

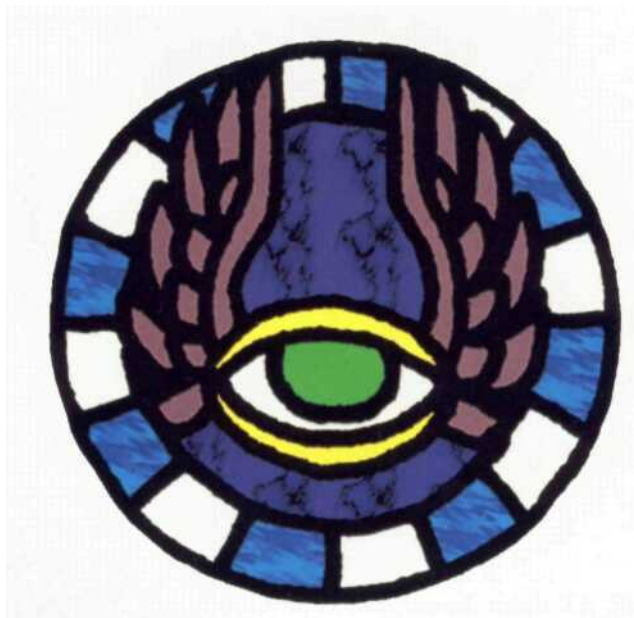
PLAYERS GUIDE

For Changeling: The Dreaming



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PLAYERS GUIDE



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Oops!

Many of you have noticed that there was a bit of a printing error in **The Autumn People** — the text for Webcraft was incomplete and several sidebars were dropped. I've done my best to send out the missing text to any who have requested it, but I'm sure I haven't reached everyone. Allow me to direct you to the **Autumn People** errata in the appendix of this book. If you know of anyone who would like to obtain the missing text who is not planning to purchase this book, they may write me and I will get it to them as soon as possible.

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We would like to apologize to all of our fans, and we will make every effort to avoid such mistakes in the future.

Ian Lemke

Changeling Developer



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Word From White Wolf Game Studio

We would like to give a fond farewell to Jennifer Hartshorn who has been forced to leave the pack. She brought much Glamour to our lives while she was here and she will be sorely missed. We all wish you the best Jennifer!

PLAYERS GUIDE



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by Jim Moore

His name was Mumpoker Uruisig Gruaghan, but most everyone called him Mug. While some among the Kithain might take such a name as an insult, Mug was a redcap, and very little actually bothered him. Mug lived among the Seelie since the first day of his Chrysalis. Despite the deservedly had reputation of redcaps everywhere, Mug was accepted at court, as he'd proven himself loyal on a number of occasions. In size and stature, he was almost as large as a troll, and his prowess in battle was practically legendary. He had friends aplenty and stories he could tell around the fires of winter to keep the darkness at bay. Just the same, Mug was lonely.

As happens with all people, Kithain and kin alike, Mug fell victim to the greatest danger any person can endure: Mug fell in love. While often a wonderful thing, love unrequited can only bring about a great deal of sorrow. Such was Mug's plight.

Now, contrary to most of the rumors revolving around the redcaps, they too have feelings, just as deep and passionate as felt by any other changelings. It is ever so easy to ignore this small wisdom, as the redcaps are notorious for hiding their feelings behind oversized, eager grins or equally eager snarls. If asked, most would deny that they ever felt anything even close to sadness or fear, and to prove their point they would gladly sink their teeth into the person who was foolish enough to inquire. Mug was no exception. In the redcap's eyes, his greatest sin and his dirtiest secret was simply that he was shy. He hid his secret as best he could, but some of the

other redcaps felt something must be wrong with him, as he remained among the Seelie.

Oh, he could break a back or stomp an enemy into a bloody pulp with the best of his lot, and even the trolls had to admit that he had courage in abundance, but ask him to speak to a beautiful woman and he was hopelessly lost. For that reason, many of the Kithain simply assumed he had no interest in love or relationships, and left the matter alone. After all, who in their right mind asks a redcap his personal business?

Mug, being a redcap as well as a hopeless romantic, had little choice about the woman he decided to fall in love with, but could have done far worse. She was a pooka, and her name was Megan Dunlogue. Megan was a lovely woman, with dark red hair and an athletic figure. She was also a cheerleader in college, and very popular with the men around her. Even on the worst days, Mug had only to look at Megan and his mood changed. She brought out the very best in him, and had a knack for making him forget his worries. In all the time he'd known her, she never once called him a name — not that anyone ever dared it to his face — and she'd never been anything other than happy to see him. Her smile could ignite the sun on a stormy day, and her eyes were a fathomless green. Mug knew her from several adventures they had shared, and found her endless lighthearted jokes and even her boldfaced lies a perpetual source of joy. Also, he liked her freckles and her fluffy squirrel's tail.



Sadly, Megan saw Mug only as a friend, even going so far as to tell him her woes when the man she loved refused to notice that she existed; they'd known each other long before either of them knew they were changelings, and in all that time he'd never said how he felt. Perhaps he could have, if he hadn't been so shy. Part of Mug was always secretly happy when her latest love interest failed to return her feelings, but another part wanted to sink his teeth into the throat of any the man who broke Megan's heart. Being new to matters of the heart, Mug found the entire situation very confusing.

And so, after trying his best to solve the puzzle of Megan on his own and failing miserably, Mug decided to seek the advice of other Kithain. He knew several who never seemed to have problems showing their own emotions. They were, in his eyes, the best to speak with regarding his dilemma. This was no easy task for Mug. While he'd never backed down from a fight, no matter what the odds, he now had to reveal a side of himself that he preferred to leave in the dark: — his sensitive side. Just thinking about exposing his hidden feelings was enough to make him queasy.

After much thought on the matter he decided to visit his friend Justin, the satyr. To hear Justin boast, he had wooed a thousand women. Mug doubted the number was that high, but easily conceded at least a hundred. The hardest part of speaking with the satyr was finding Justin alone, as Mug simply couldn't bring himself to confess his feelings with an audience present. He finally settled on catching Justin at home, before the satyr could go out for another evening of wine, women and song at the local pub.

Justin was not amused by Mug's visit. In the satyr's eyes, any visit before three p.m. was too early, and Mug chose the early morning to make his house call. Just the same, Mug was a friend, and Justin let him into his house. Upon hearing the tale of Mug's woe, Justin managed to ignore his hangover and put on some coffee.

After serious discussion — and several scary moments when Justin thought he'd laugh out loud at the image of Mug and Megan together in a romantic way — Justin gave his advice. "Mug, if you truly love Megan, you must tell her straight away. Never you mind being shy about it, you must tell her how you feel and prove to her your undying love."

"How can I prove my love, Justin?" he asked, puzzled deeply by the notion. "I've never done anything like this before."

"A dozen red roses and an extra-large box of chocolates always works wonders." Before Mug could utter another word, Justin was ushering him out the front door, insisting that Mug follow his advice immediately. Mug suspected that the satyr just wanted sleep, but left anyway.

Mug bought chocolates and a dozen roses, but before he could deliver them, he ran into another old friend, Mortimer, a slough who seemed to see everything and almost never told of what he saw unless he was asked.

"You must be in love, Mug," the shadowy figure whispered. "Who's the lucky girl?" Mug couldn't quite tell if he heard sarcasm in his friend's voice, so he decided to ignore the slight. Maybe at another time he'd have pounded Mortimer for the comment, but right then he was in a hurry to meet with his destiny.

"If you must know, I'm off to tell Megan my true feelings for her." Mug began to walk away, but changed his mind when he remembered how well the slugh seemed to know everyone. "Hey, Morty?"

The slugh moved closer, his dark eyes glittering moistly. "Yesss? Is there sssome way I can help you on your quest?"

"Yeah, I just wanted to know if you think this is the best way to handle telling a girl that you love her."

Mortimer was silent for a while, then a slow smile spread across his gaunt face, and he shook his head. "No, Mug, I do not think thiss is wise." Before Mug could ask why, his friend slithered closer still. "Megan is very sssensitive about her weight, as well you know, and if she eats those chocolatess she's sure to gain ten poundsss. Alssso, she's allergic to rosesss. Perhaps you should try another way."

Dejected, Mug dropped the roses and candy into a nearby trashcan and continued slowly on his way. He waved a thanks to Mortimer as he left, but never noticed the slugh snatch what he'd dropped into the trash. After Mug was gone and well out of earshot, Mortimer allowed himself to laugh. His beloved Allison would so love the candy and flowers, and the price was definitely right.

Out of ideas once again, Mug moved on to another old friend, a nocker who knew more about romance than anyone else he knew, except for Justin. Magda had been engaged seven times and married three times. If she couldn't help him, no one could. When he knocked on the door of Magda's house, she yelled at him for disturbing her while she was working, and then invited him into her shop. Magda always yelled at him. She wasn't happy if she wasn't yelling, and Mug accepted her high-pitched screams with good grace. After she'd finished screaming at Mug and pointing to the flawless gold rose embellishment she claimed he'd ruined by disturbing her, Mug told her of his woes. Once again, a friend came through for him.

"First off, I'm not an expert. If I were, I'd still be married. Secondly, what you need to do is shower her with gifts," Magda declared between hammer-taps. At present she was making a very delicate and lovely windchime with a rose motif. "Give her gold and diamonds as proof of your love, and proof that you can support her as the years go by."

"But I have no extra money!" Mug cried, frustrated again. "How can I buy these things if I have no money?"

"Listen, Mug, I deal in facts, not the complications that facts bring about. If you want to win her love, give her gold and gems. That's how every last husband won my heart."

"So why aren't you married anymore, Magda?"



Just as Mug forgave Magda her screaming fits, she forgave him his lack of tact. He was, after all, a redcap. "Because they all turned out to be cheapskates! Every last one of the no-good losers ran out of money and could no longer afford to lavish me in the ways to which I'd become accustomed! Now get the hell out of here! Can't you see I'm busy?"

Mug thanked Magda for her hospitality and went on his way, desperate to find a good source of income. After carefully adding up the total monthly sum of profits from his bodyguard business and his daycare center, he decided to consult someone who knew a thing or two about money. Lady Amelia was his first choice, as the sidhe noble had more money than anyone he'd ever met.

Lady Amelia was always busy. If she wasn't working out the details of her next big social, she was keeping track of who was visiting at court and seeing to their needs. Just the same, she made time for Mug because he'd saved her life on several occasions and never asked for any compensation beyond his normal fee as a protector. He'd even given her discounts during the months when she needed no protecting.

Over a snack of watercress sandwiches and elderberry wine, he explained his dilemma. The lady was very attentive, but in the end she was really not very much help. She suggested that he ask the same question of Sven, the troll of Waterbrook Bridge. Mug thanked her for her efforts, and gave her the next month's protection free of charge. Amelia graciously accepted, already fretting over the cost of the antique plates Mug consumed when he'd finished with the sandwiches. She also made a mental note to serve with paper plates when next she fed a redcap.

As big as Mug was, Sven was bigger. Sven was the only Kithain whom Mug ever knew who stood a full head and shoulders above his own seven feet. After wading through the cold waters of the river's edge, Mug knocked on the door in the base of Waterbrook Bridge and waited politely until Sven answered. When Sven finally opened the door, he gave Mug the customary left-hook to the jaw, and the fighting began in earnest. Since Mug was the one who wanted answers, he let Sven beat him after only a few dozen punches were exchanged. Sven was convinced that the best way to stay combat-ready was to attack redcaps on sight, even those he called his friends. As always, Mug accepted his friend's eccentricity as well as he could. After the battle, Sven prepared cold venison sandwiches for the both of them — remembering to serve on paper plates this time, after the loss of his good stoneware when last Mug visited — and Mug told his tale of woe again.

"When it comes to getting gold, you must go on an adventure," the troll explained. "That, or get a job working as a lawyer, which we both know is a horrible fate. When it comes to adventures, you'd do best to speak with Mailanka the eshu, for certainly he has gone off on many a quest. But I don't think you need seek gold and gems to win fair Megan's heart, old friend. You must only swear undying loyalty and promise to protect her from all that would cause her harm.

Look at my own wife, Brynhild, if you doubt me. She agreed to wed me when I was only a rookie cop and a newcomer to the court guard."

"Um, didn't she get you the job at the court, so you could work together?"

"Well, yes," Sven admitted, as he looked at the picture of Brynhild that rested above the mantle of the fireplace. "As a matter of fact, she did. But that's not my point. My point is that she loved me despite my lack of money, and she loves me still." Mug suspected Brynhild simply hadn't wanted to marry a man shorter than her, and chose Sven for that reason alone, but wisely chose not to mention the fact. His ribs were still aching from the troll's earlier abuses.

"Thanks for your help, Sven. I'll give that some thought."

"You're welcome, Mug. Listen, do you think you could drop by again tomorrow? I'm getting a little rusty when it comes to using my axe."

"Sure thing." And with that, Mug went on his way to find Mailanka.

Finding Mailanka proved far more difficult than Mug initially expected. There were two reasons for his troubles: first, Mailanka was already off on a quest. Second, the Kithain who knew Mailanka best were all certain that Mug meant to do the eshu harm, because of the unfortunate incident that occurred when Mailanka mistook Mug for an ogre. (That is a story in and of itself, and will have to wait for another time. For now, we must deal with Mug's love life.) It took some convincing and a few rattled teeth, but Mug finally managed to pry the eshu's destination from another good friend — one who understood that Mug had long forgiven the broken spearhead lodged in his posterior during what most now referred to as "Mailanka's Folly."

In this case the friend was none other than the master chef and boggan known throughout the realm as Walter. Walter always enjoyed having Mug over, as Mug would eat anything put in front of him without complaint. The mystery of how to make a perfect soufflé still escaped Walter's numerous attempts, and hating to waste anything, Walter kept the ruined soufflés in a large refrigerator until Mug could come by. He gave detailed instructions on exactly where Mailanka was going as Mug finished off the third bucket of wasted chocolate and egg whites. When he asked Mug why it was so important to find the eshu, Mug told him everything.

"Mug, my friend, love is not found in chocolate or gems. It simply is," the boggan explained. "You cannot buy love anymore than you can purchase respect. Both must be earned. You have already shown that you deserve respect; perhaps Megan will accept you for who you are."

Mug contemplated the boggan's words as he finished the last pail of soufflé-disasters, all of which tasted wonderful, even if they had not risen as high as Walter hoped they would. "Megan is a wonderful woman, Walter. But I don't think she even knows I exist, except when another of her men fails to be as perfect as she hopes."

"Then the question you should ask is, what are the ideals she has established for herself."

"She likes her men handsome, wealthy, athletic and friendly. Also, they have to love her. Somehow, none of them ever quite makes the grade."

"That is a dilemma, Mug. Perhaps she simply fails to look in the right places."

"Well, if I have my way, she won't have to look anymore. She'll have me." Mug thanked Walter for the advice and the snack, and went off to search for Mailanka in the Elder Woods.

Mug searched the dark forest for two days — pausing only to call Sven and apologize for not being able to join him in the axe practice— before he found the eshu. Mailanka was camped near a small stream in the Elder Woods, feasting on a fish he'd caught not an hour earlier. The smile on his broad face when he saw Mug was warm and friendly, if just slightly wary. He had, after all, once impaled Mug's posterior with a very sharp spear. He offered Mug his hospitality, and the redcap accepted, seating himself across the fire from the eshu and asking for help.

After listening to Mug's tale of woe, the eshu nodded enthusiastically and agreed to help him. "You are in luck, Mumpoker. I am on a quest to find a dragon who has caused no end of grief for the people of Northern Applegate. They fear him greatly, for the chimera has stolen several cows and even made off with the lord's favorite hound. The risks are great, my friend, but they should prove worth it for the treasure you will earn."

Mug was happy, for at last he saw an end to his quest. "I cannot thank you enough, Mailanka. This is a wonderful day indeed. Now I can amass a treasure and bring it to Megan to prove my love." Then he thought about just what the eshu had said, and felt a few butterflies hatch in his stomach and begin tickling him from the inside. "Did you say this is a dragon?"

"Yes! That is why you are so lucky! Dragons have the very finest treasures, and the reward you receive for slaying the beast should be more than sufficient for your needs."

Mug nodded, listening to the details of how best to slay a dragon, and then bidding Mailanka pleasant dreams as the eshu prepared to sleep for the night. Mug did not sleep. He kept thinking of the dragon he'd soon be fighting, and wondered if love was always so fearful a proposition.

When the morning came, Mug prepared as best he could for the fight he knew would come. Mailanka explained that the great beast lived only a few miles away, in a deep cavern near the edge of the woods. The cavern lead deep into Mount Shasta, which the Kithain of Caer Redwood called Balor's Heart. There, in the deepest pits of the slumbering volcano, the dragon stoked his fires until they could ignite anyone and melt almost anything.

Not all that long ago, the changelings in the area could have ignored a dragon resting in the heart of a volcano. Their neighbors to the north taught them different when Mount St.

Helens' dragon came out after being overlooked for too long. Well, live and learn, as the old saying goes. This time they'd get it right.

The Baron of Caer Redwood offered a princely sum for the taming or killing of the chimera, and Mailanka planned to earn that money. But, seeing as he owed Mug for a few weeks of snickers and laughter whenever the redcap left a room, he felt he could share in the glory and the wealth as well. Still, he also felt Mug was unprepared to tackle the beast alone, and intended to help.

The redcap was justifiably worried about his chances. Still, he'd never run from a fight in his life, and Mug found the idea of facing even a dragon far easier than the idea of telling Megan his true feelings.

After an hour or so spent hiking up the side of the mountain, Mug and Mailanka came upon the dwelling of the great dragon. Long before they actually saw the cave, they could smell the sulfurous stench of the beast in its lair. With little more than a second's hesitation, Mug straightened his shoulders and clutched the spear the eshu loaned him. Mailanka wished him luck and lagged behind, as redcaps make wonderful shields. Unfortunately, a rock slid out from under Mug's enormous boot, bounced down the hill and struck the eshu in the temple, knocking him unconscious. Being the impatient sort, Mug made sure the eshu was not seriously injured, and then set his friend against the entrance of the cave, next to a few names that were carved into the wall of the mountain. He wondered briefly if one of the names might belong to the dragon, and then decided to get back to the work at hand.

The entrance to the dragon's lair was filled with the stench of brimstone and other, darker, things. Mug was as brave as any redcap, but he was not stupid. He did not like having to enter the darkness. Also, he could smell water in the cave, and suspected that he might have to swim through a stream or even a lake to find the monster. Having never seen a dragon in person, Mug hoped they were smaller than he'd heard. He thought again of Megan, and then he entered the lair of the terrible beast.

He walked for a long time before he found the lake inside the cave. Just as he'd feared, the waters ran from one side of the cavern to the other. Great gouts of steam rose from the waters, erupting in geysers that left the air heavy with moisture. There was no way around it; he'd have to swim. Mug stepped into the near-boiling waters and winced, but his hide was tough and well-seasoned from past battles. He blistered a bit, but not enough to stop him from crossing to the far shore. He was lucky, too, because the waters never reached beyond his knees.

As Mug progressed through the steaming waters, he noticed how the landscape changed. The jagged walls grew smoother, as if they'd been carved or perhaps melted. There were no uneven rocks or other items that he could use as weapons if the spear Mailanka loaned him failed to work in slaying the dragon.

Finally, partially hidden behind a heavy stalagmite at the back of the cave, Mug could see a large pile of gems and partially melted gold. The bounty laid before him was enough to make him drool. Pearls the size of his fists, and diamonds carved with a hundred facets shimmered in the darkness of the cavern. Goblets of silver inlaid with sapphires rested atop chests overflowing with rings and jewelry of every possible description. Surely there was enough gold to shower Megan with her heart's every desire for years to come. He eyed the treasure for several moments before remembering that the mountain of wealth belonged to the monster he was there to slay.

The ceiling here was much higher than in the tunnel. At first Mug failed to spot the dragon, but noticed the beast's reflection in the waters at his feet, as soon as it opened its glowing eyes. He slowly craned his neck back until he could see the shape that cast the reflection. Far above him, at the very pinnacle of the cave's ceiling, the massive beast hung from the stone canopy, much as a bat might hang from a tree branch.

"Who dares enter my domain?" demanded the dragon, blossoms of flame spiraling from its nostrils. A mouth as large as a car opened in a feral snarl. The voice of the dream-creature was as loud as thunder, shaking the walls of the cave and dropping rocks the size of fists from the perch where it hung. "Speak your name, that I might carve your epitaph upon the entrance to my cave."

Despite the pounding of his heart, Mug returned the snarl and bared his massive teeth as he growled his response. "My name is Mumpoker Uruisig Gruaghan! I am here to slay you, worm, that I might win the heart of my one true love!"

The laughter that poured past the dragon's lips sent a wave of rage through Mug's heart. "You would slay me?" The great beast shook with merriment, amused by the redcap's words. "Surely you know you will die!"

It seemed that even his natural talent for inspiring terror had no effect on the monster. Mug was not overly surprised; he'd fought many a chimera and heard tales of a dragon or two, but none of them came close to the size of the thing hanging above him. "I cannot live another day without my Megan. If I cannot win her love, I have no reason to live." He hefted the spear and took careful aim.

"Be damned, you oversized lamb. I'll feast on your beating heart!" With these words, Mug hurled the weapon as hard as he could, watching with satisfaction as it climbed toward the ceiling of the cavern.

The great beast hissed a tongue of flame, and seared the spear into ash before it could reach him. The heat from the blast was enough to singe Mug's hair and blister his scalp as well. "Is that the best you can do, little meal? I thought any creature with so long and prestigious a name might actually be a worthy foe!"

Stung by the comment, Mug reached into his pockets and drew forth his brass knuckles. The metal gleamed in the light from the dragon's eyes, and the redcap grinned as he

placed the weapons on each of his hands. "Get your flabby arse down here, and we'll see who wins this dance!"

The dragon considered Mug's actions for a moment, puzzled by the brave act of so tiny a creature. While Mug could intimidate all but the bravest Kithain and even most chimera, this particular monster remained unimpressed. Then, with a mighty sigh, it dropped from the heights far above Mug and plummeted toward him like a falling star. Mug tensed, waiting for the exact moment to move, and then ducked as the dragon turned and grabbed for him. The fore claws missed the redcap. The hind claws did not.

Mug made one mistake when he considered his enemy: he forgot that dragons are faster than they look. The redcap really couldn't be blamed. For all of their bravado and ferocity, redcaps aren't very bright, and Mug was just barely an exception to the rule.

The massive talons of the old worm surrounded Mug's body from his knees to his neck. The impact stunned him for a second, as the great beast launched itself to the entrance of its lair and soared high into the cool night air. Mug never suspected dragons could be so strong or so fast.

In a minute, they were high above the top of Baler's Heart, rising higher still as the dragon leered down at Mug. "Foolish changeling! You are scarcely big enough to eat, but I will savor your taste as I chew you to bits!" As it spoke, the dragon lowered its head to contemplate the best way to eat the redcap. The hot, steaming cloud of sulfur that spilled past the scaly mouth of the serpent was almost enough to make Mug gag, but he held his breath and smiled back.

"You ain't got the guts to eat me, you wimp! I'm twice the monster you are, and four times as fierce as you will ever be!" Mug added sting to his words by lobbing a wad of spit in the dragon's eye, and the beast blinked twice as it flew still higher into the air. It squeezed once with its paw, and Mug nearly blacked out as the air whooshed from his lungs.

The dragon looked at Mug with new respect, nodding more to itself than to him. "You are a mean one, Mumpoker Uruisig Gruaghan, but I am much larger than you. On your best day, you are no match for even the weakest dragon." Mug twisted his head as much as he could, hoping to see a sign of Mailanka far below. All he got for his trouble was a pulled muscle. "Oh, don't worry about your friend," said the dragon. "I will kill him when I am done eating you."

With that, the monster parted its massive jaws and tossed Mug into its toothy maw. The dragon of Balor's Heart did not even chew on Mug before swallowing. Despite its bravado, the beast feared that the taste of a redcap might be as foul as the sight of one. For all anyone could say, it might well have been right.

Mug tumbled past teeth the size of long swords, and struggled for a purchase at the back of the fiend's immense throat before falling into the depths of the dragon's belly. The heat of the worm's innards was easily twice as fierce as that within its lair. Mug found breathing almost impossible. He



spilled past the immense heating drum of the dragon's heart, and finally fell into the furnace of its stomach. Even as his clothes began to burn, Mug smiled victoriously.

Luckily for Mug, the dragon did not know one important thing about its meal. Much like a redcap, the average dragon is hardly considered the brightest of chimera — they are smart, but often think themselves invincible. And so, it too must be forgiven its folly. The great beast forgot that redcaps can eat anything. Anything at all, so long as their mouths can find purchase. Mug made good on his earlier threat, and after chewing his way free of the monster's stomach, he feasted on the dragon's beating heart.

Mailanka, far below on the ground, watched groggily as the great dragon first shuddered and then spasmed. Mug and the dragon both plummeted back to the earth, landing with enough force to shatter stone and demolish trees.

When next Mug could move or think, a week had passed and he was resting in a large bed at Lady Amelia's keep. He was sore all over, and much of his body was burned, bruised or broken. Several changelings surrounded him, all with worried looks upon their faces. He recognized Mailanka, Mortimer, Justin, Sven, Walter, Lady Amelia and even Magda. Among them was also his Megan, whom he loved with all his being. Upon seeing her face, he smiled and drifted back into a deep sleep.

When he opened his eyes a second time, Megan alone was in the room with him. The night was full upon the world,

and he studied her face by the light of the single lantern near his bed. She looked tired, and her hair was a mess. She had angry red streaks running from her eyes down her face, and Mug realized she'd been crying. She had never looked lovelier in his eyes. Looking at Megan, he did not hurt nearly as much as he had, and he counted himself lucky to be alive.

Perhaps he spoke aloud, perhaps she simply knew what he was thinking. Either way, Megan responded, "You're only alive because Mailanka cut you from the inside of that beast. He's made you the talk of the realm, as well. The impact when you hit was enough to make half of California think they'd had another earthquake." Her tone was scolding, and Mug looked away, upset that he'd made Megan angry.

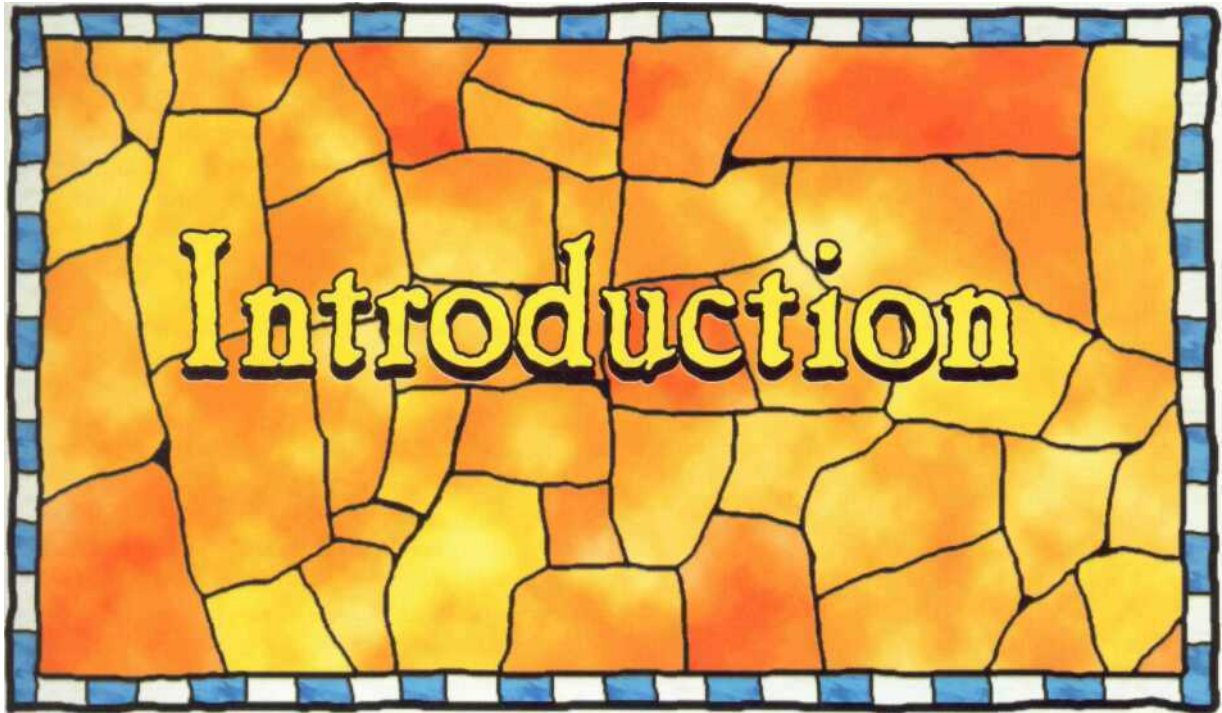
At a loss for anything to say, he finally managed the only words he could think of at that moment: "Hi, Megan."

Megan's response was not as cordial. She yelled at him and called him names, she struck him on the parts of his body that were not wrapped in bandages, and she told him he was a fool. She yelled at him about his silly, stupid quest, and explained in no uncertain terms that he could have simply asked her for a date, since she'd been hoping he would for a very long time.

Though it took him some time to heal from his wounds, and longer still for him to gather the courage, he did indeed ask Megan for a date. She agreed, and after a long while Mug got over being so shy. In the end, they all lived happily ever after.



DIETRICH



The information in this book is focused on helping you create more complete changeling characters. Sections, such as the chapters dealing with the Nunnehi or the Saining, can open up whole new ways of playing, and suggest chronicles or subplots to your existing game.

But the most important thing to remember is that the guidelines and suggestions in this hook are just that — not gospel. Faerie tales evolved from a largely oral tradition, and like the stories that came before, you should always feel that your version of the faerie tale can become anything you want it to be. This players guide will hopefully provide you with some new ideas and spur you on to create stories that are uniquely your own.

Chapter One: Traits contains new Merits, Flaws and Abilities to help personalize your character.

Chapter Two: The Kith offers expanded outlooks for each of the nine kith.

Chapter Three: The Nunnehi enters the world of the Native American fae, the Nunnehi. This chapter provides full details on the history of these mysterious fae as well as complete rules for creating Nunnehi characters.

Chapter Four: The Ways of Glamour presents new "cardless" rules for casting cantrips as well as a discussion on True Names and the Saining.

Chapter Five: The Arts provides fresh insights into the workings of the Arts as well as providing rules for a few new ones.

Chapter Six: Roleplaying offers ideas, suggestions and points of view from players, Storytellers and writers of Changeling.

Setting the Scene

While every chronicle will have a different feel to it, the following are a few hooks and films that can serve as useful "homework" for any Changeling game. Players should have as much a voice in shaping the look and feel of a chronicle as the Storyteller, so don't hesitate to suggest ways to make the game more fun for everyone involved!

Recommended Films

Labyrinth — A teenage girl must traverse the maze of the Goblin King to find her baby brother, stolen by the Goblin King (played by David Bowie). The classic elements of Changeling as envisioned by the late Jim Henson and Brian Froud with beautiful results.

Neverending Story — A young boy discovers a book describing the dying of a mystic world and the adventures of its equally young savior, which seem unusually parallel to his own life.

Willow — A classic quest story of sorcery, warriors and good versus evil in a Celtic myth-based world.

The Dark Crystal — The first collaboration between Jim Henson and Brian Froud, resulting in magnificent visuals and an atmosphere completely alien to Earth.

Hook — Not so much about fae as it is about growing up and childhood imagination. Captain Hook sails out of the past for revenge on a Banality-ridden grown-up Peter Pan, and Peter has to rediscover his imagination (and himself) to save his children.



Legend — Tom Cruise's acting aside, this rich offering from Ridley Scott describes a world that might be our own, in which the magic is vanishing through evil intent or human carelessness, and the forces of good must rally to save it. Yes, that really is Tim Curry under the giant horns.

The Secret of Roan Inish — A foreign film of the people who still believe in the fae and the old ways on the rocky coast of Ireland. Selkies, take note!

Novels and Comics

Bull, Emma — **War for the Oaks**. A mix of the gritty World of Darkness streets with fantasy elements for a marvelous good read.

Carroll, Lewis — **Alice in Wonderland** and **Through the Looking Glass**. Classics. If you didn't read them during your childhood, it's never too late to start!

Cooper, Susan—**The Dark is Rising** series. The classic Celtic myth-based series. Another childhood favorite that deserves to be rediscovered.

Froud, Brian and Alan Lee — **Faeries**. A source of both faerie portraits and old folklore, drawn as a field guide. A must.

Gaiman, Neil — **Sandman** and **The Books of Magic**. Fantasy, both dark and light, at its best, interwoven into the mythos of the world. Several issues of both lines feature the world of the fae.

Lackey, Mercedes — **Knights of Ghosts and Shadows** and **Summoned to Tourney**. Two wild, fun tales of medieval recreation, pagan rock bands, and Bay Area fae. Not classics, but still fun.

Lewis, C.S. — **Narnia Chronicles**. Read this stuff. If you have to ask why, you probably haven't.

de Lint, Charles—**Jack the Giant-Killer**. The Unseelie are rampaging in Canada, the power of the Seelie is waning, and a young woman named Jackie must step into the role of the foretold hero. A rollicking retelling of the old folk tale for the Adult Fairy Tale Series edited by Terri Windling and Eileen Datlow.

de Lint, Charles — **Greenmantle**. A powerful tale of ancient mysteries in the modern Canadian woods.

Lovecraft, H.P. — **The Dreamquest of Unknown Kadath**. Lovecraft wasn't all doom and gloom. This series of stories takes you through realms literally created from the stuff of dreams, from the mystic cats of Ulthar to the strange night-creatures that haunt the chasms.

Music

Many of these albums can be found in any good music store, although their unusual styles sometimes make them hard to classify. Some may be found in the Pop/Rock section, some under New Age.

- Loreena McKennitt — A mix of Celtic-Goth with a sweet voice and beautiful harp. Her renditions of literary pieces like Yeats' "The Stolen Child" and Tennyson's "The Lady of Shalott" have made her reputation.

- Enya — An obvious choice, with her lush vocals and a marvelous range of evocative music that has graced soundtracks and her own four albums

- Silly Wizard — A traditional Celtic folk band, best known for the song "Queen of Argyll."

- Boiled in Lead — A lunatic mainstay of the folk/rock movement with the music to back their reputation, including *The Gypsy* collaboration with fantasy author Steven Brust.

- Dead Can Dance—Their range spans traditional folk, ethnic, historic and everything in between. A soundtrack for any World of Darkness story.

- Wolfstone—A good mix of traditional and hard rock.

- Oysterband—One of the leading bands in the English folk/punk movement with strong mystical underpinnings to their music. Not for the easily offended or politically conservative.

- Levellers — An energetic new band picking up where the classics left off, then going beyond. What Oysterband might sound like if they were sober.

- The Pogues — The quintessential Celtic/punk band. Hard on the ears, but lots of fun.

- Ceolbeg — More traditional/rock stuff, comprised of some of the movers and shakers of the Celtic folk scene.

- October Project—Thoughtful lyrics, powerful vocals, and a wide range of styles.

- Kate Bush — With dreamlike styles, ethereal vocals and surreal arrangements. *Never For Ever* is especially appropriate.

- Steeleye Span — With their emphasis on modern arrangements of traditional songs, this innovative band led the pack in the early folk/rock movement.

- Fairport Convention — Like Steeleye Span, Fairport combined traditional songs like "Maddy Groves" and "Tam Lin" with imaginative, contemporary music. Sandy Denny's voice alone is worth the price of their classic *Leige and Leaf*.

- Tannahill Weavers — One of the longest-running traditional Scottish folk bands. They also go through pipers like Spinal Tap went through drummers.

- Capercaille — They did the soundtrack to *Rob Roy*.

- Many movie soundtracks are appropriate, even if they didn't come from a fantasy film. They're meant to create an atmosphere without being intrusive, and do it well. Listen through your collection, and you may come up with some surprising finds.





Surreal Quality: (2 point Flaw)

Though the Mists still protect you from mortal detection, there is something about you that mortals find fascinating. At inappropriate times, they will stare at you and strike up conversations in the hopes of getting to know you better. Worse still, those mortals who are of less savory nature will choose you over other potential targets for their illicit acts.

Echoes: (2-5 point Flaw)

Your connection to the Dreaming is stronger than that of most Kithain. As a result of this powerful connection, you are more susceptible to the things that traditionally affect faeries, as told in ancient wives' tales. While Echoes is purchased as a Flaw, it often has some beneficial side-effects. The points received with this Flaw reflect the level of your connection to the Dreaming and even to Arcadia. You must have Storyteller approval in order to take this Flaw. The effects of this Flaw are cumulative. For example, a character with a five-point Flaw also suffers the setbacks of the two-through four-point Flaws.

- **Minor:** Salt thrown over the shoulder for good luck offers a mortal protection from faerie powers. The same is true for throwing bread over a shoulder. Any mortal who does so cannot be affected by your cantrips in any way for the duration of the scene. You may physically hurt the person, but cantrips simply do not work, or worse they may well backfire. Additionally, any mortal knowing your full name can command three tasks from you, which you must accomplish before you can be freed of that mortal's influence. However, you need only follow the exact wording of the mortal's requests, not the desire behind them. (2 points)

- **Moderate:** You may not enter a home without invitation unless you perform some small favor for an occupant. However, the invitation to enter a home may come from anyone in it, not necessarily the owner. Cold iron in a residence will bar you from entering the place whether you are invited or not; religious symbols have the same effect. Religious symbols of any sort will prevent you from physically or magically affecting mortals. The sound of ringing church bells causes you pain, just as cold iron does (at this level there is only pain, but with a four-point Flaw, the changeling gains one point of Banality for every turn he is forced to endure the sound). (3 points)

- **Serious:** Four-leaf clovers in the possession of a mortal prevent you from using your Arts against that mortal for good or bad. However, four-leaf clovers picked by you are sure to bring good luck (you cannot botch, or perhaps you temporarily gain the favor of a powerful individual) for as long as the petals of the clover remain intact. The clover must be worn or carried in order for this luck to remain. Any mortal wearing his coat inside out is invisible to you. You may not cross running water, save by means of a bridge. Religious symbols are now repellent to you, forcing you away from those who wear them. The

shadow of a cross falling upon your person causes one Health Level of chimerical damage for each turn the shadow is cast upon you. You may no longer enter holy ground without suffering chimerical injuries (one Health Level per turn), though this damage may be soaked. (4 points)

- **Extreme:** Wherever you dwell, mushrooms tend to bloom in faerie rings — even on your plush carpet. The Mists no longer hide your powers. Many people will remember you if you use your Glamour while around them. Chimerical creatures tend to become more real for you than for others, and their attacks cause real and permanent injury. By the reverse, your chimerical weapons can cause damage to anyone, even mortals. People will likely follow you if you request it, gaining dazed looks as they follow you even into dangerous situations. Your difficulties in casting cantrips might be reduced by a substantial amount (Storyteller's discretion), but those wearing cold iron or religious symbols are immune to any Arts you might use. You must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 7) in order to enter holy ground. Even if you succeed in your Willpower roll, actual physical damage (one Health Level per turn) occurs whenever you enter holy ground. (5 points)

Iron Allergy: (3-5 point Flaw)

Most of the Kithain only suffer pain and Banality when in contact with cold iron. You suffer from actual wounds. Cold iron reacts like superheated steel when it touches your skin. The very least you will endure is severe blistering. For each round in contact with iron, you suffer one Health Level of chimerical damage. When this is taken as a four-point Flaw, you take one Health Level of real damage for every three rounds in contact with cold iron. As a five-point Flaw, you suffer this damage if you stand within a foot of the iron.

Iron Resistance: (4 point Merit)

Cold iron has no physical effect on you. You may touch cold iron and feel no excruciating pain, not even a tingle. However, constant exposure to the metal will still cause you to suffer Banality. This is a double-edged sword, as you may not realize when you are sitting on a cold iron bench or leaning against a fence made of the foul metal. A Perception + Intelligence roll (difficulty 7) is required to avoid exposing yourself to the dangerous element in any setting where it is present.

Regeneration: (7 point Merit)

Your faerie nature is very strong. As a result you heal much faster than other Kithain. For every turn spent resting, you recover one Health Level of chimerical damage. Physical wounds require a great deal more rest, but they too can be regenerated at a rate of one Health Level per hour. While in a freehold, your wounds heal at twice this speed. Wounds inflicted by cold iron are not affected by this Merit.



Chimerical Magnet: (5 point Flaw)

For some reason, chimera notice you more often than usual. In some cases this is beneficial, but more often than not it causes problems. Chimerical beasts on a rampage will tend to turn on you before attacking others. Nervosa find you irresistible, and sprites of all types surround you constantly, often making you the butt of their harmless but annoying pranks.

Past Life: (1-5 point Merit)

You can remember one or more of your previous incarnations. This can be as simple as constant sense of *deja vu* in places known in your past lives, or as complex as conscious, waking memories of being another person. In practical terms, this means that your character knows things about situations through dead memories. You might know your way around a past life's hometown, or might back away from a past life's murderer without knowing why. This is a good Background for beginning players; the Storyteller can tell them that something they are about to do is stupid, dangerous or both. This Background cannot be used to "remember" Abilities.

The Storyteller can, and likely should, take the opportunity to flesh out one or more of your past selves with you. However, unless your memories are very detailed, your character isn't likely to know everything about that past.

- One point — *Deja vu* memories of one life
- Two points — Dreamy, vague memories of one life, with *deja vu* from several lives
- Three points — Vague memories of several lives and one or two well-remembered impressions from one life
- Four points — Several well-remembered impressions from many lives
- Five points — A clear but broken thread of memories back to the Mythic Age and beyond...

True Love: (1 point Merit)

You have discovered, and possibly lost (at least temporarily) a true love. Nonetheless, this love provides joy in an otherwise arid existence that's usually devoid of such enlightened emotions. Whenever you are suffering, in danger or dejected, the thought of your true love is enough to give you the strength to persevere. In game terms, this love allows you to succeed automatically on any Willpower roll, but only when you are actively striving to protect or come closer to your true love. Also, the power of your love may be powerful enough to protect you from other supernatural forces (Storyteller's discretion). However, your true love may also be a hindrance and require aid (or even rescue) from time to time. Be forewarned: this is a most exacting Merit to play over the course of a chronicle.

Faerie Eternity: (2 point Merit)

After you went through your Chrysalis, you had a birthday, and then another, and then another. Something was strange, though — you didn't seem to grow or get older. You are touched with a vestige of the immortality that used to be the birthright of all fae. As long as your fae seeming is active, you will age at one-tenth that of a normal human or changeling. Should your fae seeming be permanently destroyed or should you retreat into Banality, you will begin to age normally.

Medium: (2 point Merit)

You possess a natural affinity to sense and hear spirits, ghosts and shades. Though you cannot see them, you feel their presence and are able to speak with them when they are in the vicinity. It is even possible for you to summon them (through pleading and cajoling) to your presence. Spirits will not simply aid you or give you advice for free — they will always want something in return.

Danger Sense: (2 point Merit)

You have a sixth sense that warns you of danger. When you are in danger, the Storyteller should make a secret roll against your Perception + Alertness; the difficulty depends on the remoteness of the danger. If the roll succeeds, the Storyteller tells you that you have a sense of foreboding. Multiple successes may refine the feeling and give an indication of direction, distance or nature.

Spirit Mentor: (3 point Merit)

You have a ghostly companion and guide. This spirit is able to employ a number of minor powers when it really struggles to exert itself (see *Haunted*, below), but for the most part it's beneficial to you for the advice it can give. This ghost is the incorporeal spirit of someone who was once living, perhaps even someone particularly famous or wise. The Storyteller will create the ghost character, but will not reveal its full powers and potencies. Mentors of this sort are not true Mentors of the Arts, but might give special insights into aspects of mortal life that changelings have missed or forgotten. (Further ideas for this Merit can be obtained from **Wraith**.)

Werewolf/Vampire Companion: (3 point Merit)

You have a friend and ally who just happens to be a werewolf or vampire. Though you may call upon this being in times of need, she also has the right to call upon you (after all, you *are* friends). Neither your kind nor hers appreciate your relationship; while changelings frequently deal with the Prodigals, all sides share a healthy distrust of each other. Your friend will not become a walking Glamour battery for greedy changelings. Such relationships often end badly — The Storyteller will create the character in question, and will not reveal its full powers and potencies.



Luck (3 point Merit)

You were born lucky; you have a guardian angel or the Devil looks after his own. Either way, you can repeat three tailed non-magical rolls per story. Only one repeat attempt may be made on any single roll.

Unbondable: (4 point Merit)

You are immune to being Blood Bound. No matter how much vampire Mood you drink, you can never be Bound to a vampire. This is exceedingly rare, and the Merit should be carefully considered by Storytellers before it is allowed into the game.

Sphere Natural: (5 point Merit)

You are able to utilize one of the Arts with a greater degree of ease than other changelings can. In a previous incarnation, you were extremely proficient in one of the Arts — so much so that a small portion of that knowledge has carried over into this lifetime.

Select an Art; when spending experience points to gain levels in that Art, you pay three-quarters the normal cost. This Art must be declared during character conception. Of course, this Merit may only be purchased once.

Guardian Angel: (6 point Merit)

Someone or something watches over you and protects you from harm. You have no idea who or what it is, but you have an idea that someone is looking out for you. In times of great need, you may be supernaturally protected. However, one can never count upon a guardian angel. The Storyteller must decide why you are being watched and what is watching you (not necessarily an angel, despite the name).

True Faith: (7 point Merit)

You have a deep-seated faith in and love for God, or whatever name you choose to call the Almighty. You begin the game with one point of Faith (a Trait with a range of 1-10). This Faith provides you with an inner strength and comfort that continues to support you when all else betrays you. This Merit is exceedingly rare among changelings, and is found most often among those who have undergone their Chrysalis late in life.

Your Faith adds to Willpower rolls, giving + 1 to the Dice Pool for each point in Faith. The exact supernatural effects of Faith, if any, are completely up to the Storyteller, although it will typically repel vampires. (Basically, the changeling must make a Faith roll against a difficulty of the vampire's Willpower to repel him. For more rules, see **Vampire Players Guide**, pg. 30, or **The Hunters Hunted**, pp. 64-66.) The effects of Faith will certainly vary from person to person, and will almost never be obvious — some of the most saintly people have never performed miracles greater than managing to ease the suffering of injured souls. The nature of any miracles you do perform will usually be tied to your

own Nature, and you may never realize that you have been aided by a force beyond yourself.

An additional benefit of True Faith is innate magic resistance. This effect will not work for changelings (theories about the reason for this vary), but can add a dangerous wrinkle to fanatical witch-hunters or enemy Dauntain. A character may roll his True Faith (difficulty 6) to reduce the successes of any cantrips cast upon him. Therefore, a changeling facing a hunter with 5 points of True Faith stands a slim chance of affecting him with magic.

True Faith is a rare attribute in this day and age. No one may start the game with more than one Faith point. Additional points are only awarded at the Storyteller's discretion, based on appropriate behavior and deeds.

Throwback (1-5 point Flaw)

One or more of your past lives still affects you... badly. Fears come back to haunt you in your dreams, and you have flashbacks of the past lives' worst memories. Worse still, a past life personality could encroach on your own. For bad dreams or flashbacks, take a one- to two-point Flaw depending on the severity of the condition and how much it will affect your studies or performance in dangerous situations. For a "roommate in your head," take a three-point Flaw (whether you know the personality exists or not). For the package deal and a truly miserable existence, take a five-point Flaw, but expect the Storyteller to take every opportunity to use it against you. This Flaw can be "worked off" during the course of play, but only with difficulty.

Cursed: (1-5 point Flaw)

You have been cursed by someone or something with supernatural or magical powers. This curse is specific and detailed. It cannot be dispelled without extreme effort, and it can be life-threatening. Some examples follow:

- If you pass on a secret that was told to you, your betrayal will later harm you in some way. (1 point)
- You stutter uncontrollably when you try to describe what you have seen or heard. (2 points)
- Tools often break or malfunction when you attempt to use them. (3 points)
- You are doomed to make enemies of those to whom you become most attached (so whatever you do, don't get too close to the other characters). (4 points)
- Every one of your accomplishments or achievements will inevitably become tainted or fail in some way. (5 points)

Magical Prohibition or Imperative: (1-5 point Flaw)

There is something you must or must not do, and your life, your luck, your magic and perhaps your very soul depends on it. This imperative may be something that has always been upon you; a geas prophesied by Druids at your birth, a sacred oath or vow you

swore, or a promise or bargain you made. *Someone* (with a capital S) witnessed you make the commitment and is going to hold you to it. If you disobey, the consequences will be dire, if not deadly.

Characters may have several magical prohibitions or imperatives, and these may come into conflict. In Celtic myth, Cuchulainn had the *geasa* to "Never refuse hospitality" and "Never eat dog meat." Three hags once offered him roast dog for dinner, and Cuchulainn died soon after eating. Consequently, most changelings keep their magical prohibitions and imperatives secret, lest they be used against them by enemies.

Storytellers should examine each prohibition or imperative and assign a point value to it, as well as a punishment for violating it. Easily avoided circumstances, such as "Never break bread with a red-haired man," are worth one point, while more common or difficult things, such as "Stop and pet every cat you see," are worth two points. Particularly drastic or dangerous circumstances, such as "Never back down from a fight," are worth three (or more) points. Consequences are worth points as well. Automatically botching the next major cantrip you do is worth one point, having bad luck for the rest of your life is worth two, losing all your friends and worldly possessions is worth three, dying is worth four, and being deserted by your faerie soul is worth five. Characters and Storytellers may come up with variants of these.

Traditionally, there is very little that may be done about *geasa*, which are simply facets of one's destiny, and curses are devilishly hard to lift (the Flaw must be bought off if they are). Characters who accidentally violate prohibitions or imperatives may attempt to atone for their crimes, righting whatever they did wrong. A witch who has vowed to never eat any red meat, and then suddenly finds beef in her soup, might be able to atone for the trespass by fasting and sending checks to PETA. However, if a changeling violates an oath willingly and with full knowledge — and survives — he becomes an oathbreaker, one of the foulest epithets among changelings. Oathbreakers are psychically marked. It is virtually impossible for them to find tutors or any sort of aid.

Characters who wish to begin as oathbreakers should take the Flaw *Dark Fate* or some curse, as well as *Oathbreaker*, worth four points.

The Bard's Tongue: (1 point Flaw)

You speak the truth, uncannily so. Things you say tend to come true. This is not a facility for blessing or cursing, or an Effect that can be ruled by any conscious control. However, at least once per story, an uncomfortable truth regarding any current situation pops into your head and passes through your lips. To avoid speaking prophecy, you must expend a Willpower point and take a Health Level from the strain of resisting (especially if you bite a hole in your tongue).

Haunted: (3 point Flaw)

You are haunted by a ghost that only you (and mediums) can see and hear. It actively dislikes you and enjoys making your life miserable by insulting, berating and distracting you,

especially when you need to keep your cool. It also has a number of minor powers it can use against you (once per story for each power): hiding small objects; bringing a "chill" over others, making them very ill at ease with you; causing a loud buzzing in your ear or the ears of others; moving a small object such as a knife or pen; breaking a fragile item such as a bottle or mirror; tripping you or making eerie noises, such as chains rattling. Yelling at the ghost can sometimes drive it away, but it will confuse those who are around you. The Storyteller will likely personify the ghost in order to make things all the more frustrating for you. (More ideas for this Flaw can be obtained from Wraith: The Oblivion.)

Poetic Heart: (3 point Merit)

You have a truly inspired soul within you. You are destined to be a great hero or artist, and therefore Glamour shields you from the ravages of Banality. At times you may even be able to stave off the tide of Banality. You may make a Willpower roll to avoid gaining a point of temporary Banality once per story.

Cleared Mists: (3 point Flaw)

The Mists are the results of the Shattering on the human world. They cloak the powers and enchantments of the Kithain, hiding fae presence in their tendrils. Unfortunately, the Mists do not hide your magic or abilities. Should a mortal witness your actions, he will not forget the effects of your Arts or other fae abilities. As a result, you may reveal your nature to the mortal world, triggering dire consequences for the rest of the Kithain.

Chimerical Disability: (1-3 point Flaw)

Part of your fae seeming is damaged and no longer exists due to a past altercation. This disability is permanent. Examples of this Flaw would be a missing chimerical hand (two points). Your chimerical seeming is missing one eye; your view of chimera lacks depth perception (three points). One of your chimerical legs is missing; you can still walk, but it becomes extremely difficult to ride a chimerical creature (one point).

Changeling's Eyes: (1 point Flaw)

Your eyes are a startling color, maybe emerald green, violet or yellow. This is a sign that you are a changeling, recognizable to those who know the ancient lore.

Winged: (2 point Flaw/3 point Merit)

You have beautiful wings, be they feathered bird wings or batwings or colored butterfly wings. They are chimerical, but need to be free or they will subtract one die from Dexterity rolls. You may have to explain why you have cut slits in all of your coats. If you have taken this as a Flaw, you are not able to fly, but you do get an extra die if you are the recipient of the cantrip



Wind Runner (Wayfare 3). If you have taken this as a Merit, you may indeed fly for short periods of time. This power works as any other use of Glamour when only Kithain are present, but will not work in the presence of mortals.

Seeming's Blessing: (5 point Merit)

Your Birthrights affect your mortal seeming as well as your fae mien. A sidhe would receive extra dots in Appearance. A satyr would receive extra dots in Stamina and speed. A troll would receive extra dots in Strength.

Slipped Seeming: (1-5 point Flaw)

Your fae seeming bleeds into your mortal seeming and makes you obvious to those mundanes who know what to look for. A one-point Flaw would mean a slight bluish cast to the skin of a troll. A five-point Flaw would mean a pair of horns for a satyr. It may be difficult to explain yourself to mortals: "Ah, I got my head caught in a mechanical rice-picker. Fortunately there was a skilled plastic surgeon nearby." This Flaw will not give you the benefits of certain portions of your seeming (goat leg's will not allow you to run at advanced speeds).

Dark Fate: (5 point Flaw)

You are doomed to experience a most horrible demise or, worse, suffer eternal agony. No matter what you do, someday you will be taken out of the picture. In the end, all your efforts, your struggles and your dreams will come to naught. Your fate is certain, and there is nothing you can do about it. Even more ghastly, you have partial knowledge of this, for you occasionally have visions of your fate — and they are most disturbing. The malaise these visions inspire can only be overcome through the use of Willpower, and the malaise will return after each vision. At some point in the chronicle you will face your fate, but when and how is completely up to the Storyteller. Though you can't do anything about your fate, you can still attempt to reach some goal before it occurs, or at least try to make sure that your friends are not destroyed as well. This is a difficult Flaw to roleplay; though it may seem as if it takes away all free will, we have found that, ironically, it grants freedom. Combining this Flaw with the Destiny Background is very appropriate — Elric and Vanel are classic literary examples.



Greedy Glamour: (5 point Flaw)

Your connection to the Dreaming is even less reliable than other changelings', and you find yourself having to court Glamour more ardently than most. You must perform two Bunks to cast a single cantrip. You receive successes only from the first. You may spend a point of Glamour in order to gain an extra success, though this requires you to draw a third Bunk.

Psychic Vampire: (5 point Flaw)

The spark of life is dying within you and must continually feed from outside forces. You are a psychic vampire. Plants and insect life wither and die in your presence as you feed on their energies. Any person you touch for more than an hour will lose one non-aggravated Health Level as you siphon away his life. Those already injured (including those whose Bruised Health Levels have been sucked away) will not heal while in your presence. You can still be in the same building without harming someone, but sharing a bed is not possible unless you want the other person to slowly die. If you do not feed the emptiness within yourself at least once a day, you will begin to die. The rate at which you take wounds follows the progression for natural healing in reverse: you lose a Health Level after one day, a second in three days, a third in a week, a fourth in a month, and, finally, one wound every three months until dead.

Sidhe's Curse: (5 point Flaw)

The sidhe live in mortal terror of Banality, because it can take root in their souls much more easily than it can in any other of the kith. Although you are not sidhe, you are subject to this frailty as well. You gain two points of Banality for every one given by the Storyteller. Sidhe characters may not take this Flaw.

Changeling Ties

These Merits and Flaws deal with the place, position and status of a character within changeling society.

Prestigious Mentor: (1 point Merit)

Your Mentor had or has great Status among the Kithain, and this has accorded you a peculiar honor. Most treat you respectfully, while some have only contempt for you, believing you to be merely riding your Mentor's coattails. This prestige could greatly aid or hinder you when dealing with elders acquainted with your Mentor. Indeed, your Mentor's contacts may actually approach you at some point and offer aid. Although your Mentor might no longer have contact with you, the simple fact of your apprenticeship has marked you forever.

Boon:(1-3 point Merit)

A noble owes you a favor because of something either you or your Mentor once did for him. The extent of the boon owed depends on how many points you spend. One point would indicate a relatively minor boon, while three points would indicate that the noble probably owes you his life.

Reputation: (2 point Merit)

You have a good reputation among the changelings of your Court. This may derive from your own reputation or from your Mentor. Add three dice to any Dice Pools involving social dealings with others of your Court. A character with this Merit may not take the Flaw *Notoriety*.

Enemy: (1-5 point Flaw)

You have an enemy or perhaps a group of enemies. Someone wants to harm you. The value of the Flaw determines how powerful these enemies are. The most powerful enemies (kings or elder vampires) indicate five-point Flaws, while enemies nearer to your own power level indicate one-point Flaws. You must decide who your enemy is and how you earned such enmity in the first place.

Infamous Mentor: (1 point Flaw)

Your Mentor was, and perhaps still is, distrusted and disliked by many of your fellow changelings. As a result, you are distrusted and disliked as well. This is a heavy load, and one not easily shed.

Insane Mentor: (1 point Flaw)

Your Mentor has completely lost his grip on reality and has become lost to Bedlam or is dangerously insane. Any wrong committed by your Mentor may affect your reputation, and some of your Mentor's dangerous schemes may somehow involve you.

Mentor's Resentment: (1 point Flaw)

Your Mentor dislikes you and wishes you ill. Given the smallest opportunity, your Mentor will seek to do you harm, and may even attack you if provoked. Your Mentor's friends will also work against you. Good luck!

Twisted Apprenticeship: (1 point Flaw)

Your Mentor was quite malevolent and taught you all the wrong things about Kithain society. Your concepts of changeling politics are all wrong, and your faulty beliefs are likely to get you into a great deal of trouble. Over time, after many hard lessons, you can overcome this bad start (the Storyteller will tell you when). But until then, you will continue to believe what you were first told, no matter how others try to "trick" you into thinking otherwise.

Diabolical Mentor: (2 point Flaw)

Your Mentor is engaged in acts that could cause a tremendous uproar. She could be ignoring unabashed Unseelie activity or worse. Plenty of folks want your Mentor's hide, and you may be tarred with the same brush.

Notoriety: (3 point Flaw)

You have a bad reputation among your peers; perhaps you violated the protocols once too often, or belong to an unpopular freehold. There is a two-dice penalty to all dice rolls for social dealings with appropriate changelings. A character with this Flaw may not take the Merit *Reputation*.

Mortal Society

These Merits and Flaws deal with the influence, power and station of a character among mortals. Some of them correspond very closely to certain Background Traits (such as Influence and Resources), while others simply elaborate and expand upon them. The Backgrounds give you more creative freedom, while the Merits provide you with exact details of what you possess.

Black Market Ties: (1-5 point Merit)

You have special ties to the underground shopping network, ties that help you acquire hard-to-find equipment. This Merit adds one die per point to your Streetwise roll when trying, for instance, to obtain black market weaponry. Difficulties for such rolls are left up to the Storyteller (typically 7 or higher). The point cost reflects how "connected" you may be. The Storyteller may allow you to use your black market connections during the game to provide you with needed or useful equipment. Such connections will not simply hand you whatever you want — these things don't come cheap! It is up to the Storyteller to determine the quantity, quality and availability of the equipment. He may feel free to disallow it entirely if such connections would unbalance the game.

- One point — Small items: ammo, low-clearance ID badges, good software
- Two points — Average items: guns, hi-tech software, special ammo
- Three points — Fancy items: antique cars, explosives, automatic weapons
- Four points — Hefty items: heavy weapons, high-security IDs or access codes
- Five points — "Yeah, right. Maybe next game.": hi-tech military weapons, high explosives, military vehicles

Judicial Ties: (2 point Merit)

You have both influence over and contacts in the justice system. You know most of the judges as well as the attorneys in the D.A.'s office, and can affect the progress of various cases and trials with limited difficulty. Though it is difficult

to intervene in a case, you can influence it in one direction or another. These ties can also make it easy to acquire search warrants.

Mansion: (3 point Merit)

You own a large mansion — a home with 25 or more rooms — as well as the surrounding estate. The servants, if you have any, are provided for if you choose this Merit, although they cannot be used as Dreamers or Retainers unless you purchase the appropriate Background. The mansion is assumed to have the most current electronic security available and a fence around the perimeter, but does not have access to a trod (see the Freehold Background for such a place). While the mansion can be in as poor or as good shape as you wish, the more inhabited it appears to be, the more attention it will garner. A ghost house won't attract IRS audits, but it may attract police scrutiny if bands of strange kids hang out there.

Media Ties: (2 point Merit)

You have both influence over and contacts in the local media. You can suppress and create news stories (though not always with 100 percent efficiency; journalists are an unruly bunch), and you have access to the files and gossip of newspaper and TV station staffs.

Nightclub: (2 point Merit)

You own a moderate-sized nightclub, perhaps one of the hottest nightspots in the city. This club brings in enough money to support you in moderate luxury (\$1000 a month, but it can grow), but more important than the money is the prestige. You may use the nightclub as your freehold (though you must purchase the Background Trait to do so), or you may simply hang out there. The name of the nightclub, its style, design and its regular patrons are all up to you. Variations on this theme could include a restaurant, theater, comedy club, sports arena or retail store.

Church Ties: (3 point Merit)

You have influence and contacts in some local churches, and have the means to organize protest rallies, help the needy and raise money. The more you use your ties, of course, the greater your risk of being discovered.

Corporate Ties: (3 point Merit)

You have both influence over and contacts in the local corporate community. You understand the dynamics of money in the city and have links with all the major players. In times of need, you can cause all sorts of financial mayhem, and can raise considerable amounts of money (in the form of loans) in a very short period of time.

Entertainment Ties: (3 point Merit)

You have a degree of fame and influence in the local entertainment scene (music, theatre, dance, S.C.A., etc.). Either you own or manage a good venue or site, or you have some notoriety among both peers and fans. You can exert this influence to ferret out information or buy favors. For five points, this fame can be nationwide.

Police Ties: (3 point Merit)

You have both influence over and contacts in the local police department. You can, with a single phone call, arrange for an APB to be issued. However, the more often you use your ties with the police department, the weaker they become, and the more attention you attract toward yourself. Your influence is not solid (that can be achieved only through game play), and it can let you down at times.

Political Ties: (3 point Merit)

You have both influence over and contacts among the politicians and bureaucrats of the city. In times of need, you can arrange to shut off the power and water to a building or neighborhood, and can unleash many different bureaucratic means of harassment against your enemies. The more you use your political ties, the weaker they become. Total control can only be achieved through game play.

Underworld Ties: (3 point Merit)

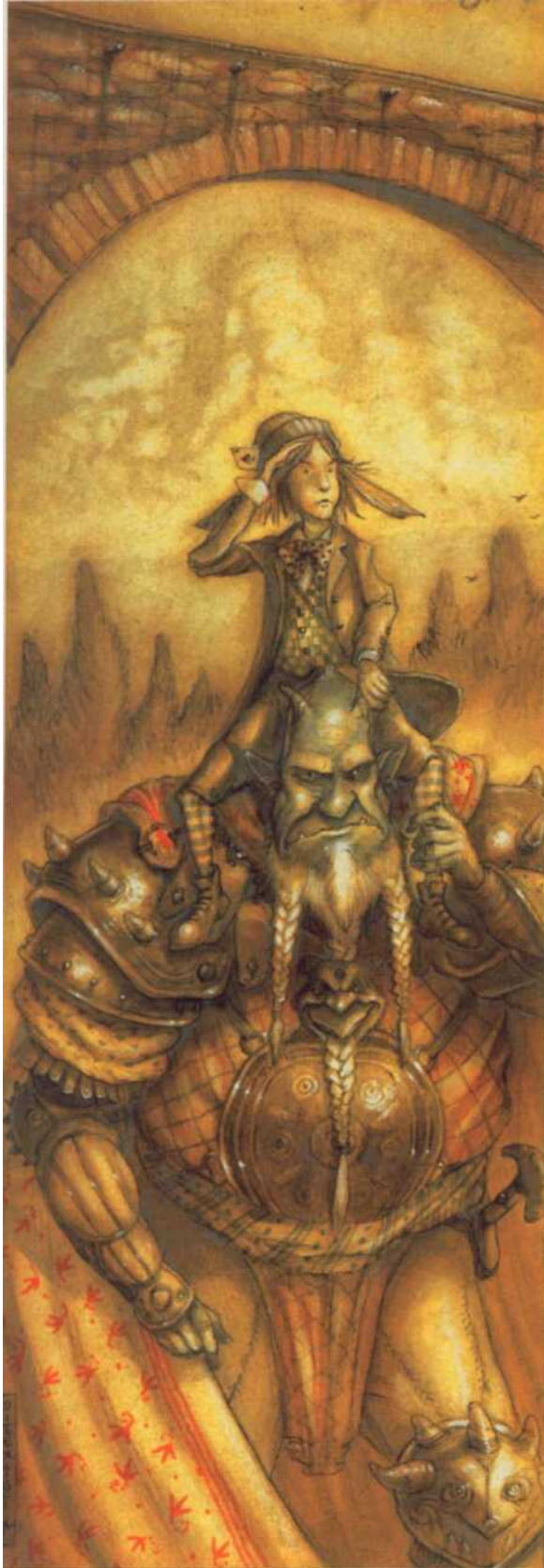
You have both influence over and contacts in the local Mafia and organized street gangs. This provides you with limited access to large numbers of "soldiers," and some control over local criminal activities. The more often you use your ties with the criminal element, the weaker they become.

Corporation CEO: (5 point Merit)

You have a particular influence and sway over a major corporation and associated companies, just as if you were its chief executive officer. Indeed, you might have owned this company before your Chrysalis, and you have retained control. Through this corporation, you know much that takes place in the corporate community and have the means to wage economic warfare. This Merit provides you with some informal allies and Resources, the exact extent of which is determined by the Storyteller.

Ward: (3 point Flaw)

You are devoted to the protection of a mortal. You may describe your ward, though the Storyteller will actually create her. This character may be a friend or relative from your pre-Chrysalis days, or just a good friend. Wards have a talent for



getting caught up in the action of stories, and they're frequent targets of characters' enemies.

Hunted:(4point Flaw)

Vampires and werewolves are not the only supernatural who need to fear fanatical witch-hunters. You have somehow attracted the interest of some mortal agency or individual who now seeks your destruction. This hunter is beyond reason, and has some form of power, influence or authority that puts you at a disadvantage. Your friends, family and associates are likewise endangered. Sooner or later, this Flaw will result in a confrontation. The resolution should not be an easy one.

Physical

These Merits and Flaws deal with your health and physical makeup.

Double-Jointed: (1 point Merit)

You are unusually supple. Reduce the difficulty of any Dexterity roll involving body flexibility by two. Squeezing through a tiny space is one example of a use for this Merit.

Huge Size: (4 point Merit)

Your mortal seeming is abnormally large in size, possibly over seven feet tall and 400 pounds in weight. You therefore have one additional Health Level, and are able to suffer more harm before you are incapacitated. Treat this as an extra Health Level, with no penalties to rolls.

Allergic:(1-4 point Flaw)

You are allergic to some substance — pollen, animal fur, alcohol, chocolate, etc. For one point, you get hives, sneeze or become dizzy upon prolonged contact with your bane; for two points, you swell up uncomfortably in the affected area, reducing all Dice Pools by one; for three points, your reaction actually debilitates you, reducing appropriate Dice Pools by three. If the substance is really common in your chronicle, add an additional point to this Flaw.

Asthma:(1 point Flaw)

You have difficulty performing strenuous tasks because you cannot breathe properly. With asthma, your lungs only draw a fraction of the air that they would normally require. Any time you exert yourself, you must make a Stamina roll against a difficulty of 6 or be unable to perform any action in the next round while you catch your breath.

Short: (1 point Flaw)

You are well below average height, and have trouble seeing over high objects and moving quickly. You suffer a two-dice penalty to all pursuit rolls, and you and the Storyteller should make sure your height is taken into account in

all situations. In some circumstances, this will give you a concealment bonus.

Disfigured: (2 point Flaw)

A hideous disfigurement makes you ugly and easy to notice or remember. You therefore have a zero Appearance.

Child: (3 point Flaw)

You were a small child at the time of your Chrysalis. You may be precocious, but you're still just a kid. You have the Flaw *Short* (see above), and find it difficult to be taken seriously by others (two-dice penalty to all relevant rolls). Additionally, you may be subject to parental control, curfews and child labor and truancy laws. Few clubs will admit you because you are "under-age." Childlings who do not take this Flaw are for some reason more accepted by those older than themselves.

Deformity: (3 point Flaw)

You have some kind of deformity — such as a misshapen limb or a hunchback — that affects your interactions with others and may inconvenience you physically. The difficulties of all dice rolls related to physical appearance are raised by two. Your deformity will also raise the difficulty of some Dexterity rolls by two, depending on the type of deformity you possess.

Lame: (3 point Flaw)

Your legs are injured or otherwise prevented from working effectively. You suffer a two-dice penalty to all dice rolls related to movement. A character may not take this Flaw along with the Merit *Double-Jointed*.

One Arm: (3 point Flaw)

You have only one arm — choose which, or determine randomly during character creation. This could be a battle scar, birth defect or other form of injury. It is assumed that you are accustomed to using your remaining hand, so you suffer no off-hand penalty. However, you do suffer a two-dice penalty to any Dice Pool for which two hands would normally be needed to perform a task. A character may not take this Flaw along with the Merit *Ambidextrous*.

Mute: (4 point Flaw)

Your vocal apparatus does not function, and you cannot speak at all. You can communicate through other means — typically through writing or signing.

Paraplegic: (6 point Flaw)

You can hardly move without assistance, such as a pair of crutches or a wheelchair. Even then it can be painful and cumbersome to do so. Be sure to roleplay this Flaw correctly, no matter how difficult it makes things. A character may not take this Flaw along with the Merit *Double-Jointed*.

New Abilities

The following are new Abilities you can use in any Storyteller game. They describe some of the limitless abilities your character can take; they can help define your character. Some of these Abilities may seem less significant and useful than the more general Abilities described in *Changeling*. Some are sub-categories of more general Abilities. For example, you might want to make a character roll Dexterity + Athletics when firing a bow rather than introducing the Archery Skill. It is up to the Storyteller whether any of the Abilities listed here can be purchased. Some Storytellers may allow certain Abilities to be purchased at a reduced cost.

Talents

Acting

You are practiced at feigning emotions, beliefs or frames of mind. Even if you have never been on stage before, you could do an adequate job if you were ever thrust upon it. However, simply because you have this Ability does not mean you use it unethically. Many honorable politicians have used it to lend power and depth to their speeches (notably, Winston Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt). You are able to feign tears, anger, friendliness and virtue.

- Novice: A rank amateur, you can feign sickness.
- Practiced: You have developed a wide range of acting ability.
- Competent: You are capable of playing almost any role.
- Expert: You are certainly a professional, or have that potential.
- Master: You could win, or have won, an Academy Award.

Possessed by: Actors, Amateurs, Children, Con Artists, Evangelists, Roleplayers

Specialties: Inspirational, Feigning, Emotions, Pretend, Religious Awe, Roleplaying, Stage Acting

Artistic Expression

You have the talent to produce works of art in various media. You can produce salable works of two- or three-dimensional art, and understand something of the technical aspects of paintings and sketches. You are able to sketch a reasonably accurate rendition of a place or person.

- Novice: Your work is simple, seen as charmingly naive by some and as amateurish by others.
- Practiced: Your work could win prizes at local art society shows.



- Competent: You could get a showing in a minor gallery.
- Expert: Your work is widely admired, and galleries contact you about exhibitions. You are invited to teach at local art colleges.
- Master: You are acknowledged as a driving force in contemporary art. Your work commands enormous prices, and is found in art museums as well as commercial galleries and private collections.

Possessed by: Artists, Commercial Illustrators, Cartoonists, Police Artists, Forgers, Woodworkers, Theatre and Movie Set Builders, Special Effects Technicians, Model Makers

Specialties: Oils, Watercolors, Mixed Media, Charcoal, Sketching, Caricature, Lighting, Set Design, Impressionist, Photo-realism, Abstract, Miniatures, Stone, Resin, Wood, Metals, Classical, Kinetic, Models, Decoration, Folk Art

Carousing

This is the ability to have a good time at a party or other social occasion while making sure others around you also have a good time. It involves a mixture of eating, good cheer and drinking without making a fool out of yourself. On a successful roll of Manipulation + Carousing, the character

can make a lasting good impression on everyone around him; this can be helpful if the changeling is trying to make friends, garner information or distract the attendees while his oathmates rifles the coat room. The difficulty of the roll depends on the social event: three or less for a house party with a buffet, seven or more for a sit-down dinner.

- Novice: Good ol' Uncle Bill
- Practiced: Jake the Frat Rat
- Competent: James Bond
- Expert: The Three Musketeers
- Master: Bluto in *Animal House*

Possessed by: Actors, Dilettantes, College Students, Satyrs

Specialties: Sexual Innuendo, Bon Mots, Lewd Jokes, Drinking, Exaggeration, Anecdotes

Diplomacy

You have the ability to deal with people of all types and creeds, from Unseelie nobles to Seelie commoners. Even when handling touchy subjects, you are able to get results without ruffling too many feathers. You are skilled at delicate negotiations and mediating disputes, skills often invaluable to the civic-minded. In short, you can get along with others without resorting to overt manipulation and without letting your own goals fall by the wayside. This Ability involves a

knowledge of the formal rules of give and take, as well as the official rules of cultural conduct and politeness.

