

SUZERAIN



# CLOCKWORK DREAMS





## DISCLAIMER

Suzerain is a fictional depiction of our universe. Any resemblance between any proper noun we come up with and any real person/place/whatever is purely coincidental. By the same token, the book you are reading is a game based on a fictional depiction of our universe. It is not reality. The GM sets a scene in a fictional realm and the players play characters in it. Repeat after me, "I am not my character. I cannot do the things that my character can do because he is a fictional character in a fictional universe." Don't try to fly just because your character can fly. Don't kill anyone just because your character is a master of the Scottish claymore. Roleplaying is meant to be fun, but comes with serious responsibilities.

We would also like to explain that Suzerain is our take on reality with mythological and magical elements. It depicts religions and mythologies with a twist - that is to say, differently than a true believer might see them. We mean no disrespect if you are such a believer but ask you to respect our right to our own interpretation.

## THANK YOU

We'd like to say a thank you to all the great pioneers of the steampunk genre, and to all the people today who keep the dream alive.

If you're a fan, we'd love to hear from you: you can find us on the Savage Mojo Facebook and Google+ pages, at [www.savagemojo.com](http://www.savagemojo.com) and at [hello@savagemojo.com](mailto:hello@savagemojo.com).

## CREDIT WHERE CREDIT'S DUE

**Words:** Jack Houser and Michelle Klein Houser.

**Rules:** Alan Bundock, G'Andy.

**Edits:** Genevra "Like Clockwork" Harker, Miles M Kantir.

**Illustrations:** Chris Bivins, Amy Houser, Darnell Johnson, Avery Liell-Kok, Alida Saxon.

**Design:** Aaron Acevedo, Alida Saxon.

**Additional Design:** Amy Houser, Jack Houser.

**Layout:** Alida Saxon.



We Bring Worlds To Life  
[www.savagemojo.com](http://www.savagemojo.com)

This product is copyright Savage Mojo Ltd 2014. All rights reserved. It is for personal use only, and may be printed for personal use. It may not be modified, distributed or sold without written permission.

This game references the Savage Worlds game system, available from Pinnacle Entertainment Group at [www.peinc.com](http://www.peinc.com). Savage Worlds and all associated logos and trademarks are copyrights of Pinnacle Entertainment Group. Used with permission. Pinnacle makes no representation or warranty as to the quality, viability, or suitability for purpose of this product.

Version: 1.savage141118



# CONTENTS

Disclaimer	1	Part Four:The Library And The Laborer	62
Thank You	1	Part Five:Labor Pains	68
Credit Where Credit's Due	1	Part Six:Who's Dreamin' Whom?	72
<b>For Players</b>	<b>3</b>	Part Seven:Jungle Fever	73
<b>If You Dream It, They Will Come</b>	<b>3</b>	Part Eight:The War Machine	77
The Continental Drift	3	Part Nine:Head In The Clouds	81
Above And Below	5	Part Ten:Kingmakers	83
A Day In The Life	6	Endin'g And Be'innin'g	87
Travellin' To And From Mechadia	7	<b>Savage Tales</b>	<b>88</b>
<b>Creatin' Characters</b>	<b>8</b>	Need A Lift?	88
Skills	8	Dr. Sommerfeld's Weddin'g	91
New Hindrances	10	All The Rage	95
New Ed'ges	11	Mayhem On The Mountain	99
Ma'ic	26	Sweet Betrayal	101
<b>The Toybox</b>	<b>37</b>	The Skin Trade	104
Alchemy	37	The Science Of Seance	106
Tools And Fantastic Devices	38	White Night's:A Fri'gian Romance	111
Vehicles	44	The Black Cliffs	114
Weapons	44	Gamblin' With Fate	116
Modifications	44	Troubled Waters	120
Special Ammunition	45	The Sprig'gan's Fri'ggin' Ri'ggin'	123
Tares And Fares	47	Deep Trouble	127
<b>For GMs</b>	<b>51</b>	Icebreaker	128
<b>Clockwork Dreams</b>	<b>51</b>	Everything's Ruled	134
Part One:The Festival Of Flight	51	<b>Dramatis Personae</b>	<b>141</b>
Part Two:The Intercontinental	56	Major NPCs	141
Part Three:The Junklands	60	Minions	146
		Alterin' Race	150
		Bestiary	152





# FOR PLAYERS

Mechadia is the manifestation of the Duke of Crossed Gears' deathbed fever-dreams. Like the Fey Realm of Dreams, Mechadia has one of the few conduits between the mortal and immortal realms that doesn't require portals. Occasionally the fey can cross the Veil directly, visiting the dreams of sleeping mortals and manifesting in their world during the night time hours, bringing the dreams (and sometimes the dreamers) back with them.

In fact, their existence depends on it. The lifeblood of this realm is pumped by those bent on invention and industry, by the realization of fantastic machines and innovative ideas that will advance society. Some species of fey, most notably the gremians, are even spawned by the mere dream of an unbuilt invention.

## IF YOU DREAM IT, THEY WILL COME

Mağic in Mechadia is often tethered to the dreams of the Industrial Revolution-miraculous machinery and fantastic inventions. The Duke of Crossed Gears was fascinated by the idea of mortal ingenuity, and the act of invention reigns supreme. Mechadians believe science will one day surpass the limits of mağic, since mağical powers require the energy of an organic or spirit being which will eventually tire, while machines are tireless and can be massively strong.

Mağic is used to assemble, power and enhance machines, but mağic on its own is less common here than in the Fey Realm of Dreams itself. It has become a support skill, a power source. Even as a power source, however, mağic is still potent - mağically enhanced airships can fly faster and longer than strictly mechanical ones. Also they can fly upside-down without dropping the crew out of the skies, a fact that air crews appreciate! Miracle potions can grant long life, hair growth, bouncing rubber feet, and the ability to read minds. Mağical effects with some whimsical, loud, pattering pseudo-science behind them are likely to be very potent here.

## THE CONTINENTAL DRIFT

Mechadia is divided into four geographic strata: The Great Underground, land (comprising the four continents of Verna, Autumnus, Friğia and Torridaen), the Sky and the Æther.

## WHAT IS CLOCKWORK DREAMS?

*CLOCKWORK DREAMS* IS A BOOK THAT GIVES YOUR ADVENTURING PARTY A WHOLE NEW PLAYGROUND TO ROMP IN - MECHADIA. THE DUKE OF CROSSED GEARS, OBSESSED WITH THE DREAMS OF SCIENTISTS AND VISIONARIES, IS DEAD - BUT HE LEFT SOMETHING BEHIND. ON HIS DEATHBED, THE DUKE DREAMED OF A PLACE, AND SUCH WAS THE POWER OF HIS SPIRIT THAT THESE VISIONS BECAME MANIFEST UPON HIS DYING BREATH.

INSIDE, THESE PAGES YOU'LL FIND FAERIE FOLKLORE FED INTO A DIFFERENCE ENGINE, SPAT OUT IN VICTORIAN FINERIES AND FATTENED ON THE DREAMS OF MORTAL SCIENTISTS AND VISIONARIES. IT'S JULES VERNE STEPPING INTO A TOADSTOOL RING. IT'S THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY ELVES. IT'S ALL THE WILY TWISTS OF A FEY REALM OF DREAMS COMBINED WITH FANTASTICAL STEAMPUNK MACHINATIONS.

FOR PLAYERS, THIS BOOK SUPPLIES OODLES OF OPTIONS FOR ADVENTURERS BORN IN MECHADIA, PLUS A GAZETTEER OF WORLD INFORMATION TO HELP YOU SETTLE IN. FOR GMS, THERE'S A PLOT POINT CAMPAIGN COVERING MAJOR EVENTS THAT WILL SHAPE THE WHOLE REALM'S FUTURE, LOTS OF SAVAGE TALES FOR ADDITIONAL ADVENTURING, A HOST OF NPCs, AND SOME SECRETS OF MECHADIA THAT PLAYERS WILL LEARN WHEN THEY RUN HEADLONG INTO THEM (PERHAPS LITERALLY). ENJOY!

First, let's look at the land, then we'll see what surrounds it.

The land has four major continents - each locked in its own permanent season - and a number of smaller islands. The landmasses turn together like titanic interlocking cogs, constantly changing the borders between realms. Most of the major cities turn on their own axis, often running counter to the rotation of their continent, or simply running on whatever personal clock the Duke or Duchess in power deems fashionable that month. Each of the four great landmasses has its own noble ruler, whose



proclivities drive the direction of their technological and industrial development.

**Verna**, the Font of Eternal Spring, lies to the east. While still clearly a merging of nature and machinery unmistakably different from the Fey Realm of Dreams, this land is the closest to the archetypal sylvan wilderness from the folklore of old. Duchess Glennewlyn coaxes her subjects to ever-greater heights of architecture and alchemy. The verdant expanses of Verna boast 'natural' formations of an unequaled scope and complexity. Notable nobles live in palatial estates crafted from massive hillocks, ancient trees or waterfall-draped rock faces, and they employ skilled retainers to perform constant modifications so they can keep up with their courtly peers.

As expected from a land so abundant in flora and fauna (even the odd, metallic sort found here in Mechadia) allergies are part of the natural order. Alchemists race to come up with better remedies for all the various wheezes and rashes, ways to keep their Lords' phosphorescent ponds free of creeping rust-algae, and methods to keep the pollen from gumming up their mechanized carriages' gears.

**Autumnus**, the Land of Falling Leaves, lies to the west. Leaves of metallic red, gold and brown rain down from mammoth trees year-round, yet there always seem to be more on the branches. The air is tinged with woodsmoke everywhere you go, and the wind is never quite still. The Duke and Duchess Hallowbeard obsess over creature comforts and leisure. When their part of the continent turns closer to the land of winter, they have the means to keep the bitter chills at bay. When they come round to summer's end, they're well-equipped to ward off the hot, hazy malaise. And while Verna has the edge in architecture, the harvests of Autumnus are unrivaled in their bounty. The riches garnered from food exports go to fund further exploration into the realms of leisure activities and contraptions.

**Frigia**, the Empire of Ice, lies to the north. Days are shorter here, just as the nights are longer. In the wilds of the winter-land, vast sheets of ice eventually turn to a cold, blue-gray steel, and glittering silver-white snowflakes can cut flesh if the wind blows hard enough. Duke Bittergleam is a great sportsman and a vehicular maven, and dares his subjects to find ways to make things go faster, push harder, fly higher, last longer. He likes things built to win.

With Frigia's boundless supply of ice and snow, technology naturally slants towards making engines that can derive at least some fuel from water, as well as from the unique natural gasses found trapped

## WHY THE VICTORIAN ERA?

ONE DAY WHILE WANDERING THROUGH THE GARDENS IN SAN MICHEL, THINKING YET AGAIN ABOUT THE CONFLICT BETWEEN HIS FATHER'S DESIRE FOR HIM TO BECOME A LAWYER AND HIS OWN PASSION FOR WRITING FICTION, YOUNG JULES VERNE STUMBLED UPON A LADY PICNICKING WITH HER FRIENDS. ADA BYRON KING, THE ENCHANTRESS OF NUMBERS, SMILED UP AT VERNE, OFFERED HIM A CUP OF TEA AND PROCEEDED TO FASCINATE HIM WITH DISCUSSION OF BABBAGE'S DIFFERENCE ENGINE, OF ALGORITHMS, OF POSSIBLE FUTURE FUNCTIONS FOR COMPUTING DEVICES THAT WERE THEN ONLY FANTASY.

THAT NIGHT, VERNE, BURNING WITH INSPIRATION, DREAMED SO VIVIDLY THAT WHEN HE WOKE HE JOTTED DOWN PAGES OF BRILLIANT IDEAS. HE DREAMED SO VIVIDLY THAT HE KNEW HE WOULD ABANDON LAW SCHOOL FOREVER AND BE A WRITER HENCEFORTH, AND THE POWER OF THAT TRANSFORMATIVE DREAM CREATED A CHILD IN THE FEY REALM OF DREAMS, A DARK-SKINNED BABY WHO CAME INTO EXISTENCE ON THE DOORSTEP OF QUEEN TITANIA HERSELF.

THE BOY WANTED TO GROW UP TO CAPTAIN A SUBMARINE, BUT INSTEAD HE BECAME THE DUKE OF CROSSED GEARS, ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL NOBLES IN THE FEY REALM. ALL THROUGH HIS LIFE THE DUKE DREAMED OF FANTASTICAL CONTRAPTIONS AND THRILLING ADVENTURES. HIS IDEAS WERE ROOTED IN THE VICTORIAN ERA, TIED TO THE MORTAL LIFETIME OF HIS "FATHER". WHEN THE DUKE DIED, HIS DREAMS SPRUNG FROM THE CASEMENT OF HIS FLESHLY FORM AND, IN A FIRE SHOW TO RIVAL ANY WORLD'S FAIR, BLOOMED, EXPLODED AND COALESCED INTO A NEW FEY REALM KNIT FROM THE FIBER OF DREAMS OF INVENTION AND ADVENTURE - MECHADIA!



beneath the vast expanses of glacial ice, occasionally erupting in dangerous geysers across an already-treacherous landscape. Hardy sculpting machines piloted by the bravest craftsmen can be found steaming any time of day or night, always carving newer, bigger and better palaces from frozen cliffs or glacier peaks-sometimes resulting in the deaths of overambitious or careless fey.

**Torrídaen**, the Domain of the Sun, lies to the south. The opposite of Frigía, its days are longer, its nights shorter. It is a land of chaos and wild revelry, an atmosphere perpetuated by the large native presence of nymphs, centaurs and other wild-blooded fey. Fighting is considered a national pastime, and the continent is rarely at peace across its entire length and breadth. Glory is a form of currency among the warriors of summer, as is song. Bards' tales of legendary battles and equally legendary after-parties spread like welcome plagues across the southern continent, bleeding into the other lands as well.

Though Torrídaen's forge fires never stop burning, they fall a little behind their fellow nations when it comes to sophisticated technology and invention because of their chaotic environment. For now, the ruling Warlord Cairbre ap Ea and his Battlebride, Kellyn, seem content to focus their quarrelsome people on the technology of warfare, inventing bigger and better siege engines, sharper swords and stronger shields, bows that fire further, arrows that burst into witchfire, split into a dozen smaller arrows, make right turns, or carry a spoken message to those within earshot of its receiving end. They import subtle poisons from Verna, along with any alchemical oddments that aid them in their warmongering, as well as superior engine designs and nigh-impenetrable frosteel from Frigía, and food from Autumnus to feed their hungry armies.

## ABOVE AND BELOW

The **Great Underground** is its own unique terrain: a steaming, whirling, clanking cacophony of machinery that runs the world above, turning the continents and cities on the proper timetables, feeding whatever mechanical support is needed to the land's wonders. Day and night, the massive, muscular forms of trolls and giants hunch over coal shovels, keeping the necessary fires burning. They keep the great gears oiled (and try not to get pulled into them, because that's a mistake you only make once), they keep the pipes from bursting, they keep the worn-out bits replaced, sometimes needing a dozen of their kind to move a new beam into position and root out a rusting one.

The trolls try their best to find natural caverns or carve out safe spaces away from the moving, steaming machinery to build ramshackle homes and raise their young. There are no creature comforts. Hygiene is nonexistent. Danger is everywhere around them at all times. Mortality rates are always high, and getting higher every year with the advent of more and more technology to power the whims of the surface lords.

The world above doesn't see any of this. What the pretty faeries know is that their wondrous land keeps turning, the fountains never fail and the gaslights always flare to life magically as dusk falls. Very few above-ground fey ever realize or recognize the hard work of the laborers beneath them, and those precious few wonder what would happen if one day the gears suddenly stopped turning.

## GIANTS

GIANTS ARE EXCEEDINGLY RARE, AND NEVER FOUND OUTSIDE THE GREAT UNDERGROUND. HOW BIG IS A GIANT? BIG ENOUGH TO DO THE TASKS THAT EVEN THE TOUGHEST, TALLEST TROLLS COULDN'T DO. NOW TAKE THAT SIZE, THEN DOUBLE IT. OR MORE.

THE TRUTH IS THAT SO FEW PEOPLE IN MECHADIA HAVE EVER SEEN A GIANT THAT IT'S ONLY THE TROLLS WHO KNOW FOR SURE, AND MANY MECHADIANS THINK THAT EVEN THE TROLLS AREN'T REAL! CONSIDER THE GIANTS TO BE A HINT OF A WHISPER OF A RUMOR AND YOU'LL BE ABOUT RIGHT.

The **Sky** (yes, with a capital 'S') is almost considered a continent in its own right, filled with chains of floating islands (called skylands), a refuge to those rebellious fey who have eschewed their homeland - or have been chased out. With air travel usually being the fastest option to get from point A to point B (especially since the roads between landmasses don't always link up the same way), the Sky is filled with airships of all shapes and sizes from all over Mechadia.

Bold captains, skilled pilots and perceptive air-current navigators are always in demand, as are shipwrights who can give a vessel the necessary modifications to deal with the many perils including and beyond piracy.



Some skylands have been settled by semi-permanent residents who have established their own self-rule, even banding together as a chain under a single leader or code of conduct. Some host the secret hideouts of airship pirates. Others are as wild and untamed as any forest of Verna, with a host of flying, buzzing, mechanized creatures of legend not known to the grounded fey. There's a favorite saying among airship captains: "There're many things in the Sky that don't need hydrogen to fly".

The **Aether** is a mysterious, nigh-impenetrable shroud of mist as deep, dark and deadly as any ocean. Above the highest layer of clouds and beyond the edges of the water in any direction, it's a danger most Mechadians never see. Only the bravest venture here to try and bring back bottles of the sticky mist to fuel great ideas of the gremians and the newest toys of the aos sidhe.

Aether has been found to have multiple innovative uses already, and Mechadians have only just begun to understand its properties. The already-malleable rules of fey physics become even less constant here, and there's no telling what wondrous horrors one might encounter. There is no sunlight here. There are no echoes. There is no help to be found. This is the edge of the map, and here there be monsters.

Big ones.

## A DAY IN THE LIFE

Mechadian society is fashioned much like that of Victorian England. If someone's a member of the upper class, he'll hobnob in the parlors of peers, gather at the opera, at gentlemen's clubs or fashionable tea rooms. He'll spend his days gaming, politicking, hunting, gossiping - and above all, showing off the newest gadgetry. The favorite sport among the upper echelon of society is one-upmanship, parading the hard work and brilliant ideas of his retainers and common folk as if they were his own. After all, he's the one who fills their bowls and lines their pockets, isn't he?

Meanwhile, the lesser folk spend their time feeding on the dreams of mortals, spending day and night working up the Next Big Thing. Members of the middle or lower class attend backroom forums in taverns, or more public symposia. They band together with other clever fey to form think tanks and temporary alliances, building bigger projects in the hope of outdoing rival shops or factions. Every respectable city has a market square and several

well-known merchant districts from which to buy tiny mechanical novelties as well as new or used components to actualize the next big idea.

There's a lively interest in the arts, including theatre, ballet, orchestra and opera, all of which are attended partly to see the show and partly to be seen. Music halls attract the more bawdy sort. Some fey kidnap mortals and make them part of the act. Everyone's interested in, even excited about, the recently developed Dream Projector, a device that allows you to watch mortals' dreams like movies. There's a brisk trade in tickets to Dream Projection theatres, and certain mortals' vivid, dramatic, brilliant dreams are much more popular and sought after than others.

When the Duke's deathbed fever-dreams gave birth to this place, Mechadians appeared with half-formed memories of their own history, despite not having actually lived it. There is, however, still a good amount of 'unwritten' background, and Mechadian minds are just now starting to sense this vacuum and seeking to fill it. They have a growing awareness that not only are they Kingless and Queenless, they're also Godless. Some fey dip into the dreams of believers of various faiths to try and understand what it is to have a relationship with one's creator. Some seek out the dreams of charlatans to see how to make up a religion that will fill the void. Two major religious factions have sprung up: The Order of the Golden Apple (worshippers of chaos) and the Gatherers of the Form (worshippers seeking to create a mechanical shell to house their god - a true Deus ex Machina). There's also a rumor that a splinter group of Gatherers has been seen in the Underground, though most people have no idea why they'd want to travel to that nasty place. Some Mechadians don't feel they need a god - certainly not one who tells them what to do, what to think, or what is possible.

Despite the fey's general passion for autonomy, the most powerful entities of the realm are beginning to jockey for position in an epic confrontation for the throne that everyone seems to feel like a hurricane brewing on the horizon. The possibility that the new monarch will be powerful enough to determine who or what the realm's god is (or even to become that god) has the religious factions furiously inserting themselves into the struggle. Rumors spread daily of the royal air fleets gathering for war. For now, business continues as usual. But for how much longer?



## TRAVELLING TO AND FROM MECHADIA

As Suzerain worlds go, Mechadia is a uniquely situated realm. Like its cousin, the original Fey Realm of Dreams, it has a direct link to the mortal realms without the need to go through portals in the Veil - see *Savage Suzerain* for more about that. Some Mechadians can manifest in the mortal realms through visionary dreams. Different fey races are called by different sorts of dreamers.

There are also a few bidirectional portals that seem to be naturally occurring across the realm, most of which are guarded by those who have claimed the land around such portals, since this can be a very powerful and coveted advantage to have. Some remain undiscovered, and others occasionally manifest seemingly at random. These portals are safe for most Mechadians to simply step through, like a doorway.

Mortals (and other non-Mechadians) can also come through the portals, and are sometimes even brought back against their will. Mechadian scientists are presently trying to perfect the technology to create their own mechanical gateways to the mortal realms - a few prototypes exist, but none function with 100% reliability, and failures are... extremely unpleasant.

Aside from this backdoor into the mortal realms, Mechadia is surrounded by a unique pocket of cosmic energy known to them as the Æther, which is actually a part of the Maelstrom that has taken a particularly jealous liking to Mechadia, and spawns

creatures with what it thinks is an appropriate flavor. Outsiders who manage to fight and navigate their way through the Æther suddenly find themselves either falling from the sky, several miles above the continents, crammed into some hot, uncomfortable fissure several miles below the surface, or floundering in open water without a speck of land in sight. It's not a good way into Mechadia.

The last way into and out of Mechadia is rare, dangerous, and very random. Once or twice a year on average, the skies of Mechadia rumble and turn a peculiar shade of violet, and everyone knows to take cover, lest they be swept away by the coming dreamstorm. Unbeknownst to Mechadians, this phenomenon occurs when something major happens in the mortal realms that inspires wide-sweeping dreams around the world, such as the first moon landing or the fall of the Berlin Wall. These ripples of energy wash through the fey realms, occasionally sweeping up unwitting cosmic travelers and depositing them in Mechadia.

Dreamstorms are invisible in the physical world, but can be seen for what they truly are in the spirit world. Anyone caught in the open on the spirit side of the mortal realms has a chance of being swept away, as do any Mechadians caught without any shelter. On occasion, a disheartened fey with no prospects will deliberately rush out into an open field to meet a coming dreamstorm, dreaming of a second chance somewhere far, far away.





# CREATING CHARACTERS

In this section we offer you options for your character which simply don't exist in other realms. Who else, for instance, can be a boogart or a pooka? We've also got new skills to impress your friends and loved ones, from Alchemy to Invention. In fact, let's begin with those and then talk about the nitty-gritty of boogartry....

## SKILLS

### Alchemy (Smarts)

Alchemy can be used in two ways: production and experimentation. Production is by far the most common and involves using established recipes to make balms, elixirs, tonics, tinctures and other such lotions and potions. Experimentation can be quite dangerous and as such is less common; it involves trying to figure out new recipes to produce new results.

Upon taking the Alchemy skill your adventurer gains the recipes to all the basic potions listed in The Toybox section (see page 37). Over time, through means fair or foul, he can acquire more advanced or rare recipes, which require more expensive or rare ingredients.

To produce an alchemical preparation requires the correct recipe, the right ingredients, 4 hours' work and a successful Alchemy check, which suffers a -2 if the proper tools are not available.

Purchasing alchemical ingredients for one basic potion costs \$50. Ingredients for the basic potions are considered interchangeable so the same \$50 set can be used to make a Sleeping Draught or a Beauty Tonic.

Anyone looking at the selling price for potions and thinking that alchemy is a 'get rich quick' scheme is sorely mistaken, the prices listed are for name brand supplies. Unless your adventurer invests in advertising, marketing and good presentation, the price he gets for stuff cooked up at home is probably going to be a bit better than the production cost, but not by much.

If you are looking to get rich with alchemy, experimentation is the way forward; most alchemists dream of coming up with the next big potion, something everyone wants and no one else knows how to make. Creating radically new alchemy is very tricky, but changing existing recipes is somewhat easier.

- *To create a new potion:* your adventurer declares what he wants it to do - it has to have a specific aim and its effects have to link to that aim. So, "makes you bigger and therefore stronger" or "causes rapid hair growth reducing your attractiveness" both work, just stating "it makes you better" doesn't. Neither will trying to cram too much into one potion: "it improves your mind and body and your skills" will not succeed. Your GM has the final decision on what is possible. Once an aim has been established, you make an Alchemy roll at -4 which takes 4 hours. A Success counts as 1 token and each Raise counts as an addition token; the alchemist needs to accrue 8 tokens across any number of attempts to succeed (each separate attempt takes 4 hours). However, if the Alchemy check ends up as a minus number the experiment goes horrendously wrong and your adventurer suffers **Damage:** 2d6 in the resulting explosion. If the new potion incorporates recipes he already knows, each appropriate known recipe counts as 1 token. For example, if he already knows Poison and Bejan Fog and wants to produce Poison Fog, he starts 2 tokens up. Once the 8 tokens have been achieved, your alchemist has worked out the recipe for his new potion and can now create it using the normal alchemy production rules.
- *To change a recipe:* say you know the recipe for the Garbleblaster potion but want to figure out how to make it mute someone rather than improve their speech volume. Changing a known recipe works the same way as creating a new one except you are at a -2 to your Alchemy roll and the target is 5 tokens not 8.

### Invention (Smarts)

In Mechadia, the spirit of invention is the cornerstone of life. This skill is rolled when your adventurer is trying to come up with a new and innovative idea, as well as trying to work out the mechanics and science behind making it a reality instead of just a pipe dream. The Repair skill is for objects already created that have some kind of problem - but you can't repair something that hasn't been invented yet. This is obviously a key skill for Mechadian scientists and inventors.

There are two parts to Invention: the design and the production. The design stage can be as simple as working from a schematic for an existing item or can be as complicated as drawing the designs for a



completely new device. To move on to the production stage a schematic is needed. If your adventurer already has one, great; if not, he needs to create one. This requires 6 Successes and/or Raises using Invention or suitable Knowledge skills. Adapting an existing schematic takes 3 Successes. If he has a couple of hours free to write up his ideas, one roll can be made per day; multiple inventors or adventurers with appropriate Knowledge skills can collaborate and pool their Successes.

Once a schematic is ready, the invention can be produced. As a general rule we assume the inventor has lots of half-finished items and common parts available which makes the job quicker. However, on large or very complex projects your GM may assign a cost for extra parts.

Based on your stated aim, your GM assigns the project a difficulty level:

1 - Projects that are far-fetched but within the realm of the believable, like Dr. Bunjee's Fantastic Pneumatic-Powered Self-Reeling Grappling Gun!

2 - Projects that are pushing the limits of realistic, like the Telegraph Glove.

3 - Projects that are very much a mix of science and magic, like the Chanéliné Mask.

Once a difficulty has been assigned, the inventor must make an Invention check which takes 4 hours. If he doesn't have spare parts, it takes 8 hours per roll; if he doesn't have suitable tools available, he suffers a -2 to the check.

As with schematics, a Success on the roll counts as 1 token and each Raise counts as an additional token. Level 1 items need 1 token and 1 Pulse to complete, Level 2 items need 2 tokens and 2 Pulse to complete, Level 3 items need 3 tokens and 3 Pulse to complete.

As you can see, projects require the inventor to invest Pulse in them to take them from prototype to fully functional. While the item is functional, this Pulse can't be regained. Once the item is scrapped, or whenever the inventor chooses, it stops working and the Pulse is regained normally. Once an invention is scrapped and the Pulse regained it can be cannibalized for spare parts and your character can't get it going again - he'll have to make a new one.

## Knowledge (Mechadian Geography, Land)

With the unique continental drift in this realm, it helps to have a good memory for spatial relations. In the middle of April, is the Copper Coast of Torridaen touching borders with Autumnus, or Friqia, or is it completely south? What's the best way to get from the end of the Hourglass River to the Clockwood without using an airship? At this time of year, how many days' train ride is it from the adventurers' current location to the northernmost city in Friqia - and what city is that right now? Navigation in Mechadia is not for the weak-minded. It requires not only the ability to remember where geographic features are in relation to one another within each of the four continents, but also a bit of geometry to go with your geography; knowing which cities and regions are where during any point in the year. For those constantly on the go with little or no time to plan, this skill is invaluable.

## Knowledge (Mechadian Geography, Sky)

Similar to its land-based counterpart Knowledge, a character with this skill has a good understanding of spatial relations among the aerial components of Mechadia's geography. He knows the names of most of the prominent skylands as well as their general altitude, and how far out they are from the axis of the Sky's rotation, including the general wind speed, which obviously increases the further out they are (and thus the faster they fly around the rotation cycle). A character with this knowledge also has a good chance of knowing which skylands are connected to one another and by what means, as well as the general population of all the larger and more prominent skylands. He also knows the danger spots: for instance, skylands fiercely guarded by wildlife or pirates, or skylands whose overall integrity is beginning to erode to the point of collapsing and falling out of the Sky altogether.



## NEW HINDRANCES

### Animal Idol (minor)

The critters just won't stop following your adventurer around. It's great for a bonus if he needs to catch a ride from a coilephant on the savannah, but more often than not, it's a big nuisance. This Hindrance doesn't come with any set penalties but you'll often find animals turning up at the most inappropriate times, much to the amusement of your GM.

### Climate Sensitivity (minor)

One of the four seasons - pick one when you get this Hindrance - really upsets your adventurer's constitution. -2 on Vigor rolls due to weather or climate, unless in a very comfortable, controlled climate. You can expect your GM to look for ways to set part of your campaign in this season!

### Commoner Stink (major)

Good luck trying to get into court or any high-profile event. No matter how hard your adventurer tries to clean up, something about his manner screams, "Yah, I work in a dirty machine shop. I don't live at no posh address. An' my grammar sucks." Unless your adventurer enters with somebody important, he'll be denied access to places among the genteel elite. He suffers a -4 Charisma penalty when dealing with the upper classes.

### House Enmity (minor)

Somehow your adventurer has managed to alienate one of the twelve great houses of the aos sidhe. When encountering any members of this house on his travels around Mechadia, there's a 20% chance your adventurer will be recognized by them, and if that happens, there's a base 50% chance the other party will say something negative to or about him, or even try to hurt him. The base 50% chance can be modified at your GM's discretion around the specifics of the situation: a lone brownie of the offended house is unlikely to walk up to a fully armed and dangerous looking group of six adventurers and throw his cup of ale in your adventurer's face. If recognized, the attitude of NPCs from that house will move one step closer to Hostile, and any form of social interaction with them will be made at a -2 penalty.

### Iron Allergy (minor or major)

There's a lot of iron in Mechadia due to the influence of technology, but your adventurer's

biology hearkens back to the Fey Realm of Dreams and contact with any object made of iron gives him a rash at best, Wounds at worst. As a minor Hindrance you suffer a -2 to all rolls while he's in contact with iron. As a major Hindrance you suffer the -2 penalty and take a Wound if his bare flesh touches iron for more than a second or two. If struck by an iron weapon your adventurer would not suffer an additional Wound, but if he picked up iron in his bare hand he would take a Wound.

### Lemon (minor)

The clockwork vessel of your adventurer's Telesma has a wonky spring or a crooked cog - something that keeps making it break down at inopportune moments. Each time your adventurer spends more than 1 Pulse for a roll or action, roll a d12. Subtract the number of extra Pulse spent on the current roll/action ('extra' meaning every point of Pulse past the first). A result of 1 or lower means your adventurer's Telesma's vessel breaks in some way. This damage is repairable, possibly without needing to take it to a shop, but the vessel is out of action until a full hour is spent fixing it so the spirit can get back inside, where it sulks. Your adventurer (because he has been through this so many times before) can fix the vessel without needing to complete a Repair check. During this time the spirit is still present (it has retreated to the safety of its gem), but your adventurer can't gain the benefit of any Telesma Edges.

### Motion Sickness (minor)

During any kind of air and sea travel as well as by train (bicycles, carriages and horseback are okay) you go green around the gills. When near the edge of a continent or on a skyland (anywhere your adventurer can feel the natural rotation of a landmass), these penalties also occur. However, these are not cumulative with already penalized vehicular travel. You suffer -1 to Notice checks and must pass a Vigor -2 check every day or your adventurer suffers 1 point of Fatigue due to illness. However, he can't become Incapacitated due to Motion Sickness.

### Racist (minor or major)

Your adventurer has an intense and probably completely baseless hatred of one of the thirteen playable races, and will try to avoid dealing with them, or he may feel compelled to outright insult them at every turn. Social interactions with this race are at -2 (minor)/-4 (major).



## Shadowtouched (major)

Your adventurer is heavily linked to the moon and the night. He gets a +1 bonus to Intimidation checks at night, but a -1 penalty to all physical actions in daylight as he's tormented by the blinding light of that damnable orb in the sky. If in a very dark area like a windowless root cellar, this penalty is negated. However, it can't be negated for more than two scenes in a row. The Shadowtouched get +2 to social checks when dealing with their own kind and a -2 penalty when dealing with the Suntouched.

## SHADOWTOUCHED / SUNTOUCHED

SOME FEY IN MECHADIA ARE BORN WITH AN AFFINITY FOR THE LIGHT, SOME FOR THE DARKNESS. IN MOST CASES THIS IS A SIMPLE PREFERENCE, BUT IN SOME CASES, THE ALIGNMENT IS SO STRONG THAT YOUR ADVENTURER IS PHYSICALLY MARKED AND DRAMATICALLY AFFECTED BY IT. FEY WHO ARE BORN WITH AN AFFINITY FOR DAYLIGHT ARE MARKED AS SUNTOUCHED FROM THE TIME THEY ARE DREAMED OR BIRTHED, AND THEY'RE MORE CONFIDENT DURING THE DAY AND WEAKER AT NIGHT. THEIR SKIN TENDS TO BE MORE GOLDEN THAN OTHER FEY OF THEIR RACE, AS IF THEY GLOW FROM WITHIN. THE SUNTOUCHED CAN RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER EASILY.

THE TOUCH OF THE SUN CAN'T BE FAKED AND IS A MEMBERSHIP TO A SECRET SOCIETY WITH ALL THE ATTENDANT INSTANT FRIENDSHIP AND PALM-GREASING. THEIR OPPOSITE NUMBERS, THE SHADOWTOUCHED, HAVE SKIN THAT IS DUSKIER THAN OTHER FEY OF THEIR RACE, AS IF SOMETHING INSIDE THEM MUTES AND DAMPENS THEIR FLESH COLOR. THE SHADOWTOUCHED ARE MORE INTIMIDATING IN DARKNESS AND WEAKER UNDER THE GOLDEN RAYS OF THE SUN.

THE TOUCH OF SUN OR SHADOW OCCURS AT BIRTH — EITHER BECAUSE ONE OR BOTH OF YOUR ADVENTURER'S PARENTS HAS GENETICALLY PASSED IT ON, OR BECAUSE YOUR ADVENTURER WAS BORN OF A DREAM THAT CREATED THE AFFINITY (FOR EXAMPLE, THE GREMIAN WHO WAS BORN WHEN THE SUNDIAL WAS ENVISIONED WAS SUNTOUCHED WHEN HE WAS BORN).

## Suntouched (major)

Your adventurer is heavily linked to the sun and the day. He gets a +1 bonus to Persuasion checks in daylight but a -1 penalty to all physical actions at night as the suffocating, whispering dark creeps in around him. If in a very well-lit area like a chandelier-strewn ballroom, this penalty is negated. It can't be negated for more than two scenes in a row. The Suntouched get +2 to social checks when dealing with their own kind and a -2 penalty when dealing with the Shadowtouched.

## NEW EDGES

### Racial Edges

#### Aos sidhe/Shining Ones

The aos sidhe (often called simply 'sidhe', and pronounced 'essshee' or 'shee') are the ruling class of Mechadia, standing around seven feet tall as adults, willowy and graceful, ethereally beautiful. Their skin glows with a soft luminescence, not enough to see by in the dark or ruin any nocturnal sneaking-around, simply a subtle radiance when in the sight of others.

Every great noble house in Mechadia is led by an aos sidhe, and is named after their bloodline. When a sidhe is not at court, he relaxes comfortably on his large estate, entertaining high-profile visitors. Each nation has three noble houses, each with their own strengths, weaknesses and unique characteristics.

**Type:** Background, Racial

**Requirements:** Agility d6

All aos sidhe start play with the Edges and Hindrances below.

**Edge: Connections.** This can be due to the great houses' patronage of others or just people your adventurer used his position to help. Whatever the reason, your adventurer starts with the Connections Edge for a group of your choice for free.

**Hindrance: Realm Bound.** Your adventurer finds it physically traumatic visiting the mortal realms from Mechadia. He suffers 2 levels of Fatigue when first going through one of the portals that dot the landscape, visiting via dreams or even when getting swept away by a dreamstorm. Interestingly, he doesn't have any such problems when crossing the Veil as a Heroic character, using the normal method most Suzerain heroes use (see *Savage Suzerain* for more on that). It must be something about Mechadia itself.



**Hindrance: Iron Allergy (minor).** As an aos sidhe your adventurer is closer linked to the fey of the Fey Realm of Dreams than most, and suffers their traditional allergy to iron. If you want, you can choose to upgrade this to a major Hindrance at character creation - it will count as if you'd taken a new minor Hindrance instead.

Upon choosing to be an aos sidhe, you also need to choose which one of the twelve great houses your adventurer is from. Each adds its own special abilities (for good and bad) to your character.

#### Fiakra (Friqia) Special Abilities

- **Fly:** Your adventurer can spend Pulse to fly using the same rules as the Power of the same name, however the Rank requirement is ignored and the Range is self only. The Power always succeeds, without an action check.
- **Pulse Path:** You gain +2 on Skill rolls to use Pulse Paths.
- **Chills:** Your adventurer's chilly demeanor gives him a -2 Charisma penalty.

#### Maeron (Friqia) Special Abilities

- **Tactical Genius:** Your adventurer starts with Knowledge (Tactics) d10.
- **Freezing Touch:** Your adventurer can pay 1 Pulse to freeze up to a 1" square's worth of liquid with a touch, larger bodies of water require additional Pulse at a rate of 1 for 1". He can also try to freeze people with a touch. He needs to make physical contact, which may require an attack roll if they are trying to avoid him. If he hits them and spends 2 Pulse, they need to succeed at an Agility -1 roll or become Frozen. Frozen targets can't move for 1d6 Rounds and suffer a -2 at all physical actions during this time.
- **Emotional Wasteland:** Your adventurer's lack of empathy means you suffer -2 on all Persuade rolls.
- **Despise Heat:** You suffer a -1 to all rolls in hot conditions.

#### Albion (Friqia) Special Abilities

- **Additional Requirements:** Smarts d6.
- **Physical Grace:** Your adventurer starts with Agility d6.
- **Social Grace:** You gain +2 on Persuade and Taunt rolls.

- **Wrote The Book On Etiquette:** Your adventurer starts with Knowledge (Etiquette) d6.
- **Physically Delicate:** Increasing your adventurer's Vigor at creation costs two points rather than one. Once in play it can be increased using experience as normal.
- **Socially Delicate:** You suffer -2 on resisting Test of Will checks.

#### Crevan (Autumnus) Special Abilities

- **Additional Requirements:** Gambling d4.
- **Manipulator:** You gain +2 to Persuade checks.
- **Shifter:** By paying 2 Pulse your adventurer can change his appearance to look like a different aos sidhe or even a small troll. The change takes a Round to complete and he can't look like a specific person but he can have a passing resemblance if desired. This lasts for 5 Rounds but can be extended at a rate of 1 Pulse per 2 Rounds. Using this Power can never affect your adventurer's Charisma; if he starts out ugly, somehow his altered shape always seems to turn out ugly.
- **Gambler:** Any time your adventurer is presented with the chance to gamble or place a wager you need to pass a Spirit roll not to do so.

#### Mathowyn (Autumnus) Special Abilities

- **Tough To Injure:** Your adventurer gains +1 Toughness.
- **Stamina:** Your adventurer's starting Vigor is increased to d6.
- **Robust:** Your adventurer loses the Iron Allergy (minor) Hindrance when he reaches Veteran Rank. If the Hindrance is major, it is downgraded to minor.
- **Truthful:** Any time your adventurer wishes to lie he must pass a Spirit check to do so.
- **Workman's Tongue:** Your adventurer's bluff honest approach is often respected but it gives you -2 on Persuade rolls.

#### Berach (Autumnus) Special Abilities

- **Dampen Magic:** This ability affects everyone within 10" including the user for the next 6 Rounds. For every 2 Pulse spent by the caster anyone within range trying to use magic offensively has the Pulse cost increased by 1. This is all costs, so the basic cost increases as does the cost of any optional extras. Non-



violent Powers like *fly* or *heal* are unaffected but someone using a non-violent spell offensively would be affected.

- *Jinx*: Similar to your adventurer's ability to dampen magic, this ability affects technological items that are used aggressively. It affects anything more complex than a standard crossbow. If your adventurer pays 2 Pulse everyone (including him) within 10' is affected for the next 4 Rounds. Any time someone using a complex weapon or technology to attack someone or something rolls a 1 on their Skill roll, regardless of wild dice, the item breaks and requires 30 minutes of work and a successful Repair roll to fix.
- *Protect The Weak*: If your adventurer is presented with the opportunity to protect the weak or helpless he must take it no matter the risks.

### Shaenan (Verna) Special Abilities

- *Researcher*: Your adventurer starts with two Knowledge skills of your choice at d6.
- *Precoq*: Your adventurer can spend time meditating; for every hour he pays 1 Pulse, to a maximum of 3 hours. After that he receives jumbled and confused visions of the future. The more time spent, the longer and less jumbled the visions are likely to be. The visions are what might be, and will not always be 100% spot on, but can give valuable insights.
- *Guardian*: If your adventurer is guarding a precious book or historical object they are able to project Pulse through their voice. This works like the *fear* Power.
- *Phobia*: Your adventurer starts with Phobia: Fire (major).





### Piarras (Verna) Special Abilities

- *Illusions*: Your adventurer is able to create lifelike illusions out of Pulse. One Pulse allows him to create an illusion up to 1" square that lasts for 2 Rounds. He can increase the size by 1" per 1 Pulse spent. If he wishes to prolong the illusion it costs 1 Pulse per 1" square to make it last for an additional 2 Rounds. So if he wanted to create the illusion of a huge monster that takes up a 2"x2" square it would cost 4 Pulse for the first two Rounds and 4 Pulse for the next 2 Rounds. The illusion is almost indistinguishable from real life - they look, sound and smell the same - but if someone has a reason to think it's not real they can make a Smarts roll at -4 to realize it's fake. The illusion is completely under your adventurer's control and can be altered or manipulated for as long as the effect is active.
- *High As Kites*: Your adventurer starts with either the Hindrance Habit: Drugs (major) or Hindrance Habit: Alchemy (major).

### Valdine (Verna) Special Abilities

- *Peerless*: Your adventurer starts with a Knowledge Skill appropriate to a musical performer at d10. Some suggested options are: Knowledge (Music) d10, Knowledge (Performance) d10, Knowledge (Lute) d10.
- *Enchanted Hearing*: You gain +2 on all hearing based Notice rolls.
- *Bard*: Your adventurer can use his musical Knowledge Skill to channel Pulse to influence people's emotions. He must be doing something appropriate to his skill, like playing an instrument, singing, or reciting poetry. He can pick out a single target or a group to affect. For each person he is trying to affect he must pay 1 Pulse. You make an appropriate Knowledge Skill roll opposed by their Spirit and if you succeed you can change their emotions in a direction of your choosing, anger, lust, love and so on. Your GM has the final say on how this affects their mood but the change should be obvious.
- *Pitch Perfect*: Hearing dissonant sound causes your adventurer pain and inflicts a -2 on all his actions while he can hear it. If the sound is loud enough, say played through an amplifier, it can actually cause damage. You must make a successful Vigor roll or suffer a Wound.

- *Prima Donna*: If your adventurer meets anyone who expresses an opinion on music that does not match his own you must make a successful Smarts roll not to openly belittle them.

### Ruarc (Torridaen) Special Abilities

- *Weather Control*: Your adventurer has the ability to direct his Pulse in a way that can affect the weather. It costs 3 Pulse to attempt and requires a successful Spirit roll to make a small change, and a Success with a Raise to make a big change. A small change would be to stop or start it raining when the sky is overcast. A big change would be to bring in storm clouds on a sunny day. Small changes can happen quite quickly, big changes can take up to 30 minutes to take effect.
- *Electrical Affinity*: Any electrical damage your adventurer takes is reduced by 1 point and he gains a +2 on any checks to resist electrical effects.
- *Wanderlust*: Your adventurer can't start with Noble or Rich Edges and similar effects gained in play can't be held for extended periods.

### Liannan (Torridaen) Special Abilities

- *Seduction*: You gain a +2 on rolls to seduce people and Knowledge (Etiquette) d6.
- *Artists*: Your adventurer starts with the In Favor Edge.
- *Well Known*: Your adventurer gains Streetwise d6.
- *Poor Temper*: Whenever your adventurer doesn't get his own way you must make a successful Spirit roll or he has a temper tantrum for the next hour, during which he suffers a -2 to Charisma and acts unreasonably.
- *Bore Easily*: If your adventurer is spending a significant amount of time on a project or with certain people, your GM may ask you to make a Spirit roll not to get bored with them and move on. If you pass and continue as before you may be asked to make another check. Each subsequent check incurs a cumulative -1 penalty. Bore Easily does not apply to your player party as long as it regularly goes off adventuring.

### Ardghal (Torridaen) Special Abilities

- *Fighters*: Your adventurer starts with Fighting d6, Shooting d6 and Throwing d6.



- **Tactician:** Your adventurer starts with Knowledge (Tactics) d6.
- **Hubris:** Your adventurer starts with the Arrogant Hindrance.

### Boğçarts

Boğçarts are squat, hairy, often smelly ruffians who stand about three feet tall. They typically have olive-toned skin and are largely covered in matted brown or black hair. They also don't have noses, just a pair of nostril slits (and they absolutely despise people with large noses). They enjoy playing pranks, such as setting elaborate traps, turning invisible and waiting to watch what befalls their next victim. They like to tempt other fey to the darker side of things - drugs, pranks that often go too far, political backstabbing, etc.

Boğçarts find destruction hilarious (both physical and psychological destruction; they like to see their pretty fey brethren fail). If it blows up, a boğçart will think it's funny, even if what blows up is his own house. He probably needed to move out of that filthy place anyway.

**Type:** Background, Racial

**Requirements:** Spirit d6

#### Special Abilities

- **Invisibility:** Boğçarts have the ability to spend Pulse to turn themselves invisible as per the Power, but they can ignore the Rank requirement. The Power always succeeds, but never gets a Raise.
- **Destroy Machinery:** Your adventurer can spend an action in contact with a machine and 2 Pulse to make a Spirit check. If this check is passed he breaks the machine completely. It requires a successful Repair check and at least 20 minutes work to fix this. Anyone finding the broken machine within 5 minutes of it being damaged will recognize the smell of boğçart magic.
- **Squat And Hairy:** Boğçarts suffer -1 Charisma.
- **Persuasive:** When trying to get other fey to do them a favor, boğçarts get a +1 Charisma bonus which cancels out their natural -1.
- **Racist:** Boğçarts start with the Hindrance Racist: Brownie (minor).
- **Small:** Due to the boğçart's small frame they suffer -1 Toughness.

### Brownies

If these domestic folk were an article of clothing, they'd be a professor's beige corduroy jacket with brown patches on the elbows. They stand about three feet tall, with wrinkly skin the color of old leather or brown paper bags and shaggy brown hair. Brownies are practical, organized, hard-working homebodies. The rules of hospitality and etiquette are more important to brownies than they are to other fey commoners, and for this they've earned the respect of the upper class.

Brownies are talented in the alchemical sciences. They brew up all sorts of useful concoctions such as healing balm, zip-quicky mending paste, and anti-aging serum that literally takes a few years off one's life.

**Type:** Background, Racial

**Requirements:** Smarts d8

#### Special Abilities

- **Alchemist:** Brownies gain +2 on Alchemy Skill checks.
- **First Aid:** Brownies start with Healing d6.
- **Alchemical Healer:** When applying any form of alchemical healing to himself or others, brownies can spend 3 Pulse to make it heal an additional Wound or Fatigue point.
- **Observant:** Brownies gain +2 on Notice rolls.
- **Tidy:** Brownies gain the Hindrance Quirk: Obsessive Compulsive.
- **Racist:** Brownies gain the Hindrance Racist: Boğçart (minor).
- **Small:** Due to a brownie's small frame they suffer -1 Toughness.

### Clurichauns

These spindly little fey generally dress in dapper clothing and silly hats. They stand about 3 feet high with pinkish skin, swollen red noses and curly hair of any color and shade. They're hoarders (pawn brokers, salesmen, bankers) who jealously guard their stashes of... well, whatever type of objects they've taken a fancy to. Clurichauns are gamblers and gamers, and prone to excessive drinking that leads to wild revelry or bouts of maudlin depression - depending on their latest turn of fortune. They also love a good tale, joke or song, accompanying each other (or anyone who will allow them) on the bagpipes.



Clurichauns are gifted with unusually good luck. They can influence the fickle touch of fate for themselves and others. They often find freelance work among the nobility when things are up in the air and a noble feels like she needs a little bit of luck on her side.

**Type:** Background, Racial

**Requirements:** Vigor d6

#### Special Abilities

- *Alcohol Resistant:* Clurichauns gain +2 on Vigor checks to resist getting drunk.
- *Poison Resistance:* Clurichauns gain +2 on Vigor checks to resist poisons.
- *Fate's Own Drunk:* Once per session, clurichauns can either get a free reroll of a failed roll (can't be used on Damage rolls), or they can make an opponent reroll a successful roll targeting them.
- *Bar Fly:* When holding court or generally being dominating in a bar, clurichauns gain +2 to Persuade and Taunt rolls.
- *Maudlin:* Clurichauns suffer -1 Charisma if they have not had an alcoholic drink in the last 30 minutes.
- *Drunk:* Clurichauns start with the Hindrance Habit: Alcohol (major).
- *Small:* Due to their small frame clurichauns suffer -1 Toughness.

### Elves

Elves are the smaller, more down to earth versions of their cousins, the Shining Ones. They have sharply pointed ears, slanted eyes and their bodies tend to be small-boned and tawny. They stand around six feet high when fully grown, and their skin coloration varies from nut brown to milky white (depending on which continent/season they're from, with more sun leading to darker skin).

Elves are talented with the wonders of nature. They can influence plant growth (faster or slower), and warp both natural and mechanical plant life in ways that would take the other fey more time and require a host of tools. Biosciences (known in Mechadia as 'agritecture') come easily to them because of their affinity with nature. Elves are also masterful archers, and have used a mixture of agritecture and physics to modify their bows and arrows to fly faster, hit harder and to furnish their enemies with a host of creative surprises.

**Type:** Background, Racial

**Requirements:** None

#### Special Abilities

- *Talented:* Elves get to choose one free Edge that they meet the requirements for. In terms of rules, this makes them the "humans" of Mechadia with no special benefits or flaws, but with a little extra flexibility.

### Goblins

Goblins are swarthy, cranky efficiency experts with scraggly, wiry thatches of hair (of any color), greenish skin that has undertones of blue or grey, and who usually stand around four feet tall. They have potbellies and their bowed legs end in disproportionately long feet with claws on the ends of their five toes. Despite their brusque, jeering attitude (or perhaps because of it), they're a race imbued with the gift of engineering.

For all their knowledge of order, though, goblins' true passion is for entropy. As a race, they embrace the theory that chaos is inherent in all systems, an unavoidable end to all things great and small. Breaking down is all part of the natural order. If not for that, how would we ever get the chance to build things back up again?

Goblin inventions are a balance of order and chaos. They're able to analyze and manipulate systems and constructions in a way few others can, but the reliability of their handiwork is always in flux.

**Type:** Background, Racial

**Requirements:** Smarts d6, Invention d6

#### Special Abilities

- *Jury-Rig:* Goblins are able to very quickly cobble together gadgets and tools that work for a limited time before falling apart. The goblin declares what he wants to build and your GM assigns any suitable bonuses or penalties, like -2 for no tools or -2 due to the complexity of an item. The goblin then spends 10 minutes and makes an Invention roll, applying the modifiers if any. If he succeeds, he gets an item that will work for one or two uses; with a Raise it will last a bit longer, maybe as many as four uses before falling apart or ceasing to work. Jury-Rigged items rarely hang together more than a day and never work quite as well as things produced through proper Invention.







- **Rat-Squirm:** Goblins start with the Rat-Squirm Edge.
- **Claws:** Goblins can use their natural claws as weapons (**Damage:** Str+d4).
- **Unreliable Work:** Goblin inventions that are not Jury-Rigged can still be quite unreliable. Every time one is used if the dice roll (ignoring wild dice) comes up a 1 the item does not work.
- **Small:** Due to their small frame goblins suffer -1 Toughness.

### Gremians

Gremians are the stuff that dreams are made of - literally. When a creative mind is so obsessed with inventive ideas that they manifest in dreams, sometimes the ideas in these dreams are so powerful that they give birth to new life in the realm of Mechadia. This is how gremians are born. The gremian that is hatched from the dream grows into a conglomerate of inventor and invention - for example, the gremian who sprang from Samuel Morse's dream of the electrical telegraph looks like a little human with wooden skin, twisted wiry hair and a clipped, clicky manner of talking.

The gremians are curious about technology first and foremost, throwing their lives into the ever-spinning gears of experimentation. They revere the goblins, who are talented engineers and architects, but often look down on other fey races like pixies and pooka who are not as technologically adept.

**Type:** Background, Racial

**Requirements:** Agility d6, Invention d4, Repair d6

#### Special Abilities

- **Tool Hands:** Gremians always count as having the correct tools for Invention or Repair work. They can also use them as natural weapons doing **Damage:** Str+d4.
- **Tech-Shift:** Gremians love technology so much that they can spend Pulse to move near it instantaneously. By spending 3 Pulse a gremian can teleport himself up to 10" as long as he appears within 1" of a significant piece of technology or machinery. Significant can be roughly categorized as being immovable by hand, but your GM has the final say. All his gear travels with him but he can't take other people or creatures.

- **Builders:** Gremians gain +2 on Invention and Repair rolls.
- **Idle Hands:** Gremians start with the Hindrance Habit: Projects (major).

### Pixies

Pixies are winged green fey standing only about a foot tall. Pixies are fascinated with all modes of storytelling, particularly theatre and film because those are more immediate and immersive.

Overall, pixies don't enjoy strutting their peacock feathers around court, although they do still compete for the attention of wealthy benefactors. After all, the arts need financial backing to survive. Pixie actors are among the finest in the realm, and pixie technicians produce wonderful magical special effects - fireworks, lighting, acoustics, music, and images. Their ability to create illusions (visual, auditory, even olfactory) aids them in all their productions.





Pixies also find regular employment as communications experts (in both civilian and military roles). They're interested in true stories as well as fiction, so many pixies are journalists. And with the recent rise of tension between continents over the matter of having a single ruler of Mechadia, more and more pixies are finding themselves approached in shadowy halls and asked to spin a news story a certain way, for a special friend....

**Type:** Background, Racial

**Requirements:** None

#### Special Abilities

- *Fly:* A pixie's normal form of movement is flight. Pace is 8 with a Climb of 4, and the running dice is a d8. On the ground, his Pace is 2.
- *Nippy:* Pixie Agility starts at d6.
- *Illusions:* Pixies are able to create illusions out of Pulse, exactly as the Piaras aos sidhe do (see above).
- *Pixie Dust:* This ability costs 2 Pulse and affects everyone within a Small Burst Template, friend or foe. It requires a Shooting roll (target number 4) and has a range of 8". If successful you roll a d8 and consult this chart:

1) Everyone in range sneezes repeatedly. -1 to next action.

2) Everyone in range takes **Damage:** 1d6.

3) Everyone in range receives the Hindrance Hard of Hearing for 1d6 Rounds.

4) The casting pixie teleports 1d6 inches directly towards or directly away from the target area (his choice).

5) Everyone in range takes **Damage:** 2d6.

6) Everyone in range receives the Hindrance Blind for 1d4 Rounds.

7) Everyone in range teleports 1d6 inches in random directions.

8) The casting pixie gets to choose the result from this list.

- If the pixie is about to be caught in the area of effect, and doesn't like what's about to happen to him, as a reflexive action he may teleport 1d8 inches in a random direction.
- *Very Small:* Pixies are such small creatures they incur a -2 Toughness penalty.

- *Weak And Feeble:* Increasing pixie Strength and Vigor at character creation costs 2 points rather than 1.
- *Wants To Be Liked:* Pixies really, really want to be liked and will suck up massively to try and get people to like them. However, they usually overdo it and if the target passes a Smarts roll they cotton on and the pixie suffers -2 to all social interaction with them.

#### Pooka

In their bipedal form, pooka are cuddly charmers with exaggerated features (long-noses, wide-mouths, ears that are longer and higher set on their heads than the other fey). They stand about five feet tall. Each pooka is born with the ability to change into one animal (mammal, bird, fish, reptile, etc.), and when the pooka is in fey form, he retains some characteristics of his animal form (mammal pooka might have hair the same color as the animal they change into, a fish pooka might have glassy eyes, and so on).

Pooka have an affinity with nature, and occasionally spend long stretches of time in the wild in alternative forms. But the cuddly nature-lover demeanor sits side by side with their daredevil, speed junkie culture with its pervading go-big-or-go-home mentality.

**Type:** Background, Racial

**Requirements:** Spirit d6, Survival d6

#### Special Abilities

- *Animal Form:* At character creation pooka need to choose their natural animal form. At any time as an action they can shift into this animal form or back.
- *Shifter:* Pooka can spend 1 Pulse to shift into different animals of roughly the same mass. They can spend 2 Pulse to increase or decrease their size rating, minimum -2 maximum +2.
- *Impulsive:* When presented with an opportunity for big thrills or a challenge, pooka must pass a Spirit roll to not get involved.

