

[[Excerpt of Prototypical Historical Fiction Regarding the Quotidian Quorum, as penned and performed by the Amphibious Autocrats]]

The Crystal Falcon

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

DARK AND MYSTERIOUS STRANGER\*: Wears a black trench coat with matching fedora. Stays at least 6 feet away from other characters at all times. Shifty eyed. Human.

DIPLOMAT MARCO: Talkative, a leader, but not necessarily one with authority. Bowler hat. Frog.

DIPLOMAT EDGAR: Nervous about the mysterious stranger. Strangely hatless. Frog.

DIPLOMAT LEOPOLD: Easy going. Fedora. Quiet. Frog.

\*Archivist Note: This would have been understood in amphibian culture to be a stereotypical Masked Quotidian.

INT: Private Investigator's Office

DMS: What brings such respectable gentlemen to my humble office?

Marco: We need to hire you to retrieve the Crystal Falcon.

DMS, gestures dramatically at his heart.

DMS: No!

Marco seems taken aback at this.

Marco: I was under the impression that your skills were for hire, Mister...

DMS: Name's not important, but my skills are. I'm no two-bit gopher you can send on a fetch quest.

Marco: I did not mean to offend! Let me start over. We are Diplomats from the Coalition of Amphibious Autocrats, as I'm sure your keen eye has already detected. The Crystal Falcon is an artifact of immense power and value, yet vanished without warning from our Embassy.

Edgar steps forward, his hands going fruitlessly to his missing hat brim, then nervously wringing. He blurts his next sentence out, talking over Marco.

Edgar: We heard you was a friend of the black feather, see? Ain't no one could steal something that well guarded. And, well, if it did get got, then it would take another no one to find it, see?

The Dark and Mysterious Stranger narrows his eyes.

DMS: No one, eh? I've been called worse. I don't work for free.

Marco steps forward, elbowing Edgar out of the way.

Marco: Our nation is prepared to offer you quite the tidy sum, sir.

He picks a pen up from the desk and begins to scribble a number onto a nearby pad of paper. The Dark and Mysterious Stranger very obviously takes a large step back as Marco approaches the desk between them.

DMS: Apparently you need new sources, gentlemen. Friends of the black feather ain't particularly enamored with coin. You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours. Tell me something I don't know about your Coalition.

Beaming, Marco reaches over the desk with a hand outstretched:

Marco: You have yourself a deal!

The Dark and Mysterious Stranger actively scowls at the hand.

DMS: And we don't shake. Corvid-19, you know. Hell I can practically feel you breathing down my neck, back off. Next thing I know you're going to insist I go Maskless or something.

Marco looks perplexed, but lowers his hand and steps back.

Marco: Fair enough?

DMS: Creator Be, you really know nothing 'bout nothing, do you. This your first time running an op, even?

[[END EXCERPT]]

[[BEGIN PERSONAL NOTES]]

JR NOTE: You see, RP? Our Ancestors were SO cool! There's no way we can just let those empty headed Egg Heads keep us inside the borders. There's a whole WORLD out there now, that we can do daring deeds in! Imagine the intrigue we could get into! The first generation since the Age of Chaos began to gather data on something other than musty old crows.

For the first time since the Before Times it will be US who will star in plays!

Say you'll back my move. Tell me you're in, and you won't regret it. Once I'm in charge of the Quorom you can live out our fantasies. There's no one I'd trust more to fulfill our destiny!