- Novice: You can iron out schoolyard disputes.
- Practiced: Friends ask you to deal with things for them.
- Competent: You could shine in management or personnel.
- Expert: You could be a professional diplomat or ombudsman.
- Master: You could negotiate high tea with the Shadow Court.

Possessed by: Diplomats, Trusted Knights, Teachers, Smooth-Talkers

Specialties: Mediation, Negotiation, Inter-Court Relations, Tact, Industry, Personal Relations

Fortune-Telling

You may or may not have the gift to tell accurate fortunes, but you can make people believe you do. This Ability may prove useful as a plot device, a means for the character to earn money or may be used as a Bunk for casting a Soothsay cantrip. While this Talent confers no magic in and of itself, it may add to your successes; for each two successes, reduce the difficulty of a Soothsay cantrip by 1.

- Novice: You are able to use one method of divination adequately and treat this Ability as a pastime.
- Practiced: You can use one method of fortune-telling well, and can tell some one general information that will apply to her.
- Competent: You know a lot about certain methods of fortune-telling, and can tell anyone detailed information that will be applicable.
- Expert: You are able to use multiple methods well, and have a keen understanding of what people want to hear.
- Master: Gypsies take lessons from you.

Possessed by: Gypsies, Psychics, Professional Fortune-Tellers, New-Agers

Specialties: Tarot Cards, Prophecy, Palmistry, I Ching, Goat Entrails, Auguries, Bone Casting, Scrying

Instruction

You have a talent for passing on information and skills to others. You might have worked as a teacher, or fostered many childlings. Either way, you can explain things and demonstrate techniques in such a way that anyone who listens to you can learn easily. You can teach any of your Skills or Knowledges to another character, but you can never raise a student's score above your

own. For example, if you have three dots in Occult, you cannot teach someone enough to raise her Occult Knowledge to four dots.

For the time it takes to raise a student's Skill, roll your Manipulation + Instruction against a difficulty of (11 minus the student's Intelligence). One roll may be made per month of teaching. The number of successes is the number of experience points the student can apply toward that skill. Example: Mavis, a hoggan, is attempting to teach her oathmate Iain, a pooka, some rudiments of First Aid so someone else can help with patching up the injured, Iain is a little scatterbrained, but bright (Intelligence 3), so the difficulty for Mavis' roll is 8.

A student may become too discouraged or distracted with other things to pay attention to his teacher. Therefore, the student may have to spend a Willpower point (at the Storyteller's discretion) to keep at his studies. Frequent interruptions can cost a student a number of Willpower points, or maybe they'll just prevent him from learning anything (in which case, the teacher might withdraw her services).

With the Storyteller's approval, a person can teach some Talents, such as Brawl or Dodge. In these cases, it is good to roleplay some of the training sessions. Get a few good licks in on the student and see if he learns anything from it. Talents such as Empathy or Alertness cannot be taught — they must be learned the hard way.

- Novice: You can take simple concepts (e.g., basic arithmetic) and present them in an interesting and digestible manner.
- Practiced: You can teach moderately complex subjects (such as algebra) and make your lessons straightforward and interesting.
- Competent: You can teach any subject of which you have Knowledge, up to high-school level subjects. You can make differential calculus sound like the simplest thing in the world.
- Expert: Learning from you is scarcely an effort. You could teach irrational-number theory or Sumerian cuneiform to almost anyone.
- Master: You are an inspiring teacher who bestows a touch of greatness on anyone who studies with you.

Possessed by: Mentors, Teachers, Professors, Sensei
Specialties: Metaphysics, Customs and Laws, University, Skills, Knowledges.

Interrogation

You are able to extract information from people by fair or foul means. Using a mixture of threats, trickery and persistent questioning, you ultimately unearth the truth.

- Novice: Nosy neighbor
- Practiced: Movie cop

- Competent: Talk-show host
- Expert: Investigative journalist
- Master: Spymaster

Possessed by: Cops, Journalists, Secret Service Personnel, Inquisitors, Unseelie, Shadow Court Members

Specialties: Good Cop/Bad Cop, Threats, Trickery, Moral Blackmail

Intrigue

You know the finer points of plotting and deal-making in the halls of power. You understand the practical use of power (in sometimes threatening, but always non-confrontational ways) to achieve your own ends. This Talent also allows you to glean important facts about others in your social circle, and to separate truth from endless amounts of false and useless gossip.

- Novice: Wiseguy
- Practiced: Confidant
- Competent: PAC lobbyist
- Expert: Vampire or sidhe noble
- Master: High Court player

Possessed by: Sidhe Nobles, Chancellors, Boggans, Diplomats, Shadow Court

Specialties: Gossiping, Feigning Ignorance, Threats, Plotting, Rumor Mill, Alliances, Betrayals

Mimicry

You have a versatile voice and can imitate accents, voices and some other sounds. You can use this talent to entertain and deceive. With enough talent, almost any sort of sound can be created — the larynx is an amazingly flexible organ. This can be very useful when dealing with voice-keyed security systems or computers, but only if the practitioner is extremely skillful.

- Novice: You can manage a few accents and do impressions of a couple of well-known personalities.
- Practiced: You can do a range of accents well enough to fool anyone but a native speaker, and imitate a range of celebrities. You can do basic bird calls and some predatory animal sounds.
- Competent: You could do celebrity impersonations on stage. You can pick up someone's vocal mannerisms by studying her for a couple of hours and imitate her well enough to fool anyone but a close friend. You can produce many mammal and bird sounds.
- Expert: You can imitate a specific person well enough to fool someone on the phone, and pass as a native speaker in an accent close to your own. You can do a



wide range of animal and technological noises.

- Master: You can imitate almost any accent, person, animal or noise.

Possessed by: Hunters, Comedians, Pranksters

Specialties: Accents, Celebrities, Birds and Animals, Mechanical Sounds, Vocal Impersonation

Scan

You are practiced at noticing small details and changes in the environment when you purposely look at or listen to what is going on around you. This Ability can only be used when you specifically say you are attempting to notice if anything is amiss. If you aren't concentrating, this Ability will do you no good.

- Novice: If anyone notices police sirens, it's you.
- Practiced: The police should use your detective abilities.
- Competent: The slightest motion draws your attention.
- Expert: Nothing escapes your glance.
- Master: You can count the grains of salt a pretzel — by taste.

Possessed by: Detectives, GIs, FBI Agents, Bodyguards, Night Watchmen, Hunters

Specialties: Keeping Watch, Quick Scan, Listening, Smelling, Assassins

Scrounge

This Talent allows you to procure items through wits, connections and a little ingenuity. Sometimes the items aren't brand-new or *exactly* right, and they may take time to acquire. Still, such a skill can be invaluable when the petty cash runs short and theft would involve unpleasant run-ins with mortal and fae law enforcement.

- Novice: You know where the dump is and do the occasional garage sale.
- Practiced: You're a seasoned flea market and auction veteran.
- Competent: You have connections to acquire lower-end items, such as small-caliber weapons and minor chimerical artifacts.
- Expert: You can acquire larger items, ranging from chimerical beasts to art to weapons.
- Master: Given time, you could acquire anything from Queen Mary Elizabeth's petticoat to heavy weaponry to an original Picasso.

Possessed by: Criminals, Intelligence Operatives, Entrepreneurs, Sluagh, Nockers, Travelers, Poor Fae, Redcaps

Specialties: Illegal Goods, Vehicles, Services, Art, Technical Equipment, Chimerical Items

Search

You know how to best go about looking for someone or something in a small area where you can concentrate your perceptions. You can search for anything from a lost ring in your bedroom to the assassin who might be hiding in your garden.

- Novice: You are good at finding lost items.
- Practiced: Tell-tale signs (e.g., broken plants, footprints) are apparent to you.
- Competent: You know where to look.
- Expert: Trained professionals defer to your expertise.
- Master: Sherlock Holmes was an amateur compared to you.

Possessed by: Detectives, Ingenious Servants, Policemen, Prison Guards

Specialties: Sounds, Woodwork, Small Objects, People, Concealed Doors

Seduction

You know how to lure, attract and command the attention of others in a sexual manner. By the way you hold yourself, how you look at someone and even by the tone of your voice, you are able to arouse and excite those upon whom you practice your wiles. Once you have fully seduced someone, he will be willing to do nearly anything for you.

- Novice: Teenager
- Practiced: The "older woman"
- Competent: Heartthrob
- Expert: Movie star
- Master: The envy of vampires everywhere

Possessed by: Thespians, Escorts, Gigolos, Strippers, Satyrs

Specialties: Witty Conversation, Opening Lines, Innuendo, Alluring Looks

Sense Deception

You have developed the ability to instinctively know when people are not telling you the truth or aren't telling you the whole truth. There is a way they look, a tone of voice, a movement of the eyes — you can't analyze it, but it's always there, and your instincts rarely let you down.

- Novice: Sometimes you can tell, but you still get suckered — though more rarely than the average person does.
- Practiced: It takes a bit of skill to pull the wool over your eyes.
- Competent: Anyone who can slip one past you is a highly skilled con artist.

- Expert: You could make a living screening people for security.
- Master: People whisper behind your back, and many are nervous talking to you. Your ability is almost supernatural.

Possessed by: Bodyguards, Reporters, Interrogators, Security Personnel, Detectives, Mothers, Judges

Specialties: Interviews, Investigative, Courtroom, Technical (Polygraphs)

Style

You may not have been born good-looking or possessed of a natural charm, but you know how to dress and make the most of your appearance. Even if you are not physically attractive, heads turn because of your dress sense and style. Note that this Talent only applies to people's reactions to your appearance; once you get closer, it's up to you.

- Novice: Good taste
- Practiced: Socialite
- Competent: Celebrity
- Expert: Celebrity advisor
- Master: International model

Possessed by: Socialites, Celebrities, Fashion Professionals, Gifted Few

Specialties: Classic, High Fashion, Street Fashion, Retro, Ethnic, Sidhe Wilders

Ventriloquism

You have the ability to throw your voice, making it appear to come from somewhere else. This talent can be used for deception as well as entertainment.

- Novice: You could do a ventriloquist act at a children's party.
- Practiced: You could get a gig at a local amateur vaudeville club. You can make it seem like someone standing next to you spoke.
- Competent: You could almost make a living from your talent, with occasional TV variety shows breaking up the round of cheap clubs and theaters. You can make it seem like someone (or something) within five yards of you spoke.
- Expert: You could take your act to Vegas and headline TV specials of your own. You can make your voice seem to come from any spot within 30 feet of you.
- Master: Young hopefuls bombard you with questions, and *Variety* calls you the savior of a lost vaudeville art. You can make your voice seem to come from anywhere within earshot.

Possessed by: Entertainers, Con Artists, Pranksters, Mediums

Specialties: Distance, Clarity, Dummy, Inanimate Object (e.g., radio)

Skills

Acrobatics

You are a trained tumbler and acrobat able to perform feats of agility far beyond the capabilities of an untrained character. For each success with this Skill, a character can ignore one Health Level of falling damage. For example, a character with two dots in Acrobatics can fall up to 10 feet without injury or would take only one Health Level of damage from a 15-foot fall. This skill may be paired with Dexterity to roll for leaps and other acrobatic feats.

- Novice: Grade school gym class
- Practiced: High school jock
- Competent: College team
- Expert: State champion
- Master: Olympic gold medalist

Possessed by: Professional Athletes, Jocks, Martial Artists, Dancers

Specialties: Sport, Martial Arts, Dance, Enhanced Jumping/Falling

Animal Ken

Animals do not behave in the same manner as intelligent beings, even under similar circumstances. The ability to understand the actions of animals can be quite useful. If you are skilled in Animal Ken, you not only can predict the actions of animals, but can also use your knowledge to calm or enrage them. Animal Ken is also used to train animals.

- Novice: Spot and Fluffy will let you pet them.
- Practiced: You can house train a puppy.
- Competent: You could train a seeing-eye dog.
- Expert: You could train circus animals.
- Master: You could domesticate a wild animal.

Possessed by: Farmers, Park Rangers, Animal Handlers, Zoo Keepers, Nature Lovers, Circus Trainers, Dog Handlers

Specialties: Dogs, Cats, Horses, Animal Husbandry, Wild Animals, Chimerical Beasts

Archery

You know how to fire a bow, and may be able to do so with great proficiency. This includes target shooting, hunting and shooting at moving human targets.

- Novice: High school gym practice

- Practiced: Forest bow hunter
- Competent: Medieval ranger
- Expert: Will usually hit a bull's eye
- Master: Robin Hood

Possessed by: Hunters, Hobby Enthusiasts, Competitors, Medieval Recreationists, Beginning Zen Archers

Specialties: Arched Flight, Forests, Target, Hunting, Kyudo Technique, Crossbows, Primitive Archery, Moving Targets

Blacksmith

You are skilled in the working of iron, and can make objects from iron and steel. This includes the crafting of armor and weapons.

- Novice: You can make a horseshoe.
- Practiced: You can make wrought-iron and mild-steel objects.
- Competent: You can make different grades of steel and cast iron to industrial standards.
- Expert: You can pattern-weld different grades of iron and steel to make a complex object such as a steel blade.
- Master: You can make a blade equal to any Japanese sword, or any other iron or steel object you please.

Possessed by: Artisans, Blacksmiths, Swordsmiths, Armorers

Specialties: Wrought Iron, Cast Iron, Blademaking, Armormaking, Pattern-welding

Blind Fighting

Even when unable to see your foes, you can use your Brawl or Melee Abilities with a reduced penalty or no penalty. This Skill may also be of great use out of combat. It should be noted that this Skill does not grant any actual ability to see better in darkness. For each dot the character has in this Skill, reduce the difficulty of performing actions while blind by one. (Naturally, the difficulty can never be reduced below its unhindered equivalent.)

- Novice: You don't stub your toe in the dark.
- Practiced: You can pinpoint the direction from which sounds come.
- Competent: You can fight and predict your enemies' locations at the same time.
- Expert: You can almost "feel" where your opponents are.
- Master: You possess an almost mystical sense — Zen and the Art of Spatial Awareness.

Possessed by: Ninja, Assassins, Spelunkers, Masters of Zen Archery

Specialties: Dodging, Punching, Indoors, Dueling, Multiple Foes

Brewing

You are skilled in the manufacture of alcohol and alcoholic beverages. You are familiar with the equipment used in brewing and distilling, and can maintain, operate and repair such equipment.

- Novice: Brew-kit user; the beer foams, and the wine doesn't turn to vinegar.
- Practiced: Home-wine maker; the partygoers will drink it.
- Competent: Moonshiner; your friends appreciate your gifts.
- Expert: Commercial wine maker; the satyrs sing your praises.
- Master: Chateau of repute; your drink is served at the High King's table.

Possessed by: Hobbyists, Vintners, Boggans, Satyrs

Specialties: Wine, Beer, Spirits, Industrial Alcohol, Mead

Camouflage

You can change your appearance through a mixture of clothing, makeup and movement, rendering you difficult to spot in a variety of different surroundings. This is not the ability to look like someone else, but simply to hide.

- Novice: Boy Scout
- Practiced: Infantry trooper
- Competent: Marine
- Expert: Special Forces
- Master: Ninja

Possessed by: Hunters, Military Personnel, Spies, Assassins, Poachers

Specialties: Woods, Mountains, Urban, Open Country, Arctic

Carpentry

You are a competent woodworker, able to craft a variety of objects from wood.

- Novice: Amateur handyman
- Practiced: Professional handyman
- Competent: Professional carpenter
- Expert: Forman or joiner and cabinetmaker
- Master: You could have your own TV show

Possessed by: Boggans, Nockers, Carpenters, Furniture Makers, Handymen

Specialties: Construction, Furniture, Repairs

Climbing

You can climb mountains and/or walls and seldom have any fear of falling. The technical skills of chimneying, spike-setting and rappelling are all well-known to you, although, depending on your skill, you may be good or indifferent at them. Remember, mountain climbing at night is far more difficult than a daylight climb unless you can see in the dark.

- Novice: You can scale gentle slopes or walls with handholds.
- Practiced: You go on mountaineering vacations. You can climb heavily weathered stone or brick walls.
- Competent: You work as a mountaineering instructor. You can climb moderately rough stone and brick walls.
- Expert: You've done at least a couple of famous peaks. You can free-climb a fairly smooth stone or brick wall.
- Master: Everest and K2 are mild hikes. You could free-climb the World Trade Center.

Possessed by: Mountaineers, Burglars, Enthusiasts

Specialties: Cliffs, Hiking, Ice, Buildings, Free-climbing, Rappelling

Cooking/Baking

You know how to prepare a variety of meals and present them in an appealing manner. Cooking is a matter of pride among many boggans.

- Novice: You don't burn the cookies.
- Practiced: You have a number of specialties.
- Competent: You could be a professional chef.
- Expert: You could publish a cookbook.
- Master: You could have your own TV show, or become a chef in the finest restaurants.

Possessed by: Housewives or -husbands, Chefs, Gourmets, Boggans, Stewards

Specialties: French, Italian, Chinese, Cajun, Chow, Indian, Bread, Desserts, Pastries

Disguise

You can change your appearance — and even make yourself look like another specific person — through the use of clothes and makeup.

- Novice: Good enough to fool someone who knows neither you nor the person you're impersonating.
- Practiced: Good enough to fool some of the people some of the time.
- Competent: Good enough to fool some of the people most of the time.

- Expert: Good enough to fool most of the people most of the time.
- Master: Good enough to fool those nearest and dearest to you most of the time.

Possessed by: Actors, Spies, Undercover Cops, Criminals, Con Artists

Specialties: Specific Person, Type of Person, Conceal Identity

Dancing

You are a proficient dancer, and may perform socially or for the entertainment of others. You are familiar with most varieties of dance, but specialize in one particular style.

- Novice: You can manage a waltz at a wedding.
- Practiced: You draw envious glances at weddings. You could perform on the local amateur stage.
- Competent: You are the talk of the ball. You could perform on the local professional stage.
- Expert: People ask you to teach them. You could perform on TV.
- Master: Nijinsky, Fonteyn, Nureyev, Baryshnikov, Astaire, Rogers, Kelly — and you.

Possessed by: Socialites, Pop Stars, Music Video Dancers, Ballet Dancers, Enthusiasts, Broadway Musical Choristers

Specialties: Waltz, Jazz, Two-step, Fox-trot, Disco, Latin, Show, Ballet, Ethnic, Tribal, Ecstatic, Modern, Ballroom

Escapology

You are skilled in various techniques that enable you to escape from bonds and restraints. This Skill is often used for entertainment, but can also be useful in real life.

- Novice: Children's party entertainer; can escape from loose or poorly-tied bonds.
- Practiced: Amateur entertainer; can escape from fairly well-tied bonds.
- Competent: Professional entertainer; can escape from handcuffs and chains.
- Expert: Star; can escape from a straitjacket.
- Master: Legend; Houdini and you

Possessed by: Entertainers, Spies, Special Forces, Amateurs, Pulp Detectives

Specialties: Magic Tricks, Ropes, Boxes, Locks, Underwater, Handcuffs, Showmanship, Arm Locks and Holds

Falconry

Falconry has become increasingly popular among the sidhe nobility, using both real and chimerical falcons.

- Novice: The bird comes back—sometimes.

- Practiced: You can do small displays at Renaissance fairs.
- Competent: You perform many professional exhibitions.
- Expert: You are respected among the nobility for your skill.
- Master: You could be among the High King's entourage.

Possessed by: Professional Falconers, Sidhe Nobles, Courtiers

Specialties: Display, Hunting, History, Exotic Birds (e.g., harpy)

Fast-Draw

This skill allows you to make a weapon ready almost instantly. By rolling Dexterity + Fast-Draw and getting three successes, you can draw a weapon and have it ready for use just as if it had been in your hand all along. The difficulty depends on how securely stowed the weapon was — a gun hidden in your underwear is harder to reach than one in a belt holster. This skill can be used with any weapon. When appropriate, the Fast-Draw score can be added to your Initiative roll.

- Novice: You have good reflexes.
- Practiced: You're good, but not great.
- Competent: You would have lasted a little while in the Old West. You could work Wild West shows. You are known among those who follow duels.
- Expert: Pretty fast. Your enemies are wary of your speed in drawing your ebon blade.
- Master: Greased lightning. You might have been able to take down Billy the Kid.

Possessed by: Knife-fighters, Gunfighters, Martial Artists, Cops, Special Forces, Vigilantes, Knights

Specialties: Knife, Pistol, Sword, Arrow, Rifle/Shotgun

Fast-Talk

This Skill allows you to convince someone of something using a sincere expression and an avalanche of words rather than reasoned debate and logic. It's a surprisingly effective technique, provided that the mark has no time to think and does not have a Wits rating of 4 or more. The Storyteller should carefully judge whether this Skill is appropriate in a given situation, or whether it would be better to use some other Ability.

- Novice: Vacuum-cleaner salesman
- Practiced: Used-car salesman
- Competent: Professional con artist
- Expert: Teflon-coated politician
- Master: You could sell sand to the Saudis.

Possessed by: Salesmen, Con Artists, Politicians, Televangelists, Pooka

Specialties: Sell, Confuse, Get-off-the-hook, Convince



First Aid

This Skill allows a character to give basic medical attention to another character. It is not as comprehensive an Ability as the Medicine Knowledge, but it does allow for a basic grasp of all the practices of first aid, and, at higher levels, techniques known to paramedics.

- Novice: Mother of small children
- Practiced: Boy Scout
- Competent: Office safety representative
- Expert: School nurse
- i•••• Master: Paramedic

Possessed by: Mothers, Boy Scouts, Paramedics, Explorers, Outdoors Types, Boggans

Specialties: CPR, Broken Bones, Artificial Respiration, Diagnosis, Terminology, Patch-up

Gambling

You are adept at one or more games of chance, and can play without too much risk of losing heavily. You can also increase your chances of winning without actually cheating.

- Novice: Saturday night poker with the boys.
- Practiced: A couple of weeks in Vegas each year.
- Competent: You are known in Vegas, Reno and Atlantic City.
- Expert: You make a living from this. Your mother despairs.
- Master: You have to be careful not to tell people your name.

Possessed by: Professional Gamblers, Amateur Gamblers

Specialties: Card Games, Dice, Roulette, One-Armed Bandits

Game Playing

This Skill covers games of strategy and skill such as chess, go, xiang qui, hnefatafl and so on. It does not cover cards games (see Gambling), or simple games like tic-tac-toe, which rely largely on luck. Human chess games, in which enchanted humans are ordered to move about a large board, are quite popular among the nobility (especially the Unseelie Court).

- Novice: You can beat your older sister.
- Practiced: You could get on a school team.
- Competent: You could get on a college team.
- Expert: You can beat most computers.
- Master: You are one of the masters.

Possessed by: Enthusiasts, Nobility

Specialties: Chess, Go, Risk, Mah Jong, 3D Chess

Gunsmithing

You can repair firearms and produce ammunition for a variety of different guns. At high levels of skill, you can construct specialty ammunition, such as caseless, hollow-point, mercury-tipped or silver bullets. Given the time and the tools (and enough skill), you can build a gun from scratch — perhaps even one of your own design.

- Novice: Black powder and paper cartridges
- Practiced: Cased standard ammunition
- Competent: Magnum rounds
- Expert: Caseless and hollow-point rounds
- Master: You name it.

Possessed by: Gun Nuts, Survivalists, Cops, Serial Killers, Nocker Weaponsmiths

Specialties: Black Powder Weapons, Field Repair, Invention, Magnum and Supercharged Ammunition, Specialty Ammunition

Hunting

You are skilled at finding and killing animals for food or sport. In familiar terrain, you are able to predict the type, number and likely location of food animals and know the best ways to find and kill them.

- Novice: Weekender
- Practiced: Enthusiast or Trooper
- Competent: Survivalist or Marine
- Expert: Special Forces
- Master: You give pointers to werewolves.

Possessed by: Survivalists, Military Personnel, Pre-Industrial Societies, Outdoor Types

Specialties: Temperate Forest, Jungle, Bush/Scrub, Mountain, Coast, Arctic, Desert

Hypnotism

You can place a subject into a trance and use hypnotism to gather information or treat psychiatric problems. To place a willing subject into a trance, make an opposed roll of your Charisma + Hypnotism against the subject's Intelligence. (For an unwilling subject who is immobilized to comply, use Intelligence + Willpower). The number of successes indicates the depth of the trance and can be added to your Hypnotism to roll for the success of tasks. For example, a hypnotist with Charisma 4 and Hypnotism 4 hypnotizes a willing subject with Intelligence 5. The hypnotist rolls five successes and the subject rolls 2 — a total of three successes in the hypnotist's favor, indicating a fairly deep trance. The hypnotist can now roll seven dice (three successes plus four dice from Hypnotism 4) to probe the subject's mind.

- Novice: You do it to entertain occasionally.
- Practiced: You are a skilled amateur.
- Competent: You can find some interesting secrets; you can do this as part of your profession.

- Expert: You can dig very deep.
- Master: You can discover secrets from a subject's Past Lives.

Possessed by: Theurges, Entertainers, Holistic Healers, New-Agers, Police Specialists, Psychiatrists

Specialties: Interrogation, Past-Life Regression, Hypnototherapy, Behavior Modification

Jeweler

You are able to produce salable pieces of jewelry as well as appraise jewelry. You can determine the approximate value of most jewelry by quick appraisal, but it is easy to make a mistake without in-depth examination.

- Novice: You can tell diamonds from emeralds.
- Practiced: You can make simple pieces of jewelry.
- Competent: You can craft delicate works.
- Expert: Your works are widely sought.
- Master: Cartier, Tiffany, Faberge — and you.

Possessed by: Nocker Craftspeople, Jewelers, Counterfeiters, Pawn Shop Owners

Specialties: Gold, Gems, Antique, Crystal, Silver, Appraisal

Leatherworking

You are able to produce serviceable items of leather, either for sale or for your own use.

- Novice: You work from craft kits.
- Practiced: You make gifts for friends.
- Competent: You sell your wares at local stores.
- Expert: People ask for your work by name.
- Master: Your picture appears in magazine ads.

Possessed by: Artisans, Survivalists, Boggans, Armorsmiths

Specialties: Clothing, Riding Tack, Armor, Utensils

Lockpicking

You are able to open locks without the correct keys or right combinations. Though this Skill is certainly becoming more and more obsolete with all the new security devices in use, there are enough locks still around to make it worthwhile.

- Novice: Simple mortise locks
- Practiced: Cylinder locks and basic security locks
- Competent: Advanced security locks
- Expert: Safes
- Master: Fort Knox

Possessed by: Burglars, Safecrackers, Locksmiths, Court Spies

Specialties: Key-Operated Locks, Combination Locks, Mag-Card Locks, Alarm Systems

Mechanic

You are a jack-of-all-trades with a particular affinity for mechanical devices, and can jerry-rig or repair just about anything mechanical, given the right tools and materials.

- Novice: You can fix a broken doorknob.
- Practiced: You can fix a lawnmower.
- Competent: You can fix a car.
- Expert: You can fix a high-performance car or rebuild an engine.
- Master: You can fix, build or improve almost anything.

Possessed by: Nockers, Mechanics, Car Nuts, Hobbyists, Inventors

Specialties: Electrical, Cars, Inventions

Pickpocket

You are able to remove objects from someone else's clothing or body without the person's knowledge, even if the object in question is inside a pocket.

- Novice: You can slip a dagger from a sheath.
- Practiced: You can take the coins from inside a purse.
- Competent: You can remove the entire purse.
- Expert: You can remove a necklace from a princess.
- Master: You can steal a ring from the High King's finger.

Possessed by: Petty Thieves, Vagabonds, Gentleman Thieves, Childling Pooka

Specialties: Pockets, Watches, Purses, Jewelry

Pilot

You can operate a flying machine. Note that your skill limits the types of aircraft you can fly. A glider pilot (one dot) cannot fly a helicopter (requiring four dots).

- Novice: Club member; hang gliders only
- Practiced: Club champion; gliders and small aircraft only
- Competent: Professional or club instructor; commercial pilot's license
- Expert: Military or display pilot; helicopter, any type of commercial aircraft
- Master: Top Gun

Possessed by: Enthusiasts, Pilots, Military, Police

Specialties: Night Flying, Thermals, Dogfights, Long Distances, Takeoffs and Landings, Gliders, Helicopters, Light Planes, Corporate Jets, Commercial/Transport Jets, Fighter Jets, Vintage Planes, Autogyros, Blimps, Balloons, Hang Gliders, Microlights



Psychoanalysis

You are skilled in diagnosing and treating mental ailments without resorting to the use of behavior-altering drugs. During a session of analysis, you may roll Intelligence + Psychoanalysis (difficulty of the subject's Intelligence + 3). Keep track of your net successes; the Storyteller will decide how many successes are necessary to remedy an illness. Even Freud couldn't cure people in a single session, so be patient! Note that it is possible to treat an unwilling patient this way, although the difficulty of so doing is equal to the subject's Willpower + 3.

- Novice: A shoulder to cry on
- Practiced: Volunteer counselor
- Competent: Professional counselor
- Expert: Qualified psychoanalyst
- Master: Freud

Possessed by: Psychoanalysts, Holistic Healers, Good Listeners, Counselors, Parents, Teachers, Clergy

Specialties: Freudian, Jungian, Humanist, Ericksonian, Holistic, Wiccan, Childhood, Psychosis, Neurosis, Self, Sympathy, Terminology, Research

Ride

You can climb onto a riding animal and stand a good chance of getting where you want to go without falling off, being thrown or having anything else unpleasant happen to you. When at-

tempting something difficult, or when danger threatens the Storyteller may require a Dexterity + Ride roll to avoid trouble. This Skill can also be combined with Mental Attributes to reflect your working knowledge of the relevant trappings and equipment.

- Novice: Pony club member; dude ranch vacations
- Practiced: Pony club champion; week end cowboy
- Competent: Pony club instructor; professional cowboy
- Expert: Show jumping champion; rodeo star
- Master: Stunt rider

Possessed by: Enthusiasts, Cowboys, Stunt Riders, Pre-Industrial Societies

Specialties: Bareback, Horse, Mule, Camel, Elephant, Galloping, Tricks, No Hands, Chimerical Beasts

Singing

You can sing over a wide range and use a variety of styles and techniques. Singing is an extremely lucrative and popular Skill in the modern age. Though most singers are amateurs, some make enormous amounts of money.

- Novice: You stand out when the family gathers around the piano.



- Practiced: You could get lead roles with local amateur societies or become a lead singer for a garage band.
- Competent: You could get a choral part on the professional stage or get a recording contract.
- Expert: You could get a lead on Broadway or a record on the charts.
- Master: They'll be playing your CDs 20 years from now.

Possessed by: Rock Musicians, Pop Stars, Opera Singers, Drunks, Troubadours

Specialties: Opera, Pop, Ritual, Rock, Musicals

Sleight-of-Hand

The quickness of your hands can deceive the eyes of others. You can perform magic tricks and other feats of legerdemain.

- Novice: You perform card tricks for friends.
- Practiced: You could perform at children's parties.
- Competent: You could be a court magician.
- Expert: You could be on TV.
- Master: You are a legend in your own time.

Possessed by: Stage Magicians, Thieves, Court Magicians, Tricksters

Specialties: Produce Item, Conceal Item

Storytelling

You are skilled in the art of telling a story in an entertaining manner, whether for pastime or profit. People enjoy listening to you, and you have a gift for using words in an evocative manner for an appreciative crowd.

- Novice: You remember the punchlines to jokes and can relate anecdotes.
- Practiced: Typical campfire and urban legend fare, but you're always asked for them.
- Competent: You're frequently asked to tell stories and some people even leave tips.
- Expert: You're in demand and have entertained large crowds.
- Master: You can keep an audience spellbound for as long as your voice holds out.

Possessed by: Troubadours, Eshu, Bards, Travelers, Storytellers, Jesters, Herald, Crumps

Specialties: Ballads, Epics, Folk Tales, Anecdotes, Jokes

Swimming

You can keep yourself afloat at the very least. Normal swimming speed is eight yards (plus Dexterity) a turn. A swimmer can

increase his speed to 12 yards (plus Dexterity) if he is doing nothing else that turn. With Swimming Skill, a character can try to swim faster than normal; roll Stamina + Swimming, difficulty 7, and add three yards to your swimming speed per success (one roll per turn).

- Novice: You can swim.
- Practiced: You can swim fast, or for extended periods.
- Competent: Instructor/Lifeguard
- Expert: Swim team
- Master: Olympic gold

Possessed by: Athletes, Lifeguards, Scuba Divers and almost anyone else

Specialties: Racing, Distance, Sea, Survival, Lifesaving

Throwing

You know how to throw things in general, and are familiar with many specific thrown weapons, from spears, knives and hatchets to baseballs, footballs (yes, if thrown hard enough, Kith make fine weapons) and the traditional boulders.

- Novice: You usually hit the dart board.
- Practiced: High school pitcher
- Competent: You are the neighborhood master of snowball fights.
- Expert: Regional darts champion, you have your choice of prizes at the carnival.
- Master: Greg Maddux

Possessed by: Hobbyists, Athletes, Warriors

Specialties: Target, Hunting, Moving Targets, By Weapon

Torture

You know how to inflict pain. Your ability is so precise as to be a science. You are capable of interrogating prisoners through torture and prolonging their suffering, keeping them barely alive.

- Novice: You know how to hurt people in different ways.
- Practiced: You are good at causing extreme pain and can keep someone alive for interrogation purposes.
- Competent: You are equal to a military torturer. You can create extremes of pain that most people have never experienced.
- Expert: You are equal to a professional torturer. You are able to get almost any information you want out of your subject.
- Master: You are an artist, a virtuoso of pain and suffering.

Possessed by: Military Interrogators, Prison Guards, Unseelie Redcaps, Members of the Shadow Court

Specialties: Exotic Methods, Prolonging Life, Pain, Flagellation

Tracking

You can identify the trail of an animal or person and follow it under most conditions. The difficulty of such a feat varies according to the conditions — following fresh tracks in deep snow is easier than following week-old tracks across a concrete sidewalk.

- Novice: Boy Scout
- Practiced: Eagle Scout
- Competent: Hunter
- Expert: Native American guide
- Master: You have contests with werewolves — and occasionally win.

Possessed by: Hunters, Survivalists, Special Forces, Detectives

Specialties: Wolf, Deer, Rock, Urban, Identification

Traps

You know how to set various types of traps according to the type of game you want to catch.

- Novice: Boy Scout
- Practiced: Weekend survivalist
- Competent: Outdoorsman
- Expert: Mountain man
- Master: "Well done! And I thought dragons were extinct...."

Possessed by: Trappers, Special Forces, Inhabitants of Remote Places

Specialties: Specific Species, Deadfalls, Pits

Knowledges

Alchemy

You are familiar with the writings of the classical and medieval alchemists, and you also have some practical experience. This Ability is indirectly related to the Knowledge of Chemistry, in a manner similar to the relationship between Astronomy and Astrology. You can interpret alchemical texts, and you understand the various symbols and ciphers used by the alchemists, even when you find them in a non-alchemical context.

- Novice: A mere dabbler
- Practiced: Apprentice; probably still dependent on a master for instruction
- Competent: Journeyman; capable of making your own way, but with a long road left to travel
- Expert: Experienced alchemist; within reach of the greatest secrets
- Master: One of the true practitioners of the craft

Possessed by: Occultists, Scholars, some Scientists

Specialties: Transmutation, Cosmology, *Lapis Philosopharum*

Area Knowledge

You are familiar with an area — its landscape, history, inhabitants and mortal politics. This Knowledge will also provide a basic "who's who" for the areas around a freehold. You must determine the area that you have knowledge of at the time you take this Ability.

- Novice: You know a fair amount for an outsider.
- Practiced: You may have lived there for a year or two.
- Competent: You may have lived there for five to 10 years.
- Expert: You're native born, and never left.
- Master: You know every stone, stream or building in the area.

Possessed by: Vigilantes, Cops, Long-Time Residents

Specialties: History, Geography, Wildlife, Enemies, Politics, Transportation, Law, Customs

Astrology

You know how to compile and interpret a horoscope. Given the date and time (and, according to some systems, the place) of a person's birth, you can construct a personality profile and a set of predictions about the likely course of his life. Whether you actually believe these revelations is a matter of personal taste, but you can present them in a convincing and pleasing manner to those who *do* believe. This Knowledge does not confer any type of magical ability.

- Novice: You merely dabble.
- Practiced: Friends ask you to make horoscopes for them.
- Competent: You could run a small astrology business.
- Expert: You could have a syndicated news paper column.
- Master: You could work for celebrities and politicians.

Possessed by: Astrologers, Amateurs, Mystics, New-Agers, Old Hippies

Specialties: The Zodiac, Ming Shu, Zu Wei

Computer Hacking

You must have at least two dots in Computer before purchasing this Knowledge. Hacking allows the computer user to break the rules. It is not a programming skill — that requires the Computer Knowledge. Hacking represents an imaginative faculty above and beyond the use of the programming axles. In the binary computer world of yes/no, hacking represents the little bit of genius that says, "Well... maybe."

Hacking is used instead of the Computer Knowledge when you are breaking into other computer systems or trying to manipulate data in "realtime." The Computer Ability is used for programming and other miscellaneous tasks. Hacking is used most often as a complementary Ability to Computer, but it can aid programming by allowing you to work faster or to crack military codes that a normal programmer would not even be able to figure out.

- Novice: You are a computer geek who knows a few tricks, such as changing your grades in the university computer network.
- Practiced: You have great "luck" in guessing computer passwords.
- Competent: You thought your electric bill was too high last month, but you can fix that with a few keystrokes.
- Expert: Now that you have cracked the bank codes, which is it: Rio or Bermuda?
- Master: The European Community was pretty annoyed about that thermonuclear incident, but you know they can never trace it back to you.

Possessed by: Computer Geeks, CIA Operatives

Specialties: Viruses, Data Retrieval, Networking, Telecommunications

Cryptography

You may skillfully compose and interpret codes and ciphers. You can construct a code that can only be cracked by someone who scores as many successes as you have dots in this Knowledge. You can also crack a code, rolling your Knowledge against a difficulty assigned by the Storyteller depending on the code's complexity.

- Novice: Grade-school spy fan
- Practiced: Word puzzle buff, military signals officer
- Competent: Intelligence officer
- Expert: Intelligence cipher specialist
- Master: The Shadow

Possessed by: Spies, Puzzle Buffs, Military Signals Personnel

Specialties: Letter Shifts, Mathematical Encryption, Obscure Character Sets

Heraldry

This is the knowledge to recognize standards and coats of arms, as well as the meaning attached to them. This extends to historic coats of arms, guild seals and Japanese mon, among others. You can design new seals and coats of arms that heraldic authorities would find acceptable. Successful recognition of a heraldic device automatically imparts a small degree of information about the family or organization it represents.

- Novice: Amateur
- Practiced: Enthusiast, historian or irregular court attendant

- Competent: Grad student, genealogist or regular court attendant
- Expert: Professor or junior herald
- Master: Research fellow or king of arms

Possessed by: Enthusiasts, Historians, Genealogists, Court Members, Heralds

Specialties: By Period, By Nation, Seelie, Unseelie, Modern, Mercantile

Herbalism

You have a working knowledge of herbs and their properties, medicinal and otherwise. You can find and prepare herbs, and know which herb or blend of herbs to use in any situation. This skill will also provide knowledge of the magical lore of plants.

- Novice: Read a book on it once
- Practiced: Serious student
- Competent: Local supplier
- Expert: Author of books on herbalism
- Master: Herbal doctor

Possessed by: Holistic Healers, New-Agers, Wise Women, Members of Traditional Cultures, Boggans

Specialties: Culinary, Medicinal, Poisonous, Narcotics, Hallucinogens, Spirit

History

You've studied the history of a specific area or period, and you understand what happened, when and why, and who was involved. You also have a fair idea of social, political, economic and technological conditions in various past times and places. Note that in the case of ancient changelings, this Knowledge relates only to times and places that are outside their direct experience. For instance, a changeling born in Victorian London would rely on memory for knowledge of English history and culture, but would use History to uncover information about classical Greece, which was before his time, or about Czarist Russia, which was outside his experience.

- Novice: Amateur or high school
- Practiced: Enthusiast or college student
- Competent: Grad student or author
- Expert: Professor
- Master: Research fellow

Possessed by: Enthusiasts, Scholars, Mentors

Specialties: Political, Intellectual, Social, Economic, Technological, Classical, Medieval, Renaissance, Modern, Europe, Americas, Asia, Africa, Australia

Literature

You are familiar with the literature of one or more nations or historical periods, and know something of the general style and structure of literature — the things that set literature apart from mere fiction or entertainment. You can usually find a witty or appropriate quote, or identify a quotation if you see one.

- Novice: High school
- **Practiced:** College student
- **Competent:** Grad student or critic
- Expert: Professional or recognized author
- **Master:** Celebrated author

Possessed by: Scholars, Authors, Critics

Specialties: The Novel, Poetry, Drama, English, American, European, Classical, Medieval, Asian, Short Story, Genre

Lore

You're familiar with the subcultures of the World of Darkness — the scoop on vampires, werewolves, mages, wraiths and your own kind. Each type of Lore must be purchased as a separate Knowledge; accurate dirt on the Camarilla won't tell you anything about the halls of Arcadia.

Much of your information will be secondhand, and thus suspect. It bears noting that the different "players" in the world-behind-the-scenes often have wildly inaccurate perceptions of each other. A changeling meeting a vampire won't immediately ask, "What clan are you, and where's your prince?"

This kind of knowledge will not be easy to come by — werewolves don't pass their secrets on to caern-robbers — and some knowledge can be actively harmful, especially Wyrms Lore. There really *are* some things Man was not meant to know!

- Novice: You've heard a few dubious tales.
- Practiced: You know a few accurate facts.
- Competent: You're familiar enough to hold an intelligent conversation.
- Expert: You know a few things they'd rather you didn't.
- Master: You know your subjects better than they know themselves. This can become a *real* problem!

Possessed by: Sages, Tale-tellers, Research Assistants, Spies, Eshu, Sluagh

Varieties: (Each one bought separately) Seelie, Unseelie, Forbidden Secrets, Garou, Ghosts, Kindred, Sabbat, Technocracy, Mage, Wyrms, Spirit

Poisons

You have a working knowledge of poisons, their effects and antidotes. You can analyze a poison to tell its origin, and can prepare a poison or antidote given time and equipment. You must have at least one dot in Science to acquire this Knowledge.

- Novice: Dabbler
- Practiced: Detective, mystery reader
- Competent: Pharmacist, mystery writer
- Expert: Forensic scientist, emergency-room doctor
- Master: Assassin



Possessed by: Mystery Buffs, Detectives, Pharmacists, Medics, Assassins, Unseelie, Nobles

Specialties: Venoms, Chemical Poisons, Plant-Based Poisons, Analysis, Antidotes, Instant Poisons, Slow-Build Poisons, Undetectable Poisons, Magical Poisons

Psychology

You have a formal education in the science of human nature. You know the modern theories of emotion, cognitive development, personality, perception and learning. Though this is largely a scholarly understanding of the human psyche, it can be used practically to understand those around you.

- Novice: High school
- Practiced: College student
- Competent: Grad student
- Expert: Professor
- Master: Theorist

Possessed by: Teachers, Researchers, Scientists, Counselors, Psychologists

Specialties: Behaviorism, Freudian, Jungian, Humanist, Developmental, Experimental, Animals

Science Specialties

The subtleties of science are many and varied, especially for those who employ them. Characters who specialize in one type of science (Biology, Mathematics, Engineering, Cybernetics, etc.) more than others should simply take that Science as a separate Knowledge with specific applications outside of the more general body of knowledge that is represented by the Science Trait.

- Novice: A basic understanding of the concepts involved.
- Practiced: A working knowledge of the subject.
- Competent: Good enough to bend the rules without breaking them.
- Expert: Extensive and esoteric theories.
- Master: You know so much that you can prove anything you want within your chosen field.

Possessed by: Scientists, Research Technicians

Varieties: Astronomy, Biology, Genetics, Mathematics, Cybernetics, Metallurgy, Meteorology, Virology, Any other type of specific Science

Sign Language

Sign Language can be bought as a level in Linguistics. Not all sign languages are the same. You must declare each language separately. Ninja, deaf people, spies and societies like the Freemasons all have their own separate hand codes. These must generally be taught by a member of a select group; obtaining this training may range from easy to nearly impossible.

Taxidermy

You can take an animal apart and preserve all the bits and pieces, not just the skins and heads. Your deerskins won't rot, and your raven claws won't smell funny. Moreover, you can make sure newts' eyes will stay fresh for years.

- Novice: The newts should freeze well.
- Practiced: Nobody will buy from you, but you should be able to cure a pelt or properly preserve a snake in formaldehyde.
- Competent: Relatives who like animal heads nailed to their walls appreciate your presents. Others find your hobby distasteful because the animals don't look dead anymore. Of course, they don't look alive either.
- Expert: You could get a job at the natural history museum. Old ladies who want their Chihuahuas stuffed come to you, and your frog toes are as fresh as the day you got them.
- Master: You probably embalmed the pharaohs in a past life. Your work looks like it's going to get up and run off at any moment.

Possessed by: Morticians, Hunters, Furriers, Serial Killers, High School Science Teachers, Unseelie

Specialties: Tanning, Embalming, Preserving, Trophies, Techniques of Frankenstein, Victims

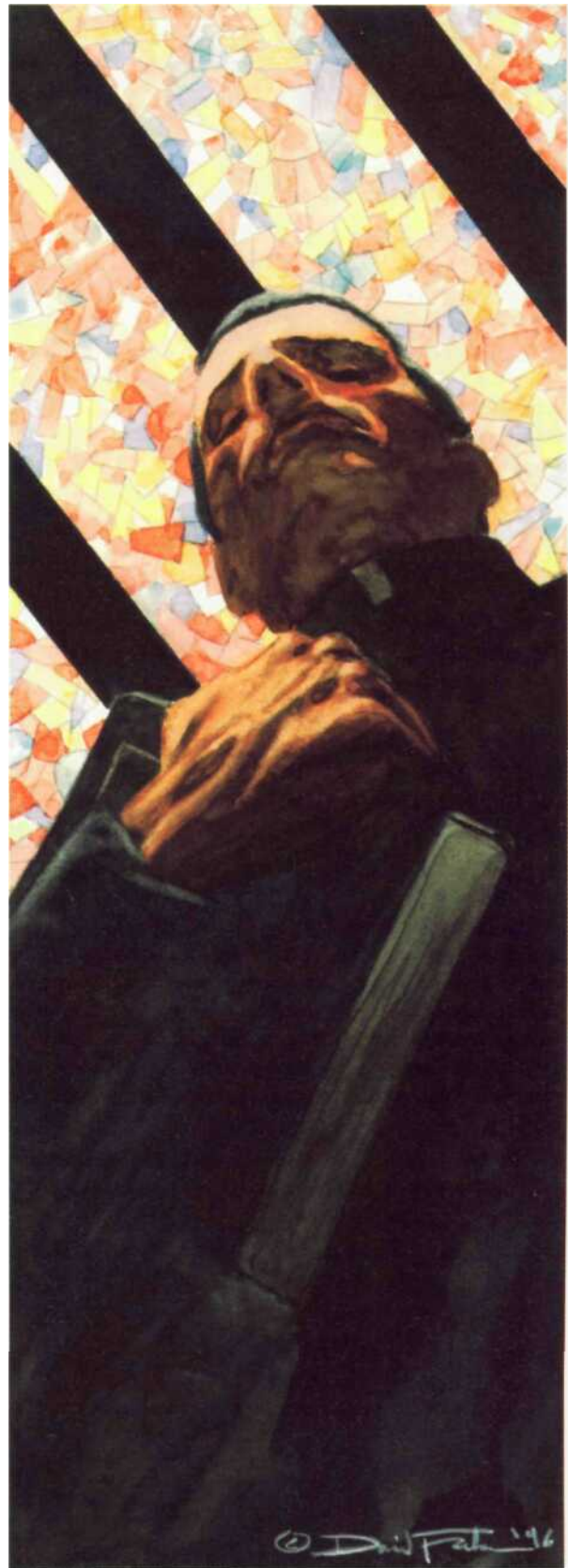
Theology

Religion is a familiar aspect of human endeavor, and you fully understand its place in the world. At higher levels, this Knowledge imparts an appreciation of all religious beliefs, while individuals with less skill tend to view their own beliefs as intrinsically superior to any others. This, of course, varies with the individual. Possession of this Knowledge in no way requires personal belief in the tenets of any specific religion.

- Novice: Participant
- Practiced: Altar boy
- Competent: Priest
- Expert: Professor
- Master: Theologian

Possessed by: Missionaries, Clergy, Religious Orders, Laity, Theologians

Specialties: Women's Theology (often called Theology), Comparative, Liberation, Agnosticism, Christian, Buddhist, Judaism, Islam, Wicca, Scripture, Rituals, Hinduism



New Legacies

The following new Legacies may be added to those in the Changeling rulebook, if desired.

Quests and Bans

Listed beneath each Legacy's description is the Quest and Ban of that Legacy. The Quest describes what you must do to regain Willpower. The Storyteller may wish to add additional Willpower points if the way you play your character reflects both your primary and secondary Legacies in a particularly convincing way (Storyteller's option). Your Legacy's Ban is just a roleplaying guide; although your Storyteller may wish to enforce it in your game, it's intended as a guideline rather than law. Your Storyteller may also wish to take Bans into account while handing out Willpower to characters who consistently violate their Bans. Loss of Willpower is a way of punishing those who routinely violate their Bans, but should only be used in the most extreme cases. You may also wish to consider the Ban of your secondary Legacy while playing your character: how it affects your primary Quest and Ban, though the secondary may not override the primary.

Characters who ignore their Quests and Bans may be affected in other ways than the loss of Willpower. The Dreaming and its denizens are reflections of the dreams, imaginations and fundamental natures of all the dreamers who live in the World

of Darkness. Despite its fanciful appearance, the Dreaming is in many ways more real and fundamental than the "reality" perceived by everyday people. Changelings are more in tune with the Dreaming than any other race, and the Dreaming sees through all their masks to their true natures. Legacies are not merely psychological profiles, but are indicative of changelings' archetypal connection with the Dreaming. Kithain who reject their true natures are behaving in a manner counter to the nature of the Dreaming, and the Dreamrealms may exact a toll from those who violate the truth of their own existence. This toll may take the form of strange or hostile reactions from chimera, subtle changes in the changeling's faerie seeming, or in the distortion of the changeling's perception of the Dreaming.

The tolls exacted by the Dreaming are almost infinite in variation, but usually subtle in their effect. Every changeling has her own personal relationship with the Dreaming. The Dream Lands, in return, react differently to each changeling. The Storyteller may use his discretion when creating the Dreaming's response to a character's violation of her Ban, but it should be consistent with the character's Legacy. For example a Prankster or Bogle who consistently fails to play pranks may find that the Dreaming plays pranks on him. A Knight who fails to live up to the knightly virtues may find his faerie seeming tarnished, thereby allowing others to see that he is a false knight. Extreme penalties may include a Fop who consistently fails to "make the scene" finding chimera appearing at his old haunts disguised as him, or a Philanthropist who brings ill to others by her very presence.



Seelie Legacies

Arcadian

Your fae side far outweighs your human side. You invariably follow your faerie nature, showing little interest in maintaining human pastimes. You may view humans as inferior or merely less interesting than Kithain, but you do not take them into consideration most of the time. You neglect the human aspects of your life, and thus have less and less to hold you to the world of humanity (you have few human friends, cannot hold a job, etc.). In some ways your faerie side is an addiction, and you are ill at ease while in your human seeming. You spend most of your time in freeholds or the Dreaming, and are a prime candidate for Bedlam. Despite the disadvantages that your Legacy sometimes incurs, it reflects all that is best in the Seelie Court, and you remain close to your fae nature.

Quest: Regain Willpower every time you learn something new about your fae nature.

Ban: Never stay in your human seeming for too long.

Aspirant

Life is a learning experience, and you always strive to improve yourself. Every obstacle is a potential opportunity, and you rarely rest on the laurels of past accomplishments for very long. This means that you spend most of your time pursuing different goals. Unlike the Virtuoso (see below), your aspirations tend towards obtaining general excellence rather than mastering one particular field. You view the pursuit of a goal to be just as important as obtaining it.

Quest: Gain Willpower every time you overcome an obstacle.

Ban: Never pass up a learning opportunity.

Comrade

You value friendship above all other things and strive to prove yourself worthy of other people's trust. Other values may be important to you, but you place your personal connections above all other considerations. You are willing to face almost any danger to aid friends in need, even if they do not always do the same in return.

Quest: Gain Willpower every time you aid a friend by risking your own interests.

Ban: Never terminate a friendship, even after your friend has violated your trust.

Gadfly

Someone has to keep the powers-that-be honest. It might as well be you. No one is 100-percent right, and you always take great pleasure in pointing this out to everyone. Unlike the Humbug (see below), you generally mean for your criticism to

be helpful, though some still find it annoying. You especially criticize those in positions of power. You are persistent in your task, and no explanation is enough to completely mollify you. Even if everything happened exactly the way you wanted it to, you would soon find something new to criticize.

Quest: Regain a point of Willpower every time you win an argument with someone in power.

Ban: Never let anyone get the last word.

Humanist

The opposite of the Arcadian, you are far more attentive to your mortal half and to human concerns. Maybe you see fae concerns as the immature, leftover pastimes of childhood. Perhaps you are a reluctant changeling and see the Dreaming as frightening and unpredictable. Maybe your friends and family are all human, and you consider this to be where your duty lies. In any event, you spend most of your time in your human seeming, and are a prime candidate for the Undoing.

Quest: You regain Willpower every time you give your human concerns precedence over a pressing matter in your faerie life.

Ban: Never spend too much time in your faerie form, unless on an extended trip in the Dreaming.

Knight

A present-day Don Quixote, you never tire of tilting at windmills. You follow all the old codes of chivalry and seek to aid those in need. This makes you an oddity in the modern World of Darkness. You may be a true idealist, and, somewhat naively, believe the best about everyone. You may be a pragmatist, desperately trying to keep a small portion of the world from sinking into eternal Winter. In either event, you believe that one person can make a difference.

Quest: Regain a point of Willpower every time following your code may put you at risk.

Ban: Never behave in an "un-knightly" fashion.

Philanthropist

You have a highly defined sense of morality and always strive to do the "right" thing. This invariably consists of helping others and doing good deeds without the expectation of reward. You may base your ethical code on your belief in a higher morality (i.e., God), or it may just spring naturally from within you. Your ethics are rational and logically consistent (at least you believe they are). You are forever balancing your actions against your system of beliefs.

Quest: Regain Willpower every time you make a positive difference in someone's life.

Ban: Never accept a reward for your generosity. Never cause deliberate harm to an innocent.

Pishogue

No matter what your current amount of Glamour or Banality is, your mind is constantly in a Bedlam-like state. (No penalties are suffered, but it must be roleplayed.) You interpret reality very differently from everyone else, but in a benign fashion. The world is a place of endless, childlike wonder to you. Even the most Banality-ridden places seem like storybook palaces. You are an eternal ingenue, and your world view makes you generally very trusting in others. This does not necessarily mean that you are easy to manipulate, however. Because of your strange mental state, you are easily distracted, yet you may also notice things that other people miss. You tend to be highly creative.

Quest: You are a creature of the Dreaming, and regain a Willpower point every time you avoid a particularly unpleasant truth.

Ban: Never take anything too seriously.

Prankster

The quintessential faerie prankster, you delight in the playing of all manner of jokes and pranks. You do this for any number of reasons. You may merely want to amuse people, or you may be trying to break people's banal paradigms to awaken some Dreamers. The pranks you play may be as simple as a pie in the face, or as elaborate as a sidhe family tree. These pranks are rarely harmful or done out of spite, and usually result in no more than a few bruises or some personal embarrassment. Favorite targets are humans, pompous fae or the very serious.

Quest: Regain a point of Willpower every time you pull off a particularly artful prank.

Ban: Never verbally apologize for a prank (indirect acts of contrition are permissible). Never take anything too seriously.

Stoic

You take the unavoidable sorrows (and joys) of life in stride. You have a calm and serious mind, and rarely give into unseemly displays of emotion. This does not mean that you do not have feelings, you just do not wear them on your sleeve. The most people will ever get out of you is a slight smile or a small frown.

Quest: Regain Willpower every time you come through an emotionally charged situation with your composure intact.

Ban: Never let your emotions get the better of you.

Virtuoso

There are few people who can say that they have mastered a given field, and you are one of them. You are a specialist, striving for excellence in a small number of related disciplines. Even if you have not yet reached the level of excellence that you desire, you consider yourself an authority (though you admit that you have more to learn). You gear all your attention toward learning more about your field of expertise.

Quest: Gain a point of Willpower every time you accomplish something that brings you closer to mastering your intended field of study.

Ban: Never become involved in tangential matters for too long.

Unseelie Legacies

Bogle

There is a wealth of human folklore about bogles, and you are happy to be part of such a proud tradition. You are a prankster at heart, and you do not care who gets hurt as long as you get a good laugh out of it. Spiteful, mean-spirited pranks are your favorite, though you may occasionally play more benign ones. The results of your jokes usually range from the merely mean to the fatal. Like the Prankster (see above), your jokes may range in intricacy, but motivations tend more toward spite and revenge.

Quest: Regain a point of Willpower every time you pull off a particularly artful and mean-spirited prank.

Ban: Never apologize for a prank. Never let any intentional slight from a human go by without a prank as repayment.

Churl

Manners are for wimps, wusses and mama's boys. *Urmp!* Rude and ill-bred, you scoff (and fart, piss and belch) at convention. Polite society is just a bunch of sidhe snobs with something up their butts and even more to hide. Unlike the Grotesque (see *Changeling: The Dreaming*), you are not necessarily trying to be disgusting; you just think that the societal strictures governing personal comportment are unnecessary. You are... natural.

Quest: Regain Willpower every time you get away with outraging polite society.

Ban: Never be polite.

Fiend

You inflict pain for no other reason than the enjoyment you get out of watching others suffer. You are, in short, a sadist. You may have a hundred facile rationalizations for why you do what you do. Maybe you have really tried to stop, but the feeling of power that you get out of controlling others' destinies always draws you back. You only feel truly alive when someone else is screaming in pain or begging for mercy. You realize that even other Unseelie fae frown upon this attitude, so you know to hide this predilection, usually behind the guise of another Legacy. You live in fear that someone may give you what you really deserve. You should consult the Storyteller before taking this Legacy.

Quest: Regain a point of Willpower every time you really hurt someone.

Ban: Never pass up an opportunity to inflict pain.



Fop

They call you "superficial," the uncouth swine. Some say you are arrogant and excessively concerned with such "surface" qualities as dress and manner. Piffle! Affected? You? You are one of the beautiful people, the czars of style. People judge others by their appearance, no matter how much they profess the opposite. You know that style beats substance any day of the week, and you have style in spades. Peasants, prepare to be dazzled!

Quest: Regain Willpower every time you outshine others in a social situation.

Ban: Never be out of style.

Cerenaic

The pursuit of pleasure is your reason for living. You may derive pleasure from any number of sources: sex, drugs, food, sensorial stimulus of any kind. Choose one or all of the above. You spend most of your time and resources in pursuit of the vice of your choice, despite the pain that often accompanies it. Your appetite for pleasure is constantly increasing. You require ever more sensorial stimuli to satiate your jaded palate.

Quest: Regain Willpower every time you spend a day pursuing one of your vices, or experience a completely new pleasurable sensation.

Ban: Never turn down an opportunity to fulfill your desires.

Humbug

Grumpy, sour and just plain cranky, nothing ever satisfies you. The light's too bright in here, turn off that awful music, nothing is as good as it was in the "old days." If there is nothing to complain about, then something fishy is going on. Unlike the Gadfly, you do not gripe to improve things (though you may claim you do). You just like to complain and find the worst side of every issue. Every silver lining means there's a thunderstorm a-brewin'. Some believe that under your gruff exterior lies a lovable, old softy. You live to prove them wrong.

Quest: Gain Willpower every time one of your dire predictions comes true.

Ban: Never look on the bright side of life.

Craven

Better a live coward than a dead hero. You live your life by these words. Unfortunately this does not just mean that you have the good sense to avoid harrowing situations. You are a true coward in almost every area of your life. Your code applies to social situations and facing unpleasant truths about yourself, as well as avoiding physical danger. While you may put yourself in danger, you are always looking for the nearest escape route. Since you know others frown on cowardice, you often disguise yourself as one of the other Legacies. You may be ashamed of your cowardice and occasionally perform heroic acts out of a need to prove yourself.

Quest: Regain Willpower every time you save yourself by running away.

Ban: Never volunteer for dangerous assignments.



Ragamuffin

The opposite of the Fop, you believe that substance is all that matters, therefore you play the militant slob to show how truly deep you are. You reject all such "surface ephemera" as bathing and basic grooming. Those who pay attention to such trivialities are affected snobs and beneath you. Just because you are a slob does not mean that you are really any deeper for all that. Those who see past your grimy exterior and really take the opportunity to know you may well find you no more genuine than the Fop.

Quest: Regain Willpower every time you expose another person as a fraud.

Ban: Never dress appropriately for an occasion.

Schismatic

Things fall apart. The center cannot hold. You are a destroyer of social institutions, be they governments, businesses or families. You never miss an opportunity to sow dissension or cause discord. Maybe you do this to help people break out of old, hidebound ways of doing things, but you mostly just enjoy destroying things that other people build. It's a dog-eat-dog world out there. The sooner the huddled masses are on their own, the sooner they will realize that. You view yourself as a bold social visionary, an anarchist or a rugged individualist. This may be true, or you may just be a destructive child.

Quest: Gain Willpower every time you cause dissension in a tightly knit social group.

Ban: Never join a formal organization, except for the express purpose of disrupting it or using it to disrupt other organizations.

Shade

Like the Pishogue, you see the world in a very different way than most. Unfortunately it is a very ugly place. You are a human zombie, an emotionless sleepwalker who sees the world as a never-ending horror show. The World of Darkness has finally gotten to you. You accept mindless brutality as the natural order of things. Perhaps you react to this reality by joining in the mayhem, or perhaps you have retreated behind a wall of emotionless detachment. This is not to say that you have no sense of moral outrage, it just takes the most inhuman of atrocities to even register on your screen. Your primary motivations are selfish desire and immediate personal gratification.

Quest: You regain Willpower every time you encounter a horrific experience without betraying emotion.

Ban: Never take anything too seriously.

Sophist

Most people are hungry for knowledge, whether they know it or not. You are more than happy to share yours, for a price. You are a sophist in the old sense of the word, one who teaches solely

for self-gain. Is that so wrong? Unfortunately you just assume that people want what you are selling. When the ungrateful fools don't meet your price you become... agitated. You believe you know more than everyone else. You will rarely back down from your original argument, no matter how much sophistry and facile logic you have to employ to convince everybody that you know best.

Quest: Gain Willpower every time you win an argument or debate.

Ban: Never admit you are wrong.

New Background

Companion

The Chimera background in **Changeling: The Dreaming** (see pg. 175) lists various chimera that become active when a changeling goes through the Chrysalis. It is suggested that the chimera be non-living (weapons, armor, equipment, clothes, etc.). Companions are the living chimera created by the changeling's unconscious nature. Players should consult their Storytellers as to the type of Companion they have. Players should also be aware that higher level Companions have minds and personalities of their own which may come into conflict with the player's goals. Examples of companions are: a small dragon, a green alien named Bob, or any other living chimera.

- A minor companion. (Something with intelligence up to that of a dog, with little or no magic or special abilities. Examples include a small patch of mold that bubbles obscenely on a redcap's shoulder, or a winged cat.)
- A useful companion. (Something with the intelligence of a human, and minor powers, but not up to the level of an Art. Examples include a small jeweled dragon with a smoking problem, or perhaps a talking moon cat.)
- A companion of significant power. (This companion may have a dot in an Art or a magic power equivalent to a single dot. Examples include a speed demon with Wayfare, or the aforementioned green alien with Primal.)
- A very powerful companion. (This companion may have up to three dots in Arts. Examples include a griffin or unicorn.)
- A companion of incredible power. (A companion at this level may have up to five dots in Arts — an ancient djinn with Soothsay, or a dragon with a combination of Arts.)



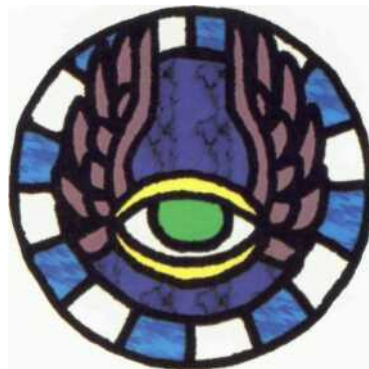


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Chapter Two: The Kith Society

In reading the following pages, you will learn a great deal more about the nine kith than you have before. Here are the histories and legends behind their creation, the most com-

mon stories behind their Birthrights and Frailties, and their individual points of view, from the position of both Seelie and Unseelie.



boggans

A child is like a piece of uncarved wood — each has a story to tell and limitless magic within. It is up to the carver to set that magic free.

—Myra Whittlestick, boggan busybody

Come and sit down by the fire, dear. You want to know about us boggans, do you? Well, you've come to the right place. Make yourself comfortable. There's a lot to be told, and there's no sense in you sitting where you're not going to be able to concentrate on the tale. There, that's better. That's one thing you'll notice right off about us — we have more sense individually than a whole motley of redcaps put together.

We value hard work and simple things most, but don't think that we're a bunch of humorless, nose-to-the-grindstone folks. No, for that you'd best look to nockers. Oh, dear, there I go again. They're not really a bad lot, nockers... but where was I? Oh, yes, simplicity. Now don't think for a second that simple, quality craft is the same thing as boring, utilitarian work. A child will get more enjoyment out of a well-made set of blocks than one of those beeping, flashing, kill-or-be-killed gaming machines. The one allows a child to be creative, to fashion her own worlds and thereby learn a little more about the one she lives in. The other tests how fast you can push a button. Now there's a skill more of our young people need, eh?

But you wanted to know about boggans, and here I go starting the tale in the middle without giving you the beginning first. Strong foundations make for solid building and good stories, so let's take things back to basics. We boggans have a long and wondrous history, so it's only right that you should hear our tale first. I'll put another log on the fire, and then we'll begin.

Background

Boggans are born of charity and vengeance. Early tales speak of earthly angels who worked miracles on behalf of the poor but virtuous. Equally well-known are stories of mischievous and downright malicious spirits who would exact unreasonable prices for their services. Other legends tell of spiteful creatures who seek to undo the hard work of others. From all of these were boggans born.

Boggans' first appearances in folk tales were often as model workers — thorough, tireless and cheerful in their work. They did not mind others taking the credit for their work, and sought to avoid any praise for what they did. But so too did these tales show the dangers of scorning the ways of these helpful fae. Their customs were not always understood by mortals, but if any of their rules of etiquette were broken, woe to the mortal who would take the fruits of their labor!

Boggans originated from these early tales of hard-working, simple folk, but as mortal society evolved, so did boggans. In the modern age of overtime and "flex hours," boggans have come to symbolize the worker who is more concerned with doing good work than earning his first million. Modern boggans are graphic designers, interior decorators, landscape artists, car detailers and fashion designers as well as cooks, jewelers and woodworkers. They make electric guitars and hand-forged swords, microbrewed beers and futons. And as always, boggans value good, simple work far more than intricate or ornate designs.

Attitude

A boggan's life is focused on helping those he deems worthy. Each boggan has his own definition of what "worthy" means, and "help" is likewise subject to individual interpretation. Still, the vast majority of boggans are good-natured, and seek to make the world a better place one day at a time. They value the beauty in ordinary things, and prefer simple joys above the pleasures of excess.

Boggans make stalwart friends and companions who will give all they can to a true friend or a worthy cause. Most boggans blush and brush off words of praise or offers of payment, for they know that true appreciation cannot be expressed in words or material goods. If wronged, however, a boggan can quickly change from a selfless worker to a vengeful spirit.

Their appreciation for the practical and simple things in life often causes hoggans to view other changelings as flighty and somewhat shallow. Most seek to find the good in all people, and often help to bring out the best in those they meet.

Appearance

Most hoggans have a distinctly earthy mien, and are reluctant to draw attention to themselves. Though not vain, they respect craftsmanship, and often wear simple but finely wrought jewelry and clothing. Usually short and on the plump side, hoggans are recognizable by their particularly bushy eyebrows.

In their faerie guises, most hoggans have an old yet sprightly appearance, with even childlings showing faint laugh lines around their eyes and mouths that deepen with age. Understandably, many hoggans have a certain weariness about them, but it is generally of a pleasant sort. Crumps tend to age quickly, with their bright eyes belying the wrinkles creasing their brows.

Beliefs

Like all changelings, hoggans have their own traditions and beliefs that are handed down through the years.

Reward Kindness in Kind, Injury Likewise

For all their attachment to home and hearth, hoggans are fiercely independent. The notion of "owing" someone is unthinkable — why not settle things quickly and fairly? To have past business hanging over one's head is to be tied down. It is for this reason that hoggans like to settle all scores, for good or for ill, as soon as possible.

Simple is Best when Time is the Test

While many other kith are interested in the "fine arts," hoggans are more practical in their tastes. A finely crafted candlestick or a lovingly embroidered apron are more highly prized than the most elegant piece of museum sculpture. Others may strive toward lofty ideals of art and expression, but hoggans will always value the beauty in well-made, ordinary things above all else.

Every piece of work should have a little of the creator in it, and a hoggan's own Glamour always colors the work she does.

Those with keen eyes can easily tell the difference between the work of two hoggans. As a result, all projects are given a hoggan's full attention. One wouldn't want to be judged for a single piece of shoddy work, so everything must be equally well done.

Organization

In many areas, hoggans have periodic informal gatherings to swap gossip or tips on crafting. Sometimes this takes the form of a potluck dinner, where each hoggan brings a dish and a piece of "news" — the more savory the better for both. Many such gatherings have adopted a policy that each person washes only her own dishes, after several such dinners broke out in fisticuffs over who was to wash what. Some argued that the host of the party should rest and let the others "take care of the clean-up," while often the host would claim it as his right and duty to tidy the place up while the guests had dessert.

Letter-writing is another common means for hoggans to stay in touch with each other. Some areas have newsletters or telephone circles used to pass the word about a particularly good sale at Home Depot or an especially juicy bit of gossip. Other, more technically minded hoggans now communicate over the Internet, using IRC, newsgroups and Web sites to pass news to their compatriots the world over.

Birthrights

Craftwork

While it is well-known that hoggans are among the most skillful craftspeople in the mortal and immortal worlds, few outside the kith understand the particular rituals and superstitions that have built up around their work. Some say that hoggans are capable of completing tasks even more quickly than they do, and that they often spend half the time on a project simply daydreaming. This, some claim, is the reason they work unobserved — so no one will know how much time they spend lazing about. In fact, many hoggans do "daydream" before beginning a project, to refine the image of the finished



product in their minds. But this is a necessary step, and those boggans who do not "dream" their projects sufficiently before beginning often spend their time redoing work that did not come out right the first time.

Others claim that while working, boggans glow with an unearthly light made of pure Glamour, and that any who look on it will be forever blinded. Some whisper that boggans transform into hideous lizard- or insectlike creatures while creating. While it is certainly possible that some boggans may have their own reasons for keeping out of sight while working, most will tell you that they have their own trade secrets that allow them to do such distinctive work, and that is the only reason they choose to work alone.

Social Dynamics

It should come as no surprise that boggans are among the most infamous meddlers and busybodies in all of Kithain society. They always seem to know who fancies who, and who is nursing a secret grudge. In fact, this is in some ways an extension of boggan craftsmanship, as understanding the way people function in a group is made up of equal parts observation and "common sense." With a keen eye and an attention to the nuances of a situation, many boggans can unravel the whys behind a relationship with as much skill as understanding the technique in weaving a tapestry.

Just as a good woodworker will look at the grain of a piece of wood to see what patterns naturally suggest themselves, so boggans are able to second-guess the way a given individual will react in a particular situation. It is just a matter of seeing what is already there beneath the surface.

Most boggans despise the social hierarchy of "owing" others. To take what should be simple, uncomplicated friendships and mar them by keeping a scorecard of what one person owes another is contrary to the true nature of friendship. Partly because they work so hard to steer clear of these entanglements themselves, boggans are particularly aware of this behavior in others. Although their unwillingness to join in the social game of tit-for-tat often makes them outsiders, they are usually respected for their ability to see through the webs of intrigue that make up changeling courts.

Frailties

Call of the Needy

Boggans hate to see others in pain. While some Unseelie boggans are annoying and even infuriating to their foes, they rarely cause more than embarrassment or discomfort, which is bad enough to many of their victims. Boggans truly want to make the world a better place, and will never willingly harm someone who may be shown the error of his ways. Of course, sometimes the subject of their attentions would rather be whacked soundly upside the head than disgraced or embarrassed, but boggans only do what they feel is necessary.

It is said that boggans of a philosophical bent refer to this as the "what goes around, comes around" principle. If you refuse to help someone who is in need, what will happen when you're the one who needs help? Being a highly superstitious lot, most boggans would rather not tempt fate, even a little.

Even those who follow the Unseelie Court will help out a soul in need, though their idea of "help" sometimes leaves the subject wishing she had never asked. Boggarts will often berate those they help for having gotten themselves in a fix to begin with, and insist that "if it weren't for me happening by just now, you'd have been a goner for sure!"

Courts

Although most believe that in the beginning all boggans were loyal to the Seelie Court, this has not been the case for many generations. When a boggan has been wronged, his vengeance is often terrible to behold. Boggans drift between the Unseelie and Seelie Courts more frequently than most other kith, perhaps because at heart nearly every boggan wants to think the best of people. Even Unseelie boggans usually seek to show their victims the error of their ways.

Seelie Boggans

With their love of the simple things in life and the joy of helping others, most boggans are naturally drawn toward the Seelie Court. Even the majority of those who are wronged and seek asylum with the Unseelie Court eventually return. Although they are generally a shy lot, some boggans have achieved positions of respect within the Seelie Court, often as advisors to nobles. Their no-nonsense, common sense approach, combined with their keen social insights, often earns such boggans the respect of their peers.