#### Selkies

The seal folk are the most human-looking of all the native Mechadians, but if more than half of their body is immersed in liquid, they automatically shift into their seal form. As such, they're capable of understanding spoken language, but incapable of speaking (other than in the barking tongue of the



seals), and are able to remain submerged for an hour on one good breath. When on land, their skin color, stature and features look very human, but all have thick, shiny hair the same color as their seal pelt. Different families have different color coats, depending on which waters they're from. Selkies must return to salt water (the ocean surrounding the four great continents) at least once per lunar cycle or else they sicken and die.

Selkie magic is driven by the stars and the tides. The seal people can find true north effortlessly, even in a world with shifting continents, a skill that makes them highly-demanded navigators. Their divinatory abilities allow them glimpses into the future, the past, and other scenes of the present.

**Type:** Background, Racial

**Requirements:** Spirit d6

#### Special Abilities

- **Shift:** Selkies can spend an action to transform into a seal; in seal form they can understand normal language but not speak it. Selkies can remain underwater for up to an hour on one good breath, and in seal form they keep their normal Pace while swimming. When they shift to human form their fur becomes a long coat which they need or they can't shift back into seal form. If their seal skin coat is stolen or lost, that's a life-threatening event for a selkie.
- **Robust:** Selkies start with Vigor d6.
- **Navigator:** Selkies gain +2 to any navigation based rolls.
- **Diviner:** Selkies gain +2 to Divination rolls when using the Shining Path Pulse Path.
- **Seal:** Selkies must spend 1 hour per lunar month in salt water in their seal form, otherwise they take 1 point of Fatigue a week until they do... or until they die. Yes, this Fatigue can kill.

### Spriggans

Spriggans can be nasty little fey, and telling them so will only make them chuckle - or pull your eyebrows off. Or both. Their natural form is gnarled, like a tree in winter, rarely exceeding four and a half feet tall with wide, slanted yellow eyes and catlike pupils, scaly, almost bark-like grey-brown skin and spiny, branchlike protrusions in place of hair. They're dour and pessimistic on the whole (they would argue that they're being 'realistic').

When angered, frightened or whenever they just feel like picking a fight, spriggans can 'puff up' for a limited time, up to four times their regular size. The effect lasts for one scene and wears off when the danger has passed or when the spriggan is exhausted (whichever comes first).

Contrary to this overall violent lifestyle, spriggans have an inexplicable love of tea. Some spriggan battles have even been known to halt abruptly at tea time, resuming the action once everyone has finished their last biscuit or scone.

**Type:** Background, Racial

**Requirements:** Vigor d8

#### Special Abilities

- **Grow:** By paying 2 Pulse spriggans can increase their size to that of an elf, for 3 Pulse they can grow to the size of a small troll. At elf size they gain +1 Toughness, at troll size they gain +2 Toughness. This growth lasts 6 Rounds, till they are knocked unconscious, or they decide to deflate.
- **Agile:** Spriggans start with Agility d6.
- **Strong:** Spriggans also start with Strength d6.
- **Fighter:** If a spriggan wishes to stop fighting or wishes to avoid starting a fight if provoked, they need to pass a Smarts -2 roll.
- **Oath:** If a spriggan gives someone their word and then breaks it they suffer 1 point of Fatigue that takes 24 hours to clear.
- **Small:** Due to a spriggan's small frame he suffers -1 Toughness.

### Sprites

Sprites resemble the most beautiful of humans - if humans had butterfly or dragonfly-like wings and were seven inches tall on average. While their hair is comparable to the natural human spectrum, these tiny fliers have a fondness for dying their locks painfully vibrant and unnatural colors. Sprites are always fashionably garbed. They aren't following the fashion trends at all the courts in Mechadia - they create them.

While they're breathtakingly lovely and delicate, sprites also have their dark side - they're insatiably curious and born kleptomaniacs. A sprite never saw a shiny object he didn't like and, if he really wants it, his natural grace gives him the ability to approach it quietly to 'liberate' it, even if he needs to gently ease open a lock to get there.



Being only seven inches tall, sprites have the ability to eavesdrop on many conversations without being detected, and they're notorious for having all the best gossip.

**Type:** Background, Racial

**Requirements:** None

### Special Abilities

- *Fly:* A sprite's normal form of movement is flight. Pace is 6 with a Climb of 3, and the running dice is a d8. On the ground, his Pace is 2.
- *Agile:* Sprites start with Agility d6.
- *Sneaky:* Sprites start with a Stealth Skill of d8.
- *Annoying:* Sprites start with a Taunt Skill of d8.
- *Magical Laughter:* The laugh of a sprite allows the Fatigue from their Taunts to cause Incapacitation if the Sprite pays 1 Pulse (before rolling the Taunt check). Anyone knocked out by this laugh falls under the sprite's influence for 1 minute if the sprite chooses to pay 1 Pulse, as per the puppet Power.
- *Pulse Leech:* As a ranged attack. (Range: 4/8/12), sprites have the ability to drain Pulse from a target who's in the same world as it (spirit world or physical world - Mechadia is in the Maelstrom so the two are merged there and everyone's dual aligned as per *Savage Suzerain*). Any damage dealt by this attack is instead taken as Pulse loss by the target, and the same amount of Pulse is added to the sprite for its own use later. A sprite may never use this attack to get beyond its regular maximum Pulse.
- *Very Small:* Sprites are such small creatures they incur a -2 Toughness penalty, but regular-sized enemies get -2 to hit them.
- *Weak:* Increasing a sprite's Strength at character creation costs 2 points rather than 1.
- *Feeble:* Increasing a sprite's Vigor at character creation costs 2 points rather than 1.
- *Kleptomaniac:* When presented with tempting unattended items a sprite needs to pass a Spirit check not to try and steal them.



### Trolls

These subterranean laborers are seven to nine feet tall, and their bodies vary from whip-thin, spindly limbed slinkers to stocky walls of muscle with arms and legs as thick as cooking pots. Their knobbly skin (which can range in color from grey-green to arctic blue) reacts poorly to sunlight, always blistering and sometimes smoldering upon direct contact, hence their desire to remain underground, only coming up at night for supplies or a moment's escape from their subterranean toils.

Almost all trolls work in the Great Underground, maintaining the massive system of gears that runs the continents of Mechadia and maintains the creature comforts of the surface folk. Many fey have never seen a troll in the flesh and grow up thinking of them as an old wives' tale, something to scare children into coming home at curfew.

**Type:** Background, Racial

**Requirements:** None



## Special Abilities

- **Strong Mechanic:** Trolls can spend 1 Pulse to double their Strength for the sake of performing mechanical work and repairs. This can't be used in combat or general Strength checks.
- **Resistance:** Any damage a troll takes from steam, fire or electricity is halved after the dice have been rolled. In the case of a flaming arrow, the arrow would still do normal damage but the extra flaming damage would be halved.
- **Spit Goo:** Trolls gain +2 on Repair rolls due to their glue-like saliva.
- **Size +1:** Trolls are larger than average fey; this means they gain +1 Toughness. They also start with Strength d6.
- **Troll:** Trolls suffer -1 Charisma.
- **Sunburn:** If a troll is exposed to bright sunlight for more than 10 minutes unprotected he suffers a Wound, and one every 10 minutes after that while in the sun. A cloudy day or some protection means reduces this to a Wound every hour rather than every 10 minutes. If they wear a significant level of protection, for example covering clothes, hat, umbrella and sun screen, they only suffer a -1 to all actions in sunlight.
- **Looked Down On:** Trolls suffer -2 on social interaction checks with average non-troll, non-giant fey. Your GM may waive this penalty if the fey in question has any understanding or compassion towards trolls.
- **Language:** Trolls know the language 'Troll', as well as the common Mechadian language. This language is largely unknown outside of troll and giant communities.

## General Edges

### Clockwork Arm

**Requirements:** Novice, Vigor d8+

+1 bonus to Strength checks and melee damage when using that arm. May be taken twice (both arms), in which case Strength is +2 if using both arms for a Strength-based action or using a 2-handed weapon.

### Clockwork Ear

**Requirements:** Novice, Vigor d6+

+2 to hearing-related Notice rolls. It comes with frequency/volume settings to magnify quiet or faraway sounds, or hear things imperceptible to the normal range of fey hearing. Your adventurer can record 30 seconds of sound onto a replaceable wax cylinder; a new cylinder cost \$20.

### Clockwork Eye

**Requirements:** Novice, Vigor d6+

+2 to sight-based Notice rolls like tracking or spotting a false door. It comes with a magnification setting to see things clearly at a much greater range. Your adventurer can have one of the vision enhancements available for multi-foxcles built in at no extra cost.

### Clockwork Legs

**Requirements:** Novice, Vigor d8+

+1 Strength when lifting using the whole body. Pace is increased by 2, and jumping distances are increased by 1".

### Drama Queen

**Requirements:** Novice, Spirit d6+

Your adventurer has a flair for theatrics, and is beloved on stage and screen. +2 to Persuasion rolls, or +4 when performing and trying to elicit a specific reaction/emotion in the audience.

### Æther Bunny

**Requirements:** Novice

For some bizarre reason, if your adventurer should somehow get hold of a bottle of the rare, sticky, misty substance from Way Out There, he has discovered that he can actually ingest it without horrible side-effects. Each time he sucks down a healthy dose of Æther, he may choose to heal all his Wounds, regain all his levels of Fatigue or to regain all spent his Pulse. On the slender off-chance that he should find a second dose in the same day, his body gains no benefit from it. Tomorrow, though, is another day.

If a character without the Æther Bunny Edge drinks Æther, he derives no benefit and often ends up extremely nauseated. He should make a Vigor -2 check. If it fails, he falls unconscious for the next 1d6x10 minutes and suffers 2 points of Fatigue. On a success he feels very unwell for the next



1d4x10 minutes and suffers 1 point of Fatigue. On a Raise he feels unwell for the next 10 minutes. While suffering from Æther ingestion people often have vivid hallucinations and nightmares as well as displaying odd physical symptoms, one common one being a semi-gaseous silvery substance leaking from their mouth, nose, ears and/or eyes.

### Fashionable

**Requirements:** Novice, Smarts d6+

Your adventurer is always up on all of the current season's fashions and faux pas. You get to reroll one failed social check in any scene that your adventurer has to dress and behave fashionably for; for example, court, a ball, a parlor gathering, gents' night out at the gambling house, or the opera.

### Loved By The Commoners

**Requirements:** Veteran, Spirit d8+, Elf

+1 Charisma and an increase in the range of Leadership Edges from 5" to 10". The bonuses affect all races of fey except elves and aos sidhe.

### Nature Lover

**Requirements:** Novice, Elf

Some elves have an affinity with nature, getting a +2 to Survival checks anywhere in the wild, and ignoring the basic difficult terrain penalty in one terrain type of the player's choosing (such as woods, or mountains). This only covers the standard terrain, so woods would allow them to move through dense forest without penalty, but they would still be slowed by wooded swamps or magical briars.

### One With The Bow

**Requirements:** Seasoned, Agility d6+, Elf

+2 to Shooting rolls with a bow and +2 to any attempt to construct bows and arrows, normal or otherwise.

### Rat-squirm

**Requirements:** Novice, Agility d8+

If your adventurer can fit his head through it, he can get the rest of his body through it. This freakish genetic anomaly tends to happen to gremians, goblins and bogarts most often, but is available to anyone.

### Regeneration

**Requirements:** Seasoned, Vigor d8+, Troll

As per normal Slow Regeneration rules in the Savage Worlds rulebook.

### Regeneration, Improved

**Requirements:** Heroic, Vigor d12+, Regeneration, Troll

As per normal Fast Regeneration rules in the Savage Worlds rulebook.

### Welcome To My Parlor

**Requirements:** Seasoned

For some reason, your adventurer seems to thrive in the specific social situation of a parlor gathering. Not wild parties in the woods, not grand gala balls, not on stage, but specifically in someone's small, intimate parlor gathering. He gains +2 to social checks and the attitude of most NPCs is automatically improved by one step in friendly get-togethers with small groups of people.

### Whisper Of Leaves

**Requirements:** Novice, Agility d6+, Elf

+2 to Stealth and Survival checks in any woods, even light woods.

### New Background Edges

#### Great House

**Requirements:** Novice

While not a member of a noble aos sidhe bloodline, your adventurer is employed as a loyal member of one of the twelve great houses. Your adventurer has access to places in that House that most outsiders do not, and a +2 bonus to Persuasion rolls with other members of the same House, as well as +2 to Intimidation if he is considered their superior in the House's hierarchy. While keeping up with his duties, your adventurer earns a weekly stipend of \$50. However, neglect of his duties without sufficient advance notice or someone covering for him will result in demotion, firing, and/or even more severe punishment, depending on who he works for....



## Great House, Improved

**Requirements:** Great House

Your adventurer is now a trusted and well respected person within one of the twelve great houses. This means he needs to commit more of his time to House business and he is expected to drop whatever he is doing when they call. However, the trade-off is that he is afforded greater trust and respect. On top of the bonuses he gets for the Great House Edge he can also get access to resources not readily available and can request support from other members of the house. Be aware that if he is found to be misusing his position he will get into major trouble. Also his higher status means he gets a weekly stipend of \$100.

## In Favor

**Requirements:** Novice

Somewhere along the line, your adventurer made a name for himself as an artisan, mechanic, guide, fighter, card player, or whatever it is he does. While not a regular member of any of the great houses, he has a decent line of patrons and fans that keep him in coin. He makes \$50 x d6 per month as long as he panders to his fans. People want your adventurer to frequent their establishments, their homes, their events, drop their name to another favored so-and-so, keep them in mind if he ever needs an assistant. It can be very trying at times, and keeping up his favorable public appearance is much more important now that he's under the magnifying glass of society, but there are certainly a lot of potential perks.



## Membership, Steelwillow Society

**Requirements:** Novice, Smarts d8+

As a member of the most prolific organization of engineers, scientists and inventors, your adventurer is invited to all of the many symposia held across the realm year round. He's privy to the monthly gazette mailed to his home address, is allowed access to any of the offices on all four continents, as well as the archives and other research resources within those offices, and probably has more than a few friends and acquaintances (and maybe even a few jealous rivals). He gains a +2 bonus to Repair, Invention, Alchemy, or any science-based Knowledge Skill he has while accessing the Society's libraries. Membership also means he can request help from other society members with a reasonable chance of success.

## Membership, Order Of The Golden Apple

**Requirements:** Novice, Spirit d8+, Not a member of Gatherers of Form

This is a burgeoning religious faction consisting of worshippers of chaos. By spending 3 Pulse and succeeding at an opposed Spirit check, members of this order may have anyone, friend or foe, reroll one roll (whether that roll was a success or failure). The second result must be kept.

## Membership, Gatherers Of The Form

**Requirements:** Novice, Spirit d8+, Not a member of Order of the Golden Apple

This is a burgeoning religious faction of Mechadians trying to create the Goddess in the Machine. By passing a Spirit check and spending 1 Pulse in some quiet, safe location, members of this group may meditate for an hour and renew their faith in their path. Regain 1 Karma. This can only be attempted once per session, pass or fail.

## Membership, Naturalists

**Requirements:** Novice

Your adventurer is a member of the faction of Mechadians who eschew technology, who think that these newfangled clanking monstrosities are anywhere from annoying and unnecessary to very dangerous. He has good survival skills, and is talented at disabling those nasty devices, though he'd rather not go near them. He gains +2 to Survival rolls and +2 on any attempts to damage or destroy machinery, but he can't use any form of technology more complicated than a basic crossbow.



## Shop

**Requirements:** Novice

Your adventurer has his own good-sized workshop and one or two grease monkey assistants with very basic skills. Alternatively, he owns a small store and a few low-skill employees, the profits of which are enough to pay his employees, keep the store up and running, and have a bit left over to supplement his profits from adventuring. He gains \$100 x d3 per month for owning a shop.

He may want to make arrangements for someone to mind it while he's adventuring. Owning a shop makes demands on your adventurer's time and may occasionally be an inconvenience to adventuring.

## Shop, Improved

**Requirements:** Shop

Your adventurer has improved his shop to make it more profitable; it might be a new location or improved facilities or just more staff. Whatever the reason, his shop now brings in more money. However, it can make more demands on his time.

His shop now brings in \$200 x d3 per month.

## Telesma Edges

### Daquerreotypical

Named for the inventor of the photograph, this Edge allows one Telesma-bound spirit to memorize one visual image (a picture, a page of text, a scene) and reproduce it on command in the mind of your adventurer. The image lasts until it is replaced with another image.

### Maundering Eyes

Named for the female scientist who refined solar photography to capture sunspots, this Edge allows your character to spend Pulse to briefly blind an opponent or multiple opponents as if the sun were shining directly in their eyes. Your adventurer pays 1 Pulse to activate this ability, and the target must make a successful Agility roll or else suffer -2 to all their actions for the next 1d4 Rounds. If multiple foes are targeted they must all make a roll but gain +1 to their roll for each person targeted after the first, so trying to blind 3 people at once would give them a +2 on their Agility check.

## MECHADIAN TELESMAE

TELESMAE IN MECHADIA BEAR THE SAME POWERS AND PROPERTIES AS A TELESMA IN ANY OTHER SAVAGE SUZERAIN SETTING, WITH THIS NOTABLE EXCEPTION: RATHER THAN BEING CONFINED TO A CRAMPED LITTLE ONE-BEDROOM GEMSTONE, MECHADIAN TELESMA SPIRITS TEND TO GET OUT MORE AND WALK ABOUT TOWN AT THE SIDE OF THEIR MASTERS.

THE FORMS OF YOUR ADVENTURER'S TELESMA ARE PRETTY VARIED HERE. MAYBE IT'S A FUNNY LITTLE MINI-GYROCOPTER BUZZING AROUND IN ITS ORBIT JUST ABOVE HEAD LEVEL, OR A CLOCKWORK RAT PERCHED ON ITS MASTER'S SHOULDER, OR SOMETHING MORE ABSTRACT, LIKE A WISP OF SMOKE FROM YOUR CHARACTER'S CHEROOT THAT NEVER SEEMS TO QUITE DISSIPATE, AND KIND OF LOOKS VAGUELY PERSON-SHAPED, IF YOU STOP TO LOOK AT IT.

THESE TELESMA SPIRITS ARE STILL BOUND TO THEIR HOME GEMSTONES, THOUGH, SO YOUR ADVENTURER MUST HAVE HIS GEMSTONE ON HIM, PROBABLY WORKED INTO SOME PIECE OF JEWELRY OR GIZMO.

## Out Of The Fog

Named for the protagonist in Jules Verne's *Around The World in 80 Days*, this Edge allows your adventurer to spend 3 Pulse to summon a new mode of transportation for himself and his companions. The transportation only lasts until the adventurers have reached their stated destination (as mentioned when the Edge is activated), and this destination must be a specific place (such as "Edgewood Lake", not "where our enemy is hiding"). Your adventurer doesn't choose the type of transportation, so don't be surprised if he wants to go across several continents and a rickety old steam-carriage appears - comfort and speed are not guaranteed!



## MAGIC

Mechadia is a fey realm, and no matter how many buffed brass co's are turning or how much steam is puffing, it's still at heart a fey realm. And that means magic. And that means magic options for your character. As with all Pulse Paths (see *Savage Suzerain*) your adventurer needs to learn the appropriate Edge, which gets him the skill to use one type of magic. After that, how skillful he gets or how many Powers he learns is up to you - what do you want to spend your Advances on? Being better, being able to do more magic, or perhaps both?

### Agritecture

**Type:** Pulse Path (specialist)

**Requirements:** Gifted, Smarts d6+

Agritecture is the manipulation of Mechadia's natural elements, even those of the clockwork persuasion. A practitioner of this path can physically reshape the elements to his whim, sense nature's presence and variety from a distance, and interact with it on a level unreachable by most.

On taking this Edge, your adventurer gains a new skill:

**Agritect (Sma) d4**

He also gains two Powers from the following list: *barrier, beast friend, biosculpting, blast, bolt, burrow, burst, corn dog, deflection, divining rod, elemental manipulation, entangle, environmental protection, face plant, fear, light, obscure, phasing, puppet, root boots, seed ammunition, tree whisperer.*

### Biosculpting

**Requirements:** Novice, Agritecture

**Pulse:** 2-6

**Range:** Smarts x 3

**Duration:** 3 (1-3/ Round)

**Trappings:** Directing movement with hands, playing music

Your adventurer can affect the growth of flora. This could be causing vines to suddenly accelerate and entangle the legs of a pursuer, a tree branch to bend low enough for him to jump and catch hold of, bushes fusing together in a wall or making a hole large enough for passage, and tree bark reshaped by hand as if it was malleable as wet clay (although once reshaped it immediately retains its solidity and texture). Materials can't be transformed into other



materials; a rosebush can't be turned into a Venus Beartrap, wood can't be transmuted into stone. Other physical elements outside the general element of wood (stone, metal, water, fire, air) can't be directly affected, although many can and will be indirectly affected.

By paying 2 Pulse the caster can manipulate approximately a 1" square of vegetation for 3 Rounds. By paying additional Pulse he can affect a larger area: 4 Pulse extends the area of effect to a 2"x 2" square and 6 Pulse allows him to manipulate a 3"x 3" square. If he wishes to prolong the duration, it costs 1 Pulse per Round for every 2 Pulse spent on the original casting.



## Corn Dog

**Requirements:** Novice, Aëritecture

**Pulse:** 1

**Range:** Smarts

**Duration:** 6 hours (1/6 hours)

**Trappings:** A field of corn stalks, a pile of leaves

The caster can fashion a rudimentary guardian out of vegetation; for instance, a guard dog out of twisted corn stalks (hence the name), a moss cat, a bird made of copperwood leaves, or a lumbering bear-thing made of a giant pile of rotting gourds. They tend to be single-minded, instilled with one primary function from their creator's brow. Here are some examples: "Guard us in our sleep and make noise if danger approaches." "Come back to me when those people leave the building." "Take this object to the top of that hill and only give it to a woman in a red cloak." Combat ability is limited as these creations tend to fly apart under hard physical contact.

The guard is a smallish animal made of whatever vegetation was to hand. It lasts for 6 hours, but its lifespan can be increased by paying 1 Pulse per 6 hours, and can last up to a maximum of 36 hours. It has enough intelligence to follow simple instructions about a sentence in length, with any new instruction replacing the old one.

## Divining Rod

**Requirements:** Novice, Aëritecture

**Pulse:** 1-2

**Range:** Smarts x 1 mile

**Duration:** 1 hour

**Trappings:** Divining rods, runes, mystical senses

A fey with this Power has an innate sense of the presence and flow of a specific element (chosen at the time this Power is purchased), and can detect it from afar. He will get a general sense of distance, direction, and type: in the case of water, the user can tell if it's a babbling brook, a small pond of standing water, or a raging waterfall. If the chosen element is metal, the user can determine if it's a copse of bronzewoods (something that crosses the boundaries between wood and metal), iron ore or a silver vein. Remember, Suzerain has six primary elements of the physical world: air, earth, fire, water, wood and metal.

## CORN DOG

**ATTRIBUTES:** AGILITY D6, SMARTS D4, SPIRIT D6, STRENGTH D4, VIGOR D4

**SKILLS:** FIGHTING D4, INTIMIDATION D4, NOTICE D6, STEALTH D6, SURVIVAL D4, TRACKING D6

**PACE 6 PARRY 4 TOUGHNESS 3 PULSE 5**

**EDGES:** ALERTNESS

### SPECIAL ABILITIES

- **FRAGILE:** GUARDIANS CONSTRUCTED OUT OF VEGETATION ARE NOT VERY ROBUST, IF THEY BECOME WOUNDED OR SHAKEN BY DAMAGE THEY INSTANTLY FALL APART.
- **SIZE -1:** CORN DOGS ARE ABOUT THE SIZE OF A LARGE DOG.
- **BITE:** (DAMAGE: STR+D4).

By paying 1 Pulse the caster can get rough direction, distance and type on anything meeting his specification within range. Divining for wood in the middle of a forest or stone in the middle of a city is likely to give no clear result other than "everywhere" due to its abundance and proximity, but if the caster has a specific type of target in mind he can pay 1 extra Pulse to focus the search. He could, for instance, limit the search to "steel items" or "metal weapons" but not "the bad guys' armor" - that's getting a bit too specific.

## Face Plant

**Requirements:** Novice, Aëritecture

**Pulse:** 1

**Range:** Special

**Duration:** Special

**Trappings:** A plant pot with an odd-looking plant

The caster can invest Pulse into the growing of custom flora that can be worn on the face like a mask. The functionality of these custom plants can vary from elaborate, decorative ball masks to full facemasks that can filter out harmful substances



like toxic gas, protect from abrasive elements like sandstorms or Frigian winds, or help the wearer convert water to breathable air underwater.

Each plant must be grown for one specific purpose (like the ones listed above), and won't encompass general functions like "safely breathe anywhere". They also don't serve multiple different functions like "resistance to the Frigian elements... but also looking really cool for the upcoming masquerade event!" Masks cultivated for decoration serve no other useful purpose, and specific utility masks generally turn out looking like bulky organic lumps squashed onto one's face, held fast by coarse, leafy tendrils.

To use this Power, the caster declares what use the plant is being grown for and invests 2 Pulse. A face plant once grown can be used by anyone; however, any creature of size +2 or greater or size -2 would need one growing to size specially (declared when the Pulse is spent).

After 24 hours the plant is ready and if left in its pot unused it lasts indefinitely - however its creator can't regain the Pulse spent until the mask is either used or discarded. At any time the creator can decide to discard a face plant at which point it starts to wither and die. At that point anyone wearing it has roughly 2 minutes before it becomes unusable.

How long a face plant lasts while being used depends on your GM. As a guideline, an air supply plant should last about an hour, a plant gas mask should last around 3 hours, a plant party mask should last for an evening, after which it wilts and dies.

### Phasing

**Requirements:** Seasoned, Agritecture

**Pulse:** 3

**Range:** Touch

**Duration:** 3 (1/Round)

**Trappings:** Shaping the tree around him, melting into a door

Your adventurer has become so attuned to the natural elements that he can meld his body into and through any version of the element of wood for short periods of time. This Power can be combined with biosculpting for some interesting results - an elf can hop into a small steelwillow and take a lashing to his enemies.

By spending 3 Pulse and taking a full Round the caster can meld into anything roughly the same size as himself, or bigger, and remain there for 3 Rounds.

For an average elf a sturdy wooden door would suffice, a wooden bowl would not. If he wants to remain longer than 3 Rounds, it costs 1 extra Pulse per Round. If the caster is still phased but doesn't have the Pulse to pay the upkeep cost, he takes a Wound and phases out of the object immediately.

As long as the Power is kept active, the caster can breathe normally and move at full speed with all of his equipment intact. Senses adjust as your GM sees fit; sight and smell may become virtually nullified inside solid matter like a thick tree trunk and hearing becomes muffled to various degrees depending on the density of what's being phased through. If the caster phases into a large object he can move inside it at normal Pace. If someone attacks the object he's inside, he doesn't take damage but if it's destroyed, he instantly phases out, taking a Wound. To phase out takes a full Round; however, with a successful Vigor roll the caster can move at half Pace and take an action.

### Root Boots

**Requirements:** Novice, Agritecture

**Pulse:** 1

**Range:** Self

**Duration:** 1 hour (1/hour)

**Trappings:** Roots or vines growing from feet

Your adventurer can channel Pulse into his feet and have roots grow out of his sturdy footwear and down, into the soil (even breaking solid rock to find purchase). In the event of a hurricane or someone trying to knock him back, this can be very useful. Often used by construction crews, the roots wrapping around girders to let them hang upside down and assemble tough bits of the treetop communities the agritects tend to like.

By spending 1 Pulse the caster becomes rooted to the spot for 1 hour or until the caster cancels the spell, which can be extended by paying an additional 1 Pulse per hour. While rooted he has a Pace of 1, but can't be knocked back or knocked prone, and has a Strength of d12+4 to resist being moved.

### Seed Ammunition

**Requirements:** Seasoned, Agritecture

**Pulse:** 1-6

**Range:** Touch

**Duration:** 1 Hour

**Trappings:** Seeds of suitable type



Whether almond-style arrowheads or seed pod shotgun cartridges or acorn bullets, these hit the target and sprout amazingly fast if embedded in flesh, using the victim's tissue and blood for nutrients to have vines growing and flailing out of him over a period of seconds. It costs 1 Pulse for each projectile created in one go (up to six per casting).

The projectiles last for 1 hour before becoming useless. Seed Ammunition is used like normal ammunition of its type; if it causes a Wound to its target the seed is embedded. Once a seed is embedded, it requires an action to remove the seed or the target suffers an additional Wound every Round until dead.

Firing multiple seeds in the same attack has no additional effect. However, using two attacks or attacks from different adventurers do stack. If attempting to remove more than one seed in a Round the victim must make an Agility roll suffering normal multi-action penalties. This ammunition doesn't affect Constructs and other targets that lack flesh to embed in.

### Tree Whisperer

**Requirements:** Seasoned, Agriculture

**Pulse:** 2

**Range:** Touch

**Duration:** 1 minute

**Trappings:** Lying on the grass, pressing your ear to a tree, an ear trumpet

The caster can spend 2 Pulse to have a minute of low-level communication with trees, bushes, plants, flowers, or even a swath of grass. The communicative abilities of flora are obviously limited, so he wouldn't be able to ask, "What were Duke Bittergleam and that cheeky boogart conspiring about under your boughs a couple of minutes ago?" But he could ask if men on horses passed by recently, and about how long ago. If you asked "What happened here?" to a blood-spattered, burnt patch of grass, it might say, "A tall woman killed two men with fire from her hands." It would not say, "A scarred sidhe, probably an airship pirate by the look of her clothing, laid an ambush for two thieves she had hired. They were no longer useful to her, and she wanted to leave no chance of them betraying her secret."

## The Wild Rumpus

**Type:** Pulse Path (specialist)

**Requirements:** Sighted, Vigor d6+

The tales of faerie revelry are legendary... and accurate. Even in the sometimes-stodgy society of Victorian-styled Mechadia, repression bursts like an overly tight corset and the buttons go flying with lethal velocity.

Practitioners of this Pulse Path have mastered the art of the party by channeling the spirits of all their ale-swilling fey brethren. The rituals of The Wild Rumpus are really a set of rules and observances - you never hold your tankard in your left hand on a Wednesday, you mustn't sing dirty songs until after midnight, and so on. It's not shamanism in the traditional sense, more a collective consciousness linking all the revels of all the fey in all the realms. And in the fey realms, there's always someone partying somewhere.

On taking this Edge, your adventurer gains the following skill:

Carousing (Vig) d4

He also gains two Powers from the following list: *armor, boost/lower trait, detect/conceal arcana, dramatic entrance, elemental manipulation, environmental protection, greater healing, healing, intoxicating personality, invisibility, last call, light, obscure, overload, party animal, puppet, quickness, shape change, speak language, speed, the night is young and so am I.*

### Dramatic Entrance

**Requirements:** Novice, The Wild Rumpus

**Pulse:** 1-4

**Range:** Self

**Duration:** One scene

**Trappings:** Flaring lights, wind to sweep your cloak back

When your adventurer activates this Power upon entering a new scene, the environment seems to come alive to welcome him. Electric or gas fixtures spout colorful sparks and flame (non-harmful), the wind kicks up at just the right moment (sometimes even if used indoors), and music of your adventurer's choosing plays from... well, you don't know. Somewhere. (It would be a clever player who prepares for use of this Power in advance by having a few different musical selections prepared on his phone or laptop.)





This dramatic entrance grants a **+2** bonus to all social rolls involving people who saw the entrance. Your GM can veto this bonus in regard to a specific person if they would not be impressed, or may even apply a penalty if someone feels upstaged and annoyed by the grand entrance, but these should be rare occurrences. If your adventurer willingly makes this entrance with anyone else, they're able to piggyback on the moment. The caster can spend 1 Pulse for each additional person, up to a maximum of 3, to extend a **+1** bonus to their social rolls for the rest of the scene.

### **Intoxicating Personality**

**Requirements:** Novice, The Wild Rumpus

**Pulse:** 2

**Range:** Viŕor

**Duration:** 3 (2/ 3 Rounds)

**Trappings:** Touching someone on the arm, staring deeply into their eyes

Being around your adventurer has a strange intoxicating effect on specified individuals, as if they'd been slipped a mickey. Mental faculties become dulled, and physical coordination will suffer. The target suffers a **-1** to all Agility and Agility-based Skill rolls for the next three Rounds. If the Power is maintained for another 3 Rounds the Agility penalty is **-2**. If it continues another 3 Rounds the Agility penalty is **-3**. It can be maintained beyond 9 Rounds but the penalty does not increase any further than **-3**.

All attempts to seduce, Taunt or subtly manipulate a victim of this Power gain a **+2** for as long as the Power is active, but all attempts to Intimidate the victim suffer a **-2**. This Power leaves no chemical traces in the victim, so once the effect ends he returns to normal within 3 Rounds.



## Last Call

**Requirements:** Veteran, The Wild Rumpus

**Pulse:** 5

**Range:** Viçor x 4

**Duration:** 6 Rounds

**Trappings:** A suitably dramatic action or statement

This is the Big Red Button for any kind of social scene. Use of this Power brings the scene to a screeching halt. All music, singing and dancing suddenly stop, conversations halts, most special effects and many types of event lighting are doused. The world around your adventurer gets stripped of its color, developing a faded, washed out look. The sound goes muffled and everything seems duller, less interesting, to all the senses.

All heads invariably turn his way.

Most importantly, when he activates this Power, all other adventurers in the caster's group have their Charisma reset to zero: all social bonuses to both friend and foe that have been granted through upgrades like racial traits, Edges, items, are suddenly stripped away for the next 6 Rounds, with the exception of his. Simultaneous or close-together uses of this Power do not have any cumulative effect. Using this Power makes the caster the center of attention and is quite a social *faux pas*. It also makes getting a party going again afterwards very difficult.

## Overload

**Requirements:** Novice, The Wild Rumpus

**Pulse:** 2

**Range:** Viçor

**Duration:** 5 (1/2 Rounds)

**Trappings:** A passing remark, a sideways glance, offering someone a drink

Your adventurer can amplify another character's dominant base social characteristic for a short time. A spriggen with a violent temper will lose control and start a fight with little or no provocation; a lecherous old goblin won't be able to keep his hands off the elegant lady beside him on the train; a depression-prone gremian will become a moping pile of uselessness, lost to inescapable despair.

The caster makes an Opposed Spirit roll against the target; if the caster fails nothing happens; if he succeeds the target's mood becomes extreme based on their personality as decided by your GM. Once the

Power has worn off, it's quite common for the victim to stay in the same mood for some time, possibly hours.

## Party Animal

**Requirements:** Seasoned, The Wild Rumpus

**Pulse:** 1-7

**Range:** Self

**Duration:** 1 hour

**Trappings:** Meditating, drinking a tonic

The user can dull and eventually negate foreign substances in their blood, such as alcohol and drugs (including things slipped to them without their knowledge, like poison or a sleeping draught).

When activated this Power allows the user to make one Viçor roll for each foreign substance in his blood, every 10 minutes for the next hour. By spending an additional 1 Pulse he gains a +2 to his check against each substance for that 10 minute period. Over the course of an hour he needs to accumulate 4 points for each substance to negate it; a Success counts as 1 and a Raise counts as another 1. If he fails to achieve 4 points in the hour, the previous points carry over to the new hour if the Power is used again straight away.

Any substances introduced while the Power is active start being negated in the next 10 min period. Your GM may introduce penalties to the Viçor roll if the substance is very complicated or specially designed to be difficult to purge. That's her choice.

## The Night Is Young And So Am I

**Requirements:** Novice, The Wild Rumpus

**Pulse:** 2

**Range:** Viçor x 2

**Duration:** Instant

**Trappings:** Song, dance, music, drinks, alchemy

Through impassioned oratory, song, dance, and maybe another round of drinks, your adventurer can fire up a party when it's starting to wind down.

By spending 2 Pulse, and with suitable in-character actions, the user can keep a party from winding down for another 2d6x10 minutes. The Power refreshes the caster's allies - everyone chosen by the caster who is within range regains 1 lost Fatigue level. A character can only benefit from this Fatigue recovery once every 24 hours. This Power can only be used in a social/party situation, not as



a cheap recharge ability on the road or any other place where your adventurer has been worn down and got tired.

## Teslamancy

**Type:** Pulse Path (Specialist)

**Requirements:** Enabled, Agility d6+

An adventurer with Teslamancy feels an innate connection to the intoxicating energy of invention, including, but not limited to, electricity. He can manipulate energy currents of mechanics and magic in various ways linked to the spirit of Mechadian technology. In doing so, a Telesmancer is creating mystic sigils from wires and circuits, coes and gyros. These imbue him with a scrivener's power over the energy of machines and of their invention, which the great Tesla himself would surely have approved of.

On taking this Edge, your adventurer gains the following skill:

Teslamancer (Ag) d4

He also gains two Powers from the following list: *barrier, blast, bolster, bolt, burst, charge, deflection, elemental manipulation, environmental protection, fly, light, quickness, reference, smite, speed, strip, stun, telekinesis, transfer, wireless.*

### Bolster

**Requirements:** Seasoned, Teslamancy

**Pulse:** 2

**Range:** Agility

**Duration:** Instant

**Trappings:** Attaching additional batteries, harnessing static electricity

A fey with this Power can magnify the range/duration/strength/versatility of an electric- or gas-based item for one use. A radio transmitter or receiver could have its range doubled for thirty seconds, a steam-rocket-enhanced bicycle could get a sudden boost of speed for a few blocks, an elf's lightning arrow could have its electrifying attack made more potent.

By forcing Pulse into the item it performs better for a limited time. This can be 30 seconds of improved usage, an extra use of a limited use item or an extra d6 on damage roll. Following this rough guide, the exact details are left to your GM because there's no way we can cover all the weird and wonderful ideas you'll come up with during your game.

### Charge

**Requirements:** Novice, Teslamancy

**Pulse:** 2-3

**Range:** Touch

**Duration:** Instant

**Trappings:** Dynamos, sparks, lightning earthing around him

Your adventurer begins to accumulate a massive amount of static electricity in his body, and the first person or thing making contact with him is in for a nasty shock - literally. This does damage to a living thing, foe or friend (accidents do happen among adventurers who aren't aware that someone in their party is activating this Power). It could also be used to fry an electrical system or otherwise damage some sensitive piece of equipment. Your adventurer isn't affected by this damage, no matter how well or poorly grounded he is.

Once cast, this Power stays in effect until your character touches or is touched by something it can earth through other than the floor, so walking on a metal gantry would not set off the shock but touching the railing would, being struck by a melee weapon would count, being shot with an arrow would not. Who or whatever the Power earths through takes **Damage:** 2d6 and is Shaken. When casting the Power the caster can choose to pay an additional 1 Pulse to increase this to **Damage:** 3d6.

### Reference

**Requirements:** Seasoned, Teslamancy

**Pulse:** 5

**Range:** Self

**Duration:** Special

**Trappings:** The sound of rustling pages on the wind, the smell of old parchment

Once per scenario, your adventurer can summon the Library, and is granted access (along with whoever comes with him) for as long as he needs to research a subject. This isn't a cheap-and-easy hideout from a pack of thugs, nor is it a lazy teleporter to get from one end of Mechadia to the other in an eyeblink. The Library itself (read: your humble GM) decides if your adventurer is worth an appearance and when they've had sufficient time within its hallowed walls. It ejects him if he abuses his time inside. Can't lie to the Library.



## THE LIBRARY

WHAT IS THE LIBRARY? LEGEND SAYS THAT IN AN INVENTOR'S GREATEST TIME OF NEED THIS MYSTICAL INSTITUTION WILL COME TO HIM, APPEARING FROM NOBODY-KNOWS-WHERE AND OPENING ITS DOORS. IT'S A WANDERING SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE, GENUINELY A HUGE BUILDING THAT MOVES AROUND WITH A GREAT WHOOSHING SOUND, APPEARING AND DISAPPEARING TO THOSE WHO REQUIRE ITS HELP, AND ONLY LETTING THOSE PEOPLE IN. IS THE LIBRARY SENTIENT? AH, NOW THERE'S A HOTLY DEBATED QUESTION AMONG THE SALONS OF THE THINKING CLASSES.

Having access to the Library means your adventurer gets a +2 to Investigation, Knowledge, Invention and Research rolls.

### Strip

**Requirements:** Novice, Teslamancy

**Pulse:** 1-5

**Range:** Agility x 2

**Duration:** 3 (1/2 Rounds)

**Trappings:** A burning electrical smell, coughing/spluttering sounds from an item

Use of this Power can momentarily rob a device of magical infusion. For instance, a fireproof gauntlet that can absorb flame, store it and unleash it at a target later would still be a fireproof glove, but its ability to absorb and reuse the fire would be interrupted for a few Rounds.

The stronger a magic source's creator is, the more difficult it is to nullify it with this ability. The following chart is a base reference of cost and success rate for your GM to use when considering magic items not just in Mechadia, but any realm. It's easy for a Demi-god to strip the power from an item created by a Novice (generally simple, common or one-use items), but it's very difficult for a Novice to strip a Demi-god-created item.

To work out the chances of success and the Pulse cost, compare the Rank of the caster vs the Rank of the person who created the item:

5 Ranks above: 11 in 12 chance of success, costs 1 Pulse per use

4 Ranks above: 10 in 12 chance of success, costs 1 Pulse per use

3 Ranks above: 9 in 12 chance of success, costs 2 Pulse per use

2 Ranks above: 8 in 12 chance of success, costs 2 Pulse per use

1 Rank above: 7 in 12 chance of success, costs 3 Pulse per use

Same Rank: 6 in 12 chance of success, costs 3 Pulse per use

1 Rank below: 5 in 12 chance of success, costs 3 Pulse per use

2 Ranks below: 4 in 12 chance of success, costs 4 Pulse per use

3 Ranks below: 3 in 12 chance of success, costs 4 Pulse per use

4 Ranks below: 2 in 12 chance of success, costs 5 Pulse per use

4 Ranks below: 1 in 12 chance of success, costs 5 Pulse per use

Created by a god: No chance

### Transfer

**Requirements:** Veteran, Teslamancy

**Pulse:** 2

**Range:** Agility

**Duration:** Instant

**Trappings:** Sharing technical plans, sparks jumping between people

An adventurer can use this Power to help an inventor share his inventions without crippling his Pulse flow. Normally, significant inventions require inventors to put their own Pulse into them to get them going. If the inventor collaborates on a project with one or more people, this Power can be cast on them to allow one of the collaborators to invest their Pulse into the item rather than the inventor himself. The purpose of Transfer is to allow other members of the party to be more involved and gain greater benefit from having a skilled inventor in the group.



## Wireless

**Requirements:** Novice, Teslamancy

**Pulse:** 1

**Range:** Agility x 10 yards

**Duration:** Instant

**Trappings:** Arc lightning, buzzing cloud of static, antenna

Since the brain functions like a uniquely designed electric conduit, an adventurer with this Power can send one coherent thought out like a radio signal, to be received by a viable target: someone's telegraph glove, a radio tower, a telephone, or another mind. There's no two-way communication - this is a one-shot, one-way message no more than ten seconds long. When received, if audible, the message will be in the sender's voice (even if received mentally).

By spending 1 Pulse your adventurer can deliver a single message to a single device or person. The caster isn't aware whether the target is within range or if the target received the message successfully. Still, Wireless is considered a very useful Teslamancy Power. Duke von Schtrunt of Verna even tried using a series of Teslamancers to relay orders around a noisy battlefield once, though they proved a little too squishy for the chain to be reliable under such conditions.

## The Shining Paths

**Type:** Pulse Path (Specialist)

**Requirements:** Empowered, Spirit d6+

This is simply a family of traditional divination linked to the roots of faerie magic in the Fey Realm of Dreams. While "traditional" equates to "boring" for many mechadians, and not worth being excited about in the same way as Teslamancy, those same mechadians are often seen visiting a follower of "The Paths" to get a glimpse of their own future.

It's interesting that while Mechadia has no god, The Shining Paths is a form of religious observance, tapping into the realm's cultural desire to have a god some time soon.

On taking this Edge, your adventurer gains the following skill:

Shining Divination (Spirit) d4

He also gains two Powers from the following list: *armor, astrology, barrier, beast friend, boost/lower trait, deflection, detect/conceal arcana, dispel, elemental manipulation, fear, greater healing, healing,*

*in your eyes, light, obscure, roll the bones, speak language, speed, swear by the stars, the otherworldly shimmer, weathervane.*

## Astrology

**Requirements:** Novice, The Shining Paths

**Pulse:** 2

**Range:** Self

**Duration:** 12 hours

**Trappings:** Star charts and calendars, mystical sense

By knowing when someone was born, your adventurer can socially ingratiate himself to them by playing off the likely traits of their birth sign. When cast, the user gains +2 to Persuasion, Intimidation and Taunt checks towards the subject for the next 12-hour period. This is effective only against a single target (unless your adventurer happens to run into an aggravating set of twins or triplets). Before using this Power, the caster must spend 3 Rounds in astrological contemplation, and this can't be done in combat. However, if combat breaks out after the Power has been cast and within the 12 hour duration, the bonuses still apply.

When in a realm other than Mechadia, a certain amount of research must be done for a character to be able to use this Power. He must become well acquainted with each new realm's astrology, its constellations and their personal influences. Approximately one half-hour of research must be dedicated for each different astrological sign that realm has before he becomes attuned to the entire astrological system, at which point he can use this Power on anyone born under one of that realm's signs.

## In Your Eyes

**Requirements:** Veteran, The Shining Paths

**Pulse:** 3-7

**Range:** 1 mile

**Duration:** Special

**Trappings:** Arc lightning, buzzing cloud of static, mystical sense

This is the ability to project one's consciousness through the Ether and end up seeing through the eyes of another person. (In Mechadia, they consider this 'projecting through the Ether', but this Power is usable in any other realm, regardless of the presence of the Ether or anything like it.) The target must be



someone your adventurer knows at least passingly well, has had prolonged contact with in the past, or has had physical (skin to skin) contact within the last hour.

By spending 3 Pulse and meeting the restrictions outlined, your adventurer can see through the eyes of someone within 1 mile for 4 Rounds. The target gets a Notice check to sense someone piggybacking off his vision. If you choose, you can add additional senses for 1 Pulse each: hearing, touch, smell, taste.

If you wish to maintain the link past 4 Rounds, the caster suffers 1 level of Fatigue for every 2 Rounds he remains linked. If Incapacitated by Fatigue before ending the link, he'll be Unconscious for d6 hours unless he gets medical attention.

## Roll The Bones

**Requirements:** Seasoned, The Shining Paths

**Pulse:** 1

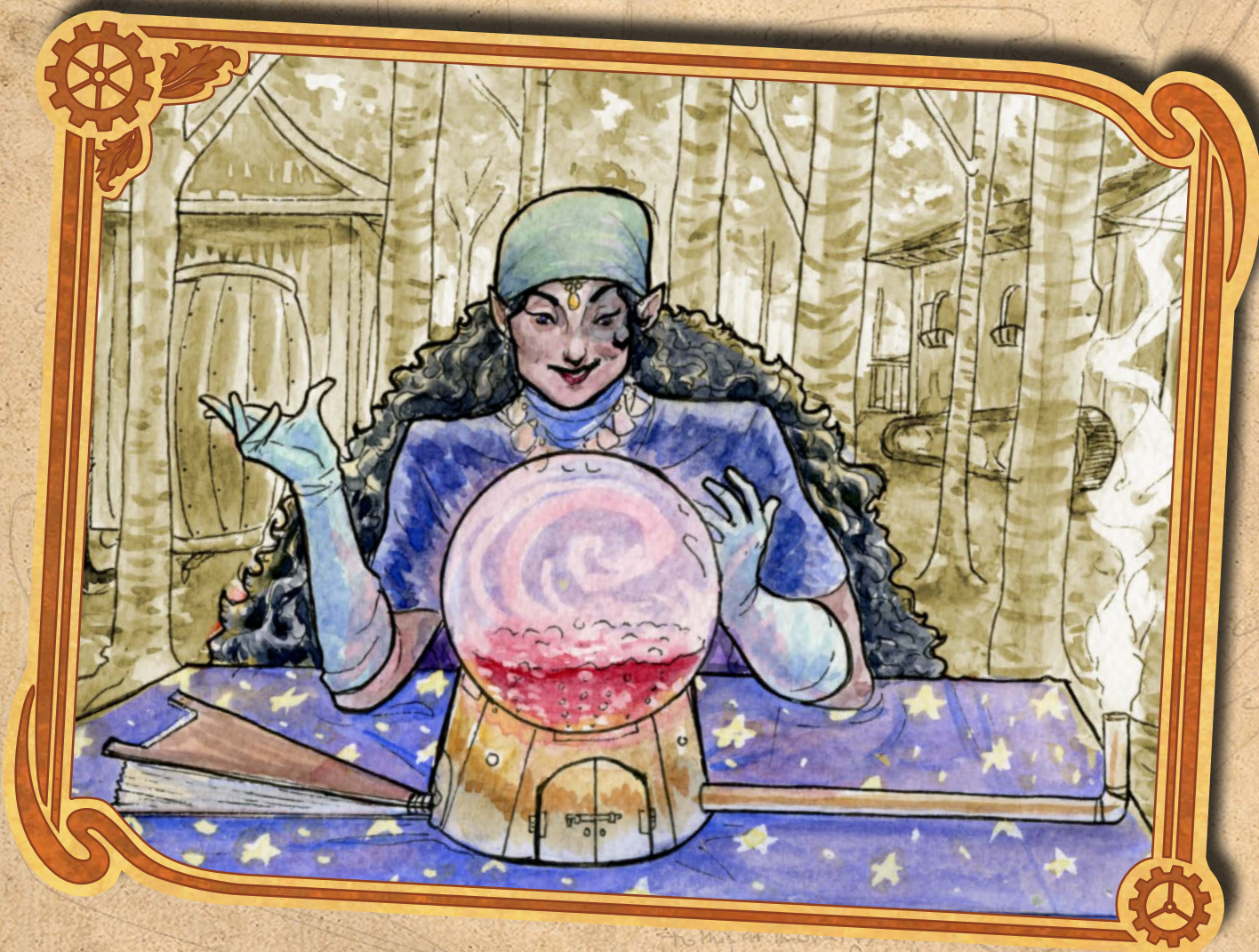
**Range:** Self

**Duration:** Instant

**Trappings:** Rolling dice, cutting cards, flipping a coin, gut instinct

This is the ability to foretell the future in a very focused and limited way, since the future is always in flux. Questions asked must have a very specific wording, and can only be answered if there is an almost-certain answer.

**Example:** An adventurer is contemplating the very important choice of getting on a royal carriage sent for him, or continuing down the street on foot to warn his friends about a double-cross - he's not sure if they're being set up or not. The carriage is





trapped with explosives set to go off when someone gets in. Your adventurer silently asks his dice (or his coin, the dregs of his cup of tea, whatever method he prefers), "Is it a good idea for me to get in this carriage?" The answer is very certainly and emphatically "No", because by no stretch of the imagination is your adventurer going to think it's a good idea to be blown sky high. He rolls the bones and gets clear sense of chilly foreboding, which can easily be interpreted as "BAD IDEA". If an adventurer were to ask the bones "Will I find out who killed my brother, and will I catch them?", he's not going to get a clear reply at all.

Fate is fickle and can't be trusted to get you through everything; when you use this Power your GM rolls a d10 in secret, if it comes up 2-10 she gives an appropriate answer for the question asked. If it comes up 1, then the answer is skewed or just plain wrong.

### Swear By The Stars

**Requirements:** Novice, The Shining Paths

**Pulse:** 1

**Range:** Self

**Duration:** 12 hours

**Trappings:** Complicated formulae, gut instinct

If the caster can see the stars, he can tell where he is in his current realm and plot where he's going without a map, so long as it's point A to point B without a bunch of side trips.

This Power just allows someone to work out the right direction. Unless your adventurer also knows the lay of the land there's no guarantee the direct route won't require some major detours due to natural obstacles.



### The Otherworldly Shimmer

**Requirements:** Novice, The Shining Paths

**Pulse:** 1

**Range:** Spirit x 2

**Duration:** 3 Rounds

**Trappings:** Divination runes, special glasses, mystical sense

When cast, this allows your adventurer to detect a number of different things:

- 1) Beings and objects that are not native to the realm (these have a red - pink haze around them).
- 2) Beings and objects that have recently been to somewhere other than the local realm (these have a green - yellow haze around them).
- 3) Portals that link from the local realm to another realm (these appear as shimmering white - silver shapes. Secret/hidden portals that have been recently used appear as grey outlines of the portal).

### Weathervane

**Requirements:** Novice, The Shining Paths

**Pulse:** 1-4

**Range:** Self

**Duration:** Instant

**Trappings:** Sniffing the wind, looking at animal behavior, gut instinct

This grants your adventurer an accurate prediction of the next 6 hours of natural weather in the current region. The unexpected use of a magical ability or technological device to interfere with the natural weather in that foreseen time span won't be discerned by using this Power.

Example: Left to its own natural progression, Sunday afternoon would have remained dry, but an airship putters by carrying a jealous merchant and his infernal cloud-seeding machine, suddenly causing the fluffy white clouds to darken and fatten up with moisture until a storm breaks on his competitor's grand opening ceremony. You couldn't see that one coming.

By spending 1 Pulse the caster can get a read on the next 6 hours. He can choose to spend 1 more Pulse per additional 6 hours ahead, up to 24 hours max.



## THE TOYBOX

What would a fey-steampunk game be without a plethora of fancy-pants techno-magical gadgets and fashionable accessories to spice things up? Here are some ideas to wet your whistles, but feel free to use these as a baseline to create your own. You'll see that many of these items are described as a 'base model' that comes with a salad bar of options. Each of these comes with a limited amount of options to start, and can add on/modify their items through game play. See the equipment tables on page 47 for detailed pricing.

Keep your wrenches and calipers handy, folks.

## ALCHEMY

The following is a list of the standard alchemical preparations usually available throughout Mechadia.

**Restorative Elixir:** Can be used to heal Wounds, replenish Fatigue, counter many poisons and illnesses. When drunk the drinker can choose one of the following: heal two Wounds, regain two Fatigue or make a Vigor roll at +2 to cancel a poison, disease or illness. Your GM may rule that certain poisons, diseases or illnesses are unaffected by the Elixir. Anyone drinking more than one Elixir in the same 24 hour period gains no benefit from the subsequent Elixir.

**Poison:** Potent enough to kill a troll if concocted correctly. Can be delivered by a weapon blow or ingested. The target must make a Vigor -2 roll; if they fail they suffer 1 Fatigue every hour until healed. 12 hours pass or they die. If they succeed they suffer 1 point of Fatigue. If they succeed with a Raise they're unaffected and are possibly unaware they were poisoned.

**Faerie Fire:** Like Greek fire...except nobody in Mechadia has heard of Greece. Requires a successful Throwing roll to hit its target. If the target is struck it takes **Damage:** 1d10 and is subject to the normal Savage Worlds rules for catching fire.

**Lightning In A Bottle:** Create and safely (more or less) contain a large jolt of electricity within a glass test tube until it's released. Requires a successful Shooting roll to hit the target; if struck, the electricity does **Damage:** 2d6 and the target is automatically Shaken. **Range:** 3/6/12.

**Sleeping Draught:** Potent enough to put a giant down for an hour or two. Must be ingested to work and the victim must make a Vigor -2 check or fall asleep for 1d6 hours (1d3 hours if size +4 or larger).

**Beauty Tonic:** Grants temporary bonuses to social stats and physical appearance. The drinker gains +2 to their Charisma for 1d3 hours. This bonus can stack with the Attractive Edge but not with the Very Attractive Edge, as the drinker is just too good looking for it to have much of an effect.

**Truth Serum:** This should be fairly self-explanatory. The drinker must make a Spirit -4 roll every time he tries to lie for the next 10 minutes. Failure means he must tell the truth and must answer any question asked if he knows the answer.

**Liquid Speed:** Grants temporary bonuses to hand and foot speed. For the next 2d4 Rounds the user gains the Quick Edge. If he already has the Quick Edge, the redraw threshold is increased from 5 to 6.

**Bejan Fog:** A beaker of this will smolder and produce enough mist to shroud several city blocks of a street in thick fog for an hour or two. This potion can produce enough fog to cover a 10"x10" area, however it spreads to fill the area it is in. If released in a narrow alleyway only 5" across it will extend for 20" rather than 10". People using a sight based skill into the fog or from within suffers a -2 penalty if there is over 2" of fog between them and their target, and a -4 if it is over 6" of fog. This includes attacks, using Powers and Notice rolls. The fog generally lasts for around 1 hour, dissipating slowly. A strong breeze speeds this up, use in an enclosed space would prolong the effect.

**Acid:** Can be crafted to various degrees of potency, depending on your needs. At its strongest, it can eat through the door of a top notch safe. With this knowledge, you can also create a base of equal potency. It can be used to reduce an item's armor rating by 5 points a Round - once the armor is gone it does **Damage:** 1d8 per Round. One dose can affect up to a 1" square. If used as an attack it requires a successful Throwing roll to hit the target; once hit they take the damage each Round until the acid is removed or neutralized. If the target is wearing armor on the location hit it can be removed on their next action to avoid the ongoing effects.

**Garbleblaster:** A salty garble that gives the drinker an enormous temporary boost to his speaking/singing/shouting volume as well as a clearer, smoother voice. A variation can be crafted that has the adverse effect, robbing someone of their voice. Using this potion reduces any penalties your adventurer might encounter to his oratory due to background noise or not being heard. If using his voice to cause damage, a sprite's Shriek for instance, gain a +2 to the damage. This potion lasts for 1d8 minutes.



**Disguise Goop:** Variations of this recipe can be applied to change hair, skin and eye color and create rubbery false flesh that can be glued harmlessly to the skin. Assume that both the skin glue and solvent are included in this entry at no extra charge. Grants the user +2 on any attempts to disguise himself.

**J&H Tonics:** As created by the J&H Tonic company and the dream mind of a certain Mr. Stevenson of Dorset, 1886. A sip of one makes the drinker Dr. Jekyll, with a Smarts increase of two die types (this can take it above d12). A slurp of the other creates Mr. Hyde, where his Strength increases two die types (this can take it above d12). Using either of them reduces the drinker's Charisma to -2 (or reduces by 2 if already at -2 or lower). The effects last for 2d6 hours. In theory, a shot of both at the same time, "The J&H Cocktail", returns your adventurer to being himself, neither the super-smart scientist nor the super-strong brute. That, or it creates a monstrous mix of both and only time wears off the effect... (This counts as two choices in the starting kit of the traveling alchemist - see below for more on that.)

