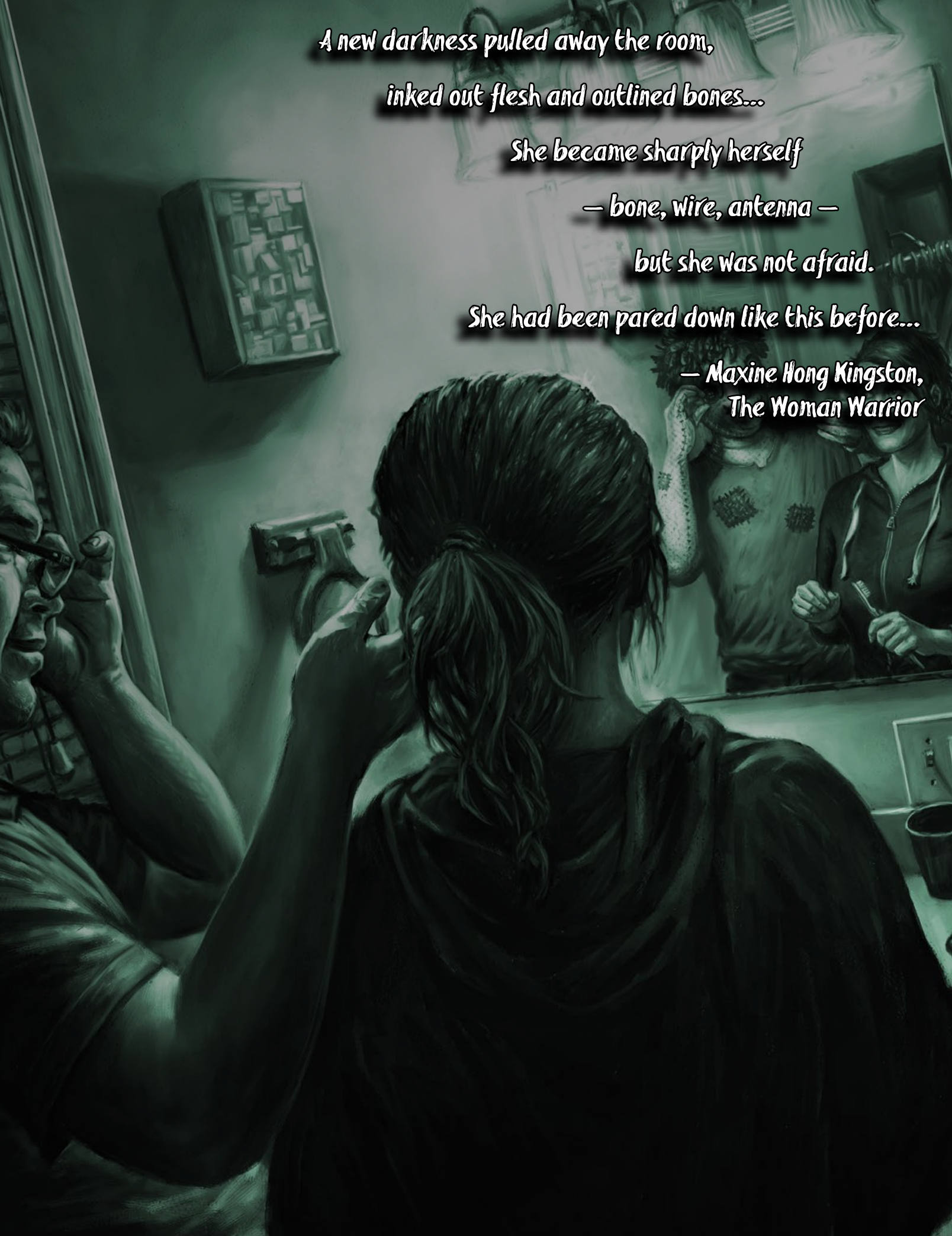

Changeling™
The Lost
Second Edition
A Storytelling Game
of Beautiful Madness


A new darkness pulled away the room,
inked out flesh and outlined bones...
She became sharply herself
— bone, wire, antenna —
but she was not afraid.
She had been pared down like this before...
— Maxine Hong Kingston,
The Woman Warrior

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Foreword

In 2007, White Wolf released a game book brainstormed by a dozen people, written by 10 authors, and illustrated by 16 artists. It was the work of many, many hands — and it was also one of the most personal works I'd ever put out to the public.

It's a bit of a contradiction, isn't it? Not so many of the words filling the core **Changeling: The Lost** were actually mine. It wasn't *my* book, it was *our* book. I think I've mentioned before (though not in these pages, obviously) that there was a year in which *everyone* pitched a new **Changeling** book. Everyone had a different idea, and delightfully, they went with mine. The idea I'd pitched wasn't much like **Changeling: The Dreaming**, which is faintly ironic given that my ideal job when I first joined White Wolf was to develop that game. I certainly adored **Dreaming**, but I wanted something less metaphorical. I wanted the denizens of Faerie to be more mythic — I've always loved mythic — the creatures of irrational reason and peculiar promises from the old stories. I proposed something classical intruding on the modern, and to my surprise and delight, White Wolf went with it.

Now, again: many, many hands. Bill Bridges was the one who suggested that the player characters were mortals abducted, changed by Faerie — the Tam Lins and Urashima Tarōs, the Arabella Stranges and Stephen Blacks, rather than faeries born into mortal bodies. Better writers than I provided fiction and twists of description and clever mechanics and expressions of pain. Better artists than I'll ever be gave it a face, 100 faces.

But a part of my soul was in it, all right. I still recognize some of my fears: the terror of losing my family, the dread of a stranger sleeping in my bed. I see references to rakshasas and rusalki and other monsters dear to my heart. I see the poetic, strange, threatening breed of American fantasy I first learned to love from Ray Bradbury. Even the cover design is personal. Aileen and I were living in the Appalachians at the time, you see, on the mountain I'd grown up on. The thorns are from an Osage orange tree down by the pond my parents dug many years ago; the luna moth is an actual dead moth we found on our morning walk one day, and hoped was a good omen rather than a bad one. And yes, my wife's name is in one of the illustrations, the *second* time a **Changeling** artist gave her a touch of immortality like that, and of course that reminds me again why family matters, and...

Pardon me. One gets sentimental.

But as much as I want to *feel* like **Changeling: The Lost** is mine, it's never been. It's not just that so many writers and artists built this beautiful thing together — it's that so many players found it, read it, and loved it. Every game designer tries to make the game they want to play, that enables the stories they want to tell. If other people love that game and call it their own? I have trouble imagining better praise than that. You've put some part of you into this book, this system for telling stories, and people are in accord with that fragment of your soul.

And now here we are. **Changeling: The Lost**. Second edition.

Excuse me; sentimental again.

It's humbling to see this game taking shape as I write this. I see other people's souls in this. Old friends. New friends. I see pain and the absolution of pain, written by those who know more about the subject than I do. I see the desire to do right by the audience, and to do right by those who'll never read the book. I see the desire to explore wonder as well as terror. I see meaning. And I'm still astonished to see the love of *this* game, the one I still want to think of as "mine" in some way, still a presence.

It's not my game, of course. It's all of ours, and it's all of yours. It's going to create more stories I'd never have thought of on my own. It's an explosion of beauty and delirium — a contagion, really, willingly transmitted every time one of you invites a friend to come share a wicked, lovely, bittersweet fairy tale.

I couldn't be more proud, or more humble, to be a small part of **Changeling: The Lost** all over again. Thank you, completely.

Ethan Skemp

2017



Introduction

To go on means going from here, means finding me, losing me, vanishing and beginning again, a stranger first, then little by little the same as always…

Samuel Beckett, **The Unnamable**

There was always something you were missing. Something everybody *got* that you didn't, some metaphorical party to which everyone was invited but you. Someone offered you a glimpse of it, of that thing that would make you whole. So, you followed them.

But you were deceived. The wider world you had just a glimpse of was only a sliver of a vast landscape of madness and horror. For a while you kept going, yes. But eventually, you had to get out.

So, you did. You braved pain and isolation, and you changed your life again. You ran back over the line, rushing toward the place you came from, the memory of all that was good in it lighting your way.

And now you're back. Turns out your life kept going without you. In your absence, the familiar became strange. You're out of place again.

But you won't take it this time. You will make your place and you will defend it when your deceiver comes knocking. And if something is still missing, and there always seems to be, you will find it and you will make it part of you.

There will be dragons and there will be sirens and there will be all the armies of the otherworld sent to bring you back. But you will slay them, and you will shun them, and you will stand on the battlements of your fortress as they break against your walls of thorn and iron.

You will be free.

And none of that was a metaphor.

You know the stories. The hero leaves his village on a terrifying journey, or the waif finds her way through the cold, dark woods. In the end, they kill the giant or shove the witch in an oven.

But what happens next?

In **Changeling: The Lost**, you take on the role of an ordinary person who has seen the extraordinary. Lured or abducted by the alien Gentry, you have passed the gates and Hedges between our world and the vast fantastic.

In Arcadia, the Gentry changed you. They forged your flesh and sewed your bones, and they gave you a role to play. You were a lover or a servant or a monster. But it was never your story.

Having run from your Keeper and climbed your way back through the Hedge (and didn't the thorns bite more than they did going in?), you're back in the world of pizza and Facebook and nuclear anxiety.

Your eyes are open now. You can see that magic is not the sole province of Faerie. The world is alive with wonders most people never see…and rife with horrors that count on that unwariness. It's all part of your life now. You take the good with the bad, the magic with the monstrosity, the beauty with the madness.

It's not always an easy story, not always a happy story. But now it's your story.

Setting

Changeling: The Lost is set in the Chronicles of Darkness, which portray a world like ours, but alive with supernatural wonder and terror. For millennia, the enigmatic Gentry (or True Fae) have abducted humans from this world and taken them to Arcadia, a fairyland where the Gentry's will shapes reality.

The abductees are changed into faerie creatures to play particular roles in the True Fae's fantasies; these roles are seemings, which correspond to fairy-tale character archetypes like the big, bad wolf (Beast), the ice queen (Fairest), the miracle worker (Wizened), and so on. Changelings turn the forms and powers forced on them against their fae Keepers, and escape from Arcadia.

On the way back, each changeling had to cross the Hedge, a surreal land that separates our everyday world from Arcadia. Finally arriving back in the realm of humanity, most changelings resolve to reclaim their lives — or build new ones. They're Lost, and it's time to find themselves. That's where our story begins.

Changelings face many challenges. The True Fae may have replaced them with duplicates called fetches, who have been living the Lost's life in their absence. They must often risk trips into the Hedge, which is full of bizarre creatures and dangerous temptations. And most terrifying of all are the True Fae's Huntsmen, heartless shapechangers sent to drag the Lost back to Arcadia.

But changelings have an advantage the Gentry will never fully understand: They are not alone. They band together in courts, communities that practice supernatural defenses against the True Fae. These courts, in turn, make up freeholds, local societies that provide and gather protection and resources to help their members. These communities can be rife with intrigue and riven with infighting…but in the end, those are fundamentally human behaviors which defy the Gentry in their own way.

In **Changeling**, you'll play someone who's had their whole life taken away, and who won't rest until they have it back — or make a better one. You'll face fears and uncover secrets, slay dragons, and bargain with goblins. You'll walk the roads between dreams and penetrate the maze that lies behind every mirror. You'll see the truth behind all things, and you will make it your own.

Themes

Like the fairy tales that inspire it, **Changeling: The Lost** can tell almost any sort of story, but the book you hold in your hands revolves around six contrasting themes.

Beauty + Agony

You have seen flowers with colors that simply don't exist in the everyday world, and you have felt their barbs rake across your skin. You have been to the very home of wonder, and you have found its rotten core.

Clarity + Madness

You see the truth behind the everyday. The fantastic creatures that walk our streets. The gates into otherworlds of silver and thorn. Yet you're in a vertigo, a sense that the world has been torn out from beneath you, and can never be restored.

Lost + Found

Your memories brought you home. The smell of popcorn at the theater, the sound of your son's laughter. But you're forever apart from them, cast across the gulf of years or replaced by something that's even better at being you.

An Introduction to Storytelling Games

Chances are, you know what a storytelling — or roleplaying — game is already. But we love meeting new people. So, if you're new here, let's talk about the basics.

In **Changeling**, you play out stories following a core cast of characters as they make their way in a world that's a mix of the everyday things we know and the fairy tales that permeate our pop culture. It's a lot like a TV drama, and individual gaming sessions (which generally run two to four hours) are like weekly episodes. Secrets will be revealed, relationships will be tested, and fears will be conquered.

Around two to five players take on the role of one cast member each. You'll make decisions for your character — when her best friend betrays her, you'll decide if she grieves or takes revenge. When supernatural beings ruin her day, you'll decide whether she runs, negotiates, or unleashes her faerie powers. Perhaps most importantly, you'll tell the story of her ongoing efforts to reestablish a place for herself on Earth.

One player, the Storyteller, is responsible for portraying characters who don't belong to specific players, and presenting fictional situations that challenge the other players' characters. Think of these as the supporting cast of our imagined TV series — both ongoing characters who help or oppose the core cast, and guest stars of the week who turn up to cause unique kinds of trouble.

As for challenging the player characters, it's the job of the Storyteller to come up with scenes where the players have to make decisions fraught with conflict and danger. The Storyteller narrates a situation, then the other players say how their characters respond. The most important question a Storyteller can ask is "What do you do now?"

When a character acts, the outcome of the action is determined by rolling a handful of dice. The basics are

simple. You add a few numbers on your character sheet (a mini dossier) and roll that many dice. You'll find out whether your action works, or fails and gets your character into more trouble.

While players other than the Storyteller will generally be advocates for their characters' success, planning ways in which they can succeed, a lot of drama and fun comes from when things don't go well for the protagonists. Again, think of a television series…the most interesting episodes are often the ones where everything goes wrong for the characters until they find a way to turn it around. That said, the Storyteller should make sure characters have a chance to bounce back rather than constantly dumping suffering on them.

The Storyteller is responsible for…

…bringing the world to life through description.

…deciding where scenes start and what's going on.

…portraying characters who don't belong to other players.

…involving each player and her character in the ongoing story.

…putting players' characters in tough spots, encouraging interesting decisions.

…facilitating the actions players' characters take, while making sure there are always complications.

…making sure that poor dice rolls affect, but don't stop, the story.

The players are responsible for…

…creating their own individual characters as members of the cast.

…deciding what actions their characters take.

…making decisions that create drama and help keep the story moving.

…highlighting their characters' strengths and weaknesses.

…confronting the problems the Storyteller introduces.

…developing their characters' personalities and abilities over time, telling personal stories within the overall story of the game.

Everyone is responsible for…

…giving other players chances to highlight their characters' abilities and personal stories, whether that's by showing them at their strongest or weakest.

…making suggestions about the story and action, while keeping in mind the authority of players over their characters and the responsibility of the Storyteller to occasionally make trouble.

Media

We particularly recommend the following as sources of inspiration for the content and tone of your **Changeling** stories.

Grimms' Fairy Tales, collected by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

A collection of German folklore from the early 19th century, *Grimms'* is probably the source of most of the fairy tales you know from childhood. More recent printings reproduce the book's original edition, which was concerned less with teaching valuable lessons than with the stories themselves. These early tales are not only a bit darker and bloodier than later tellings, but also a good deal messier and more sprawling — in other words, more like life.

Jessica Jones (season 1), created by Melissa Rosenberg

Private detective Jessica Jones was a superhero, until the obsessive and powerful Kilgrave made her a part of his story instead. Having escaped his clutches, she tries to start a new life while struggling to stay connected to her friends through the walls she's put up around herself, just in case he ever returns…and now he has. David Tennant's Kilgrave is a starkly terrifying example of what a Keeper can be like, and Jessica's desperation to reclaim her life after what amounts to a durance and protect others from the same fate shows exactly the kind of intensely personal drama a **Changeling** story can bring to bear. The way she wrangles with who she can possibly trust and how to deal with the trauma of her supernatural abuse — and more importantly, how she *learns* to trust again and heal from her experiences — are perfect inspirations for the Wild Hunt the Lost deal with every day. This television series is a survivor story that touches on very real issues, so we recommend checking content warnings before you watch.

Labyrinth, directed by Jim Henson

After her baby brother is abducted by the Goblin King, teenaged Sarah must traverse a bizarre world of tricks and traps to rescue him. David Bowie is unforgettable in the role of one of the True Fae, and the Labyrinth itself is an incredible depiction of what the Hedge might be like. Sarah's companions are good examples of the friendlier sort of hobgoblin.

MirrorMask, directed by Dave McKean

Co-written with fantasy superstar Neil Gaiman, McKean's film tells the story of Helena, a young woman whose mother is hospitalized after they have an argument. Helena travels to an otherworld shaped by her grief and guilt, ruled over by a Queen of Shadows who has mistaken Helena for her own daughter. As she navigates the Land of Shadows, Helena realizes that the actual princess has

taken her place in the mortal world and is living her life in a way she distinctly does not want…but which she laid the seeds for.

MirrorMask's fairyland is a great source of inspiration for the different worlds of **Changeling**, and the way it's shaped by Helena's own conflicts makes it a particularly good fit for the Hedge. The Queen of Shadows, alien and dangerous but driven by her own loss to try and fit Helena into her world, is a great example of a Keeper. Finally, the Princess of Shadows using Helena's life to act out their mutual angry side is a particularly poignant example of what a Fetch might do.

Once Upon a Time, created by Edward Kitsis and Adam Horowitz

Often a bit more lighthearted than **Changeling** usually is, until it abruptly isn't, *Once Upon a Time* is a television series in which well-known stories from fairy tales and Disney films are true — and their characters labor under a grand curse that whisked them into the real world, creating the small town of Storybrooke, Maine. Aside from the generally appropriate fairy tale themes and archetypes with surprising darkness lurking underneath, it explores the messy human side of being a storybook character in the mortal world, and stresses the importance of healthy relationships when dealing with supernatural problems. The character of Rumplestiltskin (spelled this way in the show) is a prime example of a wheeling and dealing hobgoblin, constantly there to remind us: *All magic comes with a price.*

Over the Garden Wall, created by Patrick McHale

Young brothers Wirt and Greg tumble from their everyday lives into a creepy wood filled with mysterious, unearthly creatures. They try to find a way back home while making friends and, little by little, helping the denizens of this strange place improve their lives. This animated mini-series from Cartoon Network takes place in the Unknown, an excellent inspiration for the Hedge with its eerie timelessness, its talking animals and all their surreal problems that need fixing, and the slow reveal of the beauty behind the madness. It features one of the True Fae, too, and several instances of what could easily be durances in progress.

Content Warning

Changeling: The Lost deals with heavy subject matter, which may hit close to home for players or readers. Chapter 7 includes safety techniques for play, to help prevent the exploration of painful themes from being dangerous for players.

Abuse and trauma are part of **Changeling**. Not everything in the game is a metaphor, and very little is direct allegory, but the stories of the Lost are very deliberately survivor stories. They're about reclaiming your life, about owning yourself and your perceptions, about moving beyond pain without simply blocking it out. We hope the game can help players express complicated feelings in a comparatively safe environment.

The game's use of "madness" also deserves mention. Deriving from literary criticism of works like *Jane Eyre*, **Changeling**'s "madness" refers to the protagonists' refusal to allow either Faerie or mortality to dominate their perceptions. It reflects how they take ownership of their truth in the face of influences both human and otherwise telling them their perceptions (and even their memories) must conform to the standards of the powers around them. The tagline "beautiful madness" speaks to the unique and wonderful position of knowing yourself and your life for what you truly are.

Lexicon

Changeling: The Lost Terms

Arcadia: The domain of the True Fae and once-prison to all changelings. Also *Faerie*.

Autumn Court: The court tied to autumn, fear, and mysticism.

bargain: A kind of pledge that changelings make with mortals to hide from the Fae's agents; also **Bargain,** the large-scale pact a Lost court makes with a force of nature, like a season, to protect the court from the *Wild Hunt*.

Bastion: The contained dreamscape of an individual person.

Bedlam: An uncontrolled burst of emotions a changeling can inflict upon others, voluntarily or involuntarily.

Bridge-Burner: A changeling so consumed with hatred for the True Fae that they vow to destroy dreams, creativity, and anything else that could attract fae attention.

changeling: A human who has been gradually changed by her *durance* in Arcadia, becoming partly fae herself.

Clarity: The measure of a changeling's ability to own her perceptions and experiences. High Clarity allows her to use her *kenning*.

Contract: A mystical pact struck between the fae and cosmic forces, allowing the fae to call on supernatural powers.

court: A social organization dedicated to mutual aid and self-defense, bound together by pledges of loyalty. The courts of North America and Europe tend to be organized in a group of four seasonal courts.

Dreaming Roads: The paths through the Hedge that connect to humanity's dreams, along which the Bastions of individual dreams can be found.

dreamweaving: The art of gradually changing a dreamscape to learn secrets and influence the dreamer, performed in Bastions. One who engages in dreamweaving is performing *oneiromancy*.

durance: The ordeal shared by all changelings, during which they were held captive by the True Fae.

Echoes: The powers manifested by a *fetch*.

fae: A blanket term for creatures and things imbued with the power of Faerie or the Hedge.

Fae, True Fae: The immortal inhabitants of Faerie; the creatures that abduct humans and gradually transform them into changelings.

fae-touched: Mortals bound to specific changelings by promises made before their durances, who entered the Hedge to find their loved ones and escaped again with some fae power of their own.

Faerie: Arcadia, or more rarely, the inhabitants of Arcadia.

fetch: A Fae-constructed replica of a human being, left behind to take an abductee's place.

forsworn: As *oathbreaker.*

frailty: A supernatural prohibition or weakness that fae creatures suffer; they gain more of them at higher *Wyrd*.

freehold: A local society of changelings, usually overseen by a seasonal ruler and offering support to their fellow changelings.

Gentry: A changeling euphemism for the True Fae.

Glamour: The raw supernatural energy that feeds the fae. It is tied to the strong emotions of the human heart.

goblin: A general term for fae creatures and things of dubious or no loyalties; often applied to hobgoblins and unaffiliated changelings.

Goblin Contract: An illicit Contract, typically easy to learn but with strings attached. Changelings who purchase these from hobgoblins incur *Goblin Debt.*

Goblin Debt: Mystical debt incurred by the use of Goblin Contracts or when making deals with hobgoblins, which can transform a person into a Hedge denizen or *Goblin Queen*.

goblin fruit: The many types of fae consumables harvested from the Hedge that have some supernatural effect on the user.