Unseelie Boggans

Known as boggarts, Unseelie boggans are often those who have been betrayed or hurt as a result of their attempts to help others. They will avenge any slight—real or imagined—with a fervor that causes even redcaps to quake in their boots. Some set out to test how truly virtuous a person is, often undoing the work of others or constantly plaguing a victim with annoying cantrips to see what the limits of his patience are. Anyone who withstands this onslaught of mischief with a sunny disposition intact will be respected and often feared by the boggart and her companions henceforth.

While many Seelie boggans try to deny the Unseelie part of their natures, nearly all boggans spend at least part of their lives ruled by their Unseelie Legacy. It is unfortunate, but few mortals or Kithain who devote their lives to helping others avoid being taken advantage of at one point or another. When this happens to a Seelie boggan, she will often fly into a rage, seeking vengeance *on* not only the one who wronged her, but anyone else who would abuse the kindness of others. Such is their desire to punish, these Unseelie boggans often see wrongs where there are none, and tonnent innocents instead.

Outlook

While boggans generally like to think the best of people until proven otherwise, like all kith they have their own unique perspective on their fellow changelings.

Eshu

Seelie Boggans: Jolly good tale-tellers, even if they are a bit scruffy. I can't see how they can just run around their whole lives long without putting roots down somewhere, but I suppose that's just their way.

Unseelie Boggans: Clever fellows, those eshu. All smiles and silken scarves, your typical eshu is—until you realize he's nicked your purse. I have little use for these scoundrels.

Nockers

Seelie Boggans: While we appreciate the work they do more than many of our brethren, what joy can there be in such technical work? Still, their work ethic is admirable, and if a little of that would rub off on the pooka and satyrs, the Dreaming might not be in such a state.

Unseelie Boggans: Mere technicians, they know nothing of what it means to create something that is both truly beautiful and useful. They want nothing more than to play with their little Tinker toys until the cows come home. Pretenders, that's all they are.

Pooka

Seelie Boggans: Ah, well... It's a good thing they have folks like us looking out for them. Charming creatures, but not what you would call *practical*.

Unseelie Boggans: They can't be trusted, they have no appreciation for good hard work, and they're so addle-brained they don't know what they're doing half the time. Let them frolic in the dreams of infants and leave the rest of the world to those of us with more than an ounce of sense.

Redcaps

Seelie Boggans: Poor things. If they would only sit down and have a cup of tea once in a while like civilized beings, they'd be a lot happier with life, I tell you. Of course, the last time I had one over for tea, she ate a whole batch of cookies *and* the cookie sheet to boot!

Unseelie Boggans: Mindless savages. Grant them a wide berth if possible, but never let them see fear. They are our Jaberwocky, and you would do well to beware the jaws that bite, the claws that catch.

Satyrs

Seelie Boggans: Those satyrs who think with their brains and not their... you know... are often wise, but most simply live for the moment. That's all well and good, but eventually they'll have to learn to keep their libidos in check.

Unseelie Boggans: Mad perverts, that's what satyrs are. To be a slave to one's own desires is beneath contempt.

Sidhe

Seelie Boggans: For all their hoity-toity-as-you-please ways, they're decent chaps. They think they're doing the right thing, acting the part of the brave leaders. How does one break it to them gently that we've been doing just fine without them?

Unseelie Boggans: Fools. These anemic fops will have to get it through their heads that we don't need to be told what to do, thank you very much. Don't tell me how to run my house until you've got your own straightened out, eh?

Sluagh

Seelie Boggans: We grant them their due as the *second* best news-collectors in Kithain society, and if you ever need to get the dirt on someone, these are the ones to turn to. Heaven knows they know all there is to know about *dirt*'.

Unseelie Boggans: I've got two words for those ragamuffins: personal hygiene. Eat your veggies, bathe once in a blue moon, and wash your clothes periodically, and you won't look so much like something the cat dragged in.

Trolls

Seelie Boggans: Truly noble fellows, the trolls are. We understand their sense of honor better than anyone else, though they seem too concerned with the letter and not enough with the spirit of an agreement at times. An agreement is a bond between two people, not some legal proceeding.

Unseelie Boggans: So full of themselves and their precious honor that they ignore everything else around them. Just a bunch of overgrown, muscle-bound Smurfs, if you ask me.

Eshu

*The wind at my back, a tale upon my lips, and a hearty
stack of bills in my pocket! Now that's the good life!*

— Carolan Walks-far, eshu storyteller

World travelers, the eshu rarely stay in one place for long. They roam the globe seeking and sharing adventure. Great storytellers, the eshu love a gixxl tale, whether they are doing the telling or listening to someone else's. They live as if every hour were their last, avoiding boredom and stagnation like the plague.

Although many would classify the eshu as frivolous thrill-seekers, in truth these roving fee pursue knowledge and experience with great seriousness. Their natural curiosity often gets them into trouble, one reason why they rarely live long enough to become grumps.

Background

One of the more ancient of all the changeling races, the eshu came into existence in the savannas and deserts of Africa. Thousands of years ago, Bantu, Masai and Somali tribes called them *Eithu*. These native peoples believed that the Eithu ran with the leopard, climbed with the monkey and swam with the crocodile. Because the tribes lived a nomadic lifestyle, migrating with the seasons and the animals, so did the Eithu, an attribute they have never lost.

The Arabs who migrated into Africa in the Middle Ages had an enormous impact on the Eithu. They initiated the change to the modern name, "Eshu." Over the centuries, Arab beliefs turned them from playful sprites into powerful, honor-bound warrior fae who protected the land and anyone who traveled across it, especially traders. By the 16th century, the Arabs had established many trade routes in and around the coast of Africa. Thus, the eshu evolved into the serious, nomadic, trade-loving changelings known today.

Over time, a more sedentary society developed in Africa, and these people began to look down upon and fear the nomads. Those who roamed acquired a reputation for thieving and running scams. This reputation extended to the eshu as well. They became known for their ability to outwit others, especially when money was involved.

Attitude

The eshu tend to approach life as if it were an epic movie and they are the main characters. Many take their roles to heart,

dressing the part and playing to the audience. Some play the gallant knight riding in to save the day on his white charger. Others prefer a more subtle approach, stepping in as the silent hero who never stays long enough for people to thank him. Still others take the part of the dastardly villain, wicked yet witty to the end.

An eshu can become quite irritated if her entrance is spoiled or her plans are thwarted, and she despises an anti-climactic ending. Throughout her life, the eshu may play many roles, whatever feels right at the moment. In the end, the wealth of the tale is all that matters. Keep in mind, however, that the eshu does not act it — she lives it.

Despite their tribal origins, the eshu have cultured, polished manners. They believe strongly in social tradition and rituals. With open inquisitiveness, they study other cultures, often adopting their host's customs in his presence. This endears them to many different people.

Appearance

Although the eshu come in all colors, the majority tend to have dark skin and African or Arabic features. Their dark eyes can seem shadowed and mysterious, or bright and piercing. They wear their dark hair in a variety of ways; some even shave their heads as did their ancestors.

In their faerie guises, the eshu stand taller than most other changelings. They often resemble Arab sheiks or nomads, wrapped in brightly colored silk and satin. Some also dress in the garb of African tribesmen, mostly naked, wearing split skirts made of animal skin with another hide or a broad red scarf thrown over one shoulder and tucked in at the waist. The Unseeleie eshu tend to favor the more flashy dress of silks and satins.

Beliefs

The eshu uphold a number of beliefs and customs that have been part of their heritage for centuries.

Uhuru

The African word *Uhuru*, meaning "freedom," serves as a battle cry and a personal code for all eshu. The eshu value freedom above all else. Anything an eshu gives, he must give of his own free will. He does not bow to coercion. To be trapped or forced to act in a certain manner disgraces the eshu; no worse situation exists. For the eshu, freedom is a matter of pride and dignity.

For this reason, few eshu ever stay with the same person or people their entire lives. The Oath of Truehearts remains one of the most sacred oaths an eshu may take, for to take such a vow would be to give his very freedom into the hands of another. When an eshu feels he must move on, he will. Furthermore, the eshu believe that to settle down equates to giving in to Banality. Only through constant movement can one continue to renew one's self.

Many people perceive the eshu as self-serving and fickle. Quite to the contrary, the eshu feel that they would be committing a disservice if they were to remain in a place where they no longer belonged. They have a saying that in order to be true to others, you must first be true to yourself.

Destiny

The eshu concept of destiny walks hand in hand with their treasured Uhuru. It accounts for their spontaneity and their blind faith. They believe that if an eshu is allowed to pursue her own path, she will always end up at the right place, both literally and metaphorically. Perhaps this explains their aversion to being forced or trapped into actions they would otherwise not choose. In the mind of the eshu, to be forcibly driven from the path is to be damned.

Traditions

Being several thousand years old can carry with it certain baggage. In the case of the eshu, this burden comes in the form of many traditions which have been handed down from generation to generation. The eshu would rather lose face than forget or neglect one.

The Greeting

When two eshu meet for the first time, each one spits in or licks his own hand before performing a handshake. This tradition has its roots among the native peoples of Africa, who believe that spitting on a person serves as a promise that you will not place a

curse on them. To the eshu today, it serves merely as an offer of friendship. No handshake will take place if one of the two refuses to spit. The eshu do not impose this tradition on other races.

Animals

Most eshu abhor the practice of killing animals merely for sport.

If they have to slaughter a rabbit or sheep for food, they will strangle it rather than spilling its blood. This tradition has its foundation in the belief that to waste any part of an animal is wrong. Eshu will drink the animal's blood as well as eat its flesh. They never kill an animal larger than they and their companions can eat in one sitting.

Trees

The eshu will never break a limb from a tree without first asking permission of the tree spirit. They also have a small ritual that they perform whenever they cut down a tree. First, the eshu cuts a small branch from it, after asking permission, and lay the branch at the base of another tree. Once she has felled the tree, she must pour beer on the stump and say, "I give this beer as a gift to the Engai (spirit), if one lives here, and ask him to go to another tree." This ritual relieves the eshu of any curse which may come as the result of harming the tree spirit. The rest of the beer is then drunk by those present. Trees in Africa are sacred, perhaps because of their scarcity in many regions.

Curses

The eshu believe very strongly in curses, including those incurred through *geasa* or Bans. They feel that each individual has the power to curse another, either by their actions or by spoken word. This has proven to be one of their greatest weaknesses, and one which an educated enemy can use to best them. An enemy may merely speak a curse upon an eshu, and the eshu's own power of belief will make the curse come true. Those who would curse an eshu, however, should take care, for most eshu will go to extreme lengths to kill the offender.

Organization

A strong oral heritage ties the eshu together. They gather often to share tales of their own and others' adventures and misadventures. Similar to youth hostels, these special eshu freeholds have been established throughout the world. An open



invitation to all eshu is well-known. Few pass up the opportunity to stop in and get their fix of great stories, when in the neighborhood. Many grumps eventually retire to these places, glad for the reliability of an appreciative audience that is renewed nightly. One such freehold exists in nearly every major city of the world; however, the one in Barcelona, Spain, has become renowned as the largest and most visited of them all.

These freeholds also serve to keep the roaming eshu in contact and up to date on their friends' activities. Messages come in the form of stories passed along from mouth to mouth. Although not time-efficient, this serves as an effective way for independent spirits to keep in touch.

Birthrights

Spirit Pathways

Founded in the ancient belief that nomads can read the wind as if it were an open book and use unexplainable means to find their way, the eshu's uncanny sense of direction continues to baffle other changeling races. An eshu will always arrive at her destination eventually, even though the route may not be the safest or most direct. She may not even know where she is heading. Her destiny guides her. Each eshu believes that if she follows her heart, it will lead her down the correct path.

Her destiny will take her to the right people at the right times, cause her to find or lose items at the right moment, or put her where she is supposed to be when relevant meetings or incidents are occurring. Because of this, the eshu is much more likely to stumble into an inobvious clue that will guide her toward fulfilling her role in life.

This ability is not restricted to locational, physical destinations. It has a much more metaphysical bent to it. Some would call it intuition; others would call it magic. Whereas most others have learned to ignore or fight the path which has been set for them, the eshu let go and follow it with incredible trust.

Talecraft

The passing of knowledge among Africans has long been an oral tradition. Stories handed down from father to son taught lessons of morality, culture and skills, as well as merely entertaining. Ancient African legends speak of the Eithu visiting villages in the guise of old men and telling grand tales beside the ceremonial fires. The Eithu were said to use their stories to charm whole tribes while the tribe's enemies sneaked up on them.

The legend went two ways, however. It was believed that good tales worked against the Eithu as well. The means to capturing the wealth of an Eithu lay in weaving a tale so intriguing that the faerie would feel obligated to pay the storyteller. Many tribespeople would share tales around the fire in the hope that when they awoke, a gift from the Eithu would await them next to their mats.

Over the ages, the eshu have become master storytellers, and they have never outgrown their adoration of it. They use stories in the same way the peoples of Africa did: to keep in touch, to educate

and to entertain. Even more importantly, though, they use their storytelling as a means to fight back the Banality that would overtake the world. Their love of stories, both as tellers and as listeners, has remained their greatest talent and their greatest Achilles' heel.

Frailties

Recklessness

The eshu have so much faith in their own destiny that when an opportunity arises, they rarely pass it by, even if the odds seem outrageously against them. Other changeling races would see this as recklessness; the eshu merely see it as another act in the play.

To an outsider, the eshu's view of destiny and their philosophy of freedom may seem to conflict. To an eshu, it makes perfect sense. The destiny that guides their lives can be denied. If it is, then the eshu believe they will be doomed. The path dictated by destiny will never be an entirely safe path. The eshu know and accept this. They view challenges as they would any other path that destiny has set before them, and feel that to avoid one out of simple fear or cowardice steers them from their true path and damns them to a life of directionless wandering.

Courts

Originally nearly all the eshu followed the precepts of the Seelie fae. The majority still do. A disturbing trend has begun, however, in which some eshu have twisted the meaning of *Uhuru* into a more selfish concept.

Seelie

Two tenets separate the Seelie and the Unseelie eshu. Foremost, the Seelie revere love and honor. The two greatest gifts that an eshu can give are his love and his word. He gives neither lightly, for each is a bond which diminishes somewhat his freedom.

Despite the eshu's reputation for being scam artists, the Seelie eshu would never use outright lies or false love as tools for their ruses. They believe that to do so diminishes the value of the real thing. Of course, exaggeration is not really lying, and even Seelie eshu have few qualms about stating only part of the truth if it suits their purposes.

Secondly, Seelie eshu will rarely enslave another. To them, this constitutes the worst crime imaginable. They will often go out of their way to avoid doing so, even if it delays the successful outcome of their quest.

Unseelie

There exists a fine line between the Seelie and Unseelie eshu. Although both embrace the principle of freedom, the Unseelie do so at the expense of others. They cling to a darker, less noble aspect of the concept of freedom, autonomy without responsibility. They choose to ignore the effects their choices have on others, bogged firmly in the belief that whatever is right for them, even if it harms another, cannot be wrong.

Outlook

Boggans

Seelie Eshu: Every tribe needs hard workers to do the jobs for which we eshu don't have time. Their honesty makes them trustworthy, and their stories seem all the more interesting because they are true. Good listeners.

Unseelie Eshu: These little do-gooders make the perfect targets. Their compassion is their downfall. Easy to manipulate and con, they'll give in at the first sign of a tear.

Nockers

Seelie Eshu: These poor sots remain so tied to their hobbies that they may as well be enslaved. Perhaps this explains their nasty dispositions. How could they possibly be happy?

Unseelie Eshu: They're good to have around when your car breaks down, but other than that, they're useless. It's no fun to try a scam on them; they're so crotchety they never trust anyone. You've lost before you've even begun.

Pooka

Seelie Eshu: These fae have proven to be entertaining companions, but they take a figurative piss wherever they please, even at the most inopportune moments. They have no concept of the meaning of dignity.

Unseelie Eshu: The pooka resemble little yappy dogs that should be kicked regularly and with feeling. Enough said.

Redcaps

Seelie Eshu: Their violence has no mind and no heart behind it. They act indiscriminately without thought to consequence. These changelings have renounced their freedom of choice in favor of a reactionary, knee-jerk lifestyle.

Unseelie Eshu: Although somewhat ineffectual in their methods, redcaps certainly have the right attitude. They live for the moment. They are free, albeit somewhat uncivilized in their technique. Now if only they could formulate goals, they would make worthy adversaries.

Satyrs

Seelie Eshu: Satyrs understand the meaning of Uhuru. They love freely, with no enslaving bonds, as they do

Unseelie eshu care nothing for love or honor. Their sense of independence carries a wild, unrestrained streak that makes them untrustworthy and highly unpredictable. They base their decisions on whims, living a feral lifestyle of frenzied fanaticism. They preach freedom of choice, freedom of movement and freedom of the mind. Yet, their definition

everything else. They see with their quick minds that no one may ever or should ever own another. They also share with us an appreciation of adventure and knowledge.

Unseelie Eshu: Soft, furry toys! Yes! Satyrs give a whole new meaning to the phrase "party animal." As a distraction, their value is immeasurable. Otherwise...

Sidhe

Seelie Eshu: How can a race or an individual prosper and grow when they live in the past, isolated from all the wonders of the world? A pitiful lot, the sidhe stagnate within their own glass fortresses. They will never understand us.

Unseelie Eshu: The sidhe, both Seelie and Unseelie, never look forward for true freedom. They always look behind. And what do they see there? Their own butts! They're looking up their own butts for the solutions to their problems. Not very productive.

Sluagh

Seelie Eshu: Like moles, the sluagh feel the vibrations of the world above them and they hear whispered secrets, but they remain blind to the meaning of it all. They live their lives through others, never experiencing, never adventuring. They may as well be as dead as they look.

Unseelie Eshu: A valuable source of information, it takes all an eshu's skills to befriend one of these odd creatures. It's a challenge that should never be passed up, whether heartfelt or not. They make great tools.

Trolls

Seelie Eshu: Worthy adversaries and travel companions, these warriors deserve our admiration. It is a shame that they have yet to master the true meaning of freedom. They continually bind themselves to others in oaths that tie them down for their entire lives.

Unseelie Eshu: Trolls can be suckered even more easily than boggans. Their sense of honor and their dedication to their friends and family make them easy targets for a con. Play on their flowing sentimentality, and soon they're wrapped around your finger.

of freedom is based in anarchy and self-indulgence. Do unto others before they do unto you.

Unseelie eshu have propagated their race's reputation for thieving and scamming. Unfortunately it is nearly impossible to tell the Unseelie from the Seelie before it is too late. For this reason, much of changeling society regards all eshu with distrust.

NOCKERS

Greetings, you smarmy, overpaid excuse for a piece of camel-vomit. Well, as long as you're here stinking up the place, I might as well show you the new piece I'm working on, but don't touch it! I don't want you to !@#\$\$% it up. Okay, the match drops and lights against the sandpaper, which burns the fuse and lights the candle, which bums through the rope... huh? Oh, it's a toaster. Anyway, the candle bums through the rope....

— Theedle Silversqwak, nocker inventor

Nockers are born half from the incandescent joy of creation and half from the dark depths of frustration. They personify the wonder of beginning a new work of art, and the angst and desperation that comes over someone when a creative endeavor reaches an insurmountable obstacle. They are the result of those inner demons that torment crafters to make certain every detail is correct in their work. Unfortunately they could not avoid being tainted by the disappointment inherent when the final piece would not fit into place or when the eyes didn't look exactly right.

The dreams of these artists, builders and craftspeople brought forth a hardy race of Kithain, rough and ready to tackle the world and shape it to their needs. Living within these fae were the dreams of construction, creation and innovation.

History

For thousands of years, nockers have been either present at or inspired by great artistic and engineering feats. Nockers have walked in the shadow of the Great Pyramid, and helped to build the cathedrals of medieval Europe. There was a nocker present when the first electric lights were lit in Menlo Park, and there was a nocker watching as Sputnik launched towards the heavens.

In ancient Greece, the nockers were architects and builders, designing and building glorious columned temples and buildings. After the Shattering, nockers retreated into more introspective crafts, but occasionally the itch to build something grander became too great. Out of this came magnificent royal residences or new architectural styles. Many fae flocked to nocker weaponsmiths for their finely crafted blades, or became patrons of nocker craftspeople for beautiful works of fine art, jewelry or raiment.

When the Industrial Revolution arrived with the hiss and roar of the steam engine, the nockers despaired. They couldn't resist the siren song of chugging boilers and gears, but everything seemed to be made of iron. Some nockers could overcome their inherent loathing of the dread metal, but most could not. They began to convince mortals to experiment with new alloys and metal-building out of steel or aluminum. Nockers began to experiment fervently with smelting and mixing techniques, and came up with many new alloys that are in use today, freeing them to tinker to their hearts' delight.

Nockers took to mechanical engineering with the same verve they took to smithing thousands of years back. Soon nockers began to produce exquisite chimerical clocks, and in a large freehold near Halifax, a nocker machinist created a chimerical railroad.

As mundane humanity progressed more rapidly, changing their artistic views and technology, the nockers moved with them. In the '30s, nockers reached a new height as modernism blended the worlds of engineering and art. In the '50s, nockers took the space race to their bosoms. The new technology of science fiction began to filter into the discussions of the Dreamers and then into the consciousness of the nockers. It was at this time that a tentative alliance with the cabal of mages known as the Sons of Ether was formed. When the space missions of the '60s discovered the airless void of the final frontier, the relationship became strained due to differing opinions, and has largely deteriorated at this point.

It is said that nockers still hold the secret to chimera creation. It is well-known that with the aid of forge and tools, a nocker can create simple non-living chimera. This ability puts the nockers in a position of great esteem, as it is they, and

they alone, who can fashion new pieces of the Dreaming for the rest of the Kithain. A team of 10 nockers, pooling their Glamour, sweat, tears and blood, forged the mighty blade Caliburn, which is wielded by the High King.

Attitudes

Nockers are drawn to the cutting edge of technological and artistic innovation. Although their dour natures and sharp tongues make it hard for them to be taught, once they learn the techniques of the newest craft, they quickly become known as eccentric geniuses in their fields, daring many brave souls to weather the scathing wit of a nocker simply to be able to witness their creations. Most do not last long under the barrage and leave the maestro alone again, perhaps hurting the sensitive soul that is a nocker's greatest secret, and which fuels their endeavors.

For nockers, people are a mystery. Unlike wood, stone or steel, people are mercurial and have such brittle feelings. Nockers claim they have no use for the wild shifts of emotion and clouded judgment that seem endemic to the rest of the fae, and would rather simply have a chisel and a block of wood, or a wrench and a stubborn nut. The truth is that nockers, for all their bluster, have souls as poetic as those of any other Kithain. One of their failings is that it seems the only way for nockers to express that fact is through their work.

Older and wiser fae can see that a nocker's masterpiece is a pure striving for a perfect thing; a striving marred by the eternal tragedy of the nocker character, for the nocker can never reach that perfection. Nocker sages disagree on why this is so. Some feel it is due to having been partly spawned by the dark side of creativity; others wonder if it is due to the fact that nockers cannot stop shaving those last few flecks of wood or

crosswiring that last junction, which tends to push the object past the pinnacle of perfection. In any case, most nockers prefer to work on their chosen projects than take the time to be civil to those who would try to be their friends.

Having decided to eschew the common bonds of politeness, the nockers developed a complex ritual of insults and disparagements that constitute greetings and

familiarity. Between nockers this is as natural as two businessmen shaking hands. It would not be so notable if not for the unfortunate tendency of nockers to take this habit out into the rest of the world with them. A nocker will greet an acquaintance with a simple "Good morning, horseface," and be honestly baffled why the person in question has taken offense. Nockers find themselves at the mercy of the Art of Sovereign an awful lot.

Most of these ridiculing comments are good-natured, but when a nocker is upset, given that they have a much wider vocabulary to choose from, it's not uncommon to hear a nocker cursing for minutes at a stretch. If more people understood the reasons behind the creative cursing of nockers, they would be welcomed into many more social circles than they are now.

Having been present at many major technological paradigm shifts, nockers have somewhat of a reputation among the spirits and Inanimae of the machine world. Knowing what a nocker is capable of doing to a recalcitrant machine with nothing more than a pencil and a socket wrench is enough to scare most machines into behaving.

The fact that nockers like to use their Arts to frighten their machines and equipment with inventive, gear-chilling and usually quite graphic threats, does nothing to alleviate the situation. As a result, nocker machinery is the most reliable, safe and terrified equipment a person can own. Machinery



can be scared so silly by a nocker, that simply growling at an engine block has been known to start it up.

Nockers are creative frenzy personified and sharpened to a fine point. When they decide to do something, come what may, they will achieve their goals. This single-minded determination can sometimes slip into a full-blown obsession, coloring everything the nocker does. However, the same devotion to an ideal or person makes a nocker who promised to help one of the most loyal and truly devoted friends possible. The only drawback to a nocker's friendship are the nicknames.

There arenockers who enjoy the social whirl of the courts and oathcircles. They attack the social dynamic with the fervor their brethren use on machinery. They are often extremely perceptive, and although their tongues are scathing, the criticism is usually right on the mark. These few are highly prized advisors to some nobles, but others whisper that a nocker knocking on the door of the nobility may be a dangerous thing. The boggans are well-known opponents of thenockers in court, and the boggans' ability to manipulate social strings has thus far left mostnockers without a voice.

Organization

Nockers tend to live alone in the midst of others. Many lords have a nocker on call to create chimerical weapons and armor, and perform other such tasks. Suchnockers are usually given a room or shop in a secluded part of a freehold, where they may tinker and create (or explode) their contraptions to their heart's content. Nockers are also found in small basement labs or weekend machine or wood shops.

Manynockers live nomadic existences, alone in the company of others, taking jobs as roadies for a band, or working in the boiler rooms of ships. Other professions include architects, engineers or handymen. It is here where they come into conflict with boggans, who see the home as their purview.

The Dreamersnockers prefer to associate with include those who can see the Glamour and beauty in science and engineering, as well as those who love fine, detailed work and making sure that every aspect of something is correct before finishing it. Computer programmers, architects, carpenters, blacksmiths and engineers of any stripe are all good choices by a nocker's criterion.

Nockers live seldom together, but the results are usually spectacular, like the infamous Goblin Town in New York (detailed in **Freeholds and Hidden Glens**.) Another large freehold ofnockers lives in California, near Silicon Valley, where they work on the Glamourous possibilities of the microprocessor. A recent contract for the largest chip manufacturer in the U.S. resulted in embarrassment for both thenockers and the company when the chip would occasionally forget how to do arithmetic.

Whennockers do congregate and live together, their dwellings are usually filled with clutter both chimerical and real. These range from the '50s weird science contraptions (combination prune-pitter and yogurt-squirter) to the subtly beautiful (a carved wooden figure of someone's true love). All manner of devices are worked into the constructions, from the automated door-openers to the adjust-o-matic breakfast-makers. The dwelling itself needs constant upgrade and repair; of course a nocker wouldn't have it any other way.

Every established nocker craftsman has a trademark. The trademark is a symbol that can be scaled up or down but usually is no more than a 1/16th inch square. Trademarks can denote house, title or oathcircle, but more often are simply personal symbols of the nocker's pride in her work. The cataloging of trademarks began around C.E. 800 as a way of stemming the tide of inferior (to thenockers) boggan and eshu crafts and items. In time, trademarks became the symbol of a nocker's reputation. A nocker feels that if something substandard was designed with her trademark, it is a stain on her personal honor. More than one duel has been fought due to a trademark dispute. Trademarks and their owners are the purview of the master council.

The "master council" is made up of sixnockers, three Seelie, three Unseelie. They are the final arbiters and recorders of all trademarks. For many years, a nocker had to travel to the council to present her work to gain her trademark. Now the aspiring craftsperson simply must send a photo or blueprints with a design for a trademark. If there is no conflict with an existing trademark, it is entered. A group ofnockers, most often a family or oathcircle, may share a trademark if they so wish. If a nocker presents someone with a piece lacking a trademark, it is certain to be substandard in some way.

An interesting note is that it is possible for other Kithain to gain a nocker trademark. The process is much more rigorous and slanted quite unfairly, but there have been those who succeeded. Without exception, they rose to be some of the greatest craftspeople of their generation.

Courts

Nockers began their existence as the goblins of the Unseelie, and those of the Unseelie today still call themselves such. As the Unseelie lords in the past would pour most of their resources into war, and as the goblins tired of making nothing but weapons, many began to see a brighter way of life with the Seelie Court. They were welcomed, being master craftspeople, but a tinge of that dark past remained in their brusque manners and sharp tongues. Soon after the mass defections, the kith started to become known asnockers, due to their habit of rapping on objects to test their worthiness.

Seelie Nockers

Seelienockers tend to dress in workclothes and a toolbelt with funky gadgets while tinkering, and choose leathers and a peaked cap for court. Nockers are fierce about their indepen-

Outlook

Boggans

Seelie Nockers: Right, dis Glamourpuss walks in and puts six pairs of shoes onna table. He looks at me and says how he worked real hard, look at how all six are exactly alike. Sure dey're alike. Dey're ugly as &\$*@! and da soles suck, but dey's all alike. No pride in dere work is da problem.

Unseelie Nockers: Let them tinker with shoes and toys and making plain stuff for plain folks. Their quality stinks, but at least they aren't in competition where it counts — their weapons suck.

Eshu

Seelie Nockers: So I'm trying to work on a really intricate custom bracer for some @#%* the Duke wants to honor, except he's always too busy telling stories, or adventuring, or scamming someone to come in and model. What's the point? Besides, anything I told the ©#\$!%&* would be all over court in a week.

Unseelie Nockers: Their scimitars are sharp, and their tongues are even sharper. You can pick up a good insult or three from 'em but if you let something slip, hey, it's your funeral. Don't trust them as far as I can spit a dead rat.

Pooka

Seelie Nockers: I wonder if I cut off dem rabbits ears, can I improve da reception on my TV? Nah, I'd have to get too close to one of dem @*!\$(@s to do it.

Unseelie Nockers: Little bunny pooka running through the forest. I made a leg-hole trap. Now I got a !@*\$%*ing carpet.

Redcap

Seelie Nockers: (shudder) Listen, they can eat a '57 Buick and pick their teeth with a spark plug. I ain't going to pick a fight with the @\$!*, and neither should you. If you can swing it, though, get 'em to fight on your side.

Unseelie Nockers: Cool! @*^%\$ers, I keep one around as an organic recycling bin. I understand his chains chafe. Oh, well, as long as he don't get free, I don't have to clean up after myself.

dence, and will sometimes go the extra distance just to be different. Seelie nockers build things with round organic lines and creative or constructive uses. They feel that they complement their Unseelie brethren and enjoy working in unison with them.

Unseelie Nockers

Unseelie nockers tend to go for the worn leather smock and heavy tools for their crafting. For court, when they bother to show, they generally wear a ratty T-shirt and jeans pock-

Satyrs

Seelie Nockers: Right. Let's party, and drink, and make love, and who cares that the world is probably going to Winter in a handbasket, we're too busy partying into the night. Gods, they had better wake up before Banality eats 'em all. Not that I'd mind.

Unseelie Nockers: Oh, them. Sure, get 'em drunk, then lead 'em off the edge of a cliff. Save everyone some aggravation. Wastes of space.

Sidhe

Seelie Nockers: Who cares if it's shoddy as boggan-work, it's gold-plated! Take all the dross you like! An easy commission and a minimum of work. It's not like these guys can tell the difference, inbred #@\$!&^%s.

Unseelie Nockers: (snicker) I once sold a duke a gold-plated sword made of the steel I had left over from shoeing his horse. He still wears it as if it were some mighty blade of magic. Cheat 'em. If they catch you, tell them how powerful and gracious they are and all that horse@*&!, and you'll get away with it.

Sluagh

Seelie Nockers: Heh. I suppose you could strain their hair for the oil to do a lube job, but other than that, if they want to stay in their hidey-holes contemplating their rats, go for it. Be careful — occasionally they pull out a surprising little device they found, and you'll itch to get your hands on it.

Unseelie Nockers: Great folks. Sure they're a little rank, and they live, well, in a sewer, but they can have the neatest stuff! Just wear nose plugs.

Trolls

Seelie Nockers: Listen—if there aren't any other nockers around, trolls are as good as any hang around with. Don't get them started about the good old days, 'cause they ain't too bright and will probably ignore all your subtle clues to shut up.

Unseelie Nockers: They did us a lotta favors in the old days, so if you're working for one, give it your best shot. Of course, usually they ain't so swift, but if you poke 'em hard enough, they'll get the idea.

marked with burns from the sparks shooting from the forge. They are proud they never went over to the Seelie Court and crow about it constantly. Unseelie nockers build things with studs, sharp edges, weapon capabilities and nifty ways of blowing things up. Unseelie nockers don't particularly mind their Seelie counterparts, but do feel a vague sense of disdain about the fact that so many defected across the lines. The Unseelie will work with their Seelie brethren, provided there's something in it for them.

pooka

My, what a horrible present! This is certainly something I will never use.

— Rasputin, pooka street poet

Pooka have a reputation for tomfoolery and hijinks. Their playful natures make them both beloved and hated among the other fae. Somewhat childlike throughout their lives, the pooka never outgrow their penchant for pranks. However, despite the outward playfulness of the pooka, they hide a lingering sadness deep within. The clown of the changelings, pooka laugh on the outside to hide their suffering on the inside. At times, pooka fall into wrenching periods of depression that last for weeks on end. Whenever this happens, they tend to disappear, returning once their spirits have lifted.

Most other changelings do not understand this dual nature of the pooka, and few ever take them seriously. This stems perhaps from the fact that every pooka has an animal affinity that affects his looks as well as his personality. Most pooka tend toward the terminally cute, with fuzzy ears and big eyes. Most have tails similar to those of their animal cousins.

However, those who understand the pooka respect and listen intently to them. The expression "from the mouths of babes" certainly applies to them. They have the innate ability to cut through the fog and, with innocent wisdom, to understand most situations. Unfortunately, few ever do listen to them because of their limitless tendency to lie.

Background

The pooka were born of the dreams of mortals who wished for a better, more carefree life. These mortals envied animals their relaxed lifestyle. Cats sleep in the sun throughout the day; puppies romp and play at their leisure. Horses have no chores to do, no taxes to pay. Animals have nothing more to do than eat, sleep and learn about the world. Thus, early legends said the pooka ate, slept and watched all that happened around them. They, like the wise animals, were believed to understand more about the world and its workings than their mortal Dreamers.

To mortals of the early Middle Ages, tales of pooka provided entertainment. Then, with the arrival of Christian morality, the pooka began to change. No longer did they merely lounge around like the animals; they became nuisances, mischievous ne'er-do-wells whose idleness made them troublemakers. Christian preachings taught that to be idle was to commune with the Devil. The pooka's inability to tell the truth also became an integral part of the mythology at this time. Stories about pooka became parables to teach the young the dangers of laziness, inactivity and falsehood.

Despite this, the pooka kept many aspects of what they were before the influence of Christian morals. The pooka never stopped watching and listening to the world around them. They remained ever-vigilant, peeking in windows, always looking for a prank or a gag to pull. They also never became mean-spirited. The pooka remained a friendly and well-meaning, if somewhat annoying and amoral, faerie. Above all else, they kept their desire to cheer up those who needed it.

Attitude

The pooka are much more aware than the cute and carefree pranksters they appear to be. These enigmatic fae see with their hearts what others cannot see with their eyes. Because of their innocence, they felt the Sundering more sharply than any other changeling kith, and they continue to feel the weakening of the Dreaming. They sense Banality closing in on them and see it in omens and signs everywhere. This explains the perpetual, though hidden, inner pain endured by the pooka. And yet, they will not give in to this sorrow for long. They understand that to do so would be to surrender to Banality. Although they may slip into fits of depression, they climb back up as quickly as possible to continue their mission of bringing goodwill and laughter to the world.

Although all pooka may not do so consciously, they use their pranks and games and even their lies to tip the balance back toward the Dreaming. Their silliness serves as their weapon against the darkness that would swallow the world. Quite consciously, the pooka realize the burden that they have taken upon themselves as the jesters of the world. They step forth into territory where others refuse to go, playing the fool or risking the anger of their targets, only to inject a bit of joviality and laughter into an otherwise gray existence.

Despite their open frivolity, pooka can tender their behavior to fit the circumstances. When the situation requires them to be serious, they can be. Deeply loyal, pooka would never intentionally harm anyone they loved. Nor would they make light of an intensely solemn moment.

However, pooka cannot bear to see people unhappy. This stems from their own unbearable sadness. They always attempt to cheer others up, even if they may not always choose the appropriate method. And they greatly appreciate any attempt to cheer them up as well.

Animal Affinities

Every pooka has an affinity with a specific animal. Although the type of animal varies greatly, most are those that live close to mortals. These may be pets, farm animals or urban hangabouts such as rats or pigeons. Although some claim to have met lion and bear pooka, most people don't believe it. Pooka affinities lean toward smaller, more friendly animals.

The pooka's animal nature will dictate much of his personality. Although every pooka is a unique individual, those sharing the same animal affinity show similar traits. For example, cat pooka tend to be sneakier in their pranks than excitable dog pooka, who jump right in and don't care who knows that the prank was their idea.

Most pooka are born as mortals, although on the rare occasion, they come into the world as animals. Those born in their animal form have little or no chance of ever climbing far enough out of Banality to discover their faerie seeming. Furthermore, they have only their animal experience to draw upon when suddenly faced with this revelation. They do not speak the language, and do not understand even the most rudimentary aspects of how to survive. Most tend to go straight into Bedlam unless guided by a very gentle hand through their Chrysalis.

Appearance

The pooka's animal natures give them certain attributes to their faerie seeming. Nearly all pooka have tails and ears that correspond to their animal counterparts. Their faces will bear the characteristics of the animal. Many have a fine layer of fur, softly colored, on their bodies, cheeks and hands.

No singular dress code exists for pooka, although many prefer brightly colored, flashy clothing. Generally, their style will walk hand-in-hand with their animal affinity. A cat pooka may prefer sleek, close-fitting styles, whereas a dog pooka would be more likely to wear things loose and sloppy, yet colorful.

Beliefs

Even the pooka have limits to what they will and won't do. Certain taboos are never to be broken.

Animals

No pooka will ever willfully harm an animal. They will go out of their way to rescue a stranded cat or to guide a lost dog safely home. They will not allow cruelty to animals, and will plague anyone they see harming an animal. Often, they will inflict the wrongdoer with whatever act he imposed on the animal. This may be as harmless as causing a man kicking a cat to trip and fall harshly on his hind end, or it may have more serious outcomes. The age-old practice of drowning unwanted puppies and kittens in a burlap sack may result in the prompt drowning of the murderer.

Children

Pooka also have a special place in their hearts for children. As with animals, they will go out of their way to protect and help a child. They find it extremely difficult to ignore a crying child, even if the

situation is none of their business and they have better things to do. All pooka believe that children will be the saviors of the Dreaming. Even Unseelie pooka find it hard to be cruel or unkind to a child. Some pooka may reveal themselves to mortal children, playing the role of "secret friend" for many years. Many small children, usually five years old and younger, still have enough innocence and wonder left in them that they can see the Glamour. However, when the day comes that the child ceases to believe in the Glamour, that child can no longer see the pooka's faerie nature. The devastation of losing such a wonderful friend to Banality often causes the pooka to fall into the Mists or Bedlam.

Organization

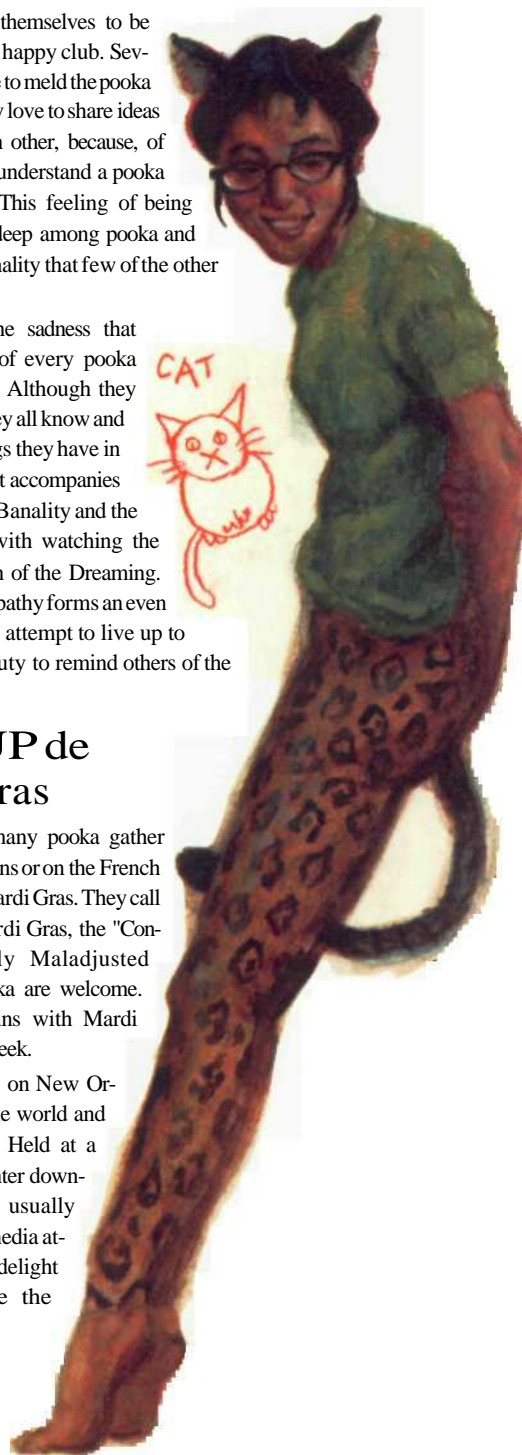
Pooka consider themselves to be the members of a big, happy club. Several attributes combine to meld the pooka into a loyal band. They love to share ideas for jokes among each other, because, of course, no one could understand a pooka like another pooka. This feeling of being misunderstood runs deep among pooka and gives them a commonality that few of the other kith experience.

Furthermore, the sadness that resides in the heart of every pooka draws them together. Although they never talk about it, they all know and understand the feelings they have in common, the fear that accompanies the constant threat of Banality and the sadness that comes with watching the slow, withering death of the Dreaming. Thus, this shared sympathy forms an even stronger bond as they attempt to live up to their self-perceived duty to remind others of the lighter side of life.

The COUP de Mardi Gras

Once a year, many pooka gather together in New Orleans or on the French Riviera at Nice for Mardi Gras. They call it their COUP de Mardi Gras, the "Convention of Amiably Maladjusted Pranksters." All pooka are welcome. The convention begins with Mardi Gras and lasts for a week.

Pooka converge on New Orleans from all over the world and proceed to let loose. Held at a swank convention center downtown, the gathering usually draws international media attention, much to the delight of the pooka. Like the



Shriners and the Moose, COUP has helped to give conventions their bad name. Drinking and partying, hanging from chandeliers and seducing hotel staff are common occurrences at these events. Fortunately, the hotels always receive ample reimbursement for all damages.

Every year at COUP, an unwritten challenge invites all pooka to produce the best prank of the year. The winner is crowned king for a day. He reigns on the last day of the convention, and his name becomes known throughout the world among the pooka. Needless to say, the entire week produces nothing but mass chaos as the pooka try to outdo each other's pranks.

Birthrights

Shapechanging

Each pooka is born with the ability to change into the natural form of whichever animal they espouse. Thus, a cat pooka may become, at will, a cat. A pooka's shapechanging is unfortunately limited to only the one form. A dog pooka may not change into a pig, for example, or any other shape that she would like to try. The transformation is total and complete. The pooka has at her disposal all the abilities and disadvantages of the animal (including claws, teeth, running, jumping, an inability or ability to climb, etc.).

Pooka never change form in front of witnesses. The reason for this goes deeper than their embarrassment at being seen. It is not a choice. In the dreams that created them, the pooka were naturally drawn by curiosity to watch anyone around them. The means to capturing a pooka was to catch his eyes and stare him down. The pooka was said to be unable to look away, like deer caught in headlights.

Although this remains only partially true, it has caused them to never change form in a place where they can become distracted by others. In the brief moment between forms, they are at their most vulnerable. A second or two of disorientation follows the transformation, leaving them open to attack. Whereas originally the pooka chose not to change in front of others, over the centuries they have found they cannot. They lost the option, and now can only change when completely alone.

Confidant

The pooka's natural empathy for the Dreaming extends to other changelings and mortals as well. They have an instinct for drawing people's secrets from them. Historically, the pooka are excellent listeners. They truly do listen to what people tell them, and this is their greatest tool in getting people to open up to them. Through ages of practice, they have become so attuned to the pain in the world, from the overall suffering of the Dreaming to the individual anguish of their friends and acquaintances, that they instinctively know which buttons to push to open the box.

Frailties

Lies

The inability to tell the truth is fundamental to all pooka. It represents their rejection of Banality in the extreme. They

mean no harm by it; they merely cannot help themselves. Every sentence, every utterance that falls from their mouths must be false. The pooka don't consider it lying; they say they have a communication problem, or rather others have a listening problem. They know exactly what they mean, even if no one else does. Translating pooka-ese can be an exercise in patience.

Telling the truth is difficult, but not impossible for the pooka. In situations where a falsehood would land her in serious trouble, the pooka may make a concentrated effort to speak the truth.

Courts

At one time, all pooka followed Seelie principles in their endeavor to strengthen the Dreaming. Although they pulled their pranks and sometimes hurt other's feelings, they did not do so out of malice or anger. Relatively recently, however, some pooka have become more bitter and vengeful. They stage their jokes, not out of a desire to strengthen the Dreaming, but to slap those who have fallen or would fall victim to Banality.

Seelie Pooka

Light-hearted and romantic, the Seelie pooka embrace the concepts of love, beauty and honor. Although their definition of honor may seem to vary greatly from that of the sidhe or the trolls, they would never betray a friend or break a promise.

Furthermore, these sweet changelings can be deceptively fierce in battle, particularly when their loved ones or friends are at risk. Their loyalty runs deep, and they never break an oath, although they don't make a big deal out of it either. Their loyalty is a subtle thing that most wouldn't even notice except in the most critical of situations.

The Seelie pooka have an undeniable romantic streak that makes them fun and loving partners. Instead of simply offering a bouquet of flowers to his love, the pooka will have the bouquet pop startlingly out of a can, or his sleeve, or the steering wheel of her car.

Unseelie Pooka

On the darker side of these prankster fae, Unseelie pooka have been twisted by the sorrow that resides in them. They can at times turn angry, cynical and bitter. Other changeling races, and even their own Seelie kith, consider the Unseelie pooka unpredictable and dangerous. Their sense of humor manifests in cruel, cynical jokes and pranks that target those whom they judge to be serving Banality, mortal and fae alike.

Rather than helping to cheer up someone who would bemoan a loss, they react badly, often making it worse. A "stop-crying-before-I-give-you-something-to-cry-about" attitude pervades their kind. Weakness and sadness in others makes them angry.

Despite this, even Unseelie pooka can charm a redcap. When those around them are happy and having a good time, Unseelie pooka forget their own sadness and ride the wave of fun. In truth, they don't mean to be bad; they can't help reacting hatefully to any sign of mundanity or Banality. Their resentment goes so deep that they respond without thought or premeditation, often causing emotional or physical harm to their targets.

Outlook

Boggans

Seelie Pooka: Silly fools waste too much time. All work and no play make boggans dull boys. If only they could give a hearty laugh from time to time, their bellies wouldn't stay so jiggly. Pull their ears and make bubbles in their beers. Still they only stare with indignation and shame. But for a good bit of gossip, the boggan will listen to a joke and even pretend to enjoy it. Then the fun is work and work is fun to the boggan.

Unseelie Pooka: It's a wonder these tinkering idiots stay out of the Mists with as much time as they spend on mundane trivialities. Nothing's as much fun as messing up what they have cleaned or slipping a bit of oil into their mop water just to see them slip and slide around before they fall. Oh, and they roll so well!

Eshu

Seelie Pooka: Don't be fooled by their serious demeanor. The eshii loveagixxl prank as much as any —as long as the punchline is money in their pockets. No matter. It's the thought that counts. Besides, eshu tell wondrous, fantastic, incredible, chimerical tales. Good enough to make one's ears twitch. Hangout with an eshu, and adventure surely awaits just around the corner. An eshu's life for me!

Unseelie Pooka: To see the wonders of the world, hook up with an eshu. If that's no good, just listen to their stories! But beware, for an eshu's temper runs red-hot, and if the pranks get too personal or too dangerous, they'll skin ya alive for it. No questions asked.

Nockers

Seelie Pooka: Why bother? These poor, lost souls crouch so close to Banality that they love machines more than people. They're gone, gone, gone. Piss-ants. They don't even fight the current. They embrace it, claiming to love their mundane little monstrosities, preferring to watch a lube job over a magical sunset. They spit sparks and cry gasoline — if they ever actually cry, that is. Which is doubtful. Don't understand them. And it's mutual. Why bother?

Unseelie Pooka: Hock-toooney! It's a conspiracy, that's what it is. No way they're truly fae! They rank right up there with soap operas and detergent commercials. I know why they come around, to sap our Glamour, then turn around and reinvest it in Banality. A crank shaft here, a crank shaft there, here a shaft, there a shaft, everyone gets shafted!

Redcap

Seelie Pooka: Ow! Hot! Hot! Hot! Don't touch! Redcaps bite and sting, especially the rare literate ones. They are nightmares made manifest. Each one is on a mission to eat and destroy. Very counterproductive. Although they do make for good shock value. Hell of a way to wake up though, with a redcap in your face.

Unseelie Pooka: Well, they sure don't fit anyone's concept of mundane, that's for sure, and I suppose ya gotta give 'em credit for that. But, geez, guys, get a sense of humor! Biting off fingers and faces isn't that original.

Satyrs

Seelie Pooka: Ride'em, cowboy! Yeehaw! Let's party, dude! Their joy shines around them like dew on a bee's behind. An inspiration to one and all. How could anyone find fault with the satyrs? After all, they laugh at our jokes and join in our skits, even if their only thought is to seduce the hero or heroine. Who cares if their gaiety is purely self-centered? Who minds that they have no thoughts for anything but their own crotches? In the end, they lift everyone's spirits, and that is enough to know.

Unseelie Pooka: I have yet to find one sad hair on a satyr — and believe me, I've looked. Very refreshing. If joy were a cow, the satyrs would be the udders. I love these folks!

Sidhe

Seelie Pooka: Of all the great actors, the sidhe win the booby prize. So taken by themselves are they that they don't see the satire in what they do. Oh-so-serious, yet they, with their snotty manners and hoity-toity rules, produce the best comedy of all. Step up, Monsieur Jourdain, *bourgeois gentilhomme*, and take a bow. With snide comment and royal step you have slain the audience, sent them rolling in the aisles, clutching their guts and remembering why common is good.

Unseelie Pooka: Okay, so what if plaguing the sidhe is our national pastime? They deserve it. After all, their whole existence is a joke. They can hand it out, but can they take it? No. They take it and take it and take it. Because we give it and give it and give it. That's our jobs, and besides, they're too damn serious.

Sluagh

Seelie Pooka: Ay, yi, yi, yi. *Canta no llores.* For singing is happy and happy is good. You'd be much more funny if only you would. *Cajones.* It's too late. They're dead, Jim. Thank goodness they keep to themselves. Let's hope they're not contagious.

Unseelie Pooka: The world is going to shit, and these greasy schmucks are the flies. Even boggans are productive. These slimy worms don't do a damn thing. They don't laugh; they don't even get mad when you slip spiders down their dresses. How can you have any fun with a cold fish? Blechhh.

Trolls

Seelie Pooka: It is strongly recommended that you stand behind the trolls. Literally. Big and brawny, they'll go to the mat for smaller, weaker, gentler, sweeter, funnier, nicer...ahem...fae, like us. The best ally is a troll. Can't go wrong. And sometimes, they even exhibit a sense of humor!

Unseelie Pooka: What can you say about trolls? They hold grudges, and their revenge usually isn't very much fun. They laugh at your pranks as long as they're directed at someone else, aren't terribly humiliating, and don't occur before they've had their first cup of coffee. I guess they're okay... most of the time.

REDCAPS

The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear.

—H.P. Lovecraft, *Supernatural Horror in Literature*

Give me the finger, will ya? Fine, I'll just take it — and yer other nine fer good measure!

— Jenny Greenteeth, Moregei terrorist

History

Let the sidhe and the trolls snipe about which came first; both are lying bastards. We were the first kith, lads, and we alone remember the Great Dark Age, before Bronze or Silver or Gold, before the mortals and the bloodsuckers and the wolfen, and even the fae.

Let the sidhe and the trolls speak of pedigree and birthright, about their lairdship over the Dreaming. We were the first rulers, and the land we ruled was the true Dreaming, the Tir-na-Nog, the Fimbulwinter Country, though now the sidhe have blasphemed it with the name Nightmare Realms.

Don't listen to the others, who speak of the Nightmare Realms as an oh-so-horrid bugaboo. True nightmares, mind you, are the grandest, most potent dreams of all. When your blood turns to ice water and your nerves become cold, crawling spider webs... aye, when're you more alive, lads? When you watch His Imperial Highness the Grand Marquis of Euffloria turn to a sniveling jelly before your tender mercies... what's tastier than that, eh?

Well, except eating him afterward, of course.

Speaking of which... I hunger and thirst. Pass me that bottle of MacAllen 25 Year and the duke's—er, ex-duke's—legbone, laddie.

Ah, much better. Marinade's my own recipe, and you'll have to best me in battle before I'll reveal my 13 secret herbs and spices. Anyhow, lads, in the beginning, before fire and beauty and lies, when the only dreams were of fear and gristle and blood, all was a dark and roiling tempest — a whirling

maelstrom of delectable terror. Primordial monsters and half-formed night-beasts dreamed in the great dark, and their dreams burbled and congealed like a great blood pudding. And out of the dreams of that inchoate world came the first redcaps. Soon the wild things hailed us as their kings. And this was as it should be, and as it shall be again.

But one day (the first day of the world) a bitter, hateful light dawned, and from the light strode the Tuatha De Danaan, the usurpers. And though the meatless beanpoles could not best us in battle, they crept like maggots among the world's creatures and taught them new, sickly-sweet, cotton-candyish dreams — dreams of fire, dreams of beauty, dreams of lies innumerable. And, empowered by these new dreams, they cast an evil radiance upon the world and wove hateful magics to deprive us of our demesne.

We fought, of course, as only Nightmare's warriors can, and many a pretty elf-lord found his way into our maws. But the sidhe called forth their cousins the trolls and used their magics to enslave the creatures born from the new dreams. Pissant boggans, shifty eshu, sour nockers... aye, the nobles deployed all their puppets against us, not that it did 'em any good. We called up our nightmares, and wove 'em into our faces, and to this day none of the Seelie's timid chimera can look on us without quailing.

But then the sidhe played their cunningest, most treacherous trick: the conjuring of a great ball of celestial Glamour that blasted the very Dreaming. Aye, they lit the sun, lads, and thus the usurpers call themselves "Seelie," for in the sun's aura the majesty of our nightmares was reduced to puppetry and shadow-shows.

(Don't ever listen to the sidhe's lies, lads — about how we were their house thanes, but betrayed the rest of the kith to the Nightmare Powers and were ever after anathema. Tis a hateful untruth to stain our honor, 'tis all.)

Under the moors and into the dankest caves they drove us, far from the hateful sun (though in so doing they disturbed the sleeping sluagh, who were angered by their wakening and conspired against sidhe and redcap alike — but that is a tale for another night). And their mightiest sorcerers conjured a great stone of purest Glamour and sealed us there, down in the dark. "Let them rot down there," they howled, "and sate their appetite on each other." Aye, they didn't know redcaps, did they?

While the sidhe drank the wine of victory, we drank the stagnant water of the deepest caves. Some of us grew ill and died, but others lived. While the trolls quaffed mead, we licked the scum from the bottom of the cave-pools and slurped the crawling things within. Some of us grew ill and died, but not all. While our kith's traitors feasted on venison and gazelle, we ate frogs and cave-things and poison toadstools. Yet more of us perished, but a few still stood. And when there was no more to eat — well, the very rocks became fuel for our hate.

And then, lads, we *chewed* our way out of the sidhe's prison, and for the first time in years felt the stars on our faces. And we discovered that something very interesting had happened during our exile.

You see, the other fae had to live in the world they'd made. And from the sun-baked dust of the new age had sprung others who didn't so readily fit into the sidhe's pretty plans. Sons of Adam, Daughters of Eve... call 'em what you will, the coming of the mortals helped us throw a right good kink in the usurpers' soap-bubble agenda. You see, we soon learned that the mortals dreamed even better than the fae. And so we went sneaking out at night, making damn sure the mortals had plenty of scary things to dream about.

The sidhe, blast their hides, also learned of the power inherent in mortals' dreams. But this would prove their greatest weakness. For in their arrogance they issued sole claim to the mortals and their Dreaming. We, of course, didn't rightly pay a bit of attention.



But the sidhe's edict didn't sit so well with their "subjects."

The trolls were the first to revolt, and then the nockers. Ah, the blood spilt, the bones broken, the brains splattered! Almost as good as we could've done! The fae war spilled into the mortal realms, and the mortals' horror in those days... Oh, lads, nine-course Glamour-feasts for us every night, it was. Finally, the mortals could take no more, and their dreams cried out to separate themselves from the sidhe tyrants. And thus began that time called the Sundering, when the sidhe's deceit-woven constructs began detaching themselves from the mortals' realm. (Aye, in these days of parley and truce, we talk a fair game about reuniting Earth and Arcadia. That's all crap, lads. We'll make the Dreaming ours and stuff Arcadia down the sidhe's skinny arses.)

During those days, many of the servitor fae joined us as vassals, pledging themselves to our task of wiping out the sidhe and trolls once and for all. You know they don't call it "Unseelie" for naught, lads. Unseelie — the Shadow Court - the Hidden Rememberers — all those who swore to remain free from the sidhe's yoke. From the caverns and moors we launched an unending campaign to free the Dreaming from those who would stifle it. Even a few sidhe, disgusted with the tyranny of their brethren, joined us.

Oh, how we tarnished their Golden Age! From the mortals' nightmares we fashioned all manner of servants — the Cainites, who scourge the world to this night (Caine, as all fae know, was a redcap of yore); the Lupines, whose noble efforts to save humanity from its poisons rack up a body count impressive even by our standards; the mages, who in their quest to better the world spawn everything from pestilence to genocide... I could go on and on. One horror after another we introduced into the world, and the terrified screams of the mortals were our wine and sweetmeats.

You see, fear is the key to power, lads. Death is nothing — the tyrants'll just come back in the bodies of their seemings' brats. But fear — ah, now, there's a weapon. Paralyze the mind, paralyze the dreams, aye? When Their Highnesses are too terrified even to dream, then all their sorcery turns to rotting nightmares... and who is said to be spawned of nightmares, eh?

Aye, we took to our task with abandon! During the Sundering, the time others call the Mythic Age, how the peasants feared us! Even the nobles knew to stay indoors on certain nights of the year. For every tawdry wonder the sidhe and their slaves concocted, we fashioned a thousand terrors for the mortals' edification. The mortals whispered stories of our atrocities, and so powerful did we become that we even besieged a few of their border castles. From these strongholds our corbies sallied forth by night against mortal and fae alike.

Finally, of course, the Tuatha De Danaan could take no more, and ran mewling back to the land from whence they'd come. 'Course, things were a bit tough for us in those days, too, since the mortals were becoming so dull they didn't even have enough imagination for nightmares.

Times were lean for a while, lads, though we filled our bellies more than most fae. Finally, Banality grew so heavy that all fae — redcap and boggan, troll and nocker, Seelie and Unseelie, even the ragtag remnants of the sidhe — had to unite or perish. But through it all, we never forgot the real war.

That war continues still, lads, though the sidhe of these days fancy we're all for one and one for all against dread Banality. Nightly the Shadow Court waxes ascendant. Nightly the jaws of nightmare clench tighter. Every prison riot, every "homeland," every drive-by, every "ethnic cleansing," every landfill — it comes, lads! Can you not taste it? That bite on the wind — it's a harbinger of the coming Fimbulwinter. Even the Prodigals whisper of it, though they christen it "Gehenna" or "Apocalypse" or what have you. Soon the sidhe and the trolls and all the rest will fall, and out will go the sun, and then we'll go a-merrily, merrily huntin' across the entire world. Then into this world of darkness will come the New Dark Age, when all will be a world of nightmare once more, and in the tempest of our hate and fear we will rule in splendor and glory forever.

Courts

Not only do most redcaps belong to the Shadow Court, but (according to their legends) redcaps are responsible for the Unseelie Court's existence. The fact that few redcaps actually hold positions of great rank within the Unseelie seems to make little difference to them (though pointing it out to a redcap is a sure way to incite a brawl).

Redcaps carry the Unseelie Court's agenda one step further. Born as they are from nightmares, many redcaps view the infamous Nightmare Realms not as a hell, but as a savage, primal paradise — a place where their way of life is not only tolerated but lauded. These redcaps actively seek to twist humanity's dreams to vistas of dread, thereby increasing the Nightmare Realms' incursion into the material sphere.

Seelie redcaps (and there are a few) have a tough time of it. Not only are they distrusted by those fae with whom they have chosen to ally, but they are virtual pariahs within their own kith. To redcaps, the Seelie are mawkish usurpers and corrupters of the world's natural state, and redcaps who ally with them are no better. Seelie redcaps fanatically, almost frantically, uphold the Escheat and the Seelie codes.

Hurt Couture

Weaponry for redcaps is more ornamental than utilitarian. After all, when one can devour anything living, dead or in between, one has little need of killing tools.

This is not to say that redcap weaponry is not destructive; on the contrary, redcaps are infamous for the carnage they spread. It's just that, for redcaps, the fear a weapon induces and the gore it produces are more important than the actual lethality of the tool. (Indeed, redcaps like their prey to linger a bit....) A stiletto in the kidneys, while certainly

Redcaps and the Escheat

- The Right of Demesne — I love ta serve nobles. Sometimes I serves 'em in a pie; sometimes I serves 'em medium rare; sometimes I serves 'em with fava beans and a nice Chianti. Yeah, the joke's an oldie, but a goodie, eh?

- The Right to Dream—I like it when mortals dream. I done inspired creativity in this one mortal's mind real good. This suit, he's a stodgy, boring old middle management type — real Autumn Person, right? So me an' his wife, we played a fun prank on 'im. He comes home from work one day, he finds his wife in the kitchen. And in the den. And in the garage. And in the washer/dryer. And in the microwave. And so on. That was three years ago, and he's been dreamin' real nice about it ever since. Whenever I need a Glamour fix, I just go by his sanitarium cell and yum, yum, yum!

- The Right of Ignorance — Don't much see this as a problem, eh? I reveal meself to humanity all the time, it's just that they don't so much live ta tell about it.

- The Right of Rescue — Glamour helps those wot helps 'emselves, eh?

- The Right of Safe Haven—Noproblem—any Kithain in danger is free ta step into me pantr —er, haven.

- The Right of Life — "No Kithain shall spill the lifeblood of another Kithain. No Kithain shall bring salt tears unto the earth." Fair enough — no lifeblood gits spilt when I'm a-huntin'. I catch it all in me cap first! An' what I don't catch, I drink up right on the spot. Lettin' yummy blood splatter on the ground's a waste o' good eatin'!

practical, does not provide nearly the same visceral pleasure as a carpet-cutter in the face — or, better yet, a chainsaw through each of the prey's limbs, one by one. A clean shot through the heart with a .22 is not nearly as terrifying, or satisfying, as blowing off a foe's arm with a hollowpoint .45 shell. As the grump warrior Dirk the Eviscerator says: "If ye kin tell yer foes apart when yer done — ye ain't done yet."

For this reason, redcaps often prefer to modify the tools of industry and domesticity. Redcaps consider it a delicious irony to take a boggan chefs favorite cheese grater and scrape off his face with it. Chains, nails, buzzsaws, rivet guns, razors, icepicks, power sanders, shock prods and the like replace swords, knives and other conventional arms. Furthermore, in the mode'm technological age, such weapons assume a symbolism conducive to the spread of nightmares.

Such tools even play a part in redcap fashion. Younger redcaps, dissatisfied with wimpy practices like tattooing and piercing, bore screws, nails, drill bits and the like straight into their bones. Epidermal razors, knuckle-implanted fishhooks, and bodysuits of barbed wire, while only marginally practical, scare the shit out of foes.

Organization

Though they scorn the protocol of the sidhe's courts, redcaps are far more organized and hierarchical than an outside observer might suspect. While not the spit-and-polish equals of the trolls' legions, redcap bands observe a degree of orderliness surprising in such destructive beings. Even redcaps' most anarchic, violent orgies are often carefully orchestrated — redcaps construct carnage with clockwork meticulousness. Such efficiency is a necessary survival trait for these most despised of Kithain. Then, too, redcaps enjoy inflicting discipline for its own sake.

Redcap warbands are called "corbies" (perhaps a corruption of "coterie," perhaps a reference to the flocks of crows that follow ravenous redcap hordes). Within a corby, discipline is tight; most corbies have their own personalized military maneuvers, which

It is ironic that among the chauvinistic redcaps, perhaps the most dreaded corby is the all-female Moregei — a subversive terrorist sisterhood of cannibal hags. Worshipers of the ancient Celtic mother-goddess, the Moregei have spread a legacy of terror among mortal and fae alike down the centuries. Once only grumps were allowed into the Moregei, but recent times and the sidhe's return have fostered the hags' recruitment of younger, more vital members. Actual age matters little anyway; the Moregei can weave cantrips that allow them to slough off their human seemings while hunting, allowing their prey to view them in all their hideousness. Moregei teeth are sharp, not blunt, and the hags' appetites awe even their gluttonous brothers-in-arms.

The leader of the Moregei is the wilder Annie MacMaeven. Her deceptively soft-spoken, meek seeming earns her the nickname of "Gentle Annie." This illusion (and everything else in the vicinity) is violently rent asunder when she assumes her kith form: the Black Annis, a eight-foot-tall juggernaut of razor-lined skin, steel-tipped fangs and barbed talons. Other members include the ancient fimmrath Badba; the wilder skirmisher Jenny Greenteeth, whose recent "courtly" tryst with the Unseelie troll Jack-in-Irons has inflamed the Moregei and amassed a Mickey-and-Mallory-Knoxesque body count; and the Druagha, allegedly responsible for the drowning deaths of several Seelie childlings.

are executed with impressive precision. Rivalry among corbies is fierce, as each corby seeks to inspire grislier ballads and garner ghastlier mementos. Some corbies have existed for centuries, through dozens of incarnations; these corbies have their own legends, banners, trophies, heroes and other historical dross.

Status among redcaps is garnered by a host of accomplishments. First and foremost is the ability to instill terror. Redcaps—at least the Unseelie ones — gain most of their Glamour through nightmares, and the ability to induce dread is a vital component of redcap logistics. Redcaps also earn points among their peers by displaying the ability to endure and inflict excruciating pain. In general, the more a redcap is talked about and the less a redcap is talked to, the greater her status. Like all fae, redcaps enjoy stories and honor peers elevated in tales or songs. The only difference is in the types of tales and songs redcaps prefer to feature in.

As a rule, redcaps are indifferent to freeholds, preferring to Ravage mortals or "Reverie" Glamour from mortals' nightmares. However, certain redcaps — those who have proved their toughness and savagery many times over—declare themselves "lairds." Redcaps often become lairds by forcibly occupying a sidhe free-

hold. Redcap lairds comprise some of the most odious tyrants in mortal or fae history, but redcaps often follow strong lairds, preferring the brutal rule of a fellow kith to the aegis of the sidhe.

Of course, any laird, no matter how tyrannical, can be usurped. Lairds must periodically reaffirm their right to rule by taking on meritorious challengers in single combat. (A challenger must be deemed worthy; uppity whelps who sass their betters may be summarily beaten by the laird's guards, with no loss of face accruing to the challenged party.) The battle is, naturally, to death or incapacitation. The winner is crowned (or recrowned) laird; the loser gives up his flesh for the ruler's coronation feast.

Even more dreaded than the lairds, however, are the fimmrach, redcaps who specialize in the Arts and Realms. Few redcaps have the aptitude or brains to become fimmrach, but those who do often become fiendishly powerful, able to exert terror in ways unimaginable to their warrior kin. Even the most battle-hardened redcap quails at the thought of a centuries-long fimmrach curse. The most powerful fimmrach, the witch-kings or hag-queens, often rival the sidhe's mightiest sorcerers and rule over vast demesnes of blighted, miasmal land.

Stereotypes

The stereotypes below represent an outlook inherent to the Unseelie Court. Seelie redcaps, you see, learn very quickly to keep their mouths shut.

Boggans

Aw, is'm scairt? Izza wittle boggan afwaid of da Big Bad Wedcap? Yer knees are shakin' like Gooshy-Gooze, boy! Don't want weak knees, do ya, toothsome? Well, then, let me an' my crowbar here just help you fix 'em....

Eshu

Been there, done that, these eshu. Like to see the world, go anywhere — hell, go everywhere at once. Me 'n' my boys helped out a globetrottin' eshu the other night. Started talkin' 'bout ever'thin' she's seen, ever'thin' she wants to see. Figured it weren't right that she could only be in one place at one time. So we got our Kawasakis and faced 'em in six different directions and riveted a piece of her to each bike and then we drove off. Ain't we just friggin' Samaritans?

Nockers

Leave just enough of'em alive so they can build ya the tools to go kill everything else. And I don't care what you've heard about them bein' good vittles — all the nockers I've ever et have given me either constipation or diarrhea.

Pooka

Like my daddy useta say: "A pooka what got no tongue can't lie." And don't throw it away after you've extracted it; ground up, it makes fer some really tasty sausages.

Satyr

One-track minds, these. Their brains are in their crotches. Kinda fun to lobotomize 'em, if ya catch my drift.

Sidhe

Tightasses who think their shit don't stink. Nothin' a properly inserted circular saw blade can't fix.

Sluagh

Tough an' stringy an' bitter, with a bite like mushrooms that've been growed in shit too long. Marinade 'em first, ya should be all right. Just make sure ya cut their glands out first, so their bile don't pizen ya, like a slimy puffer fish or somethin'. And for Nightmares' sake, kill all their kin! I trow, hearin' that scratchin' at the foot o' yer bed and that sickly whisper about how they're gonna getcha when ya sleep — 't's enough to turn yer cap white, it is.

Trolls

Hamstrings, hamstrings, hamstrings! Fun part is, once ya got 'em helpless, they're so big and tough that they can take anything ya throw at 'em for weeks. Kinda like a giant pinata. An' then, when yer done playin", oh, the chili ya ken cook with the leavin's...

SATYRS

What're you laughing at, Prince Charming? You want satyrs? Well, I got your satyrs right here! Haw haw haw'.

—Phillipe Le Noir, anonymous satyr

Sure, we're fun to look at, if you like hairy legs and naked breasts, but when was the last time you wondered who we *are*' "If you looked past antics you envy but despise, you'd see yourself in a satyr's eyes." It's true — we're your id incarnate, pretty boy, the dreams you wake from with excuses and sticky sheets. All the things you want to do and won't, we *are*. And because we're so very much ourselves, we know — and we *do* — things you'll be left dreaming of all your life. Sucks to be you, my little friend. Don't bang your hard-on in the door when you leave!

Carnality, it is said, is a two-faced lover: one mouth caresses while the other one bites. Satyrs are carnality unbound — earthy, reckless, lusty and ultimately seductive. While higher minds speak of progress and honor, the satyrs whisper, "To hell with it all. Dance awhile, screw around. Have a drink on me, pal, and keep the change." With their music and magic, these kith unshackle the libido, drawing forth passion and inspiration. It may not be the safest way to live, but it sure ain't boring. And as satyrs know, there is wisdom — and liberation — in excess.

History

Few dreams are as potent as the fantasies of lust. Yet for any society to prosper, lusts must be channeled, reined in and sometimes suppressed. In dreams, of course, all things suppressed find their way out. And from the first dreams of lust, the satyrs came out to play.

From the earliest days, humans have fought to rise above their animal natures and achieve a higher state. The "base" appetites which all people share, however, cannot be denied, and all creativity has passion at its roots. When the first talesingers wove audiences' passions with their own, the offspring bore aspects both human and animal. Snakes spoke in tempting voices, fish-women sang on the seacoasts, bull-men waited in darkened labyrinths, and those who heard the tales burned with lust for them. Dangerous as they were, these

dreamspawn seduced even the most virtuous mortals with wet, forbidden pleasures, then carried them off to dance and drink at midnight before returning them at dawn. The first satyrs were busy folk, more playful than malicious, and the people loved to join the fun.

As stories became myths, these "lustee sprites" became sirens and beast-men. As tribes became cities, the thousand shapes of lust settled into archetypes. In the earliest days, a satyr wore the face a dreamer most desired to see, and they shed these shapes the way a bird sheds feathers. As time went on, the myths became realities, and the satyrs settled into familiar forms: the goat-man, the maenad, the stag-man, mermaid and more. Not all such faeries were true satyrs, of course, but many became so. As cities rose into nations, carnal lusts were forbidden "for the common good," and the energies once spent in revelry were channeled into war.

Bloodshed appalled the satyrs; the dreams that birthed them came from carnality, not from carnage. As people became more rigid, however, the desires they suppressed grew darker, and the satyrs' antics more dangerous. Tales spread of savage orgies and beautiful killers. Lawgivers hunted those who consorted with satyrs, and demonized the fae. Some eshu claim many satyrs raged and actually did become devils (or at least behaved as if they were); their animal aspects coarsened, becoming more demonic. Maenads tore victims to pieces, and goat-men trampled children beneath their hooves. Seelie and Unseelie parted ways at this time, the latter playing mad tunes while the former retreated to the countrysides where simple folk remembered the old ways still.

