

## Notes on Royal Elves

*Given that for the duration of this next chaotic month, all three of us—and our squads—have been assigned to train, guard, or attend to one of the three elven ladies who have changed the future of our nations, I have decided we should share our observations in the hope that we can aid one another during this ... exciting time.*

*I imagine I will have much to share given that I am married to an elf, but I am aware Evlawyn is vastly different from Lady Tari, Princess Gwendafyn, and Crown Princess Mythlan.  
Thad*

Would you stop bragging about your wife?

Evening shift of Lady Tarinthali's Guard Rotation  
Wilford

**This is a little weird, Thad.**

**Morning Shift of Princess Gwendafyn's guard rotation  
~Grygg**

*Perhaps, but given we are on different shifts, our intel sharing opportunities will be limited. And we will need those opportunities.*

*Afternoon Shift of Princess Mythlan's guard rotation  
Thad*

Easy for you to say, you have Princess Mythlan. She's the easiest one to handle—she only rotates between the library, the Translators' Circle, and the palace. I'm guarding Lady Tarinthali. I may not survive this experience.

Evening shift of Lady Tarinthali's guard rotation  
Wilford

**I think I'll survive. Princess Gwendafyn mostly trains in the morning, which means no running around, but it does present the threat of violence if she tries to rope me into her "practice" with that squire of hers. To avoid getting my rear end handed to me, I suggested she test her skills against my entire squad—excluding me, naturally, so I can "observe" those under my command and give them pointers on how they can improve.**

**She solidly thumped Bunson—who, let me tell you, needed that. Though I’m pretty sure Spuds is now petrified of her and half convinced all elves secretly have the power of a dragon. Between my experience with Princess Gwendafyn and Lady Tari, I’m not sure he’s wrong. But I suppose Princess Myth disproves that—though she still managed to shake the whole palace even though she’s the politest thing ever.**

**Either of you got any sparring exercises you can recommend? I mean to keep myself out of the Princess’s practices, and she’s going to be satisfied with my squad for only so long.**

### **Morning Shift of Princess Gwendafyn’s Guard Rotation**

**~Grygg**

*My darling Evlawyn suggests, Grygg, that you ask Lady Tarinthali for some sword dance patterns to keep Princess Gwendafyn occupied. It’s a sound plan, given my wife’s brilliance and keen intelligence.*

*Today Princess Myth met with the next Calnor delegation that is traveling to Lessa in a month. The members of the delegation stared at her with adoration in their eyes, which makes me suspect the greatest danger during my guard duty with her will be protecting her from the ardent admirers she has among those involved in Lessa-Calnor trade and translations.*

*However, she is a new royal, having married Crown Prince Arvel less than a month ago. I suppose that means there is a chance she might...grow. But given her dedication to translation work and her focus on Calnor-Lessa relations, it is my personal belief that she will grow into a beloved queen who corrects more trouble than she causes. (Heavens, please let me be right. Or we’ll have to drastically expand the Honor Guard to accommodate all three of these ladies.)*

### *Afternoon Shift of Princess Mythlan’s Guard Rotation*

*Thad*

I’d say we can hope, but you deserve some trouble, Thad, for eternally rubbing your marital bliss in our faces. I’ll ask Lady Tarinthali about those sword dances, Grygg.

Tomorrow night I’ll be trailing her at an evening tea in Sir Arion’s place since he is patrolling the country. The tea is sponsored by King Petyrr, and I imagine it will be a nice break after following her through the city markets, today. Even though she has little Braydynn with her, she still is faster than a lightning strike. I nearly lost her in the glassblower’s section of the sunset market today.

Any suggestions how I keep track of her?