## TOOLS AND FANTASTIC DEVICES

**Alchemist's Tools:** A full set of alchemical components in jars and boxes and envelopes, along with a small, gas-powered burner or two, tongs, gloves, safety glasses, a simple cloth facemask, a full rack of test tubes, beakers, droppers and swizzle sticks for mixing up wild concoctions. Little paper umbrellas to put in the resulting cocktails are an optional extra. Owning a set of Alchemist's tools avoids penalties to Alchemy rolls due to improper tools.

**Automaton Butler:** At the turn of a knob, an ordinary suitcase unfolds and springs to life in the form of a three-foot tall clockwork companion. He won't kill your enemies, but he will bring you tea, guard the door and comment on your wardrobe. Perfect for a hundred menial, thankless tasks, and re-collapsible for easy transport.

**Changing Mask:** This thin, rubberized, featureless mask can be pulled over the head of any size fey (well, maybe not giants). The wearer then stares directly at the face of another fey (this can be done from a distance), and the mask remolds itself onto the wearer and becomes an exact duplicate of the subject's face. This is a one-time transformation, and the mask holds the form of the subject's face even when taken off and stored. There are rumored to be upgraded models of the changing mask which

are good for limitless uses, blanking itself out once removed, but these would be very difficult to come by - especially since it's almost impossible to tell who's wearing one...

**Dive Helmet:** A bulky, round metal helmet with front and side viewing ports that creates a water-tight seal around the wearer's neck and shoulders once donned. The helmet not only provides the wearer with an hour's worth of air, but protects him from the effects of pressure that come with deep dives. The miniature nixie tubes within the helmet display bits of vital information such as current depth, pressure/air supply levels, and potential threatening life-sign indicators.

**Dr. Bunjee's Fantastic Pneumatic-Powered Self-Reeling Grappling Gun!** This crossbow-sized gun can fire a grappling hook up to ten stories, and the winch is powerful enough to reel a maximum load of 300 lbs. up the side of a building. It also comes with an easy zip line and pulley modification for your horizontal access needs.

**Exo-Suit:** A pneumatic/hydraulic exoskeleton built to the specs of any character up to size +2, this rig gives a power boost to physical stats as well as partial armored coverage. The suit gives the user an effective Strength of d12+3 and grants an additional 4 points of Armor to all locations except for the head (this is on top of any armor the user is wearing). However due to its bulk it limits the user's Agility to d8 while worn and means the following Skills can't be used: Healing, Lockpicking, Riding, Stealth and Swimming. The basic suit can be modified with several options:

- **Artillery:** A pair of arm-mounted, repeating rifles fed by twin ammunition belts from a rear-mounted pack.
- **Flame Unit:** One arm-mounted flamethrower connected to a small, rear-mounted gas tank. Uses the normal Flamethrower rules from Savage Worlds and is good for 6 shots before the tank runs empty.
- **Combat Armor:** A more thorough and durable level of protective plating. Increases the armor rating to 6 and covers all locations.

**Handyman's Multi-Tool:** This handy palm-sized gadget looks like a lump of random metal parts with a series of buttons. Each button produces some whirring and clanking, followed by a transformation into one of the many tools contained within. The miraculous multi-tool contains the following: pocketknife, screwdriver, monkey wrench, socket







wrench, drill, hammer, blowtorch, light, file, pliers, saw, snips, crowbar, chisel, lockpicks. Owning a multi-tool means you count as having the correct tools for Repair, Invention and Lockpick checks.

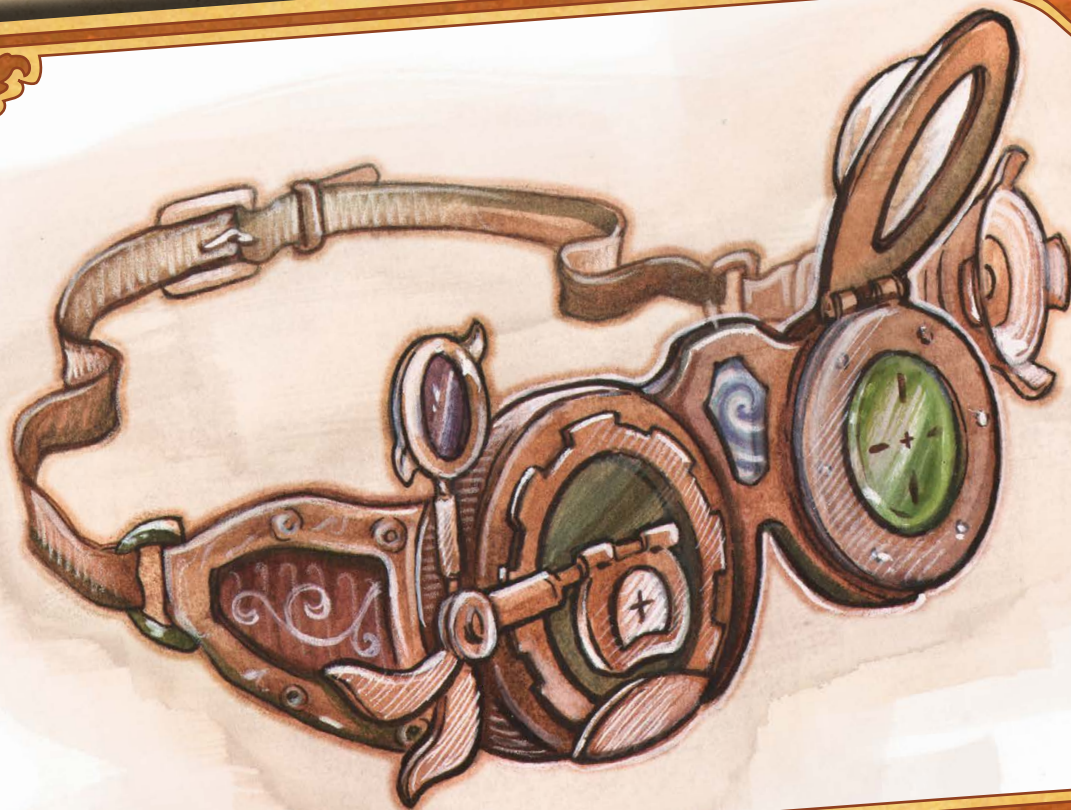
**Inventor's Tools:** A basic set of tools and a collection of generally used bits and bobs; all you need is some scrap and you're ready to create your next invention. Owning a set of inventor's tools means you don't suffer penalties to your Invention rolls due to improper tools.

**Mandatory Multi-goggles:** Steampunk without goggles is like a peanut butter sandwich without jelly. Sure, technically it's still a sandwich, but... come on... These goggles can be fitted with multiple lenses that can be rotated in or flipped up and down in front of the normal glass lenses to grant the wearer additional ocular advantages.

- **Thermal Lens:** Interprets temperature variations as vibrant colors, red being the highest temperatures, indigo being the coldest. This setting tends to be disorienting to anyone trying to walk around and interact with the environment for long.
- **Night Vision Lens:** The wearer can see clearly in the dark, but colors are all washed away

to a sepia tone. Suffer no penalties for Dim or Dark lighting conditions.

- **X-ray Lens:** The wearer can see through solid matter up to 30 feet. The exact range must be attuned through a dial on the goggles, and drastically affects the result.
- **Telescopic Lens:** The wearer can adjust the field of vision to clearly see things up to one mile away, with a minimum range of 50 feet.
- **Microscopic Lens:** The wearer can magnify close-range items. These can't magnify to a molecular level, but the nuances of hairs and fibers become clear at the maximum setting.
- **Chrono Lens:** The wearer can 'rewind time', seeing what transpired up to an hour earlier at any given location. Only sight is conveyed in this replay, and only from the exact vantage point of the multi-goggles' field of vision. This option drains 1 Pulse from the wearer for every five minutes viewed.
- **Waterproof:** These goggles can be used underwater without flooding or fogging up.





**Mechadian Press:** Certain mass-publication Mechadian printing outfits have established long-distance magical connections with specially treated paper stocks, each one unique to a certain publication. All one needs to do is purchase a subscription to one of these publications and keep the blank newspaper/journal/whatever free from serious damage (they have no magical resistance to any elements that would harm normal paper), and they update with each new printing every time the linked press runs in the home office. They can receive their news just about anywhere in Mechadia, with a few exceptions like the deep jungles of Torridaen, the Black Cliffs of Autumnus, the highest peaks of Frigian mountains, and the Centrifugal Forest of Verna, and a handful of other small 'blind spots'. Also, venturing too far up into the Sky, too deep Underground or too far out to sea interrupts service. The typical subscription runs around \$25, depending on the size of the paper (general newspapers are more than slimmer niche periodicals), lasts for one year and must be renewed or the paper turns blank. Here are some examples of papers adventurers can subscribe to, although you and your GMs are encouraged to add to this list:

- *Mechadia Daily:* The most popular Mechadian paper, covers all aspects of a normal newspaper, with writers from all nations and races. Generally considered unbiased.
- *The Clocktower Clarion:* An upcoming general newspaper with less of a pedigree than the Daily, but with edgier writing that pushes the current boundaries of propriety. The Clarion is gathering a strong subscription base, especially among young Ruarc sidhe, pooka, spriggans, goblins and certain elven circles.
- *Steam:* The most popular Mechadian gossip rag, written mostly by sprites, accompanied by pictures from pixie paparazzi. Always causing a stir across the realm, and constantly finding off legal action and outright physical reprisals from those slighted in their pages. Steam retains a small army of attorneys and a large spriggan security force at all times.
- *The Crystal Tea Room:* A culture and politics magazine for high society, written mostly by sprites and aos sidhe. This is a must for those (especially those frequently on-the-go) who still want to be kept up on all the latest trends in court and among the genteel. The Tea Room is the first subscription to translate the magical subscription-connection into limited color, and is presently working to

expand that capability to accurate full-color.

- *Emilie's Bowstrings:* The Liannan sidhe run this music, arts and entertainment periodical that features established and upcoming artists of every kind, often snubbed by stuffier members of high society for its unabashed writing style and lewd content (and often read by those same snubbers when nobody else is looking). This paper contains a realm-wide arts and entertainment calendar listing dates, times and places of featured artists, shows, and concerts. EB is the first subscription to figure out how to include small musical samples, and is rumored to soon be available in full, vibrant color.
- *The Wind-Up:* Mechadia's premiere sporting and gaming gazette, sometimes knocked for its unreliable publication schedule - but what else would you expect from a paper largely run and written by goblins, pooka and clurichauns? The Wind-Up lists dates, times and places of sporting events and gaming competitions across the realm as well as updated league scores, standings and all the latest news on your favorite athletes.

**Ornithopter Backpack:** This ordinary-looking bulky leather backpack conceals a pair of wings that unfold when the wearer pulls a ripcord. The wings are canvas on a wooden frame, and help its wearer fly with the aid of a small booster rocket at the bottom of the pack. Steering is controlled by pull-cords sewn into each of the leather straps. When the wearer stops flying, the wings fold up and repack themselves neatly by a simple double-tug on the same ripcord that expanded them. It flies with a Pace of 10 and a Climb of 2.

**Personal Sound-Dampeners:** A favorite of spies and thieves across the realm, sound-dampeners can take many forms: riding boots, a top hat, a dress, a necklace - virtually any article of clothing, jewelry or wearable accessory. When activated, the item nullifies all sound in a small, personal radius, enough to cover one person. With a \$1200 upgrade, the area of effect can be increased to cover two additional people if they are in physical contact with the wearer. The effect lasts up to an hour if not deactivated sooner, and the item recharges to full capacity over eight hours. Anyone making a hearing-based Notice roll to spot the wearer or anyone trying to overhear their conversation does so at -6 to their roll.

**Pocketwatch Communilocators:** This item comes



in matched pairs, each one set with a small crystal that, when activated, resonates on a unique frequency with its sibling. On the standard models, these crystals have a range of approximately 300 miles. The link between matching pocketwatches enables verbal communication between owners as well as an internal compass that points each watch in the direction of the other. These pocketwatches can be fashioned into jewelry for the ladies, hanging from a delicate necklace or bracelet. They have no limit on power charge as long as they are regularly wound (a few twists every five or six hours will do).

**Portable Analytical Engine:** An early progenitor of the modern day computer, this odd-looking not-quite-a-typewriter in its hinged wooden or reinforced leather carrying case has many dials, cranks, plug ports and keys that many fey wouldn't be able to make head nor tail of. It is, in fact, a computational device capable of many things, depending on which functionality punch cards you insert and which queries you input. All models are capable of mathematical calculations; anything a normal, modern calculator would be able to figure out. Further functions require specifically sized cards of very stiff paper

stock, punched with a dizzying array of very precise holes that contain, essentially, the programming code. Below are some examples, two of which are part of the basic price (choose when buying). More punch cards can be bought, but their availability and price varies greatly, depending on the magnitude of the programming. See the equipment tables on page 47 for detailed pricing.

- *Uncle Sneaky's Encryption/Decryption Programs* (both on one card): The machine can take a typed message and encrypt it so that only another machine with the right code key (or similar programming) can decrypt it. It can also attempt to break other encrypted messages, whether created by a similar machine or the hand of a fey. +2 to all code-breaking rolls.
- *Mechadesign Incorporated, Engineering Instructions*: +2 to Repair rolls and to the design stage of Invention rolls.
- *Doctor Grey's Anatomy Diagrams*: +2 to Healing rolls. Can be a bit shocking for those





of a weak constitution though, so best keep it away from them lest you get arrested for lewd behavior.

- *Count MacAvelly's Interactive Guide To Ethics*: +2 to an upcoming Persuade, Intimidate or Taunt roll in a situation when your adventurer is planning to be underhanded, conniving or suave and has had time to do some research on his target.
- *Slim Jimmy's Black Market Schematics*: +2 to Stealth or siege-related rolls against a certain building or related group of buildings. Each building (or related group) requires a separate punch card, and depending on the building. Getting caught with these cards could land you in a lot of trouble. If that happens, you didn't get these from Jimmy.
- *Map Cards*: Comprehensive details on a specific region of Mechadia, including geographic layout, details on the flora and fauna of the area, and any other notable tidbits. +2 to Survival-related rolls or appropriate navigation rolls in that region.
- *Bettaburg's Patented Portable Printing Press*: Not a punch card, but worth mentioning because it's such a new and exciting advancement. The Analytical Engine's basic printing function is black ink on a slim ticker-tape strip. This \$1000 upgrade is a module that attaches to the back of the engine and is capable of full-page color printing. We know - amazing! Comes with a 30' roll of paper and four different ink cartridges, which also need to be replaced occasionally. The paper is \$10 per roll, the ink \$10 per cartridge.

**Spywear**: Spywear can take the form of a piece of jewelry or similar commonly worn accessory, and must be attuned to a specific mirror (by way of a preprogrammed magical phrase) for reception of its transmissions. The item begins play with one sense of the player's choice, and can have more added for the cost of \$500 per additional sense. The item can be activated/ deactivated by touching it a certain way, or by whispering a specific word, and has one hour of transmission time before running out of power. It can recharge itself to full capacity over eight hours.

**Telegraph Glove**: A sturdy leather gauntlet with a small keyboard on which your adventurer can type and send telegraph messages if within range of a radio tower (50 miles). The glove also receives messages, and prints them out from a tiny paper cartridge.

**Temperature-Regulating Clothing**: Wear a formal ball gown in the Frigian snow without a single goosebump. Wear a thick frockcoat under the blazing sun whilst taking the train across the Torridaen savannah without a drop of sweat. This can be any item of clothing, and as long as the owner wears it, he can ignore the most severe temperature fluctuations. This also lends the wearer a certain amount of protection against fire and cold damage. The wearer ignores any penalties or Fatigue loss that is temperature based, up to a point. If your adventurer stands in a volcano he's going to get warm no matter what. It also provides 1 point of Armor against any heat or cold based damage.

**The Traveling Alchemist**: An ornate clockwood box that opens to reveal a wood and brass paneled box inside, the inner workings of which are hidden from the casual observer. Below the engraved brasswork is a set of tubes that lead to three narrow beakers strapped in to felt-lined holders. The top of the brass box has three slots that each take a special punch card; once a punch card with an alchemical recipe is inserted the traveling alchemist can be closed and left 24 hours later the potion on the punch card is ready for use. The traveling alchemist can produce up to three different potions at once but having made three it can't produce more till one of the existing ones is used or thrown away. After that, once the beaker is replaced in its holder, it starts to produce whatever potion is on its punch card. To produce multiple potions of the same type at the same time requires multiple copies of the relevant punch card. Punch card recipes can't be used by alchemists and normal alchemical recipes can't be used in the Traveling Alchemist unless you find someone who knows how to create a new punch card for you, which is a closely guarded secret. The Traveling Alchemist comes with three punch cards from the alchemy list; you can pick the same potion multiple times if desired.

**The Ultimate Compastrolabe**: A combination compass, astrolabe, and more! Since Mechadia has no such thing as magnetic north and south poles, and its continents are constantly in motion, the compass can help orientate your adventurer based on what he asks of it. Its astrolabe portion can similarly help guide him by the stars in the Æther. This device is also capable of predicting meteorological events. It gives its user a +2 on: any navigation rolls, any Survival rolls to orientate oneself or to predict the weather.



## VEHICLES

**Steamcycle:** Simple enough - a Victorian bicycle with handlebar controls linked to steam-powered booster rockets on the back, capable of speeds up to 25 mph, with an average of 15 mph with the same amount of effort as a leisurely pedaling pace along a park path. The boosters do need to be refueled, but are good for about 100 miles of travel at a time.

**Horseless Carriage:** A steam-powered, horseless carriage that navigates on voice command with an always-magically-updated Mechadian positioning system. Fits a party of six, and the luggage compartment just seems to accommodate all your party's reasonable gear with no problems. The horseless carriage can travel about 100 miles before it needs to be refueled. There are various upgrades and accessories that may be purchased:

- **Ablative Coating:** Exterior resists most bullets, arrows and similar projectiles. Increases the armor rating to 8 but reduces Acceleration by 1.
- **Quiet Engine:** Makes only as much noise as whatever kind of surface the wheels are clattering on. The engine is little more than the hiss of a boiler.
- **Booster Rockets:** Good for one use before they're empty, these double the carriage's speed for about 10 seconds.
- **Roof-Mounted Machine Gun:** A repeating rifle that swivels 360° on its pole. Comes with a roof-mounted ammunition box that holds 100 regular rounds.
- **Trap Door:** Good for making subtle escapes when nobody's looking.
- **Smuggler's Compartment:** To hide your valuables, of course. Or yourself, if you can fit. Not suitable for trolls.

## WEAPONS

For basic weaponry use the statistics and prices in Savage Worlds or any setting books approved by your GM. Mechadians have created a selection of ranged weapons that incorporate clockwork into the design. These tend to be faster to reload and often have improved ranges but often lack the punch of normal weapons.

## Hand Weapons

**Brass Hands:** Are a fine metal weave that can be worn under normal gloves without being obvious or too limiting. When activated, which can be done physically or by a pre-programmed activation word, an electrical current runs through them locking them solidly in their current position. This makes them very useful for holding on to objects or punching people. When activated, the wearer doesn't count as unarmed in close combat.

**Gear Saw:** Rumor has it that the inspiration for this device was its inventor witnessing a rather nasty industrial accident. The gear saw is a sharpened cog rotating at high speed on the end of a two foot long pole driven by a small steam engine. It is quite heavy to wield but it can tear its way through most things with vicious efficiency. There are stories of modified gear saws which have had extra cogs attached or have been boosted with Teslamancy, but as yet these haven't been confirmed.

## Ranged

**Mechadian Bow:** This is no simple recurve bow, but the Mechadian version of a compound bow, with a series of convoluted gears at either end and multiple crossing cables for increased firepower. Bows can have the Scope or Night Scope modifications.

**Clockwork Weapons:** Much like their non-clockwork counterparts, but mechanized for improved performance, clockwork weapons are considered a bit of a status symbol among the more martial-minded members of Mechadian society.

**Repeating Rifle:** Considered sheer genius by the greatest military minds of the world, the repeating rifle is like a normal rifle... but it fires repeatedly, automatically reloading the chamber between shots using an ingenious compressed gas action.

**Dueling Pistol:** Archaic, but designed for a particularly stylized form of combat, the single-shot dueling pistol is designed to benefit the most skilled shot, not the person who fills the air with bullets.

## MODIFICATIONS

Mechadian weapons can be modified with all sorts of goodies: from special ammunition types to standard modifications to unique custom modifications. The prices and details for special ammunition and standard modifications can be found in the following pages, unique custom modifications can be made by Inventors in play.



## Hand Weapons

**Adjusting Weight** (halberds, staffs, axes and mauls only): This weapon uses a system of shifting weights inside the shaft to increase the weight of a blow delivered without significantly increasing the weight of the weapon. A weapon modified in this fashion increases its damage by one die type. Most come with a simple thumb-activated switch that locks the weight in place, enabling it to be used like a regular melee weapon of its type.

**Steam Piston** (lance or spear only): This spear has been heavily modified to include a spring loaded piston, which can be activated at any time by the user to cause the tip of the spear to instantly extend about 6 inches. When the user hits a target but before damage is rolled he can declare he's activating the piston - this increases their weapon damage by a die type, so a normal spear becomes **Damage: Str+d8**. It takes two Rounds for the piston to re-arm, during which the spear can be used normally.

## Ranged

**Big Game Roar** (rifles only): No matter what kind of ammunition you use, the rifle with this modification emits a ferocious roar when fired, and has a chance to intimidate other foes, animal or fey into running for the hills. Any Intimidation attempts your adventurer makes after firing this weapon gain a +2 to the roll.

**Dueling Pistol Grip** (pistols only): Designed to give you a faster draw. Your adventurer can draw and fire his pistol in the same Round without suffering the -2 Penalty. If he already has the Quick Draw Edge it gives him an additional +2 to any Agility rolls required to draw the weapon.

**Extended Barrel** (rifle and pistol only): Sure, it looks silly, but it increases the range of your adventurer's shot to fairly ridiculous proportions. The Short, Medium and Long Ranges for the weapon are increased by 50%.

**Night Scope**: Allows your adventurer to see clear details in the dark, but only in sepia tones. The user suffers no penalties for Dim or Dark conditions.

**Scope**: When fitted to a weapon, the penalty for shots at Long Range are reduced by 2.

**Self-Loading**: The weapon has a bulky mechanism that automatically reloads for the user. A weapon with this modification reloads itself in the normal amount of time it takes a weapon of its type to do so. So once fired a self-loading clockwork rifle would take 2 Rounds to reload but does so on its

own. The self-load mechanism can perform 5 reloads before running out of ammunition and having to be refilled, which takes 4 Rounds to do.

**Selkie Waterproofing** (rifles and pistols only): This gun still functions when immersed in water, protecting any loaded ammunition. It can't be reloaded underwater.

**Spinner** (rifles and pistols only): Puts so much spin on the projectile it bends around corners to an alarming degree. If your adventurer spends an action calibrating the spinner for a piece of cover, on any following actions, if he hasn't moved and there's still a target behind the designated cover, all cover modifiers are reduced by 2. This can't be used if the weapon is firing at RoF2 or greater.

## SPECIAL AMMUNITION

### Pistol And Rifle

Special ammunition is usually purchased in a box of three rounds but if the source is less than reputable or it's something not normally available it may come as single rounds.

**Fireball Round**: This explodes into a ball of colored flame on contact, or at the apex of its flight. Depending on who you run with, the colors mean different things. It can also be used offensively; it does an additional 2 points of fire-based damage and flammable targets may catch fire as per normal Savage Worlds rules.

**Ice Round**: This freezes the target in ice for a short time. It does an additional 1 point of cold-based damage and the target must pass a Strength check or spend their next action removing the ice. If they don't remove the ice they suffer a -2 to all physical actions and their Pace and Parry are reduced by 1.

**Smoke Round**: This explodes into a vision-obscuring cloud of black smoke. If it strikes a target it does no damage but explodes into a cloud the size of the Large Burst Template on the target. All attacks within, into or out of the cloud suffer a -6 to hit.

**Tunnel Round**: Designed to bore through stone, metal and wood, they are of limited use in combat. A target with an armor rating of 2 or lower struck by the round takes damage as per a standard round. If the target is wearing armor with a rating of 3+ they take no damage from the initial attack, but the round starts to tunnel through the armor. It takes 1 full Round per 5 points of Armor or part thereof, so something with 6 points would take 2 Rounds. During



that time a successful Strength check by anyone able to reach it will remove the bullet. The Round after it has dug through its target's armor it does **Damage**: 2d6 that ignores armor. These rounds do not work against Heavy Armor.

**Heavy Tunnel Round**: Same as normal tunnel rounds but these work against targets with Heavy Armor.

**Concussion Round**: A thunderous clap stuns anyone in range. If it hits, the round does no damage to its target, however they and everyone adjacent to them must make a successful Vigor check or become Shaken.

**Tracker Round**: When this round strikes a target, it leaks a glowing blue liquid that can be easily tracked for a mile. When it strikes its target it does no damage but unless the target takes steps to stop the liquid, any Tracking rolls against him automatically succeed for the next 20 minutes. If he takes steps to hide or stop the trail of liquid, Tracking rolls gain a bonus of between +1 and +4 depending on how successful he is.

**Ricochet Round**: Specially designed to bounce off hard surfaces multiple times. Trying to bounce these bullets off surfaces to hit a target gains a cumulative -2 to the roll for each surface bounced off. Targets struck by a ricochet bullet take the full damage no matter how many surfaces it has rebounded off.

**Bolo Round**: Twin projectiles linked by a thin steel cord that entangles an enemy's legs without doing serious harm. If the target is hit he suffers no damage but must make an Agility roll or fall over. If the target moved as part of their last action the roll is made at a -2. It takes 2 full Rounds of doing nothing else, not even moving, for the target to unentangle his legs from a bolo round. If he wishes to move while entangled he can crawl 1" per Round or with a successful Agility roll hop 2". If he fails the roll he falls over instead of moving.

## Bow And Crossbow

**Fireball**: Works the same as the pistol and rifle rounds of the same name.

**Smoke**: Works the same as the pistol and rifle rounds of the same name.

**Medusa**: Turns the target to stone for a short time. When the target is struck, he suffers a -2 to all physical actions; his Pace and Parry are also reduced by 2. This lasts for 1d3 Rounds.

**Splinter**: A single arrow that splits into 12 smaller arrows in mid-flight. Allows your adventurer to perform Suppressive Fire, as per the standard Savage Worlds rules, with a single arrow shot.

**Messenger**: The bulky, rounded head of this arrow can record up to 30 seconds of a spoken message, and only plays back the message when the head is twisted into the correct alignment and unlocked from the shaft. Does **Damage**: 1d4 if fired at a foe. Or a friend, for that matter.

**Cloudburster**: Also called the "Rainmaker" or "Thunderhead", this arrow has remarkable range when fired up at clouds. A successful shot induces a rainstorm. The severity of the storm depends on the current weather conditions. If it hits a target it does normal weapon damage but has no effect on the weather.

**Sleeping Beauty**: The beautiful glass head of this arrow contains a potent gas which renders people unconscious within a certain range of the impact. It affects everyone within a Medium Burst Template from where it strikes. Everyone affected must pass a Vigor -2 check or fall asleep for at least 2d6 minutes. The arrow does no damage to its target.

**Black Widow**: Poisons the target and causes ongoing damage if not treated. If the arrow causes a Wound or causes its target to become Shaken he needs to make a Vigor -2 check. If he fails he takes a point of Fatigue loss every hour until medical attention is received, 12 hours pass or he dies.

**Curveshot**: Remarkable elven engineering has produced an arrow that can be arced around solid cover to a certain degree. Reduces the cover modifier of targets by 1.

**Longshot**: This extra-long arrow has incredible range. When firing this arrow the Long Range of the bow is doubled, the Short and Medium Ranges remain unchanged. Unfortunately, this arrow does 2 less damage than normal arrows fired from the bow.



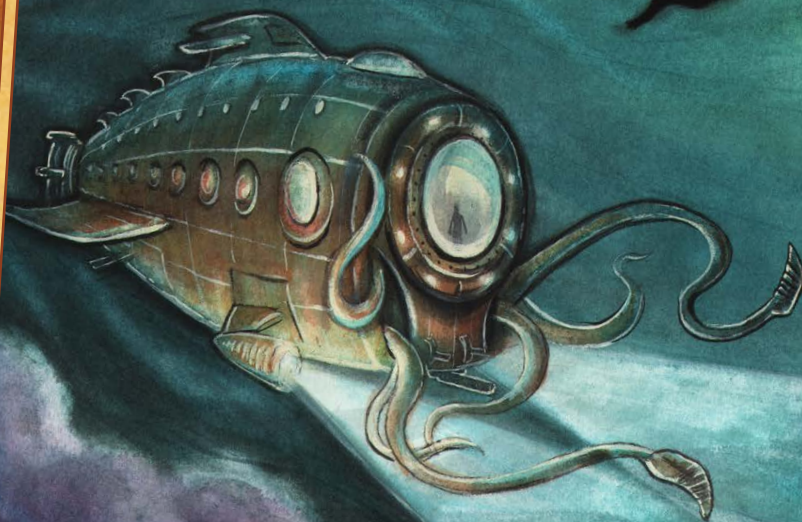


## TARES AND FARES

### Tools And Fantastic Devices

Item	Cost	Weight	Item	Cost	Weight
Basic alchemical potion	150	1	Mechadian press	25	-
Alchemists tools	100	5	Ornithopter backpack	1200	25
Automaton butler	1600	15	Personal sound dampener	800	3
Chanĝelinq mask	800	1	Area effect	1200	4
Re-usable mask	3000	1	Pocketwatchcommunilocator (pair)	1200	1
Dive helmet	750	8	Portable analytical engine	1500	15
Dr Bunĝees's ĝrapplinĝ ĝun	400	3	Encryption/decryption	300	-
Exo-suit	5000	-	MechadesiqnInc	200	-
Artillery	1500	-	Doctor Grey's diagrams	100	-
Flame unit	1000	-	Count MacAvelly's ĝuide to ethics	100	-
Combat armor	1000	-	Slim Jimmy's schematics	500	-
Handyman's multi tool	500	4	Regional map	100	-
Inventor's tools	100	5	Other punch cards	100- 500	-
Mandatory multi ĝoĝĝles	25	2	Portable printinq press	1000	5
Thermal lens	900	-	Spywear	1000	1
Niqht vision lens	800	-	Additional sense	500	-
X-Ray lens	900	-	Teleĝraph ĝlove	600	2
Telescopic lens	500	-	Temperature-reĝulating clothes	400	2
Microscopic lens	700	-	The travellinq alchemist	2000	15
Chrono lens	1200	-	Additional punch card	500	-
Waterproofinq	50	-	The ultimate compastrolabe	300	2





## Vehicles

Type	Acc/TS	Toughness	Crew	Cost
Steam cycle	3/16	8(2)	1	1000
Refuel				50
Horseless carriage	5/25	11(3)	1+5	3500
Ablative coating	4/25	16(8)		1000
Quiet engine				800
Booster rockets				200
Roof mounted gun				1000
Trap door				500
Smugglers compartment				800
Refuel				100

## Hand Weapons

Type	Damage	Weight	Cost	Notes
Brass hands	Str+d4	2	300	Pair
Gear saw	2d6+2	20	800	Roll of 1 the weapon jams and requires a successful Repair roll to use



## Ranged Weapons

Type	Range	Damage	RoF	Cost	Weight	Shots	Min Str	Notes
Clockwork rifle	24/48/96	2d8	1	500	10	-	d6	AP1, 2 actions to reload
Clockwork blunderbuss	10/20/40	1-3d6*	1	400	13	-	d6	1 action to reload
Clockwork pistol	12/24/48	2d6+1	2	200	6	6	-	
Dueling pistol	12/24/48	2d6+1	1	300	5	1	-	+1 to Shooting rolls
Clockwork crossbow	15/30/60	2d6	1	300	10	-	d6	AP1
Repeating rifle	20/40/80	2d8	3	900	20	28	d8	
Mechadian bow	15/30/60	2d6	1	250	8	-	d6	AP2

\* Damage decreases by 1d6 per range increment

## Weapon Modifications

Type	Weight	Cost	Notes
<i>Hand Weapons</i>			
Adjusting weight	+2	300	Halberds, staffs, axes and mauls only
Steam piston	+4	200	Lance or spear only
<i>Ranged</i>			
Big game roar	-	250	Rifle and pistol only
Dueling grip	-	250	Pistol only
Extended barrel	+2	300	Rifle and pistol only
Night scope	+3	600	
Scope	+1	400	
Self-loading	+5	800	Rifle, pistol and crossbow only
Selkie waterproofing	+1	400	Rifle and pistol only
Spinner	+4	600	Rifle and pistol only

## Special Ammunition

Type	Weight	Cost	Type	Weight	Cost
<i>Pistol and rifle</i>			<i>Bow and crossbow</i>		
Fireball	1/10	240/3	Fireball	1/5	80
Ice	1/10	210/3	Smoke	1/5	50
Smoke	1/10	150/3	Medusa	1/5	90
Tunnel	1/10	150/3	Splinter	1/5	40
Heavy tunnel	1/10	300/3	Messenger	1/5	150
Concussion	1/10	180/3	Cloudburster	1/5	120
Tracker	1/10	120/3	Sleeping beauty	1/5	130
Ricochet	1/10	150/3	Black widow	1/5	150
Bolo	1/10	180/3	Curveshot/Longshot	1/5	60/50







# FOR GMS

## CLOCKWORK DREAMS

This epic Plot Point Campaign gets your adventurers deeply involved in the setting, putting them at the center of many events that prove to be a crucial turning point for the realm. The campaign is split into ten parts, and should take your adventurers from Novice rank to Heroic, though most of the individual adventures can be regulated with little effort. Weld on some Savage Tales from the section after this one and you should be all set.

You'll find most of the stats you need, for key characters and a host of assorted Extras, in the third section, the Dramatis Personæ. Where there are non-standard stats for people and 'things' (automatons and so on) which are only important to that scenario, those are put in the scenarios themselves. This is a slight shift from our regular way of doing things, but in keeping with the steampunk genre we wanted to let the narrative flow throughout the scenarios themselves, especially during the Plot Point Campaign.

### PART ONE: THE FESTIVAL OF FLIGHT

Your adventurers must solve the murder of a mutual friend, which starts them on an investigation leading to an assassination attempt on the leader of the Sky delegation during peace talks with the Duchess of Verna.

#### Background

Duchess Glennewlyn is the first of Mechadia's four national leaders to extend an invitation to a contingent of thirteen airship captains - most of them pirates - who want the Sky to be officially recognized as its own country. Glennewlyn, never one to pass up an opportunity for a spectacular production, has declared this weekend the 'Festival of Flight' to honor her guests. The Festival is a weekend-long event with all manner of performers and vendors, culminating in a Sunday afternoon concert in Rockwood Park: Harmonium's largest, grandest public park that stretches out within sight of the Duchess' palatial estate. The peace talks will be held in a private and elevated pavilion on the green, well within sight and earshot of the concert stage.

### GIVING TOYS TO THE POOR

A LOT OF THE FUN OF THE STEAMPUNK GENRE IS THE ADVENT OF NEW AND FANTASTIC TECHNOLOGIES AS DREAMED OF BY THE VICTORIANS. IT'S ONLY NATURAL THAT MANY OF THE PLAYERS ROMPING IN THIS REALM ARE GOING TO WANT THEIR FAIR SHARE OF WILD GADGETS, BUT THEY'RE NOT TO BE TAKEN FOR GRANTED AND SOME ADVENTURERS WON'T HAVE JUSTIFICATION RIGHT OFF THE BAT.

OBVIOUSLY, IF A CHARACTER IS A RICH NOBLE OR A GENIUS INVENTOR, THEY'RE ABLE TO HAVE PLENTY OF TOYS AT THE OUTSET. IF A CHARACTER IS A LOWLY LABORER OR SIMPLE FARMHAND, THOUGH, IT'S UNLIKELY THEY'D HAVE A GOOD REASON TO HAVE SUCH EXPENSIVE AND WONDROUS POSSESSIONS.

THE WAY TO RECTIFY THIS, IF YOU SEE THAT SOME PEOPLE ARE BECOMING JEALOUS OF THEIR COMPANIONS' FANTASTIC EQUIPMENT, IS THROUGH GAME PLAY. THERE ARE A WHOLE HOST OF ADVENTURES SUPPLIED IN THIS BOOK, MOST NOTABLY THE *CLOCKWORK DREAMS* PLOT POINT CAMPAIGN, MAKING IT EASY TO SEE WHERE YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO HAVE YOUR ADVENTURERS COME AWAY WITH SOME PRIZE EQUIPMENT. IF POSSIBLE, YOU CAN TRY TO STEER IT SO THAT THESE PRIZES FIND THEIR WAY INTO THE HANDS OF THOSE ADVENTURERS LESS BLESSED BY MONEY OR THE INVENTOR'S MIND.

Not all of the Sky representatives have the same agenda at these talks, though. Two of the thirteen captains fear this is the first step toward Verna or one of the other continents subjugating the Sky. They believe the Sky should be free and independent, yes, but not its own country with laws and order. The native creatures of the Sky have no documentation of independence, no elected officials, and yet they find their own natural balance - and so shall it be with those fey who fly among them. These two captains and some of their crew are planning for the Festival to end with a big bang.



## Alas, Poor York

Harmonium is a city bustling with life and culture; all the latest in civil engineering, fashion trends, the arts, the sciences, venues for discourse on virtually any topic of interest. The green-tinted air is rife with a hundred smells: fresh-baked breads, pastries and puddings; canisters of the latest and greatest new blend of tea leaves from Autumnus; the peculiar scent of alchemical fires and the skewered mutton, venison or lamb cooking over them within countless street carts and tents; exotic perfumes from fashionable ladies walking up and down the avenues, stopping to take tea on the veranda of some upscale establishment where Important People are being seen lately. The sights and sounds are equally overloaded with all the street vendors vying for attention, the shops and eating establishments trying to draw people indoors, the various street and venue performers with all of their acting, singing, music and dancing, and the throngs of fey enjoying the last day of the Festival. Fire breathers, textile salesmen, sky pirates, contortionists, politicians, pickpockets, unicycle-riding jugglers, daguerrotypists, fiddlers, protesters, alchemists, face-painted children, absinthe-addled adults - they're all here, side by side.

Your adventurers, whether they already know each other or not, are gathered in the street outside a Harmonium pub in the morning to watch some good friends of theirs, The Absynthians, perform a few short sets, gearing up for their set in the main concert in Rockwood Park later today. The Absynthians are part of one of the many Sky residents in town for the peace talks. In between sets, the band has dispersed to get food, drinks, socialize with their fans, etc.

Your adventurers notice the Absynthians' brownie singer, Brown Tom York, coming out of a side door of the pub, arguing with three elves, two of whom are carrying suitcases. One of the two case carriers has a scar on his left cheek, and is dressed in the uniform of a Piaras house guard with the additional breast patch identifying him as a member of Duchess Glennewlyn's personal guard (which an adventurer might recognize if he's at least a semi-regular at court in Harmonium, or has personal ties to Glennewlyn). The Piaras guard parts ways from the others and quickly vanishes into the bustling crowd. The other two elves appear by their garb to be airshipmen, and Brown Tom chases them down a narrow sidestreets, wagging a finger and gesturing emphatically at the case. One or more of your adventurers might overhear him saying something to the effect of, "You think I ain't figured out what you're up to?"

A gaggle of children follow them, asking if they're real airship pirates. Moments later, the children come running back to the main street crying for help - someone's been stabbed!

If your adventurers come running quickly, they find the brownie lying dead in a pool of chocolate-colored blood that oozes from a chest wound. One of the two elves is dropping over the tall wooden fence at the end of the street, and his compatriot stands below with a bloody knife in one hand. By the time your adventurers reach him, he has a pistol in the other hand, and fights to the death to ensure his companion has the best chance of escape.

If your adventurers are slow to respond, they find both elves gone and the brownie clutching the knife wound in his chest.

However they get to him, he lives long enough to mumble the following: *"Don't let them ruin it. They don't understand the war this will start... and Elira... she's our best... she..."*

If questioned, the children describe a quickly unfolding scene where the elves, once out of sight of the main thoroughfare, turned on the brownie. The one with the suitcase grabbed him while the other one stabbed him. One of the children recalls the knife wielder calling the other elf by name. "Curran, or maybe Carrion - something like that, I think."

Brown Tom was unarmed, although anyone searching all the satchels, pouches and pockets on the body finds pieces of navigational equipment, aeronautic maps, some cash and a small, stiff punch card of thick, ivory stock with printed blue lettering at one end that says the following:

F.O.F. CLASS 2 ACCESS PASS

York, Brown Tom, Sky del. crew: nav., *Duke of Burundy*.

This should make sense to your adventurers, who probably know that as well as being a singer York was the navigator of the airship *Duke of Burundy*, often accused of piracy in the papers. Pocketing this access card might help your adventurers later in the scenario if none of them has a background that would provide them with access to certain 'backstage' areas of the Festival.

If your adventurers are still present when the coppertops arrive, the remaining children corroborate their story of what happened, and your adventurers have no trouble leaving the scene once they've given their statements. If your adventurers think to go into the pub, they can poke around and find out from one



of the waiting staff that a brownie - an alchemist by the look of his peculiarly stained apron and burned fingertips - had been waiting alone when the two elven airshipmen entered. The alchemist gave them a case and accepted a jingling pouch from them. The guardsman showed up with his own case, joined the elves at one of the rearmost tables, at which point they swapped cases.

## THE COPPERTOPS

THE POLICE FORCE OF EVERY CITY IN VERNA IS EASILY IDENTIFIABLE BY THE TRADEMARK TALL, ROUNDED, COPPER HELMETS AND COPPER WHISTLES AROUND THEIR NECKS. THEY'RE COMMONLY REFERRED TO AS "COPPERTOPS" OR "COPPERS" AND ARE MOST LIKELY SPRIGGANS. FOR PURPOSES OF GAME PLAY, THE CONSTABLES OF HARMONIUM ARE NOT EXCEEDINGLY COMPETENT, BUT NEITHER ARE THEY TO BE ENTIRELY SCOFFED AT. ALONE OR IN PATROL PAIRS, THEY'RE EASILY FOOLED OR MISDIRECTED, BUT ANY ADVENTURER FOOLISH ENOUGH TO PICK A FIGHT WITH ONE WILL PROBABLY SOON FIND HIMSELF SURROUNDED BY A DOZEN OR MORE. THE UNMISTAKABLE SOUND OF THE COPPER WHISTLES CAN PIERCE EVEN THE CACOPHONY OF THE FESTIVAL AND WILL BRING EVERY COPPERTOP WITHIN EARSHOT RUNNING WITH CLUBS DRAWN. THE COPPERS CAN BE USED TO USHER A SCENE IN A CERTAIN DIRECTION OR PACE IF NEEDED, BUT ARE NOTORIOUSLY LAZY ABOUT LENGTHY INVESTIGATIONS. THEY LIKE TO TIE CASES UP QUICKLY AND NEATLY TO GIVE THE APPEARANCE OF UTMOST COMPETENCE. THINGS LIKE TRUTH AND JUSTICE ARE QUIETLY SECONDARY.

## The Duke Of Burgundy

With a little questioning around the streets, it's easy enough to discover that the *Duke of Burgundy* is one of the more important airships attending the talks with Duchess Glennewlyn. Your adventurers can also find out that some of the airships of the thirteen captains are moored at Cumulus Airport, the capital's major terminal for airship travel. If they go to Cumulus, they find the *Duke of Burgundy* tied up at Dock 29, refueling and restocking supplies along with several others from the delegation. Any of

your adventurers who may be familiar with airship pirate stories and current events will recognize some very notorious names: the *Painted Lady*, the *Plum Judy*, the *Xerces Blue*, the *Hoary Elfin*, and the most famous of all, the *Monarch* - the airship of Captain Elira Symonds. Security around the airport is high, with armed Vernian house guards patrolling alongside regular police, not to mention the armed pirates guarding their airships. Despite this heightened sense of alertness around the airport, flocks of fey civilians parade up and down the concourse to point and chatter over the famous ships they've heard mentioned in the gazettes.

The gangplank of the *Duke of Burgundy* is guarded by an intense-looking spriggan named Gates who stands with his thumbs hooked into twin bandoliers holding a brace of pistols. Gates will puff up and bar anyone from the ship who isn't part of the crew, but if your adventurers tell him what happened to York, he may be inclined to make an exception. At the very least, he calls the quartermaster over to share in the news. At the right moment, an elf comes up from belowdecks and spot your adventurers. They recognize him as one of the two fey who killed York. The quartermaster says, "Kieran, didn't you leave the ship with Tom? What the hell happened?"

Kieran immediately hops the rails, slides down one of the mooring lines and bolts through the crowd. If your adventurers pursue, allow them a dramatic chase as per the *Savage Worlds* rulebook. If your adventurers subdue him alive, he may be taken into custody by the coppertops for questioning in the murder of Brown Tom York (and your adventurers are welcome to go with them to the police station), or your adventurers might drag Kieran back to the *Duke of Burgundy*.

If your adventurers can arrange it, a search of Kieran's locker on the ship turns up the case he carried from the pub earlier, and it contains some interesting papers. The first bears scrawled schematics of the grounds of Rockwood Park, including the main stage, the Duchess' raised pavilion (circled several times), and arrows to surrounding areas marked "Cumulus", "estate", and several Xs with accompanying numbers.

Someone with the right knowledge or experience might know (or can make a roll) to suggest that these could be guard posts (including the number of guards at each post). The second page bears columns of equations that anyone with alchemical skills (and a good Skill check) can decipher as a formula for some volatile chemical reaction that, for some odd reason, seems to include chemical compounds for the major ingredients of tea. A third page has schematics







for an ornate device with a notation for magnetic attachments, along with a footnote with what appears to be a crudely drawn flame beside the words "1-3 minutes".

If Kieran is suitably interrogated by your adventurers and/or Gates, they all learn that "the peace talks are going to fail, and the Sky will remain free." Kieran believes in dying for this cause. He doesn't divulge the secret of the bomb (being disguised as the Duchess' tea service) under any amount of physical torture, although a truth serum would probably do the trick....

If Kieran is taken into police custody, a member of the Duchess' personal guard (the scarred elf who exited the pub in scene one) arrives and relieves them of their prisoner, stating that the Duchess herself wants to interrogate him. Anyone waiting at the police station to find out how the questioning is going discovers this after Kieran and the house guard have slipped out of a different exit.

### Sunday In The Park With Pirates

No matter what line of investigation your adventurers attempt next, they're soon ambushed by a party of thugs led by Kieran, all of them bent on covering the tracks of this conspiracy. The traitorous member of the Duchess' guard isn't among them. He has taken his shift outside the Duchess' elevated pavilion as the big concert begins and the captains make their way to the talks.

After the fight, your adventurers may (if they bother to look) find access punch cards on the pirates similar to the one carried by York, and see that the conspiracy seems to be limited to members of the *Duke of Burgundy* and the *Hoary Elfin*. Successful interrogation of any of the lesser thugs reveals the plans of a bomb being delivered to the peace talks somehow, but they honestly don't know the details.

Using the access passes, your adventurers can get through the first barricade around the Duchess' pavilion, so long as they keep up a half-decent pretense of being the crew of an airship. The first barricade is an 8 foot high, 300 square foot fence around the Duchess' pavilion, the single opening for which is guarded by four house guards and one shriveled old brownie who runs the card reading engine for the access passes. The second barricade is a 12 foot high, 60 square foot fence around the base of the pavilion with a pair of guards and a second card reader engine, and a class 3 access punch card is required. Milling around inside the VIP area, they see a dozen more guards. One of them is the man

who left the pub in scene one. The last of the thirteen airship captains is just now mounting the top of the stairs and entering the private pavilion thirty feet above them. Glennewlyn is scheduled to arrive soon (and some say she's already late, which is not shocking).

### Tea Time

By now, it should be clear to your adventurers that the conspiracy, most likely an assassination attempt, leads here. If your adventurers try to force their way past the guards and up the stairs without permission, they find themselves in for a serious fight. If your adventurers try to explain their story, the house guard they saw in scene one tries to have them escorted out of the VIP area or even arrested. Showing the papers found in Kieran's footlocker at least gives the other guards pause to consider the matter.

Three servants mount the stairs with refreshments. At this point, have your adventurers make a Notice roll. Success means one or more of them recognize the ornate base of the tea service as the object drawn in the schematics from the footlocker. Their cries to halt the servants go unheard over the din as the next band takes the stage amidst a loudly cheering crowd. As the deadly tea service is brought up to the pavilion, your adventurers may now realize they have between one and three minutes to save the day.

Depending on their roleplaying, your adventurers may convince the house guards to be prudent and at least check out the serving tray's ornate base for sabotage, at which point the traitorous house guard tries to flee, fighting his way free if need be - much to the shock of his comrades. If your adventurers haven't convinced the guards of the genuine danger by this point, they may have to fight. At least one adventurer needs to make it up to the pavilion (presumably while the others hold the stairs against the house guards). As the captains have all agreed to leave their arms below at the guard checkpoint, they have no conventional weapons to draw on any adventurer entering the private gathering, and are startled. Captains Abernathy and Trevalian, of the *Duke of Burgundy* and *Hoary Elfin*, respectively, cry outrage at the interruption and demand the intruder(s) leave at once. They become physical if ignored or accused of any wrongdoing.

Before the interruption, the servants were in the process of serving food and drink, including hot tea. The tray has been placed over an alchemical fire in front of Captain Elira Symonds's seat at the center of a long table. It begins to vibrate softly before



it explodes, and the adventurers have to hurry to grab it and hurl it either through the open front of the pavilion or back through the door. The cleverly crafted alchemical bomb explodes in bright green flame in mid-air, and the crowd cheer and clap for the unexpected fireworks overhead.

Captain Elira senses the truth of the matter and, as the house guard charges into the room (side-by-side with any remaining adventurers after the explosion demonstrated their sincerity), she has them place Abernathy and Trevalian under arrest - to the sounds of their indignant protestations, naturally (assuming they haven't been slain). Before they can be carted off along with the scarred traitor guardsman, a silence falls over the pavilion. A new arrival stands in the doorway, surveying the scene: Duchess Glennewlyn in all her splendor. She seems a mixture of amused and offended at the betrayal.

"If I'd known there would be such exciting intrigue at my pavilion, I would have made an extra effort to get ready sooner. It appears I've missed most of the fun."

### Aftermath

Duchess Glennewlyn and Elira Symonds are both alchemists, and either one (or both) could have a truth serum on them, or easily accessible. If your adventurers also wish to help interrogate the three prisoners (or fewer, if there were some casualties), any of them can supply pretty much the same story: the traitor guard is an agent of Friqia. The two traitor captains were against these talks of making the Sky its own nation with laws and bureaucracy, wanting it to remain free (and lawless). They sought to sabotage the talks by having Elira killed, but with the blame passed to Verna so that the people of the Sky would fear to engage in any further actions of this kind with any of the four nations. Duke Bittergleam somehow got wind of this and supplied them with his inside man to assist in the assassination effort, only too happy to have Verna occupied by an angry army of buzzing Sky pirates while his nation grew stronger. After discovering the truth, Elira and the remaining pirates agree to continue talks with the Duchess, all of whom extend their heartfelt thanks to your adventurers. Glennewlyn bids them to stay in the VIP section below and enjoy all the amenities her people have to offer for the remainder of the Festival.

## PART TWO: THE INTERCONTINENTAL

On the way to Friqia, your adventurers find themselves waking up on a runaway train that is no longer on schedule to line up with the tracks from Verna to Friqia (due to the continental drift). But this is no accident, and on board are two strange figures intent on your adventurers not fixing the problem or getting off the train in time.

### Background

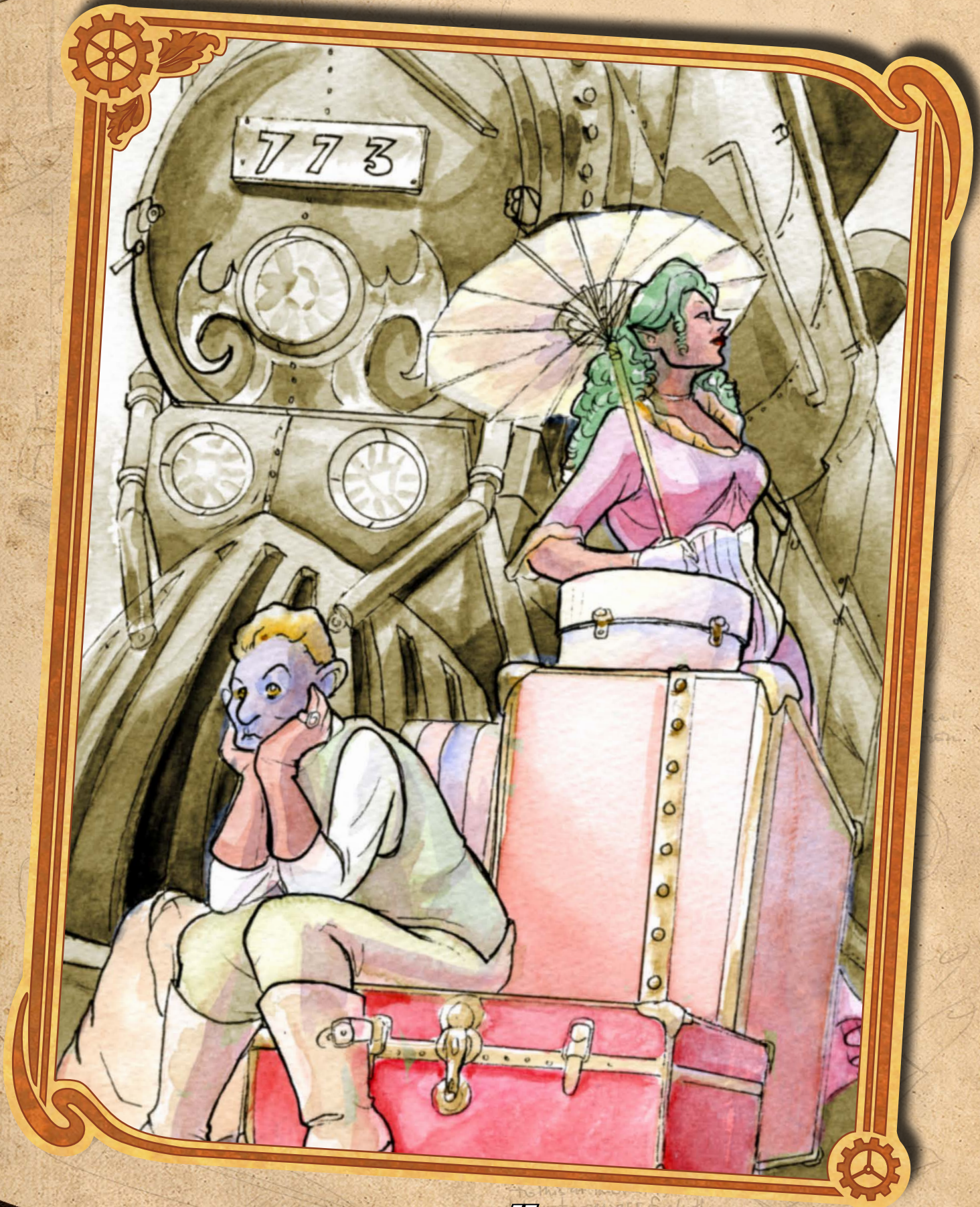
The Intercontinental is the biggest, best-known and lavish train line in Mechadia, being the only one that dares the engineering feat of having their tracks line up at several points on the edge of each continent, and the schedule is so infallibly kept to that when the continental drift lines up the tracks, the train speeds across them in the short window before the tracks pass beyond alignment once more. Set the scene of a large train with its steaming brass parts and gleaming black exterior finish as if it were brand new, and lavishly appointed interiors from the dining cars to the sleeper cars.

### The 11:15 From Harmonium

Your adventurers are on the Intercontinental Express from Harmonium to Friqia (could be for any reason, work or play). Feel free to spend a moment developing Verna's scenic details through the windows of the dining car as your adventurers have dinner. The dining car is filled with various colorful characters: a well-to-do brownie mother and her children are on their way to see daddy; a dapper young clurichaun couple snuggle blissfully together on the same side of a table, having just come from their wedding, eager to embark on their honeymoon in the snow; a surly boogart salesman sips at his bourbon as he pores over a crossword puzzle, muttering to himself; a middle-aged, potbellied goblin adjusts his spectacles repeatedly over a book entitled *Engineering Feats of the Intercontinental Railroad*; a tall, eerie aos sidhe with long black hair sits alone in the farthest booth, his face shadowed by the brim of his top hat as he flips colorful cards over one by one in front of him, occasionally eyeing any adventurer who eyes him first, it seems.

These are just a few samples of fey who come and go over the course of dinner. Any adventurer who tries to get a closer look at the sidhe's cards sees that they're tarot cards. If they question the aos sidhe, the man says in a chilly whisper that he's







passing the time by asking himself some questions, and seeing what the cards have to say. If pestered, he takes his cards and excuses himself.

An elf approaches your adventurers, excusing the interruption, and inquires if they were the same bunch who helped foil the assassination attempt at the Festival of Flight. She saw them from outside the VIP area, and heard the full story through the grapevine later. Her name is Amelia, and she works in Harmonium as a legal clerk on state matters. Her boss is one of the lawyers currently involved in the talks with the Sky, which she is happy to tell your adventurers are going rather well at the moment - thanks mostly to their intervention. She doesn't make a nuisance of herself and parts ways after expressing her, and the government's, continued appreciation, and is happy she got a chance to meet your adventurers.

As the train gets further from heavily settled areas, the untamed pollen and other potent allergens come through the vents and open windows. Adventurers who are not Vernian natives must make ongoing allergy (Vigor) checks. Failure means -1 Smarts or -1 Toughness, player's choice. Make this check at the beginning of each scene in this scenario. Failures are not cumulative; it's either -1 (for failed rolls in each scene, wherein those adventurers have allergies acting up) or no penalty (for successful rolls in each scene).

### Three Tree Station

Being the Express, there are very few stops between the four capital cities. Three Tree Station is the only other scheduled stop for this particular train. As the wheels squeak to a halt at the station in the city of Arbor and the boilers send up an almost grateful hiss of steam for a moment's respite, some passengers get off, others get on. Any adventurers not in their berth sees the eerie aos sidhe disembarking and meeting two men in dark frockcoats. He speaks to them briefly, they nod simultaneously and board the train.