As the wars continued, Unseelie satyrs crept through army camps and lonely villas, inspiring men to rape and women to frenzy in the woods. Other satyrs, appalled, fought midnight battles with their kin. Prodigals crossed both Courts' paths: Black Fury werewolves, Malkavian vampires and primal wizards who would someday become Verbena, Celestial Choristers and Ecstasy Cultists. Some joined the satyrs, but others despised

them. For protection, most satyrs gathered into tragos and forged oathbonds with other fae. As the Classical world fell into the Dark Ages, the many shapes of lust became the goat-man — half-human, half-beast. And he, in turn, became a devil.

(In other lands, satyrs, evolved differently; mischievous fox-women, snake-brothers and half-stags still cavort with those who dare to venture out at night. It's said such fae have as many names as they have faces, but they all share a common ancestry: the primal satyrs who once changed their forms at will.)

Even the most benevolent satyrs grew fearsome in the Dark Ages; when their human playmates threw inhibitions aside, they became worse than animals. While Unseelie satyrs avoided open wars, they enjoyed tormenting clergy and driving nobility to madness. Hidden in shadows, these demon-goats gathered Glamour from court intrigues and hidden Black Masses. Some formed goat cults, especially among the lesser nobility, and grew as decadent as the mad Caesars themselves.

Under the honest influence of other fae, Seelie satyrs preferred to inspire affection rather than abandon. In the country, farmers joined these goat-folk for celebrations; the time in between revels gave the kith opportunities for refinement. Many composed complicated songs and taught them to bards and village musicians. Some formed player troupes with pookas, eshu and mortal companions; the improvisational commedia dell'arte suited their talents well. Still, their drunken sprees and lascivious habits contributed to the bad reputations such groups already had. "Moral" folk still shunned the goats.

The Shattering drove many satyrs beyond the mortal world. Fun was too hard to find in those dreary days. Those few who stayed remained with their troupes and villages, or hidden within the cities' darkest corners. Many lived to regret it. While the rising art establishment granted sanctuary to other fae, the hedonistic goats became symbols of madness and evil. Witch-hunts and religious wars tore through the kith; Dautain Inquisitors hunted satyrs, burned their lovers, forbade their theatre and banned their revels. The secret excesses of those same pious men fed the Unseelie infiltrators until a dedicated crackdown rooted the worst of them out and into the bonfires. In those bloody years, many satyrs were destroyed.

A compact with the Seers of Chronos (a group of wizards who later became the Cultists of Ecstasy) moved many satyrs into worlds-between-worlds, where they stayed until the witchfires burned out. Those who did not go assumed mundane identities and forgot their true natures; only dreams of midnight piping and warm caresses remained. When the bloody years passed, some satyrs returned to play in the courts of France and the drawing rooms of Romantic poets. Some claim that Lord Byron was one of them (a rumor "proven" by his club foot),

but if he was, he never awakened. Artists rebelled against the strictures of society, and the satyrs goaded them on.

No one remembers why the female maenads and male half-goats became one. One ballad recounts the trials of Mirriam, a nymph whose lusts outshone all men until the gods themselves turned her into a half-goat to teach her a lesson. The new form didn't slow her down, and soon other female satyrs followed her lead. By the time the gods gave up, goat-women outnumbered the more feminine maenads. Perhaps Mirriam's tale reflects the changing role of women in male society. Maybe it's just bullshit — or goatshit, for that matter. Either way, by the end of the 19th century, the majority of female satyrs (though by no means all of them) sported goat's feet instead of human legs or fish tails.

With the carnal liberations of the last 30 years, these kith find themselves back where they started. People still dream forbidden dreams, but many feel free again to step out in a midnight revelry with the cloven-footed ones. Lovers and kinain are close at hand, and most satyrs are having the time of their lives. Still, the Sundering and Shattering have left their marks on these once-playful fae. Beneath their revels, most satyrs are pensive, irritable, even melancholy at times. Those aligned with the Seelie pass along some poetry with their passions, while the Unseelie dig up the most degenerate pleasures the modern world can provide. The few satyrs who still visit the wizards' Horizon Realms try without success to retrace a path to Arcadia. Such return eludes them still; the carefree days are gone.

Birthrights and Frailties

As many human mystics know, music touches a primordial place in all of us. Some satyrs
c l a i m



that a "world pulse" beats below the Dreaming itself, and that this pulse can be found running through the best music. The "style" of music doesn't matter — commitment, not form, provides the link. From time to time, mortals listening to really potent rhythms or melodies can hear it faintly, and draw inspiration from the sound. Music, they say, unlocks the passions we all live by; it's only natural, then, that the satyrs are the masters of song and dance.

Goats have an affinity for music; even in their seemings, they express themselves in song. No satyr is completely tune-deaf; some could give Pavarotti a run for his money, while others fiddle like the Devil himself. It may take a while for a satyr to find her specialty, but not one of them lacks musical talent. When the changeling awakens, she'll find that affinity has grown to a powerful channel: the Gift of Pan. Her music may have stirred others before, but now it unleashes emotions few may resist.

Hard living breeds hardiness, and satyrs are living proof. Such is their intensity that few things can slow them down. A drinking binge that could floor a redcap leaves the satyr slightly giddy. Their legendary speed derives from their goatish legs and ready tongues. A satyr who can't outrun the brute he's just insulted won't live for long; one who can't dance without tiring will never keep up with her fellows.

The least tangible but most treasured satyr Birthright is wisdom; by knowing themselves, they understand life. This doesn't have any game effects, but comes across in the way a satyr acts. A childling makes rash misjudgments; a wilder seduces anything in sight just to prove he can (and gets shot down in the process); by the time a grump attains his greater wisdom, he may choose partners without making a fool of himself. Although younger goats feel a bit sorry for their elders' lack of impulse, they still go to them for advice when a problem can't be solved by a roll in the hay or a rude gesture.

Satyrs love debate. A quick mind and a head for facts (or at least for good lies) are able traits, and a quick wit is essential for improvisation. Goats have always prized secrets, too; anyone who can fill them in is worth at least a song or two. As much as they love to learn, though, most satyrs scorn "book knowledge." To them, you must live life in order to understand it. "Dust bunny" is one of many insults satyrs have for scholars. Because they experience so much in their lifetimes, old satyrs become cherished teachers. Many fae seek them out to instruct childlings in life's more "worldly" aspects. An old goat may not be as much fun as a wild ram, but he's got many stories to tell and can attend parties without turning into an ass.

Even the wisest satyrs are an intemperate lot, however. Passion's Curse is never far below goats' skins; their mood swings make movie stars seem stable. When angry, they rage; when depressed, their songs could make stones weep. When they're on a bender (which they frequently are), satyrs act out in style — swinging from chandeliers, punching trolls, groping nockers where the sun don't shine. Other fae tolerate this behavior for a while (especially if they can join in without being

noticed), but eventually get fed up. The ejection of the satyrs from a party often spells the end of the evening. Till then, everyone has a hell of a time — so long as the satyrs are happy....

Organization

"Organized chaos" is a better word for satyr society. Goats have a really hard time with rules; those who make them break them quickly. Bonds of friendship are far more important. Leave *politesse* to the stuck-up sidhe!

Romance and the Single Satyr

New acquaintances are a novelty, and satyrs treasure novelty. Most goats make friends, lovers and enemies very easily. However uncouth and unattractive a satyr may be, he's often a charming fellow, assuming he likes you. You know the drill: "Hail-fellow-well-met-good-to-see-you, buddy-let's-dance, sweetheart-you-look-ravishing-tonight." Effusive as they may be, these earnest greetings are genuine — goats are honest to a fault. If one likes you, he'll fall all over himself to prove it. If he doesn't, his insults could peel paint (and sometimes do).

This honesty is quite often the most attractive thing about a satyr; many people, especially the vain sidhe, find such attentions irresistible. For a while at least, satyrs become compelled by anyone who catches their fancy. One might compose sonnets, bring flowers or hang on every word from his beloved as if it were honey. Love's games, anticipation and consummation are like whiskey to satyrs — hot, heady and raw.

Hatred, too, can be fun. If the goat dislikes his new acquaintance, he'll compose satires instead of sonnets, and the flowers he brings her may be dead. Heaping abuse is almost as much fun as wooing. The problems that can arise from either task should be obvious. No threat or wisdom will keep the goat from speaking his mind one way or the other. You'll never have to second-guess a satyr.

Goats are fickle, however. The moment a new and interesting star appears in his sky, the satyr will be off chasing it with the same abandon. Here's the downside of a satyr's affections: the intensity rarely lasts. He may still care for his earlier love, but his ardor mellows to friendship. Few people, mortal or otherwise, can stand such "rejection," and enemies rarely forget the taunts they suffered. The goat soon finds himself alone until someone new comes along. Thus, he finds it's easiest to trust others of his kind. They, at least, understand! Hence, the strongest bonds a satyr knows belong to his tragos. Come what may, these bands stick together.

Roughly translated, *tragoidia* means "goat song." As the name implies, these satyr bands find unity in music. They may not be able to stand each other when the tunes end, but while they play, these bandmates are blood-kin. Tragos form unconsciously, as if the music in their hearts draws them together. Attempts to bring such bands together on purpose often fail. Something's always missing. As time goes on, the

band may shift members or dissolve; while it exists, however, no outsider can shake a tragos' unity.

Leadership and Disputes

More often than not, the best musician in the band (in game terms, the one with the highest Charisma + Performance Dice Pool) leads the tragos, no matter her gender, age or wisdom. The others follow her lead. As you can imagine, this makes for some chaotic times. In the hands of an especially talented childling, tragos have been known to gang up on schoolyard bullies, start food fights at high feasts, or play hopscotch till dawn.

If a dispute arises, tragos use one of three resolutions. In the first, the contestants fight, either physically or through riddles or contests. Seelie satyrs prefer the latter, and fae may come from all around to see the goats out-do each other. Unseelie types prefer to butt heads until someone's unconscious. If the dispute is especially bad, the loser may be exiled from the band.

The second recourse is debate. Many satyrs are skilled debaters, and love to exercise their skills at others' expense. These contests often begin with a subject — the color of the sky and how it got that way, for instance — chosen by the band leader (or by the challenger, if the band leader is involved). These topics often veer off into insult contests until someone either concedes by laughing or runs off in a huff.

The third (and least-favored) method is to invite a respected outsider to judge the case. Two satyrs choose sides and argue the question; in Seelie Courts, these "lawyers" are usually third parties, not plaintiffs. Both sides agree to abide by the judge's decision, but seldom do for long. Soon, the dispute will arise again, unsettled. Goats suck at following orders.

Oathbonds and War

Like all fae, satyrs take their oaths seriously. Tragos stick together; their music is considered a minor bond unto itself. Other bonds take precedence, however. If an oathbound goat joins a tragos (or if a member takes an oath later on), the group concedes that the stronger bond comes first. They let her go off to fulfill her obligations; if the band is still intact when she returns, the bonded one always has a place to come home to. Naturally, many a satyr has returned from a quest to find her tragos scattered, but then such are the ways of the world.

Attacking a goat is a dangerous thing; more often than not, an entire tragos will take on one member's enemies, even if the group has no quarrel with them. Though they prefer not to fight as a rule, satyrs make fearsome combatants *en masse*. While the strongest protect the others, the best musicians raise passions to a pitch, distracting their foes and heartening their friends. In wartime, nobles set tragos aside as battlebands. Their savage songs rival hurricanes for ferocity. (In game terms, such war songs subtract 1 from all allies' difficulties, and add 1 to the difficulties of their foes. If two warbands play

against each other, they cancel each other out and make a hellish racket.)

Calephetos

Few things depress satyrs more than Banality; if one of their own falls into a funk, the others will do anything (including beating the stuffing out of him) to shake him back to his usual rowdy self. If this fails, they sing the mourning song, *calephetos*. Such songs often end triumphantly but sadly. It's no coincidence that *tragedy* and tragos share the same root word.

All satyrs know the calephetos from awakening on — it's instinctive, not learned. This wordless dirge conveys all the sorrow their kind have ever known. No one can resist weeping at the sound, which hangs like fog long after the song has ended. The band leader begins and the others join in, until the subject is carried into the chorus. Each member of the band takes turns until only the Banal one is left. As it comes around to him, he makes a decision: death or life. His response carries the answer.

If he chooses to live, he bleats happily and begins to dance; if not, he begins to chant his fondest memories in rhyme. When he comes at last to the tribute itself, the others begin to stamp their hooves. As the rhythm builds, everything around them start to quake. The beat carries for miles, compelling all fae within hearing range to dance. Even mortals with Banality ratings of 5 or lower join in (others look on, bewildered; they can sense that *something* is happening, but they don't know what). The tragos begins to caper madly, then rushes out to the nearest fun spot and indulges in a night-long binge. In the morning, the lost one dies smiling, and the others disperse to find other bands. A vital part of the tragos is gone.

Courts

The greatest difference between the Seelie and Unseelie satyrs is the number of people they hurt and the severity of the wounds. Those who favor their better side generally try to do right: they prefer good cheer to uninhibited carousing. The darker variety don't care who gets hurt, or how badly, so long as the goats themselves have a good time. If one member of a tragos changes Courts, the others either adapt (by changing Courts) or disperse. Given the savage nature of Unseelie satyrs, few Seelie ones will join their debaucheries.

All satyrs love the company of artists and entertainers. They inspire, and are inspired by, their companions, be they mortal, fae or Prodigal. Some mingle in human rock bands, or join artists' colonies in search of a good party. Some gravitate to wherever the "beautiful people" are, bringing the party with them. Depending on a given satyr's alliance (or his tragos' Court), he may be great guy to have around, or a nightmare.

Seelie

Base as they may seem, a satyr's passions grow from the twin glories of love and music. Among the Seelie, these passions create great ballads, stirring romances and acts of heroism that would shame a troll. If he gives his heart to a lover, nothing will keep him from her side — for now.

These are the most romantic of the fae. A Seelie satyr will fall madly in love with whoever he fancies, showering her with gifts, songs and attention until either she relents or he grows hored and finds someone else. Grand gestures and swashbuckling deeds are meat and ale to a satyr in love. Fickle as they may be, these passions are total while they last; many a Seelie goat has literally died for love.

Even the Seelie have problems with empathy, however; when another lover comes along, the satyr will distance himself from his conquest. This isn't done out of malice — her sadness will cause a Seelie goat profound pain — but whimsy is in their nature. The concept of another's anger is difficult for even the kindest satyrs to understand. "Seize the day!" is gospel to them. Surely others understand?

Unseelie

Their shadow cousins, in contrast, seem to enjoy inflicting pain on others. They are libertines, pranksters, bedroom bandits and shameless liars. It's an Unseelie satyr's favorite trick (especially when changing Courts) to woo a dozen different lovers. Once he has smitten as many of them as possible, he'll coldly withdraw. Many's the Pan (a common term for an Unseelie satyr) who'll sit on a windowsill laughing as his lover weeps.

Some Pans sponsor a rising human star, acting as her muse. As the puppet stirs her audience to violent passions, the Ravager feeds on the darkness. Such kinain throw "interesting" parties. Ancient Rome saw lesser debaucheries.

Worse still are the horrors of the goat cults. In human guise, the Unseelie will go looking for people who want more forbidden thrills. Demons, rock stars, dominas and religious "visionaries" are favored roles for them. Once they find their prey, they promise the dupes their fill of orgies, perversions and blasphemies. When they gather their "congregation" together, such Pans whip them into a frenzy, then set them loose on captured victims and watch the fun. Some of the more vicious rumors from the witch-hunting days were spawned by the revelries of goat cults; the Hellfire Clubs of the 1800s likewise fed Glamour to the Pans. Today, some bondage bars and black-metal clubs support whole tragos — and keep the "Missing" lists growing.

Outlook

A satyr's estimation of another changeling depends on two things: his appearance and his willingness to have fun. Knowledge is considered important too, but unless you've been around, the goat'll chide you for spending too much time with books. While older goats know that there are more important things than funtime, the one sure way to earn a satyr's respect is by surviving an evening's revel. Anyone unwilling or unable to partake is considered, "Good for a twirl, but a poor partner for the dance."

Boggan

Seelie Satyrs: Now, I'll admit the little gossips make good doorstops, but I've seen damned few who could argue their way out a paper bag with a chainsaw and a head start. It's one thing to watch life, another to enjoy it.

Unseelie Satyrs: Never take kindness from something that'll chop up a tree in an hour and charge you your life savings for doing it. The sinister little bastards even creep around in the woodwork afterward. If I cared about blackmail, I'd be concerned.

Eshu

Seelie Satyrs: Ahh! These folks have been around! Fonts of wisdom, even if half of it's false. Of all our cousins, the eshu best understand that the ideal life is one that's been lived. No dust bunnies, they! It's the open trail and the campfire tale. *That* I can respect! Cool as eshu are, they've got a nasty darker side. Don't gamble with these devils — you'll lose your tail. Hide your instrument, too; if an Unseelie eshu comes calling, he *will* try to play it for you....

Unseelie Satyrs: Exotic toys; wind them up, they'll go for days. Best of all, they make wonderful partners in crime. While they set up the scam, you charm the mark into abandon. When he wakes up, he'll be a lot poorer. Just count your share double-careful!

Nockers

Seelie Satyrs: I understand the value of good craftsmanship, but these anal-retentive folks take it too damned far. They're the best places in the world to go for new

instruments, though. Even ol' Tinburn couldn't destroy the bass drum a nocker made him last year. They're hard to win over, but butter 'em up with compliments, and you'll be friends for life.

Unseelie Satyrs: Obnoxious little twits. Call me a maladjusted hyperphallic has-been, will you? (Where's that dictionary...?) Now let's see how your precious whatsamathingie works after I stomp *it to hell!*

Pooka

Seelie Satyrs: Clever folks, though not as clever as they'd like to think. I knew this cute kid from Savannah who could charm the gargoyles down from Notre Dame; she liked to turn into a cat and wrote the best stories I've ever read. Not all pooka are as much fun as her, but they're a pretty good bunch, with stamina to bum and a real long fuse. As for Unseelie... ummm, best to avoid giant rabbits with sticks of dynamite.

Unseelie Satyrs: A shapeshifter has so many possibilities. Wonderful pets, dedicated pawns. They want so badly to be liked that they'll betray the High King himself to earn your favor.

Redcaps

Seelie Satyrs: Okay, I'll admit I liked one once, but he was an exception to the rule. They've got the stamina to party hard, but they take their thrills too dark for me, thanks. Seelie, Unseelie, who the hell can tell? There's something about them that's really disconcerting — I mean, besides the smell and bad behavior. They bring out the worst in me and my mates every time — it's like we can't help ourselves. The festivities get too damn rough when redcaps are around.

Unseelie Satyrs: Madden the dogs with dance and drink, then listen to the screams. Best of all, you can blame it all on them afterward. Such delightful playthings; their vitality energizes even me. They suppress nothing, yet their frenzy is like a crackling bolt to the base of your spine. Delicious.

Sidhe

Seelie Satyrs: I hate to admit it, but those regal cricks are irresistibly cute. No, more than cute — they are the essence of love, beauty and nobility. Damn, I hate that. We're magnetically attracted, I think, to each other. Maybe it's

'cause we're so different, and yet so totally alike. The Unseelie ones are terrors; few things are more frightening than a mad king. Their darkness makes them more compelling than ever, but they'd feed you to the dragons for a good time. Like I said, they're irresistible — not that I'd admit that in front of them!

Unseelie Satyrs: The Song of Pan is heaven to them, but they bring their own hell when they dance to our tune. When the burdens of rulership are eased, these pompous twings become passion's puppets. Dangle them as you will, my friend.

Sluagh

Seelie Satyrs: First of all, always be sure to be polite. Don't take that as a challenge to be rude — the spookies'll come calling in your sleep. If you're nice to sluagh, though, you'll find bracing good company. I'll admit the conversation's a bit on the dark side, but life was meant for sampling all things in their measure. I had one as a lover once, and her passions ran as deep as any hornhead's. Just don't expect much pillow talk afterward.

Unseelie Satyrs: Bring them fire in their lairs; the Song of Pan warms their bones as well as anyone's, and they tell such pretty tales when they're snookered. Like living blackmail machines, they are. They're so lonely that if you win one over, her heart will break with a sound you can hear for miles. Ahh, such fun...

Trolls

Seelie Satyrs: If sidhe are the essence of grace, trolls are the incarnation of nobility. They saw our folk through the Burning Times. How many newbies could say the same? They're a trifle somber in general, but they're also usually less likely to lose their shit when the party's going full-tilt. Hell, anyone who can stand *me* when I'm wasted, they're all right.

Ogres are a different case; if you meet a messy troll, do not taunt Happy Funball. The bastard'll eat you—I've seen it happen! So if you meet a troll, be his friend. You never know how soon that'll come in handy.

Unseelie Satyrs: Dumb brutes, but useful killing machines. They have such exalted notions of romance that breaking one's heart is childling's play. It's a dangerous game, however; if you must abuse a troll, be sure that you have a place to hide. She will never, and I mean *never*, forgive you.

SIDHE

We are the dreams of paupers and presidents, of queens and chieftains the world over. To dispute our right to rule is to dismiss the wisdom of all the people of all the nations in the history of the world.

—attributed to Duke Dray, House Gwydion

Come in, come in! And for heaven's sake, shut the door. I don't think I shall *ever* get used to these dreadful mountain winters. Celia, dear, will you take our guest's coat? And bring out a pot of Irish cream coffee for us, there's a good girl.

What did you say your name was? Oh, for goodness sake, don't call me "Countess." It is a term of respect, true, but I should think that you're capable of showing respect without having to call me by some title or another. I'm sure others in the court would have a fit to hear me say that, but I'll do as I please. Call me Anne. You see? When properly pronounced, the name has a nobility all its own without the need for "Countess."

Well, let me tell you, you've come to the right place to find out about the sidhe. Oh, there are stacks and stacks of dusty old tomes and scrolls on our heritage, but they're all written by old fogies like Edgewick. I can tell from the look of you that you're more interested in the *real* story, not what they put down in books for posterity. Certainly, some of it has merit, but *they* like to present just *their* point of view, you see? The way most of the Seelie talk, you'd think everyone spent their time flitting around the forest like a scene in some Renaissance comedy, or practicing their oratory skills in front of the mirror. No, there's more to us than that, if only you're willing to listen with an open mind. And you seem willing to listen... am I right?

Background

Modern sidhe are descended of a noble lineage stretching back through the mists of time. Absent from the world for centuries, they returned several decades ago to a world transformed. Gone were the castles and open spaces they had known in the past, and in their places were skyscrapers and sprawling urban jungles. The life they had known in Arcadia became only a distant memory, and the sidhe found themselves in a world they no longer recognized, surrounded by subjects who resented their very presence.

The modern world is alien to the sidhe, compared to the lives they have known in Arcadia. In the time before the Shattering, they knew respect and obedience from their subjects, and Banality had not yet spread its dark stain across the world. These ancient sidhe were the embodiment of nobility—strong warriors who were fair of face, who knew as much about the courtly arts as about the arts of war. Some say the sidhe were born of the dreams of the common folk, who envisioned leaders truly worthy of the respect and awe of their people, who were just, fair and wise. Others feel that although the sidhe have a natural gift for leadership, they were created out of what every person wished to be — beautiful, strong and respected.

Attitude

The sidhe are often criticized for their attitude, which is perceived by many as haughty. It is true that most sidhe consider themselves "better" than common folk in a sense, but they view their position as more responsibility than privilege. Like the nobility of ages past, they see rulership as both a right and a responsibility. The future of all Kithain lies in their hands, and this is often a burden to them. Still, most see it as a challenge that each individual must rise to in his or her own way.

Others claim that the sidhe are absent-minded day-dreamers, whose connection to the Dreaming constantly threatens to drag their consciousness out of the physical world. There is a certain amount of truth to this, as many sidhe are still not used to the realities of this world. After living for centuries in Arcadia, the workaday world is in fact what seems "unreal" to them. Unlike the commoners, who have been living in the world of mortals for centuries now, highborns are bewildered at the realities of balancing one's fae and mortal lives. To work every day at a job (other than as an artist or dignitary) is thought to be beneath many sidhe, and the company of mortals is often dull to one who has seen the Dreaming firsthand. Unfortunately, those who do not learn to maintain the precarious balance between dream and reality are doomed to fall into Bedlam.

Appearance

Unearthly beauty is the mark of all highborn, and their looks engender jealousy as often as they do respect. In their mortal form, the sidhe always turn heads in a crowd. But in their faerie guise, sidhe seem to radiate an aura of nobility and majesty.

There is no single dominant style of dress among the sidhe, but they seem to make any raiment look stunning. Jeans and silk are seen as often as velvet and cashmere, and the latest fashions from Paris are frequently put to shame by a noble lady's custom-designed gown.

Beliefs

With their codes of honor among both the Courts, the sidhe have a more rigid belief structure than most other changelings. While individuals may disagree on the interpretation of certain aspects, nearly all highborns make at least a show of support for the beliefs that define who they are as a people.

Noblesse Oblige

While Seelie highborns view their position as leaders as a responsibility to watch over and protect their subjects, Unseelie sidhe have a decidedly different view of their status. Certainly the Unseelie would not dispute that they are the best suited for rulership, but they often chose to "lead by example," rather than through direct guidance of their subjects.

Still, regardless of how they view the rights and responsibilities of a leader, all sidhe agree that they are the best-suited kith to rule over changeling society, for good or for ill.

Romance

Most sidhe are truly romantic by nature, as befits their station. It is said by some that the traditions of courtly love first arose among the fae, who in turn passed the customs along to mortals near the close of the Mythic Age. But whether or not they were the originators of romance, the sidhe have taken it to a level far beyond the ken of most mortals.

Unlike satyrs, who are said to pursue courtship without regard to rules or custom, the sidhe have evolved an intricate system of guidelines and prohibitions surrounding the art of courtship.

Within sidhe society there exist several societies dedicated to the pursuit of romance as a way of life, including the Order of Shallot, the Ascetics and the Cerenאים.

Seelie and Unseelie sidhe alike engage in the dance of courtship with equal fervor, though many Seelie claim that Unseelie sidhe are worse than satyrs in their pursuit of pleasure without regard to the feelings of others. Their counterparts dispute this, but the fact remains that the "darker" aspects of love show themselves more often in those ruled by their Unseelie Legacy.



Organization

With a far more organized structure than any other kith, the sidhe observe strict rules of hierarchy. The various ranks within the nobility are the backbone of this structure, with all sidhe showing deference and respect to their "betters" and kindness to those lower than themselves — at least, in theory. On the surface, the sidhe may appear to respect social hierarchy more than any other kith; after all, it is in their best interest to show a united front to the commoners. In reality, the webs of intrigue and deception often more accurately reflect true status than nominal rank within the kingdom.

While rank and title are the most prominent mark of status, it is not uncommon for a noble to retain her title even after a horrible scandal. Her status nominally remains the same, but the amount of respect she is due from others will plummet. Invitations to balls and fetes are "lost in the mail, dear," and though on the surface everything remains the same, it will often take months or years for the sullied noble to regain her former position in society.

Birthrights

Awe and Beauty

It is hard to explain the feeling one has in the presence of a highborn to one who has not experienced it firsthand. Their beauty is something more than physical; it transcends superficial and cultural ideas of what is attractive to charm the very soul of any who look upon them. There is a timeless beauty, unaffected by temporal notions of what is "cool" at the time.

Even those who speak ill of them behind their backs find it difficult to be openly disrespectful to the face of the nobility, and even "common" sidhe inspire a certain level of politeness in everyone they meet.

Noble Bearing

The inborn grace and style common to all sidhe lends them a certain presence that is readily apparent to any who look upon them. They seem to recover from any misstep without missing a beat, and even pooka have a hard time finding ways to embarrass highborns.

Frailties

Banality's Curse

Having returned so recently from Arcadia, the sidhe do not have the tolerance that commoners built up over centuries of increasing Banality. This world is in many ways alien to them, and the force of disbelief among many of the world's people is stifling and often painful to any sidhe faced with it.

Many sidhe try to shield themselves from the dullness of the mortal world by spending their time in freeholds, but this can lead to Bedlam. Only those sidhe who learn to dance along the razor's edge between dream and reality are able to survive for long in this harsh world.

Courts

As the acknowledged leaders of both the Seelie and Unseelie Courts, the sidhe are in a somewhat awkward position. While Court affiliation helps to define nearly every aspect of a sidhe's existence, beneath the intrigues and politics they will always grant a measure of respect to their equivalents in the opposing Court.

In centuries past, the Seelie and Unseelie Courts took turns ruling over their people for different halves of the year. But since the sidhe returned from Arcadia, the Seelie have maintained a tenuous hold on the reins of power. The notion over who should rule — and for how long — is one of great debate among both nobles and commoners, and will continue to be until a resolution is reached.

Seelie Sidhe

Like Glorianna, Titania and Oberon, and the other fae known in legend and song, Seelie sidhe are the epitome of unearthly beauty and power. Although many Unseelie sidhe have dispensed with the trappings of medieval royalty, at least in part, there remains a strong sense of tradition within the Seelie Court stretching back to the days before the Shattering. More so than any other kith or faction within changeling society, the Seelie sidhe feel a responsibility to maintain a constant level of Glamour within the world, and many of their actions, both openly and in secret, are in pursuit of that goal.

Unseelie Sidhe

Although commoners rarely make a distinction between the Unseelie and Shadow Courts, the sidhe know the truth of the matter. Even the most high-ranking among the Seelie Court acknowledge that there is a certain Unseelie aspect in everyone, regardless of their formal affiliation. Although they differ greatly in opinions, both Courts are respected and heard out in the Parliament of Dreams. But even some within the Unseelie Court believe that the Shadow Court goes too far in its opposition to the Seelie.

Since the Resurgence, many prominent members of the Unseelie Court were notable by their absence. A few scattered members of House Ailil have made themselves known, but many of the leaders among the Unseelie appear to have remained in Arcadia. Why did this happen? Memories of the journey are too clouded for anyone to say for certain, but speculations abound. Did they make the crossing with the others, and choose to remain hidden once reaching this world? For what purpose? Until the Shadow Court chooses to show their hand, the matter is up for speculation.

OurlooH

Although each individual's view of others will differ, the following section covers the most prevalent stereotypes among the sidhe. The wise reader will be well-advised to remember that the Seelie point of view will most often represent the public, united view that all sidhe try to present, while Unseelie sidhe will often allow their own personal prejudices to show through.

Boggans

Seelie Sidhe: Good workers who know the value of loyalty and honor far more so than many Kithain give them credit for. Their homespun wisdom is often refreshing in contrast to the intrigues and maneuvering prevalent at court.

Unseelie Sidhe: Simple folk who do simple work — there is little imagination in them. Could anyone so plain and uninteresting truly be Kithain?

Eshu

Seelie Sidhe: While they have little respect for us, the eshu have a wisdom all their own that we would do well to listen to from time to time. As outsiders, they may lend a useful sense of perspective to any conversation.

Unseelie Sidhe: Because they know they are inferior, they refuse to recognize the validity of our social structure. It is easy to be a rebel when the other option is to be a groundling.

Nockers

Seelie Sidhe: Beware these technicians. Their work treads dangerously close to the workings of Banality, yet glimmerings of true inspiration can often be glimpsed through the wires and gears.

Unseelie Sidhe: Their work is intriguing, for they are somehow able to interweave the machinery of the Autumn world with the Glamour of the Dreaming. We will continue to support their efforts and try to find some way to turn their tinkering to our advantage.

Pooka

Seelie Sidhe: Like the eshu, the pooka have a particular intelligence often dismissed by other kith as mere foolishness. While we will grant that they are incorrigible hellions at times, they often can show us what others are too timid to point out

Unseelie Sidhe: These Kithain are barely worthy of the name, and their seemings betray their truly bestial natures. Relegate them to the nursery, or to the zoo.

Redcaps

Seelie Sidhe: There is so much rage in these creatures, but what cause they have to direct it at us is quite beyond

me. Command them as you would the meanest foot soldiers, and they may grant you some measure of respect. Like beasts, they respect only power.

Unseelie Sidhe: The crassest of the commoners, but often powerful allies when others stand against you. Like a rabid dog, keep a redcap on a tight leash and see that he does not turn against you. If properly controlled, they can prove to be powerful weapons.

Satyrs

Seelie Sidhe: They remind us that existence is not a purely intellectual endeavor, but do not mistake their exuberance for anything more than what it is. They are undisciplined, but we would do well to learn from them the value of earthly pleasures.

Unseelie Sidhe: Our respect for this kith is unbounded, for who among our kind can rival them for sheer force of passion? They are unafraid to pursue whatever they desire, and are willing to do whatever it takes to satisfy their own palates.

Sluagh

Seelie Sidhe: These secretive creatures are like poor cousins to our brethren in House Eiluned. They seem to know what remains hidden from others of our kind, and for that we grant them their due.

Unseelie Sidhe: Backstabbing little scorpions who would kill you just to sell the location of your corpse to your friends. Still, they can be manipulated like anyone else, and they often have information others are afraid to sully their hands with.

Trolls

Seelie Sidhe: Trolls are the only kith among the commoners who more often than not are truly worthy of respect and honor. Stalwart warriors, they are excellent generals and treasured companions.

Unseelie Sidhe: Watch these ones. Their sense of honor gives them a righteous zeal that can be fearsome if you're on the receiving end of it, but it also makes them easier to manipulate than many of the other kith. Just be sure they don't sense any danger until your plans are well in motion.

SLUAGH

Let me tell you a story. Don't ask me where I heard it, as the answer would only disturb you. Don't tell others where you heard it; they would be upset. Just listen close, little childling, and know that every word is true. Especially the ones that scare you__

- Agnes MacDubh, sluagh of Providence, Rhode Island

To be a slugh is to be alternately mistrusted, feared, taunted and ignored. It is to be accused of orgies beneath the earth and eating babies in obscene rituals. It is to be a pariah among those who are pariahs themselves. It is also not to care a whit for any of these things. We dwell, as we always dwell, in the shadows, watching the other actors in the great play scurry to and fro. We listen to the secrets of the dead and learn those of the living, and then, like civilized beings, we share those secrets over tea. You have much to unlearn about the slugh, I see. You had best start now, little boy, or you will discover that not all of the rumors about us are false. Remember: once upon a time, we were the faeries who took the bad children... away.

History

Humanity has always been afraid of ghoulies and ghosties and long-legged beasties, but most of all of things that go bump in the night. Even worse than those that bump, however, are the things that scratch at windowpanes and vanish, or skitter across rooftops and inside the walls. The delicious nightmares of things that are almost, but not quite human, of triple-jointed skulkers who can fit themselves into impossible places — these are the dreams that fed what became the slugh. Literally, slugh were bom of the fear of the unknown and the dark, and existed to feed that fear. Though the slugh of today are centuries and worlds removed from the isolated villages that hirthed them, something of this amoral, primeval darkness still lurks within them. Born from fear, they still treasure it.

The slugh were initially imagined as the spirits behind the creakings and groanings peasant huts made as they settled down for cold Russian nights. Slithery black things at first, the predecessors of the slugh were pictured as scuttling, spiderlike beings who lived under floors and behind fireplaces. Every time a floorboard creaked, every time the stone of the hearth settled with a granite groan, credit was given to those things that became the slugh.

As generations passed, the boneless proto-slugh were given more and more credit, and grew more and more like the slugh of today. Initially mindless shambling things, they were slowly attributed with a subtle malice. Every eerie noise and mysterious sound was laid at their feet, and grandmothers told their little ones that the slugh were making the noises to frighten them. Soon enough, of course, they were, and armed with a primitive intelligence, the newly dreamed slugh took to toppling piles of dishes, making noises in impossible places, and scratching at doors (or roofs or floors) at night. The sounds of terror within were meat and drink to the slugh, who would then dance, pale and glistening, in the graveyards and darkest dells of the primordial forests. Their revels, fueled by the heady wine of fear, were sometimes spied by particularly brave or foolish mortals. These often were mistaken for the dances of ghosts come back to haunt the living, and the slugh were linked with the Restless Dead as well.

Like all good dreams of terror, though, these were soon corrupted with a moral. Those same grandmothers, not content merely to frighten their childrens' children, got the idea into their heads that the slugh were everywhere, watching for bad children. Through the knotholes on the floor and peering upside down out of the chimney, the slugh kept an eye out for children who misbehaved, because those they were allowed to take for their very own. Once told that they could take bad children, the slugh did. Leaving them tied to the earth in spiders' silk, or trapped underneath the floorboards of their houses, the slugh took fiendish delight in punishing those they were permitted. Always, though, their object was instilling terror, not causing pain. Far more delicious to them, too, was the fear of the good children, the ones upon whom they could not lay a single clammy finger. Even these children, the safe ones, feared, and that was enough for the slugh.

Inevitably, the terrors of lone cottages and small villages paled. Towns grew along rivers, and the slugh crept slowly westward to infest them. By this time they appeared as they do

today, long and thin and pale. Dressed in black rags and tattered furs, they found their way into attics and wine cellars. Armed with their mandate to spy on and take the wicked, they expanded the targets of their surveillance to include crooked innkeepers, slothful monks, dishonest merchants and others who through their own actions, allowed themselves to become the slough's prey. Where once there were tales of bad children's suppers being devoured by invisible things, now there came legends of kegs of watered wine mysteriously emptied, fat abbots being pinched and tormented by things that seemed to live in the walls, and horse feed mixed with sand being fed to the stableboys who had crafted the mixture.

Centuries spent battening on such poor fodder had its effect on the slough, who now underwent their final metamorphosis. They grew used to, then accustomed to, then pleased by their watered-down wine and slightly spoiled food. Instead of simply dwelling in darkness, they took new, active pleasure in lurking there where they could see others but no others could see them. Where once they wore rags and tatters, now finery almost worthy of its name (all liberated from dishonest merchants, of course) adorned their personages. Most important of all, where once the slough had been known for only spying upon and tormenting the wicked, they were perceived as indiscriminate in their attentions. This was the humans' fault, of course — some of those crooked souls whom the slough dealt with, despite being utterly despicable, managed to convince their peers that they had been unfairly persecuted by malicious spirits. The effect on the perception of the slough was both profound and immediate. Within decades, they became the creatures that the Kithain of today would recognize: morally neutral, intensely private observers in the shadows, more interested in savoring fear than in punishing the wicked, and above all, always watching.

Birthrights and Frailties

The slough Birthrights are ideally suited to a race of beings spawned in narrow spaces in the dark. However, certain of the gifts have faded with the centuries. Once the slough could ooze through cracks mere

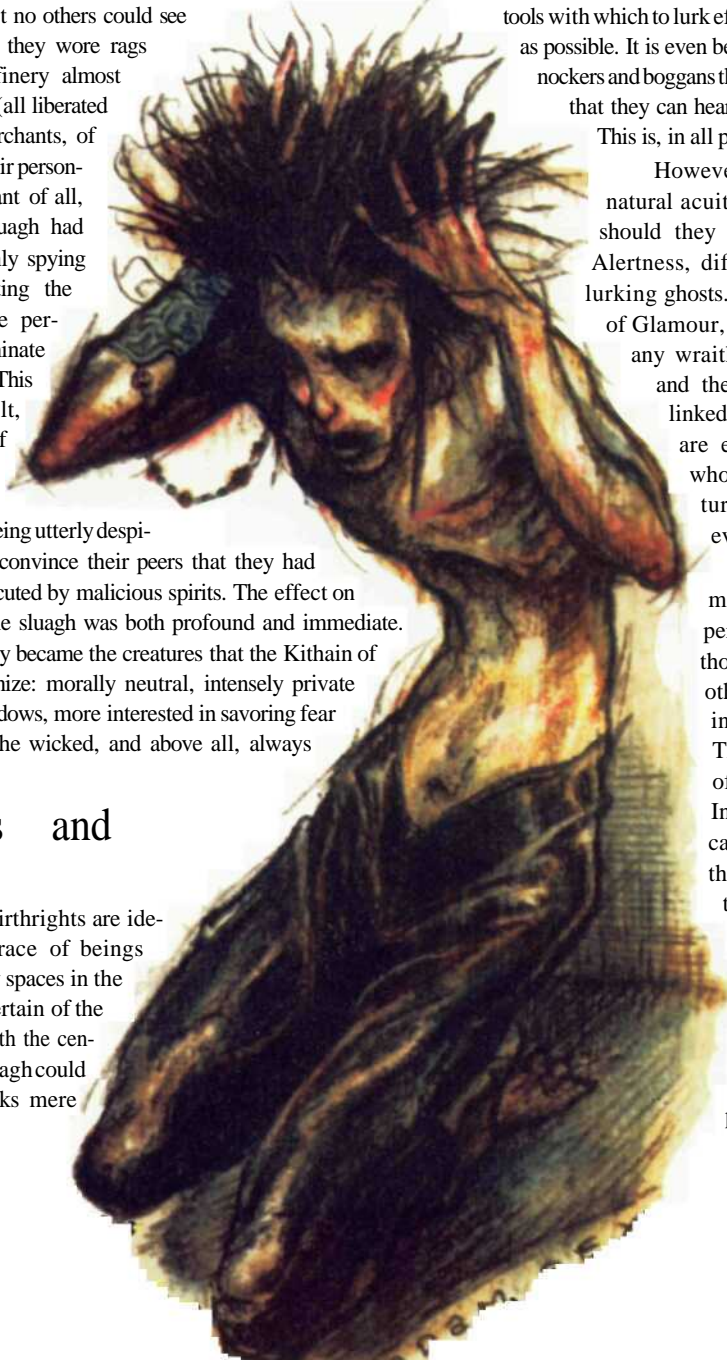
inches across. Time passed, though, and slowly the underfolk were ascribed hands (for reaching out of dark corners), legs (for scuttling across rooftops at night) and other large, irreducibly human-esque physical structures. Now they are reduced to contorting themselves into impossible shapes. Still, this is a great deal more than any other kith is capable of, and it is best to bind a slough with magic instead of rope. When using the Birthright of Squirm, a slough is capable of redistributing her body mass within her skin any way she pleases, so long as there is no deviation from the basic humanoid figure. She may choose to manifest as a grotesquely swollen head attached to a shrunken doll's body, or to dislocate her shoulders and roll them so far behind her back that they meet.

Slough also possess sharper senses than any other Kithain. This comes naturally from ages of peering through knotholes and listening to whispers. As tale-tellers gave the slough knowledge of secrets and the status of omnipresent lurkers, they developed the tools with which to lurk effectively and garner as many secrets as possible. It is even believed by certain more superstitious nockers and boggans that slough grumps' senses are so acute that they can hear thoughts as well as spoken words. This is, in all probability, a canard.

However, there is no doubting the supernatural acuity of slough eyesight. All slough, should they make the effort (Perception + Alertness, difficulty 7) are capable of seeing lurking ghosts. With the expenditure of a point of Glamour, slough can speak (and listen to) any wraiths they discover. The underfolk and the Restless Dead have long been linked, and many slough find that wraiths are excellent sources of information who ask easily granted favors in return. On rare occasions, slough will even invite ghosts to high tea.

A whisper is almost always far more terrifying than a shout. Whispers in darkness are heard only by those for whom they were intended; others tend to dismiss so-called voices in the night that they did not hear. Thus the voice of the slough is that of the hissing lurker in shadows. Indeed, they are no longer even capable of shouts or bellows, though there is nothing in their anatomies that would prevent such utterances.

It is believed that the ban against speaking above a whisper is more psychological than physical, but it is very real to the slough nonetheless, and they do not take kindly to having their Frailties prodded by outsiders.



Organization

Once upon a time, an eshu asked a sluagh of his acquaintance, "So, how do you of the shadow-dwellers arrange yourself? I wish to find the greatest of the sluagh, and tell my tales to her, and would have you tell me where she can be found."

The sluagh laughed, and sipped her tea, and pointed to a spider web that stretched proudly across the face of her grandfather clock. "You see that spider web, friend eshu? Each strand touching many others, all connected to the whole? Gossamer thin we are, yet set one of us a-quiver and we all know."

But the eshu did not understand, and went seeking another who could help him find the greatest of the kith. And each sluagh he found greeted him in all courtesy, and asked how he had fared with all the sluagh he had visited before, and named them all by name.

Thus, did one eshu come to understand the ways of the sluagh.

There is no Grand High Keeper of Secrets, no aged loremaster sitting on a flowstone throne deep in the heart of a chimerical cave. There are only individual sluagh, meeting in twos and threes to exchanged whispered secrets over cups of thin tea or glasses of watery wine. Many sluagh laugh over the delusions maintained by other kith that the shadow-dwellers have secret, orgiastic rituals in vast caverns beneath the earth. Such noise and bright light, the sluagh point out, would inevitably be more pain than the sociability would be worth. Furthermore, since no sluagh can speak above a whisper, the whole affair would be pointless since every secret uttered would be drowned in the general din. Still, many sluagh enjoy playing up these rumors simply for the fear they inspire in gullible Kithain.

While highly private beings, sluagh are still attracted to the trappings of the formal. When sluagh meet sluagh, all of the proprieties must be observed to the letter, else the visiting sluagh is disgraced and is likely to receive, as punishment, a great deal of company in the immediate future. As sluagh are bound by their own codes to be polite to those who are polite to them, an endless wave of well-behaved company is pure anathema to them. Other kith visiting the lair of a sluagh are advised to be as courteous as possible, else they will suddenly will be transformed from tolerated guests to intruders, with disturbing consequences.

While high tea is not exactly an official methodology for meeting among sluagh, it serves as well as any other. Any sluagh seeking company extends formal invitations wrapped in spiders' silk to any other sluagh whose company they desire. The invitees are bound by custom to attend, and over weak tea or curiously sweet wine, share the secrets they have learned since the last time tea was convened. The sluagh in attendance are not bound to tell all that they know, or even to say anything, but to remain silent is considered rude. Stories are told in order of age, with the oldest grump speaking first. Secrets are then told in sequence down to the most callow childling, who, no matter what, will be expected to contribute to the conversation.

Unlike most of the Kithain, sluagh tend to be monogamous. On the rare occasions that a sluagh takes a mate, the match generally is lifelong. Still, it is so rare for a sluagh to find another with whom

she feels comfortable dwelling that weddings among the kith are rare. As for more momentary attachments, certain satyrs swear that there's nothing like a hot (or cold) date with a sluagh, but most Kithain shy away from even touching one, let alone anything more.

Courts

Introduction

Surprisingly enough, the sluagh began as a Seelie kith. While they may have been born of fear, from the time that they achieved consciousness of their purpose, they were dedicated to punishing those who did wrong. They may have been a bit overenthusiastic in their pursuit of wicked children and dishonest merchants, but their rigid respect for tradition and single-minded focus on punishing wrongdoing made them accepted, if not welcome, in the Seelie Court. The fact that the sluagh encountered the trolls first of all the other kith, as they pushed into Scandinavia and the Baltic states relatively early in their existence, may well have helped steer them, at least temporarily, toward a Seelie existence.

Long before the Sundering, however, the sluagh as a kith had turned from the Seelie Court to a more studied neutrality- Accused of punishing indiscriminately, the misunderstood and feared sluagh severely limited their discourse with the Seelie Court. They essentially removed themselves from its province, preferring solitude to unpleasant company. While technically still Seelie faeries, most sluagh consider themselves such simply because they find the Unseelie's disrespect for formality disturbing. There is little of good or evil in the sluagh's choice to remain neutral; merely a desire to observe rather than to be observed.

Seelie

Seelie sluagh tend to have positions as bookstore owners, librarians or antiquarian shopkeepers. Well over half are female, and their chimera are usually animal-like as opposed to inanimate objects. This is not to say that those chimera are cute; most tend to be large crystalline spiders, shimmering gold centipedes and the like. Indeed, the entire kith has a fascination with spider webs, and an intact, dew-spangled spider web is something that most sluagh will pay a great deal for.

The vast majority of Seelie sluagh absent themselves from court as much as possible, though if they come across information of great import they will often send it along by messenger. Usually there is one knight at any given court who has earned the sluagh's trust, and this fae will become an information conduit to be reckoned with.

Unseelie

Unseelie sluagh are an entirely different kettle offish (as well as worms, snakes and other unpleasant animals). Heavily weighted to the male side, the roster of Unseelie sluagh contains most of the more active members of the kith. These are the spies, the hidden messengers and the saboteurs of the Shadow Court. They strike from shadows rather than watching from them, and give the kith much of the bad name it has acquired among the sidhe.

Stereotypes

Boggan

Seelie Sluagh: Marry a complete lack of ambition to an utter failure to comprehend concepts more complicated than "cleaning house," and you have an archetypal boggan. They do good works, it is true. However, in their own sanctimonious way, even the best keep track of how many they've done and for whom, and they positively wriggle for praise when they think no one is watching. They forget that we always are.

Unseelie Sluagh: One might as well call them gnomes. They're anal-retentive to the max. Never, ever accept a favor from one. You'll be hearing about it every time you see them until you pay them off, and the payment itself will be at least three times what the original favor was worth.

Eshu

Seelie Sluagh: Eshu are perhaps our second best source of useful information. Our best is, of course, ourselves, but our information is a cold thing, dragged from sewers and graves. The eshu's stories live, and the sun of the lands they've seen is still in their words. It is almost enough for which to envy them. Trade tales with them, and do not seek to steal their stories. More will be learned from those freely given.

Unseelie Sluagh: Oh, they will haggle over the prices of their tales, but tug at the strings of their vanity, and soon enough everything they know comes tumbling out at your feet. Puff up one's pride and then tell him, "Well, I heard that pooka tell a similar story." He'll give away all he has to trade, just to prove that he's a better storyteller than a mythical rabbit. One might almost call them... suckers.

Nockers

Seelie Sluagh: Their works are extremely impressive. They will be the first to tell you so, and expect you to echo them instantly. Praise one and you will have a friend for life — or at least until you say something uncomplimentary about their work. Be less than extravagant in your compliments, and your ears will melt from their response. Most of their work does deserve some praise. Just not as much as the nockers themselves think.

Unseelie Sluagh: How many nockers does it take to change a light bulb? One, if you want a bulb that will play you "The Star-Spangled Banner" and change color. I've never seen one actually build anything useful, and rarely even something that works. The best you can hope for when dealing with them is to learn a new piece of profanity or two.

Pooka

Seelie Sluagh: Confusing one of their stories with the truth is much like those tales one hears of people mowing off their own feet. It would seem impossible, but occasionally it happens, and everyone else sits around making sympathetic noises while trying to hide their giggles. Pooka are wonderful if one needs entertaining company, and has no wish to get a word in edgewise for a week or three, but I have houseplants that are better sources of information.

Unseelie Sluagh: Perhaps no other kith works itself so easily into a frenzy over our games. A little noise here, a little shadow there, and suddenly their pink and fuzzy noses are twitching in terror. Infinitely fun to torment when they get nosy, most are irredeemably dull otherwise. They have absolutely no concept of how boring they are in conversation.

Redcaps

Seelie Sluagh: I understand many of the other kith have deep-rooted misunderstandings about us. Knowing how ridiculous most of the commonly believed rumors are, I should be willing to grant redcaps the benefit of the doubt and assume that they are merely misunderstood. I will not. I have known too many, and loathed all but a handful. They are obscenities who understand terror, not fear.

Unseelie Sluagh: Attack dogs, pure and simple. Wind them up, point them in the right direction, and let them go. It's like watching a bad cartoon. They deserve precisely as much respect as a Cuisinart, but redcaps really are quite good for making julienne fries out of people who annoy you.

Satyrs

Seelie Sluagh: Some satyrs regard us as a delicacy, to be sampled on occasion to refresh their jaded sexual palates. These are to be disappointed. Others have a certain wisdom born of excessive experience, and these should be cultivated. The worst rarely have much of malice about them, and the best still can't concentrate on anything but their own pleasure for long.

Unseelie Sluagh: Great for getting dirt on who's doing whom, what they're doing with them, and where they bought the equipment. Other than that, they're worthless.

Sidhe

Seelie Sluagh: I choose my words carefully when discussing the sidhe. I do this not out of fear of them, but out of a fear of telling you more than you might want to hear. The words I choose to describe them at this time include, but are not limited to: arrogant, bloody, self-blinded, delusional, genocidal fossils. Need more be said?

Unseelie Sluagh: Santayana once said that to knock down something cocked at an arrogant angle is a deep delight of the blood. He was talking about humiliating sidhe.

Trolls

Seelie Sluagh: The boggans shackle themselves with details, the trolls with honor. We know their past, and we know their fate, and in the meantime treat them with due respect. You will learn nothing from them, save by watching their examples. They, of all the other kith, know the value of silence.

Unseelie Sluagh: They're bright enough to know when they're being fooled, but not bright enough to shed their vaunted honor long enough to do something about it. The word "long-suffering" was coined for these poor idiots.

TROLLS

*Perhaps strong arms and sharp blades will not hold back the coming
Winter, but all honorable fae must try.*

— Sir Athelred, Mendicant Knight

Dana, mother of Dagda, ruler of all the Gods peered into the Well of Eternity and beheld her dream works. The world stretched out, silent and still, waiting for the breath of life. There were her blessed children, the Tuatha de Danaan. And beyond them, through the veils of time, were the eight peoples of the fae, the children of her children. And even further through the mists did she peer, witnessing the turnings of the celestial seasons. A time of tribulation would arrive, and with it, perhaps, a time affinal Winter when world and Dreaming would wither under an eternal blanket of frozen Banality.

And she was troubled, saying: "Who will stand guard and protect these, my beloved children?"

She gazed again through the well, and saw that though each of the eight were vouchsafed great and wondrous gifts, they were small and their strength would break like fragile twigs beneath the weight of the great snow.

"A protector I will build for them. I shall hew him from the very mountains, and their strength shall be his strength. The surging rivers shall be his life's blood, and his wisdom shall be that of the good earth."

And so saying she did forge a champion from the mightiest mountain. Lightning was her hammer, and thunder rang out across the still and silent world. And when her work was done she did breathe life into this, her creation, and his eyes did open. His long hair and beard were mighty forests, and his brow was wreathed in clouds.

And seeing him, she did say: "Behold the world. Before even my first-born do I wake thee, that I may charge thee with thy sacred task. Thou art the protector of all my children, and in so doing, thou shall be always first in my heart." So saying did she enshroud him once more in the mist of dreams, that he might wake again amongst the other Kithain.

— from *The Tapestry of Slumber*

History

Troll history begins in the earliest reaches of the Time of Legends, and they are one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of the kith. Troll tradition holds that they are the one kith directly created by the goddess Dana instead of by her progeny, the Tuatha de Danaan. Trolls believe that the earliest of their kind were elemental giants of some sort, charged with the protection of all the other fae. These giants (some believe) towered over modern-day trolls, some standing as tall as mountains. Giants such as Bran the Blessed and the Cerne Abbas giant may have been gods. While many believe the size of these earliest giants to be greatly exaggerated, there are still tales of such creatures in the Deep Dreaming. Most believe that the trolls during this time were of lesser stature, however.

During the Time of Legends, the trolls proved their worth many times against such enemies as the Fomorians and other dark chimera from the Deep Dreaming. Although there were troll chieftains at this time, they generally led through example and rarely sought power for its own sake. Because of this predilection, many commoners still feel that they are inherently better leaders than the sidhe.

During the Sundering, the trolls, like many other kith, became enamored of the traditions of hierarchy and pageantry created by humanity. Many trolls became valorous knights and adopted the code of chivalry that emerged at this time. Unlike the sidhe, however, the trolls were not as efficient in the leadership aspects of kingdom-building. Sidhe kingdoms soon assimilated troll fiefdoms and freeholds. Despite strong initial troll opposition to this trend, the trolls soon realized that their intransigence in this matter was weakening all the fae at a time of growing peril. The two kith called for a secret reune. At the reune's end, many were amazed that the warrior trolls capitulated to sidhe leadership. While some muttered darkly that this was due to perfidy by the sidhe, trolls considered sidhe leadership to be the course that would most strengthen all the fae. It was also during the Sundering that antagonism between Seelie and Unseelie trolls reached its zenith.

With the height of the Shattering, the sidhe fled to Arcadia, abandoning the other kith to the ravages of Banality. Perhaps more than any other kith, it was the trolls who stepped into the breach to preserve the fae of earth.

Cut off from the Dreaming, the trolls took up positions of leadership among the fae. For six hundred years, during the Interregnum, the trolls took the brunt of an increasingly hostile world. Many changelings credit the very survival of the fae to the trolls, and thus still consider them



the true nobility of the Kithain. During this time the trolls also controlled many of the more hostile tendencies of such kith as the sluagh and the redcaps. After the Seelie and Unseelie Courts reached an accord, the trolls were better able to protect their fellow changelings from the threats represented by such forces as the Prodigals. While the trolls lacked the subtlety of many other kith, their overwhelming strength in battle and their reputation for honor won them widespread support. The Interregnum was a crucible of sorts for the trolls, and many of them believe that the Dreaming ordained it to prepare them for the great trials of the coming Winter.

With the Resurgence and the return of the sidhe in 1969, the trolls initially adopted a wait-and-see policy towards the errant nobility. During this time the trolls resisted secret sluagh overtures to attack the sidhe immediately, while they were still weak. Many other commoners looked to the trolls to determine their own reactions to the sidhe's return. It was only with the Beltaine Massacre and the beginning of the Accordance War that many trolls took the fore against the sidhe. During the Accordance War, the troll community was divided in their loyalties. Many allied themselves with the returned Dream Lords, seeing their return as the harbinger of the returning Dreaming. The majority of trolls, however, took up arms against the sidhe and were the most powerful force against them. The legendary 4th Troll Commons Battalion directly engaged the sidhe warlord Dyfell in a series of fierce battles throughout North America. Not since the Shattering were such bloody battles waged among the fae. In final battle between the two sides, sidhe forces decimated most of the battalion, under the command of General Lyros. Despite this defeat, many changelings still credit (or blame) the 4th Troll Commons with Dyfell's death, a fact that has earned them the enmity of such sidhe traditionalists as Lord Dray.

After the fall of Dyfell and the subsequent rise of King David, the Accordance War ended, and the trolls were among the first to embrace the peace. Ceding that King David was the rightful king of the fae, most trolls quickly swore fealty to him, and fell into their pre-Shattering place as supporters of the sidhe. The sidhe and trolls forged the conditions of this peace in a second great reune. There is great speculation as to the conditions of this peace, and many sluagh rumor that the trolls are now little more than the "trained lap-dogs of the sidhe." Despite these assertions, blind obedience is not a deficiency of the trolls. They have never lost sight of their role as protectors (if the fae. While they are still wary of the sidhe for their past failings, most trolls consider the return to sidhe leadership to be the fae's best bet for long-term survival. Some believe that the trolls secretly made several strong demands of the sidhe in return for their loyalty.

Troll loyalty to the Kingdom of Concordia has been almost complete, at least among the Seelie trolls. Troll aid was instrumental in the suppression of the Greens Rebellion in the mid-1980s. Such troll lords as General Lyros and Duke Topaz (ruler of the Kingdom of the Feathered Snake) strongly repre-

sent troll interests and values throughout Concordia. At the same time, however, they are under attack by such sidhe reactionaries as Lord Dray and the Beltaine Blade. Allied with reactionaries of other kith, these sidhe have, with some success, pushed a series of initiatives through the Parliament of Dreams to undercut troll influence. Euphemistically called the "Troll Assimilation Proclamation," this bill, if passed, will appropriate a large number of troll freeholds, effectively eliminating them as a power in the parliament. This proposal has encountered stiff opposition by both sidhe and commoner allies of the trolls, however. Its passage is far from certain.

Organization

Guardianship, not power, is the calling of the trolls. They take this sacred trust very seriously, and much of their organizational structure reflects this philosophy. Troll society is based on a strange combination of feudalism and Jeffersonian democracy. As is the case with all kith, troll freeholds are divided between nobles and motleys. Troll freeholds of either kind are called lodges. Noble lodges follow the typical pattern of a noble ruling over his subjects, supported by a system of knights. Noble freeholds also have the usual assortment of vassals (squires, chamberlains, etc.). Unlike many kith, however, troll nobility is not necessarily hereditary, and trolls may remove unfit nobles through a convocation of social groupings called fellowships.

Fellowships are the basic building block of trollish society. There are three types of fellowships. The Fellowship of the Hearth handles the normal domestic affairs of the lodge, while the Fellowship of the Storm leads in times of war. The Fellowship of the Mountain attends to the trolls' spiritual matters and is the keeper of troll lore. All trolls may have a voice in each of these fellowships, though as a rule most trolls follow only one fellowship full-time. The agreement of all three fellowships in a lodge is required to remove a wayward noble. All the fellowships have a strong democratic component, except for the Fellowship of the Storm.

Motley freeholds are also called lodges and follow the same system of fellowships as the noble lodges. Most motley-lodges are ruled by one chieftain, supported by a system of shamans and thanes. Motley chieftains may rule by strength, guile or popular decree, depending on the individual lodge. Those who rule by guile, however, must still maintain at least the appearance of honor. Both noble and motley chieftains must undergo a series of rites called the Fior-Danu to prove their worth. This tests the aspirant's bravery, wisdom, honor and fighting prowess. The fior takes place in the Dreaming against chimerical challenges, and casualties are rare. All troll lodges also receive strong support from their kin and are highly protective of them.

Many Concordian motleys have taken on many of the aspects of Native American tribes. Some have strong contacts with the Nunnehi, and such Garou tribes as the Wendigo and

the Uktena (see **Werewolf: The Apocalypse**). Ironically troll lodges such as the Brotherhood of Thor formed these alliances during the Native American tribes' battles with the Get of Fenris werewolves. This alliance with the Native American Garou against the Brotherhood of Thor's traditional Scandinavian allies led to some interesting battles over the years, and has strained the trolls' relationship with the Get of Fenris.

All trolls, whether they are Seelie or Unseelie, noble or commoner, share common ground. Among each other they are able to be themselves, without having to be on continuous guard against threats to the Kithain. In private, trolls have a strong romantic tradition, and are often humorous and boisterous. While other kith may see these aspects of troll behavior, it is only among each other that trolls are truly at ease. It is for this reason that the majority of troll freeholds are exclusively of troll membership. Many trolls are itinerant, however, wandering from freehold to freehold. It is in this way that the trolls manage to retain strong contacts with the other kith. Unlike the sidhe, most other commoners do not consider the trolls to be remote.

Courts

No one is sure with which Court trolls were originally aligned. Trolls of both Courts are prominent in the earliest tales from the Time of Legends. Benign giants and blood-thirsty ogres fill the pages of the *Tapestry of Slumber*, the chronicle of that age. The earth rang with the sound of great clashes between the two Courts. Usually, however, the two Courts seemed to lead separate existences, rarely coming into conflict. It was only with the advent of the Sundering and the dwindling of the freeholds that their antagonism came into sharp focus. The two Courts still had the protection of the fae in mind, but opinions on how to accomplish this varied greatly. Seelie trolls sought the preservation and cultivation of the dwindling Dreaming. Those of the Unseelie Court advocated striking horror into the hearts of the Dreamers, thereby creating a flavor of Glamour that was more to their liking. This antagonism culminated in the so-called War of Thunder, which coincided with the Peloponnesian War. The division between the two Courts continued after this, but never reached such heights again. Trolls of the two Courts were among the first to reach an accord after the Shattering. Despite intermittent clashes, the two have maintained an informal pact of non-aggression since that time.

The Code of Dagda

The Code of Dagda is a formalized writ of troll behavior handed down from the Time of Legends. Supposedly given to the trolls by the "Good God" Dagda (son of Dana and greatest of the Tuatha de Danaan), most trolls follow it to varying degrees. The Code of Dagda is the path of the warrior and complements, rather than replaces, the Escheat. The code is in many ways similar to the medieval codes of chivalry or to

the samurai code of bushido. It presupposes a high and honorable place for the trolls as a kith, and thus dictates a superior code of ethics to those worthy of this superior status. Among the dictates of this code are the acceptance of an honorable surrender, respect for those of a higher social standing and the protection of the Dreaming.

Not all trolls follow every aspect of this code equally, and individual interpretations of it may vary widely. Unseelie interpretation of the code is very different from that of Seelie trolls. Part of the code dictates that trolls should always battle other trolls in battle before moving on to weaker and "less worthy" opponents. Most other fae are very grateful for this particular provision of the code. While trolls are the primary followers of the Code of Dagda, it also has adherents outside this kith. Warriors of many kith follow parts or all of this code and have their own particular versions of it. The sidhe House of Scathach (see Nobles: The Shining Host) are particularly strong proponents of the code, and received much of it directly from the trolls during the Interregnum.

Seelie Trolls

Seelie trolls are literal-minded proponents of the Code of Dagda and embody all the best aspects of the Seelie Court at large. Their ethos dictates that the strong must protect the weak and entails a strict code of ethics similar to that of medieval chivalry. Seelie troll chivalry usually extends to all creatures, even Prodigals and humans. They, more than perhaps any other fae, are aware of the approaching Winter, and are readying themselves for battle. Seelie trolls are widely trusted by other fae of both Courts. They view all Kithain as worthy (though sometimes misguided) changelings until they prove otherwise. They are generally tolerant of those of the Unseelie Court, whom they view as merely following their preordained role within the Dreaming. This open-mindedness does not necessarily extend to specific Unseelie practices such as Ravaging and needless cruelty toward humans, however. Seelie trolls are adamant in enforcing the Escheat, and have little tolerance for those who flagrantly violate its tenets or endanger the fae as a people.

Unseelie Trolls

Unlike most of the Unseelie Court, Unseelie trolls (a.k.a. ogres) maintain a strong code of ethical comportment all their own. This code is in many ways similar to that of their Seelie counterparts. It involves such precepts as protecting the fae as a race (though this precept does not necessarily include individual changelings) and seeking worthy opponents. Unseelie troll bullies are, fortunately, rarer than one might think, though they couch this precept in terms of only wanting to battle "worthy" opponents. Unseelie troll interpretation of the Code of Dagda is less literal than Seelie interpretation, and their code of conduct does not usually extend to humans. Unseelie troll honor is also very dualistic and applies a very different ethos to

Stereotypes

Boggans

Seelie Trolls: Worthy of our respect because they are the most true to their fae nature and among the most worthy of our kind.

Unseelie Trolls: A strange little people, but at least they know their place.

Eshu

Seelie Trolls: While many appear to be dishonest rogues, in truth many follow a strict code of honor. Their imagination and adventurous nature strengthen the Dreaming wherever they go. Once you have gained an eshu's loyalty, you have a friend for life.

Unseelie Trolls: Dishonest rogues, who claim to follow a strict code of honor. Trust them only when you can keep an eye on them, and be aware that they spread rumors.

Nockers

Seelie Trolls: When they show any honor at all, it is in matters of their admittedly superior craft. They make the best weapons, but always demand a warranty, no matter how offended they may act at the suggestion.

Unseelie Trolls: They make the best weapons, but always demand a warranty.

Pooka

Seelie Trolls: They seem to have a very low opinion of our intelligence; we are thus tempting targets for their churlish pranks. Hand out one object lesson in manners, and news in their community seems to spread, however. Fortunately they have learned not to push our patience too far.

Unseelie Trolls: Smash a few of their empty animal heads together and watch them cower. Once properly humbled, they make good spies and messengers. It is always useful to have at least one pooka as a companion.

kith other than to their own. Among other trolls (Seelie and Unseelie), ogres tend toward a stricter interpretation of the Code of Dagda and the Escheat, while among other, "lesser" kith, they tend toward a more liberal interpretation of these

Redcaps

Seelie Trolls: Good fighters who honor us for our strength, but they completely misunderstand what it is to be a warrior. Their excesses damage the Dreaming, and we must watch them.

Unseelie Trolls: Sometimes these guys go a little too far. Despite their bravado, most of them are cowards at heart.

Satyrs

Seelie Trolls: A conundrum for those of our kind. They follow nothing but the dictates of their own jaded desires, yet their festivities strengthen the Dreaming and all the fae. Leave them to their own devices.

Unseelie Trolls: Their pose as clueless hedonists does not fool us. They are adept scholars and incurable busybodies, always sticking their noses into our affairs. They are lying seducers and use their wiles to steal our secrets. If you must have an affair with one of them, do it on your own terms and make it a short one.

Sidhe

Seelie Trolls: Undoubtedly those among us best suited to lead, but they have failed the fae once before. This is their second and last chance.

Unseelie Trolls: Undoubtedly those among us best suited to lead, but they have failed the fae once before. This is their second and last chance.

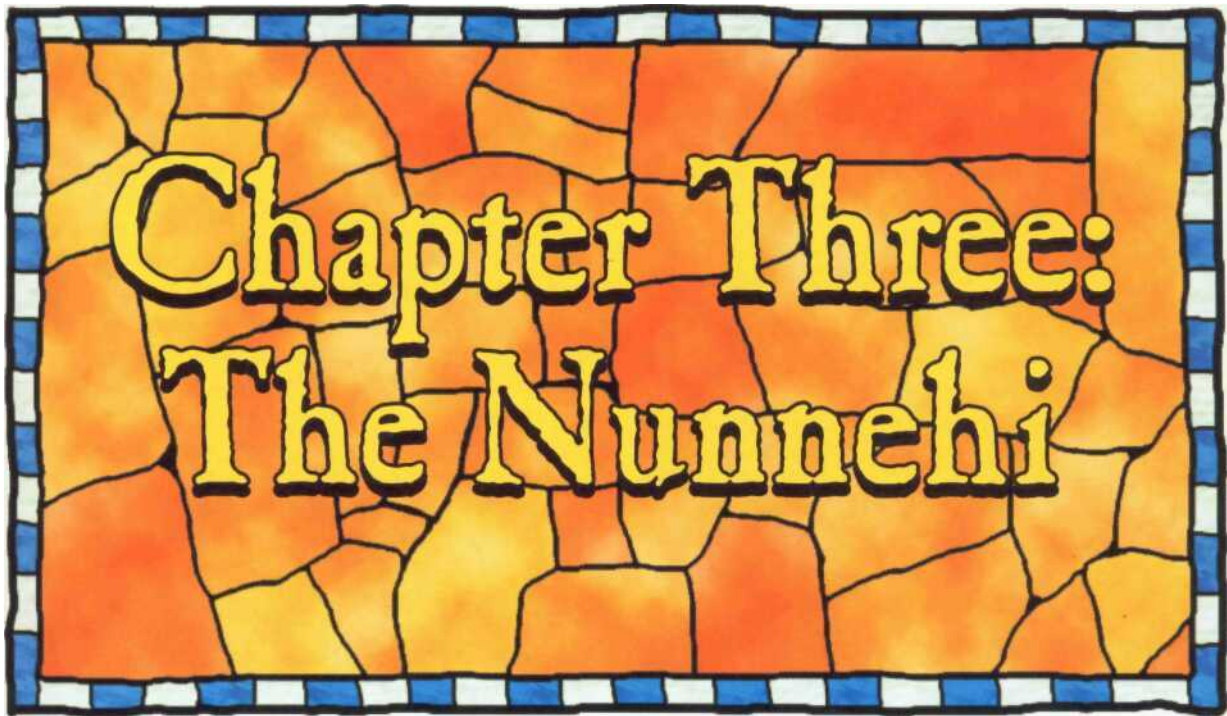
Sluagh

Seelie Trolls: As a group they are dishonest and manipulative. If nothing else, we support the sidhe to curb their excesses. You may trust some as individuals, judged by their own merits.

Unseelie Trolls: They look at us as little more than powerful pawns to be used against the sidhe. We claim that we are on to them, but then why do they always still seem to get their way with us? Trust a satyr or an eshu before you trust one of these grotto-whisperers.

codes. This gives other kith the impression that ogre behavior is erratic and bound by no real code. Non-trolls, thus, view Unseelie trolls with trepidation.





Chapter Three: The Nunnehi

Spirits In Flesh

*When we were created we were
given our ground to live on and from this
time these were our rights. This is all true.
We were put here by the Creator —
I was not brought from a foreign country...*
— Chief Weninock, Yakima

The Nunnehi are the faerie spirits of the Native Americans. Not only are they the embodiments of the myths, legends, dreams and possibilities of the native tribes of North America, they also spring from the vision quests and spirit workings integral to those cultures. The word *Nunnehi* means "people who live anywhere," and they inhabit remote wilderness areas as well as living on the fringes of human society, often combining nomadic and settled cultures. Their townships and enclaves serve as bases for groups of wandering hunters and warriors, who act as guardians against the encroachment of outsiders, including European changelings. Like the mortals whose dreams they personify, the Nunnehi share a reverence for and understanding of the natural world of rocks, plants and animals. In some ways they serve as a spirit link between nature and their chosen tribes.

Long before the coming of the Kithain, the Nunnehi Nations lived in harmony with the Native American tribes. Though somewhat varied due to differences in concepts and beliefs, many Nunnehi had traits in common. Many were

invisible or could become so; some could change size from a few inches tall to gigantic. Almost all were believed to grant favors or bestow curses. Closely tied to both the natural world and the world of the spirits, some served as go-betweens for communications with higher beings or the spirits of the dead. Tribes left gifts to placate their spirit brethren, asked them for guidance, and feared their retribution should anyone insult or anger them. In return, the Nunnehi Nations watched over their "flesh brothers," lending their assistance when needed and teaching tribal dreamers healing and growing magics.

Nunnehi are very different from their European cousins. They do not gather Glamour, but "harvest Medicine." They evince different types than the European faeries as well, having no boggans, sluagh, sidhe or redcaps. Instead, they are water babies or invisible people depending on which region and tribe they descend from. They refer to these types as Families rather than kith. Nor do Nunnehi refer to themselves as the Kithain. They are the Nunnehi Nations. Indeed, they hardly seem to grasp the concept of being singular, instead referring to a single Nunnehi as "one" to show that the Nunnehi in question is "one of the principal people (of the Nunnehi Nations)." In this, they are much like their flesh brothers, who see themselves as part of and in relationship to the tribe before being individuals. Sadly, they also resemble the tribes in their dislocation from many of their former territories and in their declining numbers.