Goblin Market: A fae black market, which often changes location, where changelings and other fae barter for illicit goods and services.

Goblin Queen: A Hedge denizen so overwhelmed with *Goblin Debt* that they become even more entrenched, ruler of their own little patch of the Hedge.

Hedge, the: The thorny otherworld that lies between the mortal realm and Faerie.

Hedge ghosts: Remnants of those who have died in the Hedge, or wisps of emotions and dreams made manifest.

Hedgespinning: The art of shaping the Hedge to reveal new paths or trip up enemies.

hobgoblins: The fae creatures and denizens of the Hedge.

Hollow: A safe haven within the Hedge.

Huntsmen: Early inhabitants of Arcadia, who were twisted by the True Fae into hunters who chase down escaped changelings.

Icon: A piece of a changeling's soul left behind in the Hedge when she escaped from her durance. Changelings can recover Icons to reclaim memories and boost their Clarity.

Keeper: The Fae who kept a changeling in Arcadia, and whose influence is usually felt in that changeling's seeming.

kenning: The ability of changelings who haven't lost too much Clarity to sense the supernatural.

kith: A refinement of seeming, granting more specific abilities.

Lost: A euphemism for "changeling" or "changelings." Often used by changelings who refuse to think of themselves as no longer human.

loyalist, True Loyalist: A True Loyalist is a changeling who retains hidden loyalties to her Keeper or to other True Fae, often acting as a mole in Lost society. Changelings often use the general term *loyalist* to refer to any changeling who doesn't join a court or freehold.

Mantle: A measure of a changeling's court status, and a mystical identity reflected in her mien. Also a Merit.

Mask: The illusion that conceals the presence of the fae from mortal eyes.

mien, fae mien: A changeling or other fae's true form, concealed by the Mask.

motley: A small group of changelings, sometimes bound in a pledge of friendship.

Needle: The core identity and approach a changeling presents to the world to assert herself and exercise her freedom.

oath: A kind of pledge that binds two or more fae beings together in mutual support or enmity.

oathbreaker: One who has broken a fae oath. This title may rightly be used until the person has made

restitution, and for a year and a day after. Often used as an insult.

oneiromancy: The practice of lucid dreaming and dreamweaving.

oneiropomp: A changeling or other creature that enters the dreams of another.

Others: Another euphemism for the True Fae.

pledge: A sealing, oath, or bargain made by the fae, enforced by the *Wyrd*.

portaling: The ability of changelings to escape any bonds or prison, and slip easily between the Hedge and the mortal world.

privateer: A changeling who acts as a slaver or bounty hunter for the True Fae or Huntsmen in exchange for continued freedom.

Regalia: Six categories of Contracts for which changelings and Fae can have an affinity. For the True Fae, Regalia are also powerful tokens that represent their cosmic pacts.

sealing: A kind of pledge that holds someone to a promise or statement of intent.

seeming: A changeling's physical aspect, which reflects the role he played in Faerie and the talents he used to escape.

Spring Court: The court bound to spring, desire, and beauty.

Summer Court: The court bound to summer, wrath, and military strength.

Thread: The core drive and purpose a changeling uses as a lifeline to stability and inner strength.

Thorns, the: The most dangerous parts of the Hedge. Also **thorns**, a general term for fae dangers.

Title: One of a True Fae's roles and faces, which manifests to interact with lesser beings.

token: An object infused with a measure of fae power. Can be oath-forged, Hedge-forged, or stolen.

Touchstone: A person, place, or object that helps anchor a changeling to her Clarity.

trod: A path cut through the Hedge, from one mortal site to another or to Faerie. Also used to refer to the physical location that corresponds with the entrance to such a path.

Wild Hunt: The sum of all the Fae's constant efforts to reclaim escaped changelings; also used to describe a single gathering of Fae forces to besiege a freehold *en masse*.

Winter Court: The court bound to winter, sorrow, and intrigue.

Wyrd: The power of Faerie, the cosmic principle of reciprocity.

General Chronicles of Darkness Terms

10-again: A result of 10 on any die is rerolled in an attempt to achieve more successes. A further result of 10 on a rerolled die is rolled yet again, over and over, until no more 10s are rolled.

9-again: A result of 9 or higher on any die is rerolled in an attempt to achieve more successes. A further such result on a rerolled die is rolled yet again, over and over, until no more are rolled.

8-again: A result of 8 or higher on any die is rerolled in an attempt to achieve more successes. A further such result on a rerolled die is rolled yet again, over and over, until no more are rolled.

action: A task that takes all of a character's time and attention. The Storytelling system measures instant actions (one to three seconds, taking place within a single turn) and extended actions, taking longer (duration determined by the Storyteller). Also, there are reflexive actions, which take no time and do not prevent a character from performing another action within a turn, and contested actions, in which two or more characters compete in a task or for a single goal.

advantage: A character trait such as Health or Willpower that usually represents abilities derived from other traits. Advantages are measured in dots and sometimes in points.

aggravated (damage): A damage point that inflicts a grievous or supernatural wound. Changelings suffer aggravated damage from some bane frailties. Mortals might suffer aggravated damage from a dire supernatural power, such as a lightning bolt summoned from the sky. Aggravated wounds normally heal at a rate of one point per week.

Aspiration: One of a player's goals for her character. An Aspiration can be something the character seeks out, or something the player wants to see happen to the character.

Attribute: A character trait representing innate capabilities: Mental, Physical, and Social. An Attribute is added to a Skill (or another Attribute in certain cases) to determine your basic dice pool for an action.

bashing (damage): A damage point that inflicts a non-life-threatening wound. Bashing wounds normally heal at a rate of one point per 15 minutes.

Beat: A point gained for performing certain actions. Five Beats become an Experience, which can then be used to purchase new traits, such as Attributes, Skills, Merits, or supernatural powers.

breaking point: A trigger that causes a character to suffer a Clarity attack, or a player to check for losing Integrity.

chance roll: Whenever modifiers reduce your dice pool to zero or fewer dice, you may make a chance roll on a single die. Unlike a normal dice roll, a chance roll succeeds only on a result of 10. Worse, a result of 1 causes a *dramatic failure*.

close combat: Attacks that involve hand-to-hand or weapon fighting. Such attacks use the Strength Attribute for their dice pools. Characters gain their Defense against close-combat attacks.

Condition: An ongoing effect, which may be physical, mental, emotional, or supernatural. For example, a character might be Guilty or Delusional. Usually, a Condition modifies a character's dice pools for certain actions. Players are rewarded with Beats when they act on or resolve (end) a Condition.

contested action: Two or more characters compete in a task or for a single goal. The one who gets the most successes wins. Contested actions can be instant or extended actions.

damage: The points inflicted against a character's Health, rated as bashing, lethal, or aggravated. One point of damage inflicts one wound. Clarity and an object's Structure can also suffer certain kinds of damage.

Defense: An advantage trait determined by taking the lowest of Dexterity or Wits and adding Athletics. Characters can penalize a close-combat opponent's accuracy by subtracting their Defense from his dice pool.

dice: The Storytelling system uses 10-sided dice to represent the element of chance. Dice are collected to form a character's dice pool for an action.

dice pool: The number of dice rolled to determine failure or success (and the degree of success) for a character's action. Dice pools are usually determined by adding an Attribute to a Skill, plus any relevant modifiers, such as from equipment.

dot: The incremental measurement of a permanent trait. Most traits range from 1 to 5 dots, but some (such as Willpower) range from 1 to 10, and others (like Health and Clarity) can go higher.

dramatic failure: A result of 1 on a chance roll causes a dramatic failure, a catastrophe worse than a normal failure. The character's gun might jam, or he might wind up shooting a friend by accident. The Storyteller determines and describes the result. A player can also turn a failure into a dramatic failure voluntarily to gain a Beat.

Durability: A trait representing an object's hardness, based on the material from which it is made (wood has less Durability than metal). Durability is measured in dots. An attack's damage must exceed Durability before the object is harmed.

equipment: Characters can improve their chances of succeeding in a task by using the right equipment. This benefit is represented by modifiers to the dice pool, depending on the equipment used and its quality.

exceptional success: Whenever a player rolls five or more successes in a single roll, the character achieves an exceptional success. This achievement sometimes provides an extra perk over and above the effect of having multiple successes. For example, a character who gains five successes on a fast-talking roll might allay the target's suspicions enough that he believes anything the character says for the remaining scene.

Experiences: A collection of five Beats, used to purchase new traits or to boost the dots of existing traits.

extended action: A task that takes time to accomplish. Players roll to accumulate successes during phases of the task, succeeding once they have acquired the needed total.

failure: A dice roll that yields no successes is a failure — the character does not succeed at his task.

Initiative: An advantage trait representing the character's ability to respond to sudden surprise, determined by adding Dexterity + Composure. A character's Initiative helps him get a high standing in the Initiative roster during action scenes.

instant action: A task that takes place within a single turn. A character can perform only one instant action per turn, unless he has a Merit or power that lets him do otherwise.

Integrity: A trait representing a human character's mental stability.

lethal (damage): A damage point that inflicts a life-threatening wound. All mundane weapons deal lethal damage. Lethal wounds normally heal at a rate of one point per two days.

Merit: A character trait representing enhancements or elements of a character's background, such as her allies or influence. Merits are measured in dots, but are not always used to determine dice pools. Instead, they represent increasing degrees of quality or quantity concerning their subject.

modifiers: Dice pools are often modified by a number of factors, from bonuses (adding dice) for equipment or ideal conditions to penalties (subtracting dice) for poor conditions.

point: A trait expended to gain certain effects or lost and regained, such as a Willpower point or a point of Health damage. The number of points available is equal to the parent trait's dots. Spent points are regained over time or through certain actions.

ranged combat: An attack that sends some sort of projectile at a target, whether it's a bullet from a gun or a knife from a hand. Such attacks use the Dexterity Attribute for their dice pools. Characters cannot normally use their Defense against firearm attacks, although targets

can penalize an opponent's accuracy by going prone or taking cover.

reflexive action: An instinctual task that takes no appreciable time, such as reacting to surprise or noticing something out of the corner of your eye. Performing a reflexive action does not prevent a character from performing another action within a turn.

resistance: Characters can resist others' attempts to socially sway them, physically grapple them, or even mentally dominate them. Whenever applying such resistance requires a character's full attention, it is performed as a contested action, but more often it is a reflexive action, allowing the target to also perform an action that turn.

scene: A division of time based on drama, such as the end of one plot point and the beginning of another. Whenever a character leaves a location where a dramatic event occurred, or when a combat ends, the current scene usually ends and the next one begins.

Skill: A character trait representing learned ability or knowledge. Added to an Attribute to determine a character's basic dice pool for a task.

Specialty: An area of Skill expertise in which a character excels. Whenever a Specialty applies to a character's task, one die is added to his player's dice pool. You can assign any number of Specialties to a single Skill.

Storyteller: The "director" or "editor" of the interactive story told by the players. The Storyteller creates the plot and roleplays the characters, both allies and villains, with whom the players' characters interact.

success: Each die that rolls an 8, 9, or 10 yields one success. (Exception: A chance roll must produce a 10 to succeed.) In an instant action, a player must roll at least one success for his character to accomplish a task. In an extended action, the number of successes required (accumulated over a series of rolls) depends on the task. In an attack roll, each success produces one point of damage.

trait: An element on the character sheet. Traits include Attributes, Skills, Merits, advantages, anchors, supernatural powers, and more.

turn: A three-second period of time. Instant actions are observed in turns. Combat (a series of instant actions) is observed in consecutive turns as each combatant tries to overcome opponents.

wound: A marked Health point, denoting an injury from damage.

Part I

It Happened to Me

Aimee

So he's me, kind of. Better job, better relationship with my — our — mom. Takes selfies and posts photos of his matcha lattes and his wife and their million adopted babies. Gross.

He's...not married to *Katrina*, though. And I sort of thought we would be. I mean, I followed the scent of her hair back out of Arcadia. Rolled it around in my mouth like a peppermint as I ran, brisk and clean and full of unkept promises. When I stood in the long saltgrass by the bay to catch my breath on solid ground, *real* ground, the first thing I did was try to pick its scent up again. I thought I might have missed some dates, I didn't think I'd be missing years. Well, *he* didn't miss those years. He sews his button eyes back on every morning, thinking they're eyeglasses, and kisses some other woman. She's cute, I guess, but doesn't seem like our type. Or maybe just not mine. It's getting unhealthy, all this watching them go to work and scrolling through his Instagram.

And it's not like I have to kill him, right? I could just let him keep a life I don't even want, mothers and mothers-in-law and an associate at a nice anonymous firm. God, I was so basic. But he's not even friends with Katrina anymore. *Her* life, maybe I could slip back into.

That was the logic that carried me to the doorstep of her apartment complex, loitering in the lobby, waiting for her to come downstairs. Her voice was cautious and slow, like the words were crawling around a feeling too big to speak. Anger, probably. But she said she'd come downstairs. I rocked forward and back on the balls of my feet, squeaking in my wet shoes. I'd always been a little twitchy, but now I can't bear to be still. I spent a lot of time running, my first weeks back. The continuity helped, even if it felt a little perverse.

The elevator doors opened, and I released a breath I hadn't even realized I was holding. She *came* and she was so very the same that I blinked a little. Aging gracefully, I guess. A little sprinkle of white in her wiry black hair, long and full around her head. A belted dress I bought her at a street fair 10 years ago. No shoes. There was a wild look in her eyes that felt familiar, but before I could really think about it I was calling her name. It sounded high and sharp in the empty hall. Too different, even though I've been practicing.

"Ja...Aimee?" She started to touch my face, and checked herself. Flattened out the betrayed look on her face. "What are you going by these days?"

My heart twisted. "Aimee, I guess. That's how my roommates know me."

"What about Lucy?" She looked increasingly less confused.

Lucy? *Oh*. "It's...complicated. She doesn't know."

Katrina's eyes flickered past me and she snorted. "Girl, you're not complicated. I see you."

My vision went dark around the edges. I took a step backwards, then too many forward, until we were breathing the same air. "What do you see?"

She tipped my head up to look at her, and this time I actually did. A second eyelid snapped over her eye and back again. Eyes so deep a black I almost fell into them. I did fall onto her. And I felt the soft scaling on her shoulders. *Oh, Katrina.*

"I didn't...did you fall down the well after me? I never thought. Was that *you* yelling back to me? Oh god, I left you there. I'm so sorry, I thought it was a trick." Words were falling out of my mouth, I might have been crying. "I would have gone back, I would have gone back, I'm so sorry."

"Shh. If you can even think about putting a foot back into the Hedge without screaming, I'll accept that as an apology. It's been a minute, Aimee. Where've you been?"

She was smiling, a little. Not enough to get myself invited back upstairs, but enough to keep talking. "Oh, over the river and through the woods. I'm pretty sure my grandparents are dead now, though."

She rolled her eyes. "Not what I meant. Why hit me up now?"

"Oh. Well. I've actually only been back a couple of weeks? And if I'm being completely honest, I spent most of that time following...him to work and hanging out outside your building wondering if I should call you." Then I had an awful realization. "Wait. I found you under your real name. Did they... did they not replace you too?"

Katrina shivered. Now that I was looking, the scales rippled too. Like mica and cobras and the inside of shells. "She was made of glass and she wanted to fight about it."

"What happened?"

"I cracked her open and feathers poured out."

"I haven't. I mean, I didn't. I don't want to. Jesus, he has *kids*. He's a *he*."

"Yeah, I know. I went looking for you after I got back, too. I can see why you might want to leave well enough alone. Not like you wanted to be him before."

"Well, Mom seems happy with him, and...if Lucy can't tell, maybe it would be kinder to let her keep him? It seems cruel to just pop into her life and be like 'Hey, your husband is imaginary and I have to destroy him so I can have a name I don't want back. So how do you feel about a divorce and full custody of all these kids?' I *did* joke a lot about blowing up my life."

Katrina pulled on a curl. "Well, that's not quite fair to her, either. Like, what if...she does know? Or figured some piece of it out on her own, but didn't know what to do about it? She'd...she'd probably think she was going crazy, and only we would know different."

"Hell, I don't know what to do with my *own* life. I definitely don't have any words of wisdom to fill the pages of 'So Your Husband's a Fetch: Living with the Consequences of Fae Jerks.' She'd be better off talking to you."

Katrina winced. And even as the door creaked open, I knew. "She *was* going to talk to you."

"Aimee, we have a history. If she was going to call someone, it would have been me. I think you should talk to her, too, but she didn't come looking for you."

Of course they knew each other. I knew that. I must have known that. They had lives that kept happening while I was gone. People that they were to each other, through...James. Things about him they shared that I'd only know secondhand. I suddenly felt like an eavesdropper in a conversation about myself. A lacuna in their lives that was unwelcomely filled. Lucy was looking at me like her life might go up in smoke if I blinked. And she wasn't wrong.

The rain outside picked up. Katrina's eyes flickered to my left half a second before mine followed. It was like someone had run a finger up the length of my spine, at first just a nervous tickle, but getting insistent and angry.

I had not properly considered the possibility that escaping Arcadia wouldn't be enough to keep me safe.





Chapter One
The Face in the Mirror

We cried and sobbed and wept and bled tears. But when we were finished, all we could do was continue living.

Nnedi Okorafor, **Who Fears Death**

You know us by the tales you tell to children. Should they fail to heed, the Fair Ones will steal them away in the night. We were those children once. We were Hansel and Gretel whose breadcrumbs turned to ash, and we gorged ourselves on the sweetest lies and they rotted our dreams. We played our roles and spoke our lines, and our costumes became our seemings and kiths, our second skins. But we won't be your bedtime story anymore. Now we wear those skins like armor and build our own briar walls, our courts, to prick our Keepers' long fingers and bloody the merciless Huntsmen's eyes. And we'll live defiantly ever after.

Seemings

Run, they said, and hush. Burn, they told us. Freeze and whisper. Smile. Rend apart and build anew. And above all, forget. We forgot, for a time, and we supped on enchantment, and the taste was honey laced with blight. Our captors remade us in their image, or in forms befitting our dreadful tasks. In thunder-dreams and maypole songs we heard the calling of home, and though our forms were new, old memories stirred. With sharp eye and slim shadow, with bright flame and keening cry, with clenched fist and clever ruse, we ran and did not look back.

But in the mirror now our breathtaking scars remain, the marks of Faerie that remind us: We'll never be as once we were. Never again will we be innocent or human. Never again will we daydream in drab sepia or know the pallid touch of ennui.

And never again will we be powerless.

Our transformations have made us more. Different, yes, and strange. But we aren't alone in our new seemings. We may have lost ourselves, but we have found each other, and in that we see what we have become.

Beast

A Tale of Abandon

His earthy scent, his arresting gaze, his rough-edged grace. You never do this, but just this once, you take him home. In the giddy rush of it, of him, you feel alive. Morning comes like a lazy blush, and watching him sleep, you know you'll do this again.

Once upon a time, a wild creature lived in a wild land. It had food to eat, shelter from the elements, and confidence that nothing would ever prey upon it. One day, it fell into a hunter's trap, and for the first time knew fear. A morsel of food came along, with a sharp fang of metal that brought pain. Another meal carried a pane of silvered glass. In the glass, the creature saw itself and knew the truth: it was a dread monster laid low, and its prey had become the predators. Its heart was cowed. Despairing, it submitted to a cage's bars and a whip's lash. It begged for food and pleased its masters to earn shelter. The next time it saw itself in the glass, it understood the cruel joke of its false freedom, and the crueler one it now endured. Its savage heart pumped human courage and forgotten wisdom through its veins. With that, the man who was a wild creature devoured his masters whole with his mighty jaws, and set out to keep vigilant watch for the courts of the Lost.

The Beast is as clever as he is wary, as fleet of foot as he is keen of eye. When he wants something, he takes it. When he feels an urge, he satisfies it. He knows that life doesn't have to be as complicated as people make it. All he has to worry about is himself; everything else is someone else's problem. If he's crude, it's only because social graces are far less important than needs. And if he's aggressive, it's only because he'd rather be the hunter than the hunted.

Beasts are less likely than other changelings to put much stock in the freehold as a government or organization, but they devote themselves fiercely to the fellow Lost they perceive as "theirs." Sick of leashes and expectations, they decide what's best for themselves and their loved ones first; anything else they agree to is a bonus. They have little use for high-minded philosophies or ethical codes, viewing survival and immediate gratification as priorities one and two, with everything else trailing at a distance. That doesn't mean they don't care or can't be kind and generous — they're just ground-level thinkers. Lofty principles sound nice, but they won't fill a hungry belly. Beasts are opportunistic because they refuse to rely on anyone. They don't like owing favors and they keep their eyes on the prize. Others may consider them heartless, but the Grims look out for themselves because to do otherwise is to give up control of their fates.

A Beast spent his time in Faerie unable to think beyond the next meal and the next danger. Whether he lived in constant mortal fear or in the lap of luxury, the basic gifts of language and self-awareness were denied him. The untamed fury of jungle drums or the summons of a master's whistle dictated his comings and goings, and come and go he did — always moving, always running. Fight, flight, and a longing for true freedom were all he had. Now, faced with the choices and rules of the human world once again, he's dumbfounded. It's easier to revert to base instinct, to let others do the thinking for him and lash out or flee whenever threats rear their heads, regardless of cost. He must work to keep visceral impulses from ruling his actions, and he wonders whether he might just be faking the rest. Sometimes, despite his pride in having clawed his way back to humanity, the temptations of a simpler time and wilder place linger still.

Once

The Gentry took away the bright spark that made you human and replaced it with savagery. Perhaps your body remained while your mind slept, or you roamed the treacherous fae wilderness in animal shape — or you were something in between. Your awareness condensed down to sensation and survival. Pleasures and pain ruled you as pillars in place of right and wrong. Your Keeper gave you gills and a fish's tail, and you swam behind glass in her aquarium and performed tricks for food while childlike goblins watched in delight. You lived in a kennel with other hounds just like you, fighting over scraps and rutting whenever the urge took you, until your master chained your collar to a post while you guarded her door. The Fae kept you in a dark, dirty pen, but you preferred that to when they turned you loose in the unforgiving forest without clothes for warmth or tools for defense, and bid you evade their hunting party to keep your skin.