The two men board with tickets, but no luggage. They regard your adventurers blankly for a moment as they walk by, but say nothing, and don't reply to any approaches. Any adventurer actively trying to discern what type of fey they are is hard-pressed to identify them. From their stature, they appear to be selkie or elf, but seem to lack any distinctive coloration or features of either race. The train leaves the station, with the usher calling out the next stop: Verqlaston, Friqia, tomorrow morning at 8:05 am.

When your adventurers eventually retire to their

berths for the night, they can each make a Notice roll to see if they notice anything slightly out of place or missing. Someone has been in their rooms - all of them. Any item in an adventurer's room that is capable of flight in any way has been stolen. If they tell one of the stewards, he looks shocked that such a thing could happen on the Intercontinental, but insists he and the other stewards will get right on it and search the train and question any passengers they find still awake. He assures your adventurers that any stolen items are still somewhere on the train, and they may sleep peacefully tonight knowing that the train staff will find and return the items.

At this point, almost everyone is bedded down for the night, so your adventurers are hard-pressed to do their own search unless they're willing to be extremely rude and aggressive, literally knocking down doors to other berths, breaking into the locked baggage cars or the engine itself. The train's staff of course try to prevent any such actions.

### On The Fast Track

In the wee hours of the night, your adventurers make a Notice roll (passing automatically if someone is on watch). A Success means one or more of them have woken up with a sense of something wrong. After a moment of waking up, they realize the train seems to be going faster than it was before, and is still picking up speed. A quick exploration of the next car in either direction turns up an unconscious train steward lying on the floor of the hall or slumped in a seat. In the front-most lounge car, at the door to the engine, they find one of the two fey in dark frockcoats. He guards the locked door with arms in his coat pockets, staring blankly at anyone who approaches. His movements are stiff and his speaking voice sounds leached of feeling. He denies access to anyone trying to get past him, simply saying, "You are not permitted here. Please return to your sleeping quarters." In the nearest lounge seat is an unconscious engineer... but then who's running the train?

No one.

The throttle has been jammed to full and broken off, and the door lock and handle mangled into a twisted brass wreckage, making lockpicking impossible, even if the door was unguarded. The door is sturdy, magically reinforced mechadium, very difficult to break down. The blank man takes a pocketwatch from his waistcoat pocket, looks at it, winds it, and says, "Not time yet." He defends himself but doesn't attack or leave his post at the door, and doesn't banter with your adventurers.



The other blank man is similarly stationed at the door to the first bağça car, whose lock is also mangled, but the door to which would be easier to break through, if it weren't guarded. Your adventurers' stolen items are stowed in the second (further back) bağça car, and can be found with a successful Notice check if your adventurers can get there. The second blank man has an identical pocketwatch, and reacts in exactly the same way as the first. "Not time yet."

These two men can take a remarkable amount of punishment, and any adventurer striking them with a body part or melee weapon feels some surprising and unnatural resistance beneath the skin, as if there was something more than flesh and bone at work. Metal weapons such as a knife make a metal-on-metal scraping or clanging sound, and the blank men exhibit no pain at all. They bleed only a superficial amount from even large and deep wounds, and after that begins to leak what appears to be the type of oil used to keep machine cogs turning smoothly.

They are automatons. Clockwork fey. Someone made these 'people'. Details of these automatons can be found in the Minions section.

Fey begin to stir and emerge sleepily from their compartments at this point, wondering what is going on. Some may remark, "Aren't we going a little too fast? Is this safe?"

When it is 'time', which can be the top of whatever hour is next (your choice, not a crucial detail), the two blank men begin to push forward car by car, herding the fey toward the center of the train, a sleeper car. Each automaton does its best to let no one slip behind it to either the engine or caboose. Their goal is to keep everyone on the train until it reaches the border between continents. Due to the throttle being jammed down, it's way ahead of schedule, and won't meet up with any tracks on the Frişian side. There will be a gap between continents, and the train will plunge a thousand feet down, bouncing and shattering between cliffs and into the sea below. All aboard will be lost.

Your adventurers themselves are the target, but the goal is to make their deaths look like a train accident. The aos sidhe from scene 1 is a Fiakra, and the court sorcerer for Duke Bitterleaf. He read the cards and saw that these adventurers will interfere with the Duke's machinations to unite and rule Mechadia under Frişian law. The Fiakra boarded this train because he needed to see them for himself in order to get a better reading of the future as far as they are involved.

## Last Stop

Your adventurers must try and hold back the slow but inevitable press between the two hardy automatons. The clockwork fey can take a high level of damage and have an arsenal of mechanical weapons that spring from their hands or other parts of their body, as well as being far stronger, but not faster. Slow and deliberate is how they operate. Your adventurers hopefully have the inclination to protect the innocents on board as well as themselves.

None of the other passengers are of use in the fight, and may actually get in the way by accident. Your adventurers must find a way to either get everyone off the train (not bloody likely), or prevent the train from going over the cliff and down to their doom. There are several solutions possible. Here are a few ideas:

If your adventurers made a good enough connection with Elira and the sky pirates in Part One, they may have a way to contact one of the captains to cry for help. If not, Amelia can have a pocketwatch communicator that connects to her boss in Harmonium, who can then try and rouse the nearest Vernian airship, which catches up to the train just before the edge of Verna. Your adventurers must attach the ship's mooring lines to one car, detaching all others from it, and the airship has just enough lift to help the train car leap from Verna to Frişia before the lines snap.

The middle-aged goblin is a train engineer: not the type that drives the train, but the type that has made a career of building trains and tracks. If your adventurers think to entreat him, he can do the math and help your adventurers figure out that they can make the cliff jump with X amount of explosive force beneath a single, detached train car at just the right time, aided by: magic, a piece of flying equipment like the ornithopter backpack or some type of rocket pack, or something else clever that the party has in their resources.

Your adventurers make it around the rear automaton (or dispatch it) and make it to the caboose, detaching it just in the nick of time and somehow 'dropping anchor' to stop the car from going over the cliff, or finding a safe way to get everyone off without being shredded by the train tracks at such a ridiculous velocity.



## Aftermath

Your adventurers have (hopefully) avoided calamity and saved the lives of a few dozen fey, and are left with a handful of coqs and coils from the automatons. These pieces, when properly scrutinized by the right kind of expert, will point them in the right direction for another adventure that begins to show them that this is part of something much bigger.

For now, they have a whole host of new grateful acquaintances in a variety of different fields should they need future help: Amelia the legal clerk who is deeply rooted in Harmonium's government, the goblin engineer, the boogart traveling salesman, the newlywed clurichauns who have inherited a bed and breakfast in Autumnus and offer your adventurers free room and board (or a great place to hide) should they ever be in the area - and feel free to add other personalities and fields of interest here.

The survivors, whether they stand in melted Frigian snow or frost-dusted Vernian grass, will be picked up within an hour or two by an airship patrol of either government, having spotted the explosion of the train wreckage from the skies. Knowing they will be questioned by the authorities on the cause of the crash, your adventurers have time to orchestrate any story they wish amongst the survivors if they decide not to disclose the whole truth just yet. The grateful survivors comply.

## PART THREE: THE JUNKLANDS

After the discovery of the two clockwork fey, your adventurers follow clues to two old toymakers who then direct your adventurers to the Junklands to find answers on who might be behind the train job and the masterful yet insidious creation of these automaton fey. They discover more clues that lead them to believe this is part of a much bigger plan.

### The Old Toymakers

Whether by their own expertise or that of a hired expert, the remnants of the two clockwork fey from the Intercontinental Express reveal a tiny but distinctive machinist's mark stamped into the metal. It's the insignia of Dean and Tori Breağan, a wrinkled old Autumnus goblin and gremian couple who were all the rage a few years ago for their life-sized clockwork playmates. The toys were designed for the children of aos sidhe or other affluent nobles, automated figures with a limited amount of stimu-

response capabilities. They made toy soldiers, pretty companions for tea time, and siblings for only children who wanted a brother or sister.

The affable couple welcomes visitors, not getting many anymore. Not since they were driven out of the market by some upstart genius toymaker goblin named Rañnell, who made wonderfully improved innovations like rough-tongued street urchins for children of the rich who wanted to play with the lower class, but whose parents were afraid of the dangers that might pose, both physically and socially - they even made a limited run of famous sky pirate figures, including the dreaded Elira Symonds, for fey children to do battle against (or alongside, when their parents weren't watching).

Rañnell wasn't only more in touch with the whims of upper class children, but her mechanical work was far superior. Dean, a goblin, was the mind behind the designs for their toys, and Tori's deft gremian hands brought the drawings into reality. The far younger Rañnell seemed able to do both with superior skill and speed, and soon stole the spotlight in clockwork playmates. The Breağans eventually sold most of their remaining toy surplus to the proprietor of the Junklands.

The parts your adventurers have brought with them from the train incident are components from the Breağans' former masterpieces, most likely scrounged from the very same pile they deposited in the Junklands. They recommend going there for answers, because that's about all they know, although they are very intrigued if your adventurers tell them the story of the lifelike automatons on the train. Maybe if your adventurers had brought them a complete automaton, they might have been able to tell them more about its origins, but there's not too much they can tell from a handful of coqs.

### One Man's Trash...

The Junklands: a region of Autumnus covering about 300 square miles, composed of non-perishable trash and obsolete mechanical/industrial components from all over Mechadia. There are plenty of spare parts and pawn shops across the realm, but none have the legendary name or magical connection that the Junklands has. Consider it a tiny, ever-changing foothill range with a strange connection to the mortal realms. Certain hills of junk are specific in their content; one is composed of every watch ever lost in the mortal realms, another is every lost hat, another is every piece of loose change fallen through



the cracks of the mortal realms, and so on. These are but a few dozen among hundreds of piles of detritus. The bulk of the Junklands' contents are Mechadian cast-offs, anything with a potential value to someone else in the future.

The proprietor of the Junklands can be found at the office by the one and only gate in the fifty-foot high stone wall topped with barbed wire. His name is Max, and he's a pooka who more frequently lives in the form of a large, intimidating dog. Chained by the front gate is his nasty pet, Brutus, a feral human stolen from the mortal realms years ago, who snaps and growls at anyone who tries to barge through the front gate without Max's blessing.

This 'blessing' comes from paying his \$100 entrance fee - per head. This is a one-time charge per visit, and anyone paying Max's head fee is welcome to haul out as much junk as they can physically make in one trip on foot. Vehicles like carriages are also welcome in, but cost an additional \$500 per vehicle on top of the per-head fee. If asked about the clockwork toys, Max remembers buying a huge lot of about 200 assorted life-sized figures from the Breagans after they had to sell the business. "They're back there somewhere," he says, waving a paw in a general direction without any precise recollection. He doesn't specifically recall anyone taking them all away, but then again, he doesn't pay much attention to the people coming out as it's the ones coming in who haven't paid yet.

## Travel Guides

Once inside, set the scene by describing some of the aforementioned hills fed by lost items from the mortal realms, and have some items literally rain down in little dribs and drabs from the sky; a hat here, a watch there, an odd sock and a few pennies from heaven.

As they pass by one heap of rusted old girders, your adventurers hear a tinny chattering, soon followed by a dozen cat-sized creatures that attack without hesitation. These scrapnids resemble oversized scorpions made of rusty metal, and they attack with scissor-like claws and flailing tails of chain tipped with sharp scrap metal.

Afterwards, the noise from the fight brings a trio of fey who seem genuinely concerned. The first is an aging, soft-spoken aos sidhe of House Shaenan named Tallow, and he carries a book, a quill and a bandolier of inkwells around his waist. The second is an outgoing but easily distracted selkie named Beckham, who carries a handful of long, rolled maps

and a box of charcoals. The third is a pixie named B.B. who's struggling with daquerreotype equipment as she bobs and weaves through the air behind the other two.

The trio is collaborating on a book about the Junklands, sort of a travel guide/history book of the ever-changing landscape. Beckham has an extensive knowledge of the layout of the Junklands, having wandered through the grounds more times than he can count. Tallow is writing the prose and interviewing Max and other patrons of the Junklands, and B.B. is supplying the photographic images. They can't answer your adventurers' questions other than to happily guide them to the place Beckham knows for sure he's seen these life-sized clockwork toys - if your adventurers can keep him focused on getting them there.

Along the way, there are plenty of other fey scattered throughout the hills alone or in clusters, with a canvas sack or a horse-drawn wagon, searching the foothills for discarded treasures. There are also small shantytown clusters built between some of the hills where fey have decided to take up permanent residence. Their clothing and accoutrements, like their homes, are composed of cast-offs. They live on a barter system, so a suitable offering by your adventurers earns their help in finding where the Breagans' old clockwork toys were stored. Their aid can be just as valuable as the travel guides if your adventurers pass by the latter.

Whether guided by Beckham and company or the advice of the shanty fey, your adventurers arrive at the foot of one hill of scrap metal. If they're with Beckham, he scratches his head, looks around, and concludes that he knows he's brought them to the right place. This is where the clockwork toys used to be piled as recently as a month ago, but now it appears they're all gone.

"Maybe he knows. He seems pretty interested in this hill." B.B. points to a small, neighboring junk hill where a fey in a dark frockcoat turns and begins stiffly clambering over the detritus. (Assuming she's with your adventurers; if not, they hear some clattering nearby and see for themselves.)

Any spirited pursuit by your adventurers leaves their three travel guides far behind. Coming over the crest of the hill, they suddenly find themselves tumbling and sliding down the side of the hill in a junkslide. They survive with varying amounts of cuts and bruises (1 Wound but a successful Agility roll makes this 1 level of Fatigue instead), maybe some of



them being half-buried in the rubble afterwards. The fleeing automaton is nearby, but your adventurers have a bigger problem - much bigger.

## I Think I Just Scrapped Myself

If traveling with the travel guides, one subject Tallow would've spoken about during their winding path through the foothills was the phenomenon of 'sentient cohesion', an odd side effect that sometimes occurs when too much once-magically-imbued mechanical cast-offs get piled together for a great length of time. The magic residue acts as a sort of biological bond that melds a host of junk together into an animated mechanical construct with a feral level of consciousness.

And one just woke up.

The monstrosity pulls itself from its 'nest' of scrap metal, lets out a scraping metallic roar and focuses its coal-burning gaze on these little flesh creatures that have come literally crashing down on its territory. The construct stands about 20 feet tall, and is made up of coal furnaces, carriage and train parts, old wiring, steam pipes, massive gears and more. Your adventurers must fight the junk monster and also not let the automaton get away. The clockwork fey, like those on the Intercontinental, moves stiffly, and they should be able to catch up to him just before he reaches the front gate - assuming they aren't all in too rough shape after the junk monster.

In the aftermath of the fight, one of your adventurers ends up either being wounded by or being in contact with what at first could be mistaken for a simple length of narrow copper pipe. Closer inspection of the object shows it to be an old copperwood walking stick with an insignia embossed into the handle of four interlocking gears. The first time an adventurer touches this symbol, it induces flashes of a vision - not enough to make any sense of, but certainly strong enough to tell your adventurers "Hey, this isn't just a normal piece of junk. This means something..."

If your adventurers' fight takes too much out of them or they forget to pursue the automaton, you can have its body lying on the ground outside the front gate, being banged and yanked on by a snarling Brutus, with Max nearby bating a decapitated noogie with his paw, smiling a menacing doggie smile. "This one didn't pay his head fee on the way in, so I took it on his way out."

## Aftermath

Your adventurers return with the body of the automaton, functional or otherwise (hopefully more intact than less). Having a whole specimen to look at, the Breaşans marvel at the level of sophistication, and gather from a few telltale industry tricks that this must be the work of Raşnell, the avant garde goblin engineer that drove them out of business. The last rumor they heard was that Raşnell's experimentations violated the guidelines of the Intercontinental Collegium, the governing scientific board of Mechadia. She was thrown into the Black Cells, a penal system in the Great Underground dedicated to the incarceration of the most severe offenders, and from whence most never return. The Breaşans aren't sure if the rumors are even true, but that's the best lead they can supply.

If presented with the Crossed Gears component, they'll suddenly become weird, spouting off religious rhetoric about assembling God from the Machine (they're members of the Gatherers of the Form; see the description on page 24). If your adventurers don't return to the old toymakers, Raşnell's name can be extracted from the automaton's programming by anyone, adventurer or outsourced NPC, with enough programming talent.

The copperwood walking stick is the first of a series of very important artifacts, each integral to the endgame of *Clockwork Dreams*. More on this in subsequent scenarios in this campaign.

## PART FOUR: THE LIBRARY AND THE LABORER

Your adventurers need to learn more about this ingenious goblin inventor, Raşnell, but there are no publicly accessible records on the Black Cells, not even from the governments of the four nations. Run some Savage Tales, and then come back for the next part of our adventure.

One night, a mysterious building appears on their doorstep. This is the Library, and it has come to them in a time of need. They navigate the enigmatic building and its denizens to find answers, and along the way they meet another needful soul who can answer their questions in more detail - but they'll be introduced to his problem.

## Where Did That Come From?

Wherever your adventurers are staying in Mechadia, one night they hear an odd sound and find a large stone building with marble columns







has appeared nearby, and its tall double doors open inward as soon as they draw near.

This is the Library (capital L!), the wandering font of wisdom that comes to certain people in times of great need, replete with resources that can be found nowhere else in the realm.

Once inside, the Library doors close and your adventurers feel a brief sense of vertigo as the Library whooshes away through the Æther before arriving at its next destination.

Just inside the entrance, your adventurers see the front desk manned by a venerable Shaenan named Leabhar, and he is the Librarian (again, capital L). His skin looks as brittle as aged parchment, and his voice is papery thin as well. He waves a hand and every gaslight and candle in the dimly lit building flares bright enough to illuminate every shelf. The towering rows of books and periodicals are dizzyingly high and long, and not all of them are straight. It's like walking through a paper labyrinth, although the sections are clearly marked by subject on the ends of the shelves. A flock of folded paper birds glides and rustles on an omnipresent indoor breeze, watching the newcomers curiously - and making sure they obey a civil code of conduct. If your adventurers become destructive or disrespectful toward the Library or any of its contents in any way, the folded paper birds become agitated and swoop down, slicing a mean paper cut here and there. If their warnings aren't heeded or your adventurers fight back, the flock increases in number and ferocity.

Going by Leabhar's general directions, your adventurers find a single thick book with a leather cover of the deepest black, with embossed gold lettering reading: *THE BLACK CELLS: A Complete Record*. Opening the heavy, dusty book, they page through to the approximate time indicated by the Breašans and do indeed find the entry 'Rašnell Grommet, goblin, age 23' written in the ledger in bold, blocky handwriting. In the column under 'Offense' by her name, the ledger reads 'highly unnatural and disturbed medical/mechanical experimentation'. Beyond the records of prisoners, your adventurers find a detailed schematic of the Black Cells, the routes of movement as the separate cubes constantly shift up, down, sideways and diagonally throughout the Underground to keep prisoners feeling lost and off balance, making escape plans all but impossible.

A sudden but brief sense of vertigo snaps through your adventurers again. The Library has arrived at its next destination.

## Grismond

Making their way through the paper labyrinth, your adventurers soon come across a massive, heavily muscled figure with blue-gray skin and an impressive pair of ram-like horns erupting from his head and curling around his ears. They find him sitting at a table covered in legal tomes and one book entitled *How to Speak Like a Proper Gentleman*. He wears a hopelessly stained shirt with the sleeves torn off raggedly at his bulging shoulders, and a thick leather apron rife with burn streaks and gouges and oil spatters. He regards your adventurers curiously, nodding politely until he sees the book they carry.

The troll introduces himself (in common Mechadian, not his native troll tongue) as Grismond, and for those adventurers who have ever had any dealings with trolls, they find this one is remarkably well-spoken and well-mannered. He asks why they would need such a book. If they reply with anything along the lines of "Why are you interested?", Grismond answers, "Because for the last decade or so, I've been the only one writing in it." As far as he knew, the Library would give nobody access to that book except for the current Keeper of the Black Records.





## Raġnell

Grismond respects the Library and its sense of whose needs are worth responding to, and so he tries to answer their questions about the Black Cells (which he would normally never admit) on the condition that your adventurers also do him the respect of listening to his reason for being here, because he seems to think maybe the Library brought them together for more than one reason.

Depending on what questions your adventurers ask, Grismond knows the following:

He remembers locking Raġnell up, that she was investigated for dabbling in dark corners of invention with regard to recreating life through pure mechanics and magic, and had, as Grismond puts it, "Crossed the line of decency concerning the treatment of cadavers". She fled Verna, but was captured by authorities in Autumnus and delivered back home for her trial and sentenced to life imprisonment. He remembers the goblin as she was being put into her cell, claiming that one day Verna and Autumnus would rue the day they tried to make her disappear, that she would find people who appreciate her line of thinking, that the world would be better off with her in charge rather than outmoded thinkers like Glennewlyn and the Hallowbeards. The trolls laughed at her as they locked her in, but Grismond didn't. He's never admitted this to anyone before, but at that moment, the look in her eyes gave the big troll leader chills.

## Going Down

"If you're planning on visiting her, it's my responsibility as Keeper of the Black Cells to go with you, not only to make sure she remains secure in her cell, but also to keep you safe from the Underground. For the unwary, death is never far down here."

Assuming your adventurers want to keep following their leads to Raġnell, they're probably going to need Grismond. The schematics in the book they have are incredibly convoluted and almost impossible to interpret into a usable map through the Underground. The rest of this scenario is written under the assumption that Grismond is with the party. If not, you should revise accordingly, and make the journey more perilous...

Exiting the Library, your adventurers find themselves greeted by a shocking sight they've probably never seen before. They're surrounded by a hot, humid, dark, skyless landscape of chugging coals, steaming pipes, bubbling boilers, clanking chains and

## THE GREAT UNDERGROUND

FOR MORE DETAILS OF THE GREAT UNDERGROUND, VISIT THE *SUZEWIKI* SUZERAIN. INFO AND LOOK FOR THE DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF MECHADIA TO GIVE FLAVOR TO THE SURROUNDINGS AS YOUR ADVENTURERS FOLLOW GRISMOND THROUGH THE LEVELS FROM 2 TO 10 (THAT'S WHERE THEIR TRAIL FOR THIS SCENARIO ENDS, ALTHOUGH THEY SEE THAT THE UNDERGROUND GOES DOWN EVEN FURTHER).

sparkling wires. A thousand shadows dance around them, cast by the flickering fires of too many coal furnaces to count. Tall, miserable-looking hunched forms are hard at work all around, pausing to regard the appearance of the Library in their midst before moving on. They glare with burning hatred at the fey traveling with Grismond, muttering trollish curses and spitting at them.

The Great Underground is a dangerous place... one where accidents do happen, and happen with great regularity (see the Great Underground Danger Table on page 66).

Along the way, one particular detail of note should strike your adventurers. They see graffiti and an occasional shrine bearing a symbol like the one on the copperwood walking stick. This is the primary icon of the trolls' religion, their belief that the land is their shattered god, and that they're the ones to put Him back together one day.

When they reach level 10, Grismond checks his battered pocketwatch, points to one part of the schematic, nods satisfactorily to himself and declares, "This is the spot. You may want to stand back." Within minutes, a dark metal 10' x 10' cube comes rocketing toward them on a pulley chain until Grismond hauls on a long floor lever and halts the cube just in time. He unlocks the cell to find it empty.

The walls are covered with scratchings that your adventurers can deduce are mathematic / schematic notations. It appears the goblin's genius was sufficient for her to feel the movements of her cell, figure out the directions, the timing, the entire circuit of the Black Cells. Using this knowledge and having picked



the lock with a few long splinters of metal she must have carved from the wall with her own nails (they find broken nails and long-dried blood smears in several places), she was able to escape without getting killed in the process. If the math is done correctly, your adventurers can figure that she escaped beneath Frigia, not too far from the capital.

Grismond thanks them for bringing this to his attention and makes plans to improve security of the Black Cells in the future. He escorts your adventurers back to the surface, navigating more industrial dangers as well as angry mobs of troll workers who want to throw the 'pretty fey' into the coal fires and giant gears because their lifestyle has caused them to hate anyone from the surface. Your adventurers get a sense of things starting to build to a boil down here in a big, big way.

### The Great Underground Danger Table

When traveling in the Great Underground, industrial hazards are everywhere. Adventurers should make a Knowledge (Underground) Skill check for every fifteen minutes they spend below level 1. Only one roll is required for the entire group (unless they split up, which creates more than one group), and the encounter happens to one or more adventurers chosen at random, also with a die roll. If they fail, they need to roll a d12 and consult the following chart; if the effect does not affect the whole party, determine who's affected before any roll checks or damage is rolled. When traveling with Grismond (or with any knowledgeable troll), adventurers roll two dice every fifteen minutes and choose which result to use.

#### Levels 1-5

1-2 - Nothing.

3-5 - Steam burst. **Damage:** 1d6 to one character.

6-7 - Notice -2 check. If failed, they get a shock from exposed wires. **Damage:** 2d6 to one character, **Damage:** 1d6 to anyone next to that character, and **Damage:** 1d4 to anyone else.

8-9 - Falling piece of pipe or other industrial component. 1d4 adventurers must pass an Agility check or take **Damage:** 1d12 (roll damage separately for each).

10-11 - Smacked aside by an angry troll laborer. **Damage:** 1d6 plus ensuing combat from 1d6 trolls if there is any retaliation.

12 - Roll twice on this table and use both results.

#### Levels 6-9

The Knowledge underground check is now made at a -1.

1 - Nothing.

2-3 - Steam burst. **Damage:** 1d10 to 1d4 adventurers.

4-5 - Notice -2 check. If failed, they get an electrical shock. **Damage:** 3d6 to one character, **Damage:** 2d6 to anyone next to that character, then **Damage:** 1d6.

6 - Coal furnace blowback. All your adventurers are blinded for 1d4 Rounds (roll once for all) and take respiratory **Damage:** 1d6 (roll separately for each).

7 - Caught in a water blast from plumbing system. One adventurer is knocked unconscious for 1d6 Rounds, taking **Damage:** 1d10.

8 - One adventurer becomes separated and lost. Remaining adventurers must pass three Tracking checks to find him before moving on. Each missed roll (which can be made by anyone in the party except for the lost adventurer) equates to five minutes, so three rolls, successful or not, equal 15 minutes, and thus another roll on this table.

9 - Smacked aside by angry troll laborer (as above, except initial **Damage:** 2d6).

10 - Smacked aside by angry giant laborer. **Damage:** 3d6 plus ensuing combat with 1d4 giants if there is any retaliation.

11 - Pass an Agility check to avoid getting caught in giant gears. They do **Damage:** 1d12 and allies must make a successful Strength roll to extricate the caught companion or else there's an ongoing **Damage:** 2d12 each Round.

12 - Roll twice on this table and use both results.

#### Levels 10-12

The Knowledge underground check is now made at a -2.

1-2 - Steam burst. **Damage:** 2d6 to 1d6 adventurers.

3 - Notice -2 check. If fails, one adventurer gets an electric shock (add **Damage:** 1d6 to the system from levels 6-9), plus 1d8 Rounds of unconsciousness to the primary victim.



4 - Coal furnace blowback. All adventurers blinded for 1d8 Rounds (roll separately) and take respiratory **Damage**: 2d6 (roll separately).

5 - Caught in water blast from plumbing system. 1d4 adventurers take **Damage**: 1d8 and are swept away and spend 1d4 Rounds finding their way back to where they were.

6- Floor plate shifts, causing everyone involved to pass an Agility check or suffer **Damage**: 3d6 from contact with fast-moving, giant machine parts (everyone rolls damage separately).

7-8 -Your adventurers find a cubby hole where they can stop and rest for a little while. It's too noisy and uncomfortable to spend much time there but they can spend 15 minutes without having to roll on the table again.

9- Smacked aside by angry troll laborer (as above, except initial **Damage**: 2d8).

10 - Smacked aside by angry giant laborer (as above, but 1d8 giants in case of combat).

11- Pass an Agility check to avoid getting caught in gargantuan gears. They do **Damage**: 2d12 and allies must make a successful strength roll to extricate the caught companion or he takes **Damage**: 4d12 each Round. Even on a successful roll, the adventurer comes away with one crippled limb (your discretion).

12- Roll twice on this table and use both results.

## Aftermath

Grismond has helped your adventurers find Rañnell's cell, and in return they hear why he was in the Library. He wants to persuade the national leaders to give the trolls better conditions, and is trying to arrange meetings to discuss this. He asks your adventurers to accompany him to his first meeting.

Your adventurers have made a very important and useful friend in Grismond. Nobody realizes how much power and influence the trolls could have if they only chose to stand up for themselves and wield it.

If at any point Grismond sees the copperwood walking stick from Part Three, he confirms the old toymakers' opinion that the piece is an important artifact, "like a finger bone of God". He may intimate that he has seen another piece like this before, but if pressed, he doesn't disclose details. However, he says he'll "ask around" to try and remember where he saw it. He can either use the hint of this second artifact as leverage to get your adventurers to aid him in the next section.





## PART FIVE: LABOR PAINS

Some time later, your adventurers are contacted by Grismond - he has a meeting in Eas Glainne, the capital of Friðia, and needs an escort for his labor talks with Duke Bittergleam. After a heated labor debate, the Duke concedes to their demands, then double-crosses them and tries to have them and Grismond assassinated. Your adventurers run into the Fiakra sidhe from the Intercontinental, Bittergleam's chief sorcerer, Mordecai, who tries to do away with them himself because the cards have shown him that they stand in the way of his master's plans.

### Winter Wonderland

Your adventurers descend to the nearest Tube platform to meet Grismond, who they find looking surprisingly dapper in his immaculate and only slightly-too-small suit and top hat. He carries a massive umbrella and a shiny new leather folio in which he carries his neatly typewritten agenda outline and rewritten labor contract proposals. The big troll seems cautiously optimistic for the first meeting.

Upon their arrival at Eas Glainne, your adventurers are met by a pair of Friðian government carriages. Between his massive umbrella and the thick curtains of the carriage, Grismond is reasonably safe from the sun, although he's clearly more uncomfortable on the surface during the day. Before entering the coach, he grumbles something under his breath about the Duke doing this deliberately to put him off balance by scheduling this meeting during the daytime.

The carriage ride through the streets of Eas Glainne is a good time to set the scene of Friðia. The streets and buildings are all very straight and orderly, and everything looks so crisp and clean in the gleaming white backdrop of ice and snow. Colors are made more vibrant by way of contrast, reflecting and amplifying in frozen surfaces and in every hanging icicle. The snow tinkles ever-so-gently as it hits countless icicles, making a barely perceptible yet omnipresent music in the air. The cold is brisk and refreshing, not miserably bone-chilling as some of your adventurers may have expected - unless they're from the summer land of Torridaen, in which case it's somewhat uncomfortable. Children play on frozen ponds in public parks, ice skating, building ice-and-snow forts for their snowball wars, crafting impressively detailed snowmen and women.

Duke Bittergleam's castle, Wardenclytte, is beautifully crafted out of the inward face of the highest mountain in Friðia. ('Inward face' meaning the face that always faces the center of Friðia, since

cardinal directions would be inaccurate on a rotating landmass. At some point in the day, the castle faces every direction.) Its position is deceiving. It looks to be poised on the brink of collapsing down the mountainside, but its engineers have imbued the castle with structural integrity to rival any stronghold in Mechadia. The long, zigzagging stairway up to Wardenclytte makes a siege all but impossible, and cuts down on frivolous visits. The Duke has little tolerance for micromanaging, and the cutting cold and strong winds of the perilous climb ensure the only people who come to interrupt his day *really* want it.

The carriages stop at the foot of the stairs, and drivers instruct your adventurers and Grismond to mind their footing on the way up. Have your adventurers make some sort of Agility check (or a series of them) on the way up to make the climb a mild challenge. In addition to falling, have them make another check to see if any of them have any loose items or articles of clothing blown off along the way.

At the top of the stairs, your adventurers are greeted by twin rows of gleaming ice sculptures like the marble ones found around Autumnus, or the wooden ones crafted around Duchess Glennewlyn's estate. The ice sculptures line a brilliant blood red carpet that ends at a high, pointed-arched door of cobalt blue, studded with silver-blue frosteel bands and rivets.

The door opens wide and the chamberlain of the castle welcomes the party inside, ushering them into one of the many rooms on the ground floor. He leaves them in a large, book-lined study with a table long enough to accommodate ten people, and a smattering of chairs around the periphery of the room. Their coats and any luggage they may have brought are taken to a cloakroom across the hall, and they're brought warm refreshments while they wait.

The aromatic peppermint tea is especially tantalizing, and has been laced with an odorless, tasteless chemical that makes anyone who drinks it more docile and amenable over the next hour or two. If an adventurer has the presence of mind and the means to test the tea, make it a difficult test, as this is the work of Bittergleam's top alchemist. The decanter of violet liqueur, an expensive drink manufactured only in Eas Glainne, is called Fithrain. It's not spiked, but any more than one tumbler of the stuff has your adventurers risking intoxication.



## Cold Read

After fifteen minutes of waiting, the study door opens and in walks the Duke with two bespectacled fey whose briefcases and dress mark them as lawyers. Duke Bitterpleam's commanding presence easily matches that of Grismond's. When he welcomes the party to his home, he says all the right words, but there is no feeling of genuine warmth in anything he says. He asks if your adventurers and Grismond are comfortable, if they need any more refreshments before they begin, and how they liked the tea and liqueur (fishing to see who might be more pliable). He introduces his two labor lawyers who are busy arranging papers and folders on the table. The Duke sits at the head, opposite Grismond, and bids the others to sit if they haven't already.

The Duke and his lawyers entertain Grismond's opening statement and initial list of proposed solutions to the problems of the current Underground system,

and then point-counterpoint arguments begin. The Underground's cause depends heavily on how well your adventurers plead their case, having experienced a glimpse of life below the surface themselves. Having non-trolls at the meeting throws the lawyers off their game and goes a long way toward winning the debate. Grismond is able to quote passages from Frigian law books to counter the lawyers' legal double-talk, but ultimately it's up to your adventurers to drive home the serious problem that exists, and the even more serious repercussions of ignoring it any longer.

Assuming your adventurers do their part, Duke Bitterpleam surprisingly concedes most of the labor union's points and declares that he will immediately look into these matters and restructure Frigian policy as necessary, granting the Underground its due rights and privileges. His lawyers look dumbstruck until he icily commands them to get to work on these issues immediately. When the meeting adjourns, Grismond is left with a sense of surprising optimism.





## Chilly Hospitality

It is, of course, all a lie.

Bittergleam believes the trolls have served their purpose well for all this time, and sees no reason to change the system. He believes that if he opens the door to giving the laborers more time off, or more comfortable accommodation, or any of Grismond's stated suggestions, they will become soft and lazy, and then the system will come crashing down. But rather than argue with the labor leader openly, he put up an amenable front to set the troll at ease, because he doesn't plan to let Grismond make it to tomorrow night's proposed meeting alive. Of course, he won't be directly involved in these black activities. He'll be somewhere with witnesses so he can later feign surprise and declare an immediate investigation into the foul play, possibly blaming it on your adventurers.

As a show of good faith to begin repairing relations with the Great Underground, Bittergleam recommends the best hotel in the city, the Palace of Glass. He writes Grismond and company a letter to give to the manager stating that they are to be treated as guests of the state with all the trimmings, and to charge Bittergleam's house with their bill.

That night, while out on the town for dinner or sightseeing, your adventurers and Grismond are ambushed from the shadows by a contingent of hissing Fiakra (1 for each 2 adventurers + 2 for Grismond) who attack with a combination of dark sorcery, poisoned blades and poisoned bows - no loud guns. Because they're Fiakra they're able to fly for short distances, and at times swoop down out of the shadows like ravens, or back up to a safer position if they feel momentarily outmatched. They attack from behind whenever possible. If an adventurer is Wounded by a poisoned weapon he must pass a Vigor -2 check. If he fails he's poisoned and suffers 1 point of Fatigue every 30 min till cured or dead. Grismond's able to kill at least one, but should be poisoned by another, and should end up in rough shape by the conclusion of the fight.

If your adventurers manage to capture one or more of the attackers alive, they may be able to drag out some or all of the following information:

Certain aos sidhe have no intention of letting Friqia give in to Grismond's requests. The trolls should know their place in the world and stay there.

They were sent by the chief sorcerer of Wardencllyffe, a Fiakra soothsayer named Mordecai, to prevent the troll and his friends from making the next meeting and make the bodies disappear overnight, forging the hotel records of having them check out.

Mordecai seems to think your adventurers - not Grismond - are to play some key role in threatening the future of Friqia or the Duke's ambitions, which is why he tried to have them killed. Twice now. And he won't stop until he's succeeded.

If asked about the goblin inventor, Raenell, the Fiakra admit to her having been to see them after escaping the Black Cells, over a year ago.

## The Tower

Grismond's regenerative ability and solid constitution fight the poison in his blood, and now that he's not being poisoned by further attacks, he looks like he may pull through. Any additional adventurer medical attention speeds this recovery up.

By now, your adventurers should be good and fired up over this Mordecai, who's tried to kill them twice now. If they don't think of it themselves, have Grismond declare his intention to go back to the Duke's icy tower and confront the sorcerer directly, and either demand action from the Duke or just pound the bastard into a pulp - once he's back on his feet. Your adventurers probably don't want to wait for this, and leave him safely behind. Quite right too. It would ruin the pacing of the story if they sat around waiting on a sick troll.

Arriving back at the base of Wardencllyffe, they find the guardhouse devoid of house guards. Heading up the long zigzagging stairs, they meet Mordecai walking down to catch them halfway, along with four more similar-looking clockwork automatons, only these come with upgrades. Mordecai knew of the hit squad's failure almost as soon as it happened, thanks to his raven familiar that now sits perched on his shoulder. The cards (he holds one in-between his long fingers) told him it was time to meet your adventurers himself, and that death was a foregone conclusion - but for whom? Read the following:

*"It's a shame we sit on opposite sides of the table here," Mordecai says over the wind. "You would've been great assets to Friqia on our path to save Mechadia from the Mechadians. The squabbling, preening, backbiting nobility of the other nations need to be taken in hand, and there is no one*



*more qualified in the realm to do it than my Lord Bittergleam. He will become our deity and the land will be a better place once Friqia is in control. But I don't need to waste my time in asking you to join us. I've already seen your answer, so I suppose there's nothing left but this..."*

*Mordecai snaps his hand and the tarot card is somehow replaced by a long, wavy-bladed frosteel knife. His raven takes flight.*

### Mordecai

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Shining Divination d12+2, Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Tarot) d10, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d4, Taunt d6

**Pace 6 Parry 7 Toughness 5 Pulse 20 Charisma -2**

**Edges:** Aos Sidhe, Improved Dodge, The Shining Paths

**Powers:** armor, astrology, barrier, boost/lower trait, deflection, dispel, fear, healing, in your eyes, speak language, speed, swear by the stars, the otherworldly shimmer, weathervane.

**Gear:** Frosteel knife (**Damage:** Str+d8)

### Special Abilities

- **Fly:** Can spend Pulse to fly using the same rules as the Power of the same name, however the Rank requirement is ignored and the Range is self only.
- **Pulse Path:** Mordecai gains +2 on Skill rolls to use Pulse Paths.

Mordecai hangs back and throws spells at the party while his automatons get to grips with them. The 4 automatons are mark 2s, with slightly improved strength (but not speed), and better weapons upgrades in their arms (they spend the first Round shedding their outer coats to reveal this to your adventurers). Your adventurers' best chance to defeat the automatons is to get them over the edge of the stairs to be dashed on the ground far below. Mordecai, however, can fly, so falling from the stairs won't be the end of him. He uses similar tactics to the previous Fiakra.

If given the chance before, during, or after the fight, Mordecai takes a sneering pleasure at telling your adventurers that if they're still looking for

Ragnell (through his raven and other spies, he's aware of their previous investigations), she's been gone for several months. She went on one of her many excursions to Junkland for more clockwork parts and never returned, and only afterward did Mordecai find out that she had cleaned out all of her accounts beforehand. He's been looking for her ever since, but she's been able to elude his spies.

If your adventurers slay Mordecai in battle, the tarot card he was holding earlier slips from his sleeve to fall into his hand. It is the Tower card. (Mechadian tarot cards are identical to our own, with all the same meanings. Adventurers are free to research the meaning of the Tower.)

### Aftermath

After the assassination attempt, Bittergleam acts as he had planned, and declares your adventurers be detained for questioning, unless witnesses can immediately attest to their innocence, at which point he offers Friqia's sincere apologies and turns investigators onto "discovering the real culprits". He remains squeaky clean in the eyes of the public and tries to remain on good terms with your adventurers if he thinks they're gullible enough to go for it.

Whether or not they're being framed for the assassination attempt on Grismond, your adventurers should get the feeling (because Grismond certainly does) that they're not safe in Eas Glainne. They need to get out, and fast. Grismond doesn't trust any of the public transportation or public roads, so he takes the last route left to him, somewhere Bittergleam's eyes and influence can barely reach: Underground. He offers to guide your adventurers out as well.

If all goes according to plan, Grismond orders a halt to all public services in Eas Glainne, crippling the mighty capital of Friqia. *"Let us see if the Duke regrets his betrayal of the trolls."* Assuming your adventurers get out with Grismond, he bestows upon them another component marked with the Crossed Gears, a large, blocky battery of some kind, which activates another vision in the mind's eye of any Mechadian who touches it. This vision is a little longer and slightly more coherent than the glimmer given by the first piece. Your adventurers are now left with a distinct impression that there are more of these pieces, and that they're necessary for some reason. They yearn to be brought together.



## PART SIX: WHO'S DREAMING WHOM

The artifacts of the Crossed Gears begin to emerge from their hiding places, sensing their time to come together. One artifact reaches out through the dream-bond that connects mortals to Mechadians, and your adventurers find an open invitation to come and collect it from the unsuspecting young woman who currently possesses it. But your adventurers are not the only ones invited.

### Out Of The Closet

Your adventurers are about to meet Ellie Palmer, a regular person in the modern day mortal realms. She's a gifted student of robotics at Carnegie Mellon University and the owner of a mechanical flower in a small pot marked with the insignia of the Crossed Gears. Little does Ellie realize that she visited Mechadia as a child. She only remembers her visit in abstract vignettes in her dreams, and her subconscious has supplied a false memory of having found the mechanical flower in a junkyard when she was a little girl.

The surfacing of artifacts in Mechadia has triggered a wave of dream-energy from the one she possesses, creating a bridge between her and your adventurers, and they awake one night to find a portal in the middle of their shared safehouse (assuming they're sharing one - and if not, each adventurer to touch any of the artifacts awakens to find a portal nearby). Unlike other portals, this one seems to invite aos sidhe into it, and any that try to go through find themselves able to do so unharmed.

Your fey find themselves emerging from Ellie's bedroom closet door in the middle of the night, with her sleeping just six feet away. When the last of your adventurers enters the bedroom, Ellie suddenly wakes up. After having a moment to try and calm a startled and thoroughly freaked out Ellie, she begins to babble about dreams she had as a little girl, dreams about a world of amazing machinery and mythological beings. Once convinced that this is, in fact, not a dream, Ellie's mind starts to race with possibilities and she becomes very excited about the prospect that Mechadia is a real place. She has an annoying amount of questions for your adventurers.

### Getting Crowded

At the right moment, when your adventurers start to inquire about the mechanical flower in its metallic pot on her bedroom windowsill (or when one of them starts thinking about making a move to grab it), more figures come through Ellie's closet

door - agents of summer, led by one of Cairbre ap Ea's champions. The fugitive goblin inventor, Raenell (who is now allied with the Warlord and has set up shop in "the Block", his mighty fortress), managed to steal the winter artifact out from under Bittergleam's nose while she was working for him, and so she received a similar dream-bridge from her item to Ellie's flower. Afraid to have any direct encounter with whoever might be on the other side of the portal, the goblin alerted the Warlord, and Cairbre led the charge with some of his shock troops (use Elite Guards with a Champion from the Minions section).

Your adventurers should get a hint of this revelation when the Champion blurts out, *"Ha! The clever little goblin was right. Bring that flowerpot to me."*

Assuming your adventurers don't just let his people take off with the item, Cairbre's champion is willing to entertain some dialogue up to a point. He recognizes them from pictures he's seen, either drawn or photographed during some of your adventurers' past exploits. He compliments their courage and tenacity, and asks if they're interested in joining the ranks of summer as some of his master's advisors and "troubleshooters".

If they decline an alliance and continue to stand in the Warlord's way, it comes to blows. Your adventurers must do battle, hopefully protect Ellie, claim the artifact and make it back to Mechadia. Ellie wants to return to Mechadia, despite any adventurer protestations. It's obvious to her that everyone is after her flower for some reason so if need be she can grab it during the commotion and dash into her closet and through the open portal back to Mechadia, or she can head outside into a rising thunderstorm. This storm is actually (or at least it can be) a dreamstorm, triggered by the unearthing of the artifacts, and if the bedroom fight spills out into the street, it can be used to sweep any or all parties back to Mechadia if necessary (at your discretion), to maximize the drama of the scene. Any remaining agents of the summerlands don't necessarily have to end up in the same place as your adventurers, but Ellie Palmer should.

### Aftermath

The fight ends up with one of two outcomes: either your adventurers come away with Ellie's flower, or the Warlord and his people have it. In either case, your adventurers now have a vital clue as to where to pick up Raenell's trail. If they're especially clever, they may realize she's in possession



of one of the other Crossed Gears artifacts, which is how she came to know about Ellie's flower and had access to a portal like your adventurers did.

The other issue your adventurers probably have to think about is Ellie Palmer. It's very likely she's wound up back in Mechadia, eager to revisit the wondrous land she remembered only in abstract dreams. But now she's here, where does she go? Where will she stay?

## PART SEVEN: JUNGLE FEVER

Your adventurers come together with a handful of other fey to mount an expedition into the deepest reaches of the Torridaen jungle. Through many exotic dangers, they discover an old temple, at the heart of which sits a throne of mechanized parts, surrounded by an important message that must be decoded.

## Edgemore Field

For three consecutive nights your adventurers have been having similar recurring dreams of a dense, hot Mechadian jungle hiding a stone temple. As the dreamer approaches the rune-scribed entrance, they feel a presence within, an important soul yearning to be freed. Its time is drawing near, and if it remains trapped inside the temple for too much longer, the dreamer feels deep in his soul that all will be lost.

The dream always begins in a field of blue and red stained grass waving and clinking together in the wind, colorizing the sunlight in all directions around a copse of giant piper trees whose age-old hollow metal trunks and boughs have wound around one another to form a shaded pavilion in the field. No matter which way the omnipresent wind blows around these trees, the pipes sing a soft, eerie melody. An adventurer from Autumnus will recognize the site and know where to find it. (If the party has no adventurers from Autumnus, someone else can





remember it from some previous travels or having read/heard about it.) This is the Twisted Temple of Edǵemore Field, and it lies at a point on the outermost rim of Autumnus, borderinǵ on Torridaen at this time of the year.

This is your adventurers' startinǵ point, but somethinǵ tells them to pack for a tropical expedition.

When they arrive at the ǵlitterinǵ Edǵemore Field, they must carefully pick their way through the narrow paths worn through the wavinǵ stalks of colored, semi-pliable ǵlass (these are literally blades of ǵlass), lest they be sliced in a dozen places. The soft tones of the piper trees can be heard in the wind a half-mile away from the 'temple' (which is not actually used as such). Cominǵ to the shady shelter of the copse, they find a few other fey ǵathered there, lookinǵ around at each other and the newcomers curiously.

They've all had the same recurrinǵ dream.

Sir Ian, an aos sidhe of House Ruarc, smiles at your adventurers as they enter and is the first to introduce himself. Once the characters beǵin discussinǵ the dream, Ian says he recognizid some of the unique flora in the dream, and thinks he can narrow down the ǵeneral location of this dream-temple - if such a place exists, of course. He's been into and out of the danǵerous junǵles of Torridaen more times than he can count, and has become somethinǵ of an expert on the lay of the land there. He's never heard of a stone temple, but the recurrinǵ dreams seem to want him to look, which he's happy to do. He certainly looks prepared with all his safari clothinǵ and ǵear.

Hannah Kilaern is a Friǵian elf, a biǵ ǵame hunter who has traveled to most of Mechadia's exotic locales to baǵ danǵerous creatures for her wall. She's come to Edǵemore Field with a small huntinǵ arsenal, with the feelinǵ from her dream that she was in for a real challenge. Her eyes seem to ǵlitter danǵerously at the chance to match herself aǵainst the junǵle.

P-P-Professor Peter P-P-Purefoy is a stutterinǵ, stammerinǵ little runt of a brownie academic from Desideratum University in the capital of Autumnus. He teaches mathematics and cryptography, includinǵ a subset he is fond of, which he calls "cryptolinǵuistics": the use of one lanǵuage as a code for sayinǵ somethinǵ entirely different. He says that in his dream, when he ǵot close to the entrance, he noticed that the ǵlyphs were not some ancient rune lanǵuage, but appeared more like mathematic equations. The idea of enterinǵ the junǵle does not seem to sit well with the professor. He looks like he's

## SAVANNAH AND JUNGLE

FOR MORE DETAILS OF TORRIDEAN, VISIT THE SUZEWIKI AT SUZERAIN.INFO AND LOOK FOR THE DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF MECHADIA TO PAINT THE LUSH SCENE.

dressed for a lecture, with a backpack that looks woefully underpacked for a junǵle trek.

Windi is a sprite from Verna, and has no idea why she's beinǵ plagued by these stupid dreams. She had to beǵ for time off work so she could come down here and fiǵure out how to make them stop so she can concentrate on contributinǵ to her ǵossip column. She hardly sees how her skill set will ever come in handy in the junǵle, and is on the verǵe of ǵoinǵ home and just seeinǵ a doctor about some kind of sleepinǵ pills or dream therapy hypnosis or somethinǵ. She doesn't ǵive a boǵǵarr's arse about some crusty old pile of math rocks with a whatsit inside, whininǵ about his freedom. She looks like she came dressed for a party and packed for an overnight hotel stay.

Your adventurers hopefully feel compelled to convince Windi to stay, that the dream seems to have come to them all for a reason. (You should feel free to tweak one or more of these NPCs if any of them come too close to one of the adventurer's identities, but don't be afraid of some redundant skills, because not everyone is likely to make it to the temple...) If you need statistics treat the Professor and Windi as Citizens with some extra Knowledge Skills, and treat Sir Ian and Hannah as mercenaries with any extra skills you feel are appropriate.

### A Cliffhanǵer? Already?

The continental drift is brinǵinǵ Edǵemore Field right up aǵainst the cliffs of Torridaen at a point where the summerlands' ǵround level is about 100 feet higher than where your adventurers stand. The cliffs are rough and pockmarked with all sorts of hand and footholds, and Sir Ian wastes no time sprintinǵ through the stained ǵlass and startinǵ up



the heavily trembling rock face. He calls back to any reluctant characters, which certainly includes the poor professor, who is hardly in shape to make such a climb on his own.

Your adventurers have to figure out a way to help him up to the Torridaen plateau above them before the continents rotate them out of position. Purefoy is a sack of sticks with a backpack, so a strong character can carry the brownie on his back. A piece of equipment like the grappling gun or ornithopter backpack would be handy here as well. If none of these are options, perhaps one or two adventurers and Sir Ian can make haste to the top with barely enough time to drop a long coil of rope and haul a wailing, flailing, petrified Professor Purefoy up to them. In any case, it becomes clear the man stutters uncontrollably when he's frightened.

Once on the plateau, your adventurers trek across Torridaen's savannah for half a day (and feel free to take time to develop the untamed landscape and large herds of native animals running wild) until coming to the edge of the jungle region. If none of the party says it, Sir Ian suggests this is a good time to pitch camp.

*"Trust me, we don't want to spend any more nights in there than we have to, so best wait until dawn to get into the heavy bush. Just not too close to the treeline, or the monkeys will come in the dead of night and steal your things. They love tin, or anything that seems like it might be tin."*

Both Windi and Purefoy seem cranky but resigned to their fate during this trip, having come too far to go back on their own now. At least the professor is looking forward to possibly making some kind of notable find that will boost his career. Windi can't find a single positive thing to say.

Tinthief monkeys do in fact sneak up to the party in the dark, looking for shiny metal. They eat the leaves of the tintin tree, but also enjoy the taste of fey-manufactured tin objects. If no watch is posted, have your adventurers make a Notice +4 check to see if they wake up before a chattering silver-haired monkey makes off into the night with their cup, some loose change or a lantern. Tinthief monkeys are not vicious by nature, so a failed Round of checks is hardly the end of the party.

Once the party enters the jungle, however, animal visitors get a little more serious.

## A Tropical Dream Getaway

The Fever Jungle stubbornly filters out much of the growing daylight, letting in constantly shifting golden rays that speckle the dense vegetation. Any adventurer with appropriate skills and courage can assume the point position and blaze a trail, either following his own instincts or listening to the Ruarc's advice. Sir Ian can lead the party to the general area of the jungle where he knows the Five-Petal Fireworks grow - the distinctive exploding flowers he saw surrounding the temple in the dream.

The professor tries to keep his teeth from chattering despite the heat, and frequently asks for rest stops, drawing condescending sneers from Hannah as she stalks quietly through the undergrowth, senses and rifle primed. She strikes up a friendly competition with other capable hunters, even wagering a few dollars here and there on who will bag the next creature, or the biggest such-and-such in the next hour. Windi's complaints don't stop, but they become quiet, under-the-breath muttering as her eyes grow wide with fear in the jungle.

You have freedom here to customize a foray through rough country fraught with deadly flora and fauna. Steel-coiled serpents with the tensile strength of industrial shock absorbers make a telltale warping metal sound when they slither, and strike from low shadows or drop down from above, trying to coil around a body and crush it to death. The Venus Beartrap is a constant peril in the Fever Jungle, a metallic version of the Venus Flytrap that ranges from actual bear trap size up to Little-Shop-of-Horrors-Audrey size, and can crush bones, sever limbs and snap weapons. Certain families of vines are bare conductive wiring capable of dangerous voltage levels, but can be avoided if your adventurers know enough to listen for the giveaway, a low-pitched hum. However, contact requires a Survival roll at -2. Patches of quicksilver are easily missed underfoot to those who don't yet know how to spot it, like Professor Purefoy. He should fall in at least once and need to be rescued by your adventurers. Air filled with syringe-stingered clockwork insects that can inject a glowing yellow-green toxin... raging rivers patrolled by black iron hippopotams that resemble massive, lumpy, ill-tempered, coal burning stoves... energy vampire bats that suck Pulse instead of blood... exotic birds overhead that ululate in choruses that sound like a steam-powered pipe organ... you get the picture.



If you feel any of the NPCs are redundant with your adventurers and want to step up the tension, have one or more of them fall prey to the Fever (daily Vigor rolls or suffer Fatigue loss). Your adventurers should at least come through with some injuries and a lot of exhaustion. By nightfall, the darkness is lit here and there by an occasional popping sound accompanied by a brief explosion of light, as if someone were setting off tiny fireworks at ground level. These are the Five-Petal Fireworks that Sir Ian spoke of, meaning your adventurers are probably in the right area, but as the limited light fades into a disturbingly dark night, your adventurers should (if they know what's good for them) give up the search and camp for the night. Make sure it's a night to remember and they're even more fatigued and battered than before they "rest".

### The Temple Of Crossed Gears

When the sun comes up again, your adventurers resume their search. Feel free to have the stone temple shockingly close and in plain sight, giving everyone pause to wonder if they had been that close in the night, or if something funny is going on. Or you can have them search the area some more, depending on how much deadly fun you're all having in the Fever. Eventually they find it, and it looks exactly like the scene in their dreams.

The stepped, trapezoidal structure stands over fifty feet high, a hundred feet or so along one side at the base, and each stepped level is eight feet high (making it seven levels of steps). Despite the fact that the temple is overgrown with vines, this should make things difficult for some (if not all) adventurers to mount the outside of the temple, requiring successful Climbing checks, but if any should do so, they find the top level is a solid eight foot cube of mechadium with so much accumulated vegetation and elemental detritus that it appears to be the same stone as the rest of the temple until you get up close.

The top of the cube is carved with some sort of relief, the details of which are obscured by stubborn livewire vines that your adventurers must carefully clear away if they want to see more. If they do so, they find a relief of four interlocking gears in a diamond formation, identical to the seal stamped on each of the artifacts from previous sections.

The party has just discovered the Temple of Crossed Gears, and this recurring symbol your adventurers have been seeing lately is the crest of He Who Dreamed This Realm Into Being. They should be able to arrive at this conclusion by the end of the scene.

Back at ground level, your adventurers must scrape more vines and dirt away as they search the carved stone panels for information, then a successful Notice check reveals the same crest mentioned above, a much smaller version that conceals a hidden mechanical lock which can be opened with a successful roll of Lockpicking, Repair or an appropriate Knowledge.

Once the entrance is unlocked, it probably takes the combined strength of a few fey to push the crusted-over stone door inward. The carvings around the outside of the entrance are as a now-excited Professor Purefoy described - mathematical equations that make no sense to anyone with advanced math knowledge. Together with your adventurers, the professor can decipher that the equations are a code key, providing context for which nonsensical numerical components stand for which letters of the Mechadian alphabet. This is assuming he's still alive and with the group; if not, unless someone else in the party happens to be a cryptolinguist, any adventurers that have an appropriate skill to decipher this on their own can do so at -4, but if they've managed to save the professor's bacon, he can figure it out in about an hour.

Inside, the temple is essentially hollow. It's one giant, stepped chamber with artfully but primitively carved walls showing what appear to be Mechadian races in the early stages of developing technology and industry. In the center of the chamber is a square pool of amber oil, penned in by a two foot high wall of mechadium that looks surprisingly free of elemental schmutz, and is covered in more nonsensical equations embossed into the metal.

The moment one of your adventurers touches the mechadium wall (let it be an adventurer unless they all absolutely refuse to lay a finger on it), the pool of oil begins to ripple and boil, and up from the pool shoot a number of mechanical strips and gears, wires and cables and straps flailing, searching for purchase. The components whir and snap and pivot and clank together until at last a form is completed.

Before your adventurers there now stands a large throne of mechanical parts, showering them lightly with blue sparks. The back of the throne is embossed with the same crossed gears crest they have seen already. Nobody can sit on the throne or even touch it now, for the wall seems to emanate some sort of field of unseen force that causes electrical damage and stuns anyone who tries to breach it.