Those who were left behind when the doorways closed to Arcadia and the Higher Hunting Grounds (the Nunnehi

Dreaming) became changelings. The European faeries underwent a changing ritual that shielded them from Banality; the native faeries found highly spiritual people who agreed to act as hosts for the Nunnehi's spirits. The first Nunnehi-human hybrids shared the bodies, with the Nunnehi spirit remaining quiescent within until the host either fathered or became the mother of a child. The Nunnehi spirit then entered the child before birth, fusing its faerie spirit to the child's flesh. Those who had hosted Nunnehi spirits within themselves often became counselors, medicine men and wise women in their tribes due to the insights granted them by their faerie brethren. Nunnehi have most often chosen to re-manifest within the descendants of those they originally inhabited, though any member of the Nunnehi's chosen tribe might be so honored. This has proven to be both a blessing and a curse, keeping the Nunnehi strong and allied with their tribes, while creating grave problems for those whose tribes have become extinct.

The major difference between Nunnehi and other changelings lies in their relationship to the Dreaming. Unlike other changelings, who are merely exiled from Arcadia and who can still occasionally touch the Dreaming, Nunnehi have lost their connection to their homeland (called the Higher Hunting Grounds) in the Dreaming. There is speculation that this may stem from the actual destruction of the Higher Hunting Grounds due to the loss of so many native tribes and the erosion of their beliefs. To compensate, Nunnehi have gained the ability to draw Glamour (which they call Medicine) directly from the natural world, and are also able to enter the spirit world under certain conditions.

The Nunnehi still mourn their loss of the Dreaming and commemorate it through their love for and skill in song, dance, story and artistic endeavors. Ironically, most Nunnehi tend to be extremely creative in at least one of these areas, thus making them sources of Glamour for other changelings.

Relations

The story of the Nunnehi is one of coping with a series of invasions. In each region, certain areas were set aside as homelands or territories for the Nunnehi. These were usually thought to be places of power and great natural beauty such as waterfalls, strange rock formations, stands of woods, particular coves along the shoreline, caves, great trees or islands found in mid-river or emerging from a dismal swamp. In some cases, this brought them into competition with Garou, who claimed caerns in many of the same regions. For the most part, though, the two groups cooperated rather than competing, and the Croatan, Uktena and Wendigo found natural allies among the Nunnehi. To this day, it is far more likely to find the Native American Garou and the Nunnehi allied than at odds with one another. This is not true with regard to those Garou who are called "the latecomers" — the Fianna, Get of Fenris, Silver Fangs and others.

The First Wave

More intrusive and more dangerous to the native faeries were those of their own kind. Many Nunnehi were originally friendly to those who fled to North America to escape Banality. Those noble sidhe and their households often came as supplicants searching for new lands to shelter them. The Nunnehi frequently welcomed their foreign cousins and taught them how to live in the new environment. Treaties were signed and friendship gifts exchanged.

Soon, however, greater numbers came across the sea, and these settled wherever they pleased with little regard for the native faeries' feelings. Like their human counterparts who would later arrive in the New World, the European faeries arrogantly assumed that their culture and ways were superior and more civilized. Without understanding that the traditions and customs of the Nunnehi were at least as old, if not older, than their own, the immigrants dismissed the rich culture and society of the "backward savages." Some even took Nunnehi as captives and thralls to "teach" them European values and how to be "civilized." Relations between the Kithain and the Nunnehi Nations deteriorated wherever the newcomers took no thought for the feelings and rights of the native faeries. The Nunnehi fought back against the usurpers who took their lands, banding together into war parties to attack European freeholds and travelers. Though most of the older settlements where the Kithain were friendly to the Nunnehi were safe from such attack, some hotheads among the Nations made war upon any non-natives.

The European Settlement

With the coming of human European settlers, many of the commoners also arrived. These too encroached upon the Nunnehi just as the humans did. Though the alien faeries appreciated the beauty of their new surroundings, they could not glean Glamour from it as could the Nunnehi. Unwittingly, the settlers felled stands of ancient trees and plowed over fields where Nunnehi had once danced and harvested Medicine. Warfare also took its toll among the Nunnehi. Tribe fought tribe as they were pushed into one another's territories and forced into competition for resources. Many natives supported European powers rather than the American settlers in the War for Independence, hoping that the powers would give back their lands in return for their help. When the war was lost, these were stripped of their remaining territories, and many were forced into slavery or sent far away. The Nunnehi fought alongside their flesh brothers and shared their fate.

Over time, the Europeans uprooted the native tribes, either decimating them with diseases they had no protection against or displacing them from their hunting grounds and homelands. Many Nunnehi who had formerly been peaceful responded with anger and enmity, waging war against the European changelings and their human kin. Others withdrew deeper into the forests, or disappeared from the knowledge of

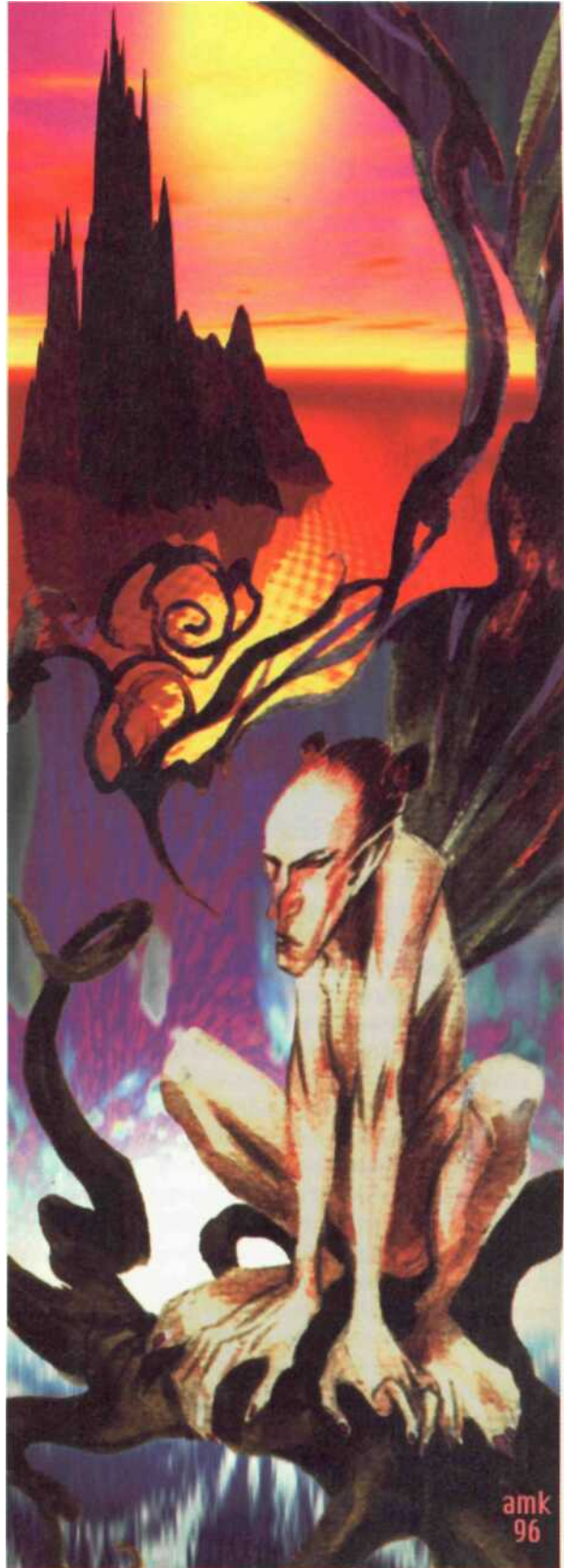
their foreign cousins. Some accompanied their displaced flesh brothers to exile in their new homes. Those whose people were displaced and who either would not or could not follow their human kin have either died out or withdrawn so deeply into the spirit world that they are no longer seen on Earth. A very few of these remain in hidden enclaves, but they are ancient now and malevolent toward all. These have wholly given themselves over to their Winter natures and wait only for their eventual deaths. It is unknown whether these Nunnehi's spirits can inhabit the bodies of other tribal people, or if their passing will mark the end of their immortal faerie souls. These are the most dangerous Nunnehi — especially to non-natives — because they have nothing more to lose.

While less deliberately malevolent, other Nunnehi continue to attack and fight the usurpers. It isn't hard to understand their resentment and hatred for the aliens who took their land, ripped away their Glamour, decimated their tribal brethren and almost destroyed them. Their once-free glens, which served them as dancing circles, tribal meeting places and encampments, have been made over into freeholds by the Europeans. Many Nunnehi were nomadic, moving according to the seasons or availability of game. The concept of a fixed place, of remaining in one abode, is foreign to them still. Much less do they understand reservations or why their people are confined to such pcxir areas with so little to sustain them.

For the last hundred years, the Nunnehi have been in decline as their tribes lost most of their population, shunned their old beliefs and turned away from their ancient traditions. Only in the last few decades has there been a resurgence of Native American pride and a renewal of interest in the old ways. With it has come the rebirth of Nunnehi who were thought to have been lost forever as their stories faded from memory and the birth of new Nunnehi from the visions, dreams and beliefs of modern tribal people. From this renaissance of belief has arisen new hope that the Nunnehi are no longer a dead and dying people, but one that has endured their long Winter and now is emerging again into Spring.

The Return of the Sidhe

Into the volatile mix precipitated by Kithain dominance and Nunnehi desperation has now been thrown the return of the noble sidhe. Their coming and reclamation of lands they considered to be their fiefs not only sparked the Accordance War, but acted as a call to arms for Nunnehi as well. Some Nunnehi were again displaced by this influx of non-natives, who once again assumed their own superiority. Many of these fought alongside the commoners, believing that once they triumphed, the common Kithain must recognize their rights. Others merely stood aside, feeling that it was none of their concern if commoner slew noble, so long as all involved were not Nunnehi. A third group allied with the nobles, remembering a time when some nobles had sworn treaties and bonds of friendship with them. These fared best, and some Nunnehi Nations today enjoy treaties and guarantees of their rights





sworn to by noble friends who have claimed fiefdoms partly won through Nunnehi support.

Naturally, nothing is without price. The conflicting loyalties engendered by the Accordance Wars have caused old enmities among various tribes of Nunnehi to erupt. Most tribes refuse to engage in warfare against their own kind, but those whose tribes were enemies or competitors again spoil for battle to prove themselves better. The new emphasis on pride among Native Americans has had a heady effect upon the Nations. Where they all might once have been content to ally in the face of certain eventual destruction, the renewal of native culture has made them proud and unwilling to forgive old wrongs. Nunnehi from competing tribes might forswear fighting among themselves long enough to battle non-natives, but they seldom choose to ally for longer periods or even go their separate, peaceful ways. If no fight ensues between the momentary allies, they back away from confrontation, with each expecting treachery from the other until miles are put between them. Thus, even as the Nunnehi again become strong, they weaken themselves from within by intertribal bickering.

Tribes

All Nunnehi belong to a tribe. Differences in Nunnehi can be attributed to the variant dreams and expectations among the Native American tribes. For this reason, it is difficult for Nunnehi to be born into non-natives or those who are not members of their tribe. Doing so almost guarantees that they will not remember who and what they are until they become elders and reach the perspective and wisdom that age brings.

For the most part, many tribes from the same region have similar backgrounds, such as the buffalo hunters of the Great Plains. To that extent, Nunnehi may be associated with particular areas, being identified, for example, as Southwestern or Northeastern. Within those regions, however, the individual tribes shape the form, dress, practices and customs that the Nunnehi Nations follow. Nunnehi are never born into tribes who once were or are still considered rivals or enemies to their own.

Regardless of their geographic placement, each still flourishing or revitalized culture has a special relationship with its Nunnehi. While modern tribal members may not believe that Nunnehi move among them, many do believe in nature spirits to whom they appeal for help and strength. Many also believe that certain children are born who evince talents or spiritual affinities that mark them as "special." Nunnehi often serve as tribal storytellers, lorekeepers, artists, crafters and dancers. Some become advisors or even chiefs.

It is not possible to examine each tribe in detail, but this general overview can be used as a springboard for further investigation into the Native American tribes from whom the Nunnehi take their shapes. Virtually all the native cultures depicted here are confined to reservations today. In most cases, the Nunnehi are a blend of ancient practices and modern sensibilities. Because they often depend upon both their ties to the natural and spirit worlds and on old traditions for their existence, however, Nunnehi tend to be more anachronistic than other changelings, clinging to old ways rather than embracing modern tools and ways of life. Therefore, the descriptions given below of the clothing, customs, skills and practices of the various tribes is still fairly accurate when applied to the practices of modern Nunnehi.

Northeast

.. and each of the five chiefs of the sister nations clasped the hands of the others so firmly that a falling tree could not have severed them.

- From the story of the founding of the Iroquois Confederacy

Trappers, hunters and fishers, the natives of the Northeastern woodlands found that they had many things in common. Alliances and confederations were commonplace, with the Iroquois and Abnaki Confederations pointing the way. Those Nunnehi who were associated with these tribes also considered (and still consider) themselves to be allies of their respective Nunnehi Nations, and may sometimes lend aid to the flesh brothers of allied tribes. Anyone who makes an enemy of one of the allied Nunnehi makes an enemy of all their allies as well. Interestingly, those from the Iroquois Confederation and those of the Abnaki were traditional enemies.

The Confederacy of the Iroquois

Before the coming of the Europeans, a holy man's vision led to the creation of the Confederacy of the Iroquois, five Nations bound together by shared language, custom and law. The Iroquois, who lived in what became New York state, divided their land into five strips, democratic republics governed by an elected council. Chiefs were elected from candidates proposed by the matrons of the tribes, and had to act only with the consent of all the women of childbearing age. The Iroquois Nations were controlled by the women, both because they reckoned kin relations through the matri-

lineal line, and because women were responsible for most of the work done in the community, from childrearing to planting and harvesting. The men were often away hunting for long periods of time.

Made up of the Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga and Seneca, the League of Five Nations became Six Nations when they allied with the Tuscarora. All speeches and diplomatic dealings were accompanied by a gift of wampum, beads made from whelk shells. This was done to show that what was said was both important and true. The Iroquois became the most powerful native tribes in the Northeast, allying with the European invaders and thus saving their lands and culture until after the Revolutionary War when most of them sided with the British. They warred chiefly with their rivals in the fur trade, the Hurons, Eries and Illinois and the Algonquin speakers of the Abnaki Confederation.

One of the most breathtaking sites in Iroquois land is Taughannock Falls, which plummets over 215 feet into Cayuga Lake and serves as a place of power for those few Cayugan Nunnehi who are left. They wait in vain for the return of their people, who now live on a reservation in northeastern Oklahoma. Of the six tribes, only the Seneca and Mohawk still maintain any large presence in the area, with the Mohawk taking on the modern role of steelworkers high atop the skyscrapers of Manhattan.

The Abnaki Confederation

Covering areas from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to Maine, the Abnaki Confederacy encompassed the Abnaki, Maliseet, Passamaquoddy and Penobscot tribes. All were Algonquin speakers and held alliances with the French. Expert at canoeing, fishing and trapping, the Abnaki allies lived in conical wigwams covered with birch bark. Unlike their Iroquois rivals, they reckoned kinship from the patrilinear line. The Abnaki allies popularized the idea of using the Calumet Ceremony (or peace pipe) as a ceremonial means to stopping wars, mediating disagreements and establishing peace. Many among these tribes wore beaver skins, softening and curing the hides for later trade with the French. The Maliseet were noted for their singing, dancing and elaborate feasts, while the Penobscot found fame with their intricate bead- and quillwork, and had a reputation for peacefulness and hospitality. Most now live on reservations in Maine.

Other tribes of the area included the Micmac, Pequod, Susquehanna, Powhatan and Delaware.

Southeast

It is the path of wisdom to learn from one's predecessors, of course, but we also owe them the metaphysical courtesy of remembering them. As archaeologists know, the land itself remembers those who have dwelt upon it.

— George E. Lankford, ed. Native American Legends: Southeastern Legends

The earliest tribes to inhabit the Southeastern woodlands were mound-builders, hunter-gatherers who eventually turned to agriculture and built a rich and intricate civilization. The migration of Mississippian tribes into the region resulted in their disappearance or assimilation by the newcomers, who would become known as the Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw and Creek. The Seminoles, an offshoot of the Creek, eventually traveled to the Florida peninsula.

The tribes that settled in the forests and valleys of the Southeast were farmers and hunters, living in summer and winter towns and enjoying a complex form of government revolving around a chief and a town council. Decisions were made by consensus, and both warriors and elders (known as made by consensus, and both warriors and elders (known as summer men and women) had a voice in the council. Summer houses tended to be rectangular and large, while winter houses were round and heavily insulated, with only a single small entrance to conserve heat.

Societal structure was both matrilineal and matrilocal, and women played an important role in the life of the tribe. They owned property, oversaw the raising of children, and occasionally accompanied their warriors into battle as chroniclers, often singing songs to inspire bravery in combat. Intertribal warfare was common among these tribes, usually for the purpose of taking slaves or war captives to assert their status. In times of peace, warriors spent much of their time preparing for and participating in ball games, which assumed ritual significance for the tribes.

The Cherokee inhabited parts of the Carolinas, Tennessee and Georgia. The Choctaw resided in southern Mississippi and parts of Alabama and Louisiana, while the Chickasaw claimed northern Mississippi as their home. The Creeks made their home in southern Georgia and Alabama.

The Seminole adapted themselves to their semi-tropical environment, building stilt-houses, called *chickees*, with palmetto leaf roofs and sides that were open to the air except at night, when canopies were lowered to keep out the insects.

The Five Civilized Tribes

The Europeans who settled the Southeastern woodlands after the 17th century referred to the Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Creek and Seminole as the "five civilized tribes," so called because of their original friendliness to the white invaders and their willingness to adopt the customs of the new arrivals. The Southeastern tribes learned the European method of agriculture, adapted their clothing and hairstyles to reflect the dress of the white settlers, and in many cases, even converted to the religion of the Europeans. Determined to prove that they could coexist with the newcomers in harmony, they entered into treaties and alliances which they thought would guarantee the sanctity of their homelands.

The Europeans, however, coveted the fertile lands of the Southeastern tribes, and sought every opportunity to acquire the natives' territories for themselves. Many of the Southeastern peoples sided with the British during the Revolutionary War and lost their lands when the British were defeated.

Some tribes were pressured into abandoning their lands, traveling west across the Mississippi. Others attempted to remain, hoping for recognition by the Great Father in Washington (whoever he happened to be) as citizens. In 1827, using the alphabet invented by Sequoyah, the Cherokee adopted a constitution and declared themselves a nation, hoping thereby to establish relations with the government of the former American colonies. Their hopes came to nothing when, in 1838, by presidential fiat, Andrew Jackson enforced the Indian Removal Act, rounding up and relocating the Cherokee and the remaining Southeastern tribes to a reservation in Oklahoma, where they now reside. This forced march, known as the Trail of Tears, resulted in the deaths of nearly a quarter of the exiles.

Some members of the Southeastern tribes managed to escape forced removal. A small portion of the Cherokee hid in the mountains of North Carolina, eventually winning the right to remain in that area. These form the Eastern Band of the Cherokee Nation and live on the Qualla Boundary Reservation near the North Carolina/Tennessee border. Many Seminoles retreated into the Everglades and waged guerrilla warfare on the U.S. troops determined to evict them from their land. Even when the Seminole surrendered, a few diehards were permitted to remain on a reservation in Florida. The rest followed their Southeastern cousins to Oklahoma.

Other southeastern tribes include the Natchez, Catawba, Yuchi, Clusa, Caddo and the Tunica-Biloxi.

Midwest

Sometimes it is more important to act like a chief than to live to a great old age.

—Jenny Leading Cloud, "Chief Roman Nose Loses His Medicine"

The tribes of the Midwest comprise those from the western Great Lakes regions stretching northward into Canada and those who formed the greater part of Plains Indian culture. The Plains tribes are the nomadic native people who lived in tipis, hunted the buffalo, adapted their culture when they acquired the horse and fought fiercely for their land against the Western settlers and the Army. These natives are what most people envision when they think of "Indians."

The Northern Tribes

These tribes were forest people like their neighbors to the east. They were the Cree, Ojibwa, Winnebago and Blackfoot.

The Cree lived mostly in Canada, but migrations in the 17th century scattered them from Quebec to the Rockies. They also came into conflict with their Sioux and Blackfoot neighbors as their territories shifted. Hunting, fishing and trapping comprised most of their work. They now live in North Dakota.

The Ojibwa are more usually known as the Chippewa (a misnomer). Their meetings with the French changed them from the tiny, self-governing villages to tribal organization that

included the Grand Medicine society. Living mainly in Minnesota, they were allied with the French, and traded beaver and pelts for firearms, which they used to drive their enemies, the Sioux, to the west. They were able to maintain many of their cultural traits, such as woodcraft and birch bark canoes, because of their isolation from English and American settlements.

The Winnebago were a woodlands tribe of Sioux lineage. They are divided into two Phratries — the upper (air) people and lower (earth) people. They lived in permanent villages and grew maize, squash, beans and tobacco. Removed to Minnesota, they were driven out by white settlers, and today live in Nebraska.

The Blackfoot are actually three closely allied tribes, the Siksikas, Bloods and Piegans. Much feared by early white trappers and fur traders, the Blackfoot killed any white man who encroached upon their hunting grounds in search of beaver. They lived in tipis and hunted buffalo like other Plains Indians. One of the Piegan's main ceremonials was the sun dance. They now live in Montana and Alberta, Canada.

The Plains Tribes

The Sioux Nation is comprised of three divisions: Lakota, Dakota and Nakota. The Lakota (or Tetons) are the seven westernmost tribes, and refer to themselves as *Ikche-wichasha* ("the real natural human beings"). They have been called

"the red knights of the prairie," and claim as their heroes Red Cloud, Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse. These nomads carry their goods on horse travois, go on vision quests which include four-day fasts as part of the ritual, and practice the sun dance. Originally friendly to Europeans, they were among the greatest warriors against forced removal, annihilating Custer at the Little Bighorn. Their last battle was fought against overwhelming odds at Wounded Knee in 1890.

The Cheyenne practiced ritual dog-eating. Their name for themselves is *Tis-Tsis-Tas* ("the people"). Originally from the Great Lakes Region, they too epitomized the great horsemen and brave warriors of the plains. Allied with the Sioux, they fought with them at Little Bighorn against Custer and were honored by the Sioux as great warriors. Forced into Oklahoma, one group heroically returned to their old hunting grounds, settling in Montana. The Southern Cheyenne remained on their reservation in Oklahoma.

The Crow were a typical Plains tribe who adopted the nomadic lifestyle when they acquired horses and guns. They were known as fierce fighters and skilled horse thieves. The Crow furnished scouts for the Army, and thus became the enemies of many others of the Plains tribes. They reside in Montana.

Other Midwestern tribes include the Kiowa, Comanche, Osage, Oto, Pawnee, Sauk, Fox and Illinois.





Southwest

*... With goodness and beauty in all things
around me, I go;*

*With goodness and beauty I follow
immortality.*

Thus being I, I go.

— from a Dineh sacred song of the Beauty Way

Most of the tribes in this region are settled farmers. Many are pueblo-dwellers, who have adapted to the harsh desert environment. The sun was a potent force to these tribes and rain a much-needed blessing. They are the originators of the rain dance and the kivas, which were initially pit houses dug into the earth for shelter and as storage places. Some kivas are sacred, and the elders retreat into them to pray during important ceremonies. The ladder that reached from inside to the roof of the kiva symbolized life emerging from the Earth Mother. Among these tribes are the Apache, Hopi, Navajo and Zuni.

The Apache were nomadic, living in wickiups (conical brush shelters). They hunted, gathered wild plants, and planted corn and squash. The Apache dressed in deer skin and wore their long hair loose and held by head bands. The men wore long breech cloths and soft thigh-high moccasins. Initially known more for their skill as runners, they became superb horsemen. Among their heroes were Cochise and Goyathlay (better known as Geronimo).

The Hopi are peaceful pueblo-dwellers. They are noted for their ability to coax corn and other crops to thrive in desert sands. Hopi women make pottery and baskets, while the men do the weaving and hunting. Women of marriageable age wear their hair in elaborate knots on either side of their heads called a squash-blossom style.

The Navaho, who call themselves the *Dineh* ("the people"), came from northwestern Canada. They were fierce raiders who terrorized the peaceful crop-growers of the Southwest. Over time, they adopted many of their pueblo neighbors' practices such as basketweaving and pottery making. They learned silversmithing from the Spaniards and weaving from the pueblos. Their religious practice, known as the Beauty Way, involves exuberance and joy in the richness and beauty of living. They are the largest tribe in the United States. Their reservation, which touches upon the Grand Canyon, contains Monument Valley and Canyon de Chelly. Dineh women still wear their traditional colorful costumes set off by silver and turquoise necklaces. They live in hogans, domes of logs covered with mud with a smoke hole at the top.

The Papago and the Pima are closely related. Thought to be the descendants of the Hohokan, a prehistoric people who constructed an elaborate system of irrigation canals, both tribes excel in farming. The women of both tribes weave exceptionally beautiful baskets. Both tribes lived in dome-shaped houses and now reside in Arizona.

The Zuni were some of the first pueblo-dwellers to suffer from Spanish greed. The walls of their adobe houses looked like gold to Spanish explorers, prompting a report to the Spanish viceroy that the "fabled Seven Cities of Cibola, whose streets were paved with gold," had been found. As a result, Coronado and his armed adventurers plundered the pueblo. The Zuni fled to the top of an inaccessible mesa where they built a single, defensible village. They live there still.

Other Southwestern tribes include the Mojave, Tewa, Tiwa and Yuma.

Far West

You might as well expect the rivers to run backward as that any man who was born free should be contented penned up and denied liberty to go where he pleases.

— Chief Joseph, speech before cabinet members, Congressmen and diplomats, 1879.

The Far West tribes are those of Montana, Oregon, Washington, Colorado, California and Utah. They have varied cultures, but are not usually numbered among either the Plains tribes or those who lived along the coast of the Pacific Northwest. Among them are the Flatheads, Miwok, Modoc, Utes and Nez Percés.

The Flatheads were a Salishan tribe in Montana who adopted Plains Indian culture with the arrival of the horse, and traded beaver and bison skins. Plains tribes gave them their unusual name to distinguish them from other Salishan tribes who did practice ritual forehead flattening.

The Miwok were a central Californian tribe who ate nuts, fished, and hunted deer and rabbits. They lived in conical houses made of poles. Women worked together with communal grinding stones. Before the Gold Rush, the Miwok were a prosperous tribe with a rich culture. Today they are practically extinct.

The Modoc lived in southwestern Oregon. They are most remembered for their fierce resistance to being forced onto reservations. The Modoc took shelter in the Lava Beds, where they defended themselves against thousands of soldiers who bombarded them with cannon-fire. Eventually, part of the tribe was removed to Oklahoma with the rest left in Oregon.

The Nez Percés, which means "pierced noses," customarily wore a piece of dentalium shell through their septums. They were semi-nomadic and best known for their trading skills, bravery and generosity. The fine basketweaving of their women and their breeding of Appaloosa horses brought them fame as well. Consistently friendly to Europeans, they lived in communal houses containing several families. Unjustly driven from their lands, they fought fiercely under their great leader Chief Joseph. They now live in Idaho.

The Utes were from Colorado and eastern Utah, and shared many cultural traits with the more northern Plains tribes. Mormon settlers and mining interests forced them off much of their ancestral lands. Generally friendly to Europeans, they now raise cattle and live on reservations in Colorado and Utah.

Far North and Pacific Northwest

In the month of Beaver

I watch the night sky,

Thinking this was the time of year

We made ts'eekkaayah.

Memories stretch and pull around me —

Bark drying on a new canoe.

— Mary TallMountain, "Ts'eekkaayah (Spring Camp)"

The people of this region are either coastal dwellers or natives of the frozen north. Those who reside along the Pacific Coast are usually referred to as the tribes of the Pacific Northwest, while the Aleuts and Inuits are usually called Eskimos. All these tribes derive much of their livelihood from fishing and hunting, and must cope with the long, cold winters of the north.

The Far Northern Tribes

The Aleuts are a branch of the Inuit who live mostly on the Aleutian Islands. The name came from Russian traders; their own name for themselves is *unangan* ("the people"). They were adept at hunting and harvesting sea resources from their skin-covered kayaks. They suffered greatly from exploitation at the hands of Russian traders who came to the islands in the mid-18th century.

The Inuit are more familiarly called *Eskimo* ("those who eat their food raw") They are big game hunters, preying mostly on seal, walrus, caribou and polar bear. On land they use dog sleds, while on water they use kayaks and umiaks. Whenever they must, they still build igloos. The Inuit are found throughout the Arctic, Alaska and Northern Canada. Plans are underway to make a great portion of Northeastern Canada (including Hudson Bay) a homeland for the Inuit.

The Pacific Coastal Tribes

The Chinook live in Washington state. Their trade jargon became the common language used throughout the Northwest, and many interior tribes came to trade furs, mountain-sheep horn and war captives for salmon, shells and other goods. The words *potlatch* and *hootch* are derived from their language. Incursions by the European trade companies broke their trade monopoly by introducing diseases that decimated the tribe.

The Haida live on Queen Charlotte Island off the coast of British Columbia. Once hunters of whales and sea otters, they traveled in huge canoes hollowed out of single enormous cedar trees. Known for their totem poles, masks and decorations on their wooden houses, contact with Europeans was devastating to the Haida as they fell victim to smallpox and venereal disease.

The Kwakiutl lived on Vancouver Island in large painted houses decorated with carvings. Their elaborate totem poles and masks are famous. The Kwakiutl fished and warred from huge canoes that featured carved prow figures. They engaged in potlatch feasts and waged war for both prestige and slaves. They had many secret societies, such as the cannibal society.

The Lumni are a Salishan tribe of northwestern Washington. Salmon is their main food, and their ceremonies revolve around salmon and fishing. Lumni women make fine baskets and are renowned for their dog-hair blankets. The Lumni once fought annual ceremonial battles with the Haida for the purpose of capturing slaves. These encounters are still remembered in a yearly warrior ceremony which includes canoe racing and dancing. Their reservation is in Washington.

The Tlingit are the northernmost of the great coastal tribes. They lived in large rectangular houses that were decorated and painted. Like other coastal tribes, the Tlingit fished in big dugout canoes, held potlatches and made war to capture slaves and booty. Known as great carvers, they produce totem poles, masks and ceremonial rattles. Tlingit women weave the famous Chilkat blankets and fine multicolored baskets. Their dress is highly decorative, and is often covered with images of eagles and other animals. They live in Alaska.

The Tsimshian are culturally related to the Haida and Kwakiutl. Artistic carvers and weavers of Chilkat blankets, they also fish for salmon, halibut, cod and shellfish, and once hunted whales. Their original home was in British Columbia. In 1884, a Church of England clergyman persuaded them to move to Alaska, where they are active in both the political and economic life of the state.

Camps

Camps replace the designation of Court for Nunnehi changelings. Because they are not a part of the Celtic-influenced lifestyle of either the noble or commoner changelings, Nunnehi fall outside the Seelie/Unseelie framework of mainstream changeling society. The terms Seelie and Unseelie are simply not relevant for Native-American changelings. Instead, Nunnehi belong to either the Winter (or Rock), Summer (or Dogwood) or Midseason (or Laurel) Camps.

Knowing the customs and practices of a Nunnehi's tribe can be very important in determining which Camp she is currently espousing. Unlike other changelings, it is possible to determine whether a Nunnehi is a Winter person, Summer person or Midseason person by examining her clothing, accessories and expression. Nunnehi are not given to hiding what they feel. Indeed, it is even possible to guess at a Nunnehi's Camp if her membership in a secret society is known. Those who are active in war bands tend to be Winter people. Summer people tend to join societies that promote healing such as the Bear Healers and False Face Society, while Tricksters may embrace the Raven Feather or Coyote Society

when actively in that camp. When they shift camps, they become less active in their respective groups.

If a Nunnehi is in her Winter aspect, she will be dressed in colors appropriate to warfare or mourning, paint her face with warpaint or symbols of the wrong done to her and refuse to smile or act in a warm manner. Anyone encountering a Nunnehi in such fashion is deemed (by the Nunnehi) to have had fair warning of her intentions. Should the Nunnehi be of the Summer people, she will dress in colors or fancy garb denoting gaiety or contentment. Her hair might be styled as if she were attending a feast, and she will smile frequently and gesture in a welcoming manner. Those who are in the Midseason Camp might dress in either fashion (the better to trick the unwary) or in a motley assortment of styles. Many tricksters wear masks, while some simply have a raven's feather somewhere on their persons.

Winter people tend toward angry or destructive actions; they are prone to seek vengeance when wronged, and are thought to steal children. While some Nunnehi almost always remain Winter people, it is more usual for those who have been recently angered or insulted to adopt their Winter aspect. This may last only so long as it takes the Nunnehi to take revenge, or may be a more lasting condition if the wrong which prompted the change is ongoing. It is sometimes possible, but very rare, for a Winter person to be so touched by something (an impassioned plea or gesture of love, faith, friendship or bravery) that she immediately changes over from Winter to Summer. Such a change is never done publicly, however. Instead, the Nunnehi retreats and undergoes a purifying ritual to assist the change.

Summer people are caretakers and often aid humans in distress or need. The more peaceful Nunnehi seem to be almost constantly in their Summer aspects, but even the more warlike ones cannot always be angry. Those who usually adopt the Winter Camp often change to Summer for at least a part of the year, lest they become so hard-hearted and frozen that they lose their faerie selves. Whenever a Nunnehi changes to her Summer aspect, she performs a purifying or cleansing ritual (such as going to water or to a sweat lodge) to signify that any foolishness or bitterness she may have harbored has been forgotten.

Midseason people are mischievous tricksters whose pranks are usually harmless. It is difficult for those in this Camp to take anything very seriously. This is not to say that they will not help others, just that the price for such help could make the one in need of assistance look like a fool. Midseason people might also unwittingly cause problems for those around them who take things more seriously—all with the best of intentions. Most of those who are in the Midseason Camp are in transit from either the Summer or Winter Camps. Only the most irresponsible Nunnehi can act the fool and the trickster all the time.

It is possible for Nunnehi to switch from one Camp to another, just as changelings can change Courts from Seelie to Unseelie and vice versa. Association with the Midseason, or Laurel, Camp is usually transitory. A Winter Nunnehi's anger will usually devolve into harmless pranks before dissipating as



the Summer nature assumes prominence. In a similar fashion, a Summer Nunnehi will begin indulging in minor pranks as her compassionate tendencies decrease and her Winter nature rises to control her personality.

Seeming

Nunnehi have the same three age-related seemings as other changelings, but they refer to childlings as "younglings," wilders as "braves" and grumps as "elders." Their perspective on aging is not remotely the same as most changelings.

Younglings are seen as treasures of the Nation. They are cherished and guarded by all older Nunnehi regardless of the elder changeling's current Camp. Since there may be no actual family connection, all younglings are "adopted" by the whole Nation and placed under the care of special guardians. These become their aunt and uncle because many of the tribes from whom the Nunnehi sprang are matrilineal, meaning that the closest relations are considered to be the child's mother, and her mother's brothers and sisters. The aunt and uncle are responsible for educating the youngling, teaching her the ways of her people and presenting her before the council when she has matured enough to be accorded a full place in the tribe. Younglings are considered to all be Midseason people until they become braves.

Braves are the young adults of the tribe. They have passed their youngling years and are now accorded both

respect and a vote in tribal matters. They are usually the most active members, forming war parties, harvesting Medicine, performing most of the work necessary to keep the Nation together, raising the younglings and learning what they want to do with their lives. Braves frequently switch from one Camp to another in response to events, frustrations and changing love affairs — sometimes within the space of minutes. They are more volatile emotionally than either the younglings, who have no real responsibilities, or the elders, who have learned to take a longer view of changing circumstances. Braves are respected for their strength and creativity.

Elders are Nunnehi who have lived beyond the bloom of their youth. Though many are still strong and virile, they are respected more for their knowledge and wisdom than their strength and fervor. Elders fill most of the chief, medicine man, lorekeeper and wise woman positions within their tribes by right of long experience and accumulated power. They are deferred to, asked for advice and accorded an almost reverent respect by the younger members of the tribe. Since many elders are beginning to succumb to Banality, braves of the tribe often infuse elders with their own Glamour so as not to lose the wisdom they embody.

For each change, Nunnehi are given special tribal names by which they are called. When a Nunnehi youngling first manifests, she is given a silly, demeaning name such as Pug Nose or Bent Ears. This is thought to shelter the youngling from jealous spirits. On becoming a brave, the youngling's old name is taken from her, and she is given a name she has either earned



or which suits her temperament. Such names might be Red Spear, Hunts Well or Watching Spider. Finally, when the Nunnehi becomes an elder, she chooses a name for herself. This name might reflect her personality, honor her totem or call upon some powerful aspect that she wishes to incorporate into her life. Thus an elder might name herself Quarreling Hen, Rain on the Meadow, Raven's Laughter or Tall Rock. As each new name is taken, the other is symbolically cast away from its former owner so that any curses or bad luck associated with it will not follow the Nunnehi into the next phase of her life.

The Nunnehi Families

*At the bend in the road are the hills
the Holder Up of the Heavens dropped
on the Stone Giants
& I remember
that this is a land
which has been bright with magic*

— Joseph Bruchac, "Three Poems for the Indian Steelworkers in a Bar Where I Used to Drink"

The Nunnehi Families are arranged according to geographic location as they have been shaped by the dreams and stories shared by many tribes in a specific area. The Nunnehi are

often regarded as a mixed blessing by their tribes, because they may use their powers to harm as easily as to help. Whether harmful or helpful, many Nunnehi have frightening aspects to their characters as a means of engendering respect. While the natives might prefer those Nunnehi who are usually helpful, they show both caution and respect to all of them.

Legacies

All Nunnehi must choose both a Summer and a Winter Legacy. An individual who belongs to the Summer Camp follows her Summer Legacy, while a member of the Winter Camp allows her Winter Legacy to dominate her personality. If a Nunnehi character changes from a Summer person to a Winter person or vice versa during the course of a story, the Storyteller needs to be made aware of the transformation, and the player must be sure that the character's actions fit her new Camp. Occasionally, changes from one Camp to another may occur instantaneously in response to overwhelming circumstances, but most often the change will be gradual, and the character will go through a period of transition in which she becomes a Midseason person.

Listed after each Legacy's description are the Vision and Taboo of that Legacy. The Vision details the way for that Legacy to regain lost Willpower points. The Taboo is intended as a guide to roleplaying and is not a hard and fast rule.

Summer (Dogwood)

Legacies

Chief

You were born to be a leader among your people, and it is your destiny to provide direction for those around you. You see more clearly the proper path to take toward any goal, and you have the temperament to encourage others to follow you. You are decisive in your actions, reasoned in your judgment and capable of distinguishing between acceptable risks and foolhardy behavior. You pattern yourself after the eagle and the wolf, both leaders of their kind.

Vision: You regain Willpower whenever you convince others to follow a course of action you have decided upon, or when you exercise your leadership in a significant manner.

Taboo: Never blindly follow another's lead.

Grower

Like the farmer who plants a seed and tends it faithfully throughout the seasons until it is ripe for the harvest, you take the long, slow view of things. You know that all things take time to reach fruition, and you try to follow the natural rhythms in everything you do. Once you begin a course of action, you see it through to its finish. You give your friends and allies the same care and attention that you would a seedling, for you recognize that all things — and all people — grow and change. You pattern yourself after the corn in the fields, realizing that you, too, are part of a great cycle of growth and decay.

Vision: Regain Willpower whenever you see a course of action through from beginning to end, or when you encourage the growth of someone or something.

Taboo: Never start anything you cannot finish.

Healer

You see instinctively the sickness and the pain that lies within the flawed creatures of the mortal world, and you try to do what you can to heal their suffering. You believe that most of the ills of the world are caused by wounds to the spirit, and that it is far better to heal your enemy than to do him harm. You are not above using drastic measures to cure what is wrong with someone, knowing that sometimes a wound must be cauterized in order to cleanse it. You pattern yourself after the she-bear, who nurtures her cubs with strength and tolerance.

Vision: Whenever you successfully treat a wound or disease of the body or spirit, you regain Willpower.

Taboo: Never ignore the pain of others.

Hunter

You divide the world into those who hunt and those who are hunted, and you are one of the predators. Life itself is a continuous hunt—for food, for knowledge and for meaning. You are at your

best when you can act as a provider, using your prowess to track down and attain your goal, whatever it may be. You always follow the law of the hunter, making certain that your quarry is worth pursuing and never wasting your energy on useless targets. You pattern yourself after the mountain lion and the hawk, taking only what you need to ensure the survival of your people.

Vision: You regain Willpower whenever you complete a successful "hunt," whether for food or for some less tangible goal.

Taboo: Never willingly put yourself in the position of being the one who is hunted.

Maker

You take pride in your ability to fashion something useful from natural objects. You are a shaper of new forms, a crafter who tries to improve on the world around you. Unless you are busy doing something that produces tangible results, you are unhappy and unfulfilled. You enjoy creating, whether you are building a place to live or making a toy for a child. You see decision-making as an act of creation, taking ideas and forming them into courses of action. You pattern yourself after the ant and the beaver, who spend their lives building structures that will outlast them.

Vision: Regain Willpower whenever you use your skills to make something useful or lasting for those around you.

Taboo: Never act as if a situation cannot be improved through the application of hands and will.

Scout

You have the spirit of an explorer, and you are only truly content when you are blazing a path into new territories, either in the physical world or in the world of thought and feeling. It is your duty to be the first to confront the unknown and to bring back the knowledge you gain to those who depend on your skills. You take risks so that others do not have to, but you also enjoy the thrill of putting yourself in the way of possible danger. At the same time, you know when it is best to act as an observer, and you have learned to move quietly when it is necessary. You pattern yourself after the snake and the fox, who rely on both silence and swiftness for their survival.

Vision: You regain Willpower whenever you successfully explore new territory or bring back important information to your companions.

Taboo: Never pass by an opportunity to be the first to discover something new.

Spiritguide

You are in touch with the spirit world as much as with the world of the flesh. You are a shaman at heart, if not in fact, and you sense the life-force within everything around you. Life is a spiritual journey from birth to death, and it is your task to provide guidance for those who are uncertain about how to make that journey. You know that your own spirit needs guidance, and you frequently walk the paths of the spirit world in search of answers to the many questions you have. You pattern yourself after the wind, which travels freely throughout the Upper, Middle and Lower Worlds.

Vision: Anytime you complete a personal vision quest or serve as the impetus for another's spiritual growth, you regain Willpower.

Taboo: Never ignore messages from the spirit world or knowingly insult a spirit creature.

Storyteller

The world is full of stories and someone must tell them. You are the witness to the story that is your life as well as the stories of those around you. You collect tales and use them as guides to your actions. When you advise others, it is usually in the form of a story. Gathering and disseminating knowledge is your way of opening up the story that is you to include all that you experience and everyone with whom you come in contact. In part, your way of looking at things shelters you from many of the world's harsh realities, but it also gives you a perspective many others do not have. You see everything as part of a saga which has a beginning, a middle and — someday — an end. You pattern yourself after the earth, whose stones contain the story of the world.

Vision: You regain Willpower whenever you learn a new story, or use a tale that you know to significantly aid your companions.

Taboo: Never hoard your knowledge.

Warrior

You see life as a battle to be won, and you are prepared to fight for what you value. You respect strength and courage, and you realize the wisdom in knowing when to attack and when to defend. You are always ready to test yourself in friendly competition and in deadly conflict. Others rely on you for protection, and you will not let them down. You pattern yourself after the badger, whose tenacity in battle is legendary.

Vision: Regain Willpower whenever you emerge victorious from single combat, or when your fighting prowess significantly turns the tide of battle.

Taboo: Never retreat from fair battle; never give in to fear.

Wise One

You are a thinker and a teacher. The world is full of wisdom, and there is something you can learn from every creature you meet. You are sometimes accused of being lazy, but you are far from inactive even when you appear to be doing nothing. You find that many things can be learned from sitting still and listening to what is going on around you. Others come to you for guidance and counsel, and you are more than willing to share what you have learned with them. You pattern yourself after the spider, who sits patiently in the center of her complex web and lets the world come to her.

Vision: Regain Willpower whenever someone follows your advice and benefits from it.

Taboo: Never turn down an honest request for help or counsel.

Winter (Rock) Legacies

Cannibal

You are a ravenous creature, consumed with a hunger that cannot be satisfied. Your needs and desires come first, and there is nothing you will not do to achieve them. No course of activity, however bestial or abhorrent it may seem to others, is too heinous for you to follow so long as you gain something from it. Like the ancient people who believed that eating the flesh of their enemies gave them the knowledge and skill of those they defeated, you devour everything that comes your way, leaving nothing useful behind. You pattern yourself after the fishes who sustain themselves when necessary by feeding upon their young.

Vision: Regain Willpower whenever you gain the lion's share of the spoils or benefit at the expense of others.

Taboo: Never restrict yourself.

Fool

The world is a cruel joke, a meaningless prank begun for the amusement of its creators. You cannot take anything seriously, and neither can you abide those who try to find a purpose in the passing of the seasons or the actions of the creatures who inhabit the world. You poke fun at the high ideals of those around you, and take pleasure in making others see the emptiness at the center of things. You spend most of your time seeking amusement and diversion, since there is no higher purpose that requires sacrifice or hard work. You pattern yourself after the mayfly, whose short life is filled to bursting with frantic — and ultimately meaningless — activity.

Vision: You regain Willpower anytime you make someone see the pointlessness of any action or goal.

Taboo: Never take anything or anyone seriously.

Forked-Tongue

You have learned that honesty in words and actions is not always the best course. It is far better to twist your speech so that others hear what they want to hear than to tell people the truth. You are a master of subtlety, and many people believe that you speak from your heart. Although you are ready to make promises, you are even readier to break them when they become inconvenient. You pattern yourself after water, which changes its shape to fit whatever contains it.

Vision: Regain Willpower whenever you lie convincingly to someone and get away with it.

Taboo: Never tell the truth when a lie or half-truth will serve you better.

Hoarder

You have determined that you will never lack for anything. You amass great quantities of whatever you feel you need — food, wealth, followers or Medicine. The idea of sharing anything is foreign to you; let others provide for

themselves. You never know when there will be a shortage of something essential for survival, and you will not risk being caught empty-handed. You pattern yourself after the squirrel, who spends his days gathering food against the hard times.

Vision: You regain Willpower whenever your hoarding instinct pays off, especially when others are in need.

Taboo: Never willingly surrender anything you have gained for yourself.

Outcast

You have turned away from your own people and walk your own path. You owe nothing to anyone and allow no one to owe you anything. This is the way you prefer it. Although you may cooperate with others for a time, you will never be part of anything larger than yourself. The world begins and ends with you. You pattern yourself after the lone wolf, cast out from his pack and preferring to exist on his own.

Vision: Whenever you prove that you do not need anyone or anything to survive, you regain Willpower.

Taboo: Never permanently associate yourself with any group or individual.

Raider

You are the bringer of terror, the silent attacker, the stealer of what you need or want. You enjoy fighting, so long as you win. The weak and helpless are your prey; what they have is yours if you are strong enough to take it. Why work, when you can steal what you want? You pattern yourself after the magpie, who takes whatever catches her eye.

Vision: Regain Willpower whenever you get something without earning it or carry out a successful "raid."

Taboo: Never waste your time in "honest" effort.

Scalp-Taker

You have a violent streak that makes itself known by your vindictiveness. If you have been wronged, you seek not only to avenge yourself, but to do so in such a way as to forever mark the one who wronged you. You also have a passion for collecting proof of your vengeance. Like the warriors who once took the scalps of their victims as evidence of their kills, you always come away from your actions with some physical relic of your success. You pattern yourself after the lynx, who toys with her victims before she kills them.

Vision: You regain Willpower whenever you succeed in bringing back proof that you have accomplished your goal.

Taboo: Never fail to boast about your accomplishments.

Spoiler

You cannot abide the success of others. In order for you to feel that you have done anything, you must make someone else feel that they have accomplished nothing. Humiliation and ridicule are your favorite tools, and you will go out of your

way to belittle what others have done—especially when your own achievements are threatened. You pattern yourself after fire, which destroys what cannot stand up to it.

Vision: Whenever you make yourself look good at someone else's expense, you gain Willpower.

Taboo: Never acknowledge the achievements of others.

Troublemaker

You cannot leave well enough alone. You are only content when you are busily undermining the efforts of others or spreading dissension among those around you. You enjoy feeding the fire underneath the cooking pot and watching it boil over. Any day that passes without an argument you have caused is a day that has been wasted. You pattern yourself after the blue jay, whose quarrelsome nature makes him a pest among the birds.

Vision: Regain Willpower whenever you turn a peaceful situation into chaos or cause dissension between formerly agreeing parties.

Taboo: Never turn your back on an opportunity to meddle.

Witch

You have seen the power of the spirits, and you want it for yourself. You are not afraid of dealing with dark and evil inhabitants of the Lower World in order to better your position. You covet the secrets of destruction, and seek knowledge that most would consider forbidden. Any power you have, you use to advance yourself, regardless of what it costs. You pattern yourself after the owl, who commands the powers of darkness and silence.

Vision: Regain Willpower whenever you use your skills or your Arts to enhance your personal power.

Taboo: Never do anything for anyone without exacting a price.

Midseason (Laurel)

Legacy

Trickster

Everything has a purpose, but sometimes that purpose is taken much too seriously. Laughter is what spurs you, laughter at others and laughter at yourself. You cannot resist making others look foolish or deflating those who have too high an opinion of themselves. You see what you do as important in helping those around you gain the proper perspective on life. Nothing is so important that it cannot be made fun of. You pattern yourself after the raven and the coyote, who are the natural pranksters of the animal realm.

Vision: Regain Willpower whenever you keep others from taking themselves too seriously, or when you transform a solemn occasion into a farce.

Taboo: Never fail to find the humor in any situation.

May-may-gway-shi

(Rock Fishers)

The Algonquin tribes told stories about the *may-may-gway-shi*, "little people" that dwelled in caves behind waterfalls or in rock faces along the sea shore. Notorious for their fondness for fresh fish, the may-may-gway-shi would make daring raids on the nets of nearby tribes, escaping pursuit if spotted by disappearing — canoe and all — into nearby rock or cliff faces, where they could not be followed.

The may-may-gway-shi consider themselves spirit brothers and sisters of the tribes that once inhabited the northeastern coastal areas of America — the Abnaki, Maliseet, Penobscot and other related peoples. In hard times, these Nunnehi used their power to fill the fishing nets of their mortal kin, in repayment for the fish they availed themselves of in more plentiful seasons.

Their reputation for possessing strong Medicine sometimes prompted mortal shamans to exert their own power to pass through the rocks that protected a may-may-gway-shi encampment. Those who were brave and determined enough to succeed, and those who brought gifts of tobacco or fresh fish, were rewarded for their courage with small stones imbued with Medicine.

While younglings and braves are prone to daring escapades such as raiding nets, painting their hands red and marking the rocks near mortal dwellings, and leading pursuers on fruitless

chases, the elders of the Family prefer to practice their artistic skills, decorating the walls, and sometimes the exteriors, of their cave-dwellings with intricate petroglyphs and pictographic designs. They are also adept at sculpting and shaping rock (either with or without tools).

All may-may-gway-shi learn swimming, boating and fishing at an early age, and practice these skills all their lives. Their society is patrilineal, like that of their mortal kin, but they have adopted a less gender-oriented lifestyle in modern times than their ancestors. They can be found in the Middle World making a living as fishermen, artists (sculptors or painters) or raft and canoe guides.

Occasionally Dreamspeakers or shamans from tribes who recognize the may-may-gway-shi and remember the old tales will still attempt to win power from one of these native faeries, usually through proving themselves in some fashion that gains the approval of the individual.

Although the tribes of the Abnaki Confederation have largely left their native lands and now live on reservations in Maine or are disseminated throughout the general population, some few may-may-gway-shi can still be found in encampments in their ancestral lands. Others dwell near their mortal kin.



Appearance:

May-may-gway-shi are short and agile. Both sexes have long, flowing hair that they allow to fall into their faces, thus giving them the epithet "hairy-faced." A fine, otterlike pelt of water-resistant fur covers their arms and legs. They tend to dress in the styles of their Algonquin-speaking mortal tribes.

Seemings:

- Youngling may-may-gway-shi are extremely dexterous and mischievous, often straying from their camps or settlements to play pranks on nearby humans.

- Braves of the may-may-gway-shi delight in cultivating a "wild" appearance, allowing their long hair to grow in careless abandon. They are wiry and athletic. They are the ones most often credited with the fish-stealing raids attributed to their Family.

- Elder may-may-gway-shi still wear their hair long, but in a more sedate style befitting their status. They rarely leave their homes, but occupy themselves with their arts, which include rock painting and sculpture.

Lifestyles:

The may-may-gway-shi prefer living near rocks and water, drawing inspiration from the ebb and flow of the sea tides or the constantly changing songs of stream and waterfall. They make their homes, when they can, in caves or rock crevices, either behind waterfalls, on the banks of rivers or near rocky sea coasts.

Affinity:

Scene

Birthrights:

- **Door in the Rock** — May-may-gway-shi possess an understanding of the nature of stone; its apparent solidity is no harrier to them. A single success on a Stamina + Athletics (difficulty 7) allows them to penetrate the surface of a rock, either passing through it to the other side or else, if the rock forms the outside of a cavern, remaining within its hollow interior. Alternatively, the may-may-gway-shi may extend a hand, arm or leg through the rock, provided the stone isn't thicker than the extruded part. Three successes allows them to pilot a vehicle, such as a canoe or motorcycle, through solid rock. Anyone in or on such a vehicle goes through with the may-may-gway-shi, unharmed by the experience.

- **Call the Swimmers** — The may-may-gway-shi's fondness for fish gives them the ability to summon those creatures to a particular body of water. They often use this Birthright to augment the food supply of their mortal tribes as well as to indulge their own taste for seafood. Each success on a Manipulation + Animal Ken roll (difficulty 6) enables them to summon a netful of fish typical to the region.

Outlook

- **Canotili** — They are a part of their forests, just as we are part of rock and river, or stone and sea.

- **Inuas** — They have powerful Medicine and use it wisely. Anyone who can live where they do must be respected.

- **Kachinas** — They are as flighty as the clouds whose forms they imitate, but they mean well and are loyal to their mortal kin.

- **Nanehi** — They are great performers and honor the old traditions, but they are far too concerned with how they look. Flatter them, and they will do anything for you.

- **Numuzo'ho** — Like us, they understand and revere the power of stone, but they are almost as dangerous as the rock giants to those around them.

- **Pu'gwis** — Despite their ugliness, they too are part of the Nunnehi Nations. They are distressing to be around, though.

- **Rock Giants** — They are dangerous and all too predictable in their rages. Walk gently when in their lands, or be prepared to fight.

- **Surems** -- They are strong and silent. This sometimes makes them hard to understand.

- **Tunghat** — Their knowledge of animal ways rivals our ability to command the creatures of the sea. This much we have in common.

- **Water Babies** — They are useful as messengers to the spirit world, but their reputation for stealing children — true or not — reflects badly on all of us.

- **Yunwi Amai'yine'hi** — They are much like us in their love of water, but we would not want to bring our canoes too near to them when they are feeling playful.

- **Yunwi Tsundsi** — We have heard of their kindly deeds; if only they were not so hard to find...

Frailties:

- **Weakness of Will** — May-may-gway-shi are unable to resist indulging their appetite for fish and shellfish, and this weakness is often used by their enemies or by unscrupulous mortals wishing to steal their Medicine. Traps and ambushes, using apparently unguarded catches of fresh fish or seaside clam-bakes as lures, are too often successful in snaring a may-may-gway-shi who happens to wander by at the wrong time. Whenever one of these Nunnehi is confronted with an untended supply of fish or is invited to share a seafood feast, she must spend a point of Willpower to resist immediately casting aside any reservations she may have and placing herself at the mercy of potential captors.

Quote:

"A rock is only as solid as it wants to be or as you fear it is. Come with me, if you dare. I will show you the truth of my words."

Rock Giants

Among the Iroquois, rock giants are known as fearsome predators who are rumored to be the children of the spirit known as Cannibal. With their ravenous appetites and unpredictable tempers, rock giants are both feared and highly respected for their strength. Most legends of rock giants feature them in the role of terrible foes, though a few tell of kindly giants who befriend a worthy warrior and fight by her side against all her enemies — even when mortally wounded and certain to die. Such unswerving devotion is one of the main positive sides to these enormous Nunnehi. Darker tales speak of their rapacious plundering of all who live near their homes and of their penchant for consuming human flesh.

Other tales of rock giants tell of the smaller ones' raids on Iroquois camps, where they search through the ashes of the fires for scraps of food and tobacco that may have fallen nearby. Though mischievous,

these rock giant children (as the natives called them) are not dangerous, and they willingly trade their healing powers for tobacco or fresh meat.

Because they are kin to the Iroquois tribes who once inhabited the Northeast, rock giants most often manifest among the Mohawk and Seneca. Many rock giant braves have found their mettle tested as steelworkers atop the highest skyscrapers in Manhattan. Working without safety equipment gives them almost as big a high as a six-course dinner or a fistfight in an alleyway. Their greatest dreams include winning worldwide Toughman contests — especially the females. Since rock giants come from a matrilineal society, the males — as rough as they are — cannot even begin to hold a candle to the granite resolve and unbudging tenacity of the females, who are trained from birth to be leaders of the Nation. This is not to say that males never assume leadership positions, but they are always conscious that their rulership depends on the consent and support of the females.

Rock giants were bom to eat and fight; it's what they do best, and they know it. They are very straightforward, being little concerned with pleasantries and trivial chat. They speak when they have something important to say, and prefer others not to clutter the air around them with too many unnecessary words either.

Rock giants live near their mortal kin, either in the cities where they have been dispersed or on reservations near mountains and rocky outcroppings. Rumors persist of a rock giant city high in the mountains where they hibernate during the winter months. It is said that when spring comes, hikers and wilderness aficionados had best beware lest they become the main course at the rock giants' winter's end feast.

Appearance:

Depending upon their current aspect, *rock* giants may appear as huge (troll-sized), fearsome-looking creatures who look as though they are gigantic humans encased in flint coats. Their



hair appears similar to cave formations like stalactites, their eyes are pools of inky black, and they are covered from head to foot in what looks like gray rocky armor. When they sit or curl in upon themselves, they might be mistaken for large boulders. This is the form they assume when threatened, angry or at war. In either guise, they often carry flint hatchets or war clubs.

Seemings:

- Younglings are referred to by their elders as "pebbles." They are extremely mischievous, though hardly ever threatening. Younglings are small enough that they can appear as either small boulders or largish, flat stones when the need arises. When native camps are raided for food, it is usually the hungry younglings who are to blame.

- Braves are usually the most dangerous rock giants. Cursed with a voracious appetite for both food and destruction, braves resort to raids on enemy encampments (or nearby apartment buildings) for food and tobacco. During such raids, they hope to encounter defenders whom they can pound into mincemeat as well. Always spoiling for a fight, when in their Summer aspects, rock giant braves are treasured as fierce, loyal warriors; under Winter's influence they become ravening barbarian butchers who indulge in ritual cannibalism.

- Elders are more sedentary than the braves, making them less dangerous because they get out less often. Age and experience have made elder rock giants crafty and more deliberate. Where the braves go on raids, elders set up ambushes for unwary hikers and mountain climbers (or urban gangs). When roused to anger or truly hungry, however, elders can be even more fearsome than braves because of their larger size and greater strength. Elders appear more seamed and craggy than their younger kin. When ruled by their Winter aspects, elders *too* indulge in cannibalism, though their favorite food is white bear meat.

Lifestyles:

Eating and fighting are the two main passions of rock giants. The way to a rock giant's heart (and undying, sworn friendship) is to invite him to a gluttonous feast followed by several dozen boxing matches, bar fights and gang wars — featuring the rock giant as the main contender. Once a rock giant's friendship is won, he stays loyal forever.

Affinity:

Nature

Birthrights:

- **Flint Coat** — All rock giants have skin that is like rock armor. This gives them an extra Health Level (an extra Bruised Level) against damage from weapons not made of stone (firearms, wooden weapons, brawling attacks). Against stone weapons of any sort (stone-headed war clubs, flint-tipped

Outlook

- **Canotili** — These little sneaks are too hard to catch and no good in a fight.

- **Inuas** — Who appointed them the keepers of Nunnehi Medicine? A good pounding might make 'em a little less whiny.

- **Kachinas** — Clouds? They appear as clouds?

- **May-may-gway-shi** — These little guys are on to something. We share an affinity for rock. But why they eat those slimy fish is beyond me.

- **Nanehi** — A bunch of gallopers and yodelers who pretend they know everything about the "old ways."

- **Numuzo'ho** — Now these are our kind of people! Let's have a party...and a fight!

- **Pu'gwis** — Yuck. Ugly. Let's pound 'em flat.

- **Surems** — Strong, but just yell or threaten, and they turn into cream puffs.

- **Tunghat** — You might think they're wimpy, but watch out. They can command the animals, and even we can be overrun by a stampede.

- **Water Babies** — Wispy, wimpy and not worth the trouble.

- **Yunwi Amai'yine'hi** — Yum, yum. Not too sour, not too sweet. Good with watercress.

- **Yunwi Tsundsi** — These Nunnehi have good heads on their shoulders. Now if you could ever find one when you need him....

arrows, hurled stones, etc.), their armoring protects them completely. No weapon made of stone can harm a rock giant.

- **Prowess** — All braves gain one extra dot of Strength, even if this raises them above five. Elders gain an additional dot (for two total). No rock giant can botch a roll on Brawl or Intimidation.

Frailties:

- **Hothead** — Whenever their bravery or prowess is called into question, rock giants immediately assume their Winter aspect. They cannot resist a battle when such a change occurs, even if the one who insulted them apologizes or tries to run. The rock giant will follow such a person to the ends of the earth, if necessary, to prove his strength and fighting ability. In such a case, at least one blow must be struck by the rock giant against the one who insulted him or a designated champion. Until given the chance to avenge himself in this fashion, the rock giant can think of nothing else. All his actions are dedicated to facing off against the one who denigrated him.

Quote:

"Welcome to my home. Let us fight, then feast...on you."

Nanehi

Among the most helpful faeries of the Cherokee and other Southeastern tribes were the "people who live anywhere," otherwise known as the *nanehi*. This is the Family of native faeries which has given a form of its name to the Nunnehi Nations.

Above all, *nahehi* are traditionalists who value the customs and songs of their mortal ancestors as well as the ones taught them by the spirits of the Higher Hunting Grounds. They enjoy collecting and performing songs, stories and dances, and preserve the old ways of their mortal kin, even in the face of strong pressure to modernize.

Nanehi once made their homes in the mountainous regions of the Appalachian range, sometimes living within the mountains themselves, protecting their dwellings with adeptly concealed cave entrances. Others were said to live beneath lakes and rivers in underground caverns and cave systems.

The *nanehi* feel a special closeness to their mortal kin and, by extension, to all Native Americans. They often go out of their way to help humans in distress, assisting individuals to safety who are lost in the woods or tending to the sick and the wounded, particularly if they are stricken in isolated areas. Unlike many other Nunnehi, *nanehi* will sometimes bring mortals (either friends or lovers) into their enchanted dwelling places, although they will threaten to curse those individuals if they betray their knowledge of the *nanehi*'s existence to other humans.

The *nanehi* were instrumental in helping some of their mortal kin escape forced removal in the 1830s by hiding them in their freeholds until it was safe for them to leave. Some Cherokee living in North Caro-

lina remember the aid given their ancestors by the *nanehi*, and go out of their way to locate and thank their benefactors (or their descendants).

Modern *nanehi* often dwell in townships populated by both mortal and *nanehi* residents, although some live exclusively among their own Family. The greatest concentration of *nanehi* can be found in Oklahoma and western North Carolina, where the Western and Eastern Bands of the Cherokee maintain their reservations. Their interest in preserving the old ways of all native peoples gives them a love for traveling. They make the rounds of Native American cultural events and visit the dwelling places of other Families of the Nunnehi Nations.

Long ago, it was believed that the *nanehi* were able to travel in the Lower World and served as guides for the spirits of the dead, enabling them to pass beyond the Middle World and preventing them from remaining behind as hungry ghosts. This ability, however, has been lost to them along with their connection to the Higher Hunting Grounds. Still, they are more likely to learn the Art of Spirit Link than some other Families, such as the rock giants.

Nanehi are concerned with their physical appearance, often to the point of seeming overly vain to other native faeries. In this, they are not unlike the *sidhe*.

Appearance:

The *nanehi* are idealized versions of the tribes of their mortal kin, with lustrous dark hair and striking faces. They usually dress in traditional clothing and seem somewhat anachronistic in the modern world.



Seemings:

- **Youngling** nanehi are dark-eyed waifs with ready smiles and endearing personalities. They have an impish streak that their innocent demeanors cannot entirely conceal.

- **Braves** of the nanehi are often indistinguishable in appearance from their mortal kin, although they often wear pieces of traditional clothing or jewelry in combination with modern dress. They are inveterate travelers, frequenting the powwow circuits and craft fairs where they display their skills in song, dance or crafts.

- **Elders** of the nanehi are more sedentary, though they too will travel when necessary. They frequently maintain relations with elders from their mortal tribes, and are often found urging their mortal kin to resist assimilation and loss of their cultural identity. They tend to make themselves look even older than their years when doing so will impress others with their age and wisdom.

Lifestyles:

Nanehi usually maintain permanent dwellings near their mortal kin, but also travel from place to place, participating in cultural events and trading stories and customs with other members of the Nunnehi Nations. A very few live in cities, but spend a lot of time in wild places such as wilderness areas or national parks.

Affinity:

Fae

Birthrights:

- **Shape the Body** — Nanehi have the ability to alter their size and appearance, changing their stature from very small (two feet or less) to normal human size, enhancing or lowering their Appearance by 1, or making themselves look younger or older than their actual age.

- **Voice of Beauty** — Nanehi are gifted performers and excel at singing, dancing, storytelling or music-making. All nanehi add one die to all rolls involving performances. In addition, one automatic success is gained if the performance features traditional songs, dances or stories.

Frailties:

- **Face in the Water** — The inherent vanity of nanehi makes them susceptible to flattery, giving them a + 1 difficulty to resistance rolls versus Manipulation-based skills. In addition, nanehi suffer -1 dice to all their rolls when their

Outlook

- **Canotili** — They may be better hunters than we, but we can sing better songs of the hunt.

- **Inuas** — We enjoy meeting these cousins at festivals, for their songs and stories are very different from ours.

- **Kachinas** — They too are keepers of the traditions. They should not envy our greater skill at performance, but rejoice that we are helping keep all native customs alive.

- **May-may-gway-shi** — Offer them fish, and they will sing and dance for you for hours. Thankfully, they have not forgotten the old ways.

- **Numuzo'ho** — They have powerful Medicine, but we do not want to approach them when they are angry or upset.

- **Pu'gwis** — How can they stand to be so hideous? They must have offended all the spirits to be cursed with such a foul form!

- **Rock Giants** — Beware of their hunger and their tempers. Learning their songs and stories sometimes carries too big a price.

- **Surems** — Their stories are told in whispers, and you must have good ears to hear their wisdom.

- **Tunghat** -- They are proud of their animal mastery, but it would be far better if they could control themselves.

- **Water Babies** — There must be some kernel of truth behind their reputation for stealing children. They are not to be trusted.

- **Yunwi Amai'yine'hi** — They share our forests and rivers, but unlike us, they are not so able to adapt to the changes around them. We must help them if we can.

- **Yunwi Tsundsi** - Like us, they enjoy mortal company and they cherish the children. For that, they deserve a song of praise.

appearance is adversely affected (i.e., if they are covered with mud or suffer some facial disfigurement) or insulted.

Quote:

"I have a new song that I learned at the Kituwah Festival in North Carolina. Let me sing it for you, and then you can tell me one of your stories. I have plenty of time."

YUNWI AMAI'YINE'HI

(Water People)

Cherokee legends speak of beings known as the *yunwi amai'yine'hi* ("people of the water") who dwell in rivers and lakes. The native tribes living near the great river systems of the Southeast sometimes prayed to these spirits for help in fishing. Stories of fishermen being rescued from danger by friendly water creatures come from encounters with these native faeries.

Like pooka and selkies, the *yunwi amai'yine'hi* enjoy an affinity with the animal world and can change shape to assume the form of aquatic or amphibious creatures such as fish, otters, frogs or waterfowl. Their faerie selves reflect their particular affinity to some degree.

The *yunwi amai'yine'hi* tend to stay near rivers or lakes, dwelling in hidden encampments along riverbanks or by the side of a mountain lake. They are fond of fishing, boating and other activities which keep them near their beloved element. These faeries have suffered greatly from the ravages of the tourist industry, which has resulted in the large-scale damming of natural rivers to create "recreational lakes" devoid of Medicine and surrounded by man-made attractions. Many of their ancient freeholds have been buried under tons of water by the dams of the TVA as part of that organization's hydroelectric operations. Thus, although they still have good relations with members of their mortal tribes, the *yunwi amai'yine'hi* bear no love for non-natives, seeing them as bringers of sadness and destroyers of the natural world. Occasionally one of the water people will form a lasting relationship with a non-native (mortal or changeling) who is willing to forswear the shameful actions of her people and learn the ways of the natural world (particularly the ways of rivers and lakes).

Despite their sorrow at seeing their beloved rivers tamed and controlled by the white invaders, the *yunwi amai'yine'hi* retain a

strong "trickster" streak that allows them to channel their anger at their disappearing world into pranks against the unwary humans who violate their lands. Younglings and braves are adept at harrying wilderness tourists and recreational whitewater enthusiasts, tipping over their canoes or changing into animal form and leaping over their boats.

Although many other Nunnehi see their actions as examples of irresponsible behavior, the *yunwi amai'yine'hi* know the bitter truth that lies behind their ability to make outsiders look like fools. Occasionally, these pranks can prove dangerous to their victims. Depending on her mood (or Camp), the *yunwi amai'yine'hi* prankster will either take pity on her victim and come to his rescue, or else will let nature take its course, allowing the victim to "sink or swim" on his own.

The *yunwi amai'yine'hi* try to keep alive the traditions of their mortal tribes as well as those of other related tribes; thus they combine cultural elements of Cherokee, Chickasaw, Creek and other, smaller tribes that once lived near the rivers of the Tennessee and Ohio Valleys. Although many of their mortal cousins now live in Oklahoma, a land not noted for its wealth of rivers, the *yunwi amai'yine'hi* have tried to remain in their ancestral lands. This separation from their mortal tribes has cost them dearly, and they are in danger of disappearing. Because of this, the Family's elders have begun seeking guidance from the spirit world as to whether or not they should consider finding mortal hosts for succeeding generations among worthy non-natives. Some have already sought to prepare the way for "adoption" into other mortal tribes.

Appearance:

The *yunwi amai'yine'hi* are slender and agile, with large eyes that reflect the many colors of the water they love so dearly. Their bodies are covered with a fine coating of fur or nearly invisible scales (depending on their animal attunement), and their hair is dark and flowing. In their true form, these faeries, like pooka, evince some physical traits of their chosen animal — webbed hands and feet for fish or amphibians, whiskers for otters and feathers for water birds. Their mortal guise is almost indistinguishable from normal members of their affiliated tribes, those of Southeastern America. Although they prefer traditional native



dress for formal occasions, they usually wear clothing that is easily removed or that does not hinder their movement in the water.

Seemings:

- **Younglings** of the *yunwi amai'yine'hi* are rambunctious and precocious, excellent swimmers who enjoy spending most of their time in the water — either in human or animal form. They have a hard time distinguishing between harmless pranks and those that put their victims in real danger, such as upsetting the boats of passing canoes or Whitewater rafters.

- **Braves** consider themselves to be the caretakers of rivers and streams, and protectors of the wildlife that flourishes in and around their chosen waters. They frequently interact with humans, either as helpers or guides, or as bringers of swift vengeance to those who despoil the waters of their lands. They are fond of spending long periods of time in the form of their chosen animal, learning its ways and thus gaining respect from its totem spirit.

- **Elders** tend to be less outgoing, spending much of their time near the water, contemplating the wisdom in its constant movement and listening to its songs of power. Their experience and knowledge makes them the true guardians of their chosen waterways, despite the claims of the younger generations.

Lifestyles:

The *yunwi amai'yine'hi* live in encampments alongside swift-moving rivers or secluded lakes. Like their cousins, the *may-may-gway-shi*, they are excellent boaters and fishers and spend much of their time in these pursuits. They tend to steer clear of human settlements, except for those of their mortal tribes.

Affinity:

Nature

Birthrights:

- **Shape of the Swimmer**—Each *yunwi amai'yine'hi* has an attunement to a particular form of water creature and may take the form of that creature at will, provided no mortal witnesses are present. (Other *yunwi amai'yine'hi* or animals may watch the transformation.) It costs one point of Medicine to assume animal form, but reverting to mortal or faerie form costs nothing. The shape change is a true one, giving the *yunwi amai'yine'hi* all the physical abilities of the animal form taken, enabling individuals in fish form to breathe in water or those in bird form to fly.

- **Stir the Waters** — These faeries are able to control the waters in their area, causing sudden whirlpools to spring up in a calm lake or temporarily stilling a dangerous patch of whitewater. To do so, the *yunwi amai'yine'hi* must roll Manipulation + Occult (or Spirit Lore). Three successes or more allows the character to create the desired phenomenon, while fewer successes gives only an approximation of the effect intended. A botch results in the opposite of what was intended, such as increasing the fury of a stream or causing still water to become temporarily rigid, as if frozen. The effects last for one scene.

Outlook

- **Canotili** — They are right to test the mettle of intruders in their lands. They too have much to lose from the eyes of the invader.

- **Inuas** — Fellow water-lovers, they too are close to their animal brothers and sisters. Perhaps one day we can brave the cold and pay them a visit.

- **Kachinas**—They are fortunate. There will always be clouds in the sky, but one day our rivers may dry up entirely. Perhaps they will teach us the ways of the air.

- **May-may-gway-shi** — We share many common interests, but we could teach them a thing or two about tricks.

- **Nanehi** — They are great collectors of songs and stories. Perhaps we can sing our water songs for them so that the music of the rivers will not be lost if we are gone.

- **Numuzo'ho**—How sad to be so big and ungainly and to know only the hardness of rock. Can they swim, or do they sink in the water like the stones they shape?