### Evening Shift of Lady Tarinthali’s Guard Rotation

Wilford

**Buy her a hair ornament that has bells in it—then you'll at least be able to hear her. Sir Arion got her all of those flower hair sticks that she wears, so I think a hair ornament is a safer bet than a bracelet or some such bauble.**

**I'll be waiting for those sword dances, which my sense of self-preservation tells me I need. Today Princess Gwendafyn hinted she'd like a greater challenge after she flung Bunson into a water trough. I got her distracted with a question about elven magic, but Wulf—her squire—is going to be more harm than help to my cause. Today he suggested that we hold team battles—him and Princess Gwendafyn verses two squads of guards. The light in Princess Gwendafyn's eyes tells me that my pious desire to learn about magic won't long trump her interest in a good fight.**

### **Morning Shift of Princess Gwendafyn's Guard Rotation**

**~Grygg**

*I'll have to change my estimation that Princess Mythlan's admirers will be the greatest threat. By far it is that wizard friend of hers, Blaise. Princess Mythlan paid a social call upon her in the Wizards' Tower this afternoon.*

*Blaise set a water basin on fire with magic, and then was unable to put it out because it was water.*

*It took three senior wizards to break her spell—and of course Princess Mythlan refused to evacuate the premises during the time. She is all too used to Wizard Blaise's incidents. Surely it is a security risk!*

*Thankfully, that was only a few tense moments during a civil guard shift. For the rest of the afternoon Princess Mythlan visited the library and worked in Crown Prince Arvel's office. One of my men almost walked in on the pair—my squad hasn't learned yet that the Crown Prince and Princess apparently find books seductive.*

*They'll figure it out. Fast.*

### *Afternoon Shift of Princess Mythlan's Guard Rotation*

*Thad*

Regrets. Much regrets. Many regrets.

Tari invited the squad for a drink after the tea. I believed maybe she hadn't drunk as much alcohol since giving birth to Braydynn. I was mistaken.

Headache cure? Stomach aid?

Evening...hungover  
Wilford

**Blast it, Wilford! You didn't get the sword dances!**

**Princess Gwendafyn had me leading two squads of guards in an ambush battle against her and her squire.**

**Of course, she won.**

**And I have only a bruised rump and a black eye to show for it.**

**SWORD DANCES. TONIGHT. I don't care how drunk you are!  
~GRYGG**

*Was I the only one that thought Myth's use of a high elf weapon was a onetime act?*

*Regardless, I was wrong.*

*At a luncheon today, some thug from a neighboring country made the mistake of threatening Crown Prince Arvel. Mythlan brandished a High Elf Dagger at the idiot that she activated with the High Elf language so it was glowing black like some kind of hateful seething creature!*

*Pretty sure the attacker wet himself after coming face to face with that.  
Thad*

**So much for Wizard Blaise and adoring fans being the greatest threat to Princess Mythlan, eh? But I'd suspect King Petyrr is behind that particular gift. What happened to the attacker?  
~Grygg**

*He was taken into custody, though I suspect the dagger harmed him somehow, because he won't stop babbling nonsense. But why are you even writing now? Your next shift isn't until tomorrow.  
Thad*

**I'm writing because I'm waiting for our nitwit friend to tell me of the sword dances.  
WILFORD. Get your head out of the barrel, man!**

I am so ill. Tari wants to tour Haven's taverns. I think I might die. I write this at dawn after staying out *all night* with her.

Thad, you can have my good horse blanket. Grygg...swan off!  
Last testament of Wilford

**Everything hurts. Including muscles I didn't know I had.**

**I hate you both for not experiencing this with me.  
~Grygg**

*Cripes—I just had Mythlan verbally behead a Calnorian noble who was complaining about the expenses of the library remodel. What am I supposed to do when the Crown Princess threatens someone? Smile?*

*Thad*

How does she have so much energy?! I'm so tired I want to cry, but Tari has stayed up for two nights in a row with no sleep and looks as fresh as a daisy! Is it elven enchantment?

Wilford

**Well, Thad, I'd call this exchange a complete and total failure. We could meticulously record everything we've learned about this trio, and in the end they'll still beat us—whether that's physically, intellectually, or emotionally.**

**Intel—hah! As if something like that could help us against these forces of nature!**

**Also, Gwendafyn tore my best tabard. Can I borrow one from one of you two?  
Grygg**

*It does seem this attempt did not help as much as I'd hoped. At least Sir Arion should return...in three weeks time.*

*Thad*

I'm going to die before then.

Wilford

**We all will.**  
**Grygg**

*I'd say you're being dramatic, but perhaps not. All that leaves it to say is...good luck.*  
*Thad*

*Here lies the end of the attempt to understand royal elves by Captain Thad,  
Captain Grygg, and Captain Wilford.  
May Heaven have mercy on their souls.*