Princess has been the soul of courtesy however, claiming that the actions of her cousins would cause any people to distrust their safety with her, and refusing to place blame – even on the contractor, beyond his willingness to kill others for profit. The contractor's family however, have asserted through solicitors that the response was stronger than was wanted, demanded the arrest of the guard captain and a trial before Lord's court. Under the law, an arrest warrant had to be issued, as there was a death AND a complaint was lodged . We did not know what to expect, but the guard captain surrendered himself immediately, putting his possessions in the hands of two very frightened city guard and the Princess, who accompanied him to the cells to make certain that he was housed comfortably (which I assure you Dame, the officials have done) said in comment, "how can we expect you to rule when we are gone if we do not obey the strictures of the laws that you have set to control your own excesses when we are among you?" Our analysis indicates only that the question, while rhetorical, was something that she believed, though we cannot hope to translate its meaning to her for you.

We have no idea whatsoever what to recommend in this case. A pardon would work but would incense some citizens. The trial stands risk of becoming a farce if he is convicted, or if he isn't. It is not good.

Final Note: The Matron Mother of the House of Despana who is attending may possibly be more than she seems. Among the servants assigned to her by the Inn where she is staying (The Horse and the Fox) is one of ours, who happens to speak fairly good low Drowan, and a smattering of high Drowan. She informs us that she has heard the women of her retinue refer to her several times as "Supreme Mother" Our analysis indicates that this may indicate that Matron Mother Iymril is actually the Matron Mother of Matron Mothers – the head of the entire House of Despana – across all cities where that house exists. It is not 100% clear, but it is close to that. Whether we are presumed to recognize her exalted station or presumed not to – is however, unknown.