- **Pu'gwis** — Did they anger the spirits to make them so ugly? Perhaps that is the only way they can survive. Someday, maybe we will ask them.

- **Rock Giants** — We may resent the mortals who have taken our lands and changed the courses of our rivers, but we would never go so far as to make a meal of them. They should learn to release their anger more gently.

- **Surems**—I wonder if they consider the laughter of the river and the thunder of the waterfall too noisy for their liking?

- **Tunghat** — How can they be masters of animals when they cannot truly know the feeling of having wings, feathers or fur?

- **Water Babies** — If they do steal mortal children, maybe it is to teach those young ones proper respect for the world around them. We should not judge them too harshly.

- **Yunwi Tsundsi** — They are our cousins, but we differ in our regard for those who have intruded upon our lands. They are more willing to forgive than we are, although they sometimes rival us in their pranks.

Frailties:

- **Snare of the Hunter**—Whenever a *yunwi amai'yine'hi* is in animal form and becomes the prey of a human hunter or fisher, she must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 8) to avoid surrendering to an animal-like panic which prevents her from reverting to her natural form or using her Arts to escape or elude her pursuer. If she fails, she will be unable to do anything except flee in terror, relying only on her animal abilities to get away. If she manages to find a temporary place of safety, she may try again to regain her composure, spending a point of Willpower to assume her true form so that the person hunting her loses track of his quarry.

Quote:

"You claim you are a good swimmer. Let us see which of us can stay longer under the water...."

YUNWI TSUNDSI

(Little People)

The *yunwi tsundsi* ("little people") figure largely in Cherokee mythlore. Seen as both invisible helpers and hidden pranksters, they are respected by the tribes of the Southeast as agents of the spirit world and watchers of mortal behavior.

The *yunwi tsundsi* are gregarious by nature, and, although they do not make their homes in large human settlements, they are frequent visitors to cities and towns, and are especially fond of people who have chosen a lifestyle of rural isolation. Often they attach themselves to a particular family, becoming self-appointed unseen helpers who leave loaves of fresh-baked bread, fine clay pots or delicate beadwork belts and pouches on the doorsteps of their adopted homes. They are notoriously quick to anger when slighted, however, and repay even unintentional unkindness or thoughtless behavior by playing mischievous or even malevolent pranks on their offenders.

The *yunwi tsundsi* have a genuine fondness for children, however, and usually forgive their slights because they realize that mortal children are not as well taught as their own younglings. Many of these faeries make themselves known to human children (although they hide from adults) and try to teach them proper manners and respect for their elders. (These children are often thought by their parents to have "invisible playmates.") They see themselves as protectors of children, and will avenge those who harm them.

These Nunnehi are industrious and excel at many crafts. Often braves will travel to local fairs and powwows to display the handiwork of their Family and learn new skills from other tribes. Thus they serve as disseminators of native culture as well as preservers of dying arts.

For the most part, the *yunwi tsundsi* can be found in the Southeastern United States and in Oklahoma, where many of their ancestral tribes were relocated in the 1830s. Some few have traveled to other parts of the country, however, where they are able to adapt to new environments.

Appearance:

The *yunwi tsundsi* rarely stand more than five feet tall, but in all other aspects appear as normal humans. In their faerie form, they are slender individuals, possessed of extreme beauty and physical grace. They have a generally mirthful temperament. As

mortals, they are short, with somewhat coarser features.

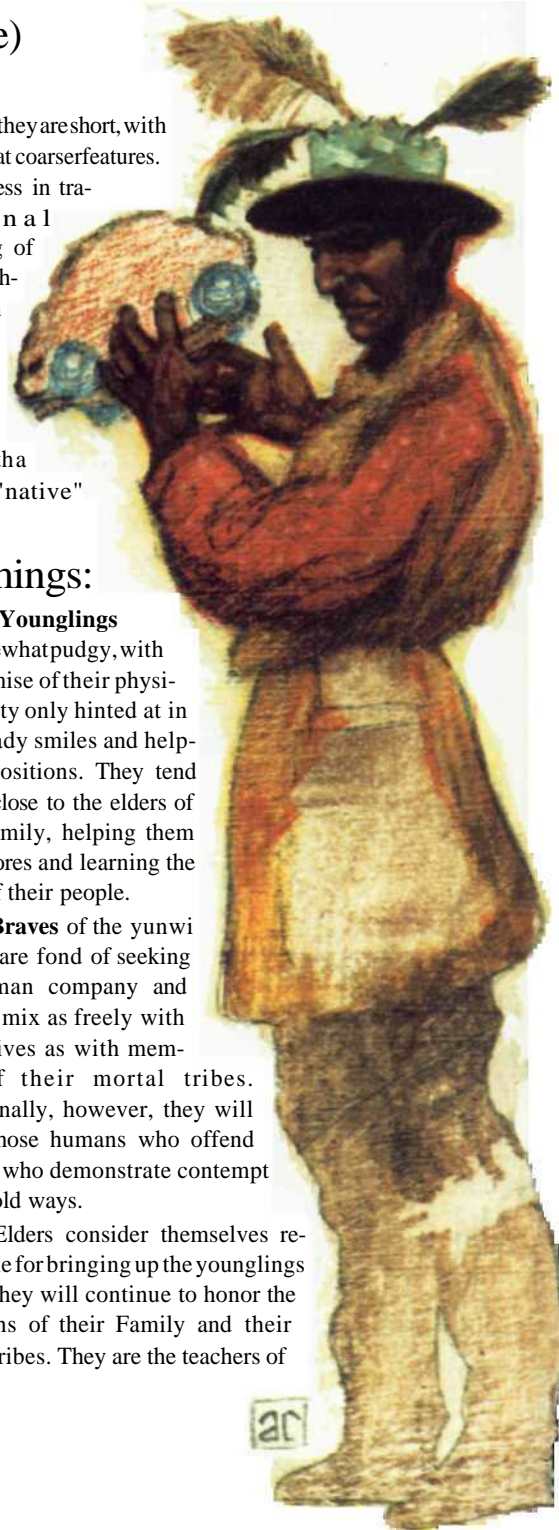
They dress in traditional clothing of the Southeastern tribes or else affect modern dress with a few "native" touches.

Seemings:

- **Younglings** are somewhat pudgy, with the promise of their physical beauty only hinted at in their ready smiles and helpful dispositions. They tend to stay close to the elders of their Family, helping them with chores and learning the crafts of their people.

- **Braves** of the *yunwi tsundsi* are fond of seeking out human company and seem to mix as freely with non-natives as with members of their mortal tribes. Occasionally, however, they will pester those humans who offend them or who demonstrate contempt for the old ways.

- Elders consider themselves responsible for bringing up the younglings so that they will continue to honor the traditions of their Family and their mortal tribes. They are the teachers of



crafts and counselors of the braves. Occasionally they still enjoy contact with humans, but for the most part they remain within their encampments. Although they do not age as visibly as humans, their faces are often lined with wisdom.

Lifestyles:

The yunwi tsundsi dwell in townships carefully concealed from mortal eyes. They practice many traditional crafts, such as beadwork, weaving and pottery. They are industrious and helpful, though usually secretive about their business.

Affinity:

Prop

Birthrights:

- **Out of Sight** — The yunwi tsundsi are extremely good at making themselves inconspicuous. Although they do not actually become invisible, they gain an additional two dice to all Stealth-related rolls. By spending a point of Willpower they can induce mortals to look everywhere but where they are, thus remaining "out of sight" of the human eye.

- **Clever Hands** — Like boggans, yunwi tsundsi are adept crafters. All Crafts rolls are made at a -1 difficulty, and it is impossible for them to botch any roll involving making items for use or adornment.

Frailties:

- **Flame of Anger** — Because they are so ready to help other changelings and mortals, yunwi tsundsi are easily offended if their help is slighted or if they are insulted by those they have decided to aid. If rebuffed, these Nunnehi must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 9) to avoid making the offending individual the butt of a series of "accidents" meant to teach that person a lesson. Broken dishes, smashed windows and punctured tires are part of the yunwi tsundsi's retaliatory repertoire. This grudge will last for an entire passage of the moon, or until the victim of the yunwi tsundsi's anger makes an offering of food or some other gift as an apology.

Quote:

"We are all meant to share the world with one another. Why did you have to refuse my kindness?"

Outlook

- **Canotili** — They are wrong to avoid the society of others. Alone, they will soon disappear.
- **Inuas** — They are powerful beings; we admire their courage to dwell in such cold, inhospitable places.
- **Kachinas** — They understand that we must all live together in order to bring back the old ways and the road to the Higher Hunting Ground.
- **May-may-gway-shi** — Their paintings are wonderful to behold, and their skill in the water is as great as their appetite for fish.
- **Nanehi** — They are somewhat overly concerned with their own importance, but no one can deny that they are vital to preserving the old ways.
- **Numuzo'ho** — Compared with them, our angry behavior is as nothing. It is better not to offend these enormous cousins in any way.
- **Pu'gwis** — It is too bad they are so unappealing. It must cause them pain to have such a frightening appearance.
- **Rock Giants** — These walking mountains are a danger to everyone, even themselves.
- **Surems** — They are our best hope for reaching an accord with mortals, but they spend too much time with those who think as they do. They need to take their message directly to those who need to hear it most.
- **Tunghat** — We must do something to keep our cousins from disappearing. But what?
- **Water Babies** — If we ever discover that they are causing harm to the children they steal, they will know our displeasure.
- **Yunwi Amai'yine'hi** — Our water cousins are far too concerned with mischief for mischiefs sake.

CANOTILI

(Tree Dwellers)

Canotili (sometimes known as canotina) are native changelings of the Midwest. They feel most at home in the grasslands and forests prevalent there and have little tolerance for cities. Traditionalists by nature, the canotili love the time-honored customs and trappings of their tribes. In a time when the native tribes depended upon their hunting skills for survival, canotili were honored as spirits who could bring luck to the hunt and steady a bowman's aim. In return for their help, skilled fletchers and bowmakers among the tribe spent long hours crafting small bows and arrows for their "spirit friends." Canotili cherished these gifts

and used them in contests where both the accuracy and distance power of the bows and the straightness of the arrows were tested. Those whose gifts found favor usually discovered that they had been "blessed" by the canotili.

The canotili were also cred-

ited with helping to harvest tree-grown fruits and nuts. Many tribes believed that the canotili used their agility and strength to climb to the tops of trees and shake down the choicest food for their tribespeople to gather.

These diminutive wilderness dwellers still test hunters today. Hiding among the greenery of tree or prairie grass, they stealthily follow (and sometimes precede) lone hunters and test their worthiness by setting dead-fall traps, scaring off game

and making mysterious noises in the underbrush. Hunters who avoid the traps, find the trail again and bravely investigate the ominous sounds are rewarded by the canotili's gifts of good luck. Those of the canotili's human tribe who prove worthy will be granted both good luck and the canotili's offer of assistance with spiritual matters.

Not all aspects of the canotili are so positive, however. Being rather solitary, canotili like their privacy. Humans (and European changelings who knew no better) would often stray into a section of woods that a canotili had claimed for her own. If the canotili discovered the interlopers first, she would use her guile and magics to lead the hapless intruders astray and dump nuts, branches and old squirrels' nests down on them as they moved through the ever-deepening woods.

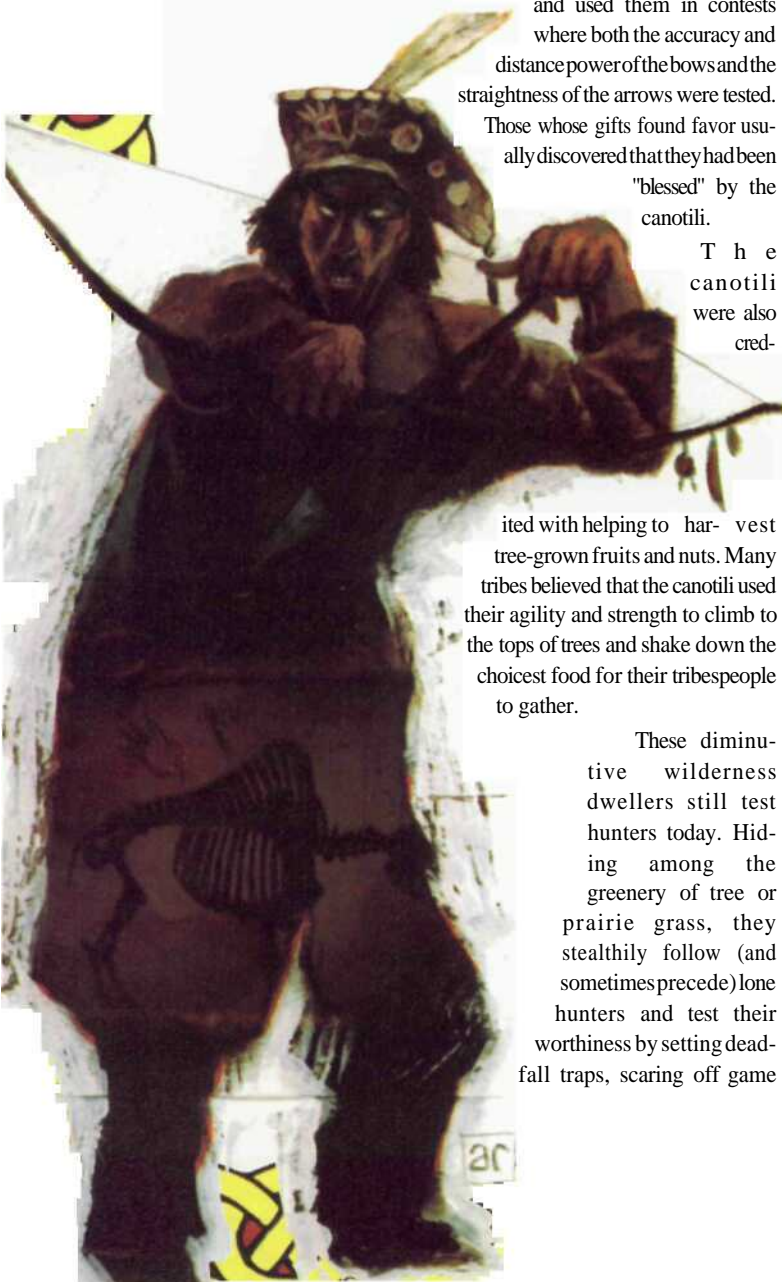
Should the intruders surprise the canotili, however, truly bad things would happen. A person coming face-to-face with an unprepared canotili disturbs her and causes her to automatically react with fright. Most people usually aren't quiet or clever enough to sneak up on them! When a canotili is startled, her body reacts by releasing a potent pheromone that causes those exposed to it (except for the canotili) to flee in terror. Because many older people died from this chemically-induced fright, legends arose that seeing a canotili face-to-face meant that someone in the person's family was doomed to die. This has had the effect of making the canotili even less sociable than they once were.

Appearance:

Canotili look much like slightly smaller versions of the Plains or Great Lakes Indians. Each group favors the traditional garb and styles of their respective tribes, whether Sioux, Crow and Cheyenne, or Ojibwa, Winnebago or Blackfoot. Their features are somewhat more elongated than those of their human kin, with their fingers and toes seeming too long and almost prehensile. Unless they take care to shield them, all canotili have eyes that glow in the dark. Most canotili take great pride in maintaining their traditions, and their clothes, accessories and weapons are always well-made and highly decorated. Despite this sartorial splendor, canotili are able to blend into the background, changing themselves and their clothing in a chameleonlike fashion and becoming all but invisible when they remain still.

Seemings:

- **Younglings** are so small and thin, and their fingers and toes so long that they seem almost ratlike. These pixie gamins



can disappear into the underbrush or tall grasses in a heartbeat—especially after they've pilfered some minor item from "the big ones" as they call humans. Their love of bells, clinking ornaments, rattles and other noisy accessories prevents them from being able to truly escape all notice as their elders can, however, and they are often forced to flee the wrath of those they've robbed, shrieking and running while shedding their noisemakers to make their escape. Canotili younglings learn early to make their own way through wilderness areas, and rarely band together with others of their kind except to play. Despite their frail-seeming appearance, even youngling Canotili possess better than average Strength and Dexterity which they use for climbing trees and drawing their greenwood bows.

- **Braves** are the movers and shakers of the canotili. They are usually small enough to slip in and through areas that larger humans couldn't hope to traverse. Further, having learned their lessons as younglings, most braves have discarded noisy decorations in favor of eye-catching beadwork or intricate embroidery. As the young adults of the nation, braves feel obliged to show all other Nunnehi that their tribe is the finest. They are never less than royally attired and carry only the finest greenwood bows (strong bows stained green so as to blend into the grasslands and forests). Each brave's arrows are personalized by a particular color, design or fletching style. Braves are the canotili who most often challenge hunters in the forest or insist on proving their skills in tribal contests. Almost savagely independent, canotili braves meet only to compare their skills, mate or defend their people against outside threats. Their ability to climb trees and disappear in a flash serves them well against enemies and rivals. Brave warbands are sometimes formed to harry European changelings and other intruders in their lands.

- **Elder** canotili seem to revert to their childhoods, almost losing touch with the real world entirely. They prefer to spend long hours hidden in trees or meditating in their homes. Once again, they take up noisemakers and use them in their personal decoration, but they also favor rattling windchimes, strings of dried beans and such as outside adornments to their homes. Drums, whistles and rattles are much in evidence inside, and it is a rare canotili elder who is found without at least one such noisemaker in hand. They are much sought after as spiritual advisors, being thought to have halfway crossed over permanently into the spirit realm. Elder canotili have been known to possess strong Medicine for healing and blessing.

Lifestyles:

The canotili prefer living in the forests and grasslands of the Midwest. All seek to remain true to their tribe's traditions, and canotili who are forced into cities either leave and make their own way in the wilderness or waste away and die. They are one of the Nunnehi Nations least able to adapt to modern life.

Affinity:

Prop

Birthrights:

- **Earth Blend** — Canotili have an affinity for natural places and an innate instinct for stealth. When remaining

still, canotili change color (including whatever they are wearing or carrying) to blend in with the background against which they are set, in much the same way chameleons do. This is only effective in areas of natural plantlife such as grasslands and forests. It doesn't work inside or when the canotili stands near the plastic greenery of the local mall.

- **Physical Enhancement** — Because of their density and agility, canotili start with an extra dot in both Strength and Dexterity.

Frailties:

- **Terror** — When surprised or startled, canotili exude a powerful pheromone that causes frightened panic in all non-canotili. Such beings usually flee in terror, but some strike out blindly at the cause of their fear. If canotili could control this ability, it would be a potent weapon; since it occurs only when they are surprised, however, it places them in the unenviable position of either having people run from them, or leaving them open to one complete attack before they can even begin to defend themselves.

Quote:

"If you are worthy, prove it. If not, you had best not waste my time."

Outlook

- **Inuas** — These wise brothers and sisters have great Medicine. We would be wise to count them among our friends.

- **Kachinas** — They do not bother us, nor we them. It is better that each should keep to his own.

- **May-may-gway-shi** — Let them keep to their rocks and rivers. We want no part of them.

- **Nanahi** — They have the right idea in keeping alive their traditions. We honor them for it. Let them not forget that we too practice the ancient arts of our people. They are not the only keepers.

- **Numuzo'ho** — Too big, too noisy.

- **Pu'gwis** — Forest dwellers like ourselves, the Pu'gwis have been cursed with ugliness. We do not know if this reflects their inner spirits.

- **Rock Giants** — Too big, too hungry and too stupid.

- **Surems** — These cousins also know the art of silence.

- **Tunghat** — These so-called "Owners" of animals should realize that having the power to call their animal brethren to them doesn't give them the right to do so. They deserve to be hunted themselves.

- **Water Babies** — Like the water they love, they float dreamily along, little caring for their other kin.

- **Yunwi Amai'yme'hi** — They should stay in the south where their antics will not disturb us.

- **Yunwi Tsundsi** — Good hidiers and workers; we admire them.

TUNGHAT

(Green Dwarves, Owners)

Known to many of the tribes of the Plains, Plateau and Basin, the tunghat are dwarflike Nunnehi who are the masters of animals. In either their changeling form or in animal guise, these helpful beings can summon and command a type of animal with whom they have formed a special bond. This bond is formed when the tunghat is still a youngling, and is dictated by the first wild animal the youngling sees after her special naming ceremony. Common animals include deer, rabbits, antelope, coyotes, birds, foxes and bears.

The tunghat consider themselves to be go-betweens between the animal world and that of their human relations. When there is need for a hunt, the tunghat is supposed to be warned of an upcoming hunt by his tribe. They hold a special ceremony honoring their hunters and the animals who are about to be slain two nights before leaving on the hunt. Once apprised of their intentions, the tunghat summons as many animals as are within a half-day's travel and examines them. Using his Spirit Link Medicine, the tunghat speaks with the animals and determines which ones are old and infirm, slow or unlikely to make it through the next winter. These are the ones chosen to sacrifice themselves so that their human "cousins" may live. The other animals are then dispersed and warned to run far away since the hunters are coming.

The tunghat thanks each animal for its sacrifice and commends their spirits to the Great Spirit who watches over them all. He then places the animals in the path of the hunters, arranging them so that the most worthy hunters (as shown by their attendance at the ceremony, their skill and their willingness to seek out cleverly hidden prey) will be the most successful.

If the hunters fail to warn the tunghat of an impending hunt, however, the tunghat does whatever he can to scatter the animals and prevent their unready spirits from being slaughtered. He moves among the hunters, using his small stature and concealing coloration to remain unnoticed. Each hunter he can find is cursed by the tunghat. So potent are the curses of tunghat against those who hunt without his knowledge and permission, that the natives believe the tunghat shoots them with invisible arrows that cause sickness and death. Tunghat also curse greedy hunters who take more than they need.

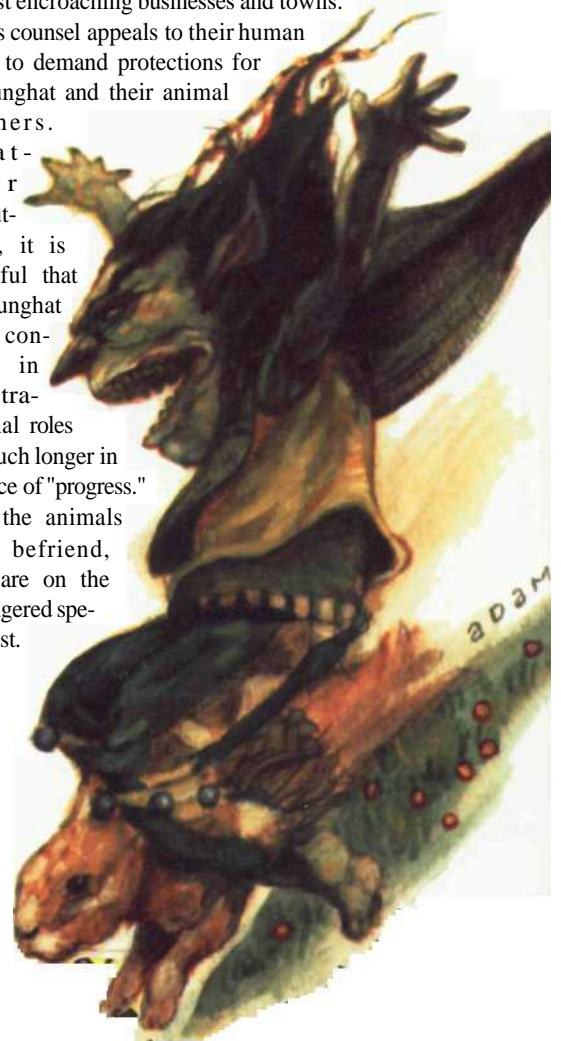
In modern times, the tunghat have become increasingly embittered by the failure of most hunters to acknowledge

their role in the life cycle. While some tribes do still hunt and some still hold the ceremonies, fewer and fewer hunters return every year. Of those who do come into the tunghats' territories, most are weekend wilderness warriors armed with high-powered rifles or even more potent weapons. They kill whatever moves indiscriminately, thus weakening the animal races. Huge agribusiness concerns and burgeoning urban centers have also taken their toll on the animals' and tunghat's habitats. More and more often, these sad changelings find themselves bypassed and ignored, their function forgotten and their bond with their animal brothers useful only to properly mourn them when their lives are cut short.

Some among the tunghat have begun to urge the entire Nation to arise and lead their animal charges on assaults against encroaching businesses and towns.

Others counsel appeals to their human tribes to demand protections for the tunghat and their animal brothers.

Whatever the outcome, it is doubtful that the tunghat can continue in their traditional roles for much longer in the face of "progress." Like the animals they befriend, they are on the endangered species list.



Appearance:

The tunghat are small green people with darker green hair, nails and teeth. They dress in green and wear rounded woven grass ponchos which they use to hide under when necessary.

Seemings:

- **Younglings** are rarely seen among the tunghat. Even tinier than their elders, younglings revel in using their special ability to change their appearance to match that of their bonded animal type. They take little thought for the world around them, instead remaining innocent and unaffected by the changes wrought by the modern world.

- **Braves** used to be the most active of the tunghat. Now they are mostly disaffected. Some question their elders' wisdom in failing to fight those who encroach upon their territories; others just give up and join a circus (where they work with animal acts), become veterinarians or, saddest of all, open pet stores. Despairing that their traditional role no longer has any meaning, these changelings are hastening the destruction of their way of life and all too often succumbing to Banality.

- **Elders** endure. They know their time has passed, and they seek to inspire the younger tunghat to find ways to regain lost ground. Many have lost touch with their special bondmates as they have aged, and instead concentrate on not allowing the anger and despair of the braves to infect the younglings. Many have begun to talk of appealing for help from their native tribes — an almost unthinkable step. For all their accumulated wisdom, the elders are unable to prevent the erosion of their way of life and the soul-death of their youngsters.

Lifestyles:

The tunghat live in woven grass tipis in territory frequented by their chosen animal companions. Being somewhat gregarious when among their own kind, their tipis can often be found set in a circle after the manner of Plains Indian encampments. These campsites are usually inhabited by those who have bonded with the same animal type, though in areas where animal life is abundant, several different types may live close together. In modern times, more tunghat have begun living in trailers or moving to the city.

Affinity:

Nature

Birthrights:

- **Animal Illusion** — This power makes others (including animals) see the tunghat as a version of a certain type of animal. The type is always that of the animal with which they are bonded, but the illusion is always a little flawed, with the tunghat appearing larger than normal or with inappropriate markings or coloration.

Outlook

- **Canotili** — These isolationists should be our allies; instead they are our rivals. May the spirits send them the grief they deserve.

- **Inuas**—Where is their vaunted knowledge? Why do they not use it to help us?

- **Kachinas** — We respect those who know their function and are still admired for practicing it.

- **May-may-gway-shi** — Like us, they have the power to intercede for nature. We pray they are able to continue as we are not.

- **Nanehi** — We should appeal to the nanehi's knowledge of our common lore for help in becoming strong again. It is a pity they are more concerned with appearance than with substance.

- **Numuzo'ho** — We have little to do with these frightful beings. We would like to keep it that way.

- **Pu'gwis** — Ugly, but kind-hearted and longing for love. May they find what they seek.

- **Rock Giants** — Strong, as we are no longer. Fighters, which we are no longer. Despite their drawbacks, perhaps it is time we learned from our gigantic brothers.

- **Surems** — Quiet and peaceful. We are gladdened that they can be so.

- **Water Babies**—Strange and unfathomable to us.

- **Yunwi Amai'yine'hi** — These aquatic clowns are good for the laughter they bring to us, a gift which is too scarce in these times.

- **Yunwi Tsundsi** — Said to be hard workers and kind advisors, we need to learn more about them.

- **Summon the Herd**—Their first use of this ability allows tunghat to establish a bond between themselves and a chosen animal type. This bond then allows the tunghat to summon animals under their charge (those of their bonded type who are within a half-day's travel), determine which ones are old or infirm and appeal to them to give up their lives for the good of others.

Frailties:

- **Animal Mind** — If a tunghat maintains her illusion of her bonded animal for more than an hour, she may begin to forget she is not actually an animal. She must roll Wits + Empathy (difficulty 7) each hour she stays in animal form past the first in order to maintain her own mind. Failure to attain any successes means the tunghat remains locked into her illusion and begins to act like a normal member of her animal type's species. A botch means she not only believes herself to be an animal, she instinctively begins moving toward any hunters in the area, in effect offering herself as a target.

Quote:

"We were once the caretakers of our animal brothers; now we are only the inheritors of extinction."

KACHINAS

The native tribes of the Southwest attribute the knowledge of the rituals and customs integral to their culture to the teachings of highly spiritual beings known as kachinas. Their legends tell of how the kachinas came from the spirit world, taught humans the ritual dances and ceremonies necessary for survival in harmony with nature and the spirits, and then, their work done, departed the physical world. Among the Hopi and Zuni in particular, kachina cults, made up of males of the tribes, dress in elaborate costumes and perform dances throughout the year honoring the spirits and petitioning for their help. Ornate dolls representing the different aspects of the kachina spirits are used to teach children how to identify one kachina from another.

As the native faeries of the Southwest, kachinas were instrumental in teaching their mortal cousins how to properly honor the spirits and the earth. Although some of them left the world when the paths to the Higher Hunting Grounds began to close forever, many elected to remain on earth and act as mediators for their mortal kin. These adopted mortal form and became nearly indistinguishable from their human relatives.

The kachinas are living representations of the songs and dances of the Hopi and the Zuni (who also refer to them as *koko* — "the raw people"). They are among the most observant of the Nunnehi Nations, basing much of their life around rituals and ceremonies. This is because they believe that every ritual establishes a spiritual link between the mortal and the spirit realms. When enough links are formed, the two worlds will once again be

united, and the paths to the Higher Hunting Grounds will again be opened.

Many Nunnehi believe the kachinas are deluded in their conviction, but no one can fault them for wishing to preserve traditional customs.

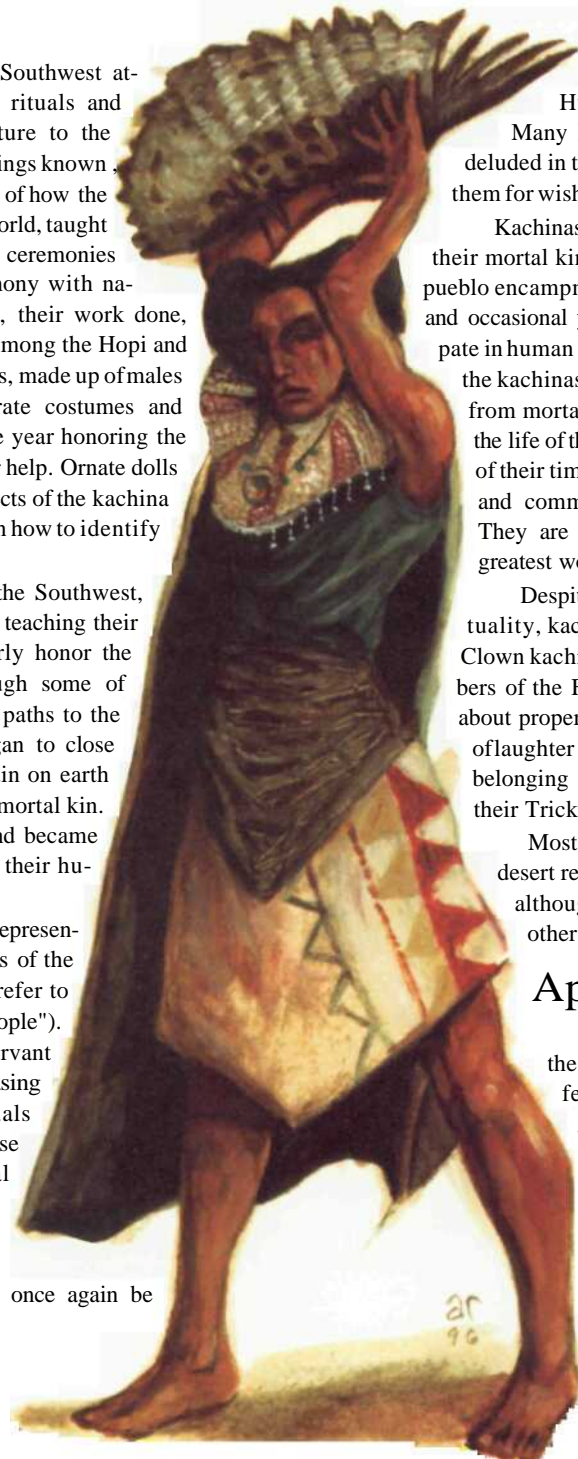
Kachinas live alongside, and sometimes with, their mortal kin. They maintain their own hidden pueblo encampments or freeholds, but many braves and occasional younglings also reside and participate in human tribal society. Only the elders among the kachinas actually withdraw almost entirely from mortal society, since they are so drawn to the life of the spirit world that they spend most of their time harvesting Medicine for the tribe and communing with the spirits of nature. They are the keepers of Medicine and the greatest workers of songs and dances of power.

Despite their zealous commitment to spirituality, kachinas also display a humorous side. Clown kachinas are considered to be holy members of the Family, teaching important lessons about proper behavior through the instruments of laughter and ridicule. Such clowns are braves belonging to the Midseason Camp who use their Trickster nature to help their people.

Most kachinas reside in the southwestern desert regions of Arizona and New Mexico, although a few daring individuals travel to other parts of the country.

Appearance:

Kachinas are some of the strangest of the Nunnehi Nations, having very different forms in each of their seemings. As mortals, they resemble their Southwestern kin, the Hopi, Zuni and other pueblo-dwellers, although they grow progressively smaller as they age from brave to elder. They are rarely found in any-



thing other than traditional dress, and are some of the most conservative among the Nunnehi.

Seemings:

- **Younglings** look like normal children of their mortal tribes, although they have a "doll-like" purity to their faces. They are natural pranksters, almost as if they must rid themselves of their impish impulses before settling down to their true purpose.

- **Braves** spend much of their time learning the rituals that have made kachinas so important to their people. They often participate in the activities of their mortal tribes' kachina cult, and are skilled dancers and actors. They are almost indistinguishable from mortals in size and appearance.

- **Elders** of the kachinas undergo a mysterious physical transformation, shrinking in size until they resemble living versions of the diminutive kachina dolls fashioned by their mortal kin. They dwell apart from mortals in their own enchanted pueblos and spend their time in rituals of power to aid their kin. They teach the braves and the younglings, and intercede with the spirits on behalf of their mortal and immortal people.

Lifestyles:

Kachinas live in enchanted pueblos, although braves and occasionally younglings will intermingle with their human cousins. Their lives are filled with rituals, and they are meticulous preservers of the old ways, in both dress and manners. Many braves attend powwows all over the country, spreading knowledge of and respect for the ways of their people.

Affinity:

Nature

Birthrights:

- **Prayer of Plenty** — Kachinas are able to convince plants to grow and rain to fall even in their harsh desert environment. In order to do this, the kachina must succeed in a Wits + Occult (or Plant Lore) roll (difficulty 7). The number of successes indicates the degree to which their attempt is successful; one success increases plant growth and rainfall within a mile, while five successes can cause a bumper crop or bountiful rain over an entire county or reservation. They will only use this skill if the proper rituals are performed by their mortal tribes.

- **Cloud Form** — Kachinas are able to transform themselves into ethereal beings that resemble clouds or wisps of smoke. They can float through the air in this form, though they are at the mercy of the prevailing winds. They must spend a point of Medicine to affect this change. In order to

Outlook

- **Canotili** — They are too obsessed with the hunt. There are other traditions that need their attention.

- **Inuas** — They are as concerned with the ways of the spirit world as we are. Perhaps together, we can achieve our greatest dream.

- **May-may-gway-shi** — They respect the old ways, but they hide themselves away from those they should be helping.

- **Nanehi** — They are our allies in keeping alive the customs of our mortal brothers and sisters. If only they were better dancers...

- **Numuzo'ho** — They have great power, but they use it wrongly. They undo what we work so hard to accomplish.

- **Pu'gwis** — They were made ugly for a reason. Perhaps we should try to discover what that reason is.

- **Rock Giants** — Disgusting and vile. We have no need for them.

- **Surems** — They strengthen the ties between peoples just as we strengthen the ties between worlds.

- **Tunghat** — It would be a shame to lose these emissaries to the animals.

- **Water Babies** — At least in the desert it is too dry for them to stay long enough to steal any of our cousins' children. Let them stay near the water where they belong.

- **Yunwi Amai'yine'hi** — Their pranks serve no good purpose.

- **Yunwi Tsundsi** — They take justifiable pride in their handiwork and respect the old ways.

return to solid form, they must first drift to a safe height or else suffer falling damage. If they need to make an instantaneous change, they must spend a point of Willpower to quickly return to ground level. Otherwise, no additional expenditures are necessary.

Frailties:

- **Single Mind** — Kachinas tend to specialize in one major role to the detriment of other skills. Kachina characters must choose one Skill such as basket-weaving, farming, hunting or performance as their single focus. They are then at a + 1 on rolls involving that Skill but at a - 2 on all their other Skills. (Note that Talents and Knowledges are not affected.)

Quote:

"Every ritual we preserve honors those who put us here and helps us find our way home again."

Surems

(Yaqui Little People)

The surems are small of stature, but have great strength. Despite this blessing, which might have made them violent, they are lovers of peace and quiet. Surems dislike noise so much that they have chosen to build their dwellings underground so that they will not be so often disturbed. Since they live in a hot, desert environment, this also serves to keep their dwellings cool.

Surems listen quite attentively. Their acute hearing may in fact be responsible for their shunning of loud sounds. A typical surem admonition for more quiet is to "not think yourself as great as the Thunderbird, whose wings shake the skies."

Nor is noise their only dislike. A supremely calm and sedate folk, surems are very much opposed to any kind of violence. Whenever there is a solution to a problem that can be reached without resorting to violence, the surems are the first to find it. They are the peacemakers among the Nunehi. Some Nunehi see their actions as traitorous, since they do not actively oppose the European changelings and instead counsel peace talks with them. Many mistake this reticence as weakness, but it comes

from their assurance of their spiritual health and the rightness of their vision. Surems are overwhelmingly Summer people. Those who fall into a Winter Camp are considered to be insane by their Family.

This is not to say that they have never fought in the past. Their history claims that they were the people who warned their tribes of the coming of the whites. Because they were helpers of the spirits, the surems were given the choice of leaving or staying in the world. Some departed, presumably into the Higher Hunting Grounds, but others stayed and helped fight against the invaders. This was their last fight, however, and cost both them and their tribes dearly. The surems would have to be pushed pretty far to again rise in war.

Appearance:

The surems are small, about five feet in height, and solidly built. They dress like and follow the customs of the Yaqui. They have broad, pleasant faces, and most seem aloof and serene.

Seemings:

- **Younglings** look like any other Yaqui child. Surems do not take their younglings out of the community, preferring instead to teach them what they need to know of their changeling heritage alongside that of their human kin. They believe that this socialization makes younglings more sympa-



thetic to the needs of their kin and prevents them from abusing their gifts.

- **Braves** also live among their human kin. They look like normal members of the tribe, except that no surems grow taller than five feet. Braves go on vision quests and begin learning the Spirit Link skills they will need as elders.

- **Elders** are the workhorses of the surems. Much respected for their knowledge, these changelings are accounted among the wisest shamans and teachers. Their knowledge of the spirit world and mastery of the peyote rites is second to none. They too live among the community.

Lifestyles:

The surems are among the most socialized of the Nunnehi. They live and work alongside their human tribespeople and are fully integrated members of their communities.

Affinity:

Actor

Birthrights:

- **Serenity** — By making a successful roll on Charisma + Empathy (difficulty 7), the surems are able to project an air of serenity around themselves that has a calming influence on all within its range (about 15 feet). Those within the radius (including the surem) must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 8) to remain or become angry or agitated.

- **Congeniality** — Surems are so congenial that they receive an extra success on all Social rolls. They are unable to botch any Social roll.

Frailties:

- **Plowshares** — Because they are so committed to peaceful solutions, surems must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 8) whenever they want to resort to violence (including speaking harshly). When acting in a violent manner, surems add + 1 to the difficulty level of any tasks they undertake.

Quote:

"Come, my friends. Let us sit together and smoke. Be calm; we can work out our differences."

Outlook

- **Canotili** — These forest hunters preserve the ways of their people and this is good.

- **Inuas** — We much desire to speak with our learned brethren.

- **Kachinas** — We hold our nearby kinfolk in high regard for their unselfish devotion to their tribes.

- **May-may-gway-shi** — We do not know much of these cousins, but admire their way with the creatures of the waters.

- **Nanehi** — We are always happy to commune with these wisdom-keepers.

- **Numuzo'ho** — Regrettably, their anger (and noise) keeps us from knowing them better.

- **Pu'gwis** — Gentle souls locked behind hideous faces.

- **Rock Giants** — Our large cousins must someday tire of their endless fighting. Perhaps if they were less violent, their unacceptable appetites would also change.

- **Tunghat** — Sadly, their time may be over. We understand their pain and grieve for them.

- **Water Babies** — Much misunderstood, these water beings seek only to help the downtrodden and abused.

- **Yunwi Amai'yine'hi** — Clever and cute, our cousins must learn that not all pranks are harmless.

- **Yunwi Tsundsi** — We have heard that they are kind and hard-working. We would like to know more of these kin.

Water babies

Elusive and androgynous, water babies are rarely encountered in great numbers. They haunt the lakes and rivers of the western plateau and are best known by the Shoshoni, Washoe, Nez Perces and Northern Paiute. Water babies can breathe underwater and are fantastic swimmers. Though they retain humanoid shape, their webbed hands and feet can propel their slender bodies through the water at amazing speeds. Believed to be evil spirits by most, they are instead stern judges of those who harm children. Their reputation for stealing children is justified — but they steal only those children who are abandoned, orphaned or abused.

They are also guilty of the other "crime" they are accused of, that of pulling people into lakes or rivers and drowning them. Their victims are never innocent, however. They are those who have abused children or despoiled the waters under the protection of the water babies. Not that water babies care what anyone else thinks of them. They believe that the other Nunnehi Families blame them for embracing non-Nunnehi into their midst and therefore deliberately misinterpret their intentions and make up lies about them.

Water babies are the least "Indianlike" of the Nunnehi. Their practice of taking stolen children to their hidden homes under the water and of breeding with them when they become old enough to choose mates among the water babies has introduced a high number of non-natives into their family line.

Having rescued children who would otherwise have died, they cherish them greatly as members of their families.

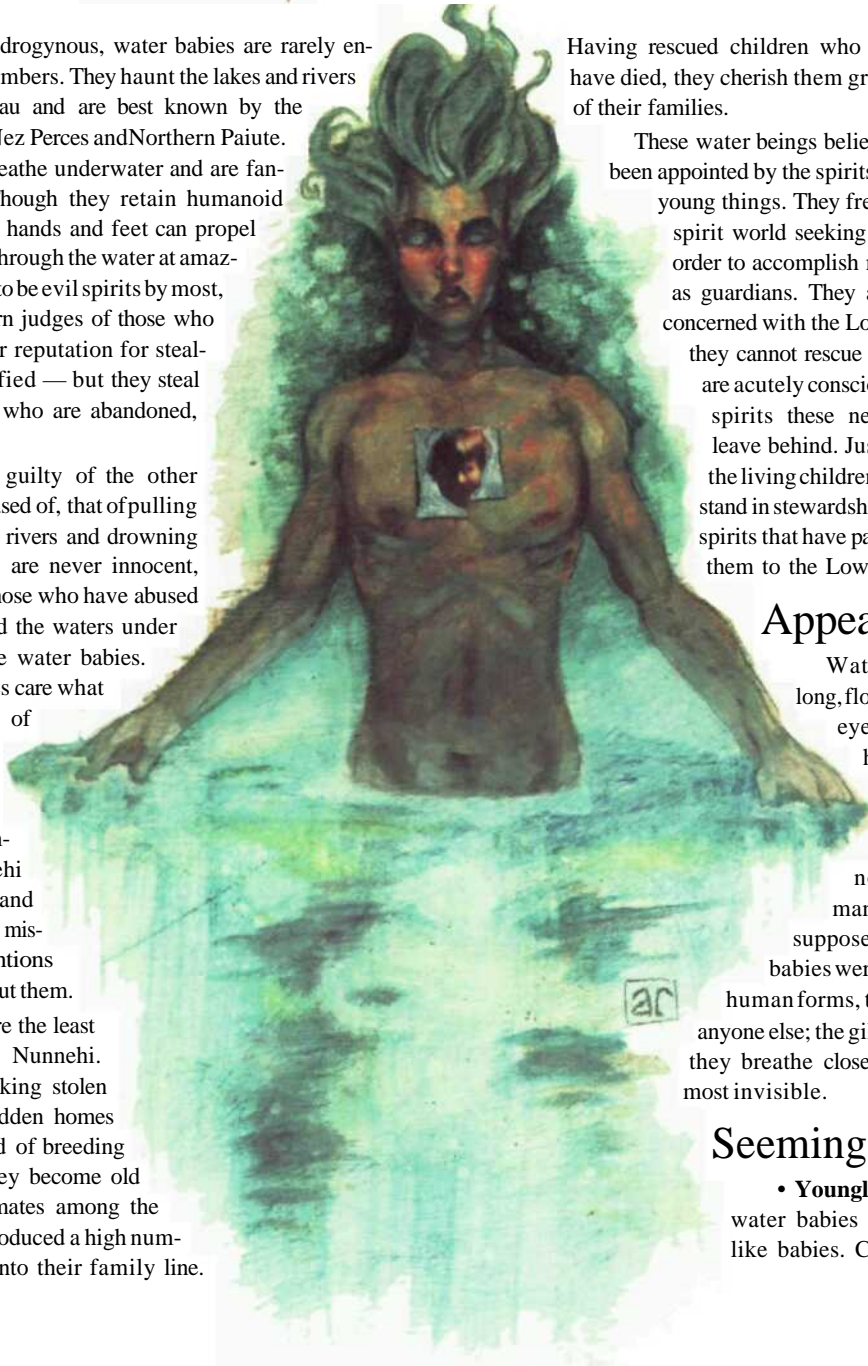
These water beings believe that they have been appointed by the spirits to watch over all young things. They frequently walk the spirit world seeking to learn more in order to accomplish more in their role as guardians. They are also mightily concerned with the Lower World. Since they cannot rescue every child, they are acutely conscious of the tortured spirits these neglected children leave behind. Just as they nurture the living children they rescue, they stand in stewardship of the children's spirits that have passed on and guide them to the Lower World.

Appearance

Water babies have long, flowing hair, silvery eyes and webbed hands and feet. All have slender builds and appear androgynous, which led many native tribes to suppose that all water babies were female. In their human forms, they look just like anyone else; the gills through which they breathe close and become almost invisible.

Seemings

- **Younglings** are the only water babies to actually look like babies. Chubbier and less



beautiful than their elders, they still project an almost irresistible charm.

- **Braves** appear as androgynously beautiful teenagers. They favor flowing clothes and lightweight materials, making sure the cut of the garment allows it to be slipped off quickly before they enter the water. Once in the water, their flowing hair serves as their only garment. Braves are the most likely to raid suspect houses in search of abused children and to punish wrongdoers. They travel in groups.

- **Elders** are still androgynous, though they appear more faded than braves. They often seem to drift in and out of consciousness, being more concerned with the spirit world than the physical one.

Lifestyles

Water babies live in dry caves that can usually only be reached by water passageways (underground streams, entries at the base of waterfalls, underwater caves which lead to dry ones inside, etc.).

Affinity

Nature

Birthrights:

- **Synthesize Air** — Water babies can extract oxygen from water and encapsulate those they are touching in it so that they can breathe underwater. They use this talent to steal children away and bring them to their secret homes. Occasionally, they also use this ability to rescue someone who has fallen in their river or lake, though they are often indifferent to the fates of adults.

- **Strength of the Wave** — Whenever water babies seek to take vengeance on someone, they are able to pump up their Strength by two points. This allows water babies to grab the offenders and drag them into the water, holding them under until they have drowned. If the person is actually innocent, this mystical Strength does not manifest, a sure sign to the water babies that they have misjudged someone. When that happens they release the victim and quickly disappear downstream or into the depths.

Outlook

- **Canotili** — Hunters. We have heard they test the hearts of those who enter their domains. This we understand.

- **Inuas** — Wisdom-keepers of the Nunnehi, we seek their counsel when we can.

- **Kachinas** — They should think less on crops and more on preserving the children of their tribes.

- **May-may-gway-shi** — Our estranged kin, they too dwell in caves and in the waters.

- **Nanehi** — Entertainers. Arrogant entertainers. Who cares what they think?

- **Numuzo'ho** — We know nothing about them except rumors of their size.

- **Pu'gwis** — Disgusting tricksters who lure humans to them by donning false faces.

- **Rock Giants** — Bad-tempered and disgusting.

- **Surems** — Peace lovers. Too bad they don't put all their wisdom to use in guarding the young from harm.

- **Tunghat** — They have abandoned their duties and now can do nothing but whine about their fate. Stop sniveling and resume your stewardship!

- **Yunwi Amai'yine'hi** — These water beings are close to our hearts, though they think ill of us.

- **Yunwi Tsundsi** — They know their place in the world and keep it well.

Frailties:

- **Water Dependency** — If they are kept for over 48 hours from a water source in which they can immerse themselves, water babies begin to die. Each full day that they are kept from water thereafter, water babies lose one dot from a Physical Attribute. If any Attribute reaches zero, the water baby is unable to move. Should another 24 hours elapse after that time, the water baby dies.

Quote:

"Come, child, and we shall dance upon the waters."

Nūmūzo'ho

(Crushers of People)

The legends of the tribes of the West contain stories of fearsome giants who terrorize intruders into their lands. Reputed to be cannibals and feared for their destructive and malicious tempers, these spirit beings were also respected for their strength and honored as reminders of the inherent power of nature to destroy as well as create.

These tales refer to the Nunnehi known as numiizo'ho, named after one of the heroes of their Family, a giant who taught mortals how to fashion tools from stones before he disappeared from their sight.

The truth behind the malevolent behavior and violent tempers of these giants is the story of their anger at what happened to the world around them. Even before the ways to the Higher Hunting Grounds closed, the elders of this Nunnehi Family had glimpses of the devastation mortals would cause to the natural world. Their anger grew within them until it became a prime force in their lives. The oldest numuzo'ho swore a sacred oath, binding on all their descendants, to act as the avengers of the natural world. In return for the special powers granted them to enable them to keep their vow, they accepted the eventual loss of part of themselves as the price they would have to pay.

Unlike other stories told about them, however, these giants are not cannibals. In times of great hardship, one of their elders may offer her body as food for her Family, but this is only an act of desperation. The niimuzo'ho have no particular appetite for human flesh.

The numuzo'ho are not always instruments of destruction. Occasionally they will assist lost travelers or aid the victims of natural disasters (ones they do not cause) such as rockslides or avalanches. They respect the traditions of their mortal tribes, although they usually have little contact with humans. Some braves or younglings, however, demonstrate an uncharacteristic desire to associate with mortals or with Nunnehi outside their Family. These individuals are ones who have managed to quell their constant anger and allow their Summer personas to rule them. These numiizo'ho make loyal companions, although they must continually struggle to remain calm in the face of blatant examples of human despoliation of the environment.

Appearance:

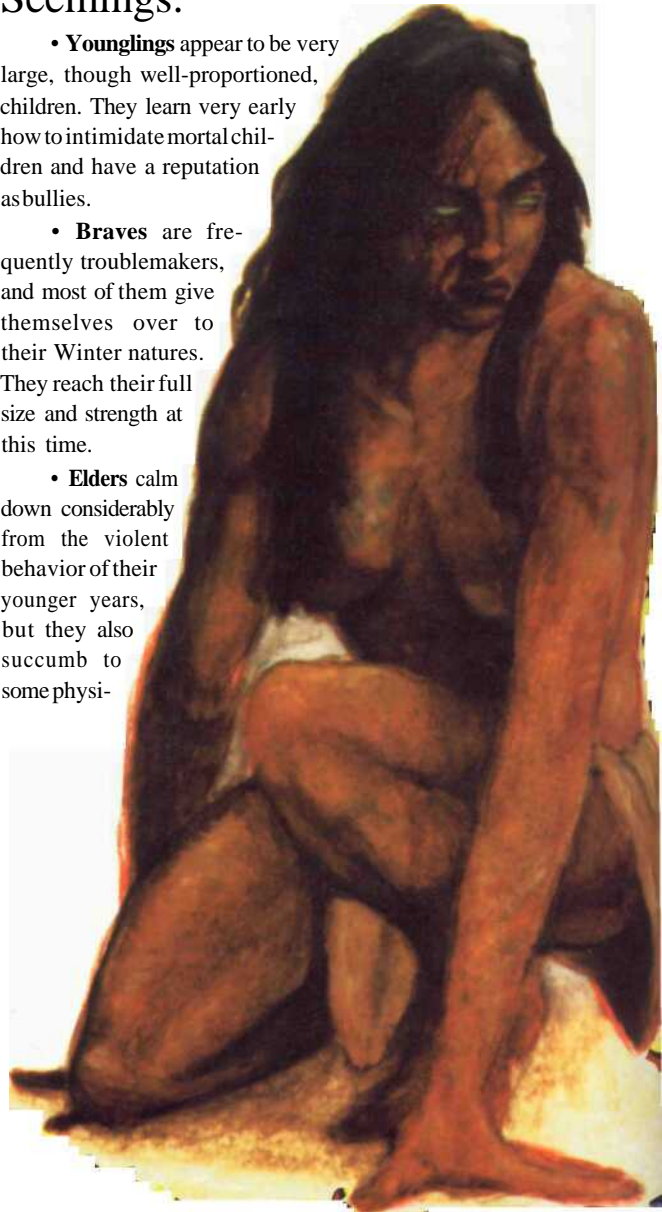
Numuzo'ho appear as extremely tall and muscular examples of their mortal tribes—the Washoe, Kalispel, Flathead, Paiute, Coeur d'Alene, Wishram, Miwok and other natives of the Far West. Their eyes glow with an unearthly luminescence, and their elders are frequently deformed in some fashion.

Seemings:

- **Younglings** appear to be very large, though well-proportioned, children. They learn very early how to intimidate mortal children and have a reputation as bullies.

- **Braves** are frequently troublemakers, and most of them give themselves over to their Winter natures. They reach their full size and strength at this time.

- **Elders** calm down considerably from the violent behavior of their younger years, but they also succumb to some physi-



cal deformity that distorts their appearance so that they become truly grotesque. Sightings of elder numuzo'ho have given rise to legends of fearsome one-legged or one-eyed giants. Ironically, these elders have learned to control their tempers as their bodies begin to fail them.

Lifestyles:

Numuzo'ho live in conical houses or stone dwellings concealed in the mountains or other rock formations such as canyons. They are great workers of stone and spend much of their time shaping rock into useful items — especially weapons. They have invented a ball game using rocks with which they challenge one another and, occasionally, luckless humans.

Affinity:

Nature

Birthrights:

- **Extraordinary Size** — Numuzo'ho gain two additional dots in both Strength and Stamina, even if this increases their rating above 5. It is impossible for them to botch a Stamina roll, allowing them to always soak at least one dice worth of damage for every blow that strikes them.

- **Rouse the Elements** — These Nunnehi have an affinity with the more violent aspects of the natural world. By spending a point of Willpower and a point of Medicine, they can cause great disturbances in their surroundings, raising violent windstorms, causing avalanches or inducing minor earthquakes in a five-mile radius of their chosen center. They can only perform this feat of nature mastery once during a phase of the moon (no more than four times a month).

Frailties:

- **Weight of Years** — These giants do not seem to exhibit any Frailties until they reach the onset of their elder seemings. At that time, one of their limbs (usually a leg) begins to atrophy until it drops off entirely. Knowing this, most numuzo'ho braves fashion a special stone crutch so that this catastrophic event does not leave them entirely helpless.

Outlook

- **Canotili** — Their small bodies are not large enough to hold as much anger as ours.

- **Inuas** — They still have hope for their people. We envy them.

- **Kachinas**—Their dreams are as thin as their cloud-forms. Humans will never learn from their mistakes.

- **May-may-gway-shi** — They understand the earth and the water, but they are too kind-hearted toward those who pollute their waters and kill their fish.

- **Nanehi** — They sing and dance and tell stories. What good is that when the world is dying?

- **Pu'gwis**—Next to them, our elders are examples of beauty. Are they as angry as we are?

- **Rock Giants** — Good fighters, but their anger is pointless and self-indulgent.

- **Surems** — They are traitors to the earth. They will never succeed in their attempts to reform mortals.

- **Tunghat** — They are nearly gone because they were not angry enough.

- **Water Babies** — Of course they do not steal human children. Who would want them?

- **Yunwi Amai'yine'hi**—They are too cheerful for their own good.

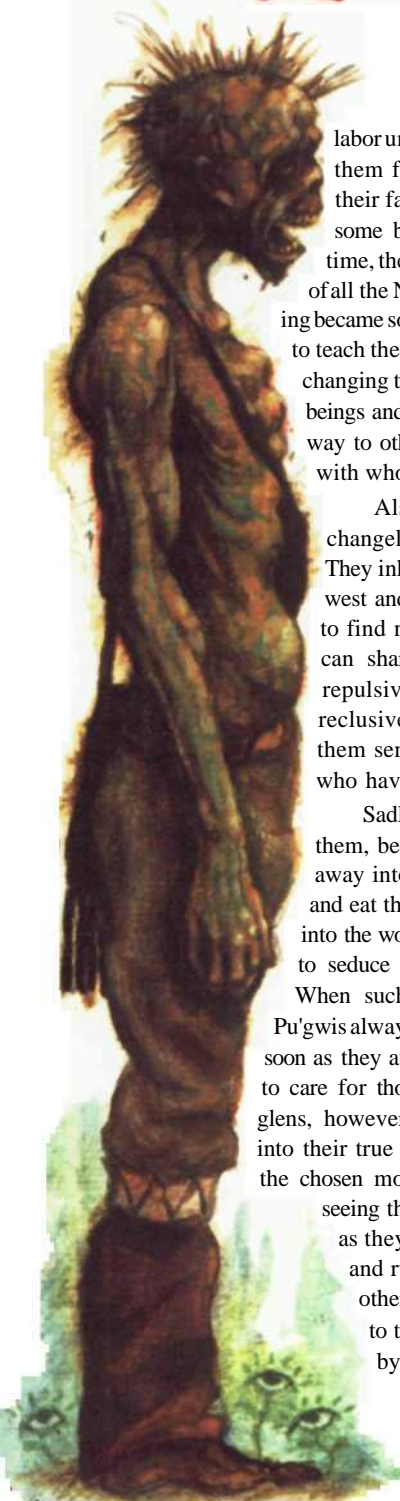
- **Yunwi Tsundsi** — They are fine crafters but waste themselves on mortals.

Elders suffer a - 2 to all Dexterity-related rolls due to their limited mobility and the need to use one arm to support themselves. In other cases, a numuzo'ho will instead become blind in one eye, thus suffering a - 2 to Perception rolls. Only one of these afflictions will strike a given individual.

Quote:

"We have great strength and power in our youth, but we pay dearly for what we have. Do not blame us for our ill tempers."

Pu'GWIS



These hideous changelings labor under a curse which has plagued them for centuries: When seen in their fae mien, they are truly loathsome beings. It is said that at one time, they were among the most lovely of all the Nunnehi, but that their boasting became so offensive that the spirits had to teach them humility. This they did by changing the Pu'gwis into horribly ugly beings and cursing them to appear that way to others whom they cared for or with whom they tried to mate.

Also called Bukwus, these changelings are deep woods spirits. They inhabit the forests of the Northwest and Far North, seeking always to find noble souls with whom they can share their lives. While their repulsive features have made them reclusive, their curse has also made them sensitive to the plight of those who have less than others.

Sadly, their own tribesmen fear them, believing that they lure people away into the woods, where they kill and eat them. Pu'gwis do lure humans into the woods, but always in an attempt to seduce them or to win their love. When such activities are begun, the Pu'gwis always look completely human. As soon as they attempt to mate with or come to care for those they have lured to their glens, however, they undergo the change into their true forms. Because of the curse, the chosen mortals are always enchanted, seeing the horrid faces of the Pu'gwis as they truly appear. Many go mad and run screaming into the forest; others fall senseless and are taken to the edge of the woods and left by the Pu'gwis.

Pu'gwis are ironically gifted with the ability to sing so sweetly that their songs lure mortals to them and hold them enthralled for several minutes after the Pu'gwis have stopped singing. They often sing when they are lonely, and their haunting melodies float through the woods, beckoning all who hear them. Adding insult to injury, their songs can also cause forgetfulness among mortals, and when they can, Pu'gwis remove the memories of those they have failed to win over by singing them sad songs of loss and regret. Mortals who experience this often recall the tunes as if they were ghost songs heard long ago and far away, even when they retain no memories of actually meeting the Pu'gwis.

Those who come to know the Pu'gwis find them to be true and loyal friends. They are so often misunderstood and hated for their horrid faces that they hold tightly onto anyone who gives them the chance to prove themselves rather than assuming the worst. Pu'gwis act as caretakers of the woods, striving to maintain habitats for the animals of the forest (who don't care how the Pu'gwis look) and to preserve the forests from logging.

When able to move about among their human kin, the Pu'gwis watch over them and leave gifts for those who are most disadvantaged among them. They distance themselves from their tribespeople, however, so as to not appear to them as frightening corpse-faced spirits.

Appearance:

Pu'gwis look like humans but with the faces of corpses. The skin is stretched tight over their bones, their noses have decayed, showing gaping nasal passages, and their lips have pulled back from their teeth, making their mouths look both menacing and skull-like. Their eyes look yellowed and almost runny, as if decaying in their sockets.

Seemings:

- **Younglings** look like small children with the faces of corpses. Somehow, this makes them even more terrible than their elders. Pu'gwis younglings are the least playful of all Nunnehi, as though their souls are scarred already.

- **Braves** fight back against the curse of their kind. They spend much of their time trying to circumvent it and to find true love that is blind to their condition. Many Pu'gwis do in fact

marry blind people, to whom they devote themselves with a love so fierce that no one could doubt their sincere joy at the union.

- **Elders** have either found someone to care for or have given up. Those who no longer even try to find a lifemate spend much of their time in watching over the forest and in performing ceremonies and rituals designed to lift the curse from their Family.

Lifestyles:

Pu'gwis live in isolated dwellings within glens in the deep woods. Many maintain homes among their human kin, but remain aloof from them so that the curse will not come into play.

Affinity:

Actor

Birthrights:

- **Song of Beckoning** — This potent song has a hypnotic affect on those who hear it, summoning them to find the singer. A Pu'gwis uses this ability to entrance a mortal and bring her to his hidden glen where he attempts to win her love. The Pu'gwis must roll his Charisma + Performance against his subject's Willpower to use this ability. Failure results in the subject resisting the Pu'gwis' call; a botch irritates the subject.

- **Song of Dismissal** — This power allows the Pu'gwis to sing a song that removes all memories of herself from the minds of those who hear it. It is usually employed when humans fail to appreciate the Pu'gwis and are returned to civilization. The Pu'gwis must roll her Charisma + Performance to bring the power into effect. The target is her subject's Willpower. If the subject was previously entranced by Song of Beckoning, the target is half the subject's Willpower.

Frailties:

- **Decay** — No Pu'gwis can have a Strength rating above 3. In addition all Pu'gwis have an Appearance rating of zero (this may never be raised).

Quote:

"Won't you stay for just a moment? I would cherish any time you gave me."

Outlook

- **Canotili** — We would like to meet our woodland cousins. Perhaps they would overlook our appearance.

- **Inuas** — They understand what it is we endure and have helped us in the past.

- **Kachinas** — They are rumored to be wise and knowledgeable.

- **May-may-gway-shi** — These handsome cousins flee from contact with humans? How curious!

- **Nanehi** — We long to hear their songs and watch their dances. If they would visit with us, we would remember it forever.

- **Numuzo'ho** — They are angry for what has been done to our world. We would do well to remember that their despair is for the world, not just for their own selfish desires.

- **Rock Giants** — They certainly know how to fight, but their cannibalistic ways have been ascribed to us. Another burden we do not need.

- **Surems** — Perhaps they could find a solution to our dilemma.

- **Tunghat** — We hope that these cousins can remain. Their care for their animals is commendable, and we can ill afford to lose one of our Families.

- **Water Babies** — We can certainly identify with their desire to steal children. After all, we try to steal adults.

- **Yunwi Amai'yine'hi** — We have heard many stories of their clever capers and tricks. We would laugh loudly if we could see them for ourselves.

- **Yunwi Tsundsi** — We know almost nothing of these kin, but we have heard that they are gifted with the crafter's touch.

INUAS

(Spirit Helpers)

InuAs were born of the dreams of the northernmost natives, the Inuit and Aleuts. These tribes believed in spiritual beings who lived inside all things whether animate or inanimate. Assigned the role of aides to shamans, inuAs were important spirit helpers who assisted their human partners in communing with the greater spirits and performing amazing deeds. They also acted as observers to insure that no one in the community broke any taboos.

To fulfill their role, the inuAs learned much spirit lore and walked the paths of the Upper World seeking wisdom from elder spirits. They are reputed to be among the wisest and most knowledgeable of all Nunnehi, and have as their affinity the Realm of Fae because they are so concerned with things not of this world.

Most inuAs prefer to take the shapes of animals when interacting with shaman so that their true identities within the tribe will not be compromised. Most frequently, they assume the shapes of foxes, caribou, seals, ravens, walrus and polar bears. They are always small versions of these magnificent animals so that they can easily enter a shaman's home or place of power.



InuAs most often assist shamans by using their power to imbue amulets with luck or a specific song of power. Rarely, they will take over the job of helping directly with their fae powers. Somewhat shy and unwilling to reveal themselves to the uninitiated, inuAs prefer the indirect method of assisting a shaman. They are more comfortable in their role as go-betweens than as people of power in their own right. InuAs believe they are responsible for guiding the Inuit and Aleuts, and watch over them to see that they do not offend the Creator-spirits.

Appearance:

InuAs look much like regular members of their human tribes. Broad-faced and black-haired, most still follow the custom of using labrets (plugs of ivory, bone or other hard materials inserted through the skin beneath the lips so as to form a chin decoration), making them the "pierced ones" among the Nunnehi. They wear clothing like that of their tribe. In their preferred spirit-advisor form, each inuA takes on the shape of an animal important to the welfare of the tribe.

Seemings:

- **Younglings** look like normal children of the tribe. They usually have some minor distinguishing

ing feature that marks them as inuas — gray- or amber-colored eyes, pointed ears or small birthmarks that resemble a particular animal shape such as a wolf's head. These differences are easy to overlook unless someone is deliberately attempting to spot an inua. Younglings learn the survival skills of the tribe and begin learning how to shift their shape.

- **Braves** look much like normal teenagers, except that they have begun to show signs of the change they undertake whenever advising shamans. Each has some small feature associated with the animal shape he has chosen to manifest that stays with him when he reverts to his human appearance. A fox inua, for example, might develop a rather pointed and elongated nose, or a raven inua's eyes might become smaller, set wider apart and change to a beady black. Though the change does give them a rather odd appearance, it is not enough to absolutely mark them as non-human.

- **Elders** must usually leave the community or take up residence in their chosen shaman's abode as an "animal familiar." In their more human form, they show marked animal traces such as tufted ears, tails, crests of feathers, beaks or whiskers like those of seals. It is no longer possible for them to masquerade as human. Many elders assume their animal form and remain in it indefinitely, assuming their other forms only when they need to communicate.

Lifestyles:

Inuas live in communities of a few related extended families. They consider themselves caretakers of those in their village.

Affinity:

Fae

Birthrights:

- **Imbue Amulet** — Inuas may choose to invest an amulet with any single power from the Arts of Chicanery, Legerdemain, Primal, Soothsay, Sovereign, Spirit Link or Wayfare. While this grants the inua's chosen shaman a great power, it is usable only once and only in the specific form invested within it. Thus, if the inua chose to invest an amulet with the Primal power of Heather-Balm, for example, she would also have to choose a Realm that is to be affected by the power, such as Actor 3, Familiar Face. This would allow the shaman to "borrow" the Nunnehi's power to heal someone he recognizes. Once used, the power is gone, and a new amulet must be made.

- **Change Form** — Inuas have the power to change their forms to those of animals native to their region. Though it is possible for them to assume more than one animal form, in practice, it takes a great deal of time and energy to learn how to move in one chosen form, much less two or three. An inua who chooses to devote such time to doing so can learn more than one animal shape. To simulate this, the inua must begin learning the shapes while still a youngling. She gives up five freebie points for

Outlook

- **Canotili** — These hunters would do well to pay more attention to the spirits and less to their own prowess.
- **Kachinas** — Soulmates to us, though they live in such a far-off, strange land.
- **May-may-gway-shi** — We marvel at their ability to enter the hard spirit brother known as rock.
- **Nanehi** — Keepers of the traditions as we are, though perhaps too concerned with their appearances.
- **Numuzo'ho** — Their anger touches echoes in our own hearts. We cannot condemn them for their fight to save our world.
- **Pu'gwis** — Afflicted, yet noble, the Pu'gwis seek only for those who will love them. We must devote more of our time to finding a way to break their curse.
- **Rock Giants** — They are no doubt fine warriors, but their appetites concern us.
- **Surems** — The peaceful people. Many among our kind see them as traitors; they follow the path their spirits have laid out for them.
- **Tunghat** — These brothers should come and live among us. Perhaps they could learn to be the caretakers of seal and caribou.
- **Water Babies** — Their devotion to children is admirable, but they should give more of their time to listening to the counsel of the spirits.
- **Yunwi Amai'yine'hi** — Akin to our playful otters, these Nunnehi bring us many smiles.
- **Yunwi Tsundsi** — Hard workers and crafters. Perhaps we can arrange trades with them.

the second shape. When she becomes a brave or elder, she may choose to learn another shape at the cost of 10 experience points. If the character begins play as a brave or elder, she cannot have learned more than one shape. Changes to her body follow the patterns of the animal shape she chose as her first type.

Frailties:

- **Susceptibility** — Because they are so closely linked to the world of spirits and animals, inuas are highly susceptible to all pollutants. When in the vicinity of any pollutant (within a few yards), inuas take a -1 to all rolls. If actually in contact with a pollutant, inuas receive a -2 penalty. Thus, if near the Alaskan pipeline, the inua would be fine, but if caught in a pristine bay when an oil spill occurs, the inua is in trouble. Air pollution affects inuas while they are within its fumes. Once sheltered from its affects (as inside a building where the air is filtered), they are fine. Obviously few inuas care to visit Los Angeles.

Quote:

"I bring you the wards of the spirits and offer you this gift."

Character Creation Process

- **Step One: Character Concept**

Choose concept, Camp, Legacy, tribe, seeming and Family

- **Step Two: Select Attributes**

Prioritize the three categories: Physical, Social, Mental (7/5/3)

Choose Physical Traits: Strength, Dexterity, Stamina

Choose Social Traits: Charisma, Manipulation, Appearance

Choose Mental Traits: Perception, Intelligence, Wits

- **Step Three: Select Abilities**

Prioritize the three categories: Talents, Skills, Knowledges (13/9/5)

Choose Talents, Skills, Knowledges

- **Step Four: Select Advantages**

Choose Backgrounds (5), Arts (3), Realms (5)

- **Step Five: Finishing Touches**

Record beginning Glamour (Medicine), Willpower and Banality as determined by your seeming

Record Family Birthrights and Frailties

Spend freebie points (15)

Seemings

- **Youngling:** Cherished and protected, you are a child among your tribe and a treasure full of dreams and visions.

Temper Scores—Glamour 6, Willpower 1, Banality 1

- **Brave:** You are the activist of your tribe, the bold, the courageous and the impetuous. Your creativity is vital to your people.

Temper Scores—Glamour 5, Willpower 2, Banality 3

- **Elder:** You are the harvest of your earlier life stages. Your wisdom commands the respect of the younger generations.

Temper Scores—Glamour 4, Willpower 5, Banality 5

Tribe

See section on Native American tribes for tribes appropriate to your chosen Family.

Legacies

Summer Legacies

- **Chief:** You were born to lead and give direction.
- **Grower:** You recognize natural cycles and treat relationships as growing things.
- **Healer:** The wounds and sicknesses of the world can be healed by your caring touch.
- **Hunter:** Life is a constant hunt, and you are the hunter and provider.
- **Maker:** Creating new forms and improving the world through making gives your life meaning.
- **Scout:** You are an explorer and a trailblazer for others.
- **Spiritguide:** The world of the spirits speaks to you and gives your life direction.
- **Storyteller:** Life is a series of stories waiting to be told.
- **Warrior:** You are the protector and defender of your people; struggle and competition are your food and drink.
- **Wise One:** You are a thinker and teacher, and take pride in sharing your wisdom with others.

Winter Legacies

- **Cannibal:** You devour everything that stands in your way.
 - **Fool:** Life is meaningless, and you intend to prove it.
 - **Forked Tongue:** Why tell the truth, when lies are so much more adaptable?
 - **Hoarder:** You look to yourself first, and others not at all.
 - **Outcast:** You are a loner, needing and wanting no one's help to survive.
 - **Raider:** Taking what you want when you want it is your first and only rule.
 - **Scalp-Taker:** Your vengeance is swift, and you have the proof of your effectiveness.
 - **Spoiler:** In order to succeed, you need to make others fail.
 - **Troublemaker:** Meddling and causing havoc is your stock in trade.
 - **Witch:** You deal with the dark spirits for personal gain.
- ### Midseason Legacy
- **Trickster:** Seriousness is your enemy; laughter is your ally.