You learned to run and hide, to kill, to obey. You were a beloved pet for a Fae princess or a hooded hawk on a

Don't quote your rules at me,
I don't need 'em. Frankly, neither do you.

Huntsman's arm. Whenever you showed a glimmer of independent thought, your Keeper punished you until instinct subsumed it again. But something jogged your memory, and you woke up from your animal haze. With honed senses and swift feet, you seized your opportunity when it came. The wild roads and midnight dangers of the Hedge didn't stand a chance.

Now

You do what you want, whenever you want, and you won't apologize for stepping on someone's delicate toes while you do it. You don't take orders and you'll never beg for anything again. You endured enough humiliation at the hands of the Others to last you a lifetime, and you'll die before you let it happen again. But you're no lone wolf — you put your survivalist skills to good use for your comrades, keeping watch while they sleep and tracking enemies through urban jungles. When your motley is mired in complex intrigues and moral conundrums, you remind them to take life one day at a time and savor the little things. Your friends know that when cages need breaking and knights need devouring, you're the one to count on.

Nicknames: Coursers, Grims, the Savage

Blessing: Gain an additional dot of one Resistance Attribute at character creation. Your character gains +3 to Initiative rolls and Speed, and may choose to deal lethal damage with unarmed attacks. It costs a point of Glamour per three consecutive turns to enjoy this benefit if he has the Shaken or Spooked Condition, or another Condition that imposes fear.

Curse: In addition to your character's other breaking points, he risks Clarity damage with a dice pool equal to half his Wyrd (rounded up) whenever acting without thinking causes significant harm or complications for someone else.

Regalia: Steed



Tales

He doesn't cut the most impressive figure, and people tend to forget he's in the room. He doesn't speak out much. It's easy to underestimate him, and his enemies do it all the time. But he makes it his business to collect friends in high places. CEOs with fat wallets, changeling court rulers, vampire princes; he's not picky. He sniffs out their troubles and provides unexpected solutions, proving his worth and hoarding favors. That way, when the True Fae come knocking at his door, he's got a host of powerful allies just a phone call away. And if any of them ever want to betray him, they'll have to find him first.

She makes the circuit of elderly homes, coming by each week to sing comforting songs to the lonely old folks and keep them company. They all say her voice is the most beautiful sound they've ever heard in their long lives. Sometimes she stays the night to help out the nurses, and whenever she does, the residents all talk the next day about the lovely dreams they had. No one knows where she lives or how to reach her, but she always comes just when someone is about to pass away. Her lullaby eases the dying to their eternal rest, and she basks in the emotional release it brings.

His reputation sucks, but he doesn't care. He knows everybody whispers about him luring mortals onto trods, kidnapping kids and selling them to the Gentry, whatever else they think he gets up to. He lets them think it because it earns him a healthy respect. If they knew he was tracking troubled dreamers to their Bastions to devour their demons, they'd say he's gone soft. And if they heard he was going into the Hedge and enticing lost wanderers to stray from dark paths so he could take them home, they'd call him a hero. He's *sure* he's not a hero. He's a bloodthirsty predator, and that's the side of himself he shows them when he picks up a Huntsman's trail and stalks it right back. It hasn't occurred to him yet that he could be both at once.

DARKLING

A TALE OF MYSTERY

She's behind you in the mirror, but you're all alone. She says she knows what you've done. You beg her forgiveness, but she's gone before the words leave your mouth. What if it wasn't good enough? What if she comes back?

Once upon a time, a traveler in a dark wood bartered her soul for one night's comfort in the warm firelight, and thus gave up her face. From then on, every evening when the sun went down, she wandered the forest in search of her missing face. She found many others — the masques of hideous revelers, the bloated rictuses of drowned corpses, the malevolent glares of cave dwellers with gemstone eyes. But nowhere did she find her own. Her heart was adrift. Despairing, she fashioned a new face for herself out of pieces of all the rest, and as she looked through its eyes she came to know the secrets each of them kept. Knowing it wasn't truly hers, but unwilling to give up such a treasure, she hid the new face in the folds of her cloak and tethered her heart to the unmarked paths the others had known. With that, she followed stolen signs behind night's veil to sneak back through the Hedge and share her insight with the courts of the Lost.

The Darkling loves the silence and prefers to be outside looking in — or at least, accepts it as her inevitable place. She's the first to venture where others won't go, where broken clues to long-lost mysteries call with fetching whispers. If she speaks in riddles, it's only because each word holds power of its own, so she chooses them with care. And if she watches too closely, it's only because what she learns might save everyone someday.

Though the Mountebanks fade into the background, they know better than to strike out too far on their own. They need strength in numbers as much as any changeling. Likewise, their motleys wouldn't last long against the Gentry or their Huntsmen without the Hedge wisdom the Darklings provide, nor would their freeholds run so smoothly without their knack for espionage to grease the wheels. They're prime picks for missions to recover Icons (p. 203), spy on rivals, infiltrate True Fae courts, or assassinate fetches. Others may view them with suspicion, but the Wisps keep their own counsel because to do otherwise is to expose their darkest selves to the light.

Arcadia isn't all lavish gardens and crystal spires. Cursed woodlands grow there, too, their twisting trails home to vicious tree-haunts with eyes that gleam. Dead things rise to walk the land and monstrous hellbeasts guard foul, forbidden magics. A thousand leagues beneath the sea sprawl lightless kingdoms ruled by tyrant fish lords and their deadly merfolk children. The Bewitched spend their time in Faerie here among the horrors, abandoned to survive on their own or ordered to cheat the fiends out of ancient knowledge that turns out to be nonsense. After so long befriending the shadows and deceiving the wretched, they end up kin to both, creatures of false face and soft step. Once they're free, they worry they've become too like the unspeakable things they once evaded. They know too much and fear their fellows mistrust them as traitors, or that they can no longer tell the difference between true occult secrets and mad fantasies. Worse, so often unseen and unheard, they fear they're just echoes of people who never left Faerie at all.

Once

Dread was your constant companion, whether it stalked you from the darkness or from within yourself. Perhaps your master had no eyes and no need for light, forcing you to serve in an underground palace of perpetual pitch black while his many children teased and tormented you unseen. Perhaps you wore a mask you couldn't remove at a neverending masquerade ball, where the Red Death was someone different every night and murder was never far behind. Perhaps your Keeper forced you to collect oddities for his display cases, catching fellow human prisoners to stuff like dolls and braving dank caves to steal moldy tomes and tarnished relics from terrible wardens.

But with dread came fascination, and opportunity. Wandering blind, you developed ears keen enough and footsteps light enough to eavesdrop on all the secrets your master's children whispered behind closed doors, and eventually you knew enough to trick and blackmail your way to freedom. From behind your mask, you observed the Red Death's patterns and solved the murder mystery, exposing him for all to see and slipping out — just another domino — before the crowd's shock wore off. You snuck out every night to study the novelties you fetched by moonlight, until you found the one that taught you the key you needed to

Don't worry if I stray from the path.
Nothing out there scares me anymore.

reopen a door into the Hedge. Through stealth, chicanery, and a curiosity strong enough to pry even into the Gentry's demented affairs, you tore yourself away from the hollow mysteries of Arcadia to become one yourself in the real world.

Now

You've had enough of being afraid. You'll never be truly rid of the fear you learned in Faerie, but you can wield it like a stiletto, sharp and icy cold. You can trade forms and faces to be anyone but the coward your Keeper made you. You can laugh away your troubles with a bit of sleight of hand, passing them on to other people when they least expect it. You're the one who knows it all, who goes anywhere you please, and it frees you in a way the other Lost can't understand. No more eyes following you wherever you go. No more barriers between you and the unknown you've come to love. You spy and thieve on your own terms, and demand whatever you want in return — because they know you could just take it if they refuse. You may be often overlooked, but your friends know that for all you seem shy or hesitant, you're the one who's always heard the right whisper or read the right book.

Nicknames: the Bewitched, Mountebanks, Wisps

Blessing: Gain an additional dot of one Finesse Attribute at character creation. If you spend a point of Willpower, your character may touch something insubstantial and become part of it for three consecutive turns, transubstantiating into smoke, shadow, a sunbeam — whatever's handy. This ability costs a point of Glamour if anyone is looking directly at her at the time.

Curse: In addition to your character's other breaking points, she risks Clarity damage with a dice pool equal to half her Wyrd (rounded up) whenever a secret or important piece of information she knows turns out to be false.

Regalia: Mirror



Tales

She visits the children first in dreams, playing games with them there and coaxing them out of their shells. Then she starts visiting in the flesh, careful never to let their families or other grownups see her. The parents think she's an imaginary friend, and she lets the fiction persist. The children don't care that no one else knows she's real — they're happy just to have a companion who understands them. She stays for a while, until she knows they'll be all right without her, and then she moves on to find new friends. But each child carries a token of their time together to remember her by. If it also manages to protect its owner from the Fae, so much the better.

He has a trunk full of stolen uniforms, fake IDs, and stage makeup. Every town knows him by a different alias and profession. Every town hides skeletons in its closet, and he plays his part for as long as it takes to brush the dust from their bones and expose them to the press. Even his fellow Lost don't know whether they've ever seen his true face or heard his real name. He won't talk about his time in Faerie; in truth, he can't. All he knows is that he bargained away his identity and his memories to give someone else a chance to escape the Hedge. Now he doesn't remember whether the one with whom he made the trade was the sort to live and let live, or the sort to give a man a taste of his own medicine.

She seems like a harmless vagrant when she wanders the streets and subway stations, begging for coin. The rude commuter who shouts obscenities at her goes out later with a gorgeous date who skips out and leaves him with the bill. The kind passerby who fills her jar with dollar bills meets a stranger the next day who brings home his lost dog. She lives at the junkyard, scavenging the detritus of other people's lives and frequenting the Goblin Market no one else notices there. She'll share her peculiarly prophetic advice with anyone who seeks her out, but anyone who accepts her wisdom must also accept a task, and those who fail find their worldly possessions becoming detritus in a hurry.

Elemental

A Tale of Metamorphosis

You mean to turn the kid away, just as you've done every other day, but today you open the door instead. In his simple smile and dismissive glance you see that he knew you would, all along. He breezes past you. He said you couldn't hold out forever, and he was right.

Once upon a time, a boulder stood blocking the entrance to a cave in which there lived a sad young man. Day after day, the boulder watched the young man pace and sigh, heard him sing a mournful tune and speak in his sleep about places far away. The boulder came to love him. Worse, it understood how it caused his sorrow by keeping him prisoner, but it could only move aside at the command of the Faerie who visited to bring food. The man grew paler and weaker, and ever lonelier. The boulder's heart was moved. Despairing, it tried to beg the Faerie to set him free, but all it could do was rumble the earth. One day, the Faerie struck the man, blaming him for the earthquakes. The boulder could abide it no longer. In its rage, it shook the cave, burying man and Faerie under a ton of rubble. Grieving and without purpose, it remembered the man's dreams of faraway lands and vowed to return his body there. Its heart transformed fully from stone to flesh. With that, the man who was a boulder carried his lost love back through the Hedge to stand sentinel for the courts of the Lost.

The Elemental is a force of nature, but more than that, he *commands* nature. Fire has no volition of its own; it burns indiscriminately, devouring fuel because it has no other purpose. With the indomitable will of a changeling to guide it, it becomes something greater. He is vaster in spirit than mere humans could ever understand. Nothing can contain him or deter him from his course. If no place exists for him, he carves one out. If he overwhelms, it's only because he can't remember how to tone it down. And if he's self-aggrandizing, it's only because he sees himself reflected in all the world's most magnificent miracles.

Other changelings point the Elementals in a direction and watch the fireworks. The results may be unpredictable, but *something* will definitely happen. Even the gentler Sprites display the seeming's characteristic relentlessness, though they may wear down obstacles little by little rather than tearing them apart all at once. They *do* more than they think, and shun being anything but themselves. Elementals identify with their specific natures more than most, and even two with the same elemental association can differ wildly in approach and temperament. They have a strange relationship with change — some find their moods swinging with the weather or the moon's phase, fluid like water or mercurial like flame; some have trouble quitting habits and detest uncertainty, immovable like stone or unbending like steel. Other Lost may call them incorrigible, but the Torrents listen to their gut intuition because to do otherwise is to deny who they are.

The Gentry transformed an Elemental into something completely alien. Often it was some manifestation of the classical elements, like a bonfire or a storm, but it also could have been an inanimate object, a living plant, or a clockwork automaton. It warped the way he thought and perceived, and now that he's returned, it's hard to bend his mind back into its former shape. He's transcendent and yet more single-minded. He understands function better than form, and purpose better than reason. It's difficult to consider the consequences of his actions beyond the immediate, and he doesn't care to. He lives moment to moment, trying to recapture the heady purity of what he was in Arcadia without the shackles. All this makes him the odd man out. He may dearly wish to tune in to his motley's wavelength, but the wind's howling speaks his language more clearly, and he fears — yet secretly hopes — that one day he'll forget how to speak anything else.

Once

You were a mighty phenomenon or a work of art chained to the will of your Keeper, possessed of wondrous new senses and sensations but bound to perform your duty. As fire, you longed to burn bright and hot, consuming all and reaching up to the heavens, but you could not escape the confines of your lantern, nor keep from guttering when the oil ran out. As a marble sculpture, you were unbreakable and alluring but immobile and exposed, put on display for gawking fae creatures with no respite for privacy. As a stiff breeze, you soared above the earth and touched everything with unseen fingers, but your Keeper breathed you in and kept you locked away inside her until she needed you to fill the sails of her ship. You could be what you were only how and when the Gentry allowed it.

Would you ask the rain to apologize for wetting you while it slakes your thirst?

When your desperation reached its peak, you remembered a time before your servitude, when the force of your own will meant something. You erupted from your glass cage and reveled in your fearless conflagration, blazing a trail back through the Hedge. You tore yourself free from your pedestal and fled, untouched by thorns sharp enough to rend flesh. You gusted forth until you capsized the boat and formed a great tornado to tear all the barriers between you and home to pieces.

Now

The only purpose that matters is the one you give yourself, and the only limitations you tolerate are those you decide are worth accepting. Everywhere you go, mindless fragments of your gestalt await your bidding, and you are only too glad to oblige. You take every opportunity to unleash everything you have, because that's when you feel the most like you. And the world is filled with *you* — the wide, wild ocean and the rivers that sustain life itself, or the endless sands that fill the deserts and the sunny beaches humanity adores, are under your power. You wield them as your heart demands, because planning just gets in the way, and nature acts as it will. Your friends know that when danger calls for unrelenting persistence and maybe a lightning strike that shorts out a city block, you're the one to call.

Nicknames: Sprites, Torrents, the Unbound

Blessing: Gain an additional dot of one Resistance Attribute at character creation. As long as your character touches or is surrounded by his element, he may use it to take mundane actions at a distance of up to three yards (meters) away; these actions use his usual traits. This includes unarmed attacks, but not attacks with weapons. This ability costs a point of Glamour per action if he has fewer than half his maximum Willpower points remaining.



Curse: In addition to your character's other breaking points, he risks Clarity damage with a dice pool equal to half his Wyrd (rounded up) whenever someone browbeats, coerces, or forces him to act against his will.

Regalia: Sword

Tales

His flower shop is the neighborhood's pride and joy, and his garden grows fresher produce than any farmer's market. Kids dare each other to sneak into his private greenhouse at night, but none has ever successfully stolen a glance at his secret crop. Every October, he takes a long trip to meet with unknown associates, and tells no one where he goes. But the kids say that right before he leaves, they can swear they hear tiny voices in the greenhouse pleading for help. They don't sound human.

She's not the sharpest tool in the shed, but she used to be. She remembers a time when everyone would come to her for advice. Now she's constantly distracted by the whispering of the grass and the call of the fields, and she *hates* birds. The smallest threat to her friends or her home swiftly learns the meaning of true terror. She insists on returning to the Hedge to find her lost Icon, and nothing her motley says can convince her to stay away. She's certain that if she can get it back, she'll be able to think straight again. Then maybe she can help her fellow Lost reclaim the bits they're missing, too.

He drives a white Cadillac and keeps people at arm's length. He seeks out the deluded, the deceived, and the gullible to expose the harsh truth to them in no uncertain terms. He opens their eyes to the cruelty of those who fooled them and gives them what they need to reinvent their lives as they see fit. He takes none into his confidence unless they first melt his frozen heart with acts of true kindness or friendship. To his enemies he is the winter wind, cutting them down with honesty as sharp as icicles, but his allies see the side of him that walks gently enough to leave no footprints in the radiant snow.

FAIREST

A TALE OF PERFECTION

You fall to your knees and swear you'll die for her. She tells you to rise and asks, what good would your death do? No, she says, walk by my side, and together we'll take down the bastards who would have us kneel.

Once upon a time, an empress reigned, beloved by everyone. She was the most beautiful of all the land's people, the most perfect of form. Each day, her tailors fashioned a new outfit for her to wear, each more lovely and extravagant than the last. And each day, her tailors paraded her through the city to show off their work. See how the elegant line of her leg enhances the cut of this exquisite dress! See how her peerless poise keeps the birds in this crown from flying away! Her heart was hollow. Despairing, she tore the clothes from her body and let the horses of her parade chariot trample them in the dust. She strode the streets naked, and filled her heart with the satisfaction she felt at the shocked stares of the people, who truly loved her clothes more than they loved her. With that, she commanded them to step aside and took her rightful place at the head of the courts of the Lost.

The Fairest is adored, whether she wants to be or not. She possesses all the things everyone wants: looks, talent, money, friends. She speaks and the world listens. She leads the charge and others follow. A gentle touch, a lingering glance, one compassionate word — these hold all the power she needs to lend strength to the doubting and win over the reticent. None can stand against her judgments, whether she passes them down from an executive's chair or spits them across a barricade at those who would take away her people's freedoms. She meets opposition with sangfroid and support with warmth. If she's imperious, it's only because she refuses to be put in her place. And if she pries, it's only because she's had enough of small talk to last a lifetime.

While the Wizened maintain a freehold's complex etiquette and operations, the Fairest hold their fellows together with inspiration and bold decisions. When their companions falter, crushed under the weight of their ordeals, they can rely on their Muses to pick their spirits up again. Even when someone else wears the crown, a Fairest is always there at the center of attention, swaying hearts and minds. Others may envy them, but the Sovereign bear the burden of leadership because to do otherwise is to cheapen themselves.

Nobody sees the hard work the Fairest puts in to live as a person instead of a figurehead. She endures enormous pressure and lives up to impossible expectations every day, and does it happily, because by shattering them beyond anyone's wildest dreams she proves she's worth so much more than they think. She isn't the picture they paint in their minds of who she is, and she isn't a frame for them to hang their trappings on, and she doesn't care if they don't like it. Meaningless niceties are sometimes necessary, but she prefers "kind" to "polite" — for those who deserve it. But she loves her many assets, too, and wouldn't give them up for the world. She's earned them and she uses them to get what she wants, and to hell with those who resent her for it. In her heart of hearts, she clings to them because they remind her of what was intoxicating about Arcadia. She desperately wishes she could go back and rule *there*, in truth — claim the magic and pleasures of Faerie for herself, and banish its cruelties forever. Since she can't, she makes her own paradise wherever she goes, and woe to anyone who gets in her way.

Once

Your Keeper pampered and cherished you, even idolized you. You were the perfect companion, comely and silent, encased in a skin that had a mouth only when he kissed you. He called you "light of my life," and lavished jewels and gifts upon you as though they would stand in for friends.

You were a ballerina, all elegance and grace. You danced when he wound the music box and posed, motionless, when the song ended. Lords and ladies journeyed from all over to ooh and ahh over the marvelous dancer. How fortunate, they said, that your Keeper found such a rare talent! How noble of him to share his toy with them!

You traveled far and wide, speaking your master's will to every ear. You rode the finest horse and carried the most splendid banner, and all envied your lofty position at the queen's right hand. She entrusted you, her fair champion, with her most important quests. You slew dragons, rescued enchanted princes, and led her armies. You ensured they would cheer your queen's name with your deeds. And every morning, you woke and remembered nothing.

"Bitch," is it?
That's Queen Bitch to you, darling.

Whatever the case, you were a novelty, a plaything. You were beautiful and noble, expendable and empty. You existed to glorify your Keeper, nothing more. No one knew you for who you were, if you even were anyone anymore. When you finally had enough, you *chose* someone to be and turned all your wondrous talents to coercing your way back through the Hedge.

Now

You glorify *yourself*, because no one will do it for you. You show people the real you at every opportunity, and you bring out their real selves, too. You already have their love, but you crave their respect, and you know the best way to get it is to share a true connection that trivialities can't break. Despite all your charms, it isn't easy — even your fellow changelings find you intimidating, or stare at you in awe, or let their jealousy consume them. But you know how to kill them with kindness, and you make yourself the only one who can give them what they want. You're the guiding light in a sea of uncertainty, the grandeur of Arcadia come to Earth in the flesh. Your friends know that when they tire from their labors or lose hope from their traumas, you'll be there with words to inspire and a plan to win.

Nicknames: Muses, the Sovereign, Unicorns

Blessing: Gain an additional dot of one Power Attribute at character creation. You may spend Willpower points on another character's behalf for purposes of the usual three-die bonus or +2 Resistance trait increase. You may still only spend one Willpower point per action. This ability costs a point of Glamour if any Condition is in play that would cause contention or mistrust between the characters, such as Leveraged or Notoriety.



Curse: In addition to your character's other breaking points, she risks Clarity damage with a dice pool equal to half her Wyrd (rounded up) whenever her action — or inaction — leads directly to misfortune for her allies.

Regalia: Crown

Tales

She hates ballet. All its rules, its strict positions. All the pain and suffering it takes to be the best. No, the dance she loves comes straight from the heart and pumps the soul out through its steps for everyone to see. She gives free classes on street corners, teaching freestyle hip-hop to kids who don't have the money or the support to learn from a school. The smiles on their faces as they express themselves to the fullest — and the Glamour she earns from them — are payment enough.

He's charming, and he knows it. He wears tailored suits, just the right amount of cologne, and a grin that turns on men and women everywhere. He loves to talk, and he loves to listen, and the stories he likes best are about all the things people desire. In his benevolence, he gives them what they want, and all he wants in return is a companion for a while. Of course, desires change day to day, but he's a resourceful guy. He doesn't mind repeat business, not at all. He doesn't like to be alone.