Either working with the professor or by themselves (depending on how your adventure has gone), your adventurers can use the temple's exterior code key to decipher the pool wall. If successful, they assemble the following message:

*"I am the One Throne of this dream-land, and I will soon be ready to choose that fey who most deserves to sit here. Go now. Spread this word across the realm, and let all hopeful souls seek me."*

Once the message is deciphered, the throne mechanically collapses upon itself and into the floor, vanishing from sight. The interior of the temple begins to vibrate deeply and fills with amber light emanating from the pool; any character left inside after four Rounds is blinded for 2d10 minutes. At its pinnacle, the light flashes brilliantly, and the uppermost cube of the temple opens up into quarters, allowing the light to escape from the peak and to blast into the sky.

Anyone still inside the temple or near the entrance hears a clattering sound from the spot where the throne had been. Once the light (and blindness) has faded, your adventurers find a large glass lens the size of a dinner plate lying within the mechadium wall. Etched into the side of the thick lens is the sigil of the Crossed Gears. Yes, another artifact.

## Aftermath

The characters (including any NPC who survived the trip) should spread the word as instructed. Any who don't find themselves plagued with insomnia and quickly fatigued. Spreading the word of their adventure and the throne's message seems to greatly relieve their suffering for some reason.

If the annoying Windi survived, her position of gossip columnist in Verna's premiere gazette turns out to be her reason for being called by the dream, because her word spreads like wildfire.

If the stuttering professor survived, word quickly spreads through the academic world, resulting in Purefoy doing a number of interviews and lectures on the adventure (much of which is embellished to make him seem far less cowardly and incompetent than he really was). His standing in the University becomes elevated instantly.

If Sir Ian survived, he spreads the word in Torridaen and immediately begins assembling a new expedition to go back in and take photographs, rubbings, and scientific measurements.

If Hannah made it, she wants in on the expedition, but is the least useful in spreading the message around. Your adventurers may also find themselves hassled for interviews and lectures, or approached to be commissioned or even conscripted by certain noble houses, as it becomes clear to certain circles that your adventurers have a special something about them that would be good to have on one's side in these times.

The bottom line is that the word is out: Mechadia - the realm itself - seems to have its own brand of consciousness, and the time is nigh for a single ruler to emerge and try to unify the divided realm. And this throne doesn't seem to discriminate against any race or social class.

Let the hunt begin.

## PART EIGHT: THE WAR MACHINE

Torridaen is massing for war, poised to hit both Verna and Autumnus at once. Your adventurers must fight, sneak and party their way through the passionate wilds of the summerlands until they come to the fortress home of the Warlord... Caer Morriğan, otherwise known as the Block. Inside, they discover a secret that could forestall a war - if they live to tell about it.

### A Hot Job Offer

*"We've heard so much about your exploits. It seems you get around Mechadia quite a bit. And moreover, you always seem to come home successful and intact, more or less."*

Duke and Duchess Hallowbeard have requested your adventurers' presence at Lothenyard for a potentially lucrative job offer regarding a matter of the utmost urgency and discretion. Upon arrival, your adventurers are met with every courtesy and comfort they require (within reason), but are not kept waiting long. Rather than meet them in public before members of the court, your adventurers are invited to the Duke's private smoking room. Even the servants are dismissed once it's time to get to the business at hand. The Duchess locks the door, leaving the two of them alone with your adventurers.

Your adventurers are informed that Torridaen somehow seems to have pulled itself into a single army with uncharacteristic unity, focus and purpose. That purpose appears to be the invasion of the rest of Mechadia, as the army is divided into twin forces massing near the outer rim of the summerlands. Several agents have been sent covertly over the border to bring back more information, but none have yet



returned, and are feared lost. Even local mercenary groups are shaking their heads at any monetary offers to attempt reconnaissance. But someone has to try.

## If You Can't Beat 'Em

Assuming they accept the job, your adventurers steal into Torridaen (under cover of night if they're smart) and find that, at least at first glance, the reports are accurate. Normally clashing military factions share drinks over their campfires, flattering one another's courage, martial prowess and strategic savvy. The summerlands' usual internal conflicts are mostly gone amidst heavy excitement of an imminent invasion and the rich spoils of Verna and Autumnus. Here at the outer rim of the nation, the battalions are far enough apart that your adventurers can try sneaking between or around them without being noticed, requiring successful Stealth checks but with no penalties. If they fail in their stealth, they have to fight or flee a small force of rabble. Or two. Or seven. Use mercenaries with the occasional mercenary captain thrown in.

The further they investigate, the thicker the military forces become, and there comes a time where stealth is no longer a good realistic option. Your adventurers have to pass themselves off as badass Torridaen warriors or some other cover story that won't have them immediately pounced on by a hundred soldiers with itchy trigger fingers and twitchy sword arms.

Here, glory is currency, and your checkpoint pass is a well-worded threat coupled with a good "Don't you know who I am, boy?" story of your martial exploits. One-on-one fisticuffs may be required to put down some ornery braççart looking for a little more status before the coming war. Camp by camp, different çunç-ho warrior challenges abound. In one command tent, some of your adventurers may have to drink strong, vile battle liquor out of horns and follow it up with a knife-throwing contest. One may have to engage in arm wrestling or a game of chess - or both at once. If they're gracious losers as well as winners, chances are they make some friends here and there, and can garner the following bits of information along the way:

The unification of forces is something that suddenly cropped up a couple of months ago, coming unexpectedly from the Warlord, who usually encouraged squabbling to keep his would-be usurpers busy and bruised.

Though suspicious at first, the aos sidhe of House Ardçhal met with the Warlord at the Block and apparently liked what they heard, and came home declaring their full support of invading Verna and Autumnus.

There were plenty of troublemakers in the first few weeks, fey who had a problem with being put together in an army with a long-time rival faction. Some of the loudest voices of dissent would seek out the Warlord, but came back changed, fully convinced of the cause.

For the last few days, Cairbre and Kellyn are currently out by the coast on one last round of inspections of their forces. There's supposed to be some final distribution of orders coming any day now, maybe tomorrow, including instructions on beginning the invasion.

As a point of note, they don't hear Raçnell's name mentioned once anywhere in their travels through the summerlands.

Rumors abound regarding a mechanical throne with its own mind, hidden somewhere in Mechadia, waiting for someone to claim it. Supposedly this will magically make the lucky buççer King or Queen of all Mechadia, although popular opinion among the soldiers is that they'll be damned if they're going to follow someone just because they found a chair.

It's important to note that if your adventurers become embroiled in a big fight with any generals of House Ardçhal, there's a good chance the general will turn out to be an advanced model clockwork automaton, much more convincing than its stiffer, blank-faced predecessors; use an automaton mk3 from the Minion section. Over the last few months Raçnell has secretly replaced many of the high-ranking aos sidhe in Torridaen (and any other fey who were vocally against the unification into a single-minded invasion force).

## A Chip Off The Old Block

If your adventurers make it to the walls of Caer Morriçan, they must then search the natural basalt façade for some sort of hidden entrance, because there isn't a single apparent door or window to be seen. Finding the catch is the first challenge, Notice -2 check, and activating it takes more than the twist of a handle or lever. The Block requires blood from those seeking to enter, and the knife-edged handle of chipped, polished stone must draw one Wound of blood from someone before a fissure opens in the rock face - and then only for a moment, so dawdling adventurers find themselves facing a solid



wall again and have to reactivate the opening with a fresh donation of blood.

Sneaking around inside the eerily empty halls of the ground floor is a good idea. Your adventurers get to hear a growing noise which soon sounds like a vast number of industrial machines hard at work upstairs. If they make no attempts at stealth, they're found and attacked by a pair of patrolling rockhounds, creatures of animated basalt, connected at all the joints by complex hydraulic and gear systems. There are two pairs on each floor, and if your adventurers continue to throw caution to the wind in their exploration, they find themselves in for a series of nasty fights with these rock-solid guardians.

Making their way to the second floor, they find a striking sight: the castle-like structure they saw on the ground floor is completely gone, replaced by one single factory floor filled with steaming, furiously chugging industrial equipment.

### The Fey Factory

The equipment around your adventurers is manufacturing all manner of clockwork parts and assembling them into complex humanoid forms. Against one wall there stands an enormous rack full of fleshed-out automatons who look drastically different from the bland, blank-eyed fey your adventurers have encountered so far. These models appear to be fashioned convincingly into every race and nationality of fey.

Figures move stiffly around the factory floor, cleaning up, pushing carts of parts or oiling the great factory machines, all with focused, emotionless stares. They're easily enough avoided amidst all the noise and activity - again, unless your adventurers decide to brazenly walk around in the open, at which point an alarm's eventually sounded and your adventurers quickly find themselves surrounded by ten or twelve of the older clockwork fey models, like those on the Intercontinental, automatons mk1.

If your adventurers avoid getting the alarm raised, they find a single office shut off from the factory floor. The office has a window, but the blinds are drawn and their coverage is complete. The keyhole provides nothing but darkness and the hints of complex tumblers, but can be circumvented by a successful Lockpick -2 check. Or a quarter-stick of dynamite. Or a troll's work boot, a successful Strength -2 check.

A successful check for traps reveals nothing on this side of the door. The opposite side is trapped,

and anyone who opens the door without the key (or a successful lockpicking check to fool the door into thinking they used a key) activates a battery of 4 repeating rifles mounted on the ceiling of the office, all pointing at the door.

If they get past the guns and into the office, your adventurers find a detailed map of the Sky tacked on one wall, along with several sketches of skylands in what appears to be Raenell's dream journal. Trying to match the scrawled pictures and notations to a specific skyland is extremely tough, and your adventurers should soon realize they're going to need help from people who know the skies better. (If any of your adventurers are Sky-savvy, they may be able to narrow the clues down to a handful of possibilities, but not an exact location for sure.)

The journal also contains myriad sketches and ideas. One of the latest objects of the twisted inventor's obsession appears to be some sort of mechanical snowflake brooch. There are detailed drawings of it from all angles, along with several sketched reproductions of the Crossed Gears sigil and scribbled thoughts about its origin and meaning. Here, your adventurers learn (or have confirmed) that Raenell awoke to the same kind of dream-linked portal to Ellie Palmer's apartment as your adventurers, and she attributes the dream to the snowflake brooch.

The brooch itself can be found in a simple locked box on the office's cluttered desk. In fact, they feel it calling to them. Any other Crossed Gears artifacts your adventurers have on them begin to pulse when they come within a few yards of the box, the vibrations growing stronger as they draw closer to the brooch.

Raenell knows she's been found out. Across the factory floor, she's currently in a massive exo-suit complete with armor plating, weaponry and controls to the factory machinery and the clockwork fey drones. She's keeping an eye on your adventurers, and when they leave the office, she waits until they're surrounded by factory equipment and then turn it on them. Giant mechanical clawed arms suddenly swivel and grasp at them, pneumatic rivet guns begin to fire at them, conveyor belts halt, speed up and/or reverse direction should anyone try to use one for escape. Stamping and cutting machines alter their rhythm to try and catch a meddling fey beneath it. Every Round your adventurers must pass an Agility check or suffer **Damage**: 2D6. The stiff factory drones join the ambush, wielding whatever simple industrial or janitorial weapons they find close at hand - feel free to describe some getting hit by the machinery as well.



If your adventurers can cut off the master power supply to the factory (a series of generators on the level beneath them, which they may have discovered in their earlier exploration), they have an easier time of this encounter. If anyone can somehow interrupt Raġnell's seemingly wireless control of the factory, that would also turn the tide at once.

The goblin in her exo-suit is the biggest challenge. The bipedal contraption stands ten feet high and responds pretty quickly to her body's movements within the cockpit. It comes equipped with a gas torch and 2' long drill bit on one forearm, a pneumatic rivet gun and high-voltage wand (which can be used like a giant taser) on the other, and can make pneumatically-enhanced leaps of up to 20' - and woe betide the adventurer who ends up beneath the exo-suit after one of those.

During this battle, the completed clockwork fey 'wake up' and scramble in the interest of self-preservation. There are far too many for your adventurers to wrangle, especially in an already overwhelming fight. The clockwork fey flee the Block via a series of underground tunnels that lead in all directions.

### The Puppet Master's Tale

If your adventurers defeat Raġnell without killing her, they can learn the following from her. If she dies or escapes, they can learn the following from a detailed reading of her journal:

Following her escape from the Black Cells, Raġnell convinced Duke Bitterŷleam to put her genius to work for him. He put her on the payroll in secret, and she made a small contingent of clockwork fey for him, all the while working on more advanced designs for making automatons more lifelike - although she didn't plan on telling the Duke about that. When the time was right, she emptied her accounts and stole away to Torridaen, where she hid amidst the chaotic battling and revelry. As a parting gift to herself, she also stole a token of the Duke's: a mechanical snowflake brooch that he often wore around his castle. She soon realized why Bitterŷleam kept it so close to him as often as he did - this was no mere trinket of vanity. There was very potent magic attached to it on a level even Raġnell's brilliant mind could barely comprehend. That would be a project for a later date.

After spending some time observing the patterns and nuances of Torridaen, she approached the Warlord and offered her services to improve his machines of war to a point where his military might would be untouchable. She demonstrated her genius on small scale items, but convinced Cairbre that she needed more resources to fund large-scale production. Over the course of several weeks, she carefully manipulated Cairbre and Kellyn into the idea of unifying Torridaen's squabbling smaller forces and turning them loose on the richer nations - the two nations that happened to be responsible for her persecution and incarceration in the Black Cells. Raġnell's hatred had never burned any less hot during her time in Friġia, and everything she had planned since her first day in the Black Cells was toward revenge on Verna and Autumnus.

She, the most gifted inventor in the history of Mechadia, had been left to rot away in darkness and infamy! Well, she would show the whole realm what a mistake that had been. Instead of being lauded as the greatest scientific mind of her time, she decided to settle for the most infamous.

If she's still alive, Raġnell looks at the now-empty racks where the finished clockwork fey had previously rested, and she begins to cackle. *"You may have won this fight, but the war will be mine, in time. The seeds are sown. Now all that is needed is time for the fruits of my labor to grow, and for all of Mechadia to pluck and eat them when they're ripe..."*

### Aftermath

If and when the Ardŷhal outside are shown proof of what dark secrets lay at the heart of this invasion plan, they send couriers across the land to inform the other generals to stand down and to recall the Warlord to Caer Morriġan to inform him of recent developments. It will be some time before they can all gather and confer with each other over the future of their unified army - one that was unified under false pretenses, operated by a twisted goblin puppet master.

The war machine of Torridaen is certainly stalled, so your adventurers have a chance to get out before the initial shock wears off and anyone decides to hate them. Verna and Autumnus have no end of gratitude for your adventurers, and begin mustering their own national armies in case Torridaen decides to go through with the plan anyway.





## PART NINE: HEAD IN THE CLOUDS

With word of the One Throne of Mechadia now spread to all corners of the realm, a royal madness has possessed the fey. Delusions of grandeur run rampant as Mechadians of all social strata seek out the moving throne. The ambitions and tensions of the continental leaders reach higher than ever. Everyone is shoring up their borders for the coming war, and your adventurers are drawn to what may be the last safe place for any of them - or the most dangerous place in all of Mechadia: the Sky.

### Air Traffic

This scenario assumes your adventurers are interested in pursuing the clues they found in Raðnell's office in Part Eight. First, your adventurers must find and convince an airship crew to take them up to the Sky. If they have previously befriended some, then of course this part is made easier. Otherwise, it might take some work to find a captain who a) is willing to brave the cluttered skies with all the warships on high alert right now, and b) can identify

a specific skyland from the scribbles in Raðnell's journal. If your adventurers have access to their own airship and crew, they can of course try to pursue the clues without involving outsiders. Depending on how extensive their knowledge of the skyscape is, it requires a Success and a Raise on a Knowledge (Mechadian Geography, Sky) -2 roll. The party may end up making several stops before they find the right location, probably having some encounters with skyland wildlife (feel free to dip into the SuzeWiki at [suzerain.info](http://suzerain.info) for details of the wildlife of Mechadia or make up a few of your own).

Depending on whose airship your adventurers use and how recognizable it is among the various nations' military forces, this flight may meet with some resistance. This would be an excellent place to have some aerial combat to spice things up. Even without a dogfight, your adventurers have some tricky piloting ahead of them with the skies being so crowded with gunship patrols, hurrying merchant convoys and packed passenger zeppelins full of fey fleeing to safer havens with all this talk of an impending war.



After your adventurers dodge and/or fight their way through clusters of airships, they eventually find the correct skyland home of the last Crossed Gears artifact. Moments after they leave the ship, another military patrol comes around and chases off your adventurers' ride. If they've brought their own airship, it could have sprung a leak in battle or from hydrogen bats and they return to find it deflated and useless, or the mooring lines break and it's drifted off to who-knows-where. However it happens, your adventurers should, for the time being, know that they're stranded on this skyland.

### What Would I Give...

The tree-crowned surface of this skyland is roughly circular and spans about 80 feet in diameter. As your adventurers wind their way through the trees toward the center of the skyland, any Crossed Gears artifacts they have on them begin to resonate (as they have in the past when they get close to their brethren). When they're all more or less in a group in the center, the ground beneath your adventurers quakes and caves in, sending them tumbling down into darkness, taking **Damage: 2d6**.

When the air finally clears, your adventurers find themselves in a bowl-shaped hollow in the rocky base of the skyland. The wind roars across the opening twenty feet above their heads, and any artifacts they have with them are audibly humming with powerful vibrations now. The floor of the hollow is about twenty feet across, relatively flat and smooth, and is carved with a giant likeness of the Crossed Gears sigil. The rough sides of the depression glitter with tiny bits of ore and precious stones. But more than that, they bear life-sized figure paintings done in some primitive hand.

The paintings depict every adventurer that stands here now.

Any adventurer who touches their own likeness hears their own voice whisper in their ear: *"What would I give so that others may live?"* Nobody can hear anyone else's whisper but their own, and touching the wrong figure has no effect. Each time an adventurer touches their own likeness, they hear the same question repeated but with increasing urgency each time.

This place requires a sacrifice.

Each adventurer must make his own choice, and this strange altar will determine if your adventurers are worthy of the final artifact. The offering can be made aloud, or it can be made with a clear and deliberate thought. It can be an item, or it can be in

the form of Pulse, health and/or fatigue levels, some other attribute from their character sheet, a precious memory, one of their senses - virtually anything.

Sacrificing one's life is not necessary, and your adventurers get a sense of that. You should judge whether the party has made a sufficient display to the spirit of the Duke of Crossed Gears to show they're the right people to inherit the last vital artifact and hold the future of Mechadia in their hands. If the players are stingy, have their likeness give them a distinct sense of disappointment and foreboding, and hopefully this gets them to up the ante. Each character must sacrifice something, or no effect occurs and nothing will be gained here.

When they've offered enough, have the effects happen all at once: everything that was offered - items, attributes, senses, health, Pulse - vanishes at once. Some players may collapse on the spot, depending on their sacrifices. The relief carvings of the four crossed gears on the stone floor impossibly begin to rotate, filling the air with a deafening grinding sound and kicking up a layer of glittering rock-and-ore dust. (Your adventurers are probably shifted around the floor during this, but no harm comes to them. The relief carvings aren't deep enough to catch anyone or anything between the cog teeth.)

When the noise ceases and the dust settles, your adventurers can see that not only have the gears stopped turning, but a new object sits in the middle of the floor. It's a foot-long skeleton key of dark metal, bearing the Crossed Gears sigil. Once a character picks up the key, the other artifacts stop their resonating.

The skyland begins to quake and break apart.

### Rescue

Your adventurers have little time to think. The sides of the depression cave in, raining small chunks of rock down on them, but give them a few Rounds to try and climb up and out, requiring a Successful Climb -4 check. As they try to figure out how to rescue anyone still left below, have the floor of the hollow begin to crack. Small sections fall away, showing nothing but open sky through the openings. The outer edges of the skyland begin to crumble away as well, making it smaller and smaller.

In the nick of time, a shadow falls over your adventurers. Looking up, they'll see the *Monarch*, the airship of the leader of the sky pirates, Captain Elira Symonds. In exchange for safe passage, the crew lowers a bucket on a rope and asks for 'a donation'. They're mostly interested in the kind of donation that



goes clink, but they're amenable to other valuable items as well. Clever adventurers may be able to strike a different deal such as an offer of services. Once the pirates are satisfied with their haul, they lower some cargo nets for your adventurers to climb up to the deck, where they're then 'bagged' for the ride. Opaque black sacks with comfortably wide mouth holes are put over your adventurers' heads to keep them from seeing where the *Monarch* is headed. Other than this standard pirate precaution, they're not mistreated. They're even given a ration of food and rum during the journey if they want.

Once they can see again, your adventurers find they're docked at the secret floating headquarters of the sky pirates. Assuming your adventurers were successful in Part One, Elira remembers them (whether or not they befriended her) and she's still grateful for their services at the Festival of Flight. She offers them a chance to rest for the night and she'll drop them at a port of their choosing tomorrow, but all ships are grounded for the night due to a violent storm front moving in.

The night is spent in relative comfort, and your adventurers have a chance to gamble with the pirates. They see all sorts of competitions going on around them: games of cards and dice, knife-throwing competitions, eating and drinking contests. Feel free to make up others of your own, of course. Your adventurers could try to go double-or-nothing on any agreement of services they may have made during the rescue from the crumbling island. They could gamble an item of theirs against an equally valuable item from one the pirates. Aside from competitions, they might try and barter information both ways with Elira, because the pirate grapevine picks up a lot, and your adventurers certainly have some unique nuggets of information at their disposal. Perhaps even a temporary alliance could be formed with the sky pirates.

### Aftermath

Your adventurers get no trouble from the sky pirates during the stormy night unless they've somehow found a way to really alienate one (or more) of them. While they sleep, they're visited by the strongest visions yet regarding the artifacts and the One Throne of Mechadia, explained in greater detail in the tenth and final episode of this campaign. You could put off the dream for a few nights, giving you time to run a couple of piratey Savage Tales in the skylands, but sooner rather than later the dream will happen....

## PART TEN: KINGMAKERS

With the six artifacts of the Crossed Gears hopefully in their possession (but not necessary to get to this far), your adventurers receive the most powerful dreams yet. They see themselves in a battle for the soul of the realm, bringing the artifacts together with the One Throne to create a bright light that washes over the land. A figure sits on the Throne, but because of the light, they cannot see who it is. The scene of the dream - and it's the exact same dream for each adventurer, aside from being seen from their own point of view - is Centerbridge Island, the rotating island that lies in the body of water between all four continents.

### Centerbridge

Now that they have the location of the endgame, your adventurers find their way to Centerbridge. If they mention this to Elira, they find she has had the same dream, only she saw herself approaching the Throne. She's headed to the island and takes your adventurers, believing they'll help her ascend to become Queen of Mechadia (and will probably ask them directly, so they'd better be prepared to say yes, whether it's true or not). If they happen to approach a different captain to take them to Centerbridge, they don't learn of Elira's dream and are dropped off on the island only to find her appearing there soon after.

Whitewater Bay is named for its constantly churning, foaming water due to the continental drift on all sides. The bay is choppy at all times, and its color (other than the foaming white) is mixed from the colored water of the four nations. The end result is that it bears a rainbow iridescence like oil. The weather on Centerbridge alternates between all four seasons rapidly, catching chaotic winds from all four continents. Tinkling silvery snow dissipates into a refreshing spring rain, which is quickly dried off by a hot summer wind, which suddenly cools down and brings a smattering of dried, rust-colored leaves, which frost over with silvery snow, and so on. The island has no permanent inhabitants aside from a gnarled old brownie named Bob who lives in Candlestick Lighthouse, which is the island's only building of any kind.

After your adventurers and Elira arrive (together or separately), sitting in the shadow of the lighthouse they find a rectangular banquet table with enough places set for all the key players. There are name cards placed before each setting, and the fey whose names appear on these cards quickly show up one



after another, just minutes behind your adventurers and Elira; the Hallowbeards with a contingent of Autumnal rangers, Duchess Glennewlyn with a cadre of fawning courtiers (most of whom are capable assassins), Cairbre ap Ea with Kellyn and a small host of grim-faced warriors, Bittergleam with a handful of expert swordsmen and Fiakra sorcerers (if Mordecai lives, he'll be among them). Their entrances should be grand and dramatic, arriving by different means to suit their individual style. Each nation's leader also comes with heavy backup - airships darken the sky overhead and naval vessels cut through the choppy waves and circle one another like enemy sharks.

A large, cloaked figure approaches from Candlestick Lighthouse with four massive, armored giants trailing behind. When the figure draws close enough for your adventurers to see into the shadows of the deep hood, they see that Grismond has also received the dream-summons. Although mostly protected from the sunlight by his cloak, goggles, gloves, thick clothing and alchemical sun-blocking unguent, he's still clearly uncomfortable in this situation.

The air is filled with a strange, gentle music, a combination of sounds like the ringing of different metals and the tinkling of glass, punctuated by the hissing of steam, with the rising and falling hum of electric currents beneath it all.

"The last candidate is now here," says an ethereal, androgynous voice. *"Sit. Eat. Drink. Discuss. You know why you are here. One of you will be the first to sit upon the Throne of Mechadia."*

### The Candidates

The voice doesn't answer any further questions at this point. One by one, the suspicious leaders choose seats at the banquet table. Duke Hallowbeard is the first to begin filling his plate and goblet, followed by his wife. Glennewlyn has one of her people test the food and drink before indulging herself. Bittergleam declines any nourishment from the table. Cairbre and Kellyn dig in with wild abandon after they see the others have not been poisoned. There is plenty of food and drink to spread around to each leader's escorts, including your adventurers. The banquet is exactly what it appears to be, and has no benefits or penalties tied to it.

The Warlord opens the inevitable conversation by declaring that he will be taking the Throne, but in the interest of fairness, he will be happy to entertain challengers the old-fashioned way: trial by combat.

## CHOICES

IT'S RARE IN A ROLEPLAY ADVENTURE FOR THE HEROES TO GET TO SHAPE THE FATE OF A NATION IN A TOTALLY OPEN, UNBIASED WAY. AS ADVENTURE WRITERS WE'RE COMPLETELY NEUTRAL AS TO WHO GETS TO SIT ON THE ONE THRONE, SO LET EVERYONE GO WITH THE CANDIDATE THEY GENUINELY THINK WOULD BE BEST. YOUR ADVENTURERS HAVE PROBABLY MET MOST OF THE MAIN CANDIDATES BY NOW AND HAVE SOME HISTORY WITH A FEW OF THEM. BASED ON HOW THE CAMPAIGN HAS GONE, THE FINAL KING OR QUEEN OF MECHADIA COULD BE ANYONE SITTING AROUND THE TABLE.

YES, EVEN DUKE BITTERGLEAM HAS A FAIR SHOT - HE IS GENUINELY THE SMARTEST AND MOST DISCIPLINED CANDIDATE. IF THIS WERE A JOB INTERVIEW NOT A POLITICAL APPOINTMENT, YOU KNOW HE'D PROBABLY GET THE JOB AND DO IT REALLY EFFICIENTLY.

Naturally, this sends the rest of the island into an uproar, and delegates from each nation begin to squabble with one another around the table. Your adventurers are welcome in this debate, of course, either with the surrounding escorts or with the candidates themselves. The basic position of each of the candidates is as follows:

Duchess Glennewlyn thinks trial by combat is a barbaric and moronic way to decide something so critical. She believes a voting system should be created, that this decision should be made by the people of Mechadia.

Duke Bittergleam believes that he alone among the candidates possesses the intelligence, the mental clarity and discipline needed to rule an entire realm.

Duke and Duchess Hallowbeard were fine with the balance of power as it was, but since it seems that a choice is going to be forced upon these candidates, they see themselves as having the most balanced combination of royal virtues, all things considered.

Elira thinks that all politicians are corrupt, and that she would do a better job on the throne than any of them because she's 'one of the little people'.







Grismond's first duty is to his own people, and isn't sure who the best leader may be, but he wants fairness for the Great Underground. He doesn't fully believe the others will grant this, so he's willing to claim the throne if that's what it takes.

The candidates start eyeing your adventurers, probably assuming they're here to back Elira as Queen because they were here on the island before the rest of them arrived. If your adventurers wish to back a different candidate that's fine, but they're pressed into declaring their allegiance during this scene. It makes things very interesting if they're divided in their loyalties...

It soon becomes clear that the conversation is not going to be resolved. The candidates all continue to declare for themselves and point out the others' shortcomings as a potential monarch, and the arguments among the gathered escorts become more and more heated. Just as the cacophony seems on the verge of exploding, the phantom voice returns, louder than before. All hostilities momentarily cease.

*"It is time to decide. Complete the dream."*

The wind whips up into a frenzy, blasting the dinnerware and tablecloth off the table, which turns out to be a mishmash of mechanical arms, gears, panels, wires, tubes and pipes. The unexpected array snaps into activity; buzzing, sparking, retracting, reforming itself until in the center of the gathering there sits the gleaming One Throne of Mechadia.

## Battle Royale

The moment of stunned silence is broken by Cairbre ap Ea as the Warlord snatches a hand axe from his belt and hurls it at the neck of the man he perceives to be his biggest threat: Bitterpleam. The Frigian Duke spins gracefully out of harm's way and draws his frosteel dueling sword and his pistol, hisses an order to his people, and the entire island explodes into the most important battle Mechadia has ever known.

The forces of the six factions come together with bullets and blades, might, magic and machinery. The skies above erupt into a theatre of thunder and lightning of cannon fire and other fantastic weaponry, and Whitewater Bay begins to boil with battle a moment later. Your adventurers are free to pick fights with whomever they choose. If they hesitate, fights come to them.

At some point in the fray, if Raenell survived her encounter with your adventurers at the Block, she resurfaces here. She was visited by a dream as

well, one where she would have a chance at revenge or redemption - the choice was hers. She climbs out of the water and onto the shore in a different exosuit, one with nautical capabilities (including a six-shooter harpoon gun encircling one forearm).

So many things can happen here. It's really up to you to decide how to handle the battle. Your adventurers' weight behind any of the factions will go a longer way than anything, of course, but that still leaves a lot of pieces on the board. Raenell in particular can be a wild card to play at the most opportune and dramatic moment. If your adventurers tried to appeal to her morality and showed her mercy and kindness in Part Eight, she may end up saving one or more of their lives here. If they did their damndest to kill her and she got away, obviously she's going to go for the kill.

Regardless of whether or not Raenell is here or even alive, one big reveal to be played is that the Warlord and his Battlebride have both been replaced by automaton lookalikes with Raenell's most recent technological updates. They're no longer considered fey, and so their aos sidhe benefits and weaknesses no longer apply here, nor can they use Pulse Paths or any other fey power, but they have weaponry, both internal and external. If for some reason your adventurers have chosen to side with the forces of Torridaen in this endgame, you can feel free to modify this reveal to be someone else (Bitterpleam probably makes the most sense).

If and when any of your adventurers get a moment to breathe and can get close enough to the Throne, they may make Notice checks to realize that the chair form looks somewhat incomplete. It seems as if it might be missing a piece here and there. Any of the six Crossed Gear artifacts begin to hum and glow with a soft light.

If an adventurer passes another Notice or Repair check, he can attempt to fit his artifact into the proper place on the throne. Each time a new piece is successfully attached, the throne begins to resonate a little more strongly and take on an increasingly bright glow of its own. Once this process begins, any NPC in possession of any of the artifacts sees it and understands. The candidates also try and acquire any remaining pieces (which can now be spotted a little more easily now that they're glowing and audibly humming) from their current carriers.

Bitterpleam, Cairbre and Kellyn use any means necessary to claim the artifacts and get them to the throne. Duke Hallowbeard gives the carriers a chance



to hand the artifacts over first, but has his rangers fire warning shots if not heeded. After that, crippling shots. Duchess Hallowbeard, Duchess Glennewlyn and her agents all try to use stealth and trickery, perhaps shapeshifting into one of your adventurers, perhaps becoming invisible and/or picking someone's pocket. Captain Elira tries not to hurt your adventurers unless they attack her first, but she's not above stealing from them if they don't seem to be backing her play anymore (and maybe a knock on the head if necessary).

Of all the candidates, only Grismond absolutely refuses to steal. He entreats your adventurers to use their best judgment, and he tries to use his four giants to set up a defensive area around the throne, keeping the other candidates away, but lets your adventurers attach the artifacts to their rightful places.

When the last of the six artifacts is in place, the chair exudes an angelic aura of white light across the entire island. The light is bright enough to make everyone squint, but it's not blinding. A wave of forceful energy pulses outward, knocking over everyone with the exception of any candidates who are still standing. The first of them to sit in the throne will become the first King or Queen of Mechadia.

At this point, your adventurers have hopefully maneuvered things so their chosen candidate (assuming they've agreed on one, which may not be the case) is closest to the throne. If not, they can still act to try and stall the others. Consider any remaining escort forces to be stunned for the next Round or three, so this moment comes down to only the candidates, your adventurers, and possibly Raenell if she's somehow still alive and kicking. This could be the moment when she ultimately decides on revenge or redemption, and closes her exo-suit's hand around the ankle of her own creation, stopping Cairbre or Bittergleam from reaching the throne. Or maybe she puts her last harpoon through Duke Hallowbeard's back to satisfy her thirst for bloody vengeance.

In any case, this is it: the finish line. And there is no second place.

## Aftermath

The moment someone sits on the throne, the weapons on land, sea and in the air all cease functioning, although engines continue to work. The world grows quiet and still. The glow condenses to a soft luminescence around only the throne and the one who sits upon it. The surviving ex-candidates and retainers bear witness to the coronation, and the rest of Mechadia receives a strange transmission from an unknown source coming through every available receiver: telegraphs, radios, communilators, computational engines... anything that can receive a message.

*"All hail, High King/Queen {full name and House (if applicable) here}, ruler of the now-unified realm of Mechadia, chosen by merit and by fate, witnessed by {his/her} peers on this day. In the coming week, all nations will receive further instructions from their new sovereign regarding the current transition phase to ensure a smooth transfer of power. Long live the King/Queen. End of transmission."*

## ENDINGS AND BEGINNINGS

This is the end of the official Plot Point Campaign for Clockwork Dreams, but just the beginning of a new era for Mechadia. If you've not played through some of the Savage Tales, new stories await. Or come up with exciting adventures of your own. Just because there's now a King or Queen doesn't mean this is the end of the fun.

And what happens when your adventurers become Heroic rank (which should be soon)? The whole Suzerain continuum awaits. With their trusty Telesma and a goodly dose of courage, they can now travel the realms in search of... whatever excites them.

You could write your own adventures, or pick up one of the Heroic rank settings we've created - perhaps Noir Knights with its 1930s supernatural themes, or the lure of an angel's song in the Dungeonlands trilogy.

Happy Suzeraining!



## SAVAGE TALES

These fifteen tales can be used as interludes between scenarios, to start your own campaign, or however you want. Feel free to expand and/or modify them any way you like to better suit your game.

### NEED A LIFT?

Your adventurers are on a private flight when something happens to the small passenger airship, and they pick themselves out of the airship wreckage on the ground... in Philadelphia, circa 1793. They can see the glimmer of an open portal in the sky above them, but have no way to reach it.

A ray of hope comes when they learn that the talk of the locals is centered on a French aeronaut who plans to make the first aerial voyage in the history of the new United States of America in a hydrogen balloon from the yard of the nearby Walnut Street jail. Your adventurers have to find a way to hitch a ride, lest they be trapped in the mortal realms for who-knows-how-long.

### Not In Kansas Anymore

It's a nice day for a relaxing, low-altitude cruise over the Copper Coast, and your adventurers are on a small, private zeppelin. They could be on vacation, on a business flight, on their way to visit friends or family - whatever suits the group best. The cabin begins to shudder a little - a pocket of turbulence, no doubt. But the shuddering gets worse, and the pilot's voice comes crackling over the cabin speaker: *"Hold on, folks. Seems we're hitting some - oh, bugger me, what is tha-"*

The zep turns violently to one side and begins to roll, throwing your adventurers around like a toybox full of dolls. One adventurer, pressed against a cracking window and looking several hundred feet down at the coastline, sees a large, bloodstained albatross flying away from the wild aircraft.

The pilot was an albatross pooka.

Everyone feels another violent lurch of the ship, an odd sucking sensation, and the sudden sensation of floating through water, only without the wetness. The next few moments feel like an hour, and your adventurers feel the zeppelin hit solid ground. Everyone takes **Damage**: 2d6 and loses 1 Pulse.

Picking themselves out of the shattered cabin, your adventurers notice at once that they're not on the beach, and they're obviously not in the ocean. Instead, they're in the middle of a vast, neat cornfield. To the

south and east, they see the farmland eventually ends near the banks of a wide river. To the north and west, they see rolling green hills with a beige stripe of road cutting through, and between two of the hills, they see a plain-looking town. If anyone looks up, they spot a faint shimmering patch in the air, like a heat distortion, only it remains in one place. It's not like any portal your adventurers have ever seen, but apparently that's what it is, because here they are... somewhere else.

With a little time and effort, the wreckage of the small zeppelin can be trampled down enough for the tall corn stalks to completely hide it from passers-by on the road. If they head toward the river, their trip doesn't yield much other than a view of the vast tracts of flat farmland on the other side and another dirt road that runs alongside the river.





If they head toward the road on their current side of the river, sooner or later a horse comes along and the rider gives the group a questioning stare. He looks like a mortal human, and his clothing seems about a century out-of-date by Victorian/Mechadian standards. He snaps the reins and drives his horse faster down the road, leaving your adventurers in his dust without a word. This should tell your adventurers they're not in Mechadia anymore. They've manifested in the physical mortal realm (hence the loss of Pulse when they went through the anomalous portal).

A horse-drawn wagon comes up the road from the south about fifteen minutes later, again with two humans on the driver's step wearing older clothes, sporting outdated hair and moustache styles. The wagon slows to a halt and the two men greet your adventurers with friendly smiles, raised eyebrows and a hearty laugh. *"Ha! Looks like we have some escapees from John Bill Ricketts' outfit,"* one says, marveling at the bizarre appearance of your fey, who have no idea what that means - and it's almost guaranteed that most players won't know the reference. They may be inclined to pursue it, as it gives them a cover story for wherever it is they've crash landed. The driver offers the fey a lift into town if that's the way they're headed. His wagon is empty, having made deliveries just over the border in Delaware, so there's plenty of room for all.

### Circus Freaks

During the rough ride into town, it's easy enough for your adventurers to find out that 'town' is Philadelphia, and from the chatter between the two men up front, Philadelphia is the capital of the New World. If any of the fey are educated in the history of the mortal world, they should realize that if Philadelphia is the capital, then they didn't come through the odd portal in the same time stream. They've arrived in the late 18th century, not long after the Revolutionary War.

Once they're dropped off in the city - not a 'town', but the foremost metropolitan area in the entirety of the newborn nation, which seems incredibly dull and primitive to the Mechadian visitors - your adventurers have to figure out what to do next. Dropping the name John Bill Ricketts quickly leads to the nearby circus, the first of its kind on American soil. It seems that whenever your adventurers mention Ricketts' name, the city folk nod as if to say, *"Yeah, I kinda figured that."*

Apparently, the Mechadians have no trouble passing as circus freaks in this day and age. If they make their way to the circus establishment, they're

immediately accepted as part of the group, because why else would anyone style themselves in the completely outlandish appearances of these people with their odd colorations, statures, features and avant garde apparel? Anywhere else in Philadelphia, your adventurers are regarded as freaks and get the eyeball from everyone (although the very young are captivated). Within the confines of Ricketts' circus, they fit right in with the tattooed men, the bearded women, the walrus man, the lizard boy, the werewolf boy, the conjoined twins...you get the picture.

If they seek out Ricketts himself, he's not going to recall hiring these particular freaks, but if they admit as much to him, he immediately makes them an offer. How could he not with this wild bunch? The pay is lousy, but then, your adventurers shouldn't be planning for an extended stay. This gives them a sort of base of operations for the moment, some place where they actually blend in.

### Uplifting News

It doesn't take long for your adventurers to figure out that the hot topic on everyone's mind is some event going on at the nearby Walnut Street Jail. Some 'Frenchy' (whatever that is) is planning on launching a giant balloon into the air and riding it away. This may seem like child's play to the Mechadians, but apparently air travel has never been done in this country before. Ever.

This man, Jean-Pierre Blanchard, is planning America's first hydrogen balloon voyage after having performed several of them in Europe. The flight is scheduled for 10:00am tomorrow morning. All the papers are advertising it, and the jail is opening the yard to the public and selling tickets to witness the event: \$5 for a front section seat, \$2 for a rear section seat within the perimeter of the prison yard. Your adventurers can buy tickets from a vendor right around the corner from the circus if they wish. Most of the city's inhabitants seem to be content to watch the liftoff from outside the walls for free. They'll miss the actual takeoff, but get to see the balloon ascend to the skies.

### Jail Birds

Starting at dawn somewhere in the city artillery begins firing in unison every fifteen minutes to remind the citizens of the great event. A brass and percussion band plays a rousing marching piece inside the prison yard as the famous French aeronaut busies himself around a slowly expanding balloon of golden silk.



Your adventurers can't walk into the jail's yard without a ticket, and there are a dozen or so alert guards on hand to make sure nobody tries it. They may be a century behind Mechadia in technology and culture, but their clubs hurt just as much as modern clubs, and anger is timeless. Finding another way into the prison on short notice is unlikely. It is a jail, after all.

Assuming they make it inside, your adventurers see the perimeter of the yard lined with tiered benches, the front half being reserved for those with the \$5 tickets. They see Blanchard and a few jailhouse officials and local government men conversing excitedly in the wide-open center of the yard. Guards with muskets are stationed all around the yard and atop the rooftops, constantly surveying the growing crowd.

Outside the prison, it seems as if everyone in the city has gathered to witness this moment. It may dawn on some of your adventurers that the portal they came through was formed by the focused dreams of so many on one wondrous event, the likes of which had never before been seen on this continent.

As the crowd settles in, another arrival prompts the band to abruptly switch into another tune, and all heads begin to turn toward the main gate and the entourage that now enters. The roar of the jail's cannons salute one man walking at the head of a short double column of wary-eyed soldiers and brightly plumed dignitaries, and spectators cry out things like, "It's him! It's the President!" and "Is that really George Washington?" The man, this President Washington, walks up and greets Blanchard with no resistance from any of the jail officials. Blanchard bows deeply to the man, they seem to exchange a few words and a small gift from the President to the astronaut, something in an envelope.

And that's when the breakout happens.

With all of the on-duty guards' attention fixed on the President of the young nation, one of the more intelligent prisoners springs the preconceived plan of getting out of his crude cell and releasing his brothers-in-chains, hoping to escape in the ensuing chaos. Sharp reports of gunfire come from somewhere out of sight, followed by shouting and curses, and a door on the far side of the yard slams open. Out of the doorway spills a score of grimy, wild-eyed prisoners, a few of whom have obtained some of the overrun guards' weapons.

The President's security force immediately forms a human wall around him and opens fire on the escaping prisoners, who then return fire. The crowd

explodes in panic, all rushing for the main gate at once. Blanchard dives for cover closest at hand: his balloon basket. The leader of the escape attempt, an ex-soldier named Keach, heads straight for the inflated balloon as if this had been his plan all along. A handful of convicts follow him (one for each adventurer), use Thu's statistics and make Keach a wild card Thu's Leader. They're only crudely armed with some makeshift shivs, rocks, an unloaded musket that can be used as a club - but chances are, so are your adventurers. (They did start out this scenario on a leisure flight, after all.)

If your adventurers manage to overpower Keach and his thugs and get on the balloon, Blanchard will quickly divulge what they need to do to fly away - but he'll do it in French. He doesn't speak more than a few words of English. The basket is filled with meteorological instruments, ballast and a picnic basket of refreshments. If your adventurers have no need of the Frenchman due to one of them having expertise in this area, they might very well toss him out. If they keep him on, they can take off easily enough, and make in-flight adjustments if/when needed.

The wind, fortunately enough, is blowing them to the southeast, right back to their original crash site. If Blanchard is still with them, he marvels at what he can see of the wreckage once they pass over the cornfield, asking them (again, in French) who they really are and where they come from. A last-second updraft swirls beneath them, taking them higher than the wavering patch in the air (which sends Blanchard, if present, into a rapid-tongued tizzy of questions and borderline panic). They can't possibly lower the balloon in time to hit the portal unless they blow a large hole in it or jump at the right time. Either option risks death if they miss.

The portal is close enough that no rolls are needed - only a leap of faith, literally (unless you really want to make it scary and are prepared to deal with the aftermath if someone misses). If they happen to have a pixie or sprite among them, it might be prudent to send them down first to see what happens. Anyone hitting the wavering patch of air disappears instantly. If it's any of the aforementioned little winged folk, they can pop back and forth for the moment and give the all-clear to their companions.

## Aftermath

The portal leads back to Mechadia at the same point your adventurers left, hovering over the shoreline of the Copper Coast. It's high tide now, so they fall a hundred feet into ten or twelve feet



of water. If Blanchard was still in the balloon with them, he would make the same leap into the portal - his curiosity is too strong not to. In this case, he makes it to shore along with your adventurers, and they see that he is extremely careful in keeping something out of the water. It's the envelope given to him by President George Washington, a sort of 'passport' letter recommending 'to all citizens of the United States, and others, that they oppose no hindrance to Mr. Blanchard, and assist him in his efforts to advance an art in order to make it useful to mankind in general.'

## DR. SOMMERFELD'S WEDDING

Your adventurers journey to Friġia and discover that a prominent scientist, Dr. Sommerfeld, has been kidnapped by a beast that has been raiding the small town of Owlminster and terrorizing the townsfolk. Dr. Sommerfeld's fiancée is beside herself. Not only is her darling missing, but tomorrow is their wedding day... or will be, if your adventurers find her fiancé and bring him back alive.

### Possible Hooks

Dr. Sommerfeld and Atelyn Thorn, his fiancée, could have hired your adventurers as security guards for their wedding. They mention some trouble with his family and anticipate that there might be a ruckus. They did not mention any other potential issues.

Your adventurers could be traveling in Friġia and have stopped in Owlminster for the night when they see the damage to the town wall and decide to investigate.

One or more of your adventurers might be a friend to the bride or groom, invited to the wedding. Any adventurer not friends with the bride or groom could decide to tag along just to get some cool, refreshing Friġian air in their lungs and maybe hit the slopes.

### A Thorny Problem

Your adventurers arrive in Owlminster, a tiny, remote village in Friġia. The inhabitants are mostly ice fishermen, hunters and engineers. A high wall of ice surrounds the town to keep out the elements and invaders, but as your adventurers approach, they notice a large chunk of the wall is destroyed, as if a tank rolled through it. When they arrive in town, they're greeted by a ragged gray-bearded elf named Elekus, who says it's his duty to welcome visitors and be their tour guide. Elekus can direct your

adventurers to the Wayfarers Inn, a place where they can rent rooms and catch up on the local gossip; he can also direct them to the Mayor's Office where the spriġġan Rouġhlin Bindbraġ, Mayor of Owlminster, welcomes them and asks for their help with the menace that is terrorizing his town.

Alternatively, Elekus can take your adventurers to the Ministry, the town's community building. He will, of course, hold out a begging bowl for 'tips'. At the Ministry, your adventurers find a young spriġġan, Atelyn Thorn, weeping amid the remains of the building. Her wedding planner desperately tries to console her, but she growls and angrily swats the sprite away. Atelyn pulls herself together when she sees well-armed strangers, and she questions your adventurers to find out who they are and why they're in town.

When she's satisfied, she tells them that her husband-to-be, renowned scientist Dr. Adam Sommerfeld, has been kidnapped by a horrible creature - she doesn't know what it was, but she can tell them it went east toward the mountains. She begs them to rescue him - she's a good fighter and offers to help, but she knows she can't go toe-to-toe with the creature and come out on top. Anyone your adventurers speak to will praise Dr. Sommerfeld as the town treasure, a local scientist who is renowned throughout Friġia and even all of Mechadia for his clever inventions: the 'sailsled' and the 'portable stove companion' are two of them.

### Snow Sailing

With Atelyn's help, your adventurers rent a sailsled, an aerodynamic marvel that propels itself across the ice with wind power, like a ship on the sea. Riding on this vehicle is an exhilarating experience. Despite the extreme cold, the speed and grace of the contraption makes them feel like they're flying.

They sail in the direction of the mountains. Atelyn mentions that Dr. Sommerfeld occasionally liked to go to these mountains as a retreat, to refresh his mind and spark new ideas. Also, she mentions that he's been distracted lately by both the impending wedding and by the death of his pet snow leopard, Nyla. Nyla was more than a pet to him, she was his only companion after his family disowned him.

While they're riding on the sailsled, they need to navigate around the hazards of the terrain - slippery ice patches, rough clusters of frozen rocks, bitter winds. Some Notice rolls and several Drive checks are needed, and because the sled uses sails drive checks suffer a -2 penalty if the driver doesn't also have Boating at d4 or above.



A snowstorm occurs that makes it hard for your adventurers to see, let alone to track their quarry. Atelyn, though brave, is not good with directions (though if one of your adventurers mentions this flaw, she gets aggressive) so your adventurers need to rely on their own skills to navigate the snowy wasteland (Tracking -2 or Survival checks).

If they don't wreck the sailsled, they eventually get close to the Cavellian Mountains where Atelyn says the creature headed. If they do wreck the sailsled, Atelyn pulls out her pocket watch and tries to communicate with her lost love.

During the high-speed journey, and especially during the snowstorm, any adventurer not properly protected by heavy clothing, snow goggles and some sort of face covering finds their body assaulted by the delicate metallic snowflakes. This results in hundreds of tiny lacerations, each no more than a bad paper cut, but all together it becomes a painful experience and they may even suffer a Wound from cumulative blood loss. They must make a Vigor check; if they pass it's a mere annoyance, if they fail they suffer a Wound. If they don't already know, Atelyn warns your adventurers about this hazard before departing. Whether they heed her or not is up to them. Natives

of Friçia have more of a tolerance to this natural occurrence, and will be less prone to taking actual damage (+2 to the Vigor check).

### Creature Discomforts

A huge, spider-shaped robot moving with catlike grace approaches from the foothills. This thing could have easily smashed the town wall and carried off the scientist in its mandibles. The robot has eight copper legs, each one jointed like a spider's leg, all meeting in the center around a copper cauldron capped with a glass dome. Covered with snow leopard hides, the legs look as if someone tried to make them look organic but failed. The hides are worn and rent around the jagged edges of the legs, which the robot tries to use to lash out at your adventurers.

The legs have tiny brass spines where a spider would have hairs. These spines seem like more of a defensive measure than an effective offensive weapon, but they still cause some painful and messy damage if your adventurers take a direct hit from one of the legs. The robot seems to focus a lot of energy on attacking Atelyn - she's its primary target and your adventurers need to defend her at all cost.

When it's hit hard, it howls in pain. Once it's wounded badly, it tries to retreat, crawling off into





a cave in the mountains. It leaves a trail of red, sticky oil behind it. If unable to walk away, your adventurers find that the cauldron contains a life support system for a large brain - larger than most fey brains, larger than human. If the cauldron is not damaged too badly, your adventurers can take it and the brain with them. Atelyn is horrified: whoever created this monster has broken the one of the cardinal Rules of Scientific Ethics - they have experimented with a living creature and tried to make it into a machine.

### Spider Robot

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d4, Strength d10, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Notice d6, Tracking d6

**Pace 8 Parry 5 Toughness 11 (3) Pulse 15**

**Edges:** Ambidextrous, Two Fisted

**Gear:** Leg (Damage: Str+d6, Reach 1), armor plating (+3 Armor, all locations)

### Special Abilities

- **Size +2:** A large eight-legged machine, its many long legs making it seem larger than it is.

## Welcome To The Workshop

If the creature escapes, your adventurers need to follow its tracks to the cave in the Cavellian Mountains; if it's still limping away, they can follow the bloodoil trail. When they reach the cave they feel a rush of warmth coming from a poorly insulated wooden door. Behind the locked door is an antechamber, carpeted with a green rug bearing a design of yew saplings, winding vines and golden chalices intertwining. If no one in the group knows, Atelyn identifies the rug as the family crest of House Sommerfeld.

Beyond the antechamber is another door, this one still open. Inside is a huge domed cavern, hollowed out smoothly and braced with wooden rafters, lit by electric lanterns. The walls are lined with shelves full of mechanical parts and chemicals in jars. Three work-tables, all piled with notes and parts and bubbling beakers, surround a pit in the middle of the floor.

In the pit is Dr. Adam Sommerfeld, apparently unharmed. If the creature escaped, he is repairing it. If it did not, he begs your adventurers for the brain. Atelyn is happy to see her fiancé alive, but she's

furious, accusing him of corrupting life to create his mechanical creature, breaking one of the Rules of Scientific Ethics.

Dr. Sommerfeld explains that he was just trying to save the life of his beloved pet, Nyla. Nyla was mauled by wild beasts in the mountains near his lab, and while she was dying, he extracted her brain and put it into a body that he thought would protect her from anything that tried to harm her. He kept the monstrosity in the lab and visited her often. When he told Nyla that he was going to get married, she became agitated and didn't stay in her cave. She stormed down to the village and kidnapped him.

Dr. Sommerfeld now has a choice - he can allow Nyla to die gracefully and hope that Atelyn takes him back, or he can try to install her brain in a new monstrosity and lose his love and very likely his freedom. He needs some excellent grief counseling from his new friends, your adventurers. One of the things he does when he is being counseled - he shows off his new experiments. None of these experiments violate the Rules of Scientific Ethics. He has made a pair of Ether goggles that compensate for snow blindness, he has updated the portable stove companion (the old model tended to catch fire), and so on. His specialty is mechanical or electrical inventions that are useful in Friqia's harsh environment.

## It's A Nice Day To Start Again

Once Dr. Sommerfeld says his farewell to Nyla (assuming your adventurers can convince him to let her go), he, Atelyn and your adventurers journey back to Owlminster for the belated wedding celebration. Atelyn doesn't want to delay, but she allows a day for everyone to get cleaned up and rest before the ceremony. All arrive in their scrubbed-up Sunday best to the restored Ministry for the festivities.

If there is an adventurer who is a priest of some sort, the grateful Dr. Sommerfeld and Atelyn ask him to perform the ceremony. Right before the couple says, "I do," a horde of elves wearing tunics decorated with twining yew trees, vines and golden chalices storms into the hall. The leader of the elves, Gathrin Sommerfeld, a stately fey with a long beard and hard black eyes, tells Adam that he must refuse to marry 'that spriggan' and must return to his family in Verna. When Adam resists, Gathrin is unable to restrain himself, and bursts out with, "*Wasn't it enough of a lesson when I set those wolves on your precious cat? Do you want another?*" Adam, Atelyn and the villagers of Owlminster try to fight the elves. They're outmatched, outgunned and they need someone to step in and save the day...



Treat the elves as Guards and Gathrin as an Elite Guard wild card. There should be 2 Guards per adventurer +2 - the rest are busy with the villagers.

### Aftermath

Adam and Atelyn finally get married and they're very grateful to your adventurers for all their help. Adam gives your adventurers one of his gadgets (the portable stove companion, the sailsled, the goggles or another gadget at your discretion) as a gift.

### Dr. Adam Sommerfeld

Adam is an elf of medium height with wild, windblown red hair and bushy sideburns. He dresses dapperly in a pinstriped Victorian suit, complete with a double-breasted vest adorned with two rows of gold buttons with the crossed filament and gear crest of Mountmatten University (where he studied as an undergraduate). Adam regrets losing the love of his family when he chose to pursue a career as an inventor, but creating new devices is his true passion and he can no more abandon the need than he can stop breathing. Unlike his warlike Sommerfeld cousins, Adam is a delicate creature and is often protected by his spriggan fiancée Atelyn in both verbal and physical confrontations - however, Dr. Sommerfeld is not helpless and if cornered can pull an interesting contraption or two out of his sleeve. Even though they're an unusual match, Adam loves Atelyn passionately - he admires her bravery, loyalty and strength.

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d4

**Skills:** Boating d4, Driving d6, Fighting d4, Invention d8, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Science) d10, Repair d6, Survival d6

**Pace** 6 **Parry** 4 **Toughness** 4 **Pulse** 15

**Edges:** Elf, Beast Master

**Gear:** Tools (Damage: Str+d4)

### Atelyn Thorn

Atelyn Thorn is a young spriggan with bright blue eyes and short, spiky twiggy hair decorated with holly berries. Her leather battle armor, which she wears often, is completely serviceable yet is also designed not to mask her feminine curves. Atelyn works as a mercenary in Owlminster, protecting the town from the snow leopards and bandits that come down and raid from the Cavellian Mountains. When Dr. Sommerfeld came to town, looking for a quiet place to work and not attract too much attention

## THE INTERCONTINENTAL COLLEGIUM

THE INTERCONTINENTAL COLLEGIUM IS AN ORGANIZATION OF SCIENTISTS AND INVENTORS FROM ALL FOUR CONTINENTS OF MECHADIA AND THE SKY. THIS BODY OF INTELLECTUALS MEETS FOUR TIMES PER ANNUM, ONCE ON EACH CONTINENT AT THE FOUR MOST PRESTIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS OF HIGHER LEARNING IN MECHADIA: LASHBRIGHT ACADEMY IN TORRIDAEN, PENDLEPOTION COLLEGE IN VERNA, MOUNTMATTEN UNIVERSITY IN AUTUMNUS AND SPEEDWELL CENTER FOR GRADUATE STUDIES IN FRIGIA. THE COLLEGIUM MEETS TO DISCUSS NEW BREAKTHROUGHS IN SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY.

THEIR MEMBERSHIP IS RESPONSIBLE FOR PUBLISHING AND UPDATING THE RULES OF SCIENTIFIC ETHICS, A DOCUMENT THAT REGULATES SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTATION AND PROTECTS THE RIGHTS OF ALL MECHADIANS FROM POWER-MAD GENIUSES WHO ARE MORE INTERESTED IN RESULTS THAN COMPASSION. ALL OF THE DUKES AND DUCHESSES IN MECHADIA RESPECT THE INTERCONTINENTAL COLLEGIUM'S FINDINGS AND THEY VIGOROUSLY ENFORCE THE RULES OF SCIENTIFIC ETHICS - MORE THAN ONE EAGER INVENTOR HAS BEEN SENT TO DO TIME IN THE CELLS FOR VIOLATING THE RULES. THE INTERCONTINENTAL COLLEGIUM IS ALSO MECHADIA'S HIGHEST COURT FOR SCIENTIFIC TRANSGRESSIONS - AN IMPARTIAL BODY WHO WILL JUDGE THE SCIENTIST PURELY ON THE METHOD OF HIS EXPERIMENTATION AND HIS ACTS - HIS RACE, CLASS, FRIENDS AND RELATIVES ARE IRRELEVANT. THE RULES OF SCIENTIFIC ETHICS IS A LONG AND DRY DOCUMENT, BUT ALL MECHADIANS KNOW THESE THREE ITEMS:

NO FEY SHALL USE SCIENCE TO CREATE SLAVES.