Families

- **Canotili (Tree Dwellers)** (Midwest): These mischievous forest creatures aid or hinder hunters.
- **Inuas (Spirit Helpers)** (Far North): Pooka-like, these faeries act as aides to shamans, informants and messengers from the spirit world.
- **Kachinas** (Southwest): Helpful faeries who bring rain, fertility and good fortune, they are relied upon by their chosen tribes.
- **May-may-gway-shi (Rock Fishers)** (Northeast): Talented artists and possessors of potent Medicine, these dwarflike faeries dwell within caves and crevices.
- **Nanehi** (Southeast): Sociable, humanlike faeries, they can alter their size and enjoy cultural festivities.
- **Numuzo'ho (Crushers of People)** (Far West): Shapers of stone and workers of weather, these troll-like giants can help or harm their mortal neighbors.
- **Pu'gwis** (Far North): These grotesque corpse-faced creatures dwell in the deep woods and often disguise themselves as humans.
- **Rock Giants** (Northeast): These flint-coated giants have tastes and dispositions similar to redcaps.
- **Surems (Yaqui Little People)** (Southwest): Despite their great strength, these beings hate noise and violence.
- **Tunghat (Green Dwarves, Owners)** (Midwest): Sometimes friendly, these creatures possess close ties to the animal world.
- **Water Babies** (Far West): Their reputation for stealing children notwithstanding, these water faeries act as messengers to the spirit world.
- **Yunwi Amai'yine'hi** (Water People) (Southeast): Mischievous and playful, these water-loving faeries can assume the forms of aquatic or amphibious creatures.
- **Yunwi Tsunsi** (Little People) (Southeast): Attractive and industrious, these bogganlike faeries are adept at hiding and concealment.

Backgrounds

- **Chimera**: Chimerical objects you own or chimerical creatures with which you are allied.
- **Contacts**: Information sources available to the character.
- **Dreamers**: Mortal artists whom you patronize.
- **Holdings**: Nunnehi freeholds (or lands) that you claim as your own or for your family.
- **Household**: Mortals whom you advise and protect.
- **Mentor**: Another Nunnehi to whom you look for counsel.
- **Resources**: The sum total of your wealth, in whatever form is appropriate to your tribe and family.
- **Spirit Companion**: A spirit creature with whom you have a special bond.
- **Totem**: A spirit of the upper world who assists you in traveling the spirit plane and enables you to harvest Medicine.
- **Treasures**: Medicine-imbued items that you possess.
- **Vision**: Your memories of the Higher Hunting Ground and your unconscious knowledge of the Nunnehi Nations.

Arts

- **Chicanery**: Allows the casting of cantrips associated with trickery and befuddlement.
- **Legerdemain**: Allows the casting of cantrips involving pranks and illusion.
- **Primal**: Allows the casting of cantrips involving healing and resilience.
- **Soothsay**: Allows the casting of cantrips associated with luck and prophecy.
- **Sovereign**: Allows the casting of cantrips associated with command and rulership.
- **Spirit Link**: Allows the casting of cantrips associated with the Upper and Lower spirit worlds.
- **Wayfare**: Allows the casting of cantrips involving movement and travel.

Realms

- **Actor**: Describes your affinity with people.
- **Fae**: Describes your affinity with fae and changelings.
- **Nature**: Describes your affinity with things of the natural world: animals, plants, air, water, fire, earth.
- **Props**: Describes your affinity with manmade things, from jewelry to smudge pots to canoes.
- **Scene**: Describes your affinity with a particular location or setting.



Variations for Nunnehi Characters

Backgrounds

Nunnehi characters may have any of the standard changing Backgrounds with the following changes. The Dreamers Background is available to Nunnehi; however, restrictions to its use are described in the section on Glamour and Banality. The Title Background is irrelevant. Household replaces Retinue, and Resources has a different meaning for Nunnehi. Instead of Gremayre, Nunnehi have a Background called Vision, which is similar but not identical. In addition, Nunnehi characters may possess the Backgrounds Spirit Companion, which gives a bond of friendship with an Umbral spirit, usually an animal, and Totem, which allies the Nunnehi with a spirit for the purpose of entering the Upper World and harvesting Medicine.

The following Backgrounds are either new or altered from those found in *Changeling: The Dreaming*. They are specific to Nunnehi characters, subject to Storyteller discretion.

Household

You are particularly close to a group of mortals, who may or may not be aware of your faerie nature. They regard you as a special person, perhaps even a holy one or a shaman, and act as your allies and protectors. In return, you aid and counsel them and regard them as your closest mortal kin. Although they are not under your direct control, they will usually follow your direction, since they realize that you are in touch with a world beyond their ability to comprehend (unless you have enchanted them at one time or another).

Members of your household will not be infallible. Each should have a particular strength as well as a weakness. For example, one might be a brave warrior but have poor judgment, while another may be a talented dancer but possess a fear of water. Household members are intended to be individualized personalities in and of themselves. They should not be abused, or else they may turn against you.

- You have two members in your household.
- You have four members in your household.
- You have eight members in your household.
- You have 16 members in your household.
- You have 32 members in your household.

Spirit Companion

You have a special relationship with a spirit creature, often an animal but sometimes an elemental spirit or some other being, who freely and without compulsion acts as your companion. The spirit follows you whenever you enter the spirit plane, acts as a guide and occasional scout (depending on its strength and abilities), and can store excess Medicine or Willpower for you until you need it. This Background can only be bought with freebie or experience points, and is best acquired during play.

- Your companion is a very minor spirit. You can only speak with it if you have a cantrip that allows you to do so, or if both you and it are near each other in the spirit plane. It can store two extra points of Medicine or Willpower (choose one) for you. It cannot see out of the Upper World (the spirit realm), so it rarely knows what is going on in the Middle World (the mortal realm).
- Your companion is a minor, though not insignificant, spirit. You can only speak to it if you have a cantrip that allows you to do so, or if it is within sight of you on the spirit plane. It can store four extra points of Medicine or Willpower (choose one) for you. It knows instinctively where you are, and can look in on you from time to time.
- Your companion is recognized by other spirits as having some importance and status. You can speak aloud to it easily through the bond you share, so long as it is nearby. It can store four extra points of Medicine or Willpower in any combination for you. It knows instinctively where you are, can see through your eyes, and often looks in on you from the spirit plane.
- Your companion is an important spirit, perhaps even one honored by your mortal tribe as a totem messenger. You can speak mentally to it through the bond you share, so long as it is nearby. You always know where it is. You can see through its eyes, and it can borrow your sight as well. It can store six extra points of Medicine or Willpower in any combination for you. It knows instinctively where you are, can look in on you anytime it so desires, and can even assume material form in the mortal realm for short periods of time.
- Your companion is one of the major helpers of one of the great beings of the spirit plane, such as a herald of Thunderbird or a lesser manifestation of Blue Corn Woman. You can speak mentally to it no matter how far away it is. You and it always know each other's location. You both can share any of the five senses and share Arts with each other. It can store five points each of Medicine and Willpower for you. When you ask it to, it will assume material form in the mortal realm until you desire it to leave or until it is driven away or banished.

Totem

This Trait represents your spiritual link with a totem spirit of a particular plant (including trees), rock or body of water. Your connection to this spirit is vital for your entry into the spirit realm. Certain totem spirits also give you certain adjustments to your Advantages and/or Abilities (see descriptions of Totem Spirits). Most, though not all Nunnehi, have at least one level in the Totem Background. Those who do not have a Totem find themselves unable to enter the spirit plane unless brought there by another Nunnehi who is allied with a Totem. The number of points spent on the Totem Background reflect the relative power of the Totem spirit; more powerful spirits give the Nunnehi more Advantages or Abilities than do weaker ones. (See the sections on Totems and Entering the Spirit Plane for further information on how to use this Background).

- You are linked with a relatively minor totem spirit (1 point).
- You are linked with a totem spirit of some small power (2 points).
- You are linked with a modestly powerful totem spirit (3 points).
- You are linked with a significant totem spirit (4 points).
- You are linked with an important and powerful totem spirit (5 points).

Vision

Vision represents your memories of the Higher Hunting Ground, the natural home of the Nunnehi Nations, now severed from them by Banality. It reflects your ability to remember past incarnations and your unconscious knowledge of the ancient history of the Nunnehi.

Anytime a Nunnehi character needs to know something concerning her faerie existence or history, the player may roll a number of dice equal to her Vision rating (difficulty 6). The number of successes determines how detailed the information is. This roll is usually made in connection with a rite or ritual performed to invoke the "vision" of a character's faerie past.

- Hazy bits of information may be learned, usually through flashes of dream-like images.
- Reasonably accurate information can be gleaned. Visions are slightly more detailed and last for several seconds.
- Worthwhile lore is available. Visions are clearly defined and sometimes last for as long as a minute each.
- Remarkable information can be gleaned. You see past events unfolding as if you were in the vision, and the insights go on for several minutes.

- Astounding insights are possible. Your vision assumes the intensity of a vision quest, in which you are able to ask questions of and receive answers from the individuals in your waking dream. This experience may last for as long as an hour.

Glamour and Banality

Because they are able to tap the natural world for Glamour (Medicine), Nunnehi tend to have slightly higher levels of beginning Glamour (Medicine) than other changelings; one additional dot of Glamour (Medicine) is therefore awarded to beginning Nunnehi characters. Conversely, they are more susceptible to Banality. When away from natural settings, difficulty factors for enchanting others are increased by one.

Gathering Glamour

Nunnehi call Glamour "Medicine," a word which means power and was adopted by almost all the native tribes. Since they are severed from their part of the Dreaming (known as the Higher Hunting Grounds), Nunnehi cannot easily gather Medicine from human creativity (difficulties are raised by two, unless the activity is from an indigenous culture, such as a Cherokee corn dance or a Navajo sand painting). Instead, they mainly draw Medicine from Gaia (Earth Mother) herself. A Nunnehi's current Legacy determines the way in which she replenishes her supply of Medicine. Dogwood People gather Medicine from trees, Rock People from rocks or earth, and Laurel People from flowering plants and shrubs. All Nunnehi may gather Medicine from pure water. As with other changelings, Medicine may be obtained by Nunnehi in one of three ways.

Harvesting

This slow method of gathering Medicine is the Nunnehi equivalent of Reverie. In order for a Nunnehi to use this means of refreshing her supply of Medicine, she must locate a naturally occurring source. In general, it is not possible for Nunnehi to gather Medicine within the confines of a city, even when in the presence of a possible source. Plants grown in hothouses or cultivated gardens, Christmas tree farms, rock gardens or rivers flowing through the center of a city do not provide Medicine sources for Nunnehi since they are usually so influenced by Banality or simply too tainted.

System: Once she has located her source, the Nunnehi must spend at least one hour in contact with the source (dangling her feet or fingers in a flowing stream, sitting at the foot of or in the branches of a tree, climbing or sitting upon a rock or inside a stone cave, or relaxing in a field of flowers). The Nunnehi character then rolls Wits + Kenning (difficulty 7). One point of Medicine may be gathered for each success, provided the Nunnehi has spent at least one hour per success

surrounded by her Medicine source. This process may only occur once per day, and the same source may not be used more than once per moon phase (i.e., a maximum of four times per month). Medicine gathered in such a manner is considered to be pleasing to the spirits. Positive uses of such Medicine (such as for protection, healing and providing good luck) gain one extra success when the Medicine being used to power them was gained through harvesting.

Raiding

Alternatively, a Nunnehi may attempt to rip Medicine from a natural source. This process, known as Raiding, is the Nunnehi version of Ravaging. Although doing so reduces the amount of time that must be dedicated to the process, a Nunnehi using this method also runs the risk of increasing her Banality.

System: The Nunnehi must be somewhat familiar with the source from which she intends to wrest Medicine. She rolls her Banality rating (difficulty 6). The number of successes equals the number of points of Medicine gained. A botch gives the Nunnehi a permanent point of Banality. This penalty comes from angering the spirits whose Medicine has been stolen. Furthermore, Medicine acquired through Raiding is considered dark and dangerous. While it provides an extra success when used to power destructive cantrips (such as curses), for positive uses like healing, the Medicine provides one less success than it would have normally given.

Blessing

This is the Nunnehi method of achieving Rapture and can only occur in the Spirit World (Umbra). The process of Rapture allows a changeling to receive Medicine from a work of her own creation. Since Nunnehi cannot inspire themselves in this manner, they have discovered a way to use their connection with the spirit world to achieve a similar ecstasy through the blessing of a totem spirit. This may only be attempted at the changing of the seasons (four times a year).

System: The Nunnehi must first undergo a ritual purification. When she is ready, she attempts to summon her totem spirit by offering it a song, story, dance, sand painting or other artistic form. The totem spirit will usually answer such a summons. When the spirit is present, the Nunnehi rolls the appropriate Attribute + Ability score for her gift to the spirit (difficulty 7). The number of successes indicates the number of Medicine points gained directly from the totem spirit. Five successes awards the Nunnehi a permanent point of Medicine. A botch causes the spirit to flee and gives the Nunnehi two points of temporary Banality. The Nunnehi must wait 24 hours before trying to enter the spirit world, and may not try again for a Blessing until the next season change. Additionally, she may feel the need to perform some purification ceremony to rid herself of whatever taint offended the totem spirit.

Totem

*You see, I am alive, I am alive
I stand in good relation to the earth
I stand in good relation to the gods
I stand in good relation to all that is beautiful
I stand in good relation to the daughter of Tsen-tainte
You see, I am alive, I am alive*

—N. Scott Momaday, "The Delight Song of Tsoai-Talee"

To the Nunnehi, the spiritual and the ordinary are one and the same. Each Jay is a miniature cycle in which they interact with the commonplace and the supernatural, embodied in the same beings. To them, a tree is not just a tall plant that has several practical uses, but a living spirit placed here to live in harmony with all the other spirits of the Earth: rocks, plants, animals, wind, rain, sun and water. Mankind and Nunnehi are also spirits who must find their place among the rest, maintaining a proper balance between the physical and the spiritual and all their spirit brethren so that all life moves in harmony.

Although Nunnehi are gifted with the Medicine to speak to many of those spirits and thus learn how best to honor or placate them, it is not always possible for the individual to see the long-term consequences of actions, master certain skills or grasp difficult concepts without a wise and patient teacher. Totems fulfill that role. Furthermore, many such spirits are believed to be capable of curing illness, making people and crops fertile, summoning rain and teaching their chosen students songs of power. Gaining such a powerful being as an ally is an important part of a Nunnehi's life.

All spirits prefer to be treated respectfully, and totem spirits insist upon it. From the totem's point of view, the Nunnehi has petitioned the totem to take the changeling under its wing and teach her proper ways. Therefore, the Nunnehi should treat her totem with the deference and respect given to elders and teachers. Totem spirits are powerful entities, not minor spirits, and their goodwill can mean the difference between success and failure. The totem spirit usually requires that its adopted child either perform certain duties or refrain from certain behaviors in order to please it. Many totems also expect periodic gifts that will be pleasing to it, such as tobacco burned in its honor or a small willow wreath floated on its waters. So long as the Nunnehi adheres to the expected path required by the totem spirit, she will receive the special gifts bestowed upon her by her association with the totem and the spirit's guidance and favor.

Should the Nunnehi fail to conform to the totem spirit's wishes, however, she offends her mentor and falls out of favor with her totem spirit. When this happens, she is given one warning — usually symbolically — that her behavior is offensive. If she persists in acting in the manner that annoys her totem, all benefits of having a totem spirit disappear. This does not mean that the Nunnehi should be punished every time she performs some minor action that the totem doesn't personally approve. It does mean that major infractions or

truly obnoxious behavior that goes against everything the totem usually stands for call for action on the totem's part.

If the Nunnehi wants to repair the damage to the relationship, she must cease forever the behavior that prompted the estrangement, and approach her totem again as if for the first time. The Nunnehi must spend at least a month purifying herself and making numerous gifts to the offended spirit. At the end of that time, she again follows the steps outlined below for gaining a totem. If her gifts have been freely given and offered with true regret for the distance that has grown between them, and the Nunnehi has actually changed her ways, the totem spirit will accept her back and restore the benefits which were lost in the separation.

Such a restoration is possible only once, however, and if the Nunnehi offends her totem again, the relationship is severed forever. While it is theoretically possible for a Nunnehi to find another totem willing to accept her, in practice, asking a new spirit to offend another totem in such a manner calls for the Nunnehi character to spend experience points to re-buy the Totem Background at a cost of five experience points per dot. Those who lose their totems are called "the ones who walk alone."

Each Nunnehi has a spiritual connection with a totem spirit. Their close ties to nature have granted them the ability to contact the totems of plants (including trees), rocks, and bodies of water. Typical Nunnehi totems are detailed in the section under Spirits. Simply because the connection is there, however, does not mean that every Nunnehi takes advantage of it. Some choose not to ally themselves with totem spirits, and thus do not have to consider the feelings and wishes of a spirit when deciding on a course of action or performing certain tasks. Such Nunnehi are counted among "those who walk alone," and are greatly pitied by Nunnehi with totem allies. Those Nunnehi who have no totem spirit are unable to enter the spirit world except if brought there by other Nunnehi who do have such connections.

Contacting a totem spirit marks the "coming-of-age" of a Nunnehi. By the time a Nunnehi has awakened to her faerie nature, she has usually received some indication of the identity of her totem — either through a dream or vision quest or by frequent contact with physical manifestations of the totem.

For example, as a nanehi youngling, Crooked Feather became lost in the forest during a thunderstorm. When hunters from her tribe found her, Crooked Feather was sleeping peacefully beneath the shelter of a stand of white birch trees. Later, she dreamed of a handsome brave clad in clothes made from birch bark. These occurrences seemed to indicate to Crooked Feather and to the elders of her tribe that she had an affinity with the Birch Tree totem. Upon becoming a brave, Crooked Feather would contact her totem spirit and might change her name to Shining Birch.

System: A Nunnehi preparing to contact her totem spirit for the first time must prepare herself through participating in a tribal ritual such as "going to water" (total immersion in a stream or pond of pure water) or visiting a sweat lodge. Once she has

purified herself, the Nunnehi then places herself in the presence of a physical representation of her totem. A tribal elder or mentor (usually one with the same totem or whose totem is also physically manifested in the chosen location) then crosses into the spirit world, taking the aspirant with her. Once there, the Nunnehi seeking contact must sing to the totem to draw it to her.

Totem alliance is "purchased" through the Background Trait: Totem. Nunnehi gain the following advantages from a totem alliance:

- A Nunnehi's alliance with a totem is necessary for her to be able to enter the spirit world; without it, she cannot enter the Upper World, no matter her Arts or Realms.

- A Nunnehi gains certain adjustments to her Advantages and/or Abilities, depending on the totem she allies with (see the write-up for the particular totem in the Spirits section).

- The totem is a relationship with a higher spirit, practiced through stewardship of the totem's material children (fir trees for the Fir totem, granite outcrops and rocks for the Granite totem, etc.). By forming a relationship with a totem, the Nunnehi has opened a line of communication with that spirit. The totem may tell the Nunnehi important information, suggest courses of action to her, guide her on a vision quest, and on occasion, may even imbue its Nunnehi ally with Medicine (see the section on Blessing, above).

Entering the Spirit World

All living things are tied together with a common navel cord.

—Sioux saying

According to native belief, there is not one world, but three. Surrounding, penetrating and overlaying the physical world are two spirit realms. Native Americans refer to these as the Upper, Middle and Lower Worlds. The Middle World is the world of Mankind where all people dwell. It is the world the Creator made for the enjoyment of all, humans and animals alike. Apart from, but still a part of the Middle World are the Upper and Lower Worlds.

The Upper World is the realm of spirits, where totems, guardians and messengers have their homes. Each rock, plant, tree and animal has a spirit associated with it, and these spirits reside in the Upper World watching over and guiding those in the Middle World. The Upper World is a place similar to the Middle World, but far more natural and imbued with potent energies. Most things in the Upper World take their shape from those on the physical plane, but appear more pure than their physical counterparts. The Upper World is like a spiritual reflection of the Earth, where everything is revealed for its true nature. In the Upper World, the living spirit of a tree can be seen and spoken with in a way that is usually not possible in the Middle or physical World. Movement through the Upper

World is accomplished in the same manner as the Middle World: by foot, swimming or riding. The difference is that thought is the key to movement. Walking, running or swimming occurs at the speed of thought, with the Nunnehi moving from one area to another as fast as she can envision herself actually traversing the distance. Riding requires that the Nunnehi contact a willing spirit and persuade it to carry her.

The Lower World is the world of the dead. Things there are said to be similar to their physical counterparts, but gray and faded. The earth is ash, there are no colors, sounds are muted, and smells and tastes nonexistent. Among the native tribes, death is not viewed as unnatural or the end, but as part of life's cycle, a necessary change that allows those who have lived out their allotted span to move on and gives others the room to live. Native Americans honor the dead, but they fear the retribution of angry ghosts should they not be properly honored and laid to rest.

Travel to the Upper World

Though they are cut off from the Higher Hunting Grounds, the Nunnehi are much valued as messengers and go-betweens because they are able to enter or interact with these spirit realms. Nunnehi may enter the Upper World in the presence of their totem material. Thus, some places are off-limits for Nunnehi due to the lack of availability of their totem's material form. The level of spirituality of the chosen spot has a great effect on the success or failure of the Nunnehi's attempt to enter the spirit world. The spirituality of a place changes according to the relative purity of the chosen source. For example, Nunnehi who have located a city park and who wish to enter the spirit world in that relatively "wild" spot, may find that the local examples of their totem spirit contain *too* many impurities from city pollutants to enable them to enter the Upper World.

System: Nunnehi must have at least one dot in both the Wayfare Art and the Nature Realm, since those forms of fae magic govern the powers of movement and natural settings. While it is possible for the Nunnehi to enter the spirit world with only one dot each of Wayfare and Nature, doing so increases the difficulty level by two. Those Nunnehi who are proficient at "crossing over" have Wayfare 3 or higher (Portal Passage) and Nature 2 (Verdant Forest). The Nunnehi simply "walks into" her totem material — by stepping in a river, plunging into a thicket of mountain laurel, or disappearing into a giant oak, for example.

A Bunk must be performed, but the number of successes is not automatic; the player must roll dice to see if his character succeeds or not. Thus, the Nunnehi rolls Wits (for Wayfare) + Mythlore (for Nature). The difficulty for this passage is determined by the spirituality of the area. The spirituality of a place is expressed by the amount of Banality present in that area. A very spiritual place, such as a pristine forest, would have a low Banality rating. The surrounding Banality must be overcome for the Nunnehi to successfully enter the spirit world at that place.

Banality Rating

Area	Typical Banality Rating
Science Lab, Mall	Impossible, no naturally occurring material present
Inner City	9
Suburbs, City Park	8
Rural Countryside	7
National Parks	6
Forest Preserves, Wilderness Habitats	5
Deep Forest, High Desert	4
Unknown Cavern, Atop High Mesa, Nunnehi Freehold	3
Pristine Forest, Lonely Sea Island, Pure Stream, Mountain Top, or other Place of Power	2
Modifiers	Difficulty
Impure Totem Material (toxic streams, wood or stone that has been carved or worked, trees "breathing" excessive smog, etc.)	+1 to +3
Using less than Wayfare 3 and Nature 2	+2
Pure Totem Material (fresh mountain stream, old growth trees, etc.)	-2 to -3

Entering the Spirit World

Successes	Shift Time
Botch	"Caught"
0	Failure; may not try again for another hour
One	5 minutes
Two	30 seconds
Three+	Instant

When "caught," the Nunnehi can neither be seen nor attacked by physical denizens, but evil spirits wander the Upper World looking for such trapped spirit travelers. After an hour has passed, the Nunnehi can try again to complete the travel. If that fails, he cannot leave on his own. If not found and pulled through by another Nunnehi, a Garou or a spirit, he will be caught forever.

The Nunnehi and Banality

Even the faintest touch of humans can cause a place to become infected with Banality. The Banality of a place is of little concern to the average Kithain; however, due to their closer ties to nature, the Banality of a place can have some adverse affect the Nunnehi by making it more difficult for them to enter the spirit world. This Banality has no other ill effects on them, and is not noticeable for the most part. Extremely nasty Storytellers may wish to have a particularly Banal place raise the difficulty for casting cantrips or at the very least give the characters an uneasy feeling.

The Nunnehi rolls her Wits + Mythlore versus the difficulty of the local Banality (see the chart). Three successes indicate instant success, two successes require 30 seconds for the transfer to take place, while a single success means that the Nunnehi needs a full five minutes to effect her entry into the Upper World. If the roll does not succeed (no successes), the Nunnehi is unable to enter the spirit world and may not try again for another hour. A botch means that the Nunnehi is "caught" between the physical world and the spirit world. If another attempt made after an hour passes fails, the Nunnehi is trapped and may not move until another Nunnehi, a sympathetic Garou or a creature from the spirit world rescues her.

For Nunnehi, every location in the world has a Banality rating between 2 and 9. The higher the Banality, the more difficult it is for a Nunnehi to enter the Upper World. As always, final determination of the difficulty for entering the spirit world is left to the Storyteller's decision.

A Nunnehi can bring other changelings into the spirit world with him. He must have the Fae Realm of the appropriate level (1 for commoners, 2 for nobles) and spend one Medicine point for every person brought over. All those attempting to cross into the Upper World must hold hands.

A changeling who cannot cross into the spirit world may find himself caught there if his guide leaves him. In this case, he may search out a trod (a long and dangerous task) and return to the physical world from there.

The Nunnehi's ability to enter the spirit world provides them with many advantages. Banality is rare there, and spirits abound who might provide the Nunnehi with information and advice.

Ancient trods exist in the Upper World, old spirit realms and domains of faerie power from before the gates to Arcadia and the entries to the Higher Hunting Grounds closed. These have been empty for many centuries, unvisited by the fae. Some Nunnehi have sought these places out and use them to gain Medicine or expunge Banality, allowing them a connection to the Dreaming they otherwise do not have. However, the journey to these far-off trods is usually fraught with danger, for many evil spirits see changelings as a tasty snack.



Speaking With the Dead

While Nunnehi are not physically able to travel to the Lower World, they do have access to the Art known as Spirit Link. This Art not only allows them to speak with the spirits of the Upper World and those that inhabit objects, items and animals in the Middle World, it also allows them to communicate with the spirits of the dead who inhabit the Lower World. Many tribes depend upon those among them who evince this talent for assurances that the dead have been properly revered and harbor no resentments against the living. These communications are addressed not only to dead humans, but to the spirits of dead animals (usually those slain in the hunt and eaten) as well.

Arts

Although Nunnehi characters may possess any of the standard changeling Arts, they are more apt to specialize in Primal, Soothsay and Wayfare. In addition, Nunnehi have their own Art, called Spirit Link. (See Chapter Five page 174)

Realms

Nunnehi magic affects the same realms as the magic of standard changelings.

Songs of Power (Nunnehi Cantrips)

*This was the way of it
Let the story fires be lighted
Let our circle be strong and full of medicine
Hear me
This is my dream song that I'm singing for you
This is my power song that is taking me to the edge
This is rock medicine
The talking tree
The singing water
Listen
I am dancing underneath you*

—Jim Wilson & Dave Carson, "Twisted Hair"

Nunnehi are quite different from their changeling cousins in their attitudes about Medicine and cantrips. Rather than referring to them as cantrips, the Nunnehi call their magic "songs of power." When using cantrips Nunnehi not only perform the Bunk required to enact the magic, but chant, hum, sing or whisper words, nonsense syllables or a tune to focus themselves as well. Even if gagged or prevented from making noise, so long as the Nunnehi makes an attempt to sing her song of power and is not prevented from performing the other Bunk required, she can bring her magic into play. Some Nunnehi feel more comfortable beat-

ing a drum, shaking a rattle or dancing, and these are acceptable substitutes. It is their belief that all such songs originated in the Higher Hunting Grounds, were given into the safekeeping of the spirits of the Upper World and were taught to the Nunnehi as the need for them arose. They are not, therefore, toys to be used frivolously or wasted on a whim. They are serious magic.

Most Nunnehi feel that they are, in some ways, the caretakers of Medicine. They feel that they have been entrusted with powerful secrets, and that it is their duty to see that such powers are used wisely. The Nunnehi believe that the spirits of the Upper World watch them to make certain that they don't misuse the songs of power. This belief leads Nunnehi to justify (either before or after) the use and necessity for using the songs whenever they do so. Sometimes this causes the Nunnehi to delay her action while she makes offerings, performs a purification ritual or states her reasons to the spirits and those around her who might be agents of the spirits.

No one said the Nunnehi are not vain. There is more of a conscious sense among Nunnehi of being part of an ongoing story or a living legend than is usual among other changelings. Part of their approach to using songs of power is done with a view to how it will sound when the story of their deeds is later told around the campfire or sung of at a powwow. They use their songs of power with more ceremony and are quite aware of crafting them to create dramatic moments — but use them only when they are appropriate.

Nunnehi magic is often used as part of a ceremony or ritual, whether tribal or personal. Often, they use their Medicine at the request of others or for the general good of their Nunnehi Nation or mortal tribe. Rarely do they indulge themselves simply for convenience's sake. This is particularly true of the Wayfare, Soothsay and Spirit Link Arts.

Soothsay and Spirit Link are considered too important to be wasted on minor issues. When they are used, the Nunnehi usually undergoes a purification ritual and engages in a ceremony designed to earn the favor of the spirits first. Naturally, in an emergency, such things can be dispensed with, so long as the Nunnehi performs a lengthy thanksgiving ceremony afterwards.

Because they see themselves as part of an ongoing story, Nunnehi usually prefer to travel by normal means rather than via Wayfare whenever possible. To them, the journey is as important as the destination. Journeys are symbolic representations of the passage from one stage to another, and are therefore a part of the cycle of life. When they really need to get somewhere faster or utilize the other Wayfare powers, they do so, but only to save a life, prevent a catastrophe, or if it is the only way they can travel to a certain place.

Naturally, not all Nunnehi are equally concerned with maintaining a balance or refrain from overuse of their powers. Some Winter people (and even a few Summer people and Tricksters) abuse their gifts, using them to garner personal power at the expense of others or bullying someone simply because they can. These Nunnehi have embraced dark spirit energy, and are consid-

The Medicine Bag

There exists one piece of personal adornment that Nunnehi always wear—the medicine bag. A medicine bag is a small pouch, usually made of deer skin or some other supple hide. It may be decorated with shells, feathers, tufts of hair, beads or quillwork, or it may be plain. Medicine bags are strung on thongs and worn around the neck. Nunnehi place items they feel a connection to in their medicine bags — small stones, feathers, bits of wood or flint, or anything else that they feel is important to their life or that symbolizes their totem or animal companions.

The medicine bag is at once and the same time a protective amulet and a summation of a Nunnehi's life up to the present time. Whenever something of significance occurs, the Nunnehi adds something symbolic of that event or that was in the area when the event occurred to his bag. Nunnehi believe that all the items they have chosen to place inside their bags become imbued with spirit energy. If something is lost from the bag, given away or stolen, the Nunnehi feels incomplete until its place is filled by something else of significance. Until such an item is found and acquired (for which a quest might be required), the Nunnehi gains one less success in any Medicine he attempts to use. If the whole medicine bag is stolen or destroyed, the Nunnehi must undertake a quest to replace it and its contents as nearly as possible with duplicates of what was lost. Until he does so, he is - 2 successes in the use of any songs of power due to the psychological distress involved in the loss of his medicine bag.

ered by most Nunnehi to have perverted the songs of power. Nevertheless, many such Nunnehi become powerful warriors or witches (a term used for either male or female sorcerers) and can be quite dangerous. These are, in fact, the most likely Nunnehi to raid other changelings' freeholds and attack them in the wilds. Spirits

The spirits of plants, minerals and the elements are frequently willing to adopt Nunnehi as their charges. This relationship between a Nunnehi and her "totem" spirit enables her to enter the spirit plane. The spirits detailed in this section do not cover the full range of beings available as totem spirits for Nunnehi, but are meant to provide the Storyteller with ideas for designing others for use in a chronicle involving Nunnehi characters. A Storyteller whose chronicle is set in the American Southwest, for example, may draw upon her knowledge or research of that region in order to come up with totem spirits of plants and minerals or natural phenomena specific to the land

of deserts and canyons. Additional rock and plant spirits can be found in *Axis Mundi*, a supplement to *Werewolf: The Apocalypse* and adapted for use in *Nunnehi* chronicles.

Birch

Background Cost: 2

Birch requires abundant light and a cool climate for her well-being, and she is found in the northern and northwestern parts of America and Canada, including Alaska. Called the White, Paper or Canoe Birch, her gleaming white bark is stretched over canoe frames to make birch bark canoes. Her oil, extracted from the bark, has medicinal value in treating rheumatism and inflamed joints and muscles. Birch is stately, proud of her beauty and grace.

Traits: Birch grants her *Nunnehi* children an additional point of Charisma and Herbalism 1.

Taboo: Birch asks her children to protect her forests from overuse.

Cottonwood

Background Cost: 5

Also known as the Necklace Poplar, Cottonwood grows on the American prairie. Her downy buds, shed in the spring, resemble the fruit of the cotton plant. Tall (80 — 100 feet) and fast-growing, Cottonwood provides a welcome source of shade, and long ago taught the Sioux how to build their tipis. Later, her wood was used by white settlers for building their own houses. Most importantly, however, Cottonwood is used as the center pole for the rigorous sun dance, one of the holiest ceremonies of many Native American tribes, including the Sioux and the Crow. Cottonwood is one of the most spiritual of trees, and regards herself as the caretaker of the land and creatures around her.

Traits: Cottonwood's *Nunnehi* children gain Mythlore 2 and Craft 2 (woodcarving). *Nunnehi* allies who participate in the strenuous sun dance also gain an additional point of Stamina after completing the ceremony, a bonus which can only be acquired once.

Taboo: Cottonwood requires allied *Nunnehi* to be frugal in their use of her wood, replacing cut trees with seedlings and using deadfalls whenever possible. She also demands that her children never fail to honor the spirits.

Dogwood

Background Cost: 3

Flowering Dogwood, also called Boxwood or Dog Tree, grows along most of eastern and southern North America, as far north as Ontario and Maine and as far south as Texas and the Gulf region. Valued for her hard wood, useful in making all sorts of tools, Dogwood's bark also produces a strong tea which induces sweating and thus aids in breaking fevers, including malaria. An extract made from simmering her bark in water relieves muscle aches. Her first spring blooms serve as signs to nearby tribes that it is time to begin planting corn. Dogwood is lively and helpful,

although somewhat vain with the knowledge that her pink or white flowers make her one of the loveliest of trees.

Traits: Dogwood endows her children with an additional point of Charisma as well as Herbalism 2 (or Medicine 1) and Plant Lore 2.

Taboo: Dogwood's children must never deface themselves, and must carry a small dogwood trinket with them at all times.

Fir

Background Cost: 2

Fir has many names, among them Balsam, Fraser and Spruce, but in all her forms, she is a survivor, able to withstand cold climates that are inhospitable to other species of trees. Fir does not lose her leaves each year, and the cones she produces not only give birth to others of her kind but also provide nourishment for many creatures of the forest. Her sap is the blood that warms her body year round.

Traits: *Nunnehi* accepted by Fir gain Survival 2 (alpine climate) and an additional point of Stamina.

Taboo: Fir requires her children to protect her diminishing forests. *Nunnehi* allied with Fir must never cut down a fir tree, and may use only dead wood for building fires or making items.

Fireweed

Background Cost: 2

Fireweed is a survivor, thriving in normally inhospitable land such as regions devastated by forest fires or areas distressed by excavations. She also makes her home in the damp, fertile soil of the Rockies and the higher Appalachians. Noted for her striking magenta blooms, Fireweed symbolizes the natural power of plant life to renew itself, restoring growth and beauty to lands gutted by humans or nature. Native tribes relied on Fireweed as a food source, eating the shoots, making soup from the stems, and brewing tea from the leaves. The roots and leaves of Fireweed also have medicinal value as an astringent and for ailments ranging from asthma to whooping cough. Fireweed is tenacious and hardy, and respects those qualities in other creatures.

Traits: Fireweed grants her children Herbalism 2 and one additional point of Stamina.

Taboo: Fireweed requires her children to assist in land reclamation projects whenever possible.

Granite

Background Cost: 3

Granite is one of the crystalline rocks that form the "basement" of the Appalachian Mountains, and is also found in other parts of the American continent. It comprises part of the continent's geological backbone and has weathered eons of slow change. Granite appears hard and unyielding, but he is also a symbol for stability and stoicism.

Traits: Granite grants his *Nunnehi* children two points of Strength and Intimidate 2.

Taboo: Granite demands that his children never back down from a test of strength or endurance.

Ice

Background Cost: 1

The northernmost regions of the American continent, where Ice enjoys his greatest influence, are icebound for much of the year, while in the Rockies and the higher ranges of other North American mountains, Ice often makes himself at least a temporary home. The native tribes of the Far North have learned from Ice how to travel upon its surface, build shelters from large blocks of ice and gather food by fishing through holes cut on frozen lakes and waterways. Ice represents the contradictory nature of life, since he can be solid enough to support great amounts of weight yet fragile enough in places to break underfoot. Ice reminds Nunnehi of the coming of Winter.

Traits: Ice grants his Nunnehi children Survival 2 (Arctic) and one additional point of Stamina.

Taboo: Ice requires his allies to dwell in places where he is prevalent and to care for the people and creatures who make those lands their home.

Maize (Corn)

Background Cost: 3

Maize (corn) is the staple crop of many tribes. A close ally of Blue Corn Woman, a chief spirit of the Upper World, Maize symbolizes bounty, fertility, and protection. Besides forming the basis for corn pone (or cornbread), grits (or hominy), and the corn tortillas of the Southwestern tribes, powdered maize was often dusted over a family's sacred possessions to feed the spirits. Ears of maize acted as protective fetishes against witchcraft (or bad medicine) and harmful creatures or as repositories for ghosts during ceremonies of mourning. Maize is a regal spirit, concerned with ceremony, yet she is also imbued with an intimate concern for nourishing and protecting those who honor her.

Traits: Nunnehi who choose Maize as their totem gain Empathy 2 and Cooking 2 as well as one additional point of Wits.

Taboo: Maize's children must hang an ear of corn somewhere in their permanent dwellings, and must carry a few kernels of corn or corn pollen on their person at all times.

Saguaro Cactus

Background Cost: 2

Thriving in the Southwestern deserts, Saguaro towers over the other plant life, dominating the landscape. His spiny limbs arch upward, forming a link between earth and sky. The Papago of Arizona use the succulent's bright red, plum-sized fruit in brewing a syrupy liquor which they ritually consume as part of their rainmaking ceremonies, hoping this act would bring rain to their parched land. Saguaro is proud and hardy, proof that even the barren desert can sustain life and growth.

Traits: Nunnehi allied to Saguaro gain Stamina 1, Survival 1 (desert) and Brewing 1.

Taboo: Saguaro requires his children to conserve water and to oppose those who pollute water sources.

Sandstone

Background Cost: 2

Sandstone makes her home in arid regions such as deserts as well as near areas of fresh and salt water. The Diné (Navajo) grind her colorful stones into fine sand to use in the elaborate and beautiful sand paintings that figure in their ceremonies depicting the various Chant Ways — among them Earth Way, Shooting Way and Blessing Way. Sand paintings absorb the evil spirits driven out in healing ceremonies. Sandstone is also useful as building material for the various pueblo tribes. Sandstone is patient and flexible, willing to participate in both the practical and spiritual affairs of those who respect her.

Traits: Sandstone's Nunnehi children gain Craft 2 (sandpainting) and Occult 1.

Taboo: Sandstone requires her children to study the ancient rituals of their mortal tribes.

Tobacco

Background Cost: 4

Regarded by almost all Native American tribes as one of the most sacred plants, Tobacco's dried leaves were crumbled, then scattered upon holy ground to honor the spirits or else burned in an open fire to send its pungent fumes to the Upper World. Smoked in special pipes, Tobacco's mildly narcotic smoke opened lines of communication between the Upper and Middle Worlds. White settlers who "discovered" and commercialized the use of tobacco as a recreational, habit-forming drug have ignored its spiritual qualities and opened themselves to the dangers of overindulging in its potentially harmful properties. Tobacco shuns those tobacco plants harvested by the cigarette industry, and will usually avoid large fields of commercially grown tobacco.

Traits: Tobacco grants his Nunnehi children Spirit Lore 1 and one additional point of Perception.

Taboo: Tobacco requires his children to restrict their tobacco use to ceremonial occasions, honoring its original purpose.

Whitewater

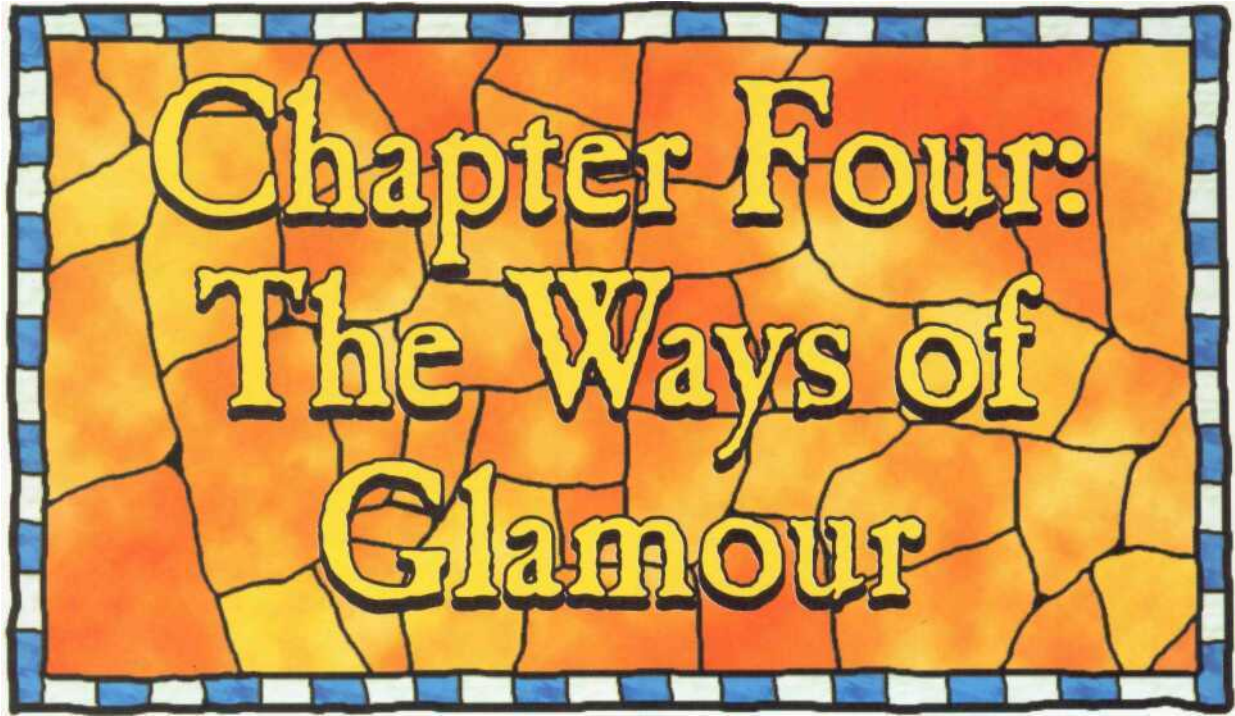
Background Cost: 1

Whitewater is known for her mercurial nature, by turns playful and menacing. She is the symbol of self-challenge and the free spirit of the untamed wilderness. Whitewater delights in rapid movement and constant change. Whitewater's laughter pierces the forests and announces her presence over long distances.

Traits: Whitewater endows her Nunnehi children with Swimming 3 and Boating 2. Her children also gain an additional point of Dexterity when involved in activities which take place in rapidly moving water.

Ban: Whitewater requires her children to make their homes near her banks. She also asks that any who honor her refrain from polluting her rivers.





Chapter Four: The Ways of Glamour

The following section describes a new, optional rules system for the casting of cantrips without using cards. It should be noted that these rules completely replace those published in the original Changeling rulebook. Of course, those who prefer the original rules should feel free to continue using them.

The Nature of the Bunk

There was a time when Glamour could be plucked out of thin air — when the fae were infused with it and had no need for such gentle coaxing. That was the Mythic Age, but that time is no more. Now in order to summon forth the Glamour required to weave a cantrip, changelings must enact strange rituals and actions which have come to be known as Bunks.

Still, the Bunk is far more than a silly requirement for casting a cantrip; it is the means by which a changeling can actually touch the Dreaming within himself, allowing him to draw upon a little bit of Glamour. No one, not even the fae, really understands Glamour. It seems to come more readily to some than others, and it is never the same from one moment to the next. And yet over the ages, the fae have learned how to use it to create varied and wondrous effects in order to overcome the banal world.

Advanced Rules for Bunks

The current system for Bunks requires that you draw a random card each time you attempt to cast a cantrip. While this system is reflective of the unpredictable nature of the requirements of Glamour, it is still somewhat restrictive in that you are limited by a certain number of cards. Inevitably the same card will be drawn for a similar situation. This limitation goes against the very nature of what Bunks are supposed to represent. Additionally, while some Bunks may be appropriate for a given cantrip, others are wildly inappropriate. While some might say that this is simply just another representation of Glamour's caprice, Bunks that seem appropriate to the cantrip being cast add flavor to the story rather than distract from it.

The following system is an attempt to offer a more improvisational method of performing Bunks, which allows players to create their own Bunks on the fly — with a little bit of guidance, of course. This system completely eliminates the use of cards when casting cantrips, requiring the use of dice instead. Those players who have become accustomed to using cards may wish to use a variant of the system provided.

Choosing the Bunk

Whenever a character decides that she is going to cast a cantrip, she must first successfully perform a Bunk in order to

call forth the Glamour required for the casting. Theoretically a Bunk can be anything from whistling a tune, to reciting a Shakespearean quotation backwards, to jumping in the air three times while holding your nose.

This system provides guidelines that allow you to create your own Bunks on the spur of the moment, rather than randomly drawing them from a deck of cards. Essentially the Art determines the general nature of the act which must be performed (Chicanery often involves a verbal Bunk of some sort, while Legerdemain usually demands a physical gesture), while the Realm dictates an object or person which must be involved in the Bunk. The more extensive and involved the Bunk is, the lower the difficulty for casting the cantrip.

When creating a Bunk, you must observe the following steps:

- Determine what is required for the Bunk, whether it must be a verbal phrase, a physical action, etc., by consulting the appropriate Art on the charts below.

- Decide how complex the Bunk will be. The level of complexity determines how much you may lower your base difficulty. The minimum for complexity is one, the maximum is five. You can find guidelines for the complexity of Bunks in the charts below. Additionally, many of the Bunks provided in the Changeling rulebook and the Changeling Players Kit may provide inspiration for Bunks. The Storyteller is the ultimate arbiter in deciding the level of a given Bunk. Storytellers should reward ingenious and creative players by giving them the benefit of the doubt when it comes to deciding the level of a Bunk.

- Finally, you must perform the Bunk. While it is suggested that players roleplay their Bunks if they are of a verbal nature, it is recommended that most physical actions merely be described. If for some reason the character is interrupted during the performance of the Bunk and is unable to complete it, the cantrip fails.

Nightmares

Whenever a character would normally gain a Nightmare card, the character now gains a Nightmare die. Nightmare dice should be all of the same color, and should be easily distinguishable from the other dice. These dice are known as the Nightmare Pool. Whenever a character attempts to cast a cantrip, the dice in the Nightmare Pool must be substituted for an equal number of dice. For example: if a character had to roll eight dice to cast a cantrip and had a Nightmare Pool of three, three dice would be removed and the Nightmare dice substituted. The character now has five normal dice and three Nightmare dice.

Anytime a one is rolled on Nightmare dice, the character suffers the ill effects of a Nightmare. The number of Nightmare dice that come up ones determines the severity of the Nightmare. Nightmare dice that rolled as ones are removed from the character's Nightmare Pool.

The Nightmares Chart on page 215 of *Changeling: The Dreaming* can be consulted for examples of nightmares.

Character vs. Player

While most Storytellers will wish to have their players actually create the verbal component for a Bunk, many players may not be as competent at creating rhymes or sonnets on the spur of the moment as their character would be. Generous Storytellers may allow players to make a roll using the appropriate Attribute and Ability (i.e., Manipulation + Expression) when it comes to creating a higher level Bunk. One should be careful, however, that this is not abused by players to allow them to continually cast Level Five cantrips. As a general guideline, assume that the difficulty for any such roll would be equal to the level of the Bunk + 3.

Casting the Cantrip

The base difficulty to affect a target is equal to the target's Banality + 4. When casting a cantrip on an inanimate object the difficulty is equal to the caster's Banality + 4. A changeling casting a cantrip on another changeling gains one free success (even if no successes are rolled on the dice). A changeling who is the subject of a cantrip may invoke his own Banality in order to ignore this automatic success. Changelings who employ this method of defense gain one point of temporary Banality each time they do so.

Casting cantrips is always difficult when mortal witnesses are present. The base difficulty for casting any cantrip when mortals are present is equal to the highest Banality + 5. If numerous particularly banal mortals are present, the Storyteller may wish to further increase the difficulty.

Casting a cantrip costs one point of temporary Glamour. Each additional Realm involved in the casting costs another point of Glamour. If more than one subject is affected by the cantrip the caster must spend an additional point of Glamour for each additional subject beyond the first.

Rasputin decides to use the Art of Chicanery (specifically Fugue) to cause a troll guard to forget about seeing him snooping around the duke's private chambers. Creating a Bunk on the fly, Rasputin recites a short poem about himself. The player asks for this to be a Level Five Bunk, but the Storyteller decides that it is only worthy of a Level Four.

The troll's Banality is 6, giving Rasputin a base difficulty of 10. However, Rasputin may then subtract the level of his Bunk (Four), leaving him with a difficulty of 6. He then rolls the appropriate Attribute and Ability (in this case Manipulation + Kenning against the final difficulty of 6). He rolls three successes, plus an additional success because the troll is a changeling, giving him four successes — more than enough to allow him to erase any memory of his having been in the duke's chambers.

Chicanery

Chicanery requires a that a verbal Bunk of some sort be performed. This can be as simple as making up a new word to the reciting of a sonnet. Many Chicanery Bunks take the form of poems or silly phrases, though songs also perform adequately, of course, all must feature the Realm of the cantrip in some way. In the end it should be the character's personality that the determines the exact nature of the Bunk.

Difficulty Modifier	Requirement	Examples
-1	A single word.	Say a word backwards three times. Swear loudly. Make a strange sound (something related to the Realm).
-2	At short phrase.	Tell a clever lie. Insult your subject. Shout out your true feelings.
-3	A least a full sentence.	Sing part of a song. State a quote from a film or novel. Offer a toast to your subject.
-4	A paragraph or short poem.	Recite a full poem. Make up a new curse in a foreign language. Do your best to start an argument between two people.
-5	Several paragraphs or a complete poem.	Narrate your every action before doing it. Recite a portion of an epic poem. Tell a scary story involving your subject.

Chronos

The bunk must in some way involve time or representations of time. The requirements for these Bunks are dictated by how much time must be taken to enact the Bunk rather than by a specific action.

Difficulty Modifier	Requirement
-1	one second
-2	10 seconds
-3	one minute
-4	10 minutes
-5	one hour



Dream-Craft

The Bunks for this Art generally involve the creation of a model of the subject of the cantrip. This could be anything from making a quick sketch to creating a sculpture from clay or sand.

Difficulty Modifier	Requirement	Examples
-1	A vague outline (no details are required).	Draw a stick figure. Make a figure out of mud. Make a figure out of sticks.
-2	Some details (some details must be accurate).	Make a voodoo doll. Wear a costume to represent the subject. Make a model from glass.
-3	A clear image (the subject should be identifiable).	Draw a portrait. Make a sculpture from clay. Make a wood carving.
-4	A detailed representation (details of the subject should be accurate).	Full color painting. Create an ice sculpture. Make a carving in crystal.
-5	A finely detailed re-creation (all details should be accurate).	Create a masterpiece painting. Make a detailed model of your subject.

Legerdemain

These Bunks require that the changeling perform some action or movement, generally silly or superfluous.

Difficulty Modifier	Requirement	Examples
-1	A subtle physical motion.	Curtsy or bow. Pull your earlobe three times. Cross your eyes.
-2	A noticeable physical action.	Drink a liter of soda without stopping for breath. Leap as high as you can and touch the ceiling or a branch. Give a moose salute.
-3	A blatant physical action.	Assume a full lotus position. Roll around on the ground and giggle. Raise your arms to the sky and shout.
-4	A complex physical action. (requiring a full turn)	Write a short poem in calligraphy. Perform a magic trick. Stand on your head.
-5	A complex physical action (more than one turn).	Make an origami figure of your subject. Juggle three items then add a fourth without dropping. Catch a fly with chopsticks.

Primal

Requires the attainment and use of a natural element. For higher level Bunks, the natural object must be crafted in some manner.

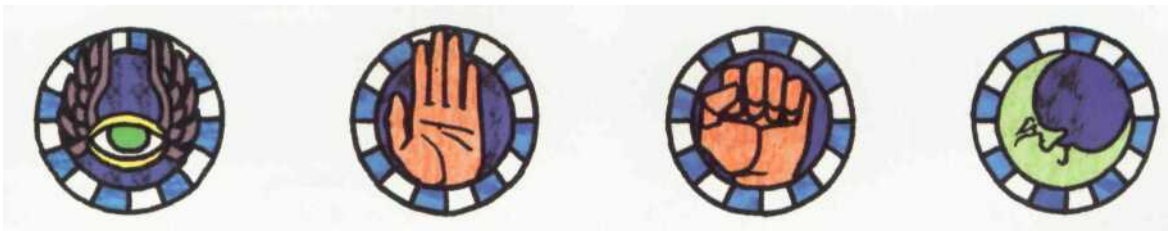
Difficulty Modifier	Requirement	Examples
-1	Common element.	Listen to a seashell. Shower your subject with flower petals. Imitate a bird call.
-2	Uncommon element	Sprinkle your subject with fresh spring water. Eat a cake made with many spices. Lick a jewel and press it to your target.
-3	Rare element.	Shower your target in four-leafed-clovers. Burn mushrooms. Pour curdled milk into a bowl.
-4	Uncommon element crafted.	Strike your subject with a whip with a holly bough crafted at the end. Cut your wrist with a fingernail; drip the blood on your subject. Break a solid oak branch with your bare hands.
-5	Rare crafted element.	Massage someone with scented oils. Bite the head off a small animal. Tightly grasp a rod covered in thorns.



Soothsay

Requires the use of divination items or at higher levels the actual performance of divination.

Difficulty Modifier	Requirement	Examples
-1	Requires a minor divination object.	Carefully tear a four-leaved clover into four separate pieces. Gaze into a quartz crystal. Roll a pair of dice.
-2	Requires a major divination object.	Hold a lock of your subject's hair. Shuffle a deck of Tarot cards. Rattle a bag of runes.
-3	Perform a simple divination.	Scatter runes on the ground and read them. Stare into the shards of a broken mirror. Lay out a 10-card Tarot spread.
-4	Perform a complex divination.	Perform an I Ching reading. Burn a bag filled with chicken bones, beads and beans. Sprinkle blood onto the sand and read the pattern.
-5	Perform an extended divination.	Perform a crystal divination. Chew the wax of a candle burned for seven days. Create a voodoo doll of your subject.



Sovereign

Requires that one conducts herself in the manner of royalty or adorns herself in royal garments.

Difficulty Modifier	Requirement	Examples
-1	A simple word or gesture.	Speak with an affected accent. Put on a pair of spotless white gloves. Salute your subject.
-2	Make a commanding statement.	Break a glass of wine upon the ground. Issue an order. Gesture with an ornate rod in your hand.
-3	Adorn a garment.	Touch a jeweled necklace crafted by a friend. Apply intricate make-up to your face. Draw a rune upon the ground.
-4	Issue a proclamation.	Stand upon a chair and recite Shakespeare. Sweep someone off their feet into a long passionate kiss. Tell a story with a moral.
-5	Make an oath or vow.	Henceforth call the subject by a new name. Swear loyalty to your subject. Make an oath to kill your subject.

Wayfare

These Bunks require that the changeling physically move her body in some manner — anything from a simple jump to leaping and spinning in the air and landing on her head. At higher levels these Bunks require a prop of some sort.

Difficulty Modifier	Requirement	Examples
-1	A simple quick movement.	Jump in the air. Point at the place you want to be. Stare up at the sky.
-2	A movement which involves multiple actions / a simple one that involves a prop.	Eat three glazed doughnuts at the same time. Flap your arms like a giant bird. Eat a butterfly.
-3	An action which causes you to move from your current location.	
-4	An action involving great physical force.	Jump off a three-story building. Trace a route on a map in blood. Make a pile of sand in your hand and blow it off.
-5	An action involving a prop of some sort.	Thrust a blade into the floor. Watch the shadow of a fixed object shift location. Draw a face on an egg and then break the egg.



Hey, put that down, it's delicate! And who gave you permission to touch anything? The Baron sent you here to listen, not destroy my workshop. Keep your hands in your pockets and your ears open, and maybe you'll get to leave with everything intact, though I'm beginning to doubt that you have all of your marbles, because only a drooling idiot would mess around in a nocker's workshop.

The name's Geen, and as you have probably guessed, I'm the Baron's seer. Now, all of you fledges just grab a chair — stop fidgeting back there, Bodi. No, I don't have any carrots. Today, we're going to talk about the experiences and stages before and after the Chrysalis.



The Becoming Chrysalis

What? You already know about the Chrysalis? (...Later, after about three hours of lecturing and grumbling...). Now, before I was *interrupted*, I was about to outline the reasons for Chrysalis and the experiences that many Kithain undergo before arriving at their Saining.

There are a lot of "things" out there that consider changelings a good snack, or worse... slaves. A changeling

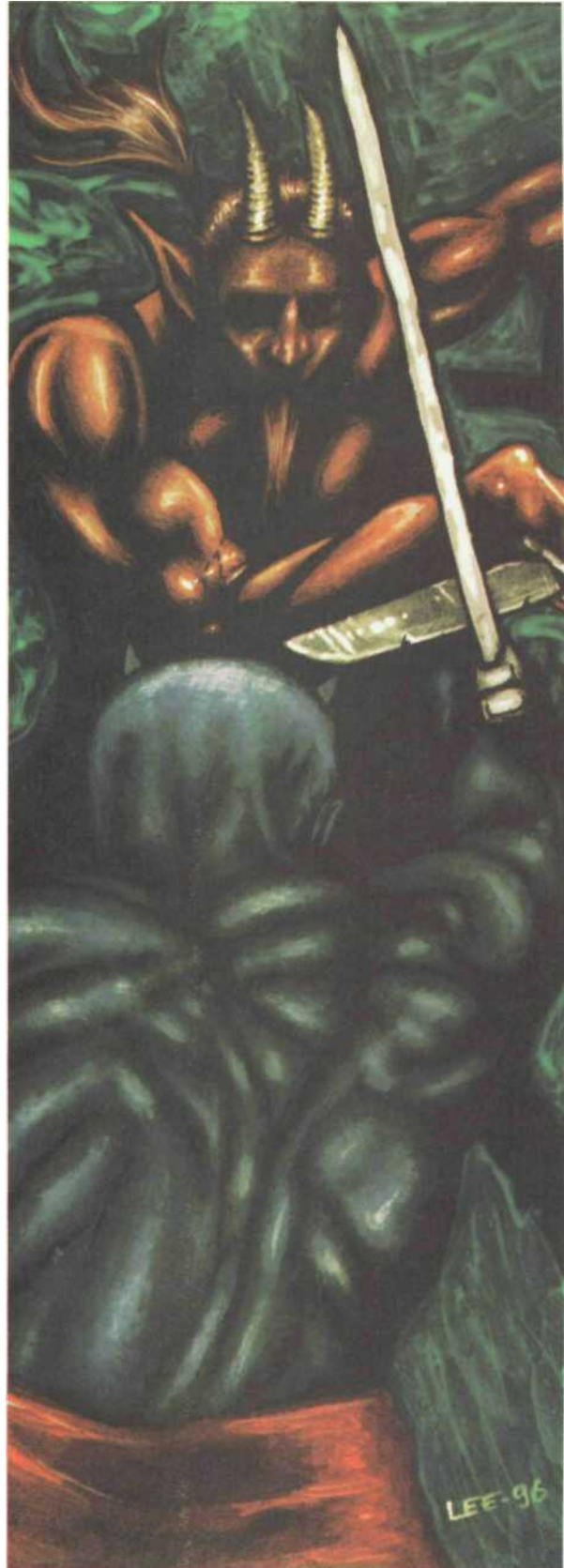
cannot expose her true nature to the cold, banal world. As with any animal in a dangerous world, natural or supernatural, we need a bit of protective "camouflage" to survive. The Chrysalis is a way we can maintain our sanity, while learning what we need to know to survive in this mundane world.

In nature, there's a reason for everything. Whales have blubber so they don't freeze under the water. Salmon lay eggs in their birthplace to keep their young 'uns away from the predator's teeth. Sidhe have their good looks so they can lord it over everyone else... and changelings experience the Chrysalis as a means of recognizing, expressing and resolving their twin natures, as well as living in a world that denies their existence. Not all changelings undergo the same ordeal; some fledges experience a mild Chrysalis. I heard about this fledge redcap who discovered his changeling nature by devouring five suitcases of his Black Dog game cards in one slurp, but that's another story. Some never get through this painful, torturous first step to the state of self-realization. There are those changelings who either retreat further into their banal, mundane states, or they embrace Banality and become Dauntain. Those who become Dauntain, thank goodness, are very rare. Others may experience a mini-Chrysalis, and reject it — or are never discovered by other Kithain — and return to their mundane states, only to re-experience the Chrysalis again much later in life.

In the majority of Kithain, the human psyche overwhelms the changeling spirit at around six to eight years of age, if it has not already emerged. Kids stop talking to their imaginary friends and start paying more attention to the mundane world. They are taught that the world is round, dragons don't exist, and that elves and dwarves are fine for Saturday-morning cartoons but not as confidantes. The stifling press of this world is too much for the changeling spirit, and she turns her back on the Dreaming. During this time the Kithain soul protects itself from the banal world by wrapping itself up within a cocoon of Glamour. This protection lasts until a later point in the changeling's life.

Eventually, the Kithain soul begins to slough off its outer, mushy, banal shell. A Kithain soul senses certain changes in the environment and reacts to them by emerging from its protective shell. No one really knows or remembers exactly why or when the Kithain soul chooses to break out of its shell. Sidhe are more recent arrivals than most of us, but they lose all recollection of everything up until their Chrysalis. Sidhe also do not "exist" with their mortal halves, but rather they "replace" the mortal soul with themselves. Theft, you say? Well, don't let a sidhe hear you say that.... Also, sidhe do not return to this world as commoners do. Once they die, that is the end, at least as far as we know.

With the exception of the sidhe, and even with some of them, there are certain physical and psychological phases that occur before a Chrysalis.



Changeling File # 470684070434344B

Evidence # 2065-Apples

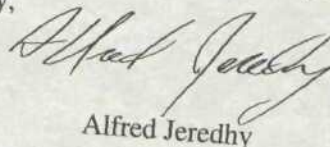
— From the files of Dr. Alfred A. Jheredhy, Ph.D., M.D.

Dear Dr. Stark,

The enclosed letter and liquid residue (no evaporation, though it was sealed at the time) were found in an alleyway beside a satchel near Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, MD. There were acid burns and odd scratches on the satchel, which had been ripped open and the letter tossed aside. The letter was also badly damaged, and in some places illegible. Scattered among the debris were a large number of rat and toad carcasses with no discernible cause of death.

I have attached this file along with my others concerning these beings who call themselves the Kithain, or changelings. It seems that this phenomenon is more widespread than I had originally thought. I hope they prove to be of some use to you in your studies. I look forward to meeting you again at the upcoming conference.

Sincerely,



Alfred Jheredhy

May It Please Your Majesty, Queen Mab of the Kingdom of Apples:

Greetings to Her Royal Highness. I trust that all is well within the confines of the Kingdom of Apples, and I hope that this missive finds You in good health and excellent spirits. ~~It is a pleasure to hear from you and to hear that you are well.~~

~~I have been thinking of you often since the formation of the Order; and, I am proud to admit, the results are promising. Our efforts yielded forth the whereabouts of three Kithain who were experiencing their Chrysalis, and I am sending them forthwith to the domicile of my trusted seer, Green, for initial tutelage and counseling. They are generally good folk (though I know not about the pooka, Bodi; he has a touch of the Unseelie in him), and I have no doubts they will enhance a motley someday, one and all (unfortunately, Your Highness, we have yet to hear of any word of a sidhe undergoing Chrysalis).~~

I must apprise you, however, of a situation that suggests that my fears are well-founded. A recent predicament arose while we were investigating and witnessing the Chrysalis ~~of a Kithain~~ and propounds my fears that other, more sinister forces may indeed be on the same quest as ours.

My cohorts and I were watching the city neighborhood known as Charles Village, in the township of Baltimore. Our cantrips had traced the disturbance to within a span fathoming Johns Hopkins University. Our search also revealed a chimera attempting to pose as a homeless indigent by dressing himself in rags and newspapers. When our blades finally clove through his disguise, he appeared as a frog with a stethoscope and human legs. His bearing and accouterments suggested that his author may have been in the medical profession, and so we narrowed our search to the medical offices and classes.

As we neared one building, we were shaken to our foundations by a strong Dream Dance. The trees in the courtyard started to sway, and the bricks turned a honey color and oozed a fluid (one of my fellows captured a sample of this substance, which I will send Your Highness forthwith). Several Burgesses looked around confused, and I will swear that one actually recognized me through my seeming for what I was. Undaunted, we rushed into the building ~~and~~ decided to ~~investigate~~ not alone. They carried many strange and curious artifacts, one of them being a tiny box that emitted clicking ~~noises~~ definitely Prodigals, because while their presence carried the taint of Banality (I had a lingering migraine after the encounter for several hours), they were able to use some odd cantrips with their strange devices.

They were unwilling to communicate, but the Chrysalis left neither of our parties with any time for dialogue.

I must admit, Your Majesty, that while I thrill to the song of this Geasa and most eagerly hunt to rescue Chrysalides, I hope that few of them turn out to be medical students. These poor souls were filled with anxieties, and their chimera were huge and numerous. Unsmiling men in white coats with scissors for limbs. Hordes of chimerical corpses shambling up the halls. We were at times pelted by chimerical human organs ~~and~~ smell of poisonous odor ~~and~~

~~and~~ Prodigals engaged in pursuit. Were it not for the use of our cantrips and the brave stand of my squire, Drall (he is well, Your Highness, but wounded), all would be lost. I fear still tracking our movements. I regret the hurried note of this missive, but time is ~~wasting~~

Lethargia, or Exigency

Usually, there are one of two initial phases before the Chrysalis. Either the changeling experiences an event so traumatic that the fae soul stirs, or the mundane runs into a banal brick wall in her life. She hits an emotional dead end, which is more often experienced with grumps: Nothing else to do but sit around in her boring little mechanized world and punch time-cards.

I call this dead-end point "Lethargia."

Changelings in Lethargia are like "Heavy Sleepers" without the massive Banality. These Kithain are changelings in denial. They unconsciously reject anything that does not fit in with their banal reality. These bozos laughingly refer to the Dreaming or anything else supernatural as "New Age nonsense," or "too silly." In a world in which vampires and werewolves battle for everything from world domination to control over TV networks, one might encounter situations that defy a rational explanation. Lethargia changelings unconsciously place safe barriers between themselves and the Dreaming. A changeling in Lethargia may be talking on the phone or placing ads in the local paper to sell his car while doodling forests with scenes of strange animals and monsters. Before he hangs up the phone, he balls up the paper and throws it in the trash, not even glancing at it. Or he may pass a street corner, and just barely fail to notice the sidhe in the alley who just leapt up three stories to the roof of a house. He is not quite capable of seeing the Dreaming, yet.

Still, the farther you run away from your Dan, the more you run toward it. The Lethargia changeling eventually either sinks into Banality or pops himself out of his stifling conditions, right into the Onset phase.

Other changelings are not so cushioned from the nasty reality of the Dreaming as are Lethargias. These changelings meet their Dan head-on in a sudden, shocking confrontation. I call what these changelings experience the "Exigency" phase, or "Oh, Shit!" To this day, I still don't know why so many call upon excrement when they first encounter the Dreaming. Perhaps a young kid glances from his daily dose of afternoon cartoons to see a dozen fae knights galloping on horses down the street. Or an old man who visits his departed wife's grave and carries on one-way dialogues with her tombstone... only this time, it answers. Or a gaggle of giggly teenagers stop off at a Burger King. Across the aisle they see a scraggly bum eating enough sandwiches for six. They all listen to the slurpings and suckings and lampoon the feast, poking fun at the codger until he snarls at them and proceeds to eat the tray. Then, the giggles all stop, and the kids make a quick exit. One of the kids lingers a bit longer than the rest, and a knowing look passes between kid and bum. Before shuffling out, the bum croaks: "Rest easy kid... if you can."

There are a million ways to encounter the Exigency. One thing is for sure: if the changeling is shocked enough, or



The Order of Eiliethya

Some time ago the Parliament of Dreams gathered to debate on more effective ways to rescue and help changelings through their Chrysalis. There were rumors of several supernatural forces who sought out these vulnerable changelings for enslavement, study or just plain dinner. After surprisingly little debate, the Parliament agreed to found an order whose sole purpose was the search and protection of changelings in Chrysalis.

At this point, there was a disagreement along commoner and noble lines as to who should lead this order. The commoners had lost several key measures at that time in Parliament and chafed at the loss of another. The nobles, while eager to embark on yet another quest for glory, were damned if they were going to let some "base upstarts" order them around — the debate dragged on. Finally, Queen Mab was asked to arbitrate the debate, for the commoners thought her exceedingly fair—as monarchs go. She ruled that the group would be a loose-knit order, rather than a more formal House, with its titular head a commoner. Nobles who would join this order had to consider all members as equals in the task of finding Chrysalids. Commoners would be enjoined to show all nobles courtesy. (Even so, a sizable element of the noble faction — notably the Beltaine Blade — decried this ruling as another example of the upstart commoners once again "spoiling the spring water.")

While there have been some disagreements along noble/commoner lines, members of the order work surprisingly well together. Necessity dictates this: a changeling in Chrysalis can be exceedingly dangerous. Riots among mortals have been known to break out near a Chrysalis. A changeling near a Chrysalis may find the power of her cantrips increased, or she may find her own cantrips operating against her. Change-

lings working together to secure the safety of a Chrysalid cannot afford the time to argue over noblesse *oblige*. There are also the dangers of predators about. While the members of the order record all encounters they have, the list is by no means complete. Some of their encounters so far include:

- Mages looking for a quick fix of "something" (it is not understood what).
- Vampires who have a sweet tooth for fae blood. (The Order has noted that, for some reason Malkavian vampires seem to be attracted to Chrysalides.)
- The Nunnehi, in a pre-emptive strike to kill more "foreigners."
- The Inanimae, for unknown reasons.
- Humans, out of curiosity.
- Pentex (and the Hidden Ones), for experimentation and study.
- More rarely, Dauntain, for either the attempted conversion or destruction of the Chrysalid.

Members conducting business for the order are often treated with honor (+ 2 dice for court interactions or requests of noble favor) at various courts, although this varies from noble to noble.

The Crystal Circle also looks well upon the order. Sometimes, a Crystal Circle member will spearhead an important mission of the order. Some Circle members view their roles in naming new changelings as a duty that extends to protecting a changelings' entry into the Dreaming. A few Circle members are also members of the order.

The order's worst enemies are the Monkey's Paw, the Beltaine Blade ("commoners and nobles shouldn't mix") and some unaffiliated Unseelie.

bored enough he lurches on to the groggy half-awake state that I call the "Onset" phase.

Onset

At this point the changeling begins to experience life differently. The Dreaming seeps into her life like water into a leaky ship. Almost in slow motion, the house of cards she calls her life begins to fall. She is troubled by things she has always seen, because now they are just a little different, in an unfathomable way. That bank she passes every day looks like a dungeon for a second. She looks closely and decides that she was wrong. She's tired, maybe she needs a new prescription for her glasses. A chemist notices that his glass test tubes are breaking a lot more than they should. A youngster occasionally has an out-of-body experience where he finds himself in the woods and his feet look like cloven hooves.

A key scene from *Time Bandits* is another example: a knight appears in Kevin's bedroom and gallops from his chifferobe to beyond his wall, only to completely disappear before Dad shows up. There's no proof once the lights are on. The dwarves haven't shown up yet, but they're on their way.

A changeling in Onset has a foot in both worlds. By now he probably notices that "something is amiss," but he will not consciously accept the inevitable. It's almost funny to watch these poor changelings try to cling to the tatters of their mundane existences.

Slowly, like a swimmer coming to the surface, the changeling's true nature begins to emerge. Racial characteristics of the Kithain play a game of hide-n-seek with the character's psyche. She may briefly notice them on herself, or she may notice them on other people, but never for any continual period of time. The physical elements of the

Kithain are the most obvious differences between fae and human, so it's understandable that an Onset changeling would notice these things first. While brushing her teeth, she might notice that her jaw was a little larger than she remembered it to be. In shock, she drops the toothbrush. When she looks again, her jaw is the way it's "supposed to be." While walking in a crowd, she might see a pair of rabbit ears peeking out atop the sea of bobbing heads. She blinks, and they're gone.

Personality quirks among the fae also subtly surface here. Some of these changes can be quite dramatic, and short-lived. A sidhe undergoing Onset may finally stand up to her abusive husband, and he cringes, as if struck... but just as suddenly, she loses her resolve. The computer nerd, who never really liked the sun anyway, suddenly realizes that a lot more quality time could be had in his nice, dank cellar than in front of a computer screen — then he shakes his head and wonders why he has been squatting in the dark for the past several hours. Of course, mortals will sometimes notice the psychological changes. If they point them out, the changeling will, usually, vehemently deny the behavior, or they might seek therapy.

Manifestations of Glamour are rare at this stage, but they do sometimes happen. Occasionally a changeling undergoing the Onset will unconsciously cast a cantrip, though these are more like a virtuoso clearing her throat than a full-belted aria. Items from stores reappearing in the changeling's pocket that the changeling never even touched — that sort of thing. Occasionally, a changeling's anxiety will spawn a chimera or a nervosa during this period.