You have to look out for yourself in this world. That's what she learned from Faerie, and she never lets anyone forget it. She hears the names they call her behind her back, but who cares what they think? They say "iron fist," but she prefers "strong hand." Who else could keep the howling wolves at bay when other freeholds turn a gluttonous eye their way? Who else could command the respect of the hobgoblin hordes? No one, that's who. She'll never let *anyone* take her throne. And if she has to go so far as to win the heart of a Huntsman to prove her point, she will.

OGRE

A TALE OF BRUTALITY

His breath stinks like stale tobacco and his chainsaw voice spews obscenities about your mother. The tough guy thing wasn't an act after all, so you lost that bet. And a tooth besides. The question now is, what could you possibly have that he'd want in exchange for leaving the rest of them where they are?

Once upon a time, a warrior set out to rid his land of monsters. He carried a weighty hammer, with which he crushed skulls and pounded bones to dust. Up and down the countryside he roamed, leaving behind him an ever-growing pile of hideous, broken creatures. When his task was finished, he turned to discover the dead were not monsters after all but ordinary folk, and *he* was the brute they had feared. His heart was black. Despairing, he sought a Faerie's counsel, but she laughed at his anguish and told him she had drawn the lie over his eyes, seeking to spare him the disgrace of being a terrible ugly thing. He knew then the world held no solace for him, so he tore the Faerie's head from her body and cleansed his heart with her blood. With that, he vowed never again to let pretty words cloud his mind, and lent his strength to the courts of the Lost.

The Ogre knows what a fine line separates a hero from a bully, and how hard it is to walk it. But walk it he does, with the resolve to overcome any temptation. Fancy lies and careful words seem a waste, and he gives no quarter to such weak tactics. Ugly and imposing even behind the Mask, he walks among mortals like a grizzly in human clothes and refuses to acknowledge the stares. In his sturdy arms and fearsome glare he possesses the might to crush or cow the fiercest foes. If he speaks too bluntly, it's only because he has no patience for tiptoeing around the truth. And if he shuts people out, it's only because he doesn't want to be hurt again.

Other changelings agree that when shit hits the fan, behind an Ogre is the best place to stand. They're the freehold's stalwart defenders and the motley's loyal muscle. Sick of having to say they're sorry, they're careful not to do anything they'll feel obliged to apologize for. No more regrets, no more compromise. When they smash and maim, it's because someone deserved it. They protect their companions from themselves, too — if someone has to bloody his hands, the Bruiser always volunteers first, figuring his are already stained so he might as well do some good with them. Why doom someone else to become a monster when it's already his job to be one? Others may dismiss them as brutish and slow, but the Ogres keep it simple because to do otherwise is to drown in remorse.

The Gargoyles' greatest shame is that they weren't strong enough to fight back when the Gentry took them and forced them to commit atrocities. Now that they *are* strong, they refuse to allow anyone to best them again. Living this way is lonely, though, and letting others get close is hard. Their figurative — or literal — hammers are so big and easy to swing that all problems look like nails. With so much overwhelming force, it seems ludicrous to hold back in the face of ills that need obliterating. But that slope is slick with the blood of the Ogre's many unfortunate victims, and he must fight to keep from tumbling back down there, even when the excuse to revel in mindless intimidation and violence is tempting.

Once

You were no knight in shining armor, no dutiful soldier marching under a banner. No, you were a brutal destroyer — a thug without mercy. You endured by dishing out more pain than you received, and you fed on the terror you inspired. You were your Keeper's prized torturer, teaching her enemies cruel lessons in obedience and keeping other changelings in line when they rebelled. You were a gladiator slave, whipped if you didn't defeat the other slaves in an arena filled with jeering Fae. Even when you killed the others to free them from this hell, or let them do the same to you, you all returned to life the next day to start again. The Gentry transformed you into a hideous, deformed creature with a taste for flesh and took the gift of speech from you, leaving you hungry and unable to communicate out in the wilderness. Huge and menacing, without words to civilize your desperate cravings, you had no choice but to terrorize and prey upon the land's people.

One day, you took a long, hard look at yourself and couldn't go on like that. Maybe it was that last scream that did it, reminding you of someone you lost in another life. Maybe it was the empty look in the eyes of the last man you

GET OUT OF MY FACE WHILE YOU STILL CAN.
I DON'T DO THAT ANYMORE. NOT FOR THE LIKES OF YOU.

tormented, or the way the last youth you devoured tasted salty like tears. You turned your unholy strength to breaking your chains and bringing your Keeper's home crumbling down around her ears. You made a run for it, pulping the flesh of any hobgoblin lackey that got in your way. You didn't bother with playing by the Hedge's rules, tearing brambles apart with your bare hands until you stood once more in the world you called home.

Now

You can't erase what you did in Arcadia, but you can make up for it. You look out for your fellow Lost and butcher anything that comes for them, whether it's hounds and Huntsmen or confusion and temptation. What beauty you saw in Faerie was tainted by a blood-red haze, so you try to preserve the simple pleasures you find here before they suffer the same fate. When Gordian knots set the courts to squabbling, you're the one willing to slice the whole thing in half and call it done. You erect walls around your heart, but the precious few who get to know the real you never regret it. Your friends know that you're more than a scarred face and a heart of gold: You're also the one they can count on to do the right thing, even when it happens to be the hardest thing.

Nicknames: Bruisers, Gargoyles, the Terrible

Blessing: Gain an additional dot of one Power Attribute at character creation. Whenever your character deals any damage to another, you may impose the Beaten Down Tilt, which lasts for three turns. This ability costs a point of Glamour if the Ogre makes the attack on his own behalf and not someone else's.

Curse: In addition to your character's other breaking points, he risks Clarity damage with a dice pool equal to half his Wyrd (rounded up) whenever someone he doesn't consider an enemy flees or cowers from him.

Regalia: Shield



Tales

He drinks too much, bathes too little, and his landlady has his late rent excuses memorized by now. Can he help it if orphans, runaways, and Arcadia survivors aren't exactly rolling in cash? They end up in better places than where they started, though, and that's what matters. One of these days, he'll tip off the wrong hobgoblin, with all his stomping around the Hedge looking for desperate changelings or fae-touched trying to escape. His Keeper will come for him, and then things will get really ugly. Until then, he'll keep at it. Deep down he suspects all the people he's helped will stand by him when his own trouble comes around. The thought keeps him from feeling too alone.

She never tells anyone what she likes best about her job — never admits that being allowed to break down doors and storm drug dens on the clock is why she joined the FBI, and it has nothing to do with high-minded ideals like justice or public service. She likes shouting in crooks' faces and watching them flinch. She likes it when they run, because she enjoys tackling them to the ground and beating them into submission. Her motley says it's a good thing she's found an outlet, but to be careful before someone starts to wonder *why* she's so good at profiling serial killers and terrorists.

He wonders how different his life now is from before. At least now he's salaried, that's something. The Spring Queen insists she's doing what she must for the greater good, but as far as he can see she's no different from any crime lord. The people he intimidates into paying her tithes and fealty probably believe he'd really eat them if they didn't comply. Who knows? If she ordered it, maybe he would. He's supposed to indulge, after all. He's not paid to think, he's paid to break bones and make examples. Still, shaking down unsuspecting humans because they didn't realize their urban development project encroached on a Hedge gateway seems a bit much. Maybe he should say something.

Wizened

A Tale of Cunning

She finishes your sentences, stealing the words right out of your mouth and transforming them into art on the page. By the time you hand over your cash, you're dead certain this was all your own idea.

Once upon a time, a clockmaker toiled for a hundred days and a hundred nights to perfect the ultimate timepiece, a pocketwatch that kept the hours so accurately, it could speak what was about to happen precisely a minute before. When the work was done, she came blinking into the sunlight to share her masterpiece with the world, only to find that time had no meaning here, and all her toil was for naught. Her heart was broken. Despairing, she pried open the watch's casing and scattered its pieces on the cobblestones. Only afterward did she realize she could use those pieces to repair her broken heart, and thereafter her thoughts were always precisely a minute ahead. With that, she out-schemed her wicked Keepers and pledged her nimble fingers in service to the courts of the Lost.

The Wizened is happiest when she's busy. When her hands and mind are idle, she can't help feeling like she ought to be *doing* something. She keeps her wits about her in a crisis and pulls miraculous solutions out of the most vexing problems. If she chatters or complains, it's only because she's glad of the company while she works. And if she gives a little too much advice, it's only because she's been there and done that, she *made* the t-shirt, and she doesn't like to see the same mistake made twice.

Clever and industrious, the Wizened are the other half of the glue that holds the freehold together, pairing helpful manipulation and a delicate touch with the Fairest's overwhelming force of personality. Their pragmatic approach sometimes misses the forest for the trees, but no one can beat the Wizened in sheer accomplishment. They work for fun, they scheme in their sleep, and they refuse to allow a problem to go unsolved or a hole unfilled. Others may call them overachievers, but the Hatters build and plan because to do otherwise is to feel helpless.

The Gentry reshape palaces and gardens according to their whims, lifting nary a finger. They pluck trinkets from mortal dreams to adorn their shelves and brows. They want for nothing. To what end, then, does a True Fae steal away a human only to put her to work with meaningless chores? Every Wizened asks herself this question countless times, shackled to an anvil forging the links to her own chains or dutifully crafting gifts for Goblin Queens who burn them immediately. Is it malice that drives her Keeper to change the rules of her slavery every time she thinks she's almost completed her task, or some perverse jest? Her escape is fraught with mazes and trickery, forcing her to bend her mind in irrational ways to out-think a logic that never made sense in the first place. By the time she's free, she's vowed never to let anyone take advantage of her again. She puts her constructive talents to use for herself, or for a cause, and all she has to protect herself are deft hands, a quick wit, and a cunning mind. Refusing to take her seriously or dismissing her work's worth is a good way to shake her confidence — or earn her spite.

Once

Promises are worth less than nothing without a contract to back them up. You know, because you heard so many and every one of them was a lie. "Of course you can go home, if you build one toy for each good little moppet on Earth. 'Tis child's play, for one with your skill!" "I'll set you free as soon as the war is over, my dear, but I so desperately need you to bring all my dead soldiers back to life each morning." "Be my lady-in-waiting for a hundred and one years, just that! and soon you'll be on your way."

You worked your fingers to the bone, hunched over your workbench or running yourself ragged in the fields, day in and day out. All that, for a glimmer of hope — surely *this* time your Keeper would cleave to his word. He never did. For all his insistence that he took you for your unique talents, for all his hollow praise, as soon as the job was done he laughed in your face. Or he scolded you, inventing faults where none existed; wheedled and flattered, passing you along to the next master like some prodigy apprentice; or even released you, on the face of it, only to reveal in the end that you'd never left Faerie at all. You drove yourself to distraction learning impossible crafts and following endless convoluted rules, but inevitably the bastard manipulated you into sabotaging yourself over and over. In the end, you beat him at his own game, poisoning yourself at guile's teat in the process.

Huff and puff all you want,
you'll never blow this house down.

Now

You're Wizened because you have a way about you that reminds the others of a withered old seamstress: nose to the grindstone, with a jaded air and a half-empty glass. But for all your talk, you still mix ethereal colors into your palette and build wonders that dazzle even your fellow Lost. Though you've tried to bury that spark of mad inspiration, fearing eternal disappointment, it pulses in your heart and betrays your hard-boiled manner in the marvelous things you make. You bring a little piece of Arcadia into the world every time you cook up something new, and you hope the roses you grow won't bring fae thorns along with them. Your canny — and *un*canny — mind works overtime to keep the freehold running smoothly and your motley's pockets full. Your friends admire your creations and put them to good use, but they know you're not just making gadgets. You're building a better world.

Nicknames: Domovye (singular: Domovoi), Hatters, the Shrewd

Blessing: Gain an additional dot of one Finesse Attribute at character creation. Your character can take a Build Equipment action (p. 196) to transform one kind of material into another, as long as she has the appropriate tools to work with what she has. For instance, she could spin straw into gold with a spinning wheel, or forge steel into diamond with an anvil and hammer. This counts as a five-die bonus for purposes of determining the required successes. This ability costs a point of Glamour per action if she's jury-rigging, but in this case she can improvise her tools as well; she might spin straw into gold by running it around a ceiling fan, or forge steel into diamond by running over it with a car.

Curse: In addition to your character's other breaking points, she risks Clarity damage with a dice pool equal to half her Wyrd (rounded up) whenever an unpleasant surprise takes her off-guard.

Regalia: Jewels



Tales

With her fae tools, she roams the Hedge's winding paths, seeking the seeds of compelling dreams and redesigning them to her own specifications. For those who dream in fear or sorrow, she builds fantastical landscapes and adventures under a shining sun. For those who dream of crushing the weak and innocent beneath their heels, she builds devious labyrinths and cruel games the dreamers can never win. The Dream Engineer hands out her business card to all the nearby freeholds. They keep it handy and hire her on commission to craft nightmares for their enemies or reveries of loves past for themselves.

He hides behind his online handle and never lets anyone see his face. With careful research, blatant hacking, and a little social-media stalking, he tracks down fetches and documents their every move. He drops anonymous tips to changelings seeking their false selves and plays cryptic benefactor with the unknowing scarecrows, sending them on wild goose chases to maneuver them into their changeling doubles' paths. His paranoia drives him to collect dirt on everyone else, too, to keep them from tracking him down in kind and exposing his operation to the world.

She tends bar at a little place downtown they call the Spinning Jenny, on the corner of 3rd and Main. Everybody knows to drink there if they're desperate, if they need something they can't get anywhere else. She listens to their problems and sometimes, when the hour is right, she makes an offer. She can help, she says, for a price. No, she doesn't want money. Nothing so crass. Just a trifle, something meaningful but small, you'll never even miss it. She performs miracles and collects their keepsakes, singing as they are with memories tender and sad. It's only after her customers leave that they realize — they never caught her name.



Courts

Faerie was a nightmare from which we longed to wake, but the fantasia followed us home. Around every corner stalks a foe intent on dragging us back, a reminder that this world kept no place for us while we were gone, or a handful of magic that invites us to miss the wonder we left behind. Alone, we falter. We wander Lost from refuge to refuge and seek belonging. Safety. Solace. Fleeting wishes, when every raven and rainstorm could carry a Fair One along.

In their desperation, those who came before us struck deals with the sun and the moon — with the turning of the Earth itself. Protect us, they said, and we will honor you. Each of the oathbound gathered others of like mind, forming a court to keep the Gentry at bay. They found comfort in the seasons' arms, taking their lessons to heart, and so do we. Desire staves off the horror that haunts us in sleep. Wrath channels our passions and puts idle hands to glorious purpose. Fear empowers us to arm ourselves with the very weapons we fled. Sorrow keeps us from returning to paths best left untrod.

Together, we do more than endure. We fight back, each courtier in her own way.

spring

THE ANTLER CROWN, THE EMERALD COURT, THE COURT OF DESIRE

A crystalline sweat beaded its carved brow, and its Adonis-like smile splintered apart as she danced on. "This is not possible," it said, more like a cough. "This is not your master's music. That is not the gown your master dressed you in. How dare you laugh and sing and dance without me?"

A mortal might have identified the fear trilling deep within her eyes, but her smile was perfect brilliance, and the Huntsman wearing the Lover in Diamonds' face quailed from it. "I'm deeply sorry," she said. "Do I know you?"

Desire

Desire is a flame. It's the fuel in the engine of ambition. It's the warm rich red of passion and the pale insistent blue of hunger. It's a will-o-wisp dancing just out of reach, leading the foolish to bad ends. You can't live without its warmth and heat, but feed it too much and it'll burn you to ashes.

The other courts don't understand, of course. They reject the philosophy of desire. They may call it selfish, or shortsighted, or shallow. Why spend your time chasing pleasures, they may say, with the Others scratching at the threshold? Why don't you understand what's important?

Those are foolish questions. The Spring Court knows exactly what's important. Passion feeds ambition and art. Hunger is an understanding of your needs. But most important, desire is the food of life. With laughter and joy and pleasure, changelings live — without these things, they simply survive. Desire is the key to taking your life back or building a new, full life. It's an alluring philosophy, and it draws many Lost who don't want to dwell on the past. And with the Bargain, it even refutes the power of the Gentry. Fuck you, it says, we don't need you. You didn't break us. You can't break us. We'll live and love and enjoy ourselves and forget you ever existed.

That last part is a lie, of course. But it's a lie with power. If you seed the mortal world with pleasure, that dulls the siren song of Faerie. Your fellow Lost dream fewer dreams of return if there's so much for them here. What's more, the solipsistic Others can't understand how their former pets can live without them. When they peer through a windowpane and see a room of Lost dancing and singing and making love as if nothing had happened, it confuses them. They doubt their own senses. Of all the ways to keep the Gentry at arm's length, the Spring Court's way is likely the most enjoyable — but it does require a hell of a poker face.

Spring is the enthusiastic patron of the Court of Desire. Spring is the transition from cold torpor to heat and light, the stirring of roots in warming earth. It's a season for sex, as many human cultures recognize, but that's an outgrowth of Spring's role as the season of birth, when the world is turning greener and better able to nourish mothers and their newborns. The Spring Court often claims to have been the first Seasonal Court to form — while Winter was still in hiding, Autumn was still drawing up wards, and Summer was still daring hunters to chase it, Spring was receiving callers to see just what they wanted.

Desire may be the most pleasant harvesting, when compared to wrath and fear and sorrow. But it's not always a matter of nourishing indulgence. Desire is one part passion, one part hunger. It can be a bitter dram of envy, a metallic tang of covetousness, or the overripe, perfumed bouquet of raw lust. A Spring Courtier might visit a strip club for a hit of raw sexual desire, or attend a social mixer for a more refined

Anything that's flawless is false. We are beautiful, my dears, not because we have no scars. We are beautiful because we refuse to be defined by them.

brew. But she can also find a poignant longing in an office building around five, when the workers who can't leave yet desperately wish they could. A pet supply store's adoption event is filled with the animals' longing for security and belonging, reflected by human — especially children's — desire to absorb and return a small animal's love. Even a busy restaurant has strands of wishful thinking from diners who would like to indulge more.

Courtiers of the Antler Crown are especially aware of the reliance on mortal emotion. Many wish they could draw Glamour from the desires of their fellow Lost, particularly their lovers…and the Spring Court is not at all shy about encouraging romantic and not-so-romantic entanglements with other changelings. The mutual attainment of desire is a powerful tool for healing. It's also a fine way to deepen bonds — if the Emerald Courtier is all that interested in deep bonds, that is.

Denial

It's a simple stereotype: The Emerald Court is full of hedonistic, escapist lotus-eaters who refuse to look at anything unpleasant, or even admit it exists. As a simple stereotype, it is of course flawed and inaccurate. But it's not entirely wrong. Most Spring Courtiers are clever enough to take the long view and disciplined enough to make sacrifices, because that's what it takes to reject Arcadia and find your way through the Thorns. And yet, the nature of their Bargain encourages them to look away.

The temptation of Spring is to draw power from what you want — which makes it all the harder to deal with what you don't want. Pain, fear, rejection, loss...to most people, these things are the opposite of desires. The Antler Crown is absolutely strongest in times of beauty and prosperity, when everyone around them is either achieving their desires, or even better, has the hope that the realization of their ambitions is juuust around the corner. Conversely, Spring is weakest in ugly times when hope is dim. Emerald Courtiers gradually learn that it's to their advantage to tell people "don't worry about that for now." And to some extent, to not worry about that for now themselves.

That's the bitterness that balances out the sweet. Other Lost may admire and covet Emerald Courtiers for their passion and enthusiasm…and at the same time, hold them in some contempt. If you're in real trouble, your Spring Court lover might be the last person you turn to, because she's the most likely to change the subject. They aren't often seen as reliable, and that can hurt.

Even so, the disapproval of one's peers is not the worst problem with denial, not when one considers the Fae. Their mastery of desire makes Spring the best-suited of any court



to see through the beautiful glamours and temptations of the Gentry — but their penchant for denial leaves them vulnerable against enemies who use more brutish tools and tactics.

The Turning of the Seasons

High Spring: The Emerald Court takes power with a revel. The rise of a new Spring monarch requires celebration, for reasons far deeper (and more contractual) than a show of pride. This first lavish event sets the stage for a Spring reign, as a promise of many more. Some Emerald monarchs hold grand parties as shows of power, demonstrations of their influence, and public displays of courage — Winter is over and done, and the freehold can fly their banners in pride without fear of being seen. Others think in terms of freehold morale. A populace that allows itself to be happy together will be stronger when the hard times come again.

Spring monarchs lead by example. They live extravagantly, succulently, to entice other Lost to do the same. It certainly helps that they're feeding their own desires in the process. Of course, not all changelings look at these glorious excesses with admiration. A Spring monarch can easily acquire a reputation for useless decadence more than anything else. In some cases, it's accurate. But other Spring monarchs know the value of skill of arms, occult learning, or a strong information network. These wiser rulers are generous with their favors and privileges in order to win the goodwill, loyalty, and sometimes love of the other courts. It's not too difficult to tell the lackadaisical epicures from the dedicated leaders. A freehold quickly learns if their Antler Crown's tines are blunted or razor sharp.

Low Spring: It's fair to say that freeholds of the Seasonal Courts need all four courts to run properly. But the Spring Court is necessary to the other three in ways that are hard to equal. The Court of Desire is, among other things, a support group for all the Lost who need one. You need the Winter Court to gather intelligence, the Autumn Court to cast the magics, and the Summer Court to lead the fight — but you need the Spring Court to live in between all that. When the Courts tell newcomers what they have to offer, the Antler Crown stresses healing and camaraderie. *We want you to be happy and healthy. You deserve that.*

Some praise the Spring Court for being supportive of each other court in turn, lending their diplomatic skill to help smooth out conflicts. Others criticize the Court of Desire for petty politicking and ridiculous games of one-upmanship. Both are right. The Emerald Court overflows with energy that doesn't subside when they cede the throne to Summer. They can pour that energy into productive tasks, or they can vent it in potentially destructive intrigues if they don't feel that they're being properly appreciated.

In times of Low Spring, the Antler Crown takes roles that improve the freehold's overall quality of life. Some tend to the physical needs of their fellow Lost. Spring produces quality horticulturists and gardeners, who may have a knack for goblin fruits as well as more mundane crops. Some take to healing, be it physical medicine or emotional therapy. At least one Spring Courtier in every freehold volunteers as a master of ceremonies and ritualist to help the other courts run their celebrations smoothly.

