



## Maria Elizaveta de Sarkozy

[Mariya Angelika vas Marius Barbov](#)

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“Yet if I’ve learnt anything from my time in the capital, it is that we must cherish the moments we can. I cherish that moment, even if I must return to a grimmer reality moments later. I advise you to do the same, Queen Milena. We cannot pour our hearts into each waking hour, for they will only fall subject to the pains of rulership.”

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15th of the Deep Cold, 1705 – 6th of the Grand Harvest, 1738

## PRINCESS OF HANSETI-RUKSA

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*“What are you Mariya? You are not a dragon like your mother Valera- for they are too temperamental, too weak. You are a crow, and one that was born to soar”*

**-Aleksandra of Vidaus to Mariya**

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As the firstborn child to the then Crown-Prince Marius II and his consort Valera of Adria, Mariya Angelika's birth was widely celebrated throughout the Haeseni lands. Though much of the population longed for a son and future heir, the birth of a healthy child to the couple brought upon great joy over the young Princess-Consort's fertility. Mariya was bestowed the honorary title of 'Princess Royal of Reza', being the first royal daughter born to the new capital.

Growing up after her mother's death in childbirth, the princess was known for her wildly volatile and snide temperament, having largely assimilated into the renowned image of her distant aunt and primary carer, Aleksandra of Vidaus. Raised not in the typical world of etiquette and manners, however one of exploration and wildness- the princess grew to crave the thrills and adventure that life posed. After a difficult engagement ordeal, leaving an emotional scar upon not only Mariya, she was wed to Adrian Sarkozic- the reigning Duke of Adria. They married within Reza's cathedral, followed by a procession in which she moved her primary residence to the duchy's capital, Renz.

She immediately thrust herself into her duties as Duchess, finding solace in the straightforwardness and simplicity of her work. Two years after their marriage, the ducal pair welcomed their first child- a son. Struggling to connect emotionally with her child, Mariya found motherhood inherently difficult, oftentimes leaving her son's early upbringing entirely to the staff of the court. It was that same year in which her husband was declared as the Lord-Protector of Oren following the death and legitimacy scandal of Alexander II. The house of Sarkozic, now rebranded as de Sarkozy, then took residence within the Imperial city of Helena- beginning to rebuild the fractured pieces of the empire.

*“I sit now, adorned with a crown upon my head, a weight upon my shoulders. A burden I shall carry until my dying day. You never wished for your life, Vladrick, as I never wished for mine. Yet as I've been told- those who do not desire power, are the best to possess it. I believe that is why fate brings us to where we stand now.”*

After a term of six years, nearing a time in which Adrian would ascend to emperor- the Lord Protector passed away, presumably from a heart sickness. Mariya, infuriated and distraught, refused to see her children for months following.

The princess was murdered nearly a year later, her body found in the ruins of the Prikaz palace.

*“There is a mural upon the ceiling of the Empress' suite. It is of Reza, of Haense- my homeland. I've etched my own presence upon each corner of the suite, in each book chosen to fill the shelves and each candle by it's bedside. Will this be taken away? Will I be erased from history, ignored from the tomes of our days that'll someday rest upon my ancestors shelves? I fear that I will waste away into nothing, is that a just fear?*

*I must cease my thoughts, for I wish not to write by candlelight in fear I shall set myself aflame and fail to douse it.”*

**HER ROYAL HIGHNESS**, Mariya Angelika of house de Sarkozy nee Barbanov, Lady-Protector of Oren, Princess Royal of Hanseti-Ruska, Duchess-Consort of Adria

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## Familial Relations

*“I’ve always been told I look like mamej- but mamej’s parents were siblings, so she must have looked funny. I’m thinking they’re telling me I look funny too.”*

**-A teenage Mariya, to Vladrick Alimar**

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### FATHER

King Marius II ‘The Brash’ of Hanseti-Ruska - Deceased

### MOTHER

Valera of Adria, Grand Princess of Kusoraev- Deceased

### SIBLINGS {FULL}

Sofiya Theodosiya of Hanseti-Ruska, Red Princess of Muldav  
Prince Petyr Andrik of Hanseti-Ruska - Deceased

### SIBLINGS {HALF}

King Andrew III of Hanseti-Ruska  
-Milena Carrion, Queen-Consort of Hanseti-Ruska  
Princess Adryana Eleanor of Hanseti-Ruska

### HUSBAND

Adrian I de Sarkozy, Lord Protector of Oren, Duke of Adria  
In their last words spoken, she’d argued- snapped and huffed in frustration. He’d asked her of one simple thing. To wait. And wait for him she did. She waited whilst the armies marched, the soldiers left. She waited in the months of silence- so dutifully continuing each day. And finally, she’d waited for his return. Yet - return he never did.

### CHILDREN

Joseph Clement de Sarkozy, Duke of Helena

She peered down toward the restless infant- the child’s eyes casting an all too familiar pale green. Her pride swelled, a rare moment in which she could prove only pure love toward the boy. Yet, when she held him in her arms, he felt more a stranger than the milling courtiers.

Anna Carolina de Sarkozy

In their portrait, it was Anna, in fact, who stood the furthest away- hugging the opposing side of the Lord Protector. She was barely separable from her Father, ever since birth.

Philippa Valeria de Sarkozy

Her youngest girl, little Philippa, had always been a tiny child. In fact, at her birth- Mariya worried if she’d even make it to her first summer. Yet the baby defied all odds, bearing a soul brighter than most.

George Casimir de Sarkozy

A mirror image to his father, almost frightening- twins born of a different era. He sat upon her knee, his other hand tightly holding that of his sisters. Always the protector, was George.

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“In her last moments, she thought of her children; how they’d grow older, how they’d marry someday, and how they’d have children and grandchildren of their own. She prayed to whichever god would listen that in later years they’d come to know the rise and fall of their parents. A fleeting hope that perhaps, they’d not despise her for leaving them too early.”

**Mariya on her children, [ [To Soar](#) ]**