The biggest danger is that a changeling undergoing Onset will be detected by others besides changelings. This instance is similar to the bird's egg that nearly hatches, but it knocks itself out of the nest in its initial struggles. The egg usually falls to the ground, and if it doesn't break, some frog or fox eats it. I hear the Hidden Ones love to experiment with changelings, and I don't want to even think about what kind of kicks vampires get out of these Kithain.

Assuming a changeling survives past the Onset, a little time usually passes before she moves onto the next phase — usually no more than a week. Oftentimes, a pre-Chrysalis changeling will spend most of her time sleeping or resting. She is gathering herself, saving her resources and energy for that last, final push: the drawing of the final curtain between herself and the Dreaming.

Entering Chrysalis

The Onset was the first tiny step; the big clodhopper is the Chrysalis, or the Dream Dance. The changeling makes his first, conscious realization of self. The last elements of his prior mundane world are stripped away as the changeling reveals himself. The transformation is quite dramatic; only the most banal of humans fail to notice that something weird is going on. A changeling undergoing Chrysalis fully perceives the Dreaming for the first time. The shock of realization

creates a temporary bridge between the changeling and the Near Dreaming. Some seers suggest that a Chrysalid changeling near a trod could actually act as a "slingshot" to propel a user of Dream-Craft very close to Arcadia. It's an interesting theory — there have been cases of mortals and fae slipping into the Near Dreaming during a Chrysalis, but the few foolish seers who attempted to use a Chrysalid to launch themselves were never heard from again — in or out of the Dreaming.

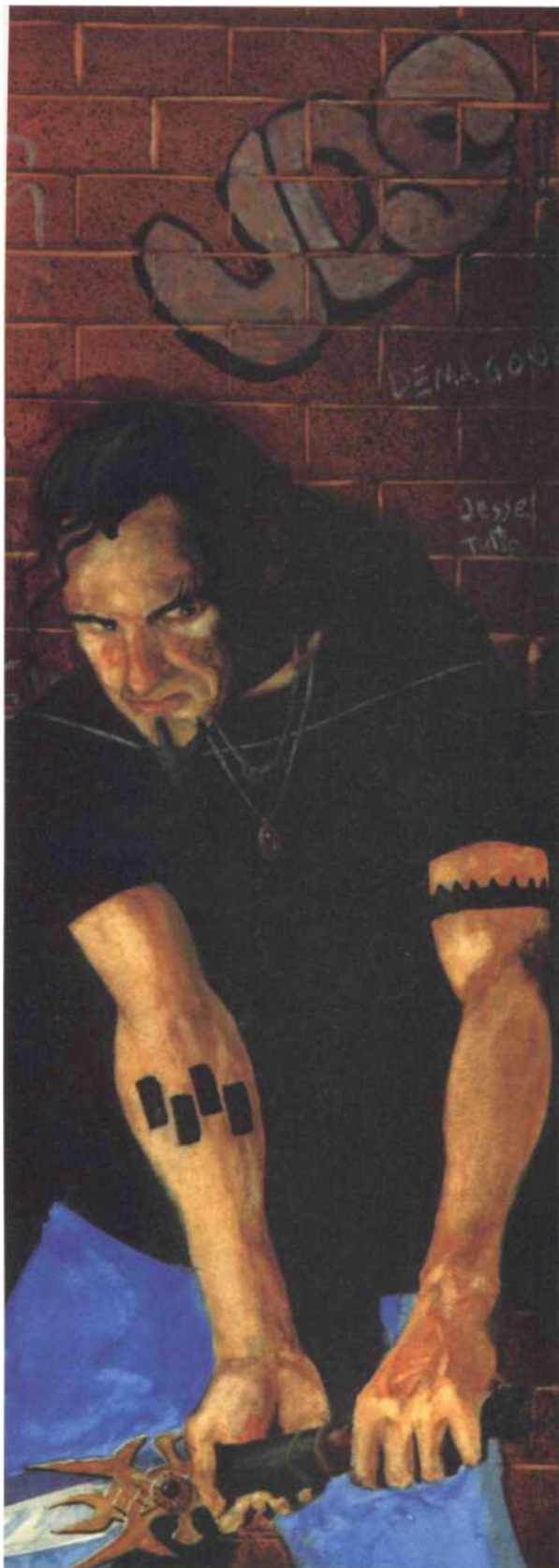
The circuit between the changeling and the Dreaming is two-way, however: chimera who were strangely attracted to the changeling, as well as nervosa of the changeling's own making, can show up to this powerful event. The Banality of all people in the immediate area is lowered. During special cyclical occurrences (full moons, Kithain holidays or astrological events), the Banality can be even lower, and chimera may run wild in the streets. It is said that Mardi Gras celebrations in New Orleans and Paris are often accompanied by changelings undergoing Chrysalis.

The Chrysalis affects physical surroundings as well. Generally, the setting of the event tends to conform to the equivalent locale of the Near Dreaming, but this isn't always the case. The state of mind of the changeling in Chrysalis is important. A Chrysalid who spent her life as an "Army brat," shunted from base to base, might re-invent her surroundings as a bunch of closely ordered, featureless, wood buildings with wild swathes of red, white and blue patterns floating in the air. An advertising executive may suddenly conjure up several large, nightmarishly elongated Marlboro Men with attendant horses, prairie and rows of giant vertical cigarettes. Dream Dances do not have to be so literal. The possibilities are endless: grasshoppers with human heads, tiny killer cars, or anything else in or out of the imagination.

Regardless of the form it takes, the Dream Dance is immediately preceded by a psychic "wave" of Glamour, washing over everything and everyone. The intrepid members of the Order must act quickly, for pandemonium will run riot after the wave is felt. The last thing you want to do to a Dream Dancer is touch or alarm her in any way. A careful, cautious approach is necessary. Anything that alarms the Dream Dancer could set off an avalanche of Glamour. Kind words and quiet assurances of your wish to help is the best way to communicate with a Kithain in Chrysalis.

Finally, and most important—be wary of using cantrips. Glamour runs riot during this time, and the changeling in Chrysalis often will cast uncontrolled cantrips well beyond her power under normal circumstances. Even your own Cantrips may go haywire, refuse to function or turn against you!

The Dream Dance abates the moment the changeling accepts her identity and calms down. At this point, she can assist in the control of her own created chimera (and if she doesn't, it may well suggest that she is Unseelie), and things



start to settle down. Okay, folks, break it up; Mardi Gras is over, go back to sleep — which is what usually happens. The Burgesses run home, lock the doors, hide in their beds or closets, and by the morning, the Mists fog their brains, and they have forgotten all of last night's chaos.

Fostering

If all went well and the Kithain is brought to a freehold alive, she is brought before the ruling lord, who hears the evidence of her kith from witnesses. It is usually a short meeting, because a Chrysalis is pretty hard to fake. Now, there was a crazy magician who tried once, and he even fooled the noble, but his insanity betrayed him, and the fae threw him out with a few nasty cantrips for good measure. Still, he had to know an awful lot about Kithain society to pull off such a clever deception.

Once the lord makes his ruling, he determines the "guardian" best for the fledge. Admittedly, this decision is often subject to the whim of the lord, and sometimes is decidedly reune (well before the meeting even began). There are unfortunate tales of guardians saddled with fledges as a form of power-play or humility lesson on the new guardian. On the other hand, a lord could gift a promising young fledge to a guardian as a means of expressing favor.

In such cases, the fledge-guardian relationship is often not a good one. Resentment can build between two parties if a hidden agenda forced them together. How do you think it would feel, for example, to be forced to be a mentor? What goes on in a fledge's mind when he finds out that his guardian was handed him as a form of punishment? I've also seen fledges act spoiled as tomatoes if they find out that they were a "gift" bestowed upon the guardian — "You better treat me nicely, or I'll tell the whole court how you mistreat your prize fledge."

Commoner fledges often do not play this type of game, because most do not have the power. A fledge is given to a guardian, the guardian teaches the fledge the basics of survival — end of story. In the past, nobles used to name guardians for both commoner and noble fledges. This is no longer the case. Many motley groups do not take a new-found fledge to a noble freehold, preferring to protect and teach the young fledge themselves.

The guardian acts as mentor and a sort of older sibling to the fledge. Even though the fledge is considered a part of the family and may inherit the guardian's property, the individuality of the fledge is respected. Fledge and guardian may even end up in different Courts.

With grump fledges, the situation is slightly different. Grumps have a bit more maturity under their belts and are allowed more freedom of movement. They do not need to be mollycoddled and suckled like you youngsters — sit down, Bodi!

Saining

After a waiting period of watchful guardianship - traditionally a year and a day — the fletch is Sained, or named. Before the Saining, a fletch is fae and has all the distinguishing characteristics of Kithain (physical features, cantripts, etc.), but a True Name is necessary for the fae to grow as a changeling. A Kithain without his True Name has lost himself. Stuck in his level of growth and unable to progress (i.e., no more experience), a fae who has lost his True Name — due to a malefic namer, stupidity or a broken oath — is a sad thing. At this point, the changeling could undertake a quest to regain his True Name, or be "re-named" (Level Five Naming, see Chapter Five) by a powerful seer.

Traditionally, a court seer performed the Saining ritual after a year and a day (sidhe Saining rituals still follow this custom). A few commoners are familiar with the Naming Art and have undertaken this ritual themselves. However, since their return, the sidhe have tried to keep this Art within their hounds. Personally, I don't see why — the commoners have just as much right to it as they. When the sidhe were forced off this plane, most of the seers went with them. Someone had to Sain the new arrivals. I don't see why so many nobles bellyache about this.... Yes, **Bodi**, you can tell anyone you like that I said so! And by the way, how would you like to spend the rest of your life as a pig pooka? Oh, you don't think I can do that, hmm? Keep riding me, boy, and they'll start calling you "Porky." The Kithain who use the Naming Art refer to themselves as namers, to delineate themselves from the noble's seers.

A noble sidhe's Saining, includes the Fior-Reigh — a test of valor and bravery — to determine her worthiness

among the sidhe, and what House she belongs to. There are many different tests, subject to the whim of the ruling nobles. Many of these tests takes the form of a *geas* of some sort.

True Names

A namer or wielder of supernatural powers has a great advantage if he knows the target's True Name. Aside from any of the uses above, a person intuitively knows when his name is in the hands of another. He will instinctively defer to that person. This "shrinking" effect explains why the wizard Merlin carried an "aura of power" about him — perhaps he knew many of the True Names of the company he kept. The greatest power of True Name lies in its withheld usage. There is a widely held belief among the fae that the more times a True Name is spoken, the lesser the potential ability of the named. A True Name spoken aloud tends to diminish the stature of the owner in some unexplained manner.

The greatest fae seers recorded are those who knew their True Name at birth (it is said that these enlightened souls were fully aware at birth and even retained fragmentary memories of their experiences in Arcadia) and never underwent a Saining. Thus, the name of the seer remained a mystery to all but himself. There are certain rituals guarding against the theft of a True Name, but the whether these rituals work is anyone's guess.

True Names are also purported to summon the spirits of the dead. If you know the wraith's True Name, you can force her to manifest in a circle. Of course, this is mere speculation.





Chapter Five: The Arts

New Arts

The following section details several new Arts that are available to changeling characters. Storytellers may wish to examine these Arts closely before allowing players to take them. The Art of Naming is jealously guarded by the nobility, and only rarely falls into the hands of the common folk, while Spirit Link is considered a sacred Art of the Nunnehi and is known to few, if any, of the European Kithain.

Pyretics

Halt a million years ago, mortals discovered the lure and beauty of fire. The fae have been playing with its beautiful might for considerably longer. They can control the powers of the will-o'-the-wisp and create servants of living fire. This Art uses Glamour to weave and shape flame into pleasing shapes and effects.

Attribute: Dexterity

Will-O-the-Wisp

This cantrip creates a ball of chimerical flame that will lead its creator to a specific place, person or object. This

cantrip is often used as the "lead dog" in a hunt. The will-o'-the-wisp tends to weave and wander a lot, often not taking the most direct path but usually the safest.

Realms: The realm defines where or what you are being led towards.

Actor — Describes whom you are hunting.

Fae — Describes whom you are hunting.

Nature — Describes what or whom you are hunting.

Prop — Describes what you are hunting.

Scene — Describes the location you are seeking.

Successes: The number of successes determines how direct and safe a route the will-o'-the-wisp will take. One success means that the route will be meandering and possibly treacherous, while five successes indicates that it will follow the most direct and safest route.



Willow Light

This cantrip will allow you to illuminate or cast auras of light upon objects or places. With this cantrip you can cause objects or people to glow, or even cause an entire place to become lit with by this phosphorescence. This effect will last for one hour for each point of Glamour spent on its creation.

Realms: The Realm determines what or where can be illuminated.

Actor — Determines who can be illuminated.

Fae — Determines who can be illuminated.

Nature — Determines what or where can be illuminated.

Prop — Determines what can be illuminated.

Scene — Determines where can be illuminated.

Successes: The number of successes determines how bright the glow will be.

1 success — Dim light (Christmas tree light)

2 successes — Visible light (60 watt bulb)

3 successes — Bright light (100 watt bulb)

4 successes — Incandescent light (Halogen bulb)

5 successes — Blinding light (10,000 watt bulb)

Prometheus' Fist

This cantrip allows you to completely engulf an object in flame. These objects will burn with tremendous heat, but will not affect you or the object, though they will burn anything else that they come into contact with. This cantrip is often used to create flaming weapons, inflicting horrible wounds upon the victim of such an attack. These flames are not flammable in that they will not actually catch other materials on fire, but they will cause chimerical burn-wounds. The effect will last for one turn for each point of Glamour spent at the time of casting.

Realms:

Actor — Describes who can be wreathed in flame.

Fae — Describes who can be wreathed in flame.

Nature — Describes what can be wreathed in flame.

Prop — Describes what can be wreathed in flame.

Scene — Describes a location or place that can be engulfed in flame.

Successes: The number of successes determines the intensity of the flame and how many extra dice of damage a weapon will cause, or how much damage will be caused by coming into contact with the flame.

1 success — One die of damage

2 successes — Two dice of damage

3 successes — Three dice of damage

4 successes — Four dice of damage

5 successes — Five dice of damage

Burn and Boil

This cantrip allows you to engulf a chosen target in searing fire, generally consuming the target within minutes or even seconds. This flame become normal flame once it is released, igniting and burning the target of the cantrip just as normal flame would (see *Fire*, pg. 235 in *Changeling: The Dreaming*).

Realms:

Actor — Describes who may be consumed by flames.

Fae — Describes who may be consumed by flames.

Nature — Describes what may be consumed by flames.

Prop — Describes what may be consumed by flames.

Scene — Describes a place that may be consumed by flames.

Successes: The successes determine how many dice of damage are caused by the effects of this cantrip.

1 Success — One Health Level

2 Successes — Two Health Levels

3 successes — Three Health Levels

4 Successes — Four Health Levels

5 Successes — Five Health Levels

Star Body

By performing this cantrip, you can transform something into living flame, keeping all its intrinsic abilities and powers intact — a cat will still be a cat, a sword will still be a sword, a person will still be able to move about and think for herself, etc. This cantrip is often used to create more formidable freehold guardians and other beasts. Anything considered part of an object or person will usually be transformed as well, such as equipment, weapons, etc. As with Prometheus' Fist, the fire created by this cantrip does not harm the caster. The flame itself is magical, and will not ignite other objects unless a creature so transformed desires to. Creatures or objects so transformed inflict three extra Health Levels of burning damage, in addition to any damage they normally do.

Realms:

Actor — Describes who can be transformed.

Fae — Describes who can be transformed.

Nature — Describes what and where can be transformed.

Prop — Describes what can be transformed.

Scene — Describes where things may be transformed.

Successes: The successes determine the length of time that the target of the cantrip will remain transformed.

1 success — One turn

2 successes — One minute

3 successes — One hour

4 successes — One day

5 successes — One week

Naming

This is a rare Art guarded jealously among the court seers and few commoner namers of the Crystal Circle. Rumor has it that entrants into the Crystal Circle are all taught the secrets of this Art upon their joining — a rumor that august hody has yet to deny or confirm. True Names hold the essence of Glamour, as well as the ability to control the soul of the heing, if the namer is powerful enough. A powermongering seer could well control the flux of power within a court by injudicious use of the Naming Art. There have been a few who tried, like the infamous Malachi Tadcaster. By altering the True Name of Baron Scheiro, he caused that lofty noble to be changed into a horse, which he rode into court. Not long after, three mysterious sisters calling themselves the Norns paid Malachi a visit. Malachi disappeared with them, and he has never been heard from again. It should also be noted that all written accounts of him have gradually faded as well, as though scribed on goblin parchment. His name remains in the spoken word alone, a caveat to injudicious name-users.

The Naming Art will not work against someone who already knows your True Name. Your naming magic is useless if someone knows your name and you don't know hers.

Beginning characters should not know the Naming Art, as it is rarely known to any but members of the Crystal Circle or high-ranking nobles.

Attribute: Intelligence

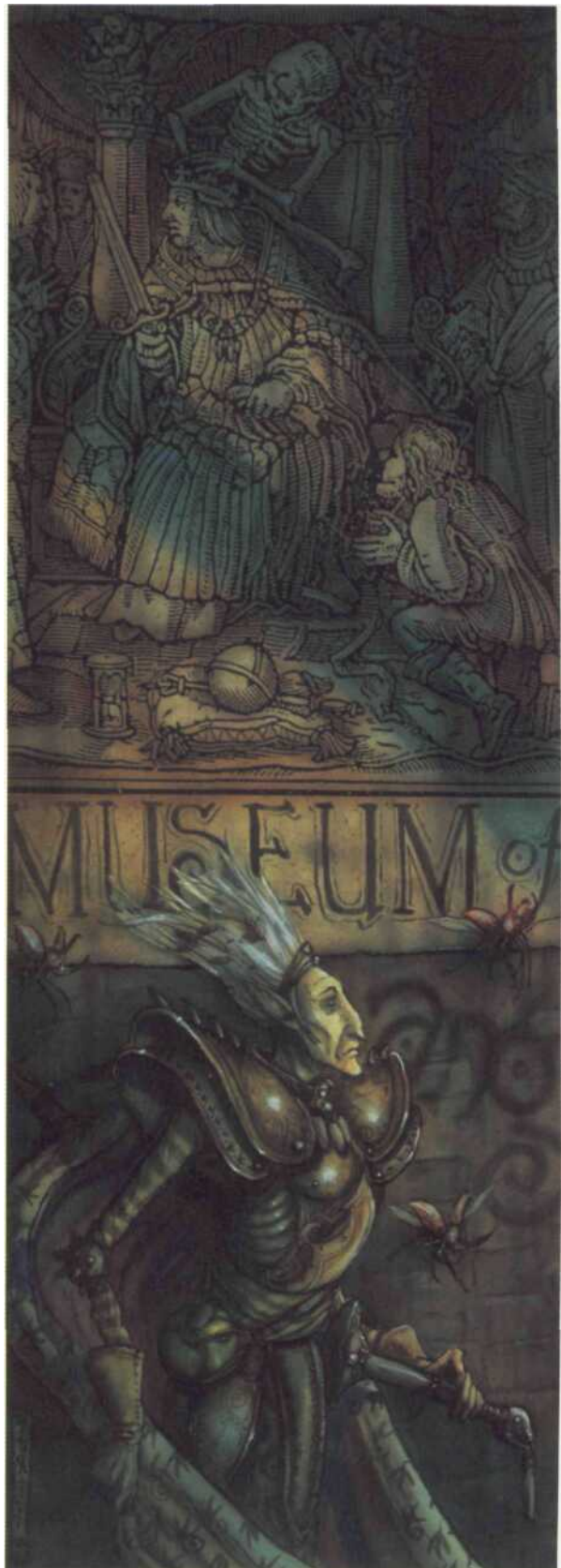


🔍 Seek 'n' Spell

Use of this cantrip allows you to see the meaning behind any written text. You can read anything in any language, even tracts written with magical wards on them (although the magic of the ward will oppose the reader, as in the example under Weaver Ward). A new cantrip must be cast for each new tract read.

The subject matter of the text determines the Realm that must be applied. A book of medieval weapons written in Latin, for example, can be read by someone using the Prop Realm. A Fae using the Nature Realm could decipher a manuscript on the flora of South America.

Changelings unsure if they have the appropriate Realm to use for this cantrip may make a Kenning + Perception roll (usually Difficulty 7, with higher penalties for Wards, etc.) to ken the general subject matter of the text.





Realms:

Actor — You may decipher works about people or the human condition.

Fae — You may read manuscripts dealing with fae or magick.

Nature — You may decipher works dealing with nature and natural objects.

Prop — You can translate works dealing with created objects and machines.

Scene — You can decipher works describing places.

Successes: The number of successes indicate how much information is gained from reading the tract.

1 success—Vague understanding with few clear details.

2 successes — Fairly clear understanding of the tract with only a few details.

3 successes — Full understanding with all details coherent.

4 successes — Complete understanding, as well as divining the subtext or any hidden meanings behind the text (any coded information is also revealed).

5 successes — As above, and you can ask up to three questions about the author of the text.

☉☉ **Rune**

Rune unleashes the abstract mystical power behind the symbols known as runes. You inscribe a symbol on the object you wish to enchant, in addition to the chosen Bunk. This cantrip is an enhancement to other cantrips or actions. For example: Roderic the troll wishes to use Rune to enhance the successes of attacking with his battle-axe. He inscribes the appropriate rune on the axe, acts out the Bunk, and gains three successes from the cantrip. Roderic now has three additional successes on his axe-swing. However, the character must be gain at least one success in whatever he is attempting to do before these successes are added — this cantrip does not provide an automatic success. The effect of the cantrip lasts for one turn (the cantrip is used up, even if the axe-swing missed).

Realms: The Realm determines what is affected. For example, a rune inscribed on an axe would aid a character in hitting an opponent or a rune inscribed on a wall could aid the character in casting a Wayfare cantrip.

Actor — The rune may be placed on a person.

Fae — Describes the target of the cantrip.

Nature — Describes the target of the cantrip.

Prop — Describes the object of the cantrip.

Scene — Describes the setting of the cantrip.

Successes: The successes are added onto any successes gained from when taking another action. The effect lasts one turn.

Runic Circle

This cantrip inscribes a protective circle around the target or on a charm that can be carried. The circle acts as an invisible buffer that protects against supernatural forces. In addition to the Bunk, you must inscribe a runic circle on either the floor or an object (usually taking a full turn).

Realms: The realm determines where the cantrip is cast. Each Realm has its own advantages and disadvantages; thus while a Runic Circle cast in conjunction with Scene may protect more people, it is not mobile as one cast on a Prop would be. A Prop may be stolen or dropped, though, unlike a Circle cast on a person by using Actor — the possibilities are endless.

Actor — Describes the target of the cantrip.

Fae — Describes the target of the cantrip.

Nature — Describes the target of the cantrip.

Prop — Describes the object of the cantrip.

Scene — Describes the setting of the cantrip.

Successes: The number of successes determines the protective strength of the Circle, which will protect the user as long as she does not leave the circle or drop the charm.

1 success — Protection against all Arts up to Level One.

2 successes — Protection against all Arts up to Level Two/all Sphere magick up to Level One.

3 successes — Protection against all Arts up to Level Three/Sphere magick up to Level Two/all other supernatural abilities (Gifts, Disciplines, etc.) up to Level One.

4 successes — Protection against all Arts up to Level Four/Sphere magick up to Level Three/all other abilities up to Level Two.

5 successes — Protection against all Arts up to Level Five/Sphere magick up to Level Four/all other abilities up to Level Three.

Saining

Use of this cantrip allows the namer to find the True Name of the target. This cantrip is most often used in the Saining ritual of a newly awakened kith, but it has other, more nefarious uses. All things have a True Name, even a television or a car. Changelings who possess this ability can learn the True Name of anything they use this cantrip upon, thus giving them some control over the object or person, especially if they possess the highest level of this Art, Reweaving.

To find out how many letters are in a name, consult the chart below:

Roll(2D10)	# of Letters
2	3
3-5.	4
7-9	6

10-13 7

14-18 8

19-20 12

Realms: The realm determines who or what is affected.

Actor — Describes the target of the cantrip.

Fae — Describes the target of the cantrip.

Nature — Describes the target of the cantrip.

Prop — Describes the target of the cantrip.

Scene — Describes the target of the cantrip.

Successes: The number of successes determines how many runes in a name are known. A name cannot be used until all of the letters are known.

1 success — 1 letter

2 successes — 2 letters

3 successes — 4 letters

4 successes — 5 letters

5 successes — 7 letters

Reweaving

By switching key runes in a target's True Name, the namer can fundamentally (and permanently) change the basic nature of the target. Seelie could become Unseelie, Legacies could be changed, etc. Note that the user of this cantrip cannot make a target do something impossible (i.e., a slough could be made into an elegant courtier, but still unable to speak above a whisper). The True Name of the target must be known before casting this cantrip.

This cantrip can be used to affect objects as well as people. While generally only a person's personality is changed by the use of this cantrip, objects can be literally transformed: a common stone may be transformed into a flower or a fish transformed into sand. Even places can be changed through the use of this awesome power.

Realms: The Realm determines who or what is affected.

Actor — Describes the target of the cantrip.

Fae — Describes the target of the cantrip.

Nature — Describes the target of the cantrip.

Prop — Describes the object of the cantrip.

Scene — Describes the target of the cantrip.

Successes: The number of successes describes how drastic a change has been effected in the target.

1 success — Minor change; tastes or habits. Stop a target from chewing gum, or make a room less drafty. Change the color of a room from red to green.

2 successes — Moderate change; interests or moods. A raging tiger rolls over like a kitten, or a computer geek's interest shifts to something more worthy (like roleplaying). Make a pleasant, sunny room gloomy and filled with foreboding.

3 successes — Major change; inner nature. Switch Courts, or get a gun to decide that its true calling is a paperweight, not a weapon. Turn a bank into a Communist collective.

4 successes — Total change; true calling. Change Legacies to that of your choice, *or* cause gunpowder to be edible. Turn a church into a bowling alley.

5 successes—Complete change; spiritual Twister. Cause vampires to embark on Golconda, or simply gain Faith. Switch stats on character sheets between Social and Mental Attributes. Change wraiths to specters. Turn the White House into a public lavatory.

Spirit Link

*Our dreams are pale memories of themselves,
and nagging doubt is the false measure of our days.
Even so, the spirit voices are singing,
their thoughts are dancing in the dirty air.
Their feet touch the cement, the asphalt
delighting, still they weave dreams upon our
shadowed skulls, if we could listen.
If we could hear.*

—Paula Gunn Allen, "Kopis'taya" (A Gathering of Spirits)

Spirit Link is the Art of communicating with the spirits that inhabit the Upper and Lower Worlds and reside in all natural objects and animals. It is available only to Nunnehi or those changelings who are deemed worthy to be taught the Art. Nunnehi will only teach Spirit Link to non-Nunnehi if that changeling is adopted by a Nunnehi Nation.

Attribute: Perception



World Sight

This cantrip allows you to perceive creatures, objects or places in the Upper, Lower and Middle Worlds. When used in connection with the Prop or Scene Realm, it allows you to look in on an object or an area in the spirit worlds from afar. Places in the Middle World can only be assessed when you are physically present. You must either be familiar with the subject or possess something that links her with the subject — such as a piece of or an item belonging to the subject, the subject's spirit (or true) name, or a symbol associated with the subject.

This cantrip does not allow sensory perceptions of the Middle World like those able to be sensed with the Soothsayer cantrip Tattletale, but does allow the Nunnehi to assess the true spirit of an object, person or place. Thus, by using World Sight, you could tell that an object has a curse associated with it, or that a person is actually a supernatural creature such as a vampire.

Possession by spirits can be revealed by this cantrip, as can the inherent amount of Medicine or spirit power that exists in a place.

Realms: The Realm defines the subject or area being glimpsed. Distance is not a factor for World Sight.

Actor — Defines the person or spirit being sensed.

Fae — Defines the changeling, other Nunnehi, chimerical creatures or other supernaturals such as Prodigals (vampires and werewolves) and Gallain being sensed.

Nature — Defines the animal, plant, mineral or other natural item being sensed.

Prop — Defines the manmade item or inanimate object being sensed.

Scene — Defines the place in any of the three worlds being sensed.

Successes: The number of successes determines how much can be sensed by the use of the cantrip.

1 success — You gain a vague sense of the subject, usually through a momentary vision. No other sense is involved. Used to glimpse someone or something in the Middle World, there is only a sense of whether something is "wrong" with the subject of the cantrip.

2 successes — You get a slightly distorted, though more detailed, picture of the subject. Colors are muted or artificial, sounds are muffled and indistinct, and you have no control over point of view, which remains static. The effects last for about five minutes. Used to view a subject in the Middle World, this degree of success allows a hint about the subject's true nature (i.e., "a dark shadow hangs over your uncle, like a curse...").

3 successes — Your World Sight is clear and distinct. Colors are vivid and realistic, but sounds are still easily misinterpreted, particularly in the case of overheard conversations. The effect lasts for an entire scene. Danger to yourself from the subject of the cantrip may be clearly perceived, as can other strong emotions associated with the subject. Used in connection with a target in the Middle World, three successes allows a definitive (though not always specific) determination about the subject to be made. For example, you can clearly "see" that Uncle Raging Bear is laboring under a curse of bad luck, or that the mysterious stranger is actually a vampire, but cannot tell who placed the curse, how powerful it is, or whether the vampire is a strong or weak one.

4 successes — You receive a full, distinct, multi-sensory image of your subject. Normal sounds and conversation are easy to interpret. The duration lasts for a full day and night unless you decide to end it prematurely. You can sense potential as well as actual danger from the subject. You can alter your point of view in a limited fashion, but may not follow if the subject moves out of your sight. When focused on a subject in the Middle World, this level of success reveals specific information about the person, place or thing sensed, such as the nature of a curse and its relative strength or the amount of Medicine possessed by someone.



5 successes — You receive the same richness of detail as with four successes, but can also choose your point of view, following the subject wherever it goes. The duration lasts until you choose, or are forced by failing a Stamina + Athletics roll (difficulty 7), to end it. You may also alter your point of view, enabling you to see through the eyes of your subject, although you cannot read thoughts or hidden intentions. If used to view someone or something in the Middle World, you may gain exact information about supernatural or magical effects surrounding your focus. You may determine that someone is changing from one Camp to another, or that he or she is one of the changing breed or a worker of death magic.

☞☞ Ancestor Speech

When using Ancestor Speech, you may contact the spirit of one of your own or your tribe's ancestors. If the ancestor in question was also Nunnehi, that spirit may not be contacted unless the Nunnehi's immortal faerie soul was destroyed; those whose souls were not destroyed have since manifested in other bodies and are not available for consultation. Human ancestors of your family line or mortal tribe may be sought for and questioned. Ancestor spirits may only answer questions pertaining to, or provide visions of, the past up to the present moment. They have no knowledge of the future, or even what is transpiring at the instant of contact. They can be asked about events, places, people, customs,

rituals and objects that existed in the past, and can offer advice when asked for it.

Such counsel is made only with the spirit's own beliefs and perspectives in mind, never with any supernatural or inside knowledge of what is to come or what the right course of action is. Nevertheless, the wisdom of experience and knowledge of the past can sometimes be quite helpful in dealing with the present.

Realms: The Realm describes the subject of the cantrip.

Actor — Describes the ancestor chosen for contact. This may be a specific individual, if known, or a general call for a willing and helpful ancestor spirit.

Fae — Describes the ancestor chosen for contact in those instances involving the mortal spirit of a Nunnehi whose faerie soul has been destroyed. This Realm is also used to contact spirits of other supernatural creatures.

Nature — Describes the natural thing or animal type chosen for contact. These natural spirits must have been associated with an ancestor at one time, such as his companion spirit or his favorite shade tree. If the individual spirit is not known, a general type may be selected. Thus, if the ancestor's actual antelope companion spirit was not available, any antelope may serve as a spirit conduit. Note: Spirits of animals, plants and rocks are limited by their own perceptions and world views in the amount of information they can impart.

Prop — Describes the item associated with the ancestor chosen for contact. For example, "the sacred pipe that was lost when my grandfather Eagle's Cry drowned in the river." The item so contacted can answer questions about or provide visions pertaining to its association with the ancestor.

Scene — Describes the place associated with ancestor chosen for contact.

Successes: Successes indicate the degree of detail imparted by your subject.

1 success — You get minimal answers to your questions and only general counsel.

2 successes—Your questions are answered incompletely and advice is often cryptic.

3 successes — Your questions are clearly answered, but the replies are subject to interpretation. Counsel is direct, but not detailed.

4 successes — You get complete answers, clearly explained, and advice is straightforward and specific to the situation. No other information is volunteered, however. You get what you ask for.

5 successes — Not only are the questions answered and counsel freely given, your subject takes the time to mention aspects of the problem that you may not have considered, or explores the possible courses of action open to you.

Vision Quest

This cantrip allows you to gain a vision of the future or to seek the answer to a current dilemma or problem. Unlike the Augury cantrip, which allows the player to make a statement that the Storyteller then tries to work into the plot, Vision Quest enables the Storyteller to offer the Nunnehi character a brief glimpse into the possible future that fate has in store. If the answer to a question or way out of a dilemma is sought rather than knowledge of the future, it is answered by your spirit totem or associated spirits to the best of their ability. This does not obligate the Storyteller to reveal all her secrets or to tell players the complete answer to puzzles. Rather it allows her to reveal hints, suggest methods for solving problems and warn of the consequences of reckless or unconsidered behavior.

The Vision Quest is like experiencing a waking dream of the Upper World. It is filled with omens and symbols that you must interpret. Anything might be meaningful, from the animals you see to colors, items noticed, sounds heard, the direction of the wind or smells experienced. Visions in which animals or inanimate objects talk to you are considered very important; ones in which you encounters one of the major spirits of her tribe (Raven, Coyote, Blue Corn Woman or White Buffalo Woman, for example) are thought to be the most important and meaningful of all.

Realms: The Realm indicates the primary focus of the vision sought.

Actor — Indicates the person who is the subject of the Vision Quest or for whom the quest is undertaken.

Fae — Indicates the Nunnehi or other supernatural creature who is the subject of the Vision Quest or for whom the quest is undertaken.

Nature — Indicates the living thing or natural object that is the focus of the Vision Quest.

Prop — Indicates the inanimate object that is the focus of the Vision Quest.

Scene — Indicates the place that is the focus of the Vision Quest.

Successes: Successes determine the depth and duration of the vision and its ease of interpretation.

1 success — The vision received is momentary and indistinct, like a dream not completely remembered and quickly gone.

2 successes — The vision lasts for several minutes, but what you see is often confusing and heavily veiled in symbols.

3 successes — The vision lasts for the equivalent of a scene and resembles a fable or an allegory which you must interpret.

4 successes — The vision lasts for up to several hours and is richly detailed. Although it is filled with symbols, they are usually able to be interpreted with a fair degree of accuracy.

5 successes — The vision lasts until it ends naturally or until you choose to end it. It is complex and complete, though still conveyed through symbols, and may recur in parts when actual circumstances relating to it begin to happen around you.

Placate

Placate allows you to contact the restless spirits of persons or animals and make attempts to appease them, or induce them to refrain from disturbing the living. Hungry or angry ghosts are problems for many native tribes, and often a Nunnehi can act as a liaison to discover ways in which the unhappy spirits may be placated. The spirits of animals needlessly or mistakenly killed, or those whose spirits were not properly petitioned for their deaths or thanked afterwards, may also be contacted through the use of Placate. In cases where a spirit's identity is not known, something belonging to or a place important to it may become the focus for this cantrip.

Placate does not give you actual power or control over the spirit, but it does allow the living and the dead to negotiate a settlement.

Realms: The Realm identifies the particular spirit or spirits contacted through the cantrip.

Actor — Identifies the spirit to be placated.

Fae — Identifies the spirit of a supernatural creature (including fae whose faerie souls have been destroyed) to be placated.

Nature — Identifies the animal, plant or other natural object whose spirit must be placated.

Prop — Identifies an object associated with the spirit to be placated.

Scene — Identifies a place associated with the spirit to be placated.

Successes: The number of successes indicates the willingness of the spirit to allow you to appease it in some way and the length of time in which it will remain placated.

1 success — The spirit grudgingly tells you what must be done to appease it for a short time (one day).

2 successes -- The spirit regards the offer without hostility and may be appeased for up to a week.

3 successes — The spirit is willing to be placated for a month.

4 successes—The spirit is anxious for appeasement, and agrees to cease being a disturbance for at least a year.

5 successes — The spirit is completely satisfied and does not again cause trouble unless it is once again offended.

👻👻👻👻👻 Ghost Dance

This powerful cantrip allows you to assert actual control over the spirits of the deceased. It can be used to command or compel a ghost to cease troubling the living, banish it from a particular place or object, or force it to return to the Lower World if it has managed to cross into the Middle World. Used with the Fae Realm, this cantrip can be used against vampires and other monstrous beings. It is also believed that under certain circumstances, a Nunnehi using this cantrip can actually raise an army of ghost warriors to do battle for her, her Family or her tribe. Attempting such a drastic use of this cantrip, however, puts the Nunnehi's faerie self at risk. If such an attempt fails catastrophically (a botch), the Nunnehi is drawn against her will into the Lower World where she must battle the ghosts she was trying to command. A Nunnehi who dies in this manner is forever destroyed and becomes the ghost of her mortal self.

Realms: The Realm describes the person, creature, thing or place affected by the cantrip.

Actor — Describes the human spirit who is the subject of the cantrip.

Fae — Describes the supernatural creature who is the subject of the cantrip.

Nature — Describes the animal, plant or other natural spirit who is the subject of the cantrip.

Prop — Describes the object or item associated with the subject of the cantrip (such as a bow haunted by the spirit of a dead warrior).

Scene — Describes the place which is the subject of the cantrip (for example, the clearing where a deer was wrongfully killed).

Successes: The number of successes indicates the degree to which the spirits of the deceased can be controlled.

1 success — You can command a ghost to stop troubling the living, but cannot make it leave unless it wishes to do so.

You cannot affect powerful spirits of the dead or supernatural creatures.

2 successes — You can command a ghost to cease its disturbance and leave the area for a short period of time (regardless of whether or not it is appeased). Powerful spirits of the dead or supernatural creatures such as vampires or werewolves can be forced to leave an individual alone temporarily, but you cannot drive them away from the area.

3 successes — You can permanently banish a ghost from an area or forbid it to trouble an individual. A powerful ghost or a supernatural creature can be commanded to leave for a short period of time.

4 successes—You can point the way to the Lower World to a "lost" ghost (although you may not travel there yourself) and force it to leave the Middle World entirely. You can banish a supernatural creature from a specific area (such as a clearing or a particular dwelling) of the Middle World.

5 successes — You can exert phenomenal control over the spirits of the dead, compelling them to do what you tell them, even to the extent of raising an army of spirit warriors to do battle for you. The dangers of using this degree of power to create an army are detailed in the description of the cantrip above. You can control the actions of supernatural creatures for a time lasting until the next sunrise or sunset, whichever comes first at this level of success.

Bunks

Pyretics Bunks

Level	Bunk
•	Flick Your Bic: Light a lighter.
••	Burn Baby Burn: Perform an anachronistic dance.
•••	Dragon Breath: Take a swig of alcohol and spit it out while lighting it, creating a ball of flame.
••••	Insurance Nightmare: Burn a valuable object.
•••••	Guy Fawkes: Sculpt a candle as a replica of your target and burn it down to the stub.

Naming Bunks

Level	Bunk
•	Laundry List: Tear up a list you used within the past 24 hours.
••	Spin-off: Spin a coin on a wooden surface.

- Magic Fingers: Paint your fingertips a symbolic color and do not remove for 12 hours.
- Ritual Garb: Wear a specially prepared white robe inscribed with gold runes.
- Glitter-rune: Smash a precious gemstone on the floor and use all of the pieces to make a runic symbol.

Nunnehi Bunks

Like other changelings, Nunnehi must perform specific actions or Bunks in order to invoke their enchantments. Most Nunnehi Bunks are drawn from tribal customs, although some Bunks are more general. Even though all the Bunks are not part of the culture of every tribe, there has been enough sharing of customs and cultures that Nunnehi from Hopi backgrounds (for example) may still use Bunks from an Eastern woodlands tribe to power their magics. The following list of Bunks is arranged by the Art to which they are most closely affiliated, although any Bunk can be effective to invoke the use of any Art. The Storyteller should feel free to create additional Bunks for Nunnehi characters, but should remember that Nunnehi must be able to sing, hum, shake a rattle or dance to bring their magic into focus. New Bunks should not interfere with this step, which the Nunnehi consider vital to the success of their songs of power.

If the Bunk required to bring about the magic is already a chant or song, the Nunnehi may either add on another part to the song (thus lengthening the time it takes to bring it into effect), or can utilize a drum, rattle or dance.

Chicanery Bunks

Level	Bunk
•	Knot-tying: Fashion an elaborate knot out of rope or twine.
••	Chant: Intone a tribal chant.
•••	Mask Your Intentions: Wear a mask made of feathers or other natural substance.
••••	Sing: Sing a song describing your intentions.
•••••	Storytelling: Make up a story and tell it.

Legerdemain Bunks

Level	Bunk
•	Sign Language: Sign or mimic your intentions.
••	Weaving: Weave together several strands of reeds, grasses or string



- **Make a Doll:** Shape a doll from corn husks, straw or grasses
- **Through the Hoop:** Perform the steps of a hoop dance.
- **Shapes in the Smoke:** Inhale the fumes from a smudge pot

- **Remember the Ancestors:** Recite your lineage as completely as possible.
- **Invoke the Spirits:** Formally address the spirits of the unseen world and ask their blessing on your endeavor.
- **Potlatch:** Offer your target something of true value, by burying it near or in your subject if your subject is a place or inanimate thing.

Primal Bunks

Level	Bunk
•	Mimic Nature's Voice: Imitate the call of a bird or animal.
••	Drive Away the Foe: Shake a medicine rattle.
•••	Broken Arrow: Point an arrow at your foe and break it.
••••	Arrowhead: Carve an arrowhead from flint or wood. Touch your finger to its tip when you wish to enact the bunk.
•••••	Totem Carving: Fashion a totem figure from wood.

Soothsay Bunks

Level	Bunk
•	Gift of the Feather: Give your subject a feather from a "lucky" bird.
••	Tomahawk Throw: Throw a tomahawk in the direction of your foe. You need not try to actually hit your foe.
•••	Listen to the Wind: Cup your hand around your ear and try to hear the sound of the wind.
••••	Read the Sands: Dribble colored sand onto the ground and read the patterns they form.
•••••	Ordeal: Hold your hand in an open flame or perform some other test of your physical mettle

Sovereign Bunks

Level	Bunk
•	Peace Pipe: Blow smoke from a peace pipe towards your subject.
••	Announce Your Prowess: Boast about your strongest talents.

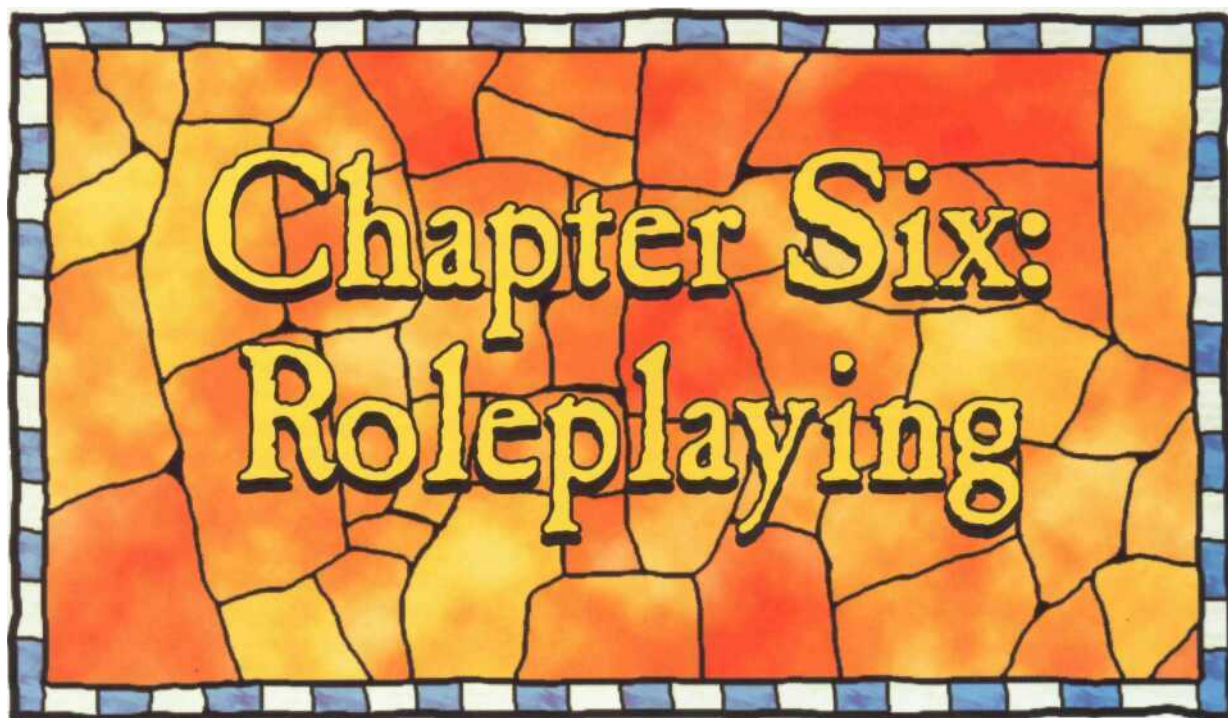
Spirit Link Bunks

Level	Bunk
•	Whistle Song: Blow through a whistle made from an eagle's (or other bird's) bone.
••	Pottery Craft: Fashion a statuette that resembles or symbolizes your totem (or your tribe's totem) out of colored clay.
•••	Offering: Burn something that you value (special clothing, a beloved toy, some thing of beauty you crafted).
••••	Medicine Bag: Reach into your medicine bag and remove the first thing that comes to hand. Break it and scatter the pieces, or throw it away permanently.
•••••	Rattle the Bones: Cut fifty small plugs of flesh from your arms or legs, let them dry, and place them inside a rattle with several small animal bones. Shake the rattle to enact your song of power.

Wayfare Bunks

Level	Bunk
•	Paint the Face: Ritually decorate your face with paint.
••	Arrow Flight: Shoot an arrow in the direction of the intended movement.
•••	Rawhide Painting: Paint the scene you envision on rawhide with natural dyes and a feather.
••••	Wings of the Eagle: Hold three eagle feathers in each hand.
•••••	Fancy Dance: Execute the steps of an intricate tribal dance.





The Horror of Loss

by Jennifer Hartshorn

When *Changeling* was first released, everyone who worked on it knew it was something of a departure from the other *World of Darkness* games. Certainly, every game is different in its own way, but *Changeling* is, quite literally, a whole other story. It's landscape is colorful, not the familiar grey and decaying cityscape players have grown used to. Your average changeling doesn't stand a chance in a combat against your average Brujah, Akashic Brother or Get of Fenris. Would gamers grown accustomed to angst and firefights take to a game about Glamour? What, if anything, did changelings have in common with the other denizens of the *World of Darkness*?

Although it isn't readily apparent at first, the themes at the core of *Changeling* are the same as those that draw many people to roleplaying games. A large part of the whole in-your-face, screw the world, bitter attitude reflected in the "Gothic Punk" world can be traced back to the stories at the heart of *Changeling*. Why are people so bitter? Why does the world seem so damned dark? It is because somewhere along the road from childhood, our innocence was crushed. Whether it was the death of a loved one, a betrayed trust or the so-called

"right-sizing" that even gaming companies are facing, everyone has had the experience of waking up one morning to find the world a pretty unpleasant place.

After being hurt so many times, it's hard to keep dreaming. Why bother, when so many other things in your life have turned out badly? If you care about a person, an idea or a dream, you run the risk of getting hurt. A lot of the time it's easier to lose yourself in the endless details and drudgery of your work, or in a dream life online, in books, or in gaming than to try to hold on to both your dreams and the realities of day to day life.

The challenges changelings face are the ones that you and I face everyday. I've seen friends and acquaintances drop out of school, lose their jobs and break up with their lovers when they let the balance between "fantasy" and "reality" tip too far one way—and I've also seen brilliant, creative people utterly dry up and blow away when they let the scale tip too far in the other direction. Either one is a terrible loss. In *Changeling*, these concepts are wrapped up in gamespeak, but it isn't hard to see the origins of these ideas in the world around us.

What's so dangerous about *Bedlam*? Ask the guy in the computer lab who has been logged in for 14 hours straight on a computer game like a *MUSH*. Ask someone who has just come out of a weekend-long live-roleplaying game. Or a

writer who has pulled three all-nighters in a row trying to get just the right phrase. It's thrilling to get an intense creative experience like that, and it's a pretty addictive rush. But along the way, we are often so swept up in "the moment" that we forget certain necessities like food, drink and sleep.

What's so dangerous about Banality? Talk to your game master from high school, who is now making a mint as an accountant. When was the last time she read a book just for fun, or saw a movie? She'll probably tell you that she doesn't have time anymore. Even those of us who grew up with a healthy fantasy life often lose it along the way, putting such "childish" things aside for a mundane significant other, or for that extra bit of overtime to put toward the kid's college fund. We stop going to movies, and we often don't have time to read "just for fun" when there are so many other, more pressing concerns.

Dreamers aren't only the artists and writers in society; as any scholar of changeling lore could tell you, engineers, scientists, athletes, and yes, even "suits" have dreams. And without their dreams, there would never be anything new. Yes, if you dream, it might not come true. But that doesn't mean you should give it up. It's hard to hang on in the face of disappointment, but you're up to the challenge. You have to be.

So maybe changelings aren't on the run from Nexus Crawlers. They don't have to choose sides in the Battle for Reality, nor are they forced to live off the life force of others. The utterly terrifying thing that every changeling has to deal with is the same that you and I have to deal with everyday. The "tragedy" that forms the core of the World of Darkness is the inability to dream, and the "horror" faced is the horror of loss — the loss of innocence, as well as the loss of creativity. The balance between fantasy and reality must be maintained carefully, and to stray to far in either direction can be decidedly unpleasant. Changelings have a few extra tricks — cantrips and Birthrights go a long way sometimes in making things easier for them. But you have something whose value is without measure — your dreams.

Oh, Boy! A Cat's Eye Shooter!

by Steve Herman

Welcome to the summers of your childhood. The halcyon days of running through the fields in search of the platoon of illusory Stormtroopers. Of climbing trees and tea-parties.

Changeling allows us to return to those color-filled, active days when we knew there were monsters, elves and Klingons, and no amount of arguing by parents could convince us otherwise. This sense of wonder is the greatest gift a child has, and we all have lost something when we discover

that the spaceships of our imaginations are nothing but plastic and fibre-optics on a blue screen.

Yet, with all the information that pours across the eyes and ears of children, they still do not lose this wonder easily. I have heard a kindergartner explain quite reasonably that the Power Rangers are in fact real, and that he knew this, having seen them himself. I still sometimes wish I could still see the elves that I knew lived in the woods behind my house.

Recently, I got together with some of my roleplaying friends and pulled out some action figures and tried to play. Just play, no paper or dice, or even a Storyteller, just us and some toys. Somehow it wasn't fun. We could no longer create jungles from houseplants or deserts from carpet. The magic wasn't there. We decided to return to the security of the table and character sheet and try again.

The game we played was Changeling. I was asked to Storytell, and my friends took up some characters they had played before. I don't know what it was, but that night we broke through a barrier, and we were there again. We transcended difficulty numbers and damage dice, and became the kids who used to fight bug-eyed monsters in the back yard. It took the more sophisticated tools for us to chip at the wall around our childhood and let some of the magic back in. We were kids again. We marveled at a pooka who showed us a Wayne Gretzky rookie card, and tried to steal it for ourselves. One of my friends swore he saw a purple Snozzwanger duck into the alley, and most of the game was spent chasing it.

Even as our characters were Glamourous (as in filled with Glamour), we felt wonderful again, as in filled with wonder. Boy, it was a great feeling. In Changeling, more than in any other view of the World of Darkness, we can return to that blissful state, but this time empowered with mystical abilities that affect all those slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

What better way to get back at the schoolyard bully than for your Storyteller to put a character like him into your story, and take a whack at him with Primal, or get him to forget his own name with Chicanery. I think most of us have had experience with such types, and would love to be able to strike back somehow. All roleplaying games are empowering devices of one sort or another, and vents for parts of our psyche. The Storyteller games are some of the most effective for this. Through Vampire we discovered how to express the dark feelings of horror at what monsters we could be in the wrong or right situations. Through Werewolf we vented our inner anger at not being able to affect our lives and losing our connection to the natural world. Mage and Wraith both let us seek answers and vent emotional plasma in other ways. Now that we've been cleansed, let us return to our childhood and clear ideas of honor, truth and beauty, because they're as simple as a boggan's promise.

In Changeling we can go find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, or be Burmese tiger-hunters with horse and lance. If everyone else calls them bikes and hockey sticks, let

them. We know the truth — that the fierce tigers might devour us, even if all our parents see are alley cats.

Roleplaying is the act of returning to the lost golden land of imagination. With whatever traumas lay hidden within our lives, there is always the time where we, alone or with friends, went off into the landscape of the mind to rescue the prince or princess, or stop the foul whomever from enacting his or her plans.

Changeling is even more fun. You don't have to hide! You can play a kid again; you don't have to pretend to be a vampire, or paladin or Immortal God from *Beyond Time*. You can be a kid, being a kid, but also being a paladin! If that isn't the best of both worlds, don't ask me what is.

So strap on your chimerical sword, sharpen your ears and hop on your bike. I hear the duke is calling for warriors to help slay the hordes of monsters outside Leary's candy shop, and when we get tired of fighting, Aoibhell's promised to buy us all some chocolate!

Why We Need Changelings

by Richard Dansky

— For Angela Bourke, who Showed Me How the Magic Worked

There's always something real behind a legend, particularly a faerie legend. "Don't take every berry on the bush; leave some for the faeries," warns one tale collected by the Irish folklore expert Sean 6 hEochaidh. "Don't harvest too much of the wrack (seaweed), lest the faeries make you pay for it," demands another. "Don't stay out on the faerie fort after dark," instructs a third.

Of course, the first story really instructs its listeners to leave some berries from which new bushes can grow. Take all of the berries this year, and there'll be none the next. The second is a simple lesson in ecological economics: don't take more than your fair share, or there won't be enough for anyone. The third is commonsensical: faerie forts were wild places where the worst could — and often did — happen, and at the hands of men or beasts, not *sidhe* lords.

The changeling legend has always been a way of taking something wild, something that doesn't quite fit within the boundaries of society and making it, in some way, palatable. By putting the label "changeling" on even the oddest of behaviors, we make them excusable in their own way. After all, it's not the fault of the people involved; it's the fault of the changelings. It's magic, and there's very little us mortals can do about that.

In the strictest sense, a changeling is a faerie (or a faerie-ensorcelled object) put in the place of a loved one. Common targets for faerie thefts were defenseless babies, whom faeries supposedly took back under their hills to bring vital new





blood into the thin veins of their old race. Mothers would supposedly return home from working in the fields with their husbands to find their bouncing, pink, healthy children replaced with twisted grotesqueries or, even worse, glamoured stumps of wood that slowly withered and died.

Of course, via the proper techniques, these changeling babies could be re-exchanged for the original articles. Methods for doing so covered the gamut, from amusing to brutal. The most benign involved tricking an aged faerie disguised as a swaddling baby into revealing its true age by "brewing" beer inside an eggshell in front of the abnormal "child." Cursed with a lack of self-discipline, the elderly changeling would admit his true age by announcing that as old as he was, he had never seen beer brewed in an eggshell. Immediately thereafter, having blown his cover, the changeling would be swept up the chimney by a mighty wind, and the original baby would be found, safe and sound, on the doorstep.

At the other end of the spectrum was the custom of "reddening the shovel." In certain cases, iron spades were thrust into fires until they glowed red-hot, and then jabbed at a changeling until, in fear, the faerie fled. It was agreed among those folk victimized by changelings that a changeling should never be harmed, for in the faerie *sid* (fortress), faeries were watching the exorcism of the changeling and performing upon the kidnapped baby the exact torments that were visited upon the changeling. A changeling burned with a reddened shovel would flee, but the baby returned would have an identical burn.

Red-hot iron and tormented babies: changelings were serious business.

Women were also often accused of being taken as changelings. "Faerie wives" and changeling brides were whispered of whenever a married woman started acting a bit more independently than was her wont. Taking long walks alone, venturing near faerie *sids* (places of notorious wildness, usually on the very borders of civilization) at sundown, growing taller (perhaps attributable to standing up straighter?); these were the signs that a dutiful wife had been taken by faeries, perhaps to minister to a stolen child, and replaced by a faerie wife. Brides, too, were often made changelings. Brides disappeared just before their weddings, to reappear disheveled and breathless. They of course claimed that they'd been taken on wild rides by faeries, thus defusing any more mundane suspicions.

Before you laugh at the absurdity of it all, it should be noted that it was not that long ago that a woman named Brigit Cleary was burned and tortured to death by her husband on suspicion of being a changeling. While few of her neighbors actually helped in her final torment, most, including the town's priest, were involved in some part of the ritual.

A woman murdered, possibly because she took long walks alone along the route that the local egg-man (a handsome young man, supposedly) was known to take on his way into town: changelings were serious business.

So, apart from blood and thunder, what does *it* all mean? Why do we need changelings, particularly if the mere possibility of their existence means reddened shovels and the like? The answer is freedom. The changeling myth is a way to take the unacceptable and make it permissible, even if doing so casts it in the terms of the absurd or the unwanted.

Consider the changeling baby, then, and the legend that one could prevent a baby from being taken for a changeling by laying iron tongs across the child's cradle before leaving it alone in a cottage. It would seem innocuous enough. However, the one thing to remember about iron fire tongs is that they are heavy. Remembering to drag them across a cottage each time a mother leaves also serves as a weighty reminder to *check on the child before she goes*. The mention of the tongs merely attaches a mnemonic to the idea of making certain that the child is well before the mother leaves it alone.

Of course, a mother who can't remember to move the tongs each time she leaves her child probably also doesn't remember to check on her child all that often. If the child is not looked after with all due diligence, it may fall ill. It may, in clinical terms, "fail to thrive." It may no longer be the healthy and cheerful baby that the mother wants to claim as her own. In this case, suddenly, it's a changeling child. Rather than accept responsibility for her child's failure to thrive, the mother (or father) screams, "Changeling!" This takes the unacceptable (her lack of concern as a parent, or merely the idea that the baby isn't doing as well as she would hope one of her blood would) and casts it in terms for which her society won't castigate her. It's not her fault for not checking on the baby often enough; it's the fault of those changelings. Bad parenting is thus excused through invoking this myth of something that starts where the acceptable stops.

The ritual casting out of the changeling, then, takes on a new light. It is a symbolic end to the behavior that "invoked" the changeling. A parent whose child was "taken" once is likely, in magical terms, to take the precaution of the iron tongs with extreme caution and diligence from that point forward. In real terms, then, our mother who slipped once but now has "her" baby back (i.e., the child recovered after receiving the attention necessary to banish the changeling "replacement") is going to pay much more attention to that child in the future, rather than risk a second "kidnapping."

Mind you, this is a particularly dark example. For one perhaps less traumatic (and with apologies to the late Mrs. Cleary), let us turn to the faerie wife. Consider her behaviors: walking alone, going to wild places, showing more self-assurance — if one didn't know better, it would almost sound as if this "faerie woman" was becoming "liberated." One might almost suspect her of having an affair....

So the label of faerie wife takes on a whole new meaning. A husband learns that he is being cuckolded, but cannot take the disgrace of having his entire village know of his embar-





rassment. Either that, or perhaps he actually does love his wife, and doesn't want to abandon her (as the code of the time might well have demanded).

So, suddenly, the woman with the new spring in her step isn't his wife any more. She's a changeling, a faerie wife. Her sins are not his wife's sins — his real wife can't be held accountable for what her faerie double has done. Rather than being the laughingstock of his village, the husband is now perceived as a victim. Look, see what the faeries have done to poor Donall's marriage! Instead of being forced to throw off his wife for adultery, he has a societally acceptable way of taking her back even after she wanders, where a strict interpretation of custom might demand that he not do so.

Similarly, many brides "kidnapped" by faeries just before their weddings were no doubt out for final trysts with their beaux, as opposed to the men they were being forced to marry. Claiming that "a faerie rade took the bride" allows all involved in the wedding to maintain face. The groom doesn't have to spurn a bride no longer "pure"; the bride's father doesn't have to take the disgrace of an unmarriageable daughter being tossed back by her prospective husband; and the bride (definitely the one with the short end of the stick here) gets at least one last evening when the entertainment was of her choosing.

Again, the "banishment" ceremony serves as a ritual end to this sort of behavior, an acceptance of what has gone before and a silent agreement as to the fact that it will no longer continue. The wife has had her adventures outside of society and is now being brought back into it without stain. All that has happened while the changeling dwelt in her place is absolved.

So what does this really say about the changeling legend, and a game about being a changeling? I prefer to look at it from the perspective that, as destructive as its enforcement might have been, the changeling myth allowed in some small way for more personal freedom. It gave parents who perhaps didn't quite know what they were doing a way to ask for help with a task too big for them. It gave wives (and wives-to-be) an escape from drudgery and boredom, usually without paying the price that society would demand from them for that freedom. It let people, just for a little while, step outside who and what society said they had to be without being forever locked out.

So take this chance and be a changeling. Try on a little freedom. Strut your hairy satyr legs when you can, even though your boss would never understand your wanting to see him a befuddled victim of the Gift of Pan. Dream of nocker magic the next time some computer salesman is telling you faux-earnestly that you really need more RAM, VRAM, ROM and SPAM. Play the redcap just to picture really showing your anal-retentive professor what *really* biting someone's head off in discussion would be like. Then, when the fun is done, slide back into your normal skin and get on with your life.

That's what being a changeling is all about, right?

Appendix: The Autumn People Errata

The following errata is for The Autumn People. This information was dropped from the text due to a printer error.

Webcraft

The force of conformity and stasis is the force of the Weaver. Lacking empathy for creativity, the forces of the Weaver bind reality in her lifeless dehumanizing web. When using this power, the character must roll Intelligence + Science.

☹️ Weave Web

The caster can make a substance stronger. He has focused his attention so thoroughly upon the substance that its mundanity is enhanced. For each success, the substance will either inflict an additional Health Level (if it can be brandished as a weapon) or gain an extra Health Level (if it cannot). The duration is one session. "Crushing mundanity" takes on a whole new meaning.

☹️☹️ Overwhelming Wincing

The caster becomes painfully dull, and can cause one target nearby to lose one Health Level from wincing and an overwhelming headache. For each additional success, the caster can affect one additional target. This is particularly effective in board room meetings.

☹️☹️☹️ Warp Will

The caster's activity is puts those around them through a purgatory of boredom. For each success, the caster reduces the temporary Willpower or Glamour of each person around him by one. This may be used once per session.

☹️☹️☹️☹️ Wend Your Way

The caster overcomplicates any one process so much that others cannot figure out precisely what he is doing. Anyone who studies what the individual is doing becomes so easily distracted by more fascinating things (like trees and rocks) increases his difficulty of each roll by one for each success on the Tedium (up to a maximum of +3). For instance, this can affect Tracking and Investigation rolls.

☹️☹️☹️☹️☹️ Cry "Woof"

The caster will summon a Weaver spirit. The entity level of power of the spirit depends on the number of success attained. For more details on Weaver spirits, see *Werewolf: The Apocalypse, Second Edition* or *Mage: The Ascension, Second Edition*. Examples include Paradox Spirits of the Mind Sphere, Pattern Spiders and Nexus Crawlers. This is extremely dangerous, and shows the inherently destructive nature of following stasis.

The Weaver and the Tapestry

The Kithain share the world with a host of other supernatural creatures they call Prodigals, "lost children" who have forgotten their faerie heritage. One notable race of prodigals are the Garou, werewolves who use their wisdom to protect the world. Changelings who deal with the Changing Breed point out that some faerie myths are quite similar to those of their lost brethren.

For instance, troubadours who tell tales about the sundering of the Dreaming from the world describe all of reality as a vast Tapestry. The Tapestry was once beautiful and elaborate. It would have had no pattern at all if all the threads were the same, so the fabric once had a beautiful design, delicately balancing bright embroidery against subtle backgrounds. Bright strands stretched through dull cloth; thick homespun yarn intertwined with slender silvery thread. Then the Dreaming was sundered from the world, and patches of cloth were torn from the Tapestry. People changed, the world grew, and the Tapestry was ripped apart in the process. Many of the brightest, "frivolous" patterns were rent from the fabric, destroying the pattern of all things, and more "reasonable" designs were sown in their place. The truest and most beautiful threads were lost.

The Tapestry had to be fixed, so there were people in the world who recklessly tried to mend it. They still continue their work, patching the holes as quickly as they can and using the cheapest thread they can afford. Humankind has rewoven the Tapestry, but since they cannot remember what it once looked like, the colorful cloth is now a lifeless gray patchwork. The weavers of the Tapestry have obscured the pattern, making it harder to see the beauty that was once there. The Autumn People and the Dauntain work with the weav-

ers by dyeing the cloth, tearing out old patches, and weaving in patterns of their own choosing. The Tapestry is still here, but it isn't the same.

The werewolves have a similar myth about the death of spirituality. Galliard storytellers speak of three spiritual forces guiding all things: the Weaver, the Wyrn and the Wyld. The Weaver is the force of stasis and conformity; the Wyld is the force of creation and energy; the Wyrn is the source of corruption and destruction. The three forces were balanced until the Weaver went insane and tried to bind the other two into her lifeless web. The Wyrn responded by striking out at all of creation to stop the Weaver from growing too strong. As they fought, the Wyld began to die, and spirituality began to fade from the world. The webs of the Weaver grow strong as cold Reason and technology become more prevalent; the wilderness of the Wyld is driven out, and communion with the spirit world becomes harder as the world dies.

Although changelings don't believe in the Weaver, they're still familiar with its handiwork: Banality. The two world views aren't the same, but they're close enough for the changelings and the Changing Breed to understand one another. The Garou try to heal the world by striking out at the Wyrn and preventing its corruption from spreading. The changelings instead try to overcome the "weavers" by bringing magic and imagination to the world, spreading what the Garou call the force of the Wyld. Garou and Kithain see the world in different ways, but according to the storytellers, they are merely fighting on different fronts of the same battle. The stories are different, but both myths are interpretations of the same truth.

Powers of the Autumn People

Though they have no inherent "powers" which allow them to affect Kithain, other than causing them to gain temporary Banality, some Autumn People are so mundane that they can actually afflict harm on the fae. This is known among Kithain as Berating Oration and is described below.

Berating Oration

Autumn People are so enraptured by their dull and lifeless world that they can actually inflict pain on people who are attuned to creativity and energy. When engaged in

prolonged confrontations with Kithain, they can actually harm them with "illusory" emotional damage. If a changeling chooses to heal these wounds with Glamour, the effect will still be noticeable.

If a mortal has a Banality of 9, she can inflict chimerical damage on a changeling through by declaiming a Berating Oration. For the duration of one scene, the Autumn Person must either:

a) carry out a senselessly mundane course of action with the assistance of a changeling,

("Yes, let's burn these old toys. I don't know why I kept them.")

b) critique the lifestyle of the changeling,

("Why are you dressed that way! Do you think it's Halloween?"), or

c) confide the painful details of her life.

What Do the Numbers Mean?

If you're the sort of person who thinks that taking on Banality is actually a good strategy for a changeling to take, (after all, you can use it as protection from cantrips and other fae attacks), the following guidelines are provided to help you roleplay your character's slow decline. Enjoy.

Banality of Five

For human adults, this is borderline insanity. Mortals in this frame of mind may have invisible friends, believe in elaborate conspiracy theories, live in elaborate delusions, or fall prey to rampant paranoia and take precautions against secret societies living in their midst. Getting a job as an occult investigator for a tabloid newspaper or selling bottles of holy water downtown in your off-hours are two good career moves. Be careful, though, or you'll wind up in an asylum. Briefly seeing (and misunderstanding) elements of the Dreaming is a faint possibility.

For human children, this is borderline maturity. You can still grow up to be the President of the United States, become an astronaut, or go to Harvard someday. Being nine years old isn't really that bad, except when you have to go to school.

Among the Kithain, this is the Banality of an extremely open-minded grump. Most grumps don't keep this state of grace for long. Although this frame of mind is extremely dull by faerie standards, the individual nonetheless believes himself to be a reincarnation of a being from a magical race that regularly interacts with a dimension of imaginary people and objects. He will not, however, play *Ring Around the Rosie* without at least some prompting.

Banality of Six

In human society, this is the state of mind of a creative artist. She is poised between the mundane concerns of day-to-day life and the maddening call of her muse. Maintaining this frame of mind can be difficult. Under the right conditions, an artist can create beautiful works of art and find truthful revelations. Seeing chimerical objects, however, is out of the question without Enchantment.

For a changeling that is slowly going mundane, there is still hope at this stage. The changeling may feel the need to spend more time around mundanes at this level of Banality. She might hang out a lot at art school, beg for change on the streets, follow a band or medieval recreation group across the country, or just generally spending a great deal of time with Glamorous mortals trying to induce Reverie. If she doesn't

act quickly, she may find her task slowly becoming more difficult.

Banality of Seven

This is the state of mind of the average mortal: practical, sensible and cautious. This type of person keeps plenty of food in the fridge, cleans his apartment once a week, and rarely stays up past midnight. For more inspiration on this kind of behavior, watch an evening of prime time television or spend an afternoon doing housework.

A changeling at this level of Banality will find the concerns of the mundane world more pressing than the needs of the Dreaming. Any call to adventure will require him to first make cautious plans and question how it will affect his mundane life. Any adventurous course of action will seem somewhat foolish at first.

Unseelie are better able to resist Banality than Seelie fae. One welcome distraction is the diversion of the Shadow Court. Members of the court at this level become more concerned with the trivial details of court than the problems outside their social circle. They are muckrakers who traffic in gossip and try to deny their own Banality by rooting out despair and failure in those around them. They also become powerful Ravagers, but they play a dangerous game, risking their hearts and souls for the sake of raw power.

Banality of Eight

This is the frame of mind of a Heavy Sleeper or a weak Autumn Person. The Comic Relief archetypes in Chapter Three work best at this level of Banality. Truly banal people resist despair and mistrust by becoming obsessive and anal. Anyone who does not share these traits is a threat to them. For further ideas, take Runcible's advice and go out human-watching. See what happens when you point and stare, or when you watch them through binoculars.

Seelie handle this sickening of the spirit somewhat differently. Arthur Fishlips, the character in Chapter One, is an example of a Seelie fae with this degree of mundanity. Tearing himself away from regret and despair is difficult, although he is painfully aware of what is happening to him. Finding the energy to go out and truly live becomes difficult. It's so much safer to just stay at home. You still trust the guidance of your friends, but you require their leadership to help you clear the cobwebs from your mind.

Unseelie find other diversions as their hearts harden. At this stage, mundane Unseelie either elevate themselves to higher positions in the Shadow Court and increase their

addiction or tear themselves away from it completely. Rogues who isolate themselves from the Court (or are rejected from it) begin to spiral into epic feasts of Ravaging in a desperate attempt to either stave off spiritual decay or lessen the pain by inducing Bedlam.

The difficulty for any roll involving an Epiphany is increased by one for characters who have achieved this level of Banality.

Banality of Nine

This is the mental state of an Autumn Person. Faeries find that prolonged exposure to this type of individual can actually be physically painful. (One way to represent this is by the system for "Berating Orations," described below.) For more ideas on how to be truly banal, ride across the country in a bus for three days while making 10 minute stops in small towns along the way. (Legal considerations prevent me from naming a suitable bus line for this enterprise, but the reader should be able to find one.)

("Why did my father waste his life making these wooden toys for me?")

Once the Oration is finished, the Storyteller rolls a number of dice equal to the harassed or abused changeling's Banality. (Being banal makes the fae more vulnerable.) For each success, the changeling will take chimerical damage at a rate of one point per turn at the end of the scene. The changeling can flee at any point to avoid further damage, or:

a) undo the senselessly mundane action,

A changeling at this level of Banality will begin to forget the more glamorous details of her past. As her temporary Banality continues to increase, more and more memories of her faerie life will disappear. The fae will forget the names of kith allies and the location of freeholds. Her kith seeming will almost exactly resemble her mundane seeming. Understanding or even seeing elements of the Dreaming is difficult (+2 difficulty to all Kenning and Gremayre rolls).

Banality of Ten

Humans at this state of Banality lose most of their emotions. They are oblivious to the joys of life and gain an inscrutable affinity to tedious things. Childhood has been forgotten, love is an impossibility, and only the stupor of intoxication can offer a temporary surcease from the depths of his sorrow.

A changeling who gains 10 points of Permanent Banality is in severe risk of being Undone. See page 33 for further details on this.

(i.e., rescue the burning toys from the fire),

b) issue a retort to the critique and roll Glamour to resist,

("Yes! For me every day is Halloween!"), or

c) Enchant the Autumn Person.

("He made these toys because he loved you. Here. Take them home with you.")

Use this power sparingly. Note every Autumn Person will have this power, but an encounter with one who does can be extremely dangerous for a banal changeling.

PLAYERS TCG GUIDE

Creatures of the Dreaming

We are creatures of dream. Without imagination... without passion... we are nothing.
— Lady Sierra, House Gwydion

The Realm of Dreams

The Changeling Players Guide is an essential reference for players and Storytellers alike. By expanding the possibilities of the fae, and introducing a whole new culture, the Changeling Players Guide reveals a font of new possibilities for creative roleplaying.



Herein you will learn new secrets behind the origins of the nine kith. Discover the 13 kith of the Nunnehi Nations. Delve into the secrets of new Arts, and explore new Legacies and Backgrounds available to all Kithain.

The Changeling Players Guide includes:

- ☉ Expanded rules for casting cantrips — without cards;
- ☉ All-new Merits, Flaws, Legacies, and Abilities;
- ☉ Detailed information on playing Nunnehi characters — the Native American changelings.