Give and Take

When Spring reigns, it compels an odd, partial peace. The Gentry and their loyalists cannot do violence to a freehold where a Spring monarch rules, unless that violence is born of heart's desire. Lesser urges cannot negate the geas. It halts a traitor attempting to line his pockets, even if he "desires wealth." It stays a raging Huntsman, even if one might call her wrath "a desire for vengeance." To pierce Spring's Bargain, one must truly covet one's target…such as a Keeper coming to reclaim its absolute very favorite, the one who got away. The Court of Desire encourages all of its members to be very honest about their relationships with their former Keeper and fellow servants, in order to keep track of who will be the greatest potential threat year round.

In true Emerald Court fashion, Spring's Lost try not to think about the ramifications of the Bargain too much. If Spring will permit violence meted out in the name of true desire, then does that mean their patron is more sympathetic to certain True Fae than to the changelings they harm?

The Court of Desire has near-innumerable rituals, celebrations, and obligations to perpetuate its Bargain. Other courts regard the Emerald Court's obsession with festivals and balls as a dereliction of responsibility. Quite the contrary: Spring requires celebration. It begins each year with the Spring Revel held when Winter cedes power to Spring. At this bonfire-lit event, the court does its best to ensure that each guest has some desire of theirs met before the revel ends. Another common celebration is the Homecoming. This event is much more like a birthday party than the "homecoming" parties held by schools or sports teams. It celebrates the date that a changeling returned to the mortal world from Arcadia. Each year a Homecoming for the Spring monarch is most likely, but the court is glad to honor others, particularly the strongest and most delectable potential allies from Summer, Autumn, or Winter.

The court is also bound by one universal rule: Your Desires Are Your Own. This "Verdant Rule" has many interpretations and ramifications, but at its heart it is a meditation on responsibility. It reminds the Antler Crown to acknowledge the desires of others without judgment, to recognize that desire is a mirror of the self, and to make no apology for their own wants.

Mantle Effects: The Spring Mantle is warm and enticing. It breathes renewal, redolent with scents such as new flowers, rain on earth, or the sun on the grass. The air moves around the Emerald Courtier — stagnation is the antithesis

of Spring. The colors may change around her as well: Greens become vibrant, warm colors become richer, or the lighting seems to take on the same cast as a morning sunbeam. At its most powerful, the Spring Mantle leaves the image of flowers growing up in the changeling's footprints.

Courtiers: A beauty merchant sells mortals romance in the form of haunting perfumes and exquisite jewels, taking their money but also their lust for status and respect. A white-haired Beast with pearlescent antlers runs at the head of an adoring motley. A Wizened storyteller loops heartbreaking tales into visual novels sold to only a few. An erotic oneiromancer crafts dream venues for his clients to safely explore desires that they could never voice aloud. A literal firebrand whips up crowds with promises of better days ahead. A therapist becomes far too involved with her clients, soothing their wounds and exploring their wants in ways that would get her license revoked. An urban gardener establishes community gardens in low-income neighborhoods. A parole officer goes the extra mile to help his charges rebuild their lives, and discreetly harvests a touch of their new hope.

Legends

- Shed a tear for Mother Susan. When she wandered back out of the Hedge with thorn-cut feet, a young woman with no family to her name, there was nothing she wanted more than a child. But the changes in her flesh reached her womb as well, and no child could take root there. Many a Lost maiden has discovered the same…but Susan wouldn't let her story end there. She went back into the Hedge, again and again, and at last she walked back out with a swelling belly and an oath sealed behind her heart.

  She wanted that child more than anything. And then…she had no child, but she carried the Bargain of Spring. Nobody ever heard the tale of how she came from here to there, not from her own lips. But you already understand, don't you? The child must have been the price she paid. She gave up the spring of her own life so that Spring would bless all of us. Honor Mother Susan, and weep for her, for that sacrifice must have been fueled by immense compassion… or overpowering guilt.

- Back in the day, the seasons didn't play nice. They went to war with each other, trying to crowd each other out. If Summer caught Autumn while Autumn was bathing and didn't have any weapons nearby, then Summer got to rule over the year for as long as he had his foot on Autumn's neck. There was a year where there was nothing but Winter, because Winter had tied up Spring and was keeping her in his house. He spent every day and every night watching the door, never letting anything bigger than a bug across the threshold.

  That's where Raven comes in. Raven had a cloak of black feathers growing out of his back, a present from his Keeper, that let him turn into whatever he wanted. He turned into a mosquito and slipped into Winter's house. Then he turned into a handsome young man and seduced Winter's daughter. He persuaded her to get her father drunk, and while Winter was nodding off he set Spring free. She promised him anything he wanted for a reward, and he asked to make a Bargain with her. When Winter woke up three moons later, he was so embarrassed he went looking to make a Bargain, too.

- Never let anyone tell you that beauty is mere vanity. If not for beauty, we would never have had the courts. For the first of us all was a beautiful girl, a princess before she was our queen. She and her sisters were all shut away like songbirds, but their Keeper's vizier loved her from the moment he first saw her. In time, the vizier decided she would rather die at her Keeper's hands than let the young captive languish a moment more. So she taught the girl a charm of summoning, and then let her and her sisters free.

  The princess was brave, and she led her sisters home without using the charm. At last, she stood with one foot in the Hedge, and she invoked the summoning. Spring came and appeared before her, beautiful as a god, and pledged to give her anything she wished. She saw the desire in his eyes, and said, "Give me a child." Spring gladly complied, and to protect that child's future he struck a Bargain. Clever as she was, the first Spring Queen then went to her sisters, and taught them each the charm in turn. They summoned Summer, and Autumn, and Winter, and I think you can guess the rest.

- All of the seasons are bound by powerful oaths, same as the rest of us. Some of these oaths control where they can and cannot govern — Winter has no power at the equator, for instance, and Spring and Autumn can hold court at once as long as they're both on opposite sides of the world. The Emerald Court came about because one of us discovered one of Spring's most pitiless fetters: Spring could not kill.

  When Spring came under attack, the First King offered to stand in its defense. He fought against the hounds of the dying year, nearly dying a hundred times before Spring healed him anew. At the last, he made a final pact with Spring: He took Spring's name, and he went into battle one last time, and he died as Spring. But because he died as Spring, he could return. His eyes opened at the end of the next winter, and Spring welcomed him with the Bargain.

  This story hides a secret, though: Now Spring can kill again.

Summer

The Iron Spear, The Crimson Court, The Court of Wrath

The hunter chose the horned Beast in the hoodie first: a sharp kick to the virilities, and the bull-man was down. Next was the troll with long, Black Annis fingers: she was still gawking when the baseball bat smashed into her temple. But when the hunter rounded on the third member of the motley, he realized he'd prioritized his prey all wrong. The waif held a blade near-long as she was, a crimson cloth knotted around its guard, and its point was already at his throat.

"When I started sharpening this sword, ten years ago," she whispered, "it was a knife the size of my finger."

Wrath

Wrath is rejection. Wrath doesn't accept that things are the way they are, and there's nothing to do about it. When someone shoves a knife into you, wrath is the urge to pull that knife out and stab right back. Let Spring and Autumn and Winter all try to avoid or mitigate their pain. Summer channels wrath to scream through blood-flecked lips, *no more*!

Nobody spends much time debating whether or not they belong with the Iron Spear. Summer Courtiers are those who drew a line and chose to push back. Maybe it was their own pain: loss, wounds, failure, humiliation. Maybe it was someone else's. But something awakened that fury in them, a wrath pure enough that they stopped thinking about flight and decided to fight. It's not always healthy, of course. Wrath doesn't make you happy, even if it dulls the pain and gives you something else to think about. It might lead you to sacrifice yourself for an empty promise of vengeance. But nothing gives a hunter pause like a beast that has decided it's not going to be prey any more.

There were other things that Summer had to offer, so long ago. But the Bargain with Summer was paid in wrath. It's the oath of the blazing sun destroying shadows. It's the vigilance of the longest day. It's the spike in violence when the streets are baking and the AC is out.

Anyone harboring illusions about "polite society" would be deeply chagrined to find out just how easy it is to harvest wrath, *especially* in a large city. Sure, you can drink up the anger in a Rust Belt diner full of frustrated, still-unemployed workers or in a congregation listening to a fire-and-brimstone preacher scream about how the sinners are ruining the world. But the city's full of people tightly packed…and hell is other people. Long lines at the bank or grocery store vent clouds of succulent frustration. Schoolyard bullies let out their anger on smaller children, who in turn seethe for retribution. Rush-hour traffic is practically a five o' clock dinner bell. Sporting matches are festivals of tribalized wrath, particularly if it's a contact sport.

Talk to a Crimson Court aficionado, and they'll tell you Glamour harvested from wrath tastes like heat. Sullen, suppressed anger has a low slow burn, and a berserk tantrum is a peppery explosion. Truly righteous wrath has a cleansing, spicy heat that seeps into your lungs. Hatred and the lust for vengeance add a metallic aftertaste. If you're unlucky and foolish enough to try drawing on the rage of something not human, like a werewolf, then it's like drinking molten gold. But for all that, the Iron Spear teaches that you shouldn't think of it in terms of consuming wrath entirely. You're meant to just hold it for a while — to forge it and hone it and give it a new target. A target that honestly deserves it.

Fuck compromise. You know who wants you complacent and afraid? They do. They want you thinking you don't want to fight back. No. Fuck that. You need to be angry. They earned your wrath.

Anger

When everything is going to shit, when you're afraid for yourself and the people you care about, you get angry. You look for someone to blame, because that's better than being impotent. You need a target.

The line between wrath and anger is a thread spun from semantics. Summer philosophy holds that anger is wrath with less discipline, less direction. Anger clouds your eyes. It drives you to strike, *strike now*, no matter what or who you hit. Anger creeps up on you when you don't have clarity of purpose. It makes you toxic — and worse, when the toxin runs its course, it leaves you weak and fatigued. Wrath is tiring, and anger doubly so.

That toxic nature spawns an ugly truth — many changelings fear Summer more than they fear Autumn. A Summer Courtier's rage might be triggering in its familiarity. All the more reason to focus that wrath, say the elders of the Iron Spear. Wrath can deter the Gentry. Anger will drive your loved ones from you — or worse, hurt them if they don't abandon you.

The Turning of the Seasons

High Summer: Summer stands. When the Crimson Court is in power, it marshals the freehold's defense. A Summer monarch doesn't precisely *militarize* a freehold — though some would like to, or have tried. The Lost are individuals, and a freehold's populace is full of people who might man a barricade in a time of need, but have no interest in making discipline and chain of command the new normal. But the Iron Spear usually has to spend three seasons watching the other courts ignore martial concerns. A Spring monarch typically leaves the freehold in high spirits but inclining to complacency. When Summer takes power, it's time to clean the guns and sharpen the blades.

Kings and queens of Summer are exceptionally intimidating creatures. If you want to avoid conflict, you join some other court where it's okay to hide or talk your way out of trouble. Crimson Courtiers test each other all the time, whether it's sparring to blow off steam, settling who's best with a sword or stick, or arguing over the best tactic for blasting out a warren of dangerous hobgoblins. The monarchs of Summer have to prove themselves constantly, and it shows. A tower of steel-cable muscle and scars flexes a killing strength in each finger. An elegant diplomat with cold iron in his voice never asks for anything twice. A plainly dressed woman seems smaller than she is until her thumb brushes up against the hilt of her blade, and the smell of blood seems to surround her. A crooked man in sunset regalia proposes daring offensives backed by seemingly uncountable layers of strategy.

An ascendant Summer monarch tends to focus on offense or defense. Defense involves activities such as gathering useful tokens of war, setting watchers on potential Hedge points of entry, building up the armory, and extracting pacts of alliance from whatever neighbors can be trusted to keep their word. Offense entails scouting missions deeper into the Hedge, grand hunts of particularly dangerous hobgoblins, and moving on tempting targets of opportunity. More fetches die when the Summer Court is in power than at any other time.

Low Summer: When another season holds power, the Iron Spear insists on offering counsel. A Summer advisor stands as close to the throne as she can, fully armed. She defers to the reigning monarch in most things, like a good soldier, but *always* has an opinion when there's a mention of a Huntsman, or of the Gentry.

High-ranking Summer Courtiers tend to split between looking inward and outward. Focusing inward is usually a matter of keeping the freehold defenses shored up. It's common practice to organize self-defense and physical training for interested parties, even weapons training for both ballistics and hand-to-hand combat.

Looking outward entails many things, small offensives against the Others in particular. A hunt during Low Summer might not be large and grandiose, but a few truly dedicated Summer soldiers can do some real damage. In most freeholds, a Courtier of Wrath keeps something like a bounty system running year round, making public the descriptions, last known whereabouts, and names (if available) of the freehold's most dangerous known enemies. The payments for a Summer bounty are as strange and tempting as you might expect — cash is certainly possible, if gauche, but the truly dangerous targets are worth weapons and tokens and pledges.

Lower-ranking Summer Courtiers find ways to serve the freehold. Obviously, they provide the lion's share of soldiers, sentinels, and constabulary. Standing guard isn't a full-time job — most freeholds aren't nearly large enough to support that — but the Iron Spear is there when needed. In most freeholds, the Summer recruitment pitch is based on unity: *Everyone does their part, but we'll always have your back*. It's an attractive offer to Lost looking for a new place to belong and comrades they can trust, especially if they're all right with rolling up their sleeves. Some take well to crafting, be it gunsmithing, archaic weapons and armor, or restoring and improving vehicles.

The Iron Spear encourages a volunteer culture in times of Low Summer, even outside the prospect of the hunt. Keeping busy is a good way to maintain or further your court standing. In the absence of more organized activities, Crimson Courtiers focus their energy into action —vigorous exercise, athletic competitions, martial training, Hedge raids, street races, poetry slams, all manner of pursuits. Wrath is a smoldering burden, and a responsible

Summer Courtier (they're not all responsible) needs to direct all that furious energy into something productive.

To be Summer Court is to remember the necessity of vigilance, year round. Most Crimson Courtiers understand joy, just not unfettered joy. They dance and sing and even laugh, sometimes, at the freehold's celebrations, but the Iron Spear is the designated driver. At least one of them is always sober, eyes on the exits.

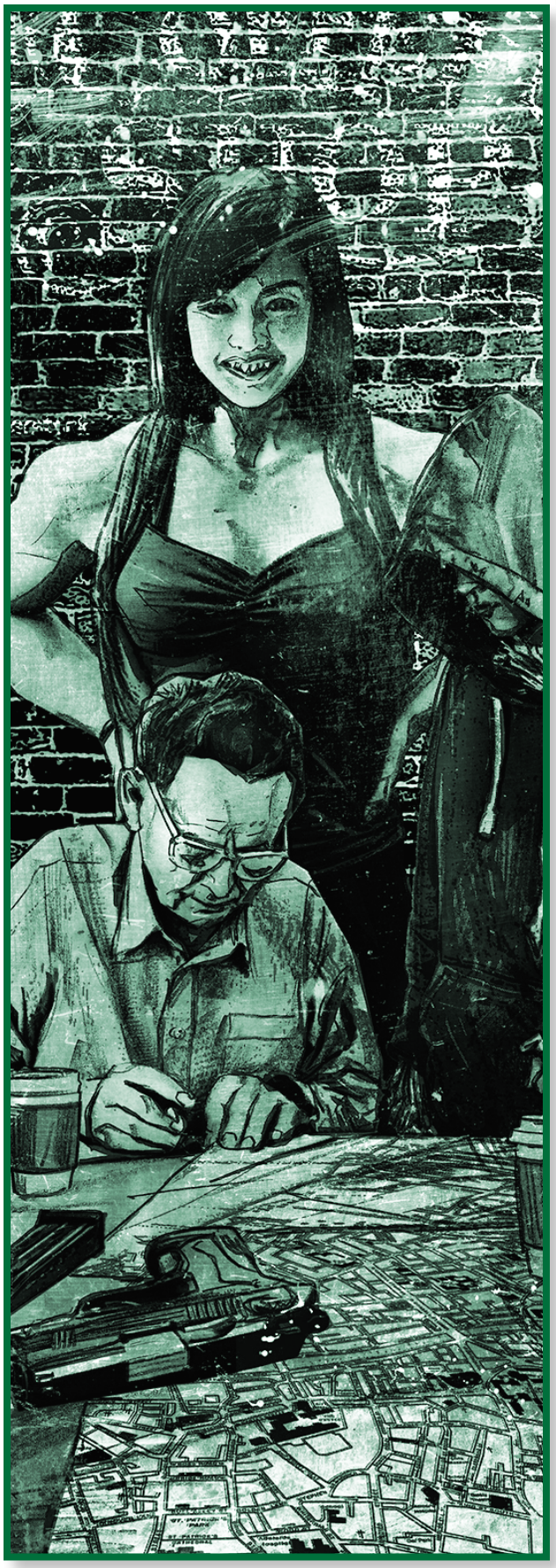
Give and Take

The Bargain of Summer is very straightforward: Where a Summer monarch holds power, the Others and their vassals must fight to the last. This compulsion isn't courage — indeed, a True Fae may be hollowed out by panic when it realizes that its enemies will not flee, and it *cannot*. It can only try to push forward, hoping that it's as invincible as it believes itself. The Iron Spear takes clever advantage of the Bargain during a hunt. If they can find a weaker enemy party, all they have to do is force the enemy to draw weapons in self-defense. The rest is bloody formality.

Summer also offers strength and focus. Strength is to be had in the Contracts of Summer — but focus is the philosophy antithetical to the Others, and therefore the first line of defense. The season guides its courtiers down a straightforward path, because straightforwardness is a weapon in its own right where the Fae are concerned. Gentry used to the perpetual twilight of their Arcadian realms falter when faced with changelings calling on the days at their longest and the sun at its zenith. Mercurial Fae, given to expect an echo of their fickleness, wither when confronted with the intense focus of the Iron Spear. Summer doesn't equivocate or flee — an unthinkable character trait in the debauched Gentry so used to having others crumple before them.

The Summer Court draws the most forthright Lost to its ranks. A faerie might find it easier to outwit a Summer soldier, but it might also think too many steps ahead. It can be very difficult for the solipsistic Gentry to anticipate the Summer Court by asking "What would *I* do?" The immortal game players never wind up thinking in terms of "Stop fucking around and just *hit* them."

In return for this strength and focus, Summer asks for blood sacrifice. Not of the B-movie, knives-and-altars human sacrifice variety, though — well, *almost* never — and not simply blood. The Crimson Court venerates their season with competition and physical mortification. They lead ritual hunts such as the *Mir-Shikar*, a grand hunt on the first day of summer targeting a foe or menace to the freehold. They hold tournaments of first-blood duels and cage fights, ranging from displays of meticulous dexterity and control to brutal punch-ups where the victor's the one who can still stand up. Their parties are physical affairs where they leap bonfires, run across coals, and brand their



skin; they stage eating competitions and sporting matches and mock battles. The court stokes the flames of Summer with aggression, and has many rituals to direct that aggression safely against their own. Mostly safely. Usually.

Mantle Effects: The Summer Mantle is strength and heat. It may pulse warmth like a heartbeat, with a faint smell of iron, or it may be a level, dry heat that seems to press the skin flat. A stronger Mantle may display heat effects like a mirage's shimmer or faint curls of steam. Standing near a truly powerful Crimson Courtier is like standing near an open furnace door — every time they shift, it's like an exhalation out of hell.

Courtiers: A betrayed mother swears vengeance for every year of her children's lives that she missed. An Ogre meditates on his sword, an instrument with no purpose but to cut apart men and women. A *rusalka* armors herself in ice to keep her fury frozen in her heart. A spine-fingered guitarist pours his rage into a ballad of loss and vindication. A ragged woman in a ragged coat visits the freehold every full moon, eating and drinking enough for any five people before she wanders away again to resume her hunt. A soft-spoken, gentle Fairest writes elaborate and ruthless battle strategies on delicate scrolls. A short-tempered bully picks fights at the drop of a hat, then offers to teach a few fighting and first-aid tricks by way of apology. An unobtrusive custodian quietly builds another few shattered Hedge-spears into the wall. A Hedge courier hides her true lightning speed under a casual trot, seeing whom she might draw out to chase her.

Legends

- Thousands of years ago, the seasons were at war. Winter started it, they say, refusing to melt her snows and cede the land to Spring. Soon enough, all four were at each other's throats. Summer was the fiercest, so before long the other three decided to unite against him. He fought the battle on three fronts, but knew he couldn't last, so he put a part of his soul into a fiery bird and sent it away to be safe.

  A hundred stories tell what happened next. A soldier, or a maid, or a prince, or a princess, found the firebird. They guarded the firebird against the hunters that came after it, beasts of ice or flowers or withered wood. At last they returned the firebird to Summer, settling the war and earning his gratitude. We don't know the name of that first founder, but we know and share their heart.

- The tale of the founding begins with three siblings. The youngest sister was fast as thought, the oldest son was strong as the ocean, and the middle child was hungry as fire. With these gifts, they fought their way back from Arcadia, free at last from the all-seeing "father" that had taken them. They were nearly to the mortal world when they heard a terrible howl, far above. It was a wolf so immense it chased the sun itself through the sky.

  The three leapt to the sun's defense without a thought. The youngest sister distracted the wolf and led it a merry chase. The middle child ate a great trough in the ground for the wolf to fall in, and the oldest son lifted a mountain to trap the wolf in the pit. The grateful sun revealed itself as Highest Summer, and pledged its gratitude to the three. Summer promised to teach the three's descendants and apprentices how to defend themselves against the wolf — for sooner or later, the wolf will get free, and it will come looking for us.

- Don't listen. It wasn't a brawler, a biter, or a berserker who first tracked down Summer — it was a sharpshooter. A hunter. The other courts will tell you otherwise, fearing hunters as they do, but think: How could you track all the skies in a year without patience?

  Summer had run for a month, and yet it looked down and saw this mortal always behind it. Summer grew angry, as Summer does, and rolled out a furious sun to blister the hunter's flesh. Without a word, the hunter shot that sun from the sky. Summer, suddenly unsure, turned its chariot and rode on. Another month passed, Summer's anger grew again, and it spat out another ball of fire. And the hunter shot it down. Again and again. Nine months, and nine dead suns later, Summer at last stopped, and descended to face the sharpshooter. The hunter's face was calm, but Summer looked into his eyes, and it saw wrath. And then Summer understood.