NO FEY SHALL POWER AN INVENTION BY DESTROYING OR CORRUPTING LIFE.

NO FEY SHALL STEAL ANOTHER FEY'S INVENTION AND PASS IT OFF AS HIS OWN.



from the elven families or the scientific community. Atelyn was immediately drawn to his genius and his vulnerability. She pursued him relentlessly until he fell in love with her. Atelyn wants to marry her man and have her happily ever after, though she is not a selfish creature - his life and his happiness mean more to her than her own, and she protects him with every last drop of her blood and bone in her body.

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Boating d4, Driving d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Shooting d6, Survival d6

**Pace 6 Parry 7 Toughness 7 (2) Pulse 15**

**Edges:** Spriggan, Block, First Strike

**Gear:** Shortsword (**Damage:** Str+d6), clockwork crossbow (**Range:** 15/30/60, **Damage:** 2d6, AP1), leather battle armor (+2 Armor, all locations)

#### Special Abilities

- **Grow:** By paying 2 Pulse she can increase her size to that of a normal fey, for 3 Pulse she can grow to the size of a small troll. At fey size she gains +1 Toughness; at Troll Size she gains +2 Toughness. This growth lasts 6 Rounds, till she is knocked unconscious or she decides to deflate.
- **Fighter:** If she wishes to stop fighting, or avoid starting a fight if provoked, she needs to pass a Smarts -2 roll.
- **Oath:** If she gives someone her word and then breaks it she suffers 1 point of Fatigue that takes 24 hours to clear.

#### Gathrin Sommerfeld

Gathrin is a tall, silver-haired and bearded elf in his middle years with a proud, military bearing. He's the head of the Sommerfeld family (elves do not have nobility per se but they have close family groups and the families are strictly hierarchical). Gathrin is Adam's first cousin, and though his father is younger than Adam's, Gathrin took over the family after Adam was exiled by the elders of Feldhaven for dabbling in scientific experiments and shaming the family. Gathrin is a snob who considers spriggans a lesser race and wants Adam to return to his family.

Use the Elite Guard stats (see page 147).

## ALL THE RAGE

An unscrupulous pixie film studio keeps dragging an imaginative artist in the mortal realms so they can capture and project his wild dreams in Mechadian dream theatres. They're destroying this poor mortal's life for fun, fame and profit. Your adventurers discover the truth and have to stop them before it's too late for the tortured dreamer. This scenario can be set in any of the four continents, probably in the closest major city to where your adventurers base their operations.

### The Silver Screen

One night, your adventurers decide to attend a dream theatre showing of a film they keep hearing about. The film is called Liquidland, and is the fourth installment in a series of films from Silversun Studios. Watching the wild film, it's easy to see what all the rage is about. The shockingly vivid color, the bizarre landscapes and chilling phantasms floating across the big screen leave remarkable impressions with the audience, including your adventurers. Some fey lack the stomach to sit through the entire film, overcome by the evocative emotions of the projected dream; clouds of wonder wet by sorrowful rain, golden fields of innocence alternating with back alleys of dark, unbridled rage. Weapons of shining pride are stolen and wielded by shadow figures of guilt and deceit, reclaimed by victorious angels of justice and unabashed love.

One adventurer (or more, if you want) leaves partway through the film to get refreshments, to take a breather or relieve himself and overhears a hushed conversation between a trio of pixies nearby. Two of the figures have had their faces in the papers a lot since breaking onto the entertainment scene: Priscilla Hammond and Abbott Gault, the director and producer of Silversun Studios, respectively. The director and producer are in the process of hovering over a third pixie, their wings buzzing furiously as they berate him for something. Read the following:

*"The shooting schedule will go on as planned," hisses Priscilla, "We meet back here at midnight tonight, film the next segment, then wrap the last segment up tomorrow night. I want this next film screen-ready by the end of the year."*

*Abbott crosses his arms. "Thomas, your concern for our golden goose is touching, and duly noted. But do you think I don't know what I'm doing? Trust me, I have the dosages under control. Dansby will be fine. After this film, we'll give him a break for a while, alright?"*



*The third pixie nods, although he looks more resigned than convinced.*

*Priscilla leans in closer, her voice now a seductive purr. "Just remember how rich this series has made us all: rich... and famous. All those girls that fawn over you at the taverns... that wouldn't be happening if you weren't the lead cameraman for Silversun. You do want to stay with the studio, don't you, Thomas?"*

*Again, Thomas nods, defeated.*

At this point, the pixies either detect their eavesdropper or something simply spooks them into disbanding and fluttering off to find various crowds of press, fans, film industry peers, and celebrities.

## The Golden Goose

If your adventurers try to catch up to any of the members of Silversun Studios after the film, they find them gone from the dream theatre, probably to put in appearances at some of the private after-parties. The best chance they have to pick up the trail again is to stake out the dream theatre before midnight.

Around midnight, pixies begin to flit onto the roof of the dream theatre. Once the entire company - eight pixies in all - has arrived, they collect their gear and fly off down a dark back street. Following the pixie crew, most likely from the ground, your adventurers spot them as they dive straight down into what looks like a puddle of shimmering motor oil at the end of an alley, and go right through the surface of the street. A portal.

Assuming your adventurers follow the pixies' lead, the faux oil puddle spits them unceremoniously out of the screaming mouth of a wall mural and onto a street in modern-day London in the dead of night. They catch a flutter of movement as the last of the film crew enters the front door of an apartment building one block down the street.

By the time your adventurers get to the apartment building, there's no sign of the pixies. Give them some time to sneak around in the quiet dark, building the suspense. At the right moment, they hear muffled cries coming from the floors above them somewhere, and eventually trace it to a specific flat on the tenth floor with the name 'C. Dansby' scrawled in the nameplate.

The lock is already picked, so entry is not a problem. Your adventurers quickly find that the pixie film crew is already gone, probably having flown out of an open kitchen window. Looking out of the window shows no sign of the pixies, although

the flat has faint traces of residual pixie dust on the dingy furniture and carpeting.

Numerous paintings are scattered around the messy flat. They're wondrous, very reminiscent of the style of Silversun's hit film series. The place is also littered with empty pill bottles, liquor bottles, and other signs of substance abuse. In the bedroom is a man drenched in sweat, tangled in his sheets, babbling deliriously. He's unwashed, pale, underfed and sports a wicked fever. Seeing your adventurers through massively dilated pupils, he'll gasp, *"Please... no more... no more nightmares. Don't make me take it again..."* He'll quickly pass out, making further conversation impossible.

On his night table is a glass with traces of a semi-viscous, sapphire blue drink. If your adventurers have the means to test it here and now, or if they think to bring it back to Mechadia and test it, they find it's an illegal fey narcotic called 'azure sky', known to induce potent hallucinations in fey, but deadly if taken too much.

Silversun Studios is drugging Carl Dansby and mining him for his wild dreams, and it's obviously killing him.

## The Azure Sky

Your adventurers can't find the pixies in Mechadia the next day. Wherever their secret studio is, it's a very well kept secret. Even successful Streetwise rolls can't turn up any definite information, only a series of wild goose chases. As it turns out, your adventurers are hardly the first people who have tried to track down the *en vogue* filmmakers. Your adventurers start to run out of daylight, and should realize the one place they're sure to catch the culprits in the act is back at Dansby's.

The oil puddle portal is still there - actually, it never seems to dry up or get smaller. The best course of action is for your adventurers to lay an ambush inside Dansby's flat. The artist is sleeping deeply under the effects of valium, and cannot be roused. If your adventurers try and carry him out of the flat, the pixie crew show up at that moment. If not, the crew shows up in the wee hours, although your adventurers might notice they're down one pixie: Thomas, the cameraman, who had the attack of conscience in the first scene.

Once the ambush is sprung, Priscilla flies into a rage at having been discovered. She and Abbott are quick to escalate to violence, whereas most of the other pixies try to confuse your adventurers and escape.







Use Citizen stats for the pixies. Priscilla draws a small but powerfully enchanted dagger (**Damage:** Str+d8, AP2), and Abbott has a satchel full of alchemical mixtures that he starts throwing as weapons (pick and choose from alchemy lists in the Toybox section or make up some of your own concoctions). During the tussle, the delicate, high-end dream projector equipment takes a beating and something goes wrong. Purple and green sparks start to spit from one of the big cameras, and arcs of electricity snake across the walls and floor. The air fills with an erratic buzzing and whistling, and everyone is blinded by a massive flash of multi-colored light.

After a Round or two of blindness, your adventurers hear an inhuman roar. Dansby towers over them, wide awake and transformed into something incredible - and terrifying. His face is recognizable, but he has sprouted a pair of massive bat-like wings, long, dripping talons, curving fangs, a lashing, spine-ridged tail and a twelve-foot tall body covered in coarse black hair. His bedroom has stretched impossibly outward to become a vast hall, and the trappings on his walls begin to drip like melting wax onto a floor of shifting, writhing carpet that makes balance difficult for anyone standing on it. The ceiling crumbles upwards and falls into an endless azure sky filling with dark blue thunderclouds.

Your adventurers should figure out sooner or later that they've all been sucked into one of the artist's wild dreams. He then turns on your adventurers, but can be talked down if they keep their heads. Since this is a dream battle, give players a lot of creative leeway in how they wish to fight. Skills that normally don't get used in combat may suddenly prove to be invaluable if they can think of a way to justify it through clever roleplay.

Whether they talk him out of the nightmare or defeat the Dansbeast in battle, they find themselves scattered about Dansby's flat, unharmed but exhausted. The mortal is alive in his own bed, still unconscious, but his fever seems to have broken. Searching through the odd purple-tinted smoke, the Silversun pixies are nowhere to be found.

And they never will be.

## Dansbeast

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d10, Notice d4, Throwing d6

**Pace 6 Parry 6 Toughness 9 Pulse 20**

**Edges:** Brawny

### Special Abilities

- **Size +2:** Dansbeast is a monstrosity that towers over most of the party.
- **Claws:** (**Damage:** Str+d6).
- **Fly:** Using its bat wings the creature can fly at a Pace of 8 with a climb rate of 4.
- **Fear -2:** This is a truly terrifying creature to behold; it causes Spirit checks at -2 in all who see it.

## Aftermath

Weeks after coming back to Mechadia, it should come as a surprise for your adventurers to hear that the next film in Silversun Studios' hit series is released, entitled *All The Rage*. It's more of an action-packed hero story than the previous films, but it's well-received, especially by the younger crowds. It turns out that the nightmarish battle was captured in its entirety on the malfunctioning dream camera, and Thomas apparently decided to develop it and find another producer to help him get it to dream theatres. This may result in some celebrity 'actor' status for your adventurers in the future.

The film is coupled with a shocking realm-wide press release announcing that Silversun Studios was ending their series and disbanding to pursue other creative endeavors. Your adventurers receive a personal letter from Thomas thanking them for doing what he lacked the courage to do, putting a stop to Priscilla and Abbott's deadly activities, and he makes it clear that he's not going to follow in their immoral footsteps.

He also writes that the profits from *All The Rage* will go to making reparations to Carl Dansby. If your adventurers ever decide to peek in on the artist later, they find him in much better health, with a cleaner apartment and apparently having sold many of his paintings for a tidy sum of money to some anonymous art collector....



## MAYHEM ON THE MOUNTAIN

Poised on the rim of Mount Absyllum's molten mechadium cauldron, your adventurers must reconcile a feud between two angry religious orders before things bubble over in a big way.

### Squatters

In the small town of Saventon, a sleepy hamlet resting in the shadow of Torridaen's Mount Absyllum, Havlod Preel, the mayor, is trying to diffuse a public disturbance. The entire market square outside the town hall is packed with angry Gatherers (see boxout for details on the Gatherers of the Form). Men, women and children bearing picket signs fill every inch of space, refusing to let the merchants through to set up their wares, gathering so densely that the town's small spriegan police force can't get control of the situation. The picket signs have sayings on them like, "Stop the Chaos!", "Save our Goddess!" and "We Demand Justice!". Preel stands on the balcony of the town hall (one story up, it's a very small building) and begs the crowd to disperse, but they only get louder and angrier.

### THE GATHERERS

THROUGHOUT MECHADIA THERE ARE THOSE WHO BELIEVE THERE IS A GODDESS, BUT SHE IS SILENT OR ABSENT AND CAN ONLY BE COAXED BACK TO THE REALM IF HER PERFECT FORM IS CREATED, AN AUTOMATON TO BE INHABITED BY HER DIVINE SPIRIT. THESE BELIEVERS CALL THEMSELVES THE GATHERERS OF THE FORM BECAUSE THEY CONTINUOUSLY GATHER PARTS AND IDEAS TO CREATE A LITERAL DEUS EX MACHINA - THE MACHINE THAT WILL BE INHABITED BY THE GODDESS.

GATHERERS DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO PRAYER AND STUDY. IGNORANCE IS DESPISED; INVENTION REVERED. DESTRUCTION OF AN INVENTION OR IDEA IS THE GREATEST SIN AFTER THE TAKING OF ANOTHER LIFE. GATHERERS ALSO BELIEVE THAT ANY JUNKYARD SCRAP, ANY MECHANICAL OR ELECTRICAL PART COULD POTENTIALLY BE PART OF THE PERFECT BODY OF THE GODDESS, SO THEY HOARD THESE PARTS CAREFULLY - EVERY LAST PART.

If your adventurers question any of the merchants or townspeople, they say the Gatherers are a nuisance and those religious nuts should keep their quarrels to themselves. If your adventurers question any of the Gatherers, they say their beliefs are being violated and the authorities refuse to aid them, so they are protesting until the mayor relents and dispatches the police.

Grabbing onto any remote expression of sympathy, they bring your adventurers to meet the Mother Of Enlightenment, the leader of the Gatherers, a goblin named Lovella Simjunket. Lovella is dressed in brightly colored garments covered with a variety of metal contraptions. Her breastplate has a built-in cooling fan, her wide-brimmed hat is also a speaker for her megaphone, her bracers are cooled by mechadium coils. She takes your adventurers aside and offers them iced tea (she pours it from a chilled bracer) and explains to them what the Gatherers are about, if they don't already know.

Apparently, a group of raving lunatics called the Order of The Golden Apple has been raiding the Gatherers' junkhomes (the places where they store the spare parts) and stealing their property. Mayor Preel has done nothing to stop these crimes. Lovella asks your adventurers to help her stop the vandalism. If they resist, she offers to reward them (she can repair broken gadgets if they need repairs; if not, she can enhance gadgets to be more effective - your discretion).

### Scene Of The Crime

If your adventurers promise to help Lovella and then ask her to get the Gatherers to disperse, she does, and they comply. If they don't ask her to disperse her followers, they keep protesting in the market square, except for a small group of armed bodyguards who accompany Lovella and your adventurers to Stone Road, an area on the outskirts of town where the Gatherers live.

The houses along Stone Road are one-story hodgepodes constructed of clay and junk (metal parts frame the houses because wood is scarce in this part of Torridaen). Despite the materials used in their construction, most of the houses are tidily kept, the windows have brightly colored curtains, the lawn ornaments are clean and a few homes have small, neat cogflower gardens. As your adventurers walk further down the road, they notice that the houses become less well-kept and now have sheet metal covering holes where windows used to be. Lovella says that the houses with no windows are the junkhomes. When a family of Gatherers accumulates



too many spare parts to live comfortably, they build a new house and move out of their old house, leaving the parts behind in the junkhome. The doors to the junkhomes are hanging open and debris litters the lawns, pieces dropped by looters with full loads. Suddenly, your adventurers hear a commotion further down the road.

*"Raiding party,"* growls one of the bodyguards. Lovella and her guards run to defend their junkhomes, shooting guns and arrows at the raiders - a small group of pooka, goblins and a clurichaun totting a wheelbarrow full of stolen machine parts.

Even though the Gatherers are shooting trick arrows and noise bullets, the raiders are clearly not ready for a fight. Once the shooting starts, they drop the wheelbarrow, pick up whatever junk they can carry and run. The Gatherers try to pursue the raiders until every last piece of junk is recovered, but most of the raiders are too fast for them.

Your adventurers should be able to capture one of the pooka, a female named Ronquil who has bulging, glassy eyes and slightly iridescent skin. She's hard to question, because she keeps babbling out nonsense and laughing when her captors are confused. Also, after she says something or something is said to her, she almost immediately forgets it (goldfish memory). One of the only coherent things Ronquil says is that she's a member of the Order of the Golden Apple (worshippers of chaos). If your adventurers or the Gatherers speak of the Goddess or of a god, she howls with laughter, blurting out, "There is no Goddess! God is dead! Chaos comes from the crater!"

### A Wily Goat

If your adventurers don't come to this conclusion independently, Lovella urges them to accompany her and her bodyguards to the crater at the top of Mount Absyllum, where she thinks the Order of the Golden Apple is hoarding the Gatherers' property. Your adventurers climb the volcano (the climb takes about a day if they're on foot, shorter if they have vehicles to assist them). As they climb, they notice a number of springlegged mountain goats observing them from a distance. A couple of the goats act as if they are doing reconnaissance - sniffing out the party, then running away up the mountain. When your adventurers, Lovella and her bodyguards near the top, the road narrows to a small path which is the only approach to the crater. One springlegged goat blocks their way, but before your adventurers can shoo it, the goat transforms into Sammel Crabin, a wiry, white-haired pooka with a long, tangled beard. Crabin is the leader of the Order of The Golden

Apple, and he tries to convince the party to join the Order, expounding upon the virtues of worshipping Chaos - chaos is everywhere, chaos is powerful, to build a new order we must break down the old one, surviving catastrophe brings strength and wisdom....

Despite the fact that he's very animated, hyperactive and seems mentally unbalanced, Crabin is extremely persuasive, and if your adventurers don't resist, one or more of them may end up being convinced or at least being more favorably disposed toward him. He invites all of the group, even the Gatherers, to see the ceremony that's taking place on the crater. Lovella asks if he will give back the spare parts that belong to the Gatherers. Crabin says that when she sees what the Order is doing with them, she won't want them back.

### Chaos From The Crater

When your adventurers approach the crater, they see dozens of members of the Order of the Golden Apple, made up of all Mechadian races but mostly pooka, boogarts, and clurichauns. The chaos worshipers are wearing all sorts of random pieces of clothing, all materials, all colors, irrespective of season or style. They're happily, passionately singing and chanting all different tunes. The din is, well, completely chaotic. They're also all throwing handfuls of junk and spare parts into the crater.

Lovella screams when she sees the parts of her Goddess being tossed wildly into Mount Absyllum's mechadium cauldron. She rushes into the crowd, trying to recover all of the junk she can, ripping it out of the hands of the ecstatic fey around her. Her bodyguards hurry in to protect her, and because they're Gatherers too, they try to save as many spare parts as they can along the way.

Sammel Crabin's still preaching to your adventurers, and he reveals that when the cauldron of Mount Absyllum is filled to overflowing, the volcano will erupt and molten mechadium will rain down on Torridaen, bringing chaos to the whole continent! Even adventurers who were favorably disposed toward Crabin before now know he must be stopped, but when they move in to stop the ritual, he and his goons attack!

Lovella and her Gatherer bodyguards don't get into this fight - they're busy trying to save their property from destruction. Most of the members of the Order are not looking for a fight, relying on Crabin and his thugs to protect them. Crabin himself is very powerful. There is 1 Thug per adventurer + 2.



## Crabin

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d4, Knowledge (Religion) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Shooting d4, Survival d6, Taunt d6

**Pace 6 Parry 6 Toughness 5 (6) Pulse 20**

**Edges:** Pooka, Order of the Golden Apple Membership, Level Headed, Quick Draw

**Gear:** Flail (**Damage:** Str+d6, Ignores shield and cover bonuses), junk armor (+1 Armor, torso, arms and legs), clockwork pistol (**Range:** 12/24/48, **Damage:** 2d6+1, ROF2, AP1)

### Special Abilities

- **Animal Form:** Can shift into the form of a spring-loaded mountain goat. At any time as an action he can shift into this animal form.
- **Shifter:** He can spend 1 Pulse to shift into different animals of roughly the same mass. He can spend 2 Pulse to increase or decrease his size rating: minimum -2, maximum +2.
- **Impulsive:** When presented with an opportunity for big thrills or a challenge he must pass a Spirit roll to not get involved.

## Aftermath

When Crabin and company are defeated, the Order of the Golden Apple disperses. They were very loosely organized to begin with (as worshippers of chaos, they kind of have to be), and won't work as a unit without a leader to motivate them. If Crabin is still alive, your adventurers can either bring him to Saventon to await trial or they can hand him over to Lovella. Either way, Lovella and the Gatherers thank your adventurers for their aid and Lovella will repair, replenish or recharge some of their items.

Any item that Lovella spends time on work better than it did before in some way (goggles see further/more clearly, arrows do more damage or have a wider area of effect, etc.) but also have a better chance of breaking if the player fails a roll (as per Unreliable Work goblin racial Hindrance). Both the benefit and the drawback should be a surprise to the players.

## SWEET BETRAYAL

Woodlawn's Fine Confectionary, the most renowned baked goods company in Mechadia is being sabotaged from within. Two employees have already been injured in suspicious accidents and the on-site security patrol has come up empty-handed. Lorne Woodlawn, the owner, hires your adventurers to get to the bottom of this and find out who's responsible.

### Woodlawn's Factory

Your adventurers arrive at the factory in the city of Colton, Hadley County, just before teatime; they have a letter of introduction from the owner, Lorne Woodlawn. When they show it to the spriggan security guards at the gate, the guards grumble amongst themselves, but one of them sulkily escorts your adventurers up in the elevator to Woodlawn's corner office on the 10th floor.

Woodlawn, a portly brownie whose golden vest buttons strain mightily, greets your adventurers from behind his ornate clockwood desk. He proudly serves them tea and cakes himself (he is the boss, but he's still a brownie), and the cakes are remarkably delicious.

While they eat, Woodlawn explains that over the past month there have been two accidents in the factory - one of the industrial oven doors almost fell on a gremian and one of the icing machines almost drowned a pixie cake decorator. Both 'accidents' were the result of sabotage - loosened bolts on the oven, disabled killswitch on the icing machine. Last night, Evard Calico, one of the apprentices in the R&D (research and delicacies) department disappeared in the middle of his shift and hasn't been seen since. Evard is reliable, not the type to run off without a word to his supervisor.

Though he tries to pretend otherwise, it's clear Woodlawn is not just concerned for Evard's safety, he's also concerned with the trade secrets the young elf has learned in the R&D department and who might be offering him money for his knowledge or even threatening him. Evard knows enough that if he's in the hands of a rival company, Woodlawn's Fine Confectionary could lose its reputation or even be driven out of business.

Woodlawn entreats your adventurers to find Evard and find out who has been sabotaging his business - the faster they do, the more he will pay, the initial sum is a fairly substantial \$300 each, but can go as high as \$400 if the players negotiate really



well. He summons a spriggan security guard to escort your adventurers to the R&D department where they can inspect the area where Evard was last seen and interview Evard's supervisor, Simeon Groan.

## Research & Delicacies

Guided by the same surly spriggan, your adventurers take the elevator down to the R&D department, which takes up most of the factory's basement. The R&D room is long, high-ceilinged and full of machines that steam, clank, whirr and buzz; vats of fragrant mixtures bubble on the spokes of a huge rotating gear; cakes on conveyor belts are decorated by robot arms squirting icing and slathering fondant; multi-armed mixers stir bowls of batter; tables are strewn with recipes, calculations, racks of beakers and test tubes full of flavoring and coloring. A catwalk runs along the walls of the room so that cakeotypers and researchers can dip long, curved spoons on poles into the machines to taste the batter and gremians can reach down with their tools to make repairs. Both are in evidence here.

In the center of the workshop, a small surly goblin contemplates a cupcake topped with a whirl of icing and a dash of jimmies. He holds it sadly, sniffs its aroma, but doesn't take a bite. This is Simeon Groan, R&D Supervisor, and he holds what he says will be the finest cupcake Mechadians have ever tasted - except it will be the only one if Evard, who came up with the final formula for the Mouthmelting Icing never returns. Groan invented the Creamylight Cupcake recipe, but without the Mouthmelting Icing, the ultimate gastronomic experience can't be achieved. He and Evard made up one batch of cupcakes and icing, then they ate all but one. Evard stepped out to use the necessary, then never returned. The Creamymelt Cupcakes are the achievement of Groan's life, and the thought that his invention will be forever incomplete and imperfect is devastating to him.

When your adventurers inspect the R&D room, they're watched closely by their spriggan escort and by Groan (this is where they keep the proprietary information for all of Woodlawn's delicacies). In Evard's cubicle they find notes on icing development, complicated chemical formulae and a picture of a middle-aged elven woman who looks a lot like him with the corner slightly smudged. His wastebasket is full of paper scraps, some of them are lavender (a color unlike any of the papers on Evard's desk or anywhere else in R&D if they care to look).

If your adventurers assemble the purple scraps, they find a note with the following message: *"Ten past midnight out back, keep your promise or we'll keep ours."*

## Promises

If your adventurers think to check, the handwriting in the note doesn't match Groan's or any of the other workers in R&D. If your adventurers ask any of the workers where 'out back' might be, the worker shows them to the back door out of the basement, which is alarmed at night. The only people who have keys to shut off the alarm are Woodlawn, the floor supervisors (including Groan) and the guard on duty.

The spriggan guard says Woodlawn instructed him to take your adventurers up to the factory floor to investigate the sabotaged machines. He's grumpy about it and tries to hurry them along so he can be rid of them as soon as possible.

While checking the machines on the factory floor, your adventurers may notice that the brownie supervisor looks very nervous and is perhaps very busy or perhaps trying to avoid them. He carries a clipboard full of forms and some of them are on lavender paper. If your adventurers approach the brownie, he runs away, out the back door to the alley behind the factory. The alarm blares as they follow him into the street, but before they catch up to him, he's blasted off his feet by a rooftop shot from another building.

The supervisor dies before they have a chance to question him, but if they go through his pockets they find an elaborate, gilded matchbook for the Marylebone Arms, a local hotel. From the quality of the matchbook, they can tell that the Arms caters only to high-class clientele.

The sniper is a pixie who flies away as soon as she has ascertained that her target is dead. If your adventurers catch her alive and suitably intimidate her, she reveals that her name is Orchid and she did this job for the Westertons because she needed the money, but doesn't give any details about who or where they are. She's scared enough of your adventurers to cough up that one piece of information, but she's also scared of her employers. She can be bribed, but it takes a large amount of money because the Westertons are very rich and powerful. If your adventurers want to send Orchid to jail, the Woodlawn security guards are all too happy to handle it (and take credit for the capture).







If your adventurers ask around about the Westertons or the Marylebone Arms and pass a Streetwise check, they find out that the Westertons are a very powerful organized crime family (the Mechadian equivalent of the mafia) based out of Harmonium, but with local 'offices' in many major Mechadian cities. Recently they opened a baked goods factory here in Colton and have started competing with Woodlawn's Fine Confectionary, but Woodlawn's reputation and the quality of his products have kept them from being a serious rival.

The Westertons' base of operations in Colton is the Marylebone Hotel, and their local boss is a clurichaun named Alvy Westerton. Whether they talk to Orchid or deduce this information from the matchbook and the lavender note, it becomes obvious that Evard is with the Westertons, probably against his own will.

### Room Service

Your adventurers have several options for their move on the Westertons: they can pose as hotel guests or house staff, they can enter the building through the ductwork, or they can cook up another clever plan. However they get in, the end result is a straight-up fight between them and Alvy Westerton, who has a group of goons with guns. Most of his goons are spriggans and bogbarts, but one of them is a troll. Evard is in the room, gagged and tied to a chair, looking petrified. Use basic Thugs and apply the appropriate modifiers for the goons, treat Alvy as a Thug Leader but feel free to beef him up if the party needs a bit more of a challenge.

### Aftermath

After Alvy and his gang have been dispatched, Evard tells your adventurers that the Westertons first tried to buy his icing recipe from him and when that didn't work, they threatened his mother's life. He was ready to give them the recipe and then disappear when they kidnapped him. He's very apologetic and both Woodlawn and Groan forgive him.

Woodlawn agrees to hire protection for Evard's mother. He pays your adventurers for their service (plus an additional \$100 bonus for completing the job quickly). If your adventurers remain in Colton for more than one day, Evard and Groan personally deliver them a batch of Creamymelt Cupcakes. If they leave town, the cupcakes arrive at their home base of operations by courier.

## THE SKIN TRADE

A gang of thieves in Torridaen is stealing selkie skins from Auskerry, a small fishing village on the shore. Without their skins, the selkies will die of ennui and they're already too far down the dark path of despair to take the initiative to hunt for the culprits.

### Party Foul

Your adventurers are taking a break from adventuring and relaxing on Coqshell Beach in Torridaen. Coqshell Beach is a popular tourist spot and even at night, the beach is full of partiers.

As your adventurers sit in the pale copper sand around a bonfire, drinking ale and enjoying the remnants of the evening's cookout, the dead body of a young male selkie washes up on the beach. A crowd surrounds the body, including one young female selkie who takes the corpse's hand in hers. "Cadwyn," she says, "it's what we all expected."

She and her four selkie friends are acting oddly - none of them seem sad or horrified, they all seem listless and unsurprised. Many of them seem so tired they can hardly keep their eyes open. The selkie who's holding Cadwyn's hand tells your adventurers that her name is Mauralee; she and her friends are locals and a group of thieves have stolen their skins. Since the theft, they have been getting more tired and depressed, and most of them are now either suicidal or recklessly indifferent to their own lives. If they don't recover their skins, she thinks they will all die.

### Horseshoe Cove

When they interrogate the selkies, your adventurers find out that their usual hangout is Horseshoe Cove, a semi-private inlet about a mile up the coast from Coqshell Beach. When they return from the ocean, the selkies bury their skins in the sand and have parties in the cove. About a week ago when they were packing up from a cove party, six of the selkies dug in the sand to find their skins and couldn't locate them. All of the selkies at the party dug up the cove looking for the skins, but they couldn't find them. Cadwyn was one of the six victims.

The cove is surrounded on three sides by a horseshoe-shaped series of jetties, hence the name. The rocks have a cave system that can be navigated with some skill and determination, but the selkies are afraid to go into the caves - they say that the seers among them have determined that bad luck will befall them if they enter.



There's a cove party going on right now, and your adventurers can attend and interrogate the other selkies at the party as well as the five they have already met. The only fey-made structure within sight of Horseshoe Cove is a beach bar called *The Copper Heads*, and questioning the bartender about dark dealings leads him to say, "You won't find much of that going on here, but across the channel there's a lot of black market stuff going on. Not a great neighborhood over there." The bartender hasn't noticed anything shady because the cove parties often get pretty wild, although he says the selkie regulars and their friends are ultimately harmless, good-natured folk.

If your adventurers enter the caves, they find that one of the tunnels on the east side of the cove (nearest to where the selkies buried their skins the night they were stolen) has weather-dulled footprints leading into the rocky maze, feel free to have the players make Tracking rolls to speed up their journey. Further away from the mouth of the cave, where the ground is more protected from wind and water, the tracks become distinct, leaving a clear boot tread.

Following the tracks further, they come to the outside of the 'horseshoe', where they find another set of larger boot tracks with a different tread and signs of a small boat that has been dragged from the caves to the water. A successful Tracking check reveals more: it looks like the imprint of a craft larger than a simple rowboat, something that might fit a small group, and powered by one of those newly developed, petrol-fuelled, outboard propeller motors that are starting to appear on the boating market.

## Jackals

Your adventurers may choose to set a trap for the skin smugglers by convincing one of the selkies from the cove (or one of your adventurers can do this if he's a selkie) to leave a skin buried in the cove while they lie in wait to ambush the thieves. If they do this, they catch the criminals in the act - the raiding party consists of a few boogarts (1 or 2 per adventurer according to the size and strength of your adventuring party), a pixie lookout and a troll.

Under duress, the criminals tell your adventurers about the underground room in the caves where the skins are kept before they're shipped out to the interested buyers, but they don't reveal who the buyers are or anything else about the transaction. The underground room is down a set of stairs behind a hidden door and is a level below the beach caves.

Your adventurers may find the underground room by exploring the caves and finding the hidden door via a successful (but challenging) Tracking or Notice check. If they find the room through exploration, the same numbers of criminals are inside the room when your adventurers break in.

Your adventurers may cross the channel to investigate the black market stuff mentioned by the bartender in *The Copper Heads*. The neighborhood across the channel is indeed shady. The nearest boat rental place that rents small boats with motors is Grady's Go-Boats, owned by a salty old goblin named - you guessed it - Grady.

Interrogating him about who might have rented a passenger boat with an outboard motor on it a week ago turns up nothing at first, but bribing or threatening him suitably gets them a name: Hollis Bewekter. Grady describes Hollis as a scruffy little boogart with long arms who usually wears a red and green plaid newsboy cap. Hollis rented a boat like that last week and cast off with a troll friend of his after dark. Grady says that Hollis rooms at *The Cackling Jackal*, a big tavern around the corner, and can be found there most nights.

If your adventurers miss Grady's place or the talk goes... er... badly, your adventurers have the option of delving into the shady street life, making a Streetwise check to come up with the same info they could have gotten from Grady.

If they find Hollis in *The Cackling Jackal*, he seems willing to talk to them and invites them up to his room. The rest of his gang catches one of Hollis' subtle sign language codes and follows your adventurers and their boss up the stairs at an inconspicuous distance. About ten seconds after Hollis lets your adventurers into his room, his cronies come rushing in and a fight ensues. When your adventurers have the gang beaten, any survivors divulge the underground room back at Horseshoe Cove where the stolen skins are stored.

Hollis is the only member of the operation that knows who's buying these skins, but he's not giving that information up. There are some very powerful people on his client list, people whose social standing would be ruined if word got out that they were buying selkie skins, and Hollis is more afraid of what they'll do to him than anything your adventurers threaten (or actually do). He gives them his best lies to avoid giving up any of his clients. Failing that, he fights to the death hoping to escape at any cost if and when your adventurers press that line of questioning.



## The Skins They Hide

However they get there, your adventurers should end up in the underground storage room where the selkie skins are kept. Whether or not a fight occurs here, your adventurers find the room full of mostly empty racks, all designed to store skins upright so they drape nicely and do not wrinkle. One rack has six selkie skins hanging from it. The room is large and there is a lot of space on the racks - clearly Hollis and his gang intend this to be a big operation. There are also signs of limited habitation: a couple of cots and four chairs around a small table covered in the remnants of an old meal, empty gin bottles, stubbed-out cigarettes, and a dirty deck of cards.

## Aftermath

When your adventurers return the skins to Mauralee and her friends, the selkies immediately put them on and run out to sea, transforming as they move. They swim into the sunset with a joy that no one would have thought possible from the broken, listless creatures they were previously. When the selkies return from their swim, the locals honor your adventurers with a huge party (though they take turns posting close guard over their skins). Mauralee also promises that the five of them will be there for your adventurers if they ever come asking for help.

## THE SCIENCE OF SEANCE

Duchess Glennewlyn wants to try and contact her dear, departed mother for guidance in the current political climate, and believes she has settled on a medium in Silentium. First, she wants someone capable whom she trusts to go (without claiming any association to her) and put the medium's skills to the test and debunk her if she turns out to be a fraud.

Your adventurers schedule a session to contact someone they know who has died and engage in a séance. Things take an unexpected turn, and they suddenly find themselves up against something ghastly and ghostly.

## Possible Hooks

If the players are running through the *Clockwork Dreams* campaign in this book, there's a good chance they've earned the trust and respect of Duchess Glennewlyn, and would be recruited by one of her liaisons for this job. One of your adventurers may be, or have ties to someone, in Vernian politics or nobility, and this could be a test job for that character and his friends. If this scenario works better changing Glennewlyn to one of the Hallowbeards instead,

## MECHADIANS AND THE AFTERLIFE

MOST MECHADIANS BELIEVE THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH, THOUGH THERE'S NO GENERALLY ACCEPTED BELIEF OF WHAT THAT LIFE IS LIKE OR WHERE ONE GOES WHEN ONE PASSES ON. MECHADIANS BELIEVE THE DEAD DESERVE RESPECT AND CAN WREAK VENGEANCE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE UPON THOSE WHO HAVE WRONGED THEM IN LIFE OR UPON THOSE WHO DESECRATE THEIR REMAINS, AND THAT THEY CAN ALSO HEAR THE PLATITUDES AND FAREWELLS OF THE LIVING THAT WERE LEFT BEHIND.

SÉANCES ARE A POPULAR PASTIME IN MECHADIA AND MOST PARTICIPANTS TRULY BELIEVE THEY CAN COMMUNICATE WITH THE DEAR DEPARTED. SOME SKEPTICS TRY TO DEBUNK THE MYTH OF GHOSTLY PRESENCES IN MECHADIA, BUT THEY'RE BY FAR IN THE MINORITY. ALSO, 'MORTOLOGY' - THE STUDY OF THE BORDER BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, AND WHAT MAY LIE BEYOND - IS AN ACCEPTED FORM OF SCIENCE, AND GHOSTHUNTING AND BUILDING DEVICES TO IDENTIFY AND CONTACT THE DEAD ARE NORMAL (THOUGH NOT COMMON) PROFESSIONS FOR MECHADIANS.

that's feasible. Duke Bittergleam and the Warlord of Torridaen don't seem the type to go for this, though it might be possible to change Glennewlyn's part to a noble of one of those nations.

## Parlor Tricks

Madame Yabo's parlor is located on a crooked cobblestone street that's generally considered to be the border between the upscale academic district of Silentium and the 'sometimes weird things happen at night' district. Her parlor is flanked on both sides by abandoned shops, though the rest of the tightly packed row seems in half-decent shape.

Upon entering, your adventurers trigger a set of tiny silver wind chimes, to which a small-boned, sharp-nosed pooka responds. He enters the foyer through a set of heavy burgundy curtains to greet your adventurers in a nasal voice.



*"Good evening, friends. How might Madame Yabo's third eye assist you tonight?"*

At this point, your adventurers should have agreed on a dead friend or relative to try and contact, and will have an appointment under one of their names. The Duchess has already reimbursed them for the Madame's exorbitant fees (the current murmur along the Vernian grapevine is that Madame Yabo is the best medium in all of Mechadia).

The rodent-faced servant checks his ledger and confirms this, then leads your adventurers back through the burgundy curtains, down a narrow, dark hallway, up a small flight of four steps and into a dimly gas-lit parlor dominated by all the usual mystical trappings and a large, round, clockwood table.

The table itself is a functional clock whose numbers are expertly carved around the periphery, and whose three silver hands tick off the time in the center. The room smells heavily of some earthy incense, and smoke hangs in lazy swirls in the golden light. The small, simpering servant introduces himself as Wembley, and bids your adventurers to be seated around the table (not in the Madame's chair, which is larger and more ornately decorated than the rest) while he fetches the lady of the house. He asks if he can get any refreshments for them while he's gone, then leaves through the room's only door.

At this point, your adventurers are left alone for anywhere from two to ten minutes, depending on how they replied to Wembley's offer of refreshments. The more they requested, the longer he'll be gone. Any request for tea keeps him gone for five minutes, to use a likely example. They can use this time to investigate the parlor. Here's a list of things they might discover, and keep in mind that most of these facts take between one and three minutes to investigate:

The gaslights around the room, if picked up, show that each has a wire running through whatever table or shelf it sits on, ultimately running into the floor.

On initial inspection from below, the thick clockwood table itself is filled with the appropriate clockwork guts, tapping away as the seconds turn to minutes. It doesn't appear to be rigged in any obvious way, but there are so many moving parts that a thorough inspection would take much longer than your adventurers currently have. The table's too large and heavy for most fey to move even a little,

although if one happens to be a troll, it might be possible to discern that the legs are held fast to the floor by some means.

A successful Notice -1 check of Madame Yabo's chair shows a dial hidden where one's fingertips would naturally rest if clutching the ends of the scrolled armrests. If an adventurer toys with the dial, the gaslights around the room dim by the same amount and speed. Moving the dial the other way similarly brings the lights back up. Picking up or sliding the chair reveals nothing further.

A successful Notice-1 check of the floor around the Madame's chair reveals a knothole in the wooden floorboards that depresses like a button. If an adventurer presses it, nothing happens. But it's definitely not a normal knothole.

After a successful Notice -2 check of the floor in the corner farthest from the door, your adventurers find the razor-thin seams of a well-hidden trapdoor, but there is no easy way to open it from this side.

Anyone with the Skill Alchemy or the proper floral or scientific Knowledge Skill who examines the incense and passes their check can determine that the sticks being burned in the room have a high callowtail content. Callowtail is a plant whose fuzzy buds, when burned and inhaled, affect the dorsolateral prefrontal cortex, resulting in the impairment of social judgment - basically, if you smoke it, it makes you more easily manipulated. Gullible. By the time the séance starts, anyone trying to manipulate your adventurers will have a +2 bonus. If your adventurers douse all of the incense at this point while no one's looking, the effects of the incense wear off around the time the séance starts.

If any of your adventurers are bold enough to try and sneak off outside the room, here's a separate list of what they may find, and keep in mind these take a bit longer, i.e. a bigger risk to investigate:

In the long, narrow hallway they were led through, there are three other doors. One leads to a normal coat closet with nothing unusual to discover. One is a bathroom, again with nothing unusual going on other than being very chilly. The door at the far end (toward the rear of the building) is locked, and if anyone tries to pick the lock or jiggle the handle audibly, the door opens in a rush, and an ugly boogart in an undersized chef's hat squints angrily at the adventurer and gruffly declares his kitchen off limits to patrons, and he *"don't give a bugbun who y'are out there in the world."* He directs the adventurer to the bathroom door, then slams and





At 1



locks the door, throwing the deadbolt. It's up to your adventurers to realize it's odd to have a deadbolt on a kitchen door....

Going up the creaky stairs to the second floor requires a successful Stealth check or else the adventurer gets caught by the boogart chef and given the same gruff bathroom directions. He tells the adventurer that the top floor is the Madame's private chambers, *"and she ain't to be disturbed while cleansin' 'er psychic palette."*

If the adventurer passes his Stealth check, he finds the hallway of the top floor quiet, with four more doors, three of which are locked. The two on the right are bedrooms, and the trappings don't feel very 'Madame Yabo'-like. The first door on the left is unlocked, and is revealed to be a second bathroom. The last door on the left is locked, and is carved with a series of ornate supernatural symbols like those found in the trappings of the parlor. If another Stealth check is passed, the adventurer can creep up and hear hushed voices inside; one female, and one male, simpering and nasal. Wembley is able to access the Madame's chambers directly and secretly via a dumb waiter in the kitchen. He's telling her all of the details he's observed in his short time with the clients. Your adventurers are being profiled.

If any adventurer goes the extra mile to check out the abandoned building on the left side of the occult parlor, they will find that the former confectionary shop window is blanketed by an opaque white canvas on the inside. Picking the lock or breaking in, they find the shop cobweb coated and dusty, with a few tubs of dry ice against the wall shared by Madame Yabo's bathroom, which explains the chill in that room. Near the tubs, there are a couple of pairs of thick gloves as well as ice tones and an electric-powered fan on a metal pole.

If any adventurer checks out the abandoned building on the right side of the occult parlor, they find the former haberdashery's windows are caked with soap, but they see some sign of movement within. Picking the lock or breaking in (and they must find a quiet way to break in or else alert whoever's inside), they find this shop has the same dry ice, gloves and tones as the other shop (which they may not know if they came to this one first). If they successfully gain entrance without making much noise, they can spot the boogart chef wearing the gloves, picking up a block of dry ice with the tones and placing it on a high shelf beside a vent. He moves the standing fan to blow on the ice, sending its misty condensation into the vent.

The boogart then leaves through a door close to the rear of the building that connects with the parlor's kitchen. If the adventurer is discovered, the boogart's shoulders slump. He admits to them adding a bunch of 'special effects' to make the occult parlor seem spookier, but he swears by the Madame's true ability to contact the dead, and asks the adventurer for his forgiveness, and to not tell anyone else about the discovery. Any successful test of the boogart's sincerity shows him to be telling the truth, or at least he thinks he is.

## The Lady Of The House

At this point, your adventurers may have a decent picture of Madame Yabo's bag of tricks, or they may have sat on their duffs, waiting to see the show, knowing nothing about all the gimmicks. Either way, the real show is about to begin.

The room gradually becomes colder and fills with an unexplained (or completely explained) mist all around. If your adventurers haven't investigated the neighboring shops, they can make a Notice check to spot the mist coming through the vents all around them, although they won't know it's from dry ice.

Wembley comes in the door and lays out whatever food or drink was requested, then suddenly starts and clutches his chest in surprise, drawing your adventurers' attention to a robed figure in the corner of the room (right in front of the concealed trap door your adventurers may have found). Wembley leaves with a sycophantic bow as the lady of the house comes out of the mists.

Madame Yabo is an upper-middle aged selkie with graying hair tied in a number of braids with crystal, beads and feathers. She wears a large midnight blue robe with a deep, shadowed cowl which she theatrically throws back at the opportune moment. She also wears an abundance of jewelry, and if pressed, has a story for the spiritual significance of every ring, pendant and crystal. She speaks in lofty tones and a superior, melodramatic accent. She seats herself in the ornate chair and if any adventurers are out of their seats, she bids them to join her.

At this point, there are three likely courses: 1) your adventurers feel they've already debunked her but want to see the rest of her schtick; 2) your adventurers were lazy and haven't debunked her yet, and will monitor her schtick; 3) your adventurers have debunked her and will openly confront her here and now.



If Madame Yabo is left to carry out her usual performance, you may skip to the next scene.

If Madame Yabo is confronted with being a charlatan, she has a reaction similar to the boogart who may have been caught blowing dry ice smoke into the vents from next door. She begs forgiveness for the special effects and novelties of the parlor, but claims that her powers are legitimate, that she was truly blessed with the third eye and can indeed summon spirits from the beyond, and asks for a chance to prove herself. She even refunds your adventurers' full amount if they indulge her in one séance to contact the person they wished.

### It's Not An Exact Séance

Assuming your adventurers give Madame Yabo a chance to conduct her séance for them (whether she's been accused of being a fraud or not), she asks all of the attendees to be seated and try to clear their minds. She asks some questions from anyone related to the deceased with whom she will try to reach, getting a sense of who that person was and their relation to those present.

When the selkie is satisfied with the answers, she goes through the theatrical motions of summoning her energies, and connecting to the spirit world. Her hands settle on the armrests of her high-backed chair and the gaslights of the room suddenly grow dim (your adventurers may have figured that one out). She asks the attendees to reach out and clasp hands, and she does the same. She warns them not to break the circle until she does. Her eyelids flutter rapidly and she begins to moan something about making a connection, feeling the spirits all around them, flocking to the beacon of her third eye, flooding the room.

The heavy clockwood table begins to shudder and vibrate (anyone peeking beneath the table at the knothole button sees that her right foot is over it, subtly pressing down. If your adventurers didn't find the button, obviously they won't know what they're looking for, especially in the low light).

The mist is piling up in the parlor, now coming up to the seats of the chairs, and the air is noticeably colder. Some characters, especially from Torridaen, will start to see their breath. A low, eerie keening can be heard rising from somewhere, but it's difficult to determine exactly where. A successful Notice check narrows it down to somewhere beneath the floor (where Yabo's weaselly pooka assistant is working some of the special effects).

Madame Yabo suddenly gasps and jolts upright in her chair, eyes wide open and unfocused. She whispers, *"Here! The one you seek is here. What would you like to say first?"*

This question-and-answer bit can go on for a couple minutes, or you can cut it shorter if you want, depending on how much fun the players are having with it. Surprisingly, if your adventurers ask any questions that Madame Yabo and company couldn't possibly have discerned the answers to, the medium replies with the correct answer, even using the right choice of words or typical attitude of the departed fey. Her voice sounds different, too.

When you feel the timing is right, Madame Yabo's head wrenches violently to one side, then the other, and she gasps in pain. Her back arches and her hands clutch savagely at the surface of the table, long fingernails breaking into jagged claws as they gouge the sturdy clockwood. The second hand on the table-clock stops, as does any sign of its inner workings.

When she turns back to face the attendees, her eyes have rolled upwards so far that only the whites are showing, and a gleaming smile splits her face as wide as her mouth will possibly go. The dry ice mist begins to swirl around the room like a slow whirlpool, and the gaslights flicker rapidly - this time without the medium's hands being anywhere near the hidden dial on her chair.

The golden gaslights suddenly burn blue and Madame Yabo emits a long, low, rasping chuckle. When she speaks, the chilling sound is that of her own voice laid over a deep, rumbling baritone voice. *"Idiot woman. She left the door open a little too long. Lucky night for me..."*

### Zzazreu

Huh. Turns out she was a legitimate medium after all. And now she's possessed by something really evil and really nasty. His name is Zzazreu - not that he's going to politely introduce himself to your adventurers. No, Zzazreu's been looking to break into a new playground, and he's just stumbled across Mechadia. It tastes different to him, and that's always attractive. Now that he's got a body to ride around in, he's going to wreak as much joyous havoc and spill as much blood as possible.

Starting with this room.

Zzazreu/Madame Yabo snarls in that chilling, dual-chorded voice and attacks the nearest character, and won't stop fighting until he's feasted on everyone



he sees - or they're able to subdue him. There's the matter of the medium's body. Killing her body forces Zzazreu out of it and severs his link to Mechadia, but the medium will be dead, and Duchess Glennewlyn won't be pleased at all (not to mention all the other high-profile clients Yabo had in her little black book). If your adventurers can incapacitate the medium's body without delivering mortal damage to it, they might devise a way to force the entity out.

One option is to have Madame Yabo's two assistants, Wembley and Harris (the boogart chef) come barreling into the room. As they were the ones doing the behind-the-scenes effects before things turned ugly, they heard the whole thing. Neither one of them is a fighter, but if your adventurers can knock Zzazreu/Yabo out or even pin him/her down for just a couple of Rounds, Harris rushes to the kitchen while Wembley tears a particular book from a nearby shelf and flips through it furiously.

By the time he's found the incantation he needs, Harris is back with a jar of foul-smelling ochre powder. One of them explains that the powder needs to be spread across Madame Yabo's body, but one of your adventurers has to take the jar from the petrified boogart and do the dusting because Harris refuses to get that close. As they spread the nasty powder around (it has no effect on the other adventurers should they get it on them, which they probably will), Wembley recites an incantation from the book, an exorcism to give unwanted spirits the boot, and Zzazreu lets loose one final screaming curse in his native tongue as he's expelled from Mechadia.

### Zzazreu

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d12

**Skills:** Climbing d10, Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Shooting d8

**Pace 6 Parry 7 Toughness 8 Pulse 20**

**Edges:** Marksman, Berserk

### Special Abilities

- **Bite (Damage: Str+d4).**
- **Claws (Damage: Str+d4).**
- **Smothering Goo (Range: 3/6/12, cannot be used while Berserk).** This vile entity can use Madame Yabo's possessed body to hock a massive stream of sticky ectoplasm at his enemies, and will use it to try and smother them to death. A head shot must be made for this to take effect. A Success yields no

damage, but ectoplasm encases the victim's head and he must now make a Vigor check each Round or suffer a level of Fatigue. Once Incapacitated, the target dies in a number of Rounds equal to half his Vigor unless someone gets the ectoplasm off. Removing it requires a successful Strength roll.

- **Discordant Voice:** +3 on Intimidation checks.
- **Fearless:** Immune to Fear and Intimidate.

### Aftermath

Unless something very unexpected happened (other than the unexpected things that you totally expected because they were in this book), your adventurers should be thoroughly convinced that Madame Yabo is the real deal, and should give a full report to their employer. Word of the near-calamity drives some of Yabo's regular customers away, but it also brings in some new ones with a macabre curiosity to see the woman who was briefly possessed by a demonic spirit. This is, of course, assuming that she lived through the ordeal and is fit to continue business... after she takes a long, restful vacation.

### WHITE NIGHTS: A FRIGIAN ROMANCE

The prima ballerina of the Frigian National Ballet has lost her muse because she's forbidden to marry the love of her life. She's a commoner and he's a nobleman, and should they continue their romance they will both be disgraced. Duke Bittergleam's passion for games far outpaces his concern for etiquette, so the ballerina may have hope after all if only she can find a champion to fight for her cause.

### The Muse Exits, Stage Right

One of your adventurers has a social connection with Illustria Laertina, the prima ballerina of the Frigian National Ballet (they're cousins, or if none of your adventurers are Mechadian, they have a close friend in common), and that adventurer convinces the rest of the party to travel to Frigia to see his cousin perform in a production of *Glaciers Apart*, a new Mechadian ballet that has opened at the Maeron Theater in Eas Glainne.

Laertina is known for her unique style of dance - she's a pixie illusionist who changes size and shape as she performs. Most of the ballet dancers in the Frigian National Ballet, certainly all of the marquee performers are aós sídhe - Laertina is an anomaly. Your adventurers arrive a couple of hours before the show and either they stop by the stage door or they check into their rooms at the Princess Arms.







Either way, a very flustered automaton butler approaches your adventurers, recognizes the adventurer who's connected to Laertina, introduces himself as Manfred, Laertina's butler, and tells him that the mistress is in a terrible state, could he please attend on her backstage? Yes, of course his friends are welcome to join them.

Manfred escorts your adventurers to Illustria Laertina's dressing room and leaves them to console her. Illustria is slumped on her divan, weeping. She apologizes for her lack of composure, but she says she's unable to pull herself together because the love of her life is being ripped away from her by the foolish rules of social convention.

She explains that her danseur (lead male dance partner), Kiran Gildenfrost, and she are in love, but he's an aos sidhe of House Albion and by the unspoken social rules of the nobility, he must marry another aos sidhe or be shunned at court and ejected from the ballet company. Kiran's mother, Countess Gildenfrost, frustrated that he had not yet chosen a suitable aos sidhe to court, arranged a match for him with Serina Bittergleam, one of the Duke's nieces.

Kiran must marry Serina or risk offending the ruler of Friëia and disgracing his entire family. Knowing that she's lost her love forever, Illustria is heartbroken and can't dance.

## Duel Roles

Manfred discreetly knocks on the door, then extends an automaton arm into the room bearing a letter for Illustria. The letter bears the Ducal Seal of Bittergleam, so she opens it at once. The letter informs her that the Duke has decided to allow her to compete for the hand of Kiran Gildenfrost - if her champion wins, she and Kiran can marry with the Ducal blessing, but if Serina's champion wins, Illustria must renounce all objections to Kiran and Serina's marriage and continue to dance.

This gamesmanship is typical of Duke Bittergleam who cares less for social convention than he does for the chance to observe an exciting competition. Illustria is briefly thrilled - then she realizes that her friends and family are all in the arts; none of them are warriors.

When your adventurers offer to aid her (they would be cads not to), she takes heart and calls Manfred in to explain the rules of Bittergleam's tournaments. Manfred says that when the Duke orders a

duel, it begins with a melee where two teams compete with blunted weapons. The last man standing on each team is the duelist, then those two choose weapons and the one on one duel is conducted immediately.

## The Show Must Go On

Kiran rushes into Illustria's dressing room bearing a similar note from Duke Bittergleam. He seems surprised to see your adventurers there, but quickly warms to them when he realizes they intend to help him and his chosen bride. He's clearly very much in love with Illustria, but is also a professional. He tells her that the show must go on. She agrees and asks your adventurers to leave so she can prepare for the evening's performance.

The ballet itself is dazzling - the sets seem larger than the stage as if real glaciers had formed in the theater just for the ballet. Kiran and Illustria perform with an energy and skill that is almost magical.

## The Show After The Show

The melee is called for 9am the next morning (so the Duke can watch it while his breakfast is being served). He wishes all the participants good luck and may the best team win. Illustria and Serina are also sitting in the Duke's box with an uncomfortable Kiran between them. Illustria wears blue and Serina red. The combatants on each side are issued tabards of the corresponding color. There are 30 combatants per side and no rules, other than the Duke's statement that he would prefer not to see anyone die on the tourney field.

The combatants are of different races (even some pixies and sprites) and all bear different types of blunted weapons (the smaller races have ranged weapons with blunted ammunition). One aos sidhe in red looks particularly menacing and an adventurer with the appropriate Knowledge can identify him as Alick Milleu, a famous duelist of House Albion, the house of aos sidhe that is known to produce the most skillful swordsmen in Mechadia.

When a combatant is hit with a weapon, a splatter of dye discharges (the red team's weapons discharge red, the blue team's blue), and after a combatant has taken three hits, he must remove himself from the melee (or one of the line judges will remove him). This should be a rollicking good fight scene - at the end, the last adventurer left standing is the last survivor on the blue team, Alick Milleu is the last survivor on the red team.



The field is cleared and the winning adventurer and Alick approach the Duke's box where Illustria and Serina give them their favors and the Duke bids them fight with honor. The adventurer and Alick choose weapons and duel - this competition is not to the death (the loser is expected to surrender), but the weapons are real. During the fight the adventurer realizes that honor is a relative term - Alick fights dirty. He's not above a sneaky kick, bite or jab when it benefits him.



### Alick Milieu

**Attributes:** Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Fighting d10, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Taunt d6, Throwing d8

**Pace** 6 **Parry** 10 (1) **Toughness** 7 (1) **Pulse** 20

**Edges:** Aos Sidhe, First Strike, Florentine, Improved Block, Marksman, Quick

**Gear:** Rapier (**Damage:** Str+d4, +1 Parry), main gauche (**Damage:** Str+d4), clockwork dueling pistol (**Range:** 5/10/20, **Damage:** 2d6+1), arming jacket (+1 Armor, torso and arms)

### Special Abilities

- **Social Grace:** Alick gains +2 on Persuade and Taunt rolls.
- **Socially Delicate:** Suffers -2 on resisting Test of Will checks.

### Aftermath

If Alick wins, your adventurers look up at the Duke's box and see that both Kiran and Illustria have disappeared. Duke Bittergleam is enraged and sends his house guard to arrest the lovers, but they can't be found. He still rewards the two duelists (Alick more handsomely because he won), but he's in a foul mood and returns hastily to Wardencliff in search of new amusements.

If the adventurer wins, the Duke keeps his promise, Kiran and Illustria are betrothed and the winning adventurer collects a handsome purse as a reward for his victory. The Duke's reward is \$500 for the loser and \$1000 for the winner.

## THE BLACK CLIFFS

A pesky pixie film crew wants to go up in the Black Cliffs with their equipment and discover the truth regarding rumors of a ghostly village secreted away up in its dark peaks. They think this would be a great little moving picture for your adventurers to star in. Also, they've an escort that can 'handle things' if the stories turn out to be true....

