

# *Fire Emblem: Historian of Johanna -prologue-*

It became fairly obvious to Ada that a petit farmer girl was never going to be able to afford to attend the Johanna Institution, that houses prestigious historical scholars. Although the dream still existed inside her, as tales of the fire emblem lords and heroes linger in her mind, with their brave adventures through the turbulent eras of war and monsters as well as the nature of their character - It was the silver haired maiden that fascinated her the most.

She wanted to be part of such a story. Not necessarily for the sake of the stereotypical idea of being a 'saviour' (real stories are never that simple), but to satisfy a thirst for knowledge - the thirst that comes with every historian that wishes to record the significant events in their own times, with a human focus. As much as Ada loved the people in her life, she wanted to explore and meet more, considering she'd seen very little of the world. The only way for her to travel without burdening her family financially was if a miracle opportunity came up - such as an open call for sign-ups to a sword-fighting competition held in the capital.

"I just happen to be the right age to enter Sal! This is the perfect way to get out there and meet interesting people of possible historical importance within the capital. Maybe even meet princess Renitha with her red hair.", She rants on.

Sal was used to Ada's spontaneous plans to fulfil her 'dreams', so he feels little need to take her seriously.

"Can't you do what normal girls your age do and find a lover instead or something?"

Sometimes Sal really irks Ada (in every way possible), but she wants to persuade him to get out the house, so patience is something she's willing to have in her strategy plan.

"Sal. I'm not even interested in guys."

"I know. And I never said it has to be a guy..."

"That's beside the point! What's wrong with working towards a dream?" Ada passionately bellowed.

Sal, eager to go back to playing chess by himself, decided to criticise Ada's childish fantasies of being a mythical Lord. How that is not suitable for her character: a villager with muddied face and someone who licks her plates.

Almost abandoning her 'be patient' plan, Ada decides to persevere for the greater good.

"I don't want to be a Lord, Sal. I want to be a person like Alexi. A person that lives their life to the fullest, and carries on licking plates even if it's not exactly ladylike. I don't care if people think that's lowly, I never waste food and I'm damn proud of that - and of my constantly muddied farmer face!"

"Well you'd have to be as good as Alexi with a blade if you're entering the competition. I don't think the rules let you use a hoe in the arena."

"I'm not actually going there to fight, just to meet people. Once I am there I will tell them that I'm a correspondent, here to record all the feats and tales of brave competitors."

"You know any sensible human being would be able to predict that you'll end up standing inside an arena with a Hector look-alike trying to maim you, right?"

Ada pauses and contemplates that possibility. Sal carries on moving chess pieces, falsely assuming that Ada has finally admitted defeat.

“Plus your parents would not approve of such dangerous life decisions, not that you ever listen to them. Or that you have to listen to them. It’s your life after all.” Sal breaks the silence. He knows that despite their disagreements, curiosity is what keeps Ada moving forward and her fire burning.

“I-”

A loud knock interrupts them. In true Alexi fashion, they open the door before anyone answers.

“We are going to the capital, start making a list of things you want to do there because this will be the trip of opportunities.” Alexi looks into Ada’s eyes and winks.

Magically, she read Alexi’s mind, “You signed up for the swordmasters’ competition? I love you so much, Alexi.”

“I can tell. By how widely your mouth is open.”

The two embraced, while Sal is gaping for different reasons.

“Please don’t tell me that you’ve already persuaded our parents, that you’re going to take us on an educational trip to the capital, and therefore obtained full permission.”

Turns out he is pretty good at reading Alexi as well (most people are), “Oh crap. I can’t believe I am going to get dragged into this. I should really have avoided crazy people in my life.”

Alexi allows Sal to continue his monologue whilst handing Ada a blade. Ada recognised the handle instantly, and produced a noise that was beyond the realms of description.

“Eirika’s blade! Where? How? What?”

“A time-travelling mercenary gave it to me. Interesting kid, found me infuriating enough that she gifted me a sword.” Alexi laughs. Laughs are their equivalent of full stops.

“But seriously, you two get packing. We’re leaving in three days. Oh, and Sal? Don’t worry about your folks ,I promised we’d send letters to them via Wyvern Mail. I have an old friend that works for them so we get free delivery!”

“That’s beside the point! Oh for the love of Mila and Duma, I’m beginning to sound like Ada.”

“I think that’s the nicest thing you’ve said about me.” Ada responds snarkily, but she was too captured in her own excitement to think of anymore comebacks. Staring at Eirika’s blade gave her a sense that many interesting stories will ensue and she will cherish and remember every moment, even if they’re tragic or hard.

“The journey begins now.” Ada holds up Eirika’s blade majestically, realising too late that holding it at an awkward angle will result in the sword falling out of its scabbard.

“Oh Pegasus dung.”

Trying to zone out Alexi’s laughter, Sal can only think about how everyone will seriously regret this trip, knowing fully well that it will be a bumpy one, especially as it’s the capital, where political troubles are always brooding. Though in the end, he couldn’t resist letting out a snigger himself.

“I guess this would make for good research on the history of Johanna. Also, Ada? I just hope your plans of being a correspondent won’t land us with a strange ragtag group in the middle of a gang war. This is the big city we’re talking about.”

Indeed it would be during the next decade that the famous Johanna historian and war correspondent Ada Ridell, along with her allies, will witness a turbulent war full of buried truths.