- The name we all remember is Sam Noblood. Seems a strange name for a man whose mien flooded with red when he got into a fight, but the story holds — and there ain't much reason to doubt it — that Sam was the second coming of Achilles. He couldn't be cut by any hand but his own.

  Sam wasn't the first one to think of pacting with a season, but he was the first to actually pull it off. He made a spear out of dead wood and autumn leaves, figuring the only thing Summer had to fear was Fall. And he went out to chase it like a boar hunt. He won that oath out of Summer by the strength of his arm. And Summer was glad to go along with it in the end, because if Sam could pin a season's ears back, then Sam's court had a real shot against the kings and queens of Arcadia.

Autumn

The Leaden Mirror, The Ashen Court, The Court of Fear

The woman held out her fist, blood dripping from it and her skinner's knife. "I call on the silver bear," she said, and the Huntsman's silver-furred cloak bound his arms to his sides. "I call on the seven wolf brothers," she said, and the Huntsman's hide boots slammed together and would not move. "I call on the red stag," she said, and the Huntsman's russet leather choker tightened around his neck. "Aid me," she whispered once more, "and avenge yourselves."

Fear

Fear is a line in the dust. It's a boundary, an invisible wall. Fear keeps your enemy from crossing your threshold. Fear keeps your allies from presuming too much. Fear is a fortress, and the Leaden Mirror knows all the secrets in its foundations.

The Ashen Court has a complicated relationship with their signature passion. Some of them revel in the rush; others consider terror the most rational weapon in a frightening world. Obviously, they all know how what it's like to live in constant dread, thanks to the durance — but that could be said to be true of every Lost. The difference is that it takes a certain amount of introspection to swear the Autumn vow. Spring and Summer might suppress their old fears, and Winter may hide from them. But Autumn has to come to terms with those old scars.

Why, then, doesn't the Ashen Court play more like the Summer Court? Why do they treat the dread of knives and gasoline and broken glass as secondary at best? The answer's pragmatic — as terrifying as the threat of violence is, it works best on mortals. The True Fae play by different rules. They don't even reliably have bodies to break or blood to spill. To get at what frightens one of the Gentry, you have to threaten the rules they play by. And that requires sorcery. Nothing terrifies one of the grand gameplayers like the realization that what they'd mistaken for a pawn has its hands on the rulebook.

Autumn had many gifts to offer, but the Ashen Court chose fear. It was a power that flowed from lengthening nights and dead leaves falling from skeletal branches, of ripe fruits rotting on the ground. Autumn granted the understanding that death itself is not as frightening as *dying*. Animals fatten up before winter, driven by the secret understanding of starvation. Rich greens wither away into sere browns. Mortals honor their ghosts and light lanterns against the deepening dark. Horror movies and Halloween are florid offerings to Autumn's ancient and subtle truth: the unconscious dread that perhaps this will be the year you won't see the coming of spring. The immortal Gentry don't understand mortality in these terms — but who better than the Autumn Court to instruct them?

Fear is a dangerous emotion to harvest. Stir up too much dread, and a neighborhood starts looking too closely at anything strange going on. The fear you get at horror movies is superficial, about as nutritious as the popcorn. But the Autumn Court has its ways. They follow people home at night, staying just out of sight and making just enough noise to let the person fill in the rest. Children have vivid imaginations and low skepticism, making it worthwhile to seed rumors of the frightening house on the corner. A measure to frighten children might also infect their protective parents.

Don't be simple. Of course it's not better to be feared than loved. But someone has to wear that particular crown.



Bargaining

Everyone relies on their mechanisms. When the pressure's too great, an Autumn Courtier usually tries to find a way out. They don't run and hide, though — all that trafficking in terror builds up calluses on the soul, keeping the fight-or-flight question at bay. They have time to ask questions like "*What could I have done differently?*" or "*Is there anyone I can get to help me?*" That level of awareness doesn't mean they're fully in control, though. It only means their desperation is more articulated.

The Leaden Mirror's attention to the Wyrd feeds this character flaw. Magic has always been a practice of pacts and bargains, especially changeling magic with its Contracts and pledges. Do *this*, give *that*, and something will teach you how to turn the pages of reality until you find something you like better. So, when an Ashen Courtier feels her life or freedom is truly in danger, her first instinct is to look for some kind of escape clause.

Those Lost who've seen this side of the Autumn Court — *really* seen it — may find the Court of Fear even more frightening than before. When a desperate changeling starts thinking in terms of bargaining, well… The other courts are always at least a little worried that someone in the Leaden Mirror might turn coat and strike a deal with the enemy. The sorcerers are, after all, very good at bargains.

Worse, the Fae also know this.

The Turning of the Seasons

High Autumn: Autumn doesn't usually take the throne with grand displays like Spring and Summer. Their ceremonies are smaller, but more binding — an Autumn monarch will hold you to anything you say, so beware of empty platitudes for courtesy's sake. When an Autumn Queen *does* plan a grand event to mark her ascension, odds are that she intends to secure her rule through fear, and the intention is that everyone will leave the ceremony afraid to cross their new queen. The coronation banquet of such a ruler is certain to be…memorable.

When Summer has primacy, they look to the freehold's arms; when Autumn succeeds Summer, they look to the freehold's magic. This often takes the form of a cryptic census. Ashen Courtiers visit every member of the freehold, inquiring in the King's name as to any pledges they honor, any tokens they carry, or any oaths they are bound to fulfill. Usually people lie, or outright refuse to give up their secrets. The Leaden Mirror rarely presses the issue — secrecy is, after all, an important defense for the Lost. But given Autumn's mastery of the occult, they can often offer advice for better using a token, dream, or Contract than the owner would have guessed. An honest changeling becomes an educated changeling. An educated changeling is of more use.

If an Autumn Queen needs to prosecute a war, or to complete a war that her Summer predecessor started, she plays dirty. She enlists the Winter Court to supply her with all the information they're willing to share on the enemy's weaknesses. She searches out the loopholes in the oaths binding her foes. She uses bait and false retreat tactics to lure hunters into arcane traps. She uses sorcery to obliterate magically weak opponents, and dispatches Summer Court volunteers to overrun physically soft targets. She disdains glory and honor for shock and awe. If she utterly destroys her enemy's appetite for conflict with the freehold, she'll have to fight only one battle during her reign.

Low Autumn: When another court sits the throne, the Ashen Court return to their archives. On a practical level, the Leaden Mirror appeals to changelings who want to learn. *We all need to know more about ourselves and our world, just to survive. We'll share our knowledge with you.* Just about every Autumn Courtier has a measure of interest in magic, often with an occult specialization. One might be fascinated by words, and surround herself with books and blackboards; another, immersed in the symbolism of colors, keeps a spectrum of rooms where each is dedicated to the spells peculiar to its hue. The court is one part cabal of witches and one part scientific community, sharing their findings. They don't hide from others the way the Winter Court does, but other changelings are often reluctant to seek them out. This suits them, of course. It gives them more privacy for their research, and of course, it isn't a bad thing to be feared.

Autumn Courtiers settle into a variety of roles to support a freehold. They make fine advisors and soothsayers, but more interestingly, some are natural therapists. These Ashen Courtiers can surgically expose, identify, and soothe a person's innermost worry and dread. The court also reaches for certain clerical duties, from cataloging the tokens known to the freehold to recording the freehold's history. They make *excellent* solicitors, devising the craftiest and most beneficial wording for an oath, pledge, or Contract. Some put the court's lore to work by exploring the Hedge, whether to find secret paths in and out or to tend and harvest goblin fruits. Finally, a freehold's justice system is of great interest to the Autumn Court. Winter may provide more investigators and Summer more constables, but Autumn accepts the truly ugly business of playing gaoler and executioner. Caging another changeling is a disturbing reenactment of the durance, but when it must be done, best that the job goes to someone who can at least benefit from a prisoner's terror.

No other court has anything close to the Autumn interest in the terrifying supernatural beings that lurk on the fringes of mortal society. While they don't trust vampires, ghosts, werewolves, or the like, these "fellow Autumn People" are grimly fascinating. Other supernatural beings have magic of their own, and they are entities to be feared. They feel like kindred spirits, though you'd have to be a fool to assume any bond. The Ashen Court has a dangerous tendency to investigate rumors of other supernatural beings. Some hope for allies; some to steal valuable new magics. All are rightly cautious.

Give and Take

Autumn's Bargain compels transparency. When the Court of Fear reigns, the Others and their pawns must give clear warning of their intentions before they attack. Autumn protects its children from the dread of uncertainty. The more powerful the Gentry, the further in advance it must announce its intentions; the time varies from a few hours to as much as a lunar month. The True Fae wriggle and writhe to find cryptic, unreadable ways that might announce their intentions only to someone capable of their riddle-thought, but these attempts inevitably fail. So the Others draw up their battle lines and send out liveried hobgoblin heralds, or they scatter engraved invitations to a slaughter, or they light runes of fire on the Hedge borders. If they aren't permitted surprise, then they shall at least have grandeur.

The Ashen Court repays Autumn's blessing with many rituals — more, truth be told, than Autumn ever required. At the smallest level, they practice tiny individualized superstitions as minor sacrifices. A courtier might bury a packet of burnt pumpkin seeds before a diplomatic errand, keep a bit of worn heartwood on a keychain, or count the steps every time she goes downstairs. These micro-rituals are a show of reliability, proving that the changeling can uphold even the most trivial of bargains.

Greater rites are usually some variant of a harvest ceremony. A few of these are innocuous feasts, mostly notable for the amount of magical shop talk that takes place. But more are hunts — the Ashen Court harvests fear, after all. It's unclear to outsiders what differentiates the Hunt of Leaves from the Falling Night from the Ash Run, even if those outsiders are invited. They all have very similar structure. The quarry is an enemy of the freehold, from fetches or changeling traitors to True Fae themselves. The Autumn Court provides weapons and masking spells to all interested parties, and in return claims first choice of any enchanted spoils they may find.

Mantle Effects: The Autumn Court's Mantle is… peculiar. It's distinctly Autumn — in its strength it may be a cooling breeze, a rustling rattle like a tree's denuded branches in the wind, tiny flickering candle flames or lantern fires, dead leaves spinning from nowhere and vanishing to the same. A truly powerful Autumn Mantle withers green plants away to brown and sends shivers up the spine. But tied into all that are the marks of the Ashen Court's sorcery. Occult glyphs shimmer like witchfire or spread like blotting ink before fading. An atonal chant sings a wordless warning. Sparks like dying stars fall from

the changeling's fingertips. An aurora of unearthly hues shimmers about the shoulders. The precise form these arcana take depends on the courtier, but wise Lost quickly learn to recognize the sign of a potent Autumn sorcerer.

Courtiers: An aspiring general discreetly inquires into Contracts that strike at the enemy's morale. An oneiromancer captures and catalogs nightmares, soothing his comrades' rest and uncorking the terrors in the dreams of enemies. A literal internet troll hacks a darknet database and threatens to dox the names she finds. A performance artist weaves spells of dread into an already disquieting act. An archivist searches out the details of every pledge spoken in the freehold, recording each one in massive chained ledgers. A candlemaker blends wax with the juice of goblin fruits to protect — or curse — certain favored customers. An alchemical vintner crafts intoxicating draughts that alter the drinker's perception of the mystical. A lawyer goes over Contracts in exacting detail, extrapolating new possible loopholes to exploit. A would-be shapeshifter runs wild at night, and seems to have a different patch of fur or scales or feathers every morning.

Legends

- Nobody could catch Autumn. She had a robe made of leaves of every color, and when she wore it you could never tell her from a tree or a stone. She ran faster than a deer, could break anything in her path, and never got tired. Many brave hunters ran after her until their feet bled and they collapsed. But there was one who just walked.

  He was a clever one, who sometimes walked like a spider. He had a big bag full of stories that bent him near double, but he said it didn't weigh a thing. He went wandering into Autumn's lands until he found a clearing he liked, then he sat on a stump and opened up his bag. He took out a story, examined it carefully, and then recited it to make sure it was still proper. When he put it back and made to close the bag, a voice whispered, "Another." So he took out another story, and another, and another, and Autumn gathered up her invisible robe and crouched there, listening. When he finally put his last story away, he said "Well, and now it's the solstice." And to her surprise, Autumn admitted defeat.

- The first Autumn Queen wasn't what you would have expected. Clay Ariel wasn't strong, she wasn't swift, and she damn well wasn't frightening. She was a little thing, whose flesh and bone hands were replaced with soft clay after she was taken. She had to be careful not to damage her poor hands, so all her tools and toys and weapons were clay as well, things she could handle with magic kneaded into them.

  But you'd be right to fear her anyway. When the four hunts began, Clay Ariel said, "I'll search out Autumn," and she set out with nothing more than the clothes on her back and a little smile on her face. She came back with the Bargain, and the Contracts of Fear. Now what in God's name could this quiet little clay mouse have done to earn that? How did she get picked over the sharp-edged murderers and doomcrows that set out on the same quest? We'll never know. And that's the lesson: Never take *anything* for granted.

- Spring and Autumn were once husband and wife. They had many children — storms, flowers, fruits, grains, all things young and beautiful, and all things ripe and sweet. But in time, Autumn fell ill. When her form became withered and leafless, Spring could not bear to look on his wife any longer. He fled, and she cursed him for his cowardice.

  They feuded for many long years. Autumn swore she'd slay whatever living child of Spring she could catch, and Spring vowed he'd engender so many she could never kill them all. When they finally made truce, it was at the behest of a brave pair of changelings, a husband and wife who each sought out one of the seasons. Alas, these mortals sacrificed their own love for the Bargain. Spring's champion died to appease Autumn — at the hands of his wife, the first Autumn Queen.

- When Silver Marya went looking for Autumn, she found him waiting for her in his great bleak house, sitting on his barren chair. He welcomed her and offered her his blessing, his Bargain, and the hand of his handsome son in marriage…if she could prove herself worthy. The cunning old season asked her to gather his thousand horses by feeding time, to comb the leaves from his orchard by bedtime, and to sow his fields with wheat to make into dumplings by breakfast time.

  She did each of these things, but not alone. With pledges and oaths, she compelled birds to gather the horses, sang the leaves away, and persuaded the wheat to grow and the millstone to grind it. When she sat down to breakfast with Autumn, Autumn smiled and told her she'd cheated. Before she could reply, he said, "But that's good. I want a daughter-in-law who knows it's better to be wise than brave. Teach all your children how to make pacts like yours, for only fools rely on their hands alone."

Winter

The Silent Arrow, The Onyx Court, The Court of Sorrow

The long-fingered hounds ran without baying in all directions. One snuffled at each stoop along the street, reaching up to caress the door only if the lights were out. Another, pale and naked, clambered into a dumpster to prod for warmth. A third rattled up a rusty fire escape, looking into each window. Nothing, nothing, and nothing. No spoor, no footprint, no sign of their quarry. The only thing that was left was a white mask lying in the street, and soon it too melted away.

Sorrow

Sorrow is a cage. It keeps a person from moving. It roots them in place, cold and unyielding. But people also willingly lock themselves within it. They embrace the bars' strength, for they're just as strong as the love for what was lost. They close the door to keep other people out, as if they were sharks. The Winter Court knows that sorrow can be crippling, but also inspiring. You just have to be certain you're the one holding the keys.

It's easy for a changeling to be drawn to sorrow. All you had to do was love enough. The Lost return home to find lovers in a false person's arms, parents dead and gone, children grown and unhappy. The life's work you built may be shuttered and lightless. The art you created may be destroyed or stolen. The Winter Court doesn't offer the same strength as Summer and Autumn, or the same abandon and hope as Spring, but it has never lacked for numbers. Those who join the Silent Arrow don't want to forget.

Sorrow's strength is twofold. Turn it against your enemies, and you strike at their will to fight. Turn it inward, against yourself, and you can see through false hopes and useless temptations. The Silent Arrow keeps loss, regret, guilt, and despair in their quiver. They're dangerous things to handle, but they have to be. So many of the Gentry aren't prepared for the pain that comes with losing something you truly loved — because so many of the Gentry weren't capable of truly loving in the first place.

Winter has always been the season of sorrow. Light is in shorter supply, and darkness comes early. The modern understanding of seasonal affective disorder offers a more scientific illustration of a relationship with Winter that some people have always endured. The longer the night, the easier it is to mourn.

Harvesting sorrow requires discretion, much like any other Winter Court affair. It wouldn't do to be seen with a smile of indulgence at a funeral, or when families are picking through the tornado-strewn flinders of their houses. Guilt and regret are nourishing vintages, and churches and prisons tempting sources. The more ruthless courtiers are experts at finding and reopening a mortal's old wounds, then feeding as they offer a sympathetic ear.

Depression

It takes immense fortitude to push forward under the weight of a heavy sorrow. The Winter Court has always been at greater risk for depression, both in the sense of major depressive disorder and in the more vernacular meaning. In the former case, it's not because something in Winter's Bargain may inflict clinical depression — it's because changelings who suffer from major depressive disorder most often find their way to the Onyx Court. The Winter Court doesn't offer a false cure for depression, but everyone there understands. And fortune willing, a changeling might be able to turn their affliction into surprising strength.

Cowardice? Just how shortsighted do you think we are? We're not trying to hide forever from the Others. That's impossible. We're finding a safe place to wait. Until.

The specter of depression has developed an interesting counterpart to the Winter Court's focus on remaining hidden. Pragmatism encourages the Silent Arrow to be ready to cut ties and run at any time. But pragmatism also encourages them to develop safe avenues to the things they enjoy and the people they love, as a means of staving off the sorrow that surrounds them. It's a cruel contradiction: isolation helps keep a secret, but isolation can eat at your soul. Onyx Courtiers have to be clever to balance these two needs, but of course, the court teaching is that they have to be clever simply to survive.

The great danger of depression is inaction. If you're always on the defensive, you can't make any sort of progress. Conscientious Courtiers of Sorrow watch their fellows for the warning signs of a shutdown and try to be ready to help. Less empathetic courtiers don't bother, figuring it's every Lost for themselves. The dangers aren't lost on changelings of other courts. Some can be loath to trust the Winter Court — when the Others come a-riding, what happens if the Onyx Courtiers crawl into their hiding places and refuse to stand with their brethren?

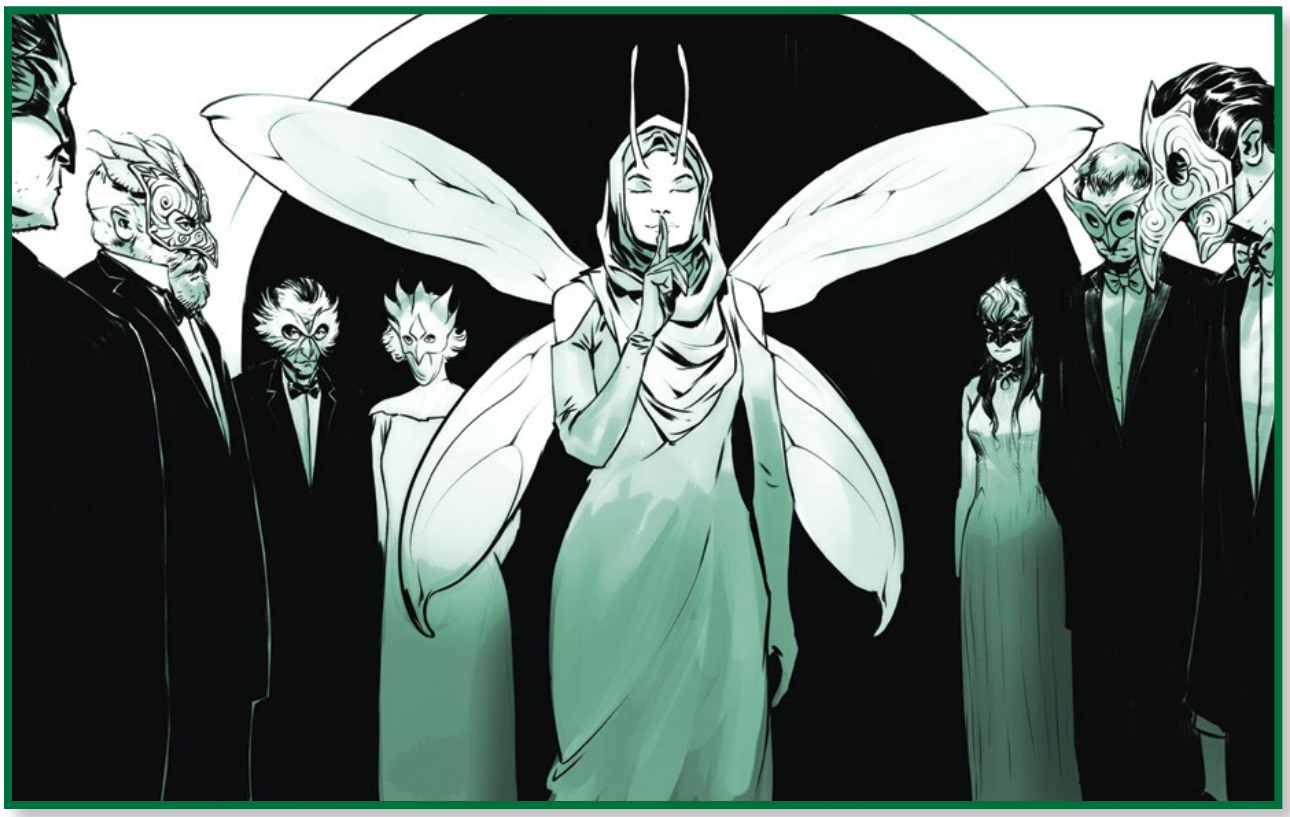
The Turning of the Seasons

High Winter: A freehold with an Onyx monarch is like a forest in winter — the trees seem still and quiet, but the roots are still quietly at work beneath the frozen ground. The freehold withdraws, declares no new grand offensives, and settles in for a time. And all the while, the Court of Sorrow spreads throughout the area, blending in neatly and using the lull to best advantage. They collate rumors, upgrade security systems, and check to see if each freehold member kept their bug-out bag up to date. Succeeding the throne after an Autumn reign has its advantages and disadvantages: The Autumn Court usually tidies up after themselves, but their tactic of fear can sometimes leave the local Hedge denizens inconveniently jittery and the Gentry on the alert.