This scenario is best run when your adventurers have had enough adventures and public exposure to make them semi-famous around the realm.

### The Film Crew

A Frigian film crew composed of three pixies, a brownie and a spriggan approaches your adventurers regarding a project they have in mind. Your adventurers have been attracting the public eye, and the film crew thinks they would make excellent personalities to portray on the silver screen, both capitalizing on and accelerating your adventurers' current celebrity status. The natural reflex of your adventurers should be to ask about the nature of the project.

The Cloŵwyn Du'r Arddu, the 'black cliffs above ploughed fields', is one of the spookiest places in Mechadia, having garnered a widely known reputation for being haunted. Many autumnal fey children of the surrounding region like to dare one another to see who can go the furthest up one of the 'haunted' mountain trails, or who can stand with their back turned at the mouth of one of the 'haunted' caves the longest without running away screaming.

Most children end up coming home out of breath with exhilarated laughter and some exaggerated tales. Some children come back glassy eyed and mumbling, having been sincerely terrified at what they experienced, or thought they experienced. Once in a while, a child staggers home with snow-white hair and falls into catatonia. And every once in a great while, a child doesn't return at all.

The film crew wants to go up into the Black Cliffs and uncover the truth once and for all, and do it on film with your adventurers leading the way. A successful Notice roll during the initial conversation gives an adventurer the impression that the film crew wants to go up into the Black Cliffs one way or the other, but they're looking to have some famous faces that can also handle things if some of the ghostly rumors turn out to be true.



## The 'Haunted' Canyon

The film crew has already done its homework and has decided on the best entry point to the small mountain range based on the greatest concentration of chilling reports from the locals. The three pixies - Abernathy, Ivy and Trevor - do the actual filming with three cameras, always spread apart to capture different angles and directions. The quiet, surly spriggan, Bosco, lugs around a large amount of baggage containing the crew's camping gear, spare film canisters and replacement camera parts, food and water, and other essentials. The organizer of the crew, a brownie named Gerald Humboldt, gives the pixies direction, feeds your adventurers some lines for them to 'say naturally' in front of the camera, and barks orders at Bosco when any menial duty is required.

The first several hours into the mountains are suspenseful but ultimately uneventful. The pixies are just putting their cameras away for a lunch break when a series of chilling keening fills the air, echoing off the sides of the canyon where the group currently finds itself. Blurs of white flutter in hidden crevasses all around your adventurers, and a sudden, strange mist begins to trickle down from a few of the higher crags into the canyon.

As Gerald hisses at his pixies to pick up their cameras and catch the encounter on film, your adventurers no doubt take action. Any competent pursuit of these sounds or flashes of white turn up, perhaps disappointingly, some teenage fey playing at ghosts. They crumble at the first sign of rough treatment or harsh questioning, and admit there's in fact a village up in the heights of the mountains.

They want their privacy and are sick to death of tourists bothering them during the day... but at night, there's a very real danger, they say. Something that isn't faked by them. Something the film crew should be very afraid of. The teens warn the group to turn back now, so they can make it out of the mountains before the sun sets. They run off into the mountains the moment they're able. As they're familiar with scrambling through the mountain passes and secret ways, they're soon gone without much of a trace.

But is their fear faked? Is this yet another layer to keep visitors out of the mountains and away from their village?

## The Village

Assuming your adventurers aren't frightened off by the warnings of a few teenage fey (the film crew certainly isn't), another few hours' journey up into the mountains leads them to a cluster of buildings nestled in a valley between four peaks. The sun is beginning its decline, and will soon reach the horizon.

Coming to the village, the group encounters a number of fey from every race who regard them with a mix of suspicion and apprehension, especially with three pixies pointing chattering cameras at them. They turn away from the group and enter their houses, closing and barring doors, shuttering windows, even physically assaulting the pixies to break their cameras if they get too close. Any words spoken will be to the tune of, "Get out of here. You're trespassing and you're not welcome."

By the time the group starts to give up hope of any interesting interviews, the sun's setting. There are no inns in this village, no public places to stay for the night, and knocking at doors is useless. At Gerard's command, Bosco begins to set up the group's camping gear in a clearing surrounded by brush at the foot of the trail where they entered the valley.

Night falls, and the group notices that the village is conspicuously free of people wandering between buildings. All doors are closed, all lanterns are lit. Even the village's only tavern doesn't have anyone coming or going. It seems that whoever is there at sundown is there for the night.

## Midnight

After hours of anticlimactic boredom, the three pixies retire to their tent with cameras in hand (in case something happens overnight). Gerard stomps off to his own private tent in a huff, leaving your adventurers with only Bosco, who busies himself by poking at the dying campfire with a stick.

Just as your adventurers start dozing off for the night in their own tents, they hear a coarse cry of alarm. Emerging from their places of slumber, they find Bosco being dragged off by the heels into the deep shadows of the narrow mountain trail. If they give chase following the spriggan's noises and the furrows dug into the ground by his clutching fingers, they find Bosco hanging upside down over the ground, held fast in the clutches of a real horror this time.

It's an abomination: a demonic creature that exists to fight and kill. The players have never seen anything like it, as it's not a native creature of



Mechadia. It stands 9' tall and is heavily muscled with large claws, its skin tone varies from blood to rust red and has patches of black fur, green scales and the occasional spike jutting out of its skin. Such creatures normally can't exist outside their home realm for long but it would appear Mechadia's magical environment suits this one.

### Abomination

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d12+1, Vigor d10

**Skills:** Climbing d6, Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Throwing d8, Tracking d6

**Pace 6 Parry 7 Toughness 12 (2) Pulse 20**

**Edges:** Berserk, Brawny, Combat Reflexes, Improved Frenzy, Quick, Improved Sweep

### Special Abilities

- **Claws:** (Damage: Str+d6).
- **Demon Hide:** Counts as 2 points of Armor and makes it immune to flames and fire-based damage.
- **Fearless:** Immune to Fear effects and Intimidation.
- **Fear -2:** This abomination is terrifying to behold; it cause a Spirit check at -2 in anyone who sees them.
- **Size +2:** It's a large, heavily built creature that towers over most people.

Your adventurers take on the horror and hopefully come back with a mostly-intact Bosco, whose chestnut hair-branches now look birch-white. During the fight, they probably didn't notice that the rest of the film crew managed to catch up to them and film a good bit of the encounter.

When they return to their camp, they see several lanterns and candles bobbing outside. The villagers heard the creature's death cry and dared to venture out of their homes to see if their suspicions were true. Was it possible that they would be haunted no more?

### Aftermath

The anti-social villagers are appreciative of the group ridding them of the nocturnal menace that kept them trapped in their homes at night for fear of a gruesome end, but they're apprehensive that now they would be bombarded by a greater number of tourists than ever before, and their peaceful daytime existence would be ruined forever.

They beg the film crew not to divulge the fact that the threat is gone, so that other fey would not be so inclined to pester them year-round. They ask if there's any way to produce the movie while claiming that this was not the only creature of its type in the area, and that there's still a very real danger in the Black Cliffs.

The film, however it turns out, is a hit at the cinema and boosts the reputations of both the film crew and your adventurers.

## GAMBLING WITH FATE

In the most high-profile gambling house in the realm, the mysterious aos sidhe known only as the Gilded Gentleman is running a large-scale gaming tournament with monetary prizes, but the real game is intrigue. Make no mistake: this is court. People are here to see and be seen, to whisper gossip from behind their cards and exchange favors behind marble columns. Political maneuvering takes place alongside the rolling of dice, turning of cards and raking-in of chips.

The biggest topic in any room is the sudden proliferation of talk regarding a single Mechadian King or Queen. Maybe the Gilded Gentleman has his own cards to play in the greatest game in the realm....

This tale is set in Harmonium, Verna, unless you have some reason to move it elsewhere. The location is not integral to the plot. Also, if you're playing the *Clockwork Dreams* campaign, this scenario works best between the Parts Five and Six, but it's not necessary to do so.

### Let The Games Begin

The giant will-o-wisp-swarmed twinkling sign above the revolving front doors reads "All That Glitters". This is the name of the most famous and reputable gaming house/hotel in Mechadia, one of dozens of venues owned and overseen by an aos sidhe known only as the Gilded Gentleman, or simply "Gold" to those who consider themselves his friends.

Though he comports himself like a noble, he claims no allegiance - nor even origin - to any noble House. He owns exclusive gentlemen's clubs, ladies' beauty salons, gambling dens and even a few hotels, and it's rumored that he may be as wealthy as any single Duke or Duchess in Mechadia. His celebrity is on a par with Captain Elira, and he seems to generate gossip wherever he goes (or is rumored to have gone). He usually dresses head-to-toe in shades







of gold, hence his nickname, and is always privy to the latest fashion trends, if not setting them himself.

This year, the Gilded Gentleman has announced a tournament of games with a healthy purse for first place: \$10,000. The tournament is a rotating combination of various Mechadian card and dice games with an array of 49 tables, each seating 7 players. As players are knocked out, the surviving players are shuffled around to try and keep the remaining tables full until there's a final table of 7. There will be two intermissions during the tournament, although players may come and go as they please if they don't mind their chip stack getting whittled down a little automatically every time they miss a turn.

If your adventurers have already met Grismond in the *Clockwork Dreams* campaign, he sends them a message saying that he has received word that one or more of the Dukes and Duchesses of Mechadia will be in attendance at this tournament. He asks if your adventurers might attend as well in the hopes they might get Grismond an audience with them in the near future to plead his case about the working conditions of the Underground.

For this tournament, players should be encouraged to make creative use of everything in their arsenal. Let them use any conceivable skill on their sheet to play: Charisma, Taunt and Intimidation can all be used at cards to influence the betting and folding of other players. Notice is of course a vital skill here. If they can think of a way to reasonably incorporate a Skill, Knowledge, Edge, Pulse Path, etc. into the games, it should be allowed.

Although the posted rules are very clear and harsh regarding cheating and what happens to those caught, the Gilded Gentleman himself has been known to occasionally breeze through the room whispering things to the contrary. Have him drift past one adventurer and whisper *"It's not cheating if they don't catch you, is it?"* Have him happen to go to the same bar as another as they order drinks at the same time and say, *"I believe a person should make his own luck rather than waiting for a train that won't stop at his station, don't you think?"* Urge them to not only come up with ingenious ways to circumvent or bend the rules of the tournament, but to point out other cheaters to the crowd and have competitors ejected.

As an alternative method for this session, depending on your players, it might even be fun to spend a little time actually playing card and dice games at the table with poker chips, loose change,

or just keeping track of each player's stack on paper - still taking into account any additional Edges the players may get from their character sheets.

Here are a few adventurers to liven up the tournament:

- Duke and Duchess Hallowbeard are both playing in the tournament, but your adventurers have no chance to get to them before the games begin. They're constantly swarmed by hangers-on, personal servants and bodyguards.
- Duchess Glennewlyn is also playing, and similarly blocked off by a crowd of people before the start of the tournament.
- A goblin has an electromagnetic wave manipulator device sewn into the fingers and palm of the glove on his dice-throwing hand.
- A trio of uncharacteristically nasty selkie pirates might identify one of your adventurers as an easy mark or a serious threat at the tables and try to waylay him somewhere out of sight.
- A sprite waitress is working with one of the players in the tournament, a cigar-smoking boogart named Garland. When Garland gives her a certain tip of his bowler, the sprite waitress 'bumps into' someone, spills her tray of drinks and makes a huge commotion. While heads are turned, Garland switches the already-shuffled deck of cards with one he's primed to deal him a real winner. He has a few of these primed decks in his coat pockets and more in his hotel room upstairs for after the intermission.
- A friendly, good-hearted, clurichaun named O'Shaughnessy is one of the favorites to win the whole tournament. O'Shaughnessy is a legitimate professional gambler who gets by on his luck and his ability to read other players, and never cheats. When the first adventurer is knocked out, this is a good NPC to be responsible for it.
- A loud, pompous old sidhe woman from House Albion cries foul at every big hand or roll she loses. She may spot one of your adventurers cheating and cry *"Cheater!"* again (especially if they knock her out of the tournament), but at this point, the Gilded Gentleman steps in and politely asks her away from the table for a bit of conversation and a complimentary meal before she can



sway anyone to believe her this time. No one is sorry to see her go, and the adventurer may actually be applauded or have someone beside him buy him a drink.

- A young Liannan sidhe maiden tries to sidle up to an adventurer that threatens her boyfriend at the current table. She tries to get physically cozy and distract the player long enough to slip something into his drink or food that makes him very ill so he has to forfeit the game. The sex can be changed on the Liannan (or any other NPC listed here) if that better suits the situation with your adventurers.
- A drunken braegart spriegán from Torridaen outwardly threatens a few players not to call him, or to definitely call him (if he has a great hand). If an adventurer knocks him out, he puffs up, charges over (or through) the table and tries to throttle him.
- A gremian card sharp has an intricate web of clockwork relays to cycle different cards up through her sleeves and into her palms depending on her needs.

## Intermission

For the most part, your adventurers should make it through to the first intermission, when about two-thirds of the field has been eliminated. Any adventurers who have been knocked out will still have their hands full watching their friends and their competitors from the floor, and you can throw any of the above listed NPCs at them to keep them busy, or make up even more.

Pickpockets are plentiful in this ritzy crowd, and more than one thief has thought to hit the rooms upstairs before the first intermission. Nobles are holding court in side alcoves and at dining tables, discussing all the current and potential future events of the realm, which may turn into juicy tidbits for a wandering adventurer to overhear or even get involved with. The topic of most interest at present is the rumor that the leaders of all four nations are thinking about unifying Mechadia into one nation, under one rule. The problem is that each nation's leader thinks he or she should be the one to wear the crown.

The Duke or Duchess of Autumnus and the Duchess of Verna are still surrounded by a flock of people vying for attention. Duke and Duchess Hallowbeard politely redirect any character they don't know well to schedule an appointment with

the appropriate branch of their staff. The Duke has obviously come here to enjoy himself and doesn't want to talk business with anyone. Glennewlyn spends the intermission lying on a chaise longue, fanning herself. She seems flushed and faint from all the activity (not to mention whatever she has in her bloodstream this evening), and is not accepting visitors at the moment, even the heroes from the Festival of Flight. She must collect herself before reappearing to the public. All three biéwiés are still in the tournament, so that's your adventurers' best chance to grab their notice.

The intermission is a good time for your adventurers to adjust their strategies, come up with new ideas, have an encounter or two from the list above or something new, or just rest and gather their wits for the next Round. Wherever they go, they receive a visit from the Gilded Gentleman, who shakes hands with any adventurer left in the tournament and says, *"I recognize a good hand of cards when I see one."* After he leaves, each adventurer he shook hands with finds somewhere on their person a golden coin that was not there before. On one side, they find the gambling house's name and likeness stamped into the metal. On the other side, an embossed gear - a curious motif for a gambling house coin.

During the remainder of the tournament, these coins afford your adventurers a bit of extra luck to try and get them to the final table. This can be a re-roll of dice (if you're actually rolling dice at the table), having a specific card be dealt to an adventurer at just the right time, or any other suitable piece of luck. Each coin is good for one stroke of luck, and once used, that coin ends up disappearing for good once it is out of sight for even a moment.

## The Final Table

After play resumes, the field is whittled down to the last two tables. Your adventurers and Glennewlyn are at one table, the Hallowbeards and O'Shaughnessy are at the other. Your adventurers have a chance to reacquaint themselves with Glennewlyn, who remembers them fondly (through a dreamy drug-induced euphoria).

If your adventurers have already met Grismond in the *Clockwork Dreams* campaign, and one of them is charming or well-spoken enough, she's amenable to a quick conversation regarding a meeting with a representative from the labor unions to discuss the working conditions in the Underground.



Over her shoulder, she has an assistant write down a reminder to schedule a meeting, and takes Grismond's name down. The assistant gives a slip of paper to your adventurers to give to Grismond stating the date, time and location for the meeting.

How the dreamy Duchess of Verna has stayed in the tournament is a wonder, but she suddenly makes a bold, silly move with all of her chips wagered in one poor hand. Any adventurer brave enough to call her outrageous bet ends up winning her entire pile of chips and knocks her out of the tournament, to which she shrugs with delightful nonchalance and blows farewell kisses to the adoring public as she departs.

There's another intermission, although this one is brief, and they return to the final table; the Hallowbeards, O'Shaughnessy, and however many adventurers remain (unless there are more than four, in which case somebody's got to go). If there are fewer than four adventurers left, fill in the blank seats with whoever you like - some antagonist to spice things up a bit, possibly from the list in Scene One. Now your adventurers have the attention of the ruling couple of Autumnus. Though the Duke 's still reluctant to talk business at the gaming table, he gets a bold hand that makes him wager that if any of your adventurers can knock him out of the game, he'll grant their troll friend an audience in the coming weeks. The Duchess rolls her eyes and says, *"I wish you'd let me be the one they have to knock out."* The Duke keeps to his word, so it's vital your adventurers take him down.

## Aftermath

Wait - aftermath? What happened to the end of the tournament? In the end, the winner of the tournament is not a crucial thing to your adventurers, but can be fun to play out - and may be worth a pile of coin to them. If they've earned a spot in each ruling party's schedule for Grismond, this is a win. Also, they've now acquainted themselves with the Duke and Duchess of Autumnus, and the Duchess especially will remember how the clever fey acquitted themselves this day...

## TROUBLED WATERS

Your adventurers are hired for a voyage into Autumnal waters. They run foul of some deep sea creatures, a couple of mysterious waterspouts, and soon find themselves past the edge of the map, realizing that the growing mist around them is actually the beginning of the Æther. They also discover something beneath the surface that will have Mechadia abuzz...if they can make it back to land.

## Shoving Off

A crew is being put together to investigate a series of devastating waterspouts with an uncanny habit of appearing in popular shipping lanes in warmer autumnal waters. As a result, many industries are suffering from late shipments of goods - or no shipments at all. Some captains are starting to refuse to use those affected shipping lanes, and it's costing Autumnus a lot of money in lost business to and from Torridaen. Your adventurers could be hired for their scientific knowledge, their sheer muscle and reputation for getting things done or whatever applies, depending on your adventurers.

Captain Charles Pinniped, an autumnal selkie, explains that in the past six months waterspouts have been plaguing a particular area he circles on a map. Each individual incident has been marked with a small 'X'. (If any of your adventurers take a close look at the marks on the map and tried to plot a center to the activity, they would find a smattering of tiny islands, all too small to be deserving of names.)

They've been commissioned by the Duke to investigate the conspicuous occurrences. The crew consists mostly of other autumnal selkies, all of whom feel it's very unnatural for waterspouts to occur in such a specific area with such frequency. *"Something smells...off,"* they claim.

Whether or not any of your adventurers are scientific-minded, the ship carries a pair of bickering goblin half-brother meteorologists named Dr. Apogee and Dr. Perigee. They travel with an overworked gremian technician named Bob who caters to their every whim with a resigned air but no voiced complaints - but your adventurers catch him occasionally rolling his eyes behind their backs. The half-brothers can supply scientific insight if needed.

If you want to spice up this beginning scene, feel free to throw in a minor sea encounter here, as Autumnus' waters are full of mystery and danger. If you want to get to the bigger action, then just skip through this scene as it is written.







The *Messina* quickly sails beyond sight of land, and Captain Pinniped suggests everyone turn in for the night. They should be within sight of the problem area by dawn, and he wants his hired help to be well-rested. He sees a halo around the moon and feels tomorrow may be a rough day at sea, regardless of their findings.

### Spouting Off

At dawn, your adventurers are woken by the sounds of shouting from the *Messina's* crow's nest. The lookout points to the north, where the whipping winds seem to be coalescing into a column of spinning red-brown water (the normal color of autumnal water). Captain Pinniped calls all hands to their emergency stations as they go about the furious task of taking down the sails and bracing to be hit. The forming waterspout begins to lean toward the *Messina*, about two hundred yards off the starboard side and closing.

Any adventurer looking the opposite direction spots a mist-shrouded island, and a smaller boat floating in place to the southwest.

Unless your adventurers can do anything about it, the *Messina* is hit by the waterspout and heavily damaged, with some hands thrown overboard. Drs. Apoëe and Periëe will be below decks with Bob, claiming to be readying their instruments to take readings. They resurface once they hear the danger has passed, then blame their damnable lateness on Bob's incompetence.

Any scientific-minded adventurer who witnesses the spout realizes that it moves unnaturally, against the wind flow and directly toward the *Messina* as if controlled by some unseen source. After the collision with the spout, the ship to the southwest can barely be seen retreating into the mist.

### Rust In The Water

As the damaged *Messina* floats in the current and her crew rushes about, performing emergency repairs, your adventurers notice an accumulation of rust on the water. Soon they begin to see vague shapes beneath the ruddy water: downed ships, victims of previous waterspouts. They also see the dark silhouettes of irontooth sharks prowling the depths, hungry for fresh fey meat.

If any adventurers report their sighting of the smaller boat to Captain Pinniped, he's eager to listen and to offer the use of two of the ship's four rowboats to pursue this lead. He even offers one or two of his selkie mates to accompany them, confident

of their ability to avoid the slower irontooth sharks while in their seal forms.

Heading southwest, your adventurers are quickly engulfed in mist. They soon come to the shore of a tiny island and find the smaller sailing ship they may have spotted earlier. (As an alternative route to this point, Captain Pinniped may have sent your adventurers to the closest island to see if it bore living conditions for a couple days, because he's not sure the *Messina* will make it back to port, and here in the main shipping lanes, another vessel should be within sight of a flare within the next 48 hours or so.)

A search of the ship turns up nothing other than normal nautical equipment and several pairs of binoculars. If they're quiet, your adventurers can hear the approach of two fey along the beach. They're laughing, talking about the most recent waterspout attack as they walk by. Due to the heavy morning mist, they don't see your adventurers in their rowboat. They can be followed back to a series of huts built from the island's native wood.

Somebody lives here.

### The Island

The secret island village is populated by about two dozen fey of mixed races, a saboteur team assembled by Duke Bittergleam to interrupt commerce between Autumnus and Torridaen so that Autumnus' industry would turn more business to the frozen north.

In the largest structure at the center of the cluster, your adventurers can find a series of technological stations set up, powered by a number of large, portable generators. This is the technological center responsible for generating and controlling the waterspouts. Destruction of either the workstations or the generators outside the main hut results in the saboteur team losing their ability to manufacture their destructive waterspouts. Your adventurers will be hard-pressed to reach the central hut in broad daylight, but if someone on the team creates a distraction in a different direction, that works to draw the guards away. Or they can just try and bully their way through everyone. Half of the two-dozen fey here are scientists who don't have much of a stomach for fighting.

If the fighters on the island are beaten, some of the scientists divulge their employer and his plan under even the slightest interrogation, then lie and claim they were pressed into service under threats of violence to them and their families, and ask for asylum in Autumnus.



## The Edge Of The Map

When your adventurers return to where they beached their rowboat(s), they find the strong current has taken the *Messina* well beyond sight to the west. If they hope to catch up, they need to take the saboteurs' more powerful boat. By the time they catch up to their original ship, they find that the mist is growing thicker and taking on an almost gelatinous quality. Any selkie crew still accompanying them claims the water feels strange, sluggyish, like it's not entirely water anymore. And everyone - everyone - knows what this means: they're at the edge of the ocean.

They're about to enter the Æther.

Your adventurers' smaller ship closes on the *Messina* and begins throwing lines to the crippled ship to pull them back from the brink of where the grayish fog becomes completely opaque. The wind here dies down to nothing, so your adventurers have to fire up their steam engine and push the throttle to full to pull themselves and the *Messina* free, but no sooner does the steam engine fire up than the water erupts with a series of giant, segmented, metallic-skinned tentacles! All hands leap to try and repel the attack. Some selkies are knocked overboard or snatched up and crushed by the massive tentacles, or dragged into the ocean. This is a battle your adventurers can't possibly win under the present circumstances.

And then the circumstances change. From out of nowhere, a series of explosions and multi-colored fire erupts all around the tentacles of the giant squid, and the creature finds itself lashing out in two directions. Your adventurers still have to fight off a few tentacles and keep working at the engines to pilot their two ships clear of danger, but anyone looking out toward the edge of the Æther sees a long, dark shape lurking just beneath the surface of the water, firing what seems to be modern technomagic weaponry. As the giant squid is driven off, they see an oblong metallic shape peek part of its bulk above the surface for just a moment before submerging and disappearing from sight.

## Aftermath

Your adventurers have disabled the source of the waterspouts and discerned the origin of the plot, earning the thanks of Autumnus as well as having clearly earned their stipend and a bonus for having rescued the *Messina* and most of her crew.

If they try to describe the strange phantom they saw lurking beneath the surface of the water, Duke Hollowbeard shrugs it off as some rival apex predator to the area where the open sea meets the Æther. It's the only reasonable explanation. Nobody possesses the technology to make an entire underwater vessel. He would've heard about such a thing. Duchess Hollowbeard's eyes narrow, and she discourages your adventurers from discussing such unlikely rumors with anyone else.

*"Sailors' heads are already filled with enough superstitious ghost stories. Mechadia doesn't need any more of them."*

## THE SPRIGGAN'S FRIGGIN' RIGGIN'

When a sailor friend of your adventurers, one 'Barkie' McGillis, wakes up in a gutter with a minor injury and a major hangover, he finds he's been rolled by someone! The most important thing he's missing is a magical block and tackle that he's been working on all month. If his captain doesn't get the block and tackle by nightfall, the aching spriggan's not only going to lose his place on the ship, but he may just end up swimming with the fishes. Although set in Harmonium, with minimal adjustments this scenario can be run in any city of the four nations.

## Possible Hooks

There are a few ways your adventurers can get roped into this scenario:

One of your adventurers knows Barkie from past carousing, possibly having served time together on a ship if the adventurer has a naval history.

Barkie is one of the adventurer's favorite sibling's spouse's brother-in-law... or something like that. Not a close relative, but someone the adventurer knows to be a good chap, if a bit misguided and too hard on the sauce.

Your adventurers remember Barkie from a pub in a previous meeting where he might have helped them out by tripping a coppertop or pointing a nosy spy in the wrong direction. It would be fun if you happen to be reading this ahead of time and think, "Oh, I could run this other scenario first and fit Barkie in right here..." and then introduce him in this scenario later on, after a couple of scenarios have passed.



## Guttermouth

"Why is it we can never just get together for a nice, normal breakfast?"

Your adventurers stand outside the door of *The Pan Handler*, a notable greasy spoon in this area. Excellent breakfast fare, equally good dinner fare, not to mention fine ale and musical guests at night. Your adventurers were on their way to some pan-fried eggs and spiced potatoes when they noticed a body lying in a gutter alongside the building - a body they recognize.

Barnum 'Barkie' McGillis, a broad-chested, heavily tattooed spriggy sailor, wakes up with a start, flailing his meaty, scarred fists around him and cursing up a storm. After exactly three seconds of this, the hangover hits him. He clutches his branchy head and moans like the restless dead before toppling backwards into the rain puddle from whence he came. When your adventurers eventually revive him, they notice some of his branches have been snapped off around a purple lump on the back of his noogie. He reeks of rum and his slanted golden eyes are bloodshot.

Once he's standing on his own and his wits (such as they are) start to return, he goes wide-eyed and looks frantically around him. *"My chest! Where's my chest? Did any of you take it? Please tell me you have it! It's a wooden chest, big brass lock on it, iron bands across...no? Oh, not good..."*

Barkie has spent the last month ashore, working with a goblin and a gremian on creating a magically enhanced block-and-tackle set to try out on Barkie's ship, the *Random Chance*. The chest was filled with the fruits of their labor, and he was set to meet the captain tonight as the *Random Chance* is scheduled to make berth around sunset.

He remembers celebrating last night with his two co-workers and... and... well, he remembers they celebrated a lot. There was singing, dancing on the tables, and obviously quite a bit of rum was involved. But Barkie doesn't quite remember how the night ended. He certainly doesn't remember how he got his branches broken and the purple egg on the back of his head - he assumes he passed out while drinking and he banged his head on the curb. If your adventurers take a look around the narrow street, they find a discarded plank of old wood in a nearby trash bin. The plank bears fresh gouges and a bit of blood around some distinctly Barkie-esque head-branch splinters jutting out like porcupine needles.

The wound concerns him far less than the loss of the chest. He pleads with your adventurers to help him find it before sundown or he's done for.

## About Last Night...

Since Barkie's memories aren't very helpful and his head hurts too badly to make any productive suggestions, there are a few people your adventurers can suggest to turn to for answers:

The gremian's name is Devrey, and he lives in a flat on the third floor of a building around the corner. Devrey is shaking off a hangover himself, and answers the door with a wet rag pressed to his forehead. He recalls snippets of the evening as well, and he does clearly remember the trio talking to some trolls about their engineering accomplishment. *"Trolls appreciate a good feat of engineering, they do."*

The goblin's name is Vassar, and he lives a half dozen blocks away. Vassar recalls a great deal of bragging coming out of Barkie's mouth (and his notorious mouthing-off is how he got the nickname long ago) regarding their achievement and how much it was going to be worth to the shipping and pirating industries once they saw how well the new rigging worked for the *Random Chance*. Vassar felt Barkie was attracting undue attention and wanted no part of it. He'd already been paid for the job, so he finished his drink and left.

If your adventurers think to ask any of the morning shift at *The Pan Handler*, they're directed to the bartender from last night, a grumpy clurichaun named Mickey who lives on the other side of the block. Mickey recalls Barkie well, *"...as he was by far the loudest ass in the pub, pounding his fist on this wooden chest, declarin' 'imself an' his two friends as geniuses o' the seas, whatever that means."* *The Pan Handler* is an Underground-friendly pub, and they get some regular custom from the local troll union and some boogarts who associate with them. Mickey remembers some trolls and a boogart regular named Hardy talking to Barkie. They went outside for a smoke, and that's the last Mickey remembers seeing the spriggy. His tab was settled by Hardy, so Mickey didn't pay much mind after that.

## The Down-Low

A thorough search of the area (and a successful Streetwise roll) turns up the boogart named Hardy, whose eyes narrow when he sees Barkie behind your adventurers. Hardy tries to run, but he's easy enough for any respectable adventurer to catch before half





a block goes by. If pressed, Hardy admits to having gone outside with Barkie for a smoke, and then some trolls clunked them both on the head, and that's all he remembers. This is of course a load of guff. Hardy was in league with the trolls and has no wound on his head to show for his story. Anyone even semi-skilled in spotting lies will spot one here. But Hardy at least steers them true to the nearest manhole to where your adventurers originally found Barkie lying in the gutter.

*"You want to go to the Low Market," Hardy says in a whisper, looking around suspiciously. "They're lookin' to sell the sailor stuff to some naval folk if they can find an interested party. You wanna find a bloke, name of Cur'hkhokh."*

At least some of your adventurers may not be familiar with the existence of the Low Market. Hardy can give them details (visit the SuzeWiki at [suzerain.info](http://suzerain.info) and look for the detailed description of

Mechadia) of what the Low Market basically is, and how to get there - but they didn't hear it from him. He asks them to swear on it.

If your adventurers follow the boogart's directions, they find the Low Market, and can roll on the Underground Danger Table (see page 66) once each for the entire journey. In this region, the Low Market is on level 3.

They get odd scowls from the trolls and the occasional giant as they walk through the rows of dirty tents and crude stalls on a broad steel platform. The smell of rotting food and stale beer fills their nostrils, and the heat rises considerably from the proximity of several large coal furnaces and hot water pipes. Here, trolls throw dice for scraps and bark in their native tongue, bartering over goods like thick leather work gloves and boots, replacement goggles lenses, a sheet of mostly clean paper, a hairbrush missing half of its tines.



If approached by your adventurers and asked about Barkie's missing chest of goods, any respectable troll or giant holds their palm out, waiting to be greased by a suitable bribe. Try to take your adventurers for as much as you can here. These are very desperate people, and they rarely see a profitable chance like this in the Low Market.

When they get all they believe they can get, some trolls might remember "something like" the chest, and think that went "to the Deep", meaning the Deep Market on level 6. Again, some of your adventurers may not realize there's an even deeper place of commerce for the denizens of the Great Underground. But there is: deeper...and darker.

### The Deep Market

After more rolls on the Underground Danger Table and assuming they got at least some directions from the trolls on level 3, your adventurers home in on a growing murmur of noise that soon becomes a wave of gruff grunts and harsh hisses, discordant music played on pipes and metal scraps, crude tin whistles and oil drums.

They can stop rolling on the Underground Danger Table, but that doesn't mean they're safe. This is the Deep Market, and few surface fey ever choose to come down here. Your adventurers are challenged on every front, and it's all Barkie can do to resist brawling with every troll that spits at him. Only your adventurers' sensible words can keep him in check. If he gets into a brawl he loses, and badly. Your adventurers end up having to carry his battered body around because he won't be walking on his own.

The Deep Market is an exchange of nasty things that should not be seen by the surface fey: illegal drugs and poisons from back alley alchemists, black market weapons, corpses for scientific study, high-profile stolen items whose owners wouldn't dare come this far down to track them. The sounds are scarier, the smells are worse, and the lights are fewer and further between. Licentious favors go on loudly behind dirty, torn sheets strung from bundles of wiring. Arm wrestling, blade throwing, head butting and shoving contests are popular methods of gambling down here - also used to settle disputes. There are also more giants here than at the Low Market, and adventurers need to watch their step.

Finding Cur'hkhokh is an aggravating hunt, with one troll pointing down one row of tents to another troll who directs them to the far side of a giant boiler tank, and so on. This requires your adventurers to

pass a series of tests like those listed above, and feel free to invent some uncomfortable ones of your own. Maybe the largest and strongest-looking of your adventurers has to best a troll in a contest of physical prowess, then the best looking has to bestow a long, convincingly passionate kiss upon a hideous female troll, then an adventurer has to drink a cup of some vile trollish moonshine without throwing it back up. You get the ugly picture.

If they pass a suitable amount of punishing tests here, have them finally directed to Cur'hkhokh, who can be spotted haggling with a giant over Barkie's stolen chest. When he sees Barkie and company, he's shocked - nobody chases a troll to the Deep Market. Most surface fey never even learn of its existence. Seeing a group of especially dangerous-looking adventurers might spook the troll enough to give up the chest without a fight, but if they're not a scary group, he laughs at them and dares them to take it from him - at which point Barkie immediately leaps to it (if he's able).

The giant who was haggling with Cur'hkhokh lift his hands and steps away unless one of your adventurers misguidedly takes a shot at him, in which case he wades into the melee swinging his ham-sized fists. The surrounding trolls and giants quickly start placing wagers on the outcome of the fight. This is a regular pastime in the Deep Market.

### Aftermath

After retrieving the chest and making the long, convoluted and perilous journey back to the surface (you can skip the Danger Table on the way back if you just want to wrap things up after the climax), Barkie hails a carriage to take him to the docks where the *Random Chance* is coming in. Your adventurers are welcome to accompany him. If they do, they find they're just in time, arriving at the right dock to see the ship's captain standing at the prow, looking for Barkie.

The spriggan hands off the chest and relays an abbreviated version of the day's arduous adventure, at which point the captain commends your adventurers for their courage and dedication to a friend in need. He lets them know that if they're ever looking for a trusted sailing ship in the future and the *Random Chance* happens to be in the area and headed the right way, they'll be granted free passage.



## DEEP TROUBLE

To gain leverage over some stubborn politicians in the labor disputes, the trolls have kidnapped the children of certain nobles and bureaucrats. On the surface, a team is being assembled to infiltrate the Great Underground to rescue the children using any means necessary. Your adventurers can choose which side to take, or they can try to peacefully arbitrate the situation and try to avoid violence. This scenario can be run beneath whichever city you choose.

### Cradle Robbers

The morning papers' headlines all tout the same big story: KIDNAPPINGS!

In the dead of night, several children of nobles and government officials were stolen from their beds by parties unknown. No ransom notes were left at any of the scenes, nor any trace of violence. Local authorities are on the case, and promise results soon. Or at least that's what the papers all say.

There are several channels your adventurers can pursue, depending on who they have as friends: government contacts, street contacts, friends at the newspaper. Through government, police and/or newspaper contacts, they can easily uncover the fact that the kidnappings seem focused on fey families connected to the civil engineering sector, including several department heads. If they try to pick up the word on the street, they might discover (with a Streetwise check) that a few of the area's notable night owls caught glimpses of some trolls skulking about the streets carrying sacks over their shoulders.

If your adventurers decide to investigate the crime scenes, they may also be able to pick up subtle clues leading to the presence of trolls. Chances are high that whatever path your adventurers choose to pursue in their investigation, they arrive at their conclusion with plenty of daylight left, so if they want to question any trolls, they won't be seeing any above ground any time soon. They're going to have to go down below.

### Aggressive Bargaining Tactics

Going down to level 2, it won't take long for your adventurers to find trolls, no matter what access point they use. Questioning the average troll laborer is met with guttural grunts and barks, noncommittal shrugs or dismissive wave-offs. To make any kind of progress, it takes a big bribe, a very clever manipulator or a suitable display of intimidation (which had better be backed by a display of physical

prowess, because trolls are hard to bluff otherwise).

If one of your adventurers happens to be a troll, this speeds things up considerably. After a successful interaction through any of these means, the laborer(s) bring your adventurers to a safe pocket of space where they won't have to roll on the Underground Danger Table (page 66), and instruct them to wait while the local union boss is brought to them.

If this scenario is being run in conjunction with the *Clockwork Dreams* campaign and your adventurers have already met Grismond, he isn't available for your adventurers to call upon, but dropping his name will carry weight. The trolls have heard of Grismond's 'surface friends', and if your adventurers have made an effort to aid the Underground in their labor talks, this obviously benefits them in dealing with the union.

When the local boss, Unger, meets your adventurers, he wastes no time in admitting to the kidnapping spree. *"Yeah, we took 'em, alright. Thought it was about time we grabbed us some bargaining chips to make them fancy asses upstairs take notice. We're tired o' bein' blown off an' kicked around. Time to do some kickin' back, we figger. Now we got their kids, mebbe that rat bastard Toomey an' his band o' liars can come down here an' deal with us on our ground."*

More trolls come out of the rank steam and dancing shadows around your adventurers, looking like they're ready for a fight. Under no circumstances can they simply be persuaded to give the kidnapped children back, or even divulge where the children are being kept. Unger gives his word that none of the children have been harmed... yet. He gives your adventurers free passage to go back up to the surface and get that rat bastard Toomey and his band of liars to come down to the fourth level, directly beneath the Gilliam Square public fountain. Unger and his people will be waiting there at 7:00pm with their list of demands. Not requests. Demands. Unger makes it clear that this isn't a 'negotiation'. This is the union dictating terms to the surface fey, period.

### The Peacemakers

Chester Toomey is the local Underground Liaison, a surly sprite who obviously has not been kind to the local labor union. His 9-year old, Hillary, is among the kidnapped children. When your adventurers find him and apprise him of the situation, he becomes a whirlwind of incoherent screeching that alternates between helpless panic and indignant, prideful rage.



He thanks your adventurers for their efforts and quickly tries to get rid of them, barking that he and his advisors will be at the meeting place at the right time.

Any adventurer that lingers around Toomey's office building for a half hour or so sees a squad of a dozen elves led by a black-haired, copper-skinned aos sidhe, all of them dressed in black clothing, and each carrying an array of gear and weaponry. If an adventurer follows them into the building at a distance, he sees them enter Toomey's office. They reemerge about twenty minutes later, silent and grim-faced as they stalk along the halls in a double-column with the sidhe in the lead.

It doesn't take a Skill check to get a bad feeling about Toomey's 'advisors'. If your adventurers keep following the men in black, they may catch them going down an empty back street and dropping into a manhole. If they approach the men at all, they're met with hard stares and even harder silence. If they physically impose themselves in the way, they're struck by the aos sidhe and/or any number of the elven soldiers, although they only try to incapacitate, not kill any civilians.

It's about 5:30pm at this point, and your adventurers are faced with a few choices: go to the pub and let the problem sort itself out, assist the black-clad government men, try to get back down to Unger and his boys to warn them of what's coming, or get to the meeting point and try to get in between the two factions and find a peaceable solution that gets the trolls what they want and gets the children back safely to their families.

The ending to this scenario is wide open, depending heavily on the choices of your players. If the trolls are allowed to be ambushed by the strike team, casualties on both sides are heavy, and harm probably comes to the children unless your adventurers can track down where they're being held.

Or your adventurers could help the strike team find the children first, set them free by killing the trolls guarding them, and head toward the surface, getting waylaid by Unger's people along the way. The children could escape up the last ladder to the streets while the strike team and your adventurers take the brunt of the attack.

Your players might roleplay exceptionally well and come to some sort of tenuous cessation of hostilities before any blood is shed, eventually getting the children released in return for some signed legal

documentation promising them certain rights and privileges and immunity from the kidnapping charges. Or it could be something entirely unexpected. Players are known for that.

## Aftermath

Again, this depends on your players' choices. They could harm or improve their standing with the trolls and Grismond, once he hears of what transpired. They could harm or improve their standing with whichever government you choose to use for this scenario. In most cases, Chester Toomey should be fired and possibly prosecuted. Someone in the government has to take the blame in the public eye, and there's no one more deserving. If things go really badly, Toomey is sure to be abducted and gruesomely murdered by the trolls.

This scenario could be the beginning of something very, very big. And very, very bad....

## ICEBREAKER

This is an action-packed infiltrate-and-strike mission for a group that loves combat. This scenario works best if the players are running through the *Clockwork Dreams* campaign, played later on in the story when military and political tensions are running high and forces are massing for an all-out war. Frigia has constructed a naval vessel of unprecedented size and power that's launching on its maiden voyage. Both Verna and Autumnus are afraid that the ship will turn toward them, and neither nation's navy is prepared to take on this new behemoth, so they've agreed to conscript a mercenary force to try and take it down from within.

## The Next Level

Frigia was never known for its navy. They've never needed one. No other nation would risk their expensive vessels and the lives of their soldiers to try a sea incursion through such treacherous, ice-clogged waters. Even merchant vessels rarely attempt to navigate the violet end of the ocean, choosing instead to ship goods into and out of Frigia via airship or the Intercontinental Freight Line. So when spies returned to Verna and Autumnus three months ago with evidence of a naval vessel of unprecedented size and armament, it was difficult to believe.

The following is a passage from the most recent report filed by Agent Alistair Foxworthy, a shapeshifting aos sidhe of House Crevan who managed to obtain a partial copy of the ship's specifications: "...the vessel, dubbed 'Icebreaker', is approximately







650 feet long, 90 feet across at the widest point, and 60 feet from the water line to the main deck. She is equipped with a pair of reciprocating four-cylinder, multi-expansion steam engines and one low-pressure Maeron turbine, each driving a four-bladed propeller. There are 30 boilers fired by 150 coal burning furnaces that make possible a top estimated speed of 25 knots. It carries several weapons batteries, 72 guns in all, of varying size and range, stationed all along both sides and on the main deck, making it almost impossible for craft to approach from any direction, by sea or air.

"In addition to these arms and a significant armor plated hull, the sharply angled bow of the ship has some technomagic superheating apparatus that enables it to literally slice through the thick ice of northern waters. Regrettably, I was unable to get the specification pages regarding these details.

"The ship requires a crew of approximately 500, and has the capacity to carry 2,500 soldiers on top of that, not to mention a bevy of smaller wartime vehicles and armaments meant to establish a foothold on whatever landfall it targets. It is my estimation that this daunting display will not only move all of Mechadia to the next level of military and seafaring technology, but, I am sorry to say, to the next level of warfare. At present, I believe Autumnus is ill-equipped to stop such a beast, even with all of our navy's might pitched against it. My contacts in Verna tell me their people are equally concerned. This monstrosity could be loosed on either of our nations at any point, and Verna's military is similarly outmatched.

"I have studied the basic schematics that I was able to obtain, and my recommendation is to assemble a tactical strike team to infiltrate the vessel at sea and attempt to incapacitate it there, preferably making it look like an industrial mishap, some flaw in the design or construction. It would be optimal for Autumnus and Verna both to avoid proof of blame."

### A Midnight Meeting

Your adventurers can be approached by agents of either Verna or Autumnus, depending on who they may have a better history or current affiliation with. When they're brought in for the initial job proposal, it isn't in a government building with a ton of witnesses. It's late at night in a closed-down restaurant whose back door is unlocked. Sitting at a large table in the middle of the darkened restaurant are four figures: one spokesman and one agent from Autumnus, and a similar pair from Verna.

The elf from Autumnus introduces herself as Millvina, and her man, obviously a Crevan by his distinctive hair coloration, as Foxworthy. The burly spriggan from Verna introduces himself as Mr. Fleet, and his female sprite comrade as Jessop. Millvina and Fleet take turns speaking during the proposal. They outline the immensity of *Icebreaker* (feel free to read Foxworthy's report word-for-word), inform your adventurers that it has just left Coesport on its maiden voyage, and ask them if they're up to the task. Each nation will provide an additional small contingent of manpower, all of whom are trustworthy and able, and will claim allegiance to Torridaen if they're caught and tortured. It's up to you to put a fair price on this mercenary mission, playing the obligatory bargaining game with your players.

Aside from supplying the basic specs of the ship and her general position in Frigian waters, the mysterious employers leave the rest of the details up to your adventurers. When the two spokespeople rise to leave, Foxworthy and Jessop remain seated.

"Part of the manpower we promised you is right here," explains Mr. Fleet. "Jessop and Foxworthy are the two agents who have gotten the closest look at this *Icebreaker*. You'll need their insight along the way."

"Play nice," says Millvina on the way out, smiling. "And best of luck."

### Foxworthy

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Boating d4, Climbing d6, Driving d4, Fighting d6, Gambling d4, Investigation d4, Knowledge (Frigian Military) d6, Lockpicking d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d8+2, Shooting d6, Stealth d8, Swimming d4

**Pace 6 Parry 5 Toughness 5 Pulse 20**

**Edges:** AOS Sidhe, Alertness, Level Headed, Marksman

**Gear:** Dagger (Damage: Str+d4), silenced pistol (Range: 12/24/48, Damage: 2d6+1, silencer modification)

### Special Abilities

- **Manipulator:** Foxworthy gains +2 to Persuade checks.
- **Shifter:** By paying 2 Pulse he can change his appearance to look like a different AOS Sidhe or even a small troll. The change takes a Round to complete and he can't look like



a specific person but he can have a passing resemblance. This lasts for 5 Rounds but can be extended at a rate of 1 Pulse for 2 Rounds. Using this Power does not affect his Charisma.

- **Gambler:** Any time he's presented with the chance to gamble or place a wager he needs to pass a Spirit roll not to do so.

### Jessop

**Attributes:** Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Fighting d4, Healing d4, Investigation d8, Lockpicking d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6

**Pace 2 Parry 4 Toughness 3 Pulse 20**

**Edges:** Pixie, Improved Dodge, Marksman, Quick, Two Fisted

**Gear:** 2 x clockwork pistol (**Range:** 12/24/48, **Damage:** 2d6+1, ROF2)

### Special Abilities

- **Fly:** A pixie's normal form of movement is flight: Pace is 8 with a Climb of 4, and the running dice is a d8. On the ground, her Pace is 2.
- **Illusions:** Pixies are able to create illusions out of Pulse, exactly as the Piaras aos sidhe do (see page 14).
- **Pixie Dust:** As per the Pixie race description (see page 19).
- **Very Small:** Pixies are such small creatures they incur a -2 Toughness penalty.
- **Wants To Be Liked:** Pixies really, really want to be liked and suck up massively to try and get people to like them. However, they usually overdo it and if the target passes a Smarts roll they cotton on and the pixie suffers -2 to all social interaction with them.

### All Dressed In Black

Foxworthy and Jessop remain close to your adventurers after the late night meeting, staying at the closest inn or hotel to your adventurers' base of operations, eager to talk about the plan first thing in the morning. In addition to the two spies, your adventurers are promised a half-dozen elite selkie marines from the Vernian navy (giving a new perspective to 'navy seals') as well as a half-dozen elven Autumnal rangers.

Once your adventurers have worked out a plan on how to approach and tackle the naval juggernaut, they find their agents, rangers and sailors waiting at the rendezvous point, wherever that may be. They carry nothing to identify them as Vernian or Autumnal, and all have dyed their hair black. Some have had magical modifications made to their features, giving them the look of Torridaen natives. They dress in nondescript black, with an array of weapons and equipment according to what is needed.

### Planning The Attack

Depending on your adventurers' plan, the rest of this scenario is wide open. Below is a list of information to help plan the incursion.

Any plan involving the team planting explosives on the hull to sink the ship won't work, according to the spies' gathered intelligence. The frosteel-plated hull is too tough. The explosion would just spread across the surface and maybe burn through an inch of it.

Flying in via airship won't work. The deck guns have enough range to pick airships out of the sky before they got to within reasonable range to drop explosives with any accuracy or drop personnel with any good chance of survival.

Coming in by boat might work, but only if the craft are quiet, fast, small, and without light. Even then, there's no guarantee one of the many lookouts won't see them coming. The spies aren't sure what kind of improved-vision equipment the crew has on board.

The selkie marines are obviously able to shift into seal form and approach the ship from beneath the water's surface. If the rest of the team can find some way to avoid drowning, they could hold on to the seals and make it to the hull in safety, and with the utmost stealth - but then there's the matter of boarding the ship. Also, the seals would have to make a second trip back and forth if they want the rangers to join the mission.

Taking the bridge by force would probably be tantamount to suicide. If the ship is carrying anything close to the number of troops it's capable of carrying, they would probably have to fight their way through a few dozen soldiers, if not a hundred. Or more.



Taking out the engine room might prove slightly easier than wresting control of the bridge, but even that is a risky proposition. Again, that would certainly involve fighting their way through more soldiers than they could reasonably expect to defeat and survive.

One possibility would be to try and make it to whatever technology they have keeping the bow superheated to slice and part Friëia's dense ice floes and sabotage it. Without that, the *Icebreaker* would, ironically, break its nose against some iceberç soon enough. If done right, that would also be a good option for making it seem like a design/construction flaw.

Another option is to try and disable the rudder, maybe even destroy access to the rudder section, and find a way out unnoticed. It wouldn't destroy the ship, necessarily, but if they can't turn, they'll be swept out into the deep ocean, or possibly even into the Æther, where the ocean ends.

If Foxworthy is asked for his best recommendation, he recalls the way he was able to copy some of the highly guarded specs: impersonation. He used a changeling mask to look like one of the commanding officers in charge of overseeing the *Icebreaker's* secret construction in Coçsport. It was close, but he convinced enough people to be able to çet in and çet out quickly without being discovered for who he really was. He was able to monitor several key personnel involved in the project, and has images of each of them available as a reference for the rest of the team if they can manage to procure enough equipment to have multiple disguised agents on board at once. He has enough images to impersonate 6 high-ranking aos sidhe crew members, one of which he uses himself. The hitch in this plan is that he can't replicate all the voices - only the one he used to steal the specs last time, and it's possible they've realized they were infiltrated by someone posing as that officer.

Getting to the bridge requires identification punch cards that resemble small mechadium keys that hang around the officers' necks. All of the vital areas require these security punch keys, and the doors to these areas are difficult to break through by force, and will certainly send the ship into red alert if they try. Neither agent has an example to show them, only a verbal or sketched description - not enough to create functional forgeries.

If Jessop is asked for her best recommendation, she makes a sour face at Foxworthy and says she'd rather have a score of pixies and sprites than a

half-dozen rangers from Autumnus. That way, the lot of them could fly in without being noticed and fly out again once the job was done. Foxworthy points out that at some point, her little night flier squadron might need to do some heavy fighting in close quarters - and then what? It becomes clear that the two agents seem to have some rivalry going on, but are able (barely) to keep it to a mutual dull çrouching for the sake of the çreater çood.

These are just some vital tidbits of intelligence çathered by the two agents. Your adventurers are of course welcome to devise whatever mad plan comes to mind, influenced by their unique set of skills, personalities, backgrounds, Powers and equipment. The possibilities are vast, and it's likely they could come up with some completely plausible solution not even touched on in this section. The above points are provided only as çeneral çuidelines in case the players struggle a little with the tactical approach.

### With Ice Water In Their Veins

Ancient clurichaun saying: "Everyone's çot a plan until they take the first punch."

Wherever and whenever your adventurers plan the rendezvous point with their additional Vernian and Autumnal assets, they'll be there, ready to ço. In this section, as in the previous one, some çuidelines are provided for your reference. And again, in the likely situation where your players have come up with some zany out-of-the-box plan, these çuidelines help you fill in the blanks.

Any plan involving the direct approach by sea or air ends pretty much the way the agents described: utter, flaming failure. There are simply too many sets of eyes on the deck for even a night approach to sneak past everyone's notice, and too many çuns to miss for several Rounds in a row. Unless the craft comes with some kind of invisibility and/or sound muting, in which case that changes quite a bit.

The frosteel hull is too thick to try burn/cut/ blasting through, and spending too much time hanging around too close to the water line is a bad idea: heavily churning violet water, multiple çiant propellers spinning, çiant chunks of jagged ice bançing off the ship... just no fun at all. Serious bodily harm waiting to happen if they dawdle.

There are plenty of places to fire or throw çrappling hooks up. The problem is doing it where nobody on the ship sees or hear it. 2,000+ soldiers and 500 crew make for a lot of witnesses. This is another reason a late night approach is preferable, to catch most of the personnel asleep in their bunks.



Trying to take the bridge by storm requires your adventurers to fight their way through 3d12+10 soldiers, plus an additional 1d12+5 that wake up and enter the action behind your adventurers 3 Rounds after the sounds of a fight wakes them. Your adventurers also have to batter their way through 1d4+2 frosteel security doors if they don't have an officer's passkey. And that's just to get into the bridge. But getting back out again...

Trying to take the engine room by storm requires your adventurers to fight their way through 3d6+6 soldiers, with an additional 2d6 that come from behind your adventurers after 3 Rounds of noisy fighting. Your adventurers also have to batter their way through 1d6 frosteel security doors if they don't have an officer's passkey.

If they make it inside either the bridge or engine room, they have to hold off a steady stream of troops every Round, but the bridge controls, coal furnaces and boilers are all susceptible to explosives, acid, electrical overload, and good old fashioned heavy bludgeoning.

Your adventurers have to be careful if they're destroying the engine room components, or else catch a deadly blast of high-pressure steam or some scorching furnace blowback in the face. There are also several functions that utilize some of the unique gases found trapped in pockets beneath the Frigian tundra. These can be highly volatile if not respected, and in a worst-case scenario, this could lead to a massive explosion at the wrong time.

If they hold the bridge for any amount of time, your adventurers may be able to figure out the system enough to shut down or manipulate most functions of the ship. This requires successful Investigation, Notice or the appropriate Knowledge checks, depending on what they're looking for and what they want to do with it.

Getting to the rudder section is a bit easier, requiring your adventurers to get through 1d12 soldiers, plus another 1d12 from behind after 5 Rounds. They have to get through 2 security doors if they have no passkey. The rudder is large, but susceptible to damage at the joints. The corridors leading to the rudder section are even narrower than the normal corridors, so they can be more easily damaged or otherwise blockaded. If your adventurers

manage to destroy the rudder's joints and blow it off the ship entirely, there will be a gap in the rear of the ship that they might be able to squeeze through, although they would be landing in the water right by a number of very large, very hungry propellers...

The bow is kept superheated by a set of massive coils containing some of those unique and volatile Frigian gases mentioned earlier. It's controlled by a station in the bowels of the ship, but can be overridden from the bridge, should your adventurers get to the bridge and have time to figure out how to work the Bow Heat Blade controls. If opting for the classic hit-it-with-a-rock approach, these giant coils can take a beating, but all it takes is one significant hole to start a Very Bad Sort of Trembling and a peculiar chemical smell to fill the vicinity. The resulting explosion (after a couple of Rounds of terrifying vibrations, noises and smells) not only disables the *Icebreaker's* ability to break the ice, but blows the front seam of the ship open, letting thousands upon thousands of gallons of frigid, violet water in every minute, and it won't take long for the ship to start slamming down its safety doors to the flooded compartments. It'll be too late to save the ship, but can your adventurers get out in time?

## Aftermath

If your adventurers succeed in destroying the *Icebreaker*, setting it on a hopeless course into the Ether, or even go above and beyond expectations and manage to actually hijack it and steer into a Vernian or Autumnal port and warn them ahead of time (so they can muster enough military might of their own to handle the 2,500 angry Frigians on board), they're recognized by some very big people of both nations, not to mention well paid - all of this in total privacy, of course.

Duke Bittergleam and all of Frigia raises an enormous diplomatic stink over the matter, claiming that they have the right to build up their military however they see fit, and that just because he was ahead of the game, it doesn't give another nation the right to sabotage them out of paranoia. He vows that this matter is not over, and that Frigia will have satisfaction for this injustice, and soon. Did your adventurers forestall the opening salvoes of an all-out war, or did they just accelerate the process?



## EVERYTHING'S RUNED

An obsessed historian believes he has completed the first successful and complete translation of the unique runic markings found among the ancient stone dwellings of the skylands. His adventurous foster daughter wants to take to the skies immediately and begin translating some of the more famous rune-carved structures, but they're going to need a team to help them do it. The runes begin to form a pattern, and if the team can reach the end of the trail, they're in for a memorable encounter and some life-changing insight regarding their world.

### Possible Hooks

One or more of your adventurers could be related to or acquainted with Tamlin Terwilliger (perhaps as a student, colleague or coworker), an elderly academic selkie who specializes in Mechadian history. Or one of your adventurers may have a history with his tempestuous foster daughter, Holly (perhaps as a one-time romantic interest, which would really make the trip interesting). Holly is a stolen human, left on the doorstep of Terwilliger and his late wife some twenty years ago.

Alternatively, some of your adventurers might possibly have fields of expertise that make them valuable on an expedition like this: linguistics, archaeology, knowledge of the Sky, airship piloting/navigation, or something else suitable. If your players are running through the *Clockwork Dreams* campaign, especially if they've successfully completed Part Seven, then the Terwilligers may be the ones approaching your adventurers for help.

### The Team

The team heading to the Sky should be composed of the following: Tamlin and Holly (obviously), an able airship crew, a few trusted hands to be his security as well as help at the various sites, and possibly an extra academic mind to help Tamlin bounce some educated guesses around if needed.

Arriving at the Terwilliger home, your adventurers are welcomed by Holly, who looks distinctly human, but dresses and speaks like a native Mechadian. Once inside, they find Tamlin's study is wallpapered in charts, sketches, maps, daguerreotypes and notes. The historian mutters to himself while trying to pack for the journey, getting distracted by the pieces on his walls until Holly barks at him to focus on packing.

