Work at the museum wasn’t exactly the adventurous life Miriam had expected when she graduated as an archeology. Chances to do field-work were difficult these days, so she had to be sensible and pick the option that would put food on the table. The museum she had been working on for a few years was on the larger side at least, with a wide collection of artifacts and remains from all over the world. So at least that gave Miriam plenty of opportunity to work in a lot of fascinating fields.

It often took a lot of her time, the museum wasn’t exactly ‘understaffed’, but there weren’t enough researchers to handle everything at their own times. Miriam often had to switch from project to project faster than expected, which had the consequence of not leaving her with enough time.

…What would she even do with it? It’s not like she even went out much.

Miriam tried shaking the dour thought away, but as always reality was not so kind. She wasn’t the most attractive of people, with her slightly plump figure and short stature, which made her look just ‘round’ enough to make men’s gazes skip over. And her personality was so mousy and timid she just didn’t stand out in any way. Tucking a lock of brown hair behind hear, she adjusted her glasses before neatly putting the files in her folder and stood up. She adjusted the sleeveless beige sweater over her white shirt, her loose dress pants ruffling as her short-heeling shows gently stepped on the floor with a faint noise.

She idly looked at the clock in her office, almost 11 PM. Hmm, they’d have to close down soon…

Curator entrusted them with the key so they could continue their work, sometimes hours late into the night like tonight. It could be long and tedious, but at least she had good company to spend the time with.

She made her way to the briton exhibit still in construction, looking at the rows of spears, swords and shields held behind display cases. Old rusted equipment dating back to 500 AD Wales, along with old banners and crests depicting dragons. All amazing archeological findings about a long-forgotten welsh dynasty whose significance the scientific community was barely starting to unravel.

At the back stood the replica of an old throne, while in the center there was a pedestal with a glass casing at the top. Inside it was a crown, a circlet-like piece of jewelry with a cross-like crest hanging from a fine chain connected to both ends of the circlet, the first rows of the crown shaped like leaves, while the back possessed arrow-like shapes pointing up.

It allured Miriam, this sense of… mysticism surrounding the history. That there was yet more to discover. To get an idea of who these people had been, *who* the heraldry belonged to.

She spotted her friend and coworker Jane standing next to the pedestal as she observed the crown. Jane was more conventionally good looking than her, enough that it made Miriam feel a bit inadequate at times. Jane’s long black hair and slimmer features certainly looked more appealing than her mousy brown locks and her plump figure. She wore that white blouse and jeans fare more confidently than Miriam ever would. Jane turned, her blue eyes meeting Miriam’s brown. “Finally done?” she smiled

“Yeah,” Miriam softly replied, standing next to her and in front of the crown. “Cross-referenced all the info we have available, and read the reports from our guys on the excavation site”

“Looked into historical records of Wales’ monarchies circa 500 AD” Jane’s smile grew bigger. “The owner of this crown? She was a woman”

The gesture was infectious enough to get Miriam to smile as well, “A woman monarch in Britain at that time… *very* rare”

“It’s bloody awesome,” Jane said excitedly, almost bouncing on her feet. “I swear I am becoming *obsessed*, I just want to know who this woman was. What she did. How her people followed her”

She must have been quite formidable, Miriam thought with longing as she stared at the crown. The gold still shined so bright after fifteen hundred years. So… enchanting, mesmerizing. She could see her own reflection in it.

“Scraps we have so far say she was like a dragon” Jane continued, unaware of her friend’s trance. “They make it sound like she was a beast, but in the good sense, larger than life”

To be so imposing, to carry the loyalty of an entire country. That woman had been a true iconic figure. Whereas Miriam struggled to get out of her house and *do* something her life…

For a brief moment, she wondered what it’d be like, to be a queen. To be seen as a dragon, as authority and power incarnate.

The crown’s gleam promised all that and more.

Miriam’s gaze was hazed, she barely realized her hand went to the master key in her pocket, her fingers sweating as she unlocked the display.

Jane’s eyes widened as she looked back and forth between Miriam and the glass box. “Miriam, what are you-?”

She couldn’t stop her in time, the crown found itself resting over Miriam’s brown locks. The shorter woman let out a long sigh, closing her eyes as if *basking* in the confidence just wearing the crown gave her.

But it wasn’t just confidence. It was… It was like a newfound sense of pride began growing inside of her. A fire that was quickly being stoked from the depths of her soul.

“Okay okay, you had your fun” Jane tried to get the crown off her head, slowly reaching for it. “Now we gotta clean it up and put it back, if the boss finds out there’s gonna be trouble”

Jane’s hands froze when Miriam gasped, her eyes snapped open, revealing they weren’t brown anymore… but a soft green.