A Winter king or queen usually seems very conservative next to their fellows. They make few open decrees, instead dispatching courtiers on secret and often deniable quests. When they require the neutralization of a threat, they commission an assassination rather than a war party. Winter has a particular tolerance for fetches, if tolerance is the right word: Very few fetches die during a Winter reign, to avoid stirring up trouble with the mortal world.

If war comes to the freehold, a Winter monarch may take to the field — leading from a fortified rear or dressed like a simple soldier — or he may direct the strategy from afar. But optimally, there will be no war while Winter reigns. If their information networks, wards of misdirection, camouflage, and discreet assassinations have all been reasonably successful, the enemy will be too disoriented and scattered to challenge the freehold.

Low Winter: When another court reigns, the Silent Arrow melts into the background as usual. They remain active in the freehold's affairs, gathering information and running covert errands. They openly volunteer just often



enough that the other courts remember that they're present and contributing. Apart from that, the Onyx Courtiers tend to act only when directly asked. The Winter Court accords more respect to rulers who remember their existence and make use of their talents. They also note that such rulers are more potentially *dangerous* to them… but that's part of respect.

Winter Courtiers play support in a freehold. They may have a variety of roles — scouts, doctors, cleaners, communications, researchers, counselors — but they're all tied into the same information network, and any freeholder with half a brain knows it. They also know a child of Winter will lie to your face, by omission or otherwise, without thinking twice. You can't trust every word a Winter Courtier tells you, but you can be certain they have the enlightened self-interest that keeps them part of the freehold, and are invested in the good of the freehold as a whole.

In most seasonal freeholds, the Silent Arrow is one of the smaller courts. It's easy to get the impression that they recruit new courtiers under protest, and would prefer to keep their numbers small and trusted. That's not, generally, true. The Winter Court demands discretion, but they offer a place to any changeling who feels safest when they're not attracting attention. They don't make the same social demands that Spring and Summer do. *We'll keep you safe and informed, so you can be in control again. You just have to be able to keep a secret.*

In that vein, the court upholds certain formal laws of secrecy, sometimes called the Icelaw. The Icelaw defines the most important things to protect. For instance, Winter stresses the medieval idea of courtly love, to protect the heart and reputation. Hate, like love, is best kept to yourself until it threatens to consume you, and then it must be acted on with swift discretion. A Winter Courtier must always be ready to evacuate or vanish, should the freehold suddenly fall. And the world is full of other supernatural beings who simply cannot be trusted — avoid them if possible, mislead them as much as you can, and never meet with one alone.

Give and Take

Winter's Bargain is one of the strangest of them all. While the Onyx Court is in power, the Others and their hounds are compelled to mourn, to truly mourn, their victims. An invader cannot bloody its blade or talons a second time until it has ritually acknowledged the death of its first target. The Bargain makes a Winter battlefield a truly peculiar sight, for most True Fae have no real idea how to mourn and can only approximate some form of guess. A spidery figure crouches over a corpse, spinning and folding a sticky origami insect to lay on its chest. An ice-skinned lady twists the arm of her servant until tears well out of its eyes, and then daubs those tears on the eyelids of the fallen. A six-masked rider arranges its prey's limbs into a mock-caper, and douses the carcass with blue fire from a Mobius decanter. And that's when Winter strikes. Against the Gentry, there's no room to honor these formal mimicries.

Like all other courts, the Court of Sorrow honors and repays its patron with rituals and celebrations. Winter's practices are not as grandiose, though. Too much pageantry would defeat the purpose of subtlety, but more to the point, a truly riotous winter festival would be *insulting*. Humans build fires in the dark part of the year to hasten it along and to beckon forth spring. When the Winter Court builds ritual fires, they burn reminders of their old human lives or their secrets. When they hold grand wakes in honor of all the Lost who've perished at the hands of the Gentry, they drink little and let the other courts have the lion's share of the debauchery. The Onyx Court pays their debt in ritualized grief and the recognition of loss. The most famous exception is the Winter Market, a bazaar that takes place the week before the winter solstice. Vendors must gain the court's permission to set up, and most are Winter Courtiers trading information and "confiscated" goods. But the Winter Market is distinct in that all transactions gain the Silent Arrow's gift of discretion.

The Winter Formal, another tradition with an innocuous name, is a once-a-year masquerade. The court requires masks to attend, and uses tokens and subtle magic to ensure that the identities of all participants are kept secret. The Winter Formal is an opportunity to socialize without the stress of politics, where everyone keeps secrets together.

Finally, Radio Free Fae is a tradition with no roots in the Bargain. As such, not all Winter Courtiers approve. Radio Free Fae is a bootleg broadcast, its location constantly moving and as secret as the identity of its participants. Its stated purpose is to share information that all Lost should know, even if the Winter Court hasn't cleared some of that information for release.

Mantle Effects: The Winter Mantle is subtler than those of the other courts. At lower levels, the Onyx Courtier might be confused for a courtless; at higher levels, an observer might mistake the courtier for someone much less potent than they are. And why not? If the Silent Arrow's primary goal is to elude notice, it would make little sense to proclaim one's power far and wide. The most prominent feature — relatively, of course — is a feeling of starkness. The Winter Mantle creates a sensation of stillness and clarity, of light falling in just that way that reveals the little details in the changeling's surroundings. At its most powerful, or when the Lost uses magic, Winter becomes a bit more evident. A few snowflakes fall, or a faint wind is cold out of all proportion to its gentle touch. If a full flurry churns around a Winter Courtier, *run*.

Courtiers: A forensic scientist finds clever ways to destroy evidence or plant false clues to misdirect their hunters. An aged librarian teaches others the secret speech of riddles with no answers. A stone-skinned hitman loads bodies into the trunk of a car that devours them. A pale, eyeless architect builds tunnels and chambers that never appear on any map. A favor broker parlays stolen secrets into influence with the Goblin Market itself. A school custodian passes on news to other Lost about the children they never see. A therapist teaches her brokenhearted clients how to face their innermost secret demons and how to live with grief. A funeral-home director fakes the deaths of certain sensitive clients, for a reasonable fee, of course. A software engineer buries stealth code into apps to hide or reveal certain locations. A gawky wallflower attends all the grand parties with her more glamorous friends, and carefully notes with whom they leave. A conspiracy theorist catalogs evidence about the movements and activities of vampires and werewolves, and prepares elaborate contingencies should they look the freehold's way.

Legends

- Not everything green and growing is kind. Once, many fair young men and women were captured for the gardens of a Keeper called the Earth Mother. The Earth Mother was beautiful and giving, but she demanded utmost obedience. If someone displeased her in the smallest way, she planted them in her orchards, and they were never seen in fleshly form again. Many tried to flee her. Only one succeeded.

  The Pale Maiden had listened and learned. She knew that the only creature that the Earth Mother feared was Winter himself. So she ran to the boundaries of the Earth Mother's gardens, and she called out to Winter to come and take her away. Winter accepted her offer, and kept her hidden away for six months before returning her to the mortal world. There, she taught others how to honor her patron, formalizing the Bargain and forging the Court of Sorrow. But after six months of rule, she vanished again. Some say the Earth Mother found her again, but that's a fool's supposition. We know where she must have gone — back into Winter's domain, to the seat he keeps for her by his throne.

- There was a child, unloved by her family, who ran deep into the woods to escape them when they were angry. She curled up in the snow, shivering, waiting to fall asleep forever, but the plumes of her breath drew Winter's attention. He came and sat beside her, and the chill of his robes drew the warmth from her, and he asked her to tell him her story. But she never complained, she never spoke of her family, and indeed she was too polite to speak of her pain at all. Winter marveled at the fortitude and manners of this small child, and announced that he would adopt her for his own.

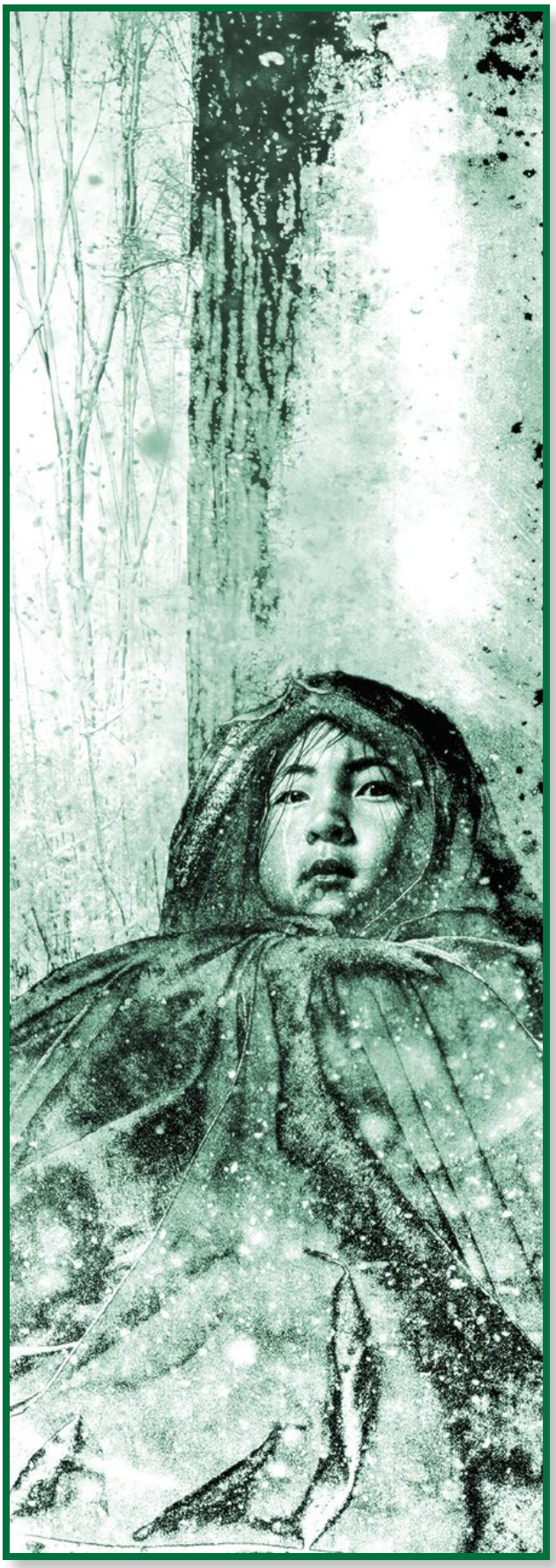
  Eventually the child came out of the woods. When she emerged, she wore a crown of ice and robes spun from heavy snowdrifts. She taught other children like her all the secrets that she learned from Father Winter, but to this day she has never spoken as much as her old family's name.

- Back when Sam Noblood was hunting Summer and Clay Ariel was negotiating with Autumn, there weren't many volunteers to chase down Winter. Only one person declared he'd force Winter to strike a bargain like the other three. The court remembers his name as Snowflake John, though it was surely something else. We don't remember his face, though; he was called Snowflake John because you couldn't pick him out of a crowd any more than you could pick a snowflake out of a drift.

  John laid out his challenge to Winter, and then… he disappeared. Nobody saw him again for two years. When he finally showed up again, he claimed it was done — he'd bested Winter because Winter hadn't managed to find him for two full turns of the seasons. It was a ridiculous claim. Surely he wasn't telling us everything. But we had our pact, and an object lesson in why some things deserve to stay secret.

- Winter never wanted a Bargain. He put his house under the ice at the roof of the world, in water so cold no mortal could ever swim to his door and live. When Spring, Summer, and Autumn all agreed to aid their tiny supplicants, Winter sat in his house and shook his head. "Not unless they ask me to my face," he said.

  But Winter had a daughter, and he had been cruel to her. When he caught her with a boy, he slashed her with a knife and threw her into the sea. So one day a quiet fisherman went out to the sea, and he tied a pretty necklace to his fishing line, and he lowered it down to her as a gift. When she followed his line up to the surface, he tended her wounds, brushed her hair, and promised he would marry her if that was what she wanted. She carried him swiftly down to her father's house, and pushed him through the door before he could freeze or drown. Winter was very displeased that he'd been found, and that he would have a new son-in-law — but a promise was a promise. The Bargain was his wedding gift.



Kiths

Sometimes, a True Fae needs its servant to be something unique, with a particular purpose. Sometimes, a changeling looks into a golden box she shouldn't have, or eats a fruit from a strange tree after three days of fleeing her master's hounds. Sometimes, the soul, for whatever strange and occult reason, just fits into a particular shape. This transformation is called a *kith*. Most changelings who make their way back through the Hedge have a kith — their new powers are a double-edged sword their masters failed to grasp. These different kiths fill many different roles and perform diverse functions in Lost society. Mechanically, a *kith blessing* represents this. A blessing has two parts: a lowered exceptional success threshold on a roll in a specific circumstance, and a power unique to the kith.

Below are 12 sample kiths for use in your **Changeling: The Lost** chronicle. By no means are you limited to these 12 — see the kith creation rules in Chapter Seven for more on building new and interesting kiths for your chronicle.

Artist

Would you mind stepping to the side? You're blocking my light.

Artists are not just the painters, the sculptors, the architects, or the composers. They are, in a very real way, their art. True Fae rarely abduct established artists to make Artist changelings. Novices, amateurs, and struggling small-timers might all become Artists. The Gentry don't care about the initial quality. What they want is an Artist trained to create things solely for them.

As part of their durance, Artists often develop physical characteristics of their chosen medium. A sculptor's skin might become gray and flinty, whereas a painter might have splashes of random, vivid colors in their hair. In Arcadia, a prison of their own frenzied activity held them. Stopping to rest might mean punishment, often in the form of being forced to destroy their own half-finished piece, or watching their Keeper do so because it wasn't perfect. Occasionally, a True Fae calls an Artist to help "design" a new changeling — with similar results if they stop working before the victim is finished. As such, many Artists are usually extremely protective of their works in progress, never letting them see the light of day until they are absolutely flawless.

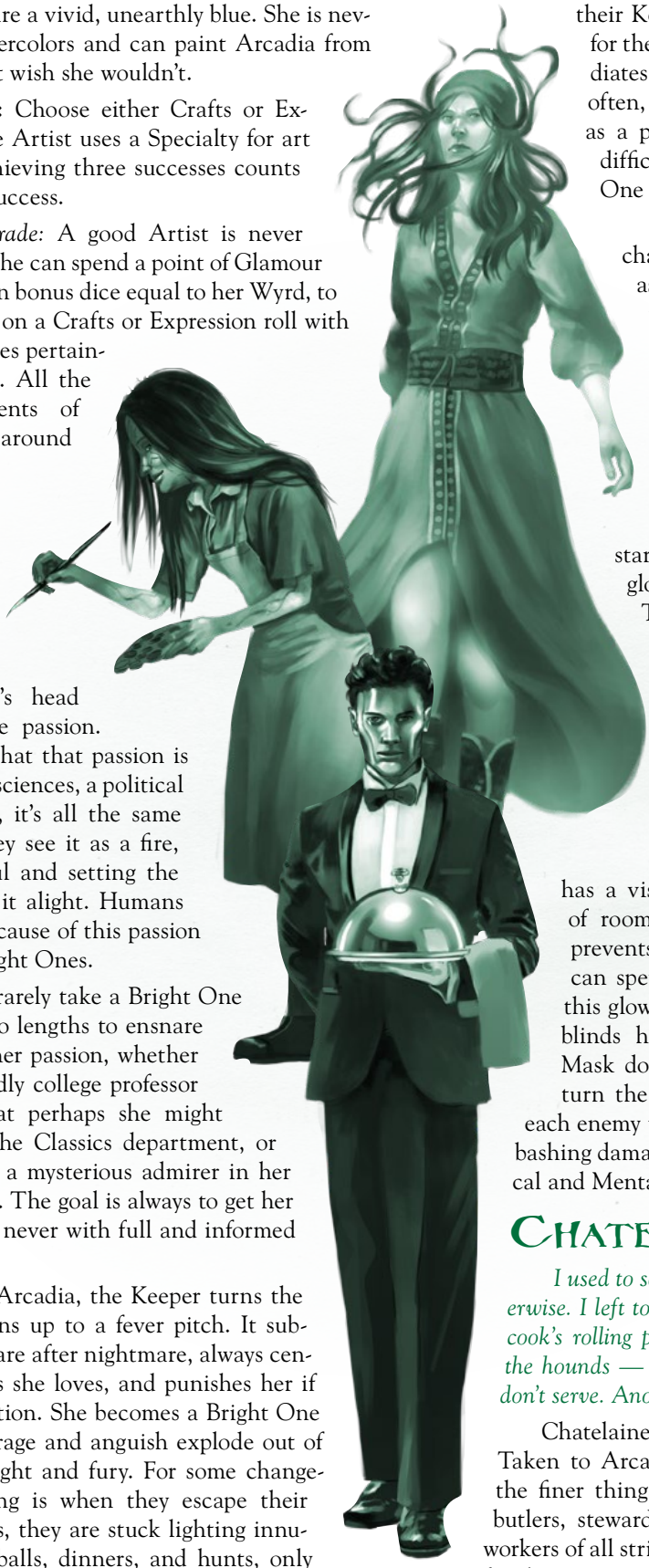
Ogre: The architect has arms like Corinthian columns, bulging out of the shirt that's a bit too small for them. Their shaggy hair is always full of paint dust and wood shavings. They are surprisingly gentle for their size — but a force of nature if interrupted.

Wizened: The tiny, gnarled woman has splotches across her paper-white skin that might be ink or might

be veins. Her eyes are a vivid, unearthly blue. She is never without her watercolors and can paint Arcadia from memory. Some Lost wish she wouldn't.

Kith Blessing: Choose either Crafts or Expression. When the Artist uses a Specialty for art with that Skill, achieving three successes counts as an exceptional success.

Tools of the Trade: A good Artist is never without her tools. She can spend a point of Glamour for her player to gain bonus dice equal to her Wyrd, to a maximum of +5, on a Crafts or Expression roll with one of her Specialties pertaining to creating art. All the necessary implements of her craft manifest around her for a scene.



Bright One

Excuse me.
I was talking.

Few things turn a True Fae's head more than genuine passion. It doesn't matter what that passion is for — the arts, the sciences, a political movement, a lover, it's all the same to the Gentry. They see it as a fire, burning in the soul and setting the creature who feels it alight. Humans the Others take because of this passion usually become Bright Ones.

The True Fae rarely take a Bright One by force. They go to lengths to ensnare this prey through her passion, whether it's posing as a kindly college professor and suggesting that perhaps she might like to switch to the Classics department, or leaving notes from a mysterious admirer in her apartment building. The goal is always to get her to go willingly, but never with full and informed consent.

Once she's in Arcadia, the Keeper turns the changeling's passions up to a fever pitch. It subjects her to nightmare after nightmare, always centered on the things she loves, and punishes her if she shows any emotion. She becomes a Bright One when the built-up rage and anguish explode out of her in a flood of light and fury. For some changelings, this becoming is when they escape their durance. For others, they are stuck lighting innumerable inhuman balls, dinners, and hunts, only making their escape at a moment when they can blind their Keeper. Subtlety is not an option for these changelings — their mien radiates a soft glow always. Their Mask often, but not always, translates this as a pretty face or striking hair. It's difficult to look away when a Bright One is in the room.

Elemental: The air around this changeling ripples and shimmers as though she is on fire. Her hair is a striking red-gold, almost iridescent. She is quick to anger and even quicker to forgive, once you can convince her you're truly sorry.

Fairest: This beautiful creature looks as though they are made of moonbeams and starlight. They have a soft, silver glow, and a gentle voice to match. They never raise their voice, but their anger is something to fear.

Kith Blessing: When the Bright One uses Socialize to be the center of attention, achieving three successes counts as an exceptional success.

Flare: A Bright One always has a visible glow, even in the darkest of rooms, though the Mask normally prevents mortals from seeing it. She can spend a point of Glamour to turn this glow up to a dazzling brilliance that blinds her enemies for one turn; the Mask does not obscure this light. Each turn the Bright One uses this blessing, each enemy that can see her takes a point of bashing damage and rolls at a −2 on all Physical and Mental actions that turn.

Chatelaine

I used to serve because it was a flogging otherwise. I left to get away from the whips and the cook's rolling pin and the ever-present threat of the hounds — but I still serve. I am useless if I don't serve. Another drink, madam?

Chatelaines are the perfect servants. Taken to Arcadia by Gentry with a taste for the finer things in life, these changelings are butlers, stewards, housekeepers, and domestic workers of all stripes. Their Keepers choose them for their attention to detail, throwing them into

their durance with no training and the full expectation that they will provide exactly what the Fair Ones want, when they want it.

Rare is the Gentry who keeps just one Chatelaine. A new changeling in a Fae household is expected to learn from the older, more established servants, and woe betide the servant who does not learn her place quickly and quietly. Keepers rarely have to punish their Chatelaines directly; a simple sign of displeasure is more than enough to send the household scrambling to chastise the errant changeling. Chatelaines quickly learn to work within a system, using others' power to survive while serving a capricious master.

This quiet movement through hostile social territory becomes an escape. When a changeling is beyond reproach, who's to say he can't walk right out the front door? The Chatelaines that come back through the Hedge are usually lower in the hierarchy. While it is not unheard-of for an established majordomo or lady's maid to have a place in the Lost courts, the peons who were too tied to mortality to fit neatly into the pecking order of a Fae household are more likely to flee successfully.

Darkling: A quiet servant with small fangs who seems to fade into the shadows that gather around her whenever she stands still long enough. She is uncomfortable with the spotlight and never speaks unless spoken to.

Fairest: A prim, perfect steward of the manor. Their uniform is always perfectly pressed, and their eyes and hair are the same color as the brass finish. They are the *only* person to come to when the local courts want to plan a party of any kind.

Kith Blessing; When the Chatelaine uses Empathy to determine a target's immediate desires, achieving three successes counts as an exceptional success.

Will That Be All?: Spend a point of Glamour to activate this blessing for the scene. With a successful Manipulation + Socialize roll, a Chatelaine may use the Social Merits of one other character in the scene as though they were her own. When the effect ends, characters act as though the target had used the Merits himself.

Gristlegrinder

Well, aren't you a little morsel. How about supper tonight, just the two of us? You don't need to fancy up — I hate undoing buttons and zippers.