Once he's finished, she introduces him to your adventurers and any other team members. If your adventurers don't represent the airship crew, then the captain is there to represent his crew. Depending on what previous adventures your players may have played from this book, feel free to use an airship crew they may have some familiarity with. They probably play only a minimal role in the scenario. This scenario is written on the assumption that your adventurers are not the airship crew. If they are, some adjustments are needed before playing, but it's definitely still playable.

The elder Terwilliger explains the basics of the job in his overzealous, babbling way, Holly translates it into 'normalspeak', and the team then heads to the nearby airfield where their airship awaits.

### The Mirror House

The team stops at several skylands with minor stone ruins, allowing Terwilliger to translate the runes they find. Your adventurers have little work to do at the first few stops, but watching the historian, they get the sense that he's taken aback by what he's translating. Anyone listening to him conversing with the captain gets the impression that they're now following directions Tamlin is gleaned from the runes, as if following some sort of path that's becoming clear to him. If approached directly, the old selkie admits it: the runes seem to be directions of a sort, written in poetic prose, but definitely pointing the way to another skyland, then another....

The team eventually comes to a skyland well known for a large stone structure commonly referred to as 'the Mirror House'. A deep pool of water occupies the center of this skyland, coming right up to the front of a stone building whose front facade comprises seven stout columns and a roof. The reflection of the silvery pond creates the illusion of the columns extending downward for an unnaturally long distance. The sight has been known to induce a sense of vertigo in some tourists. The team's airship has to drop them off and then moor at a nearby skyland with more anchor-friendly terrain. The captain of the airship has a set of commulocator pocketwatches, and gives one to an adventurer so they can remain in contact.

When they enter through any of the three doors on the sides and rear facing, the structure itself seems unremarkable inside, almost as if someone had built the basic rectangular building with four walls, a roof and floor, and then abandoned any interior designs.





At 10



There's nothing notable to discover here aside from a line of runic markings running around the three non-columned walls.

Tamlin Terwilliger limps to the beginning of the runes and nods, checking his notes and nodding to himself before suddenly dropping his satchel full of papers. He begins flexing his left hand and wincing, then turns and heads to the columns, stopping at the edge of the pool. He stares down into the water, smiles at his own reflection and says, *"Too old. Time for me to return to the water... oohhh..."* The old scholar clutches his chest and teeters at the edge of the pool. He turns to his foster daughter and his voice drops to a hoarse whisper. *"It's all prepared for you... there..."* He points a trembling finger to his dropped satchel and papers. *"Find your way to the truth, all of you. I have a feeling... it's bigger than you can imagine. Holly, your father's love goes with you..."*

He falls into the pool. No matter how quickly anyone drags him out of the water, Tamlin Terwilliger's heart has expired from old age, but with a content smile on his wrinkled face. In one hand, the one that clutched at his chest, he holds a dancing chain. If his fingers are pried open, your adventurers find a strange mechadium medallion with four impossibly interlocking gears in a diamond formation. It should be noted that it's the same sigil that appears on the artifacts mentioned in the *Clockwork Dreams* campaign in this book, whether the players have already played it or may play it in the future.

The papers Tamlin has left behind are incredibly useful: a complete set of ciphers for the runes of the skyland stone structures, a complete set of skyland maps including both overhead and profile perspectives and rate of rotation, and a host of historical references.

Holly's consumed with shock and grief at the moment, and will spend time alone with her foster father's body at the water's edge. If your adventurers take a couple of hours and use these papers to decode the long row of runes around the Mirror House, they can make a collaborative Knowledge check (the papers give them a huge bonus) and put together the following message:

*"Seeds of dreams sprouting into towering trees of special heart. A copse of guardians in their forest before they even know their part. Deliver unto them the letters, and let them form these ancient lines. And find the path to the last of us who can answer troubled minds. Plumb the depths,*

*reflect on life, and take only what is yours. Follow where the daylight melts and iron danger coils and soars."*

Hopefully your players realize from the decoded runes that someone has to check out the large pool on this skyland. If the runes don't give them enough of a hint, have their reflections in the silvery water start to behave a little... off: moving a second too early or too late, stealing sidelong glances at their real-life counterparts when they shouldn't be, that kind of thing.

If anyone passes a Swimming check to get to the very bottom, they find it littered with the skeletons of a few fey who, for reasons they may never know, ended up down here long ago. In the center of the pool's rocky floor, swimmers see a silvery glimmer of a round plate the size of a wagon wheel. The plate appears to have somehow resisted time and the elements and looks as shiny and unblemished as if it had just been laid there. Anyone swimming directly up to the plate sees their own reflection staring back at them for a moment before moving independently of them. The reflected fey begin to pound on the other side of the mirror desperately, as if trapped and drowning.

Any adventurer picking up the mirror feels a massive rush of water pressure and a profound sense of relief. The pool begins to drain rapidly from a number of tunnels that have suddenly opened up all around the base of the skyland, including the spot where the mirrored plate rested. It may be possible for the other adventurers to rescue whoever moved the plate, but if not, never fear: adventurers in the water are most likely sucked through the bottom hole and find themselves freefalling through the air and into a cloudbank below - and you can just leave them in suspense for the time being.

The airship crew sees water draining from a dozen holes in the skyland, raining down into a cloudbank below. The waning daylight is reflected in the water, and it looks like streams of liquid fire, as if the island were melting. The captain calls in through the communilocator and relays the sight to the team at the Mirror House. He also relays that the tons of water - and anyone who came falling out with it - don't appear to have passed through the bottom of the cloudbank.

*"Get that old Terwilliger chap on the line - what are my bloody orders?"*



## Where Daylight Melts

The captain's revelation that the water (and their friends) didn't appear to come out of the bottom of the cloudbank should have the remaining adventurers (if any), or at the very least, Holly Terwilliger, racing to check it out. The airship speeds over to pick up anyone left at the Mirror House, including the body of the late Tamlin Terwilliger, and then swoops around to the dense cloudbank a couple of hundred feet below. When they begin to skirt the edges of the golden-hued clouds, they find resistance, and when they hit a thicker patch, they find themselves coming to an unexpected halt as if they've sailed into quicksand.

They're run aground in a sunset cloud.

The captain blinks, looks around at his crew, speechless. This is a new one for him.

Any adventurer testing the resilience of the clouds with their body, a long pole, a dropped object, or anything else, finds it akin to a mixture of cotton candy and snow, but without the cold. The airship appears to be completely mired for the moment, and if none of your adventurers want to tempt fate by hopping overboard (shame on them), one of the crew does it - with a lifeline tied to the ship's rails just in case. He lands in a puff of thick cloudsmoke (or whatever you want to call it) and laughs in relief and awe. The cloudbank holds the weight of all your adventurers once they have the nerve to lower themselves into it.

Your adventurers who fell from the last skyland find themselves opening their eyes in a sea of swirling mist tinted a pinkish gold from the setting sun. They've come to a stop deeper within the cloudbank from the velocity of their fall, but are unharmed.

They find the cloud material an odd thing to navigate. It can be 'climbed' - if that's the term for it - up, down, or sideways. It's less resilient than a snowbank overall, but the cloud's density varies greatly, and all of your adventurers soon learn to recognize denser patches as being more solid, thus providing them with a very abstract set of hand and footholds by which to move through the mist. Sound carries here, albeit muted to half-range by the thick mist.

Within this cloudbank there lies a hidden skyland with another stone structure, which can be found by the first adventurer or adventurers to pass two successful Notice checks. The first to arrive here finds a squat, round, three-story tower with four oil lanterns hung around the outside wall. They still

function, and when lit create a large glowing pocket of cloud for the remaining adventurers to home in on. Holly make it to the tower, as do a couple of the ship mates.

Once they're all together at the tower, they find the one and only door is unlocked. Inside, they see what looks like a dwelling that's gone uninhabited for a century. All the trappings of a normal home are here, but half-destroyed by the elements and time, and the floors are covered in dust and a clinging layer of eerie cloudsmoke. The third floor is a single open room with a series of runes carved into the round interior.

As your adventurers and Holly begin to translate the runes, the first few words are as follows:

*"We are never far from family. To open the door, you have but to -"*

Something causes the tower to shudder, and the ear-splitting sound of metal scraping heavily across stone rips through the cloud. Through the windows on all sides of the tower, your adventurers inside can see something long, metal and serpentine coiling around the entire structure several times over, from the first floor to the top - and beyond.

Through one of the top floor windows, a giant eye glares. It burns hot orange like a coal fire, and it's the size of a Vernian oilmelon. When it lets loose its horrible, screeching metallic roar, it deafens everyone. Literally. No one can hear a thing for the remainder of the scene.

Such is the power of the one and only clockwork dragon.

## Iron Danger Coils And Soars

In this fight, your adventurers are pretty much trapped in the building, and must defend themselves through the windows. The door is pressed shut by the massive coils of the iron beast and can't be broken down.

This situation, compounded by the fact that your adventurers can no longer hear one another, makes it just about impossible for them to kill their attacker - and that's the point. The way out lies in the top floor, in decoding the runes under a great deal of pressure. Your adventurers are going to have to split duties between translating the runes and defending against the monster outside the windows.

If they don't understand this and all of them try to engage in a futile battle without translating the runes, have Holly pick up her foster father's cipher



and go to work, suddenly gesturing at the runes because she believes she may have found a way out.

The clockwork dragon can attack through the windows with any of its four taloned legs, its piercing tail, or a vicious blast of burning rust breath from its mouth. It's long and agile enough to be able to attack all three levels of the tower at once, and as a magical machine, it can multi-task extremely well.

If it takes a severe blow to any part of its body, it may loosen its coil around that area momentarily. If it takes a number of heavy blows in one or two Rounds, it may even spread its massive metallic wings and soar up into the cloudbank to gather its strength for another attack. It always comes back for more. Have the few accompanying airship mates be the first messy casualties to illustrate the deadly strength of this foe.

The first section of runes, when translated, reads:

*"We are never far from family. To open the door, you have but to utter our names."*

The second section of runes reads:

*"Breena for her rain and rivers, Faylinn for her cleansing flames,"*

The third section of runes reads:

*"Rhyannon for her wild winds, Orla for her Æthereal games,"*

The fourth and final section of runes reads:

*"And the Duke Of Crossed Gears, whose grand dream this is."*

The five names mentioned in the runes must be spoken aloud to spirit your adventurers away from this mechanical terror. The names can be spoken cooperatively or by a single person (but let your adventurers do it; don't let Holly do it all for them), and can be done in any order. If they need more of a hint, when one of the names is spoken aloud (despite them not being able to hear it themselves), have the rune for just the name begin to glow with a soft light.

Each spoken name glows for a moment before diffusing again, at which point it needs to be spoken aloud again to 'reactivate' it. Once the five ancient names have been spoken aloud, the tower suddenly spins with incredible velocity and your adventurers within black out as a portal through the Æther opens up.

But to where?

## The Bridge

When your adventurers begin to wake, they find themselves on a small windswept table of rock speeding through the sky at a frightening speed. To call it a skyland would be flattering. It's no more than six troll paces across at any point. They're presently passing through cloud cover, so visibility is limited, but on the rocky ground beneath them, they see they've ended up inside a circular groove. In the center of the circle is a set of four runes that spell one of the names from the tower room: *Orla*.

As your adventurers emerge from the clouds, they see that another, larger skyland hovers twenty yards away, and is dominated by a crumbling marble and alabaster castle that may once have been a thing of beauty. The castle doesn't look like the grand estates of modern times, but something from a legend.

Anyone looking down sees they're higher up in the Sky than they've ever been. They see scores of skylands flying through their orbits below, and what they can see of the ground is just a blurred canvas of gray-green, smudged by gray-blue bodies of water. The castle's skyland is connected to your adventurers' present rock by a single, narrow rope bridge that looks like it's ready to be retired. Crossing the bridge is a dizzying prospect, given the severe wind shear, the bridge's condition, and the almost incomprehensible openness beneath them.

Each fey trying to cross must either pass a Spirit check or be escorted across by someone who has passed it. The first time more than two fey (or one very large/heavily burdened one) are on the bridge at the same time, the old ropes begin to fray and the boards creak audibly. The second time, planks begin to break and some of the support ropes - not the critical ones yet - snap and the bridge sways wildly.

If they do it a third time, one of the critical 'handrail' ropes breaks, spilling the bridge sideways so that anyone left has to traverse it hand-over-hand (unless they have the means to fly). If they're careful and send only one person across at a time, the bridge's integrity holds, although it still sways and creaks in the high winds enough to make them worry.

If your adventurers hold on at one or both anchors to try and steady the bridge, this gives Spirit bonuses to those who haven't crossed yet. In the end, someone has to cross last, and at that point, have the bridge start to collapse starting from the far side, and give them just enough time to make it to the side of the crumbling castle as the bridge falls away.







At the first touch, the towering, once-grand castle doors won't just open for your adventurers. They fall inward from rotted hinges and echo loudly through the empty halls.

### The Last Of Her Kind

Paint a picture of your adventurers wandering through vast halls that dwarf even the most ostentatious estates of today's nobility; faded and ragged tapestries of wondrous beasts and heroes in shining suits of armor; cracked marble columns barely holding up magnificent carved arches; cobwebs thick enough to catch a sprite and hold her fast; broad, curving stairways rife with hardy vines and moss - and so on.

Calls go unanswered, and the only signs of life are occasional bursts of startled aerial life that have taken roost in the high recesses. Eventually, your adventurers find the grand throne room, fallen into disrepair like everything else, with one startling exception: someone sits on the throne, and she turns her head to regard her visitors as they approach.

The woman looks like an aos sidhe, but her beauty is even more surreal. A crown of woven ivy braided with silver and gold thread sits upon a head of silver-white hair that spills over the throne and reaches the floor. Her eyes are large and slightly canted like an elf's, but they're entirely black. Her limbs are long, thin and graceful, though her movements are slow. She exudes an aura of infinite exhaustion that your adventurers can feel as if it was their own.

"At last," she says in an ethereal whisper that somehow carries through the entire chamber. *"The children are here for their story time."*

The woman's name is Orla, and she is the last of her kind to be found in Mechadia, an ancient fey from the original Fey Realm of Dreams. To your adventurers, she's the quintessential oracle up on high, and can answer just about anything your adventurers may have to ask, although such things are not without a price. Her life force has dwindled to its final hour, and she says as much to her guests. She was oathbound by her father to wait for the arrival of the first Mechadians, and your adventurers have now fulfilled this obligation.

The information that Orla wants her visitors to know above all else is the history of Mechadia, that it was borne from the final dream of a great Lord of the Fey Realm of Dreams, the Duke of Crossed Gears - her father. She and her three sisters, Breena, Faylinn and Rhyannon, were so affected by the wondrous,

fevered ramblings of their dying father that they were pulled into the dream itself, finding themselves in the Sky, looking down upon the brand new world he had created with the last of his life force.

His dying wish to his daughters was their oath that they would one day pass on the origin of the realm to the first of these new fey to discover their existence. He knew that sooner or later, Mechadians would feel a void in their existence that they would need to fill with a godlike figure, and he wanted to keep them from being led astray by false ones. He wanted them to know that their creator's spirit was tied to the land itself, and that he was always with them, everywhere around them. Orla and her sisters were charged with watching over the realm for as long as they were able, and they influenced what they could without directly meddling in the affairs of the fledgling realm. One by one, her sisters succumbed to death, and Orla will soon be with them. She offers to answer one question from each person present.

Holly's question is about her own origins, where she came from. The dying fey reveals a startling secret: Orla admits to having taken Holly away herself after Holly's mother died in childbirth. The reason she did so is because Holly is the great-granddaughter of the Duke of Crossed Gears himself, a product of one of the Duke's many travels to the mortal realm. Orla thought it better for Holly to be raised here rather than in the mortal realms because of her royal bloodline, whether or not that truth ever came to light.

The rest of your adventurers have time for one question each, and Holly's question can be done first, last, or anywhere in between, as you see fit. Once your adventurers' questions are answered (and remember, hold them to only one each, so they should be careful of their phrasing), Orla releases a sigh that fills the room like helium, making your adventurers lightheaded.

*"I find that the last moments of life are not so unpleasant... more like realizing one is dreaming, and in doing so, waking from the dream."*

She literally fades from sight, disappearing like some regal apparition, or a quickly-fading memory, leaving them alone in the dead castle. A minute or so later, the castle begins to crack. Your adventurers have a few moments to dash outside before the building collapses in on itself, no longer supported by the magic of its owner. In the distance, the team's airship approaches. The captain followed a blip on his communilocator, wondering how they had gotten



so far away so fast - but then again, it's been a very strange trip. Once the ship arrives, they drop a rope ladder and recover the team.

## Aftermath

Your adventurers now have a rare piece of information: the origin of Mechadia itself. They know the name of their own creator, and they know that his spirit is in fact tied to the realm itself. What they do with this knowledge is entirely up to them. They are also the only people in the realm who know of Holly Terwilliger being a direct descendant of the Duke of Crossed Gears. This could open the door to a number of other adventures.



# DRAMATIS PERSONAE

## MAJOR NPCs

Whether or not you're playing the scenarios included in this book, here are some major movers and shakers in the realm.

### Duchess Etain Glennewlyn



#### House Piaras

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Alchemy d10, Gambling d4, Healing d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Politics) d10, Knowledge (Celebrities) d10, Notice d6, Persuasion d10, Riding d4, Taunt d8

**Pace** 6 **Parry** 2 **Toughness** 5 **Pulse** 30  
**Charisma** +6

**Hindrances:** Anemic, Enemy: Duke Bitterglean (Major), Habit: Drug Addiction (Major), Habit: Alchemy Addiction (Major)

**Edges:** Aos Sidhe, Command, Fervor, Improved Rapid Recharge, Natural Leader, Noble, Very Attractive

#### Special Abilities

- **Illusion:** Can spend Pulse to create illusions like all House Piaras aos sidhe.
- **Iron Allergy:** As per minor Hindrance.
- **Realm Bound:** Cannot travel to mortal realms as per standard aos sidhe Hindrance.
- **Heroic Entity:** The character counts as Heroic rank, and receives all the benefits that come with it, including +1 to Soak rolls and to recover from being Shaken, an extra Karma for her own use, and increased Healing and Pulse recovery.

### Duke Kelvin Bitterglean



#### House Maeron

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Boating d6, Climbing d8, Driving d6, Fighting d10, Intimidation d6, Invention d8, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Frigia) d12, Knowledge (Politics) d10, Knowledge (Tactics) d10, Knowledge (History) d10, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Piloting d6, Repair d4, Riding d6, Shooting d10, Survival d6,



Swimming d8, Taunt d6, Throwing d8

**Pace** 6 **Parry** 10 **Toughness** 6 **Pulse** 30  
**Charisma** +2

**Hindrances:** Cautious, Enemy: Duchess Glennewlyn (Major), Vengeful (Minor)

**Edges:** Aos Sidhe, Combat Reflexes, Command, First Strike, Florentine, Improved Block, Cool As Ice, Improved Dodge, Improved Level Headed, Noble, Steady Hands, Strong Willed

#### Special Abilities

- **Iron Allergy:** As per minor Hindrance.
- **Realm Bound:** Cannot travel to mortal realms as per standard aos sidhe Hindrance.
- **Emotional Wasteland:** -2 on all Persuade rolls.
- **Despises Heat:** Suffers a -2 on all rolls in hot conditions.
- **Freezing Touch:** Same as House Maeron special ability.
- **Heroic Entity:** The character counts as Heroic rank, and receives all the benefits that come with it, including +1 to Soak rolls and to recover from being Shaken, an extra Karma for his own use, and increased Healing and Pulse recovery.

### Duke Arthur Hallowbeard



#### House Mathowyn

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d10

**Skills:** Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Intimidation d10, Knowledge (Autumnus) d10, Knowledge (Politics) d8, Knowledge (Entertainment) d10, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Riding d4, Shooting d6, Survival d8, Swimming d4, Taunt d4, Throwing d6, Tracking d8

**Pace** 6 **Parry** 6 **Toughness** 10 **Pulse** 30  
**Charisma** +2

**Hindrances:** Habit: Gluttony (Minor), Heroic, Overconfident, Stubborn

**Edges:** Aos Sidhe, Beast Master, Brawny, Command, Harder to Kill, Hold the Line!, Improved Sweep, Inspire, Noble, Strong Willed, Tough as Nails, Woodsman

#### Special Abilities

- **Workman's Tongue:** Same as the House Mathowyn Hindrance.

- **Truthful:** Same as the House Mathowyn Hindrance.

- **Realm Bound:** Cannot travel to mortal realms as per standard aos sidhe Hindrance.

- **Heroic Entity:** The character counts as Heroic rank, and receives all the benefits that come with it, including +1 to Soak rolls and to recover from being Shaken, an extra Karma for his own use, and increased Healing and Pulse recovery.

### Duchess Davina Hallowbeard



#### House Mathowyn and Crevan

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Boating d6, Driving d6, Fighting d4, Gambling d10, Healing d6, Intimidation d4, Investigation d10, Knowledge (Autumnus) d12, Knowledge (Politics) d12, Lockpicking d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d10+2, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d8, Streetwise d4, Swimming d6, Taunt d8

**Pace** 6 **Parry** 4 **Toughness** 5 **Pulse** 30  
**Charisma** +4

**Hindrances:** Bad Eyes (Minor), Cautious, Enemy: Major x2 (Cairbre and Kellyn)

**Edges:** Aos Sidhe, Alertness, Charismatic, Command, Danger Sense, Improved Dodge, Improved Level Headed, Natural Leader, Noble

#### Special Abilities

- **Iron Allergy:** As per minor Hindrance.
- **Realm Bound:** Cannot travel to mortal realms as per standard aos sidhe Hindrance.
- **Heroic Entity:** The character counts as Heroic rank, and receives all the benefits that come with it, including +1 to Soak rolls and to recover from being Shaken, an extra Karma for her own use, and increased Healing and Pulse recovery.
- **Compulsive Gambler:** As per House Crevan Hindrance.
- **Manipulator:** + 2 on Persuade rolls, as per House Crevan ability.
- **Shape Shift:** As per House Crevan ability.



## Cairbre ap Ea



### House Ardghal

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d10

**Skills:** Climbing d6, Fighting d12, Healing d4, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Tactics) d12, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Survival d6, Swimming d8, Taunt d6, Throwing d8

**Pace** 6 **Parry** 10 **Toughness** 8 **Pulse** 30  
**Charisma** -4

**Hindrances:** Arrogant, Bloodthirsty, Greedy (Major), Stubborn, Vengeful (Major), Enemy: Major x2 (Duke and Duchess Hallowbeard)

**Edges:** Aos Sidhe, Brawny, Carpe Diem!, Combat Reflexes, Command, Crushing Blow, Hard to Kill, Improved Block, Fearsome Presence, Improved Frenzy, Improved Sweep

#### Special Abilities

- **Iron Allergy:** As per minor Hindrance.
- **Realm Bound:** Cannot travel to mortal realms as per standard aos sidhe Hindrance.
- **Heroic Entity:** The character counts as Heroic rank, and receives all the benefits that come with it, including +1 to Soak rolls and to recover from being Shaken, an extra Karma for his own use, and increased Healing and Pulse recovery.

## Kellyn ap Ea



### House Ardghal

**Attributes:** Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Climbing d6, Driving d6, Fighting d12, Gambling d6, Intimidation d8, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Tactics) d10, Lockpicking d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Piloting d4, Riding d8, Shooting d12, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6, Survival d8, Swimming d8, Throwing d10, Tracking d8

**Pace** 6 **Parry** 10 **Toughness** 7 **Pulse** 30  
**Charisma** -4

**Hindrances:** Arrogant, Bloodthirsty, Greedy (Major), Vengeful (Major), Enemy: Major x2 (Duke & Duchess Hallowbeard)

**Edges:** Aos Sidhe, Alertness, Brawny, Combat Reflexes, Harder to Kill, Improved Block, Improved Dodge, Nerves of Steel, Improved Sweep, Mighty Blow, Quick, Two Fisted

#### Special Abilities

- **Iron Allergy:** As per minor Hindrance.
- **Realm Bound:** Cannot travel to mortal realms as per standard aos sidhe Hindrance.
- **Heroic Entity:** The character counts as Heroic rank, and receives all the benefits that come with it, including +1 to Soak rolls and to recover from being Shaken, an extra Karma for her own use, and increased Healing and Pulse recovery.



### Captain Elira Symonds

**Attributes:** Agility d10, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Alchemy d6, Climbing d8, Driving d4, Fighting d10, Gambling d6, Healing d6, Intimidation d8, Investigation d6, Knowledge (the Sky) d10, Lockpicking d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Piloting d10, Repair d4, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Streetwise d8, Taunt d8, Throwing d6

**Pace** 6 **Parry** 7 **Toughness** 6 **Pulse** 25  
**Charisma** +4

**Hindrances:** Code of Honor, Greedy (Minor), Loyal

**Edges:** Elf, Attractive, Improved Dodge, Florentine, Hard to Kill, Level Headed, Quick Draw, Steady Hands, Command, Inspire, Natural Leader, Ace, Charismatic, Common Bond

#### Special Abilities

- **Heroic Entity:** The character counts as Heroic rank, and receives all the benefits that come with it, including +1 to Soak rolls and to recover from being Shaken, an extra Karma for her own use, and increased Healing and Pulse recovery.



### Grismond

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d10

**Skills:** Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Healing d6, Intimidation d10, Investigation d6, Knowledge (The Great Underground) d12, Knowledge (Politics) d4, Knowledge (Mechadian Legal Systems) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Repair d10, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d6, Swimming d6, Throwing d8, Tracking (Underground) d8, Tracking (Above Ground) d4

**Pace** 6 **Parry** 6 **Toughness** 10 **Pulse** 30  
**Charisma** -1



**Hindrances:** Code of Honor, Loyal, Vow: Make a better life for his people (Major)

**Edges:** Troll, Arcane Resistance, Brawny, Hard to Kill, Level Headed, Command, Inspire, Natural Leader, Hold the Line!, Improved Tough as Nails, Strong Willed, Regeneration

#### Special Abilities

- **Heroic Entity:** The character counts as Heroic rank, and receives all the benefits that come with it, including +1 to Soak rolls and to recover from being Shaken, an extra Karma for his own use, and increased Healing and Pulse recovery.
- **Strong Mechanic:** Can spend pulse to increase Strength for mechanical work, as per the standard troll ability.
- **Resistance:** Take half damage from steam, fire and electricity, as per the standard troll ability.
- **Spirit Goo:** +2 on Repair rolls, as per the standard troll ability.
- **Size +1:** Increased strength and toughness, as per the standard troll ability.
- **Troll:** -1 Charisma, as per the standard troll Hindrance.
- **Sunburn:** As per the standard troll Hindrance.
- **Looked Down On:** -2 on social interaction checks, as per the standard troll Hindrance.



#### Raşnell

##### Raşnell without Exo-Suit

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Climbing d4, Driving d4, Healing d8, Invention d12, Investigation d10, Knowledge (Biomechanics) d12, Lockpicking d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Piloting d6, Repair d12, Shooting d4, Stealth d4, Streetwise d8, Taunt d6

**Pace** 6 **Parry** 2 **Toughness** 4 **Pulse** 25  
**Charisma** -2

**Hindrances:** Curious, Delusional: immoral experimentation without remorse (Major), Mean, Enemy: Major x 5 (Bittergleam, Glennewlyn, the Hallowbeards, the Intercontinental Collegium), Vengeful (Major)

**Edges:** Goblin, Ambidextrous, Improved Dodge, Investigator, McGyver, Rapid Recharge

#### Special Abilities

- **Jury-Rig:** As per standard goblin ability.
- **Ratsquirm:** As per standard goblin ability.
- **Claws:** (Damage: Str+d4). Natural weapons, as per standard goblin ability.
- **Unreliable Handiwork:** As per standard goblin hindrance.
- **Small:** -1 Toughness, as per standard goblin hindrance.

#### Raşnell in Exo-Suit

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d12+3, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Climbing d4, Driving d4, Healing d8, Invention d12, Investigation d10, Knowledge (Biomechanics) d12, Lockpicking d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Piloting d6, Repair d12, Shooting d4, Streetwise d8, Taunt d6

**Pace** 6 **Parry** 2 **Toughness** 10(6) **Pulse** 25  
**Charisma** -2

**Hindrances:** Curious, Delusional: Immoral experimentation without remorse (Major), Mean, Enemy: Major x 5 (Bittergleam, Glennewlyn, the Hallowbeards, the Intercontinental Collegium), Vengeful (Major)

**Edges:** Goblin, Ambidextrous, Improved Dodge, Investigator, McGyver, Rapid Recharge

**Gear:** Torch/drill (Damage: Str+d8, AP2), high voltage wand (Damage: Str+d6, Reach 1, anyone Shaken or Wounded by the wand suffers -2 on all actions for 1d3 Rounds), pneumatic rivet gun/harpoon gun (Range: 8/16/32, Damage: 2d10), combat armor (+6 Armor, all locations)

#### Special Abilities

- **Jury-Rig:** As per standard goblin ability.
- **Ratsquirm:** As per standard goblin ability.
- **Claws:** (Damage: Str+d4). Natural weapons, as per standard goblin ability.
- **Unreliable Handiwork:** As per standard goblin hindrance.
- **Small:** -1 Toughness, as per standard goblin hindrance.





## The Gilded Gentleman

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d12, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Fighting d4, Gambling d12, Intimidate d4, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Trends) d12, Knowledge (Politics) d10, Knowledge (Entertainment) d10, Knowledge (History) d10, Knowledge (Celebrities) d12, Notice d10, Persuasion d12, Riding d4, Shooting d4, Stealth d6, Streetwise d10, Taunt d4

**Pace** 6 **Parry** 4 **Toughness** 5 **Pulse** 25  
**Charisma** +2

**Hindrances:** Code of Honor, Pacifist, Quirks (Minor): Always wears a mask, deliberately evasive about his history (not the least part of which being his real name)

**Edges:** Aos Sidhe, Improved Arcane Resistance, Great Luck, Filthy Rich, Improved Dodge, Improved Level Headed, Charismatic, Danger Sense, Favorite of Fate, Reader, Opportunistic Push

### Special Abilities

- **Iron Allergy:** As per minor Hindrance.
- **Realm Bound:** Cannot travel to mortal realms as per standard aos sidhe Hindrance.
- **Heroic Entity:** The character counts as Heroic rank, and receives all the benefits that come with it, including +1 to Soak rolls and to recover from being Shaken, an extra Karma for his own use, and increased Healing and Pulse recovery.





## MINIONS

### General Minions

#### Citizen

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Driving d4, Fighting d4, Investigation d4, Knowledge (Their profession) d8, Notice d4, Persuasion d4, Riding d4, Shooting d4, Streetwise d4

**Pace 6 Parry 4 Toughness 5 Pulse 10**

**Gear:** Work tools or knife (**Damage:** Str+d4)

#### Copper Top

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Driving d4, Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Investigation d4, Knowledge (Local area) d8, Notice d6, Shooting d4, Streetwise d6, Tracking d4

**Pace 6 Parry 5 Toughness 5 Pulse 10**

**Gear:** Truncheon (**Damage:** Str+d4)

#### Special Abilities

- **Whistle:** When he sounds his whistle a copper top knows backup is on the way. As long as it is feasible once the whistle is blown other Coppers start showing up on the scene within 1d8 Rounds.

### Automatons

#### Automaton Mk1

**Attributes:** Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d10, Vigor d10

**Skills:** Fighting d6, Notice d4

**Pace 6 Parry 5 Toughness 9 Pulse 10**

**Edges:** Ambidextrous

**Gear:** Arm blades (**Damage:** Str+d4), arm pistol (**Range:** 4/8/16, **Damage:** 2d6)

#### Special Abilities

- **Weaponry:** Initially they look unarmed but, when needed, a selection of blades or pistols can spring forth from under their skin.
- **Construct:** + 2 to recover from Shaken, do not take extra damage from called shots, immune to disease and poison.

- **Made Of Metal:** They gain a +2 Toughness bonus because under their skin is mostly solid metal.

- **Vitality 2:** Due to their solid construction they ignore the first two Wounds suffered.

#### Automaton Mk2

**Attributes:** Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d12, Vigor d10

**Skills:** Fighting d8, Notice d4

**Pace 6 Parry 6 Toughness 9 Pulse 10**

**Edges:** Ambidextrous, Two Fisted

**Gear:** Piercing arm blades (**Damage:** Str+d4, AP2), clockwork arm pistol (**Range:** 8/16/32, **Damage:** 2d6, ROF2).

#### Special Abilities

- **Weaponry:** Initially they look unarmed but, when needed, a selection of blades or pistols can spring forth from under their skin.
- **Construct:** + 2 to recover from Shaken, do not take extra damage from called shots, immune to disease and poison.
- **Made Of Metal:** They gain a +2 Toughness bonus because under their skin is mostly solid metal.
- **Vitality 2:** Due to their solid construction they ignore the first two Wounds suffered.

#### Automaton Mk3

There have been very few changes to the internal workings between variants 2 and 3, the main difference is that they look life-like and are able to pose as their target successfully. Because mark 3 automatons are designed to impersonate living people you may wish to customize their Edges and abilities to fit.

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d12, Vigor d10

**Skills:** Fighting d8, Notice d4

**Pace 6 Parry 6 Toughness 9 Pulse 10**

**Edges:** Ambidextrous, Two Fisted

**Gear:** Piercing arm blades (**Damage:** Str+d4, AP2), clockwork arm pistol (**Range:** 8/16/32, **Damage:** 2d6, ROF2)



## Special Abilities

- **Weaponry:** Initially they look unarmed but, when needed, a selection of blades or pistols can spring forth from under their skin.
- **Construct + 2** to recover from Shaken, do not take extra damage from called shots, immune to disease and poison.
- **Made Of Metal:** They gain a +2 Toughness bonus because under their skin is mostly solid metal.
- **Vitality 2:** Due to their solid construction they ignore the first two Wounds suffered.

## Guards

### Guard

These are your basic run of the mill guards. Job requirements: being able to stand around for long periods and being suspicious of anyone who doesn't look important, martial abilities optional. Being a guard is a pretty good job for those who aren't the brightest sparks but don't like heavy lifting.

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Fighting d4, Gambling d4, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Shooting d4, Streetwise d4

**Pace 6 Parry 5 (1) Toughness 8 (3) Pulse 10**

**Gear:** Shortsword (Damage: Str+d6) and small shield (+1 Parry) or spear (Damage: Str+d6, +1 Parry, Reach 1, 2 Hands), crossbow (Range: 15/30/60, Damage: 2d6, AP2, 1 action to reload), breast plate and helm (+3 Armor, torso and head)

### House guard

Most guards that have any talent eventually rise to the rank of house guards. House guards are usually a bit sharper and generally better trained than your average guard, and they are also more trusted.

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Fighting d6, Gambling d4, Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d4, Shooting d6, Streetwise d4

**Pace 6 Parry 6 (1) Toughness 9 (3) Pulse 15**

**Edges:** None

**Gear:** Longsword (Damage: Str+d8) and medium shield (+1 Parry, +2 Armor vs missile weapons) or spear (Damage: Str+d6, +1 Parry, Reach 1, 2 Hands), clockwork crossbow (Range: 15/30/60, Damage: 2d6, AP1), breastplate and helm (+3 Armor, torso and head)

### Elite guard

Truly talented house guards are often be promoted to elite guards. Elite guards are used to protect very important items, as bodyguards for important people or when something needs to get done. They are usually good, solid fighters who are quite well trained and highly trusted.

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Driving d6, Fighting d8, Gambling d4, Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Shooting d8, Streetwise d4

**Pace 6 Parry 8 (1) Toughness 9 (3) Pulse 20**

**Edges:** Alertness, Block, Combat Reflexes, Sweep

**Gear:** Longsword (Damage: Str+d8) and medium shield (+1 Parry), clockwork rifle (Range: 24/48/96, Damage: 2d8, ROF2, AP1), full plate (+3 Armor, all locations)

### Champion

Given that trial by combat is a valid way of settling disputes between noble houses, Champions are often treated like prized possessions. They're often used as personal bodyguards for the very important but can be assigned to lead elite guards if there's a something that needs to be dealt with. Sometimes their very presence can make the other side of a disagreement give in.

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d4, Shooting d10, Streetwise d6, Taunt d6, Throwing d6

**Pace 6 Parry 8 (-1) Toughness 9 (3) Pulse 25**

**Edges:** Combat Reflexes, First Strike, Improved Block, Improved Dodge

**Gear:** Greatsword (Damage: Str+d10, 2 hands, -1 Parry), repeating rifle (Range: 20/40/80, Damage: 2d8, ROF3), full plate (+3 Armor, all locations)







## Mercenaries

### Mercenary

Soldiers for hire; most have been in the military at some point but some find their way into the job from other walks of life. Mercenaries tend to work in groups selling their services to the highest bidder. While often quite coarse and not the nicest of people they're usually fairly trustworthy.

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Fighting d6, Gambling d4, Healing d4, Knowledge (Tactics) d4, Shooting d6, Survival d4

**Pace 6 Parry 6 (1) Toughness 7 (1) Pulse 15**

**Edges:** Combat Reflexes

**Gear:** Shortsword (**Damage:** Str+d6) and small shield (+1 Parry) or spear (**Damage:** Str+d6, +1 Parry, Reach 1, 2 Hands), crossbow (**Range:** 15/30/60, **Damage:** 2d6, AP2, 1 action to reload), quilted armor (+1 Armor, all locations)

### Mercenary Captain

Mercenary captains lead groups of mercenaries, keeping order and making decisions. To rise to the rank and stay there requires a balance of fighting ability, diplomatic skills and intelligence.

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Driving d4, Fighting d8, Gambling d4, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Tactics) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Riding d4, Shooting d8, Taunt d6

**Pace 6 Parry 8 (1) Toughness 9 (3) Pulse 20**

**Edges:** Block, Combat Reflexes, Command, Inspire, Hold the Line, Quick Draw

**Gear:** Longsword (**Damage:** Str+d8) and medium shield (+1 Parry, +2 Armor vs missile weapons), repeating rifle (**Range:** 20/40/80, **Damage:** 2d8, ROF3), plate and chain (+3 Armor, all locations)

## Thieves

### Footpad

This is your basic 'mugging people in back streets' ne'er-do-well, largely considered to be the lowest rank in the criminal fraternity. Footpads are rarely very skilled and are often looked down on as amateurs by other criminals. However, living a life like theirs tends to make them quite tough, physically and mentally.

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Gambling d4, Intimidation d4, Lockpicking d4, Notice d6, Shooting d4, Stealth d6, Streetwise d8

**Pace 6 Parry 5 Toughness 6 Pulse 10**

**Gear:** Club (**Damage:** Str+d6)

### Thug

These are your standard thugs-for-hire, men and women who tend to prefer resolving disputes through violence rather than discussion. Quite often they just prefer violence, but some of the people categorized as thugs only resort to violence as a last resort or to protect their client. One thing that sets thugs apart from guards or mercenaries is that thugs rarely have formal training.

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Driving d4, Fighting d6, Intimidation d4, Notice d4, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6, Throwing d6

**Pace 6 Parry 5 Toughness 7 (1) Pulse 15**

**Gear:** Shortsword or club (**Damage:** Str+d6), bow (**Range:** 12/24/48, **Damage:** 2d6), leather jacket (+1 Armor, head and arms)

### Thug leader

Thug leaders tend to rise to the top and command respect/fear through brute strength and toughness, and usually pick up a fair few scars along the way. While some thug leaders may rise to their position through guile and intellect, the party is more likely to encounter the former type, which is why that's what we list here.

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d10, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d4, Shooting d6, Streetwise d8, Throwing d6

**Pace 6 Parry 7 Toughness 9 (2) Pulse 20**

**Edges:** Brawny, Frenzy, Improved Block

**Gear:** Longsword (**Damage:** Str+d8), reinforced leather armor (+2 Armor, torso, arms and legs)



## ALTERING RACE

As you may have spotted there are a lot of races in Mechadia, and they all have different abilities traits. Producing a comprehensive list of each race in each role listed above would bloat the book hugely and make it very expensive. What we've done instead is list all the thugs and guards and mercenaries and citizens with no racial modifiers, which basically makes them elves.

What follows is a quick and simple guide to altering the race of anyone. If you have the time or it's an important character for your campaign, we suggest taking the time to do this properly but when you need a mix of pixie and troll mercenaries on the fly (not that trolls can fly) just add the following to any of the archetypes above.

### Aos Sidhe

#### Fiakra

**Traits:** Unaltered.

**Special Abilities:** They can fly, +2 on Pulse path use, -2 Charisma.

#### Maeron

**Traits:** Unaltered.

**Special Abilities:** They can freeze by touch.

#### Albion

**Traits:** Increase Agility one die type, drop Vigor two die types (min d4).

**Special Abilities:** +2 Persuade and Taunt, -2 resist Test of Will.

#### Crevan

**Traits:** Increase gambling one die type

**Special Abilities:** +2 Persuade, can change appearance but not size.

#### Mathowyn

**Traits:** +1 Toughness, increase Vigor one die type.

**Special Abilities:** Cannot lie, -2 Persuade.

#### Berach

**Traits:** Unaltered.

**Special Abilities:** Can make magic cost more to cast, can make weapons fail.

### Shaenan

**Traits:** Add two Knowledge Skills, each at d6.

**Special Abilities:** Phobia of fire.

### Piaraş

**Traits:** Unaltered.

**Special Abilities:** Illusions, drug habit.

### Valdine

**Traits:** Gain Knowledge (Music) d10.

**Special Abilities:** +2 hearing-based Notice, alter emotions via song, hurt by sound.

### Ruarc

**Traits:** Unaltered.

**Special Abilities:** Weather control, -1 damage from electricity.

### Liannan

**Traits:** Increase Streetwise two die types (max d10).

**Special Abilities:** +2 on Seduction, poor temper.

### Ardóhal

**Traits:** Increase Fighting, Shooting and Throwing two die types (max d10).

**Special Abilities:** Arrogant.

### Brownies

**Traits:** -1 Toughness, increase Healing two die types (max d10).

**Special Abilities:** +2 Notice, racist: boogarts.

### Boogarts

**Traits:** -1 Charisma, -1 Toughness

**Special Abilities:** Invisibility, destroy machinery, racist: brownie.

### Clurichauns

**Traits:** -1 Toughness.

**Special Abilities:** +2 vs alcohol and poison, habit: alcohol.



## Goblins

**Traits:** If below d6 increase Smarts to d6, increase Invention 2 die types, -1 Toughness.

**Special Abilities:** Can jury rig items, have claws (Damage: Str+d4), can squeeze through small gaps.

## Gremians

**Traits:** If below d6 increase Agility to d6, increase Invention one die type and Repair two die types.

**Special Abilities:** Tools for hands (Damage: Str+d4), teleport to machinery, habit: projects.

## Pixies

**Traits:** Increase Agility one die type, -2 Toughness, reduce Strength and Vigor two die types.

**Special Abilities:** Fly, create illusions, pixie dust, want to be liked.

## Pooka

**Traits:** If below d6 increase Spirit to d6.

**Special Abilities:** Can change into animals, impulsive.

## Selkies

**Traits:** If below d6 increase Spirit to d6, increase Vigor one die type.

**Special Abilities:** Change into seal, +2 to Navigation and Divination.

## Spriggans

**Traits:** If below d8 increase Vigor to d8, in normal conditions -1 Toughness (if in a fight increases in size so +1 Toughness, increase Agility and Strength one die type).

**Special Abilities:** Must keep his oath, likes starting fights.

## Sprites

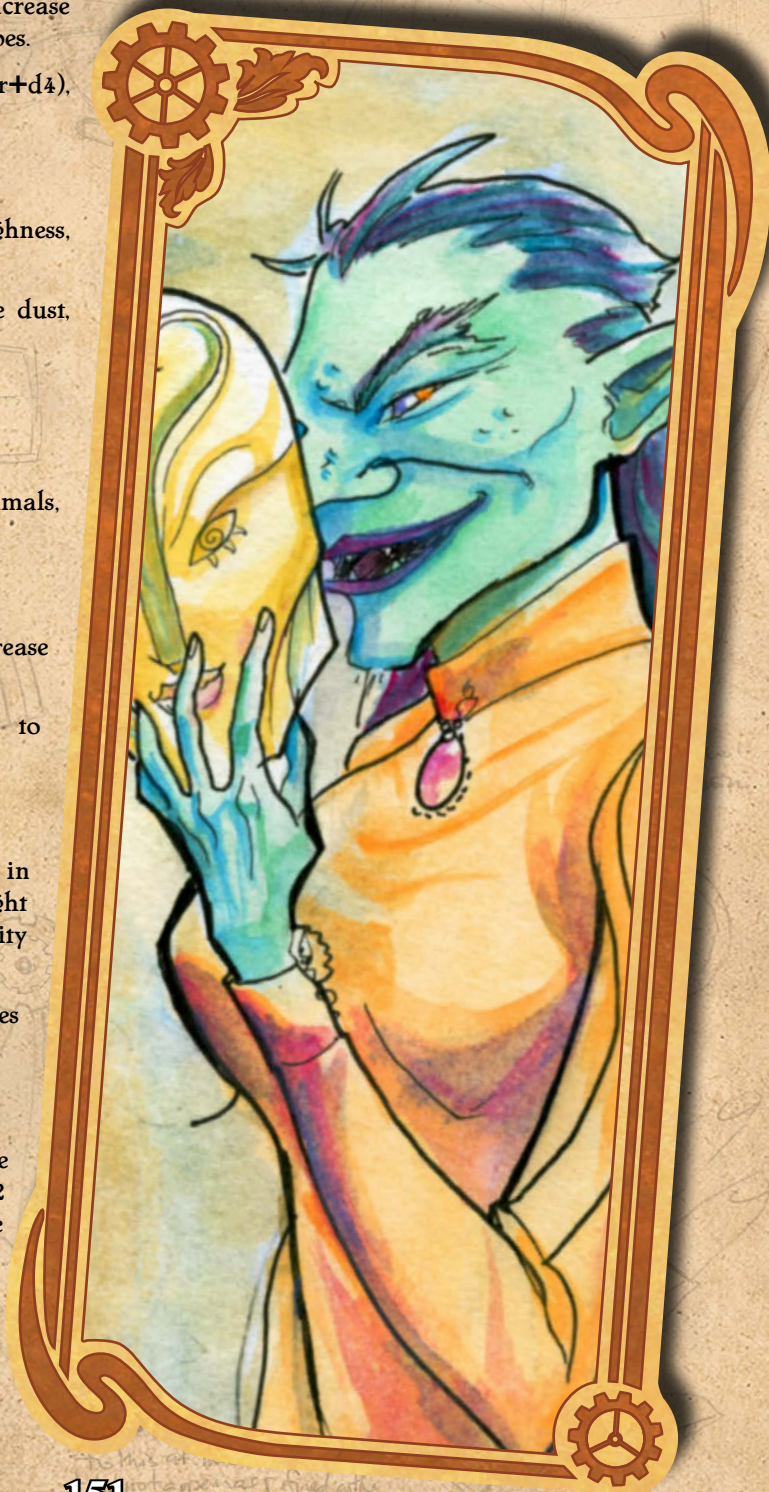
**Traits:** Increase Agility one die type, increase Stealth and Notice three die types (max d10), -2 Toughness, decrease Strength and Vigor 2 die types (min d4).

**Special Abilities:** Fly, shriek (Damage: 2d6, cone template), kleptomaniac.

## Trolls

**Traits:** Increase Strength one die type, +1 Toughness, -1 Charisma.

**Special Abilities:** Can increase Strength for mechanical work, half damage from fire, steam and electricity, burns in sunlight, +2 Repair rolls, looked down on by most fey.





## BESTIARY

### Junk Monster, Adult

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d4, Strength 12+4, Vigor d10

**Skills:** Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Repair d6, Shooting d6

**Pace 6 Parry 6 Toughness 13 Pulse 25**

**Gear:** Hooks, chains and other improvised weapons (**Damage:** Str+d6)

#### Special Abilities

- **Blast:** Most junk monsters have the ability to shoot out a short ranged blast of some kind. This is often a jet of boiling steam but can be nails, shrapnel or nuts and bolts - it depends on the exact makeup of the monster. (**Range:** cone template, **Damage:** 2d6)
- **Construct:** As per Savage Worlds rules.
- **Grapple:** When performing a Grapple as per normal Savage Worlds rules its unusual weaponry gives it a +2 on opposed Strength rolls.
- **Self-Repair:** With a successful Repair roll can use spare junk to heal a Wound.
- **Size +6:** Six tons of magically animated junk, they take up a 2x2 square and attackers smaller than them gain +2 to hit them in combat.
- **Stomp:** In combat, junk monsters can make a Stomp attack instead of a normal attack. They make a standard attack roll at -2 if they hit they deal normal damage plus the target must pass an Agility roll or be knocked Prone.

### Junk Monster, Young

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d4, Strength d8, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Fighting d6, Intimidation d4, Notice d6, Repair d4, Shooting d6

**Pace 6 Parry 5 Toughness 7 Pulse 15**

**Gear:** Hooks, chains and other improvised weapons (**Damage:** Str+d6)

#### Special Abilities

- **Blast:** Most junk monsters have the ability to shoot out a short ranged blast of some kind. This is often a jet of boiling steam but can be

nails, shrapnel or nuts and bolts - it depends on the exact makeup of the monster. (**Range:** cone template, **Damage:** 2d6)

- **Construct:** As per Savage Worlds rules.
- **Grapple:** When performing a Grapple as per normal Savage Worlds rules its unusual weaponry give it a +2 on opposed Strength rolls.
- **Self-Repair:** With a successful Repair roll can use spare junk to heal a Wound.
- **Size +1:** While significantly smaller than the adult, young junk monsters are still bulkier than an average human.
- **Stomp:** In combat junk monsters can make a Stomp attack instead of a normal attack. They make a standard attack roll at -4; if they hit they deal normal damage plus the target must pass an Agility roll or be knocked Prone.

### Scrapnids

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Climbing d8, Fighting d6, Notice d6, Stealth d4, Tracking d4

**Pace 6 Parry 5 Toughness 4(1) Pulse 10**

#### Special Abilities

- **Claws:** (**Damage:** Str+d6).
- **Metal Carapace:** (+1 Armor, all locations).
- **Size -2:** Scrapnids are about the size of a house cat, usually somewhere around 1 foot in length.
- **Tail:** (**Damage:** Str+d4).

### Venus Beartrap

**Attributes:** Agility d4, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d6

**Pace - Parry 6 Toughness 6 Pulse 15**

**Edges:** Alertness, Quick

#### Special Abilities

- **Bite:** (**Damage:** Str+d6).
- **Crushing Bite:** If it has The Drop on its target or has successfully Grappled them with its tendrils it can attempt a Crushing Bite.



It makes a normal attack roll which, if it succeeds, does **Damage**: Str+3d6.

- **Grasping Tendrils**. (**Damage**: Special, Reach 3). The Venus Beartrap uses its tendrils to Grapple opponents. If successful, instead of doing damage in subsequent turns, for each Hit or Raise scored on the Strength check it drags its victim 1" closer to its crushing jaws.

### Tin Thief Monkey

**Attributes**: Agility d10, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d6

**Skills**: Climbing d8, Fighting d4, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Throwing d6, Tracking d4

**Pace** 6 **Parry** 4 **Toughness** 4 **Pulse** 10

**Edges**: Danger Sense

#### Special Abilities

- **Bite**. (**Damage**: Str+d4).
- **Leap**. Instead of moving normally they can leap horizontally up to Pace in inches, vertical movement costs two points per inch gained. So a monkey could leap 3" straight up, 6" forwards or 1" up and 4" forwards.
- **Pickpocket**. Although they normally target unresisting targets, sometimes their love of shiny objects overcomes good sense and they try to pickpocket their target. The monkey makes an Agility test opposed by the target's Smarts; failure by more than 4 indicates the monkey is caught in the act; failure means it just fails with no consequence; Success indicates it gets some minor or incidental item or a small amount of coinage; Success with a Raise means it manages to lift something expensive or at least very shiny.
- **Size -1**: Tin Thief Monkeys are smaller than the average adventurer.

### Springlegged Mountain Goat

**Attributes**: Agility d8, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

**Skills**: Fighting d4, Notice d4

**Pace** 6 **Parry** 4 **Toughness** 5 **Pulse** 10

#### Special Abilities

- **Bite**. (**Damage**: Str+d6).
- **Springing Headbutt**. It requires a Round of doing nothing (except maybe a warning bleat)

before a springing headbutt can be performed. On the following turn the goat moves up to 4" forwards and makes an Attack roll at +2 to hit; if it strikes it does **Damage**: Str+d8.

### Giant

**Attributes**: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d12+3, Vigor d10

**Skills**: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Machinery) d6, Repair d8, Survival d4, Throwing d6

**Pace** 8 **Parry** 6 **Toughness** 15 (4) **Pulse** 20

**Edges**: Improved Sweep

**Gear**: Massive wrench (**Damage**: Str+d10, Reach 1), handful of scrap (**Range**: Cone template, **Damage**: Str+d6)

#### Special Abilities

- **Hardy**. As per Savage Worlds monstrous ability.
- **Knock-Back**. Anyone smaller than the giant that is hit is pushed back 1d6" and must make an Agility test in order to stay on his feet. If he fails, he's knocked Prone as well as being pushed back.
- **Language**. Giants are one of the few groups that can speak Troll.
- **Size +4**. Giants are kind of... giant. They take up 2x2 squares and attackers smaller than the giant gain +2 on attack rolls to hit.
- **Thick Skin And Strong Bones**. They gain a +4 Armor bonus due to their natural toughness.

### Rockhounds

**Attributes**: Agility d6, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d12

**Skills**: Climbing d4, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Tracking d6

**Pace** 8 **Parry** 6 **Toughness** 8 **Pulse** 15

#### Special Abilities

- **Bite**. (**Damage**: Str+d6).
- **Rocky**. As the name suggests rockhounds are rock-like creatures; this makes them slightly less agile but does confer a +3 Toughness bonus against slashing and piercing damage.



## Giant Mechanical Squid

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d8, Strength d12+8, Vigor d12

**Skills:** Fighting d10, Stealth d8, Swimming d12

**Pace** 16 **Parry** 7 **Toughness** 20 (2) **Pulse** 30

**Edges:** Hardy

### Special Abilities

- **Aquatic:** Cannot drown but cannot go onto dry land.
- **Bite:** (Damage: Str+d12).
- **Crude Oil Expulsion:** (Range: 6/12/24, Damage: Special, medium burst template). As an action the squid can shoot out crude oil to blind and confuse its foes. It makes a shoot attack as normal using the medium burst template. Anyone hit by the attack must make an Agility roll; if they fail they gain the Blind Hindrance for 1d6 Rounds; if they succeed they count as having the Bad Eyes Hindrance for 1d3 Rounds; if they succeed with a Raise they're unaffected. Also the area hit counts as difficult terrain until cleaned.
- **Fear -2:** The giant mechanical squid is a terrifying creature to encounter. Anyone doing so must make a Spirit check at -2.
- **Metallic Skin:** (+2 Armor, all locations).
- **Size +10:** These are truly huge creatures on the scale of the Leviathan or Kraken. Due to its size, anyone attacking the squid gains +4 on their attack rolls.
- **Ship Breaker:** (Damage: Str+d12, HW, AP5). Usually the first thing anyone knows of a giant squid attack is when the tentacles burst out of the water and start crushing the ship. Since ships aren't designed to resist being crushed in a vice-like grip it tends to crush them very efficiently. Every Round in addition to its other attack it can make a Ship Breaker attack against the vessel itself, using the standard vehicle damage rules from Savage Worlds.
- **Tentacle Sweep:** (Damage: Str+d6, Reach 6, special). Due to its size, giant squid aren't very good at attacking person sized targets. Instead they prefer to sweep tentacles through groups or along decks toward their waiting

maw. A squid can make an attack roll -2 against everyone within 6" of its mouth. If the attack hits, it knocks its victims d6" closer to its mouth; if it scores a Raise it does damage as well.



## Clockwork Dragon

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d12+8, Vigor d12+2

**Skills:** Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Repair d6, Shooting d10, Taunt d8, Tracking d6

**Pace** 8 **Parry** 7 **Toughness** 21 (4) **Pulse** 30

**Edges:** Hardy, Improved Frenzy

### Special Abilities

- **Bite:** (Damage: Str+d8, AP1).
- **Burning Rust Breath:** (Range: cone template, Damage: 2d8, special). As its whole attack for a Round it can breathe burning hot rust fumes over its enemies. Once any damage has been resolved, anyone who was hit by the attack who's wearing metal armor has its armor rating reduced by 1 until it can be repaired, requiring a successful Repair roll and 30 minutes' work per point lost.
- **Claws:** (Damage: Str+d10).
- **Fear -2:** A clockwork dragon is a terrifying creature to encounter. Anyone doing so must make a Spirit check at -2.
- **Flight:** Clockwork dragons have a flying Pace of 18 and a Climb of 4.
- **Metal Hide:** (+4 Armor, all locations).
- **Size +8:** Clockwork dragons are massive creatures. Anyone attacking such a large creature gains +4 on their attack rolls.
- **Tail Lunge:** (Damage: Str+d6, Reach 1).
- **Tail Sweep:** (Damage: Str, Reach 5, Special). As its whole attack for a Round it can make an attack roll against every opponent within a 90 degree arc behind it that is up to 5" away. Anyone hit takes damage as normal and must pass an Agility -2 roll or be knocked Prone.



ONE SAVAGE METAVERSE, MANY SAVAGE WORLDS



THE SUZERAIN CONTINUUM  
EVERYWHERE AND EVERYWHEN,  
JUST A PORTAL AWAY



[SAVAGEMOJO.COM](http://SAVAGEMOJO.COM)







# NOIR KNIGHTS





## CONTINUUM EDITION

For this Savage realm of Suzerain take all the classic fey folk and dunk them in a mix of steampunk shenanigans.

Enter Mechadia, where idyllic sylvan glades merge with mechanical wonders. Elven airship pirates lurk on floating islands; brownie alchemists seek formulae for new ways to harness the Pulse beyond the clouds. But Mechadia isn't quite the paradise the Duke dreamed of. The trolls have become restless as they toil to keep the great gears of the land turning smoothly. Fey Lords and Ladies vie for rulership over the fledgling realm, and lines are being drawn in the copper dust....

**The fey are gearing up for mischief.  
Do you have the brass to join the game?**

Inside you'll find all you need to create characters in this unique setting, a wealth of background information, a plot point campaign for Novice characters, heaps of Savage Tales, and stats for all manner of new NPCs and critters.