Gristlegrinders are the cannibalistic nightmares of other changelings. Strictly speaking, they don't *need* the flesh of the Lost to survive — they're more like living garbage disposals who developed a taste for fae flesh while in Arcadia. Many Gentry keep them around as cooks, guard dogs, and implicit threats to their own slaves. Any kidnapped mortal could potentially become a Gristlegrinder. The ones that do generally had some emptiness inside before their captivity, be it grief from a breakup or a death, loss of direction in life after a stressful event, or just burnout.

Almost every Gristlegrinder has tasted changeling flesh at some point. The Gentry make good on their threats once they can't find a use for a misbehaving thrall anymore, so many Gristlegrinders have vivid memories of butchering, cooking, and eating other Lost — or simply snapping their necks and swallowing them whole. Many Gristlegrinders actually ate their way out of Arcadia, whether by devouring the hobgoblins and nightmares standing in their way, or chewing a hole through the Hedge. The devouring doesn't stop when they leave Arcadia, however. Their hunger is all-consuming, be it for love, blood, money, or simply more food.

Rumors fly that some Gristlegrinders have a taste for live flesh. Most fervently deny the truth of this supposition, but their fellow Lost look upon them all with suspicion, regardless.

Beast: She has a shark's eyes, a wolf's ears, and a mouth big enough to swallow you whole, my dear. She is always hungry, and always smiling.

Ogre: Fee, fi, fo, fum. This is the giant from child's stories, the one with the small eyes and the gnashing teeth, coming to chew you up for bothering him at mealtime.

Kith Blessing: When the Gristlegrinder uses Brawl to grapple someone with intent to eat them, achieving three successes counts as an exceptional success.

To Serve Man: A Gristlegrinder can make bite attacks that deal lethal damage, without needing to grapple a foe first. If she holds something or grapples someone of a smaller Size than herself, she can swallow it (or them) whole. She spends a point of Glamour and her jaw expands to the necessary size. With a successful Stamina + Survival roll, she gets the target down with minimal effort. A Gristlegrinder's digestive system deals two points of lethal damage per turn. If the target is poisoned or toxic, the Gristlegrinder takes damage as normal (p. 189), unless she has a Merit, token, or other means to negate it. Targets attacking the changeling from inside her must deal at least five points of lethal damage with a single attack to break out, but she can't apply her Defense or armor against such attacks.

Helldiver

Sorry, didn't mean to spook you! Hazard of the job, I guess. You won't believe what I saw down there…

Occasionally, the True Fae need to get places that even they can't reach. Sometimes they need a spy or a thief in their byzantine intrigues, someone who would go unnoticed and unaffected. When they feel like engaging in espionage, the Others create Helldivers.

Helldivers are unusual among changelings in that their Keepers not only expect them to leave Arcadia, but encourage them to do so. This doesn't free them, though. Even in their otherworldly forms, still-captive Helldivers have a silver thread attached to their person leading back to their Keeper. All Helldivers know the excruciating pain of being yanked out of another realm unexpectedly to face their Keeper's wrath. Once the thread breaks, the Helldiver is free. Helldivers break their threads in different ways. Some find a goblin smith willing to destroy it (for a price). Some convince the people they were sent to infiltrate to do it. Some simply go through the agony of breaking it themselves.

Whether captive or free, Helldivers are never in one place for long. They are always chasing some new rumor of a rare token, exploring alien realms, or listening in on conversations they really shouldn't. Helldivers are hungry for knowledge. After all, knowledge is power.

Beast: This changeling has bright, inquisitive eyes and vestigial wings. They move with startling speed and are usually content to listen — that is, until you get them talking.

Darkling: Even without diving, she doesn't seem completely solid. Her eyes are constantly roaming the room, checking for threats. She speaks in a hazy, distracted sort of way, as though she's not all there.

Kith Blessing: When the Helldiver uses Larceny in the Hedge, Arcadia, or another unearthly realm, achieving three success counts as an exceptional success.

Dive: Spend a Glamour point to make a Dexterity + Occult roll. On a success, the Helldiver begins to fade into an incorporeal, invisible form. It takes a number of turns equal to (10 − her current Clarity), to a minimum of one full turn, to completely fade. While fading, the Helldiver cannot take any non-reflexive actions or interact with objects or people, and attacks with a non-magical component pass harmlessly through her. Once she completely fades, she acts like a dematerialized Hedge ghost (p. 249), unable to physically interact with anything except other immaterial beings and objects, such as Hedge ghosts, other Helldivers, changelings using the Whispers of Morning Contract (p. 143), the unquiet dead, and spirits of all stripes. She can see and interact with all of these, no matter their current state. If she can find a gate to another realm, such as the deathly Underworld or mysterious Shadow, she may slip through with a point of Glamour as though it were a Hedgeway (p. 109). If ephemeral beings are normally material in another realm, she becomes so as well. She can spend as much time as she likes Diving, but she still requires basic necessities, such as food and sleep.

To end this effect, spend another Glamour point and make another Dexterity + Occult roll. If successful, the changeling fades back into the world at the same rate she faded out. Should a Helldiver gain the Comatose Condition (p. 334) while Diving, she immediately vanishes from wherever she is to reappear inside her Bastion, as though she had passed through the Gate of Horn to be physically present in her dreams.

Hunterheart

[mournful howling in the distance]

If animals have souls, they're not the sort of souls the Gentry can grab onto and twist into shapes to serve their otherworldly needs. Hunterhearts are the wild animals of Arcadia, the feral eyes peeking out from the Hedge. Not all Hunterhearts are Beasts, but all spend their durances consumed with the urge to chase, to hunt, to kill.

The True Fae usually take changelings who become Hunterhearts for their mix of ambition and insecurity. If being bigger and more important than those around them was all that drove them to be more, chances are good they find themselves stalking some Faerie wilderness. As with any kith, this is not a hard and fast rule — the environment in which their Keeper imprisons them may shape them on its own. A Hunterheart's durance,

however, is always red of tooth and claw, whether they're a vicious storm striking down unlucky fae in their path or a lion prowling an Arcadian savannah, and very few leave without some scars. A Hunterheart's escape may include direct combat, though just as many sneak out of their kennels and preserves as shred the throats of their Keeper's servants on their way out.

While this kith sees more Beasts than most, its members' behavior hews more to the mythic archetypes of such creatures than to any Darwinian textbook. True Fae don't care that male lions are whiny layabouts who expect the females in their pride to bring them carrion — or even that only male lions have manes. Lions in Faerie are proud, noble hunters, bringing down only the most dangerous game. Similarly, wolves are mysterious loners, panthers are sleek and sexual, and sharks are cunning and dispassionate. Some Hunterhearts have characteristics of many different hunter archetypes. What matters most is the chase, the fight, and the next meal.

Beast: This changeling has the shaggy hair of a hyena, but the cold, dead eyes of a shark. Even when relaxing, he seems to always be alert and ready to pounce. His voice is a growl, and he seems a little unsteady on only two feet.

Ogre: She's the troll under the bridge, the Cyclops hunting Odysseus's men. She is implacable, and once she has a quarry's trail, she follows it or dies trying.

Kith Blessing: Choose either Investigation or Survival. When the Hunterheart uses the chosen Skill to track down creatures from Faerie, achieving three successes counts as an exceptional success.

Pounce: If the target can see the Hunterheart's eyes, the changeling may spend a point of Glamour to lock the target in place or cause him to flee in terror. The Hunterheart's player rolls Presence + Wyrd as an instant action, contested by the target's Composure + Supernatural Tolerance. The target gains the Insensate Tilt (p. 330) or the Frightened Condition (p. 339) if the Hunterheart is successful, chosen by the target's player. If the changeling attacks the frozen or fleeing target, her unarmed attacks deal lethal damage.

Leechfinger

Relax. Let your body melt into the table. That's it. Now, it's normal to feel a bit of pain with deep-tissue massage. That's just your muscles letting go. Embrace it. Relax.

If vampires exist, they cannot become changelings. That is the generally held opinion among the Lost — the process appears to require a living human soul. However, the thought of the Byronic undead ideal entrances humanity — mysterious, dreamy-eyed, and stealing the life of those around them. The True Fae have seized on this dream to create the Leechfinger.

The Gentry draw Leechfingers from mortals who take. This definition is broad: A Leechfinger could have been a manipulative user, a cold contract killer, a kind-hearted fundraiser, or a polite financial professional. Anyone who builds their identity around taking and receiving in some way could make a good Leechfinger. In Faerie, they are weapons against the slaves of other Gentry and instruments of torture against their own Keeper's troublesome servants. With a touch, they steal life and vitality, leaving their victims dazed and fatigued. This is a double-edged sword for the Keeper, as many Leechfingers escape after draining loyal servants and fighting back through the Hedge with their newly discovered vitality.

In the mortal world, Leechfingers find hunting both easier and more difficult. While brushing up against a mortal to steal a bit of his life force is easy to do unnoticed, other changelings know they exist. They look at even the kindest Leechfinger with suspicion — the Keepers have already stolen part of their lives, why should they allow this kith to do the same?

Darkling: At first glance, this changeling could be a Playmate with their friendly, round face and pointed ears. On closer inspection, however, they sport small, needle-sharp fangs, and their eyes and fingertips are stained the color of old blood.

Wizened: Other fae often mistake this changeling for a mortal. They look normal. Too normal. Everything about them is designed to appear as average as possible, from their height to their eye color to the mid-alto pitch of their voice. Everything, that is, except for their long, spidery fingers.

Kith Blessing: When the Leechfinger uses Medicine to determine the health of a potential target, achieving three successes counts as an exceptional success.

Sap The Vital Spark: If the Leechfinger maintains physical contact with a target for a full turn, she may spend a point of Glamour to inflict a point of bashing damage. This heals the Leechfinger, either downgrading one aggravated wound to lethal, one lethal to bashing, or one bashing to fully healed. As long as the Leechfinger maintains contact, she can spend a point of Glamour each turn to continue the effect. If the target is a changeling, the Leechfinger inflicts two points of damage per Glamour instead, and thus heals or downgrades two points of damage per turn.

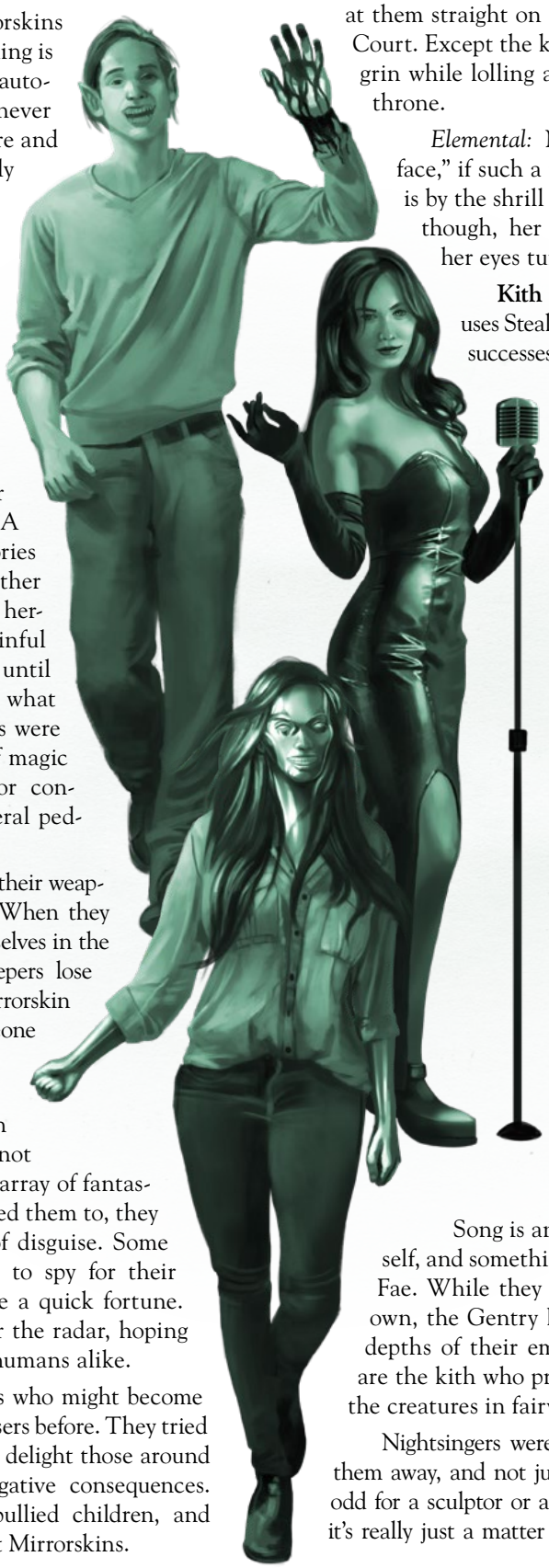
Mirrorskin

No, I'm not Jack Smith. Who's that? He sounds like a pretty cool guy.

The True Fae are capricious, ever carried by their whims. Their actions seem illogical, their emotions mercurial, and their desires nonsensical. Changelings never really know their Keepers — Fae logic is hard enough to follow from a distance, let alone when you're in the eye of

the hurricane. However, the True Fae are one thing consistently: themselves.

That's how the Mirrorskins escaped. In Arcadia, everything is what it is. That may sound tautological, but a Snowskin will never set another changeling on fire and the Hunt will never suddenly become the Knights Hospitaller. Mirrorskins are anything and everything — or, at least, they can appear to be so. In Arcadia, where appearance is everything, this is a huge advantage. True Fae who create Mirrorskins keep a close eye on them, using them as spies, showpieces, or sometimes literal mirrors. A Mirrorskin may have memories of being a prototype for another kith, warping and morphing herself into a multitude of painful and unsustainable shapes until her Keeper had an idea of what it wanted. Some Mirrorskins were trapped on the other side of magic mirrors, used as advisers or consorts. Some were put on literal pedestals as living statuary.



Change and disguise are their weapons, and how they escaped. When they twist and turn and lose themselves in the Mask, that's when their Keepers lose them, too. The fight of the Mirrorskin is the fight to survive as someone else in its purest form.

In the mortal world, their capacities aren't much different. While they cannot contort themselves into the array of fantastic shapes their Keepers forced them to, they are unmatched in the art of disguise. Some Mirrorskins use this power to spy for their courts. Some use it to make a quick fortune. Some just use it to fly under the radar, hoping to go unnoticed by fae and humans alike.

The sorts of changelings who might become Mirrorskins were people pleasers before. They tried to be whatever they could to delight those around them, or at least avoid negative consequences. Customer-service workers, bullied children, and con artists all make excellent Mirrorskins.

Darkling: You could swear she looked like your best friend out of the corner of your eye — but no, you look at them straight on and he's the king of the Autumn Court. Except the king would never have that impish grin while lolling about on the freehold's makeshift throne.

Elemental: No one has ever seen her "real face," if such a thing exists. You can tell who she is by the shrill voice. Whenever she gets excited, though, her skin ripples like quicksilver and her eyes turn mirror-bright.

Kith Blessing: When the Mirrorskin uses Stealth while in disguise, achieving three successes counts as an exceptional success.

Mercurial Visage: A Mirrorskin may mold and shape her appearance like putty, making an entirely new Mask out of composite pieces of people she's met or seen in photos. Spend a point of Glamour and make a reflexive Wits + Subterfuge + Wyrd roll, with no penalties for lacking equipment. For an extra point of Glamour, the changeling can build a new composite mien as well. Supernatural abilities that would pierce her deception prompt a Clash of Wills (p. 126). This effect lasts indefinitely, but the changeling must use it again even to return to her own natural appearance.

Nightsinger

Thank you, you've been a lovely audience. If you'll notice the jar on my lovely accompanist's piano, I accept cash gifts as a sign of your appreciation. Please don't make the mistake of throwing your platinum card in — that is, unless you're prepared to deal with the consequences.

Song is an art almost as old as humanity itself, and something that utterly fascinates the True Fae. While they have otherworldly music of their own, the Gentry love human songs for the endless depths of their emotional expression. Nightsingers are the kith who produce many of the magical songs the creatures in fairy tales teach heroes or children.

Nightsingers were creative types before Faerie stole them away, and not just musicians. While it might seem odd for a sculptor or an author to become a Nightsinger, it's really just a matter of learning to sculpt or tell stories

with melodies and harmonies the same way one might sculpt bronze or write a poem. That's not to say the process is easy. The True Fae have odd and exacting ideas about what makes a good song, so a changeling who produces a less-than-satisfactory piece runs the risk of severe retribution.

This is a dangerous position to take as a True Fae. Most Nightsingers escape while their Keepers are in the throes of exquisite agony from a song sad enough to make a stone weep, or doubled over in laughter from a bawdy take on a solemn hymn. Some become their song and float straight out the door, carried by the notes they're singing. Nightsingers find that, once they've escaped, their songs hold less power. They can no longer achieve the reality-bending effects in the solid, consistent mortal world that they could in a realm built entirely of dreams and Wyrd. They're far from powerless, however. The other Lost quietly fear their ability to completely enthrall others with their song.

Fairest: This almond-eyed torch singer will have you opening both your heart and your wallet to her in under an hour. She has no dearth of admirers, but she always goes home alone. Some call her frigid, some call her prudish, but they're always back for more.

Wizened: He's not much to look at — skeletons have more meat on their bones. His wiry black hair sticks out in all the wrong places. But when he opens his mouth to sing, the rafters quake with his baritone and there is not a dry eye in the room by the end of it. He rarely opens his mouth to do anything else.

Kith Blessing: When the Nightsinger uses Expression to sing or compose a piece of music, achieving three successes counts as an exceptional success.

Siren Song: Spend a point of Glamour and roll Presence + Expression + Wyrd as an instant action, contested with Composure + Supernatural Tolerance by anyone who hears the Nightsinger's unearthly song. Anyone who fails gains the Swooned Condition (p. 345) and is rooted to the spot for as long as the Nightsinger continues to sing; the changeling can take a victim's hand and lead him along with her, but otherwise he can't move, although he can still apply his Defense against attacks. Jarring him out of it requires an opposing power (prompting a Clash of Wills), dealing him at least as much damage as his Stamina rating, or making it impossible for him to hear the song anymore.

Notary

You do understand that when you agreed to bind your children and your children's children to that Other unto the seventh generation that they were being savagely literal, yes? The Gentry don't exaggerate. No, stop crying, I'll help you figure this out.

Not all pledges are signed on paper or carved into stone. Some are literally living documents. Notaries are changelings who preside over pledges between True Fae and others. A Notary's Keeper writes these agreements in the changeling's blood, etch them across her skin, and imprint them on her soul. She is both witness and oath, and her Keeper closely supervises her, lest its pledge vanish into the Thorns.

This makes a Notary's presence extremely dangerous in the mortal world. A True Fae will stop at nothing to retrieve a lost pledge, sending Huntsmen, loyalists, and even other True Fae after escaped Notaries. Many freeholds wouldn't bother keeping such ticking time bombs around if they weren't so incredibly valuable. Notaries escape by finding loopholes in the pledges that bind them to the Others and walking right out the front door. In Lost courts, they're often viziers, lawyers, mediators, and — if all else fails — tricksters who outsmart the True Fae into leaving their freehold alone for yet another season. A Notary can perfectly recite any pledge she officiates.

Elemental: What appear to be tattoos are actually tiny vines wrapping around their arms, spelling out complex legal terms and burrowing into the skin. They are the person the courts come to for settling petty disputes.

Wizened: This changeling's skin is cracked and yellowed, like old parchment. She smells of dust and ink, and when she speaks, it's a soft but pedantic correction on some poorly thought-out point of legal minutiae.

Kith Blessing: When the Notary uses Politics to negotiate, read, or interpret a fae pledge, achieving three successes counts as an exceptional success.

Abatement: Once per chapter, a Notary can completely negate the need for Glamour in a pledge as long as she is involved in its creation, without a roll. Thereafter, the Notary can perfectly recite the pledge as long as it lasts.

Playmate

Are you all right? You seem lonely. What can I do to make you smile?

Each member of the Playmate kith is shaped according to the whims of the specific True Fae who made her. A Keeper who plays at being a lost child might create an Ogre Playmate to carry them around and rock them into whatever passes for sleep among the Gentry. A Lady of Arcadia might create a brace of Beast Playmates for her menageries, where she goes to stroke their feathers and fur, and sing softly in a language that no one has spoken for 1,000 years. The list goes on. Every Playmate reflects the specific attachment style of his or her Keeper, and every Playmate is made to feel needed.

While this alone might make it difficult for a Playmate to escape, mortals who already felt lost and alone most often become members of this kith. Adult children reeling from the deaths of parents, new divorcees, and college dropouts are just some examples of the sorts of

people True Fae prey upon as new Playmates. They promise structure, connection, and love.

It's an open secret that most Playmates who now exist in the mortal world didn't escape. Their Keepers grew bored with them and tossed them into the Hedge. Many Playmates blame themselves — after all, if they had been better, wouldn't their Keepers have loved them? They rely on friends and loved ones to remind them how much better off they are now.

Playmates occupy an odd spot in changeling society. On the one hand, they were let go, not chased on their way out, so many Lost view them with suspicion. Accusations of loyalism are not uncommon. On the other hand, Playmates have an extremely valuable blessing and are usually willing to help out wherever possible, so many freeholds welcome them. Their own Keepers don't often show up to reclaim them, but many Fae don't mind playing with secondhand toys.

Beast: This sad-eyed changeling puts you in mind of a hound left out in the rain. He's always the first to help out and the last to leave once the job is done. He never complains, but he never smiles either.

Fairest: She may not have been made to look like a cookie elf, but that's exactly what she reminds you of: long, curly red hair, pointed ears, rosy cheeks. She's the Spring Court's best healer, but they only call on her for serious matters. No one's ever seen her leave the freehold.

Kith Blessing: When the Playmate uses Persuasion to make someone like her or her friends, achieving three successes counts as an exceptional success.

Coeur Loyal: A Playmate may touch a wounded character and spend a point of Glamour to heal any number of bashing or lethal damage points as an instant action. She takes the same amount of mild Clarity damage as bashing damage healed, and the same amount of severe Clarity damage as lethal damage healed; apply the mild damage first. She can't heal more damage than she has room to take more Clarity damage. It is entirely possible for a Playmate to lose herself completely while healing others.



Snowskin

Calm yourself, you won't get anywhere by panicking. Is anyone dead or bleeding? Is anyone missing?

Faerie is not all exploding chaos and wild whimsy. Sometimes it is cold, still, and quiet, like a snowfall on a winter's night. In palaces of glittering ice, or at the bottom of freezing oceans filled with all manner of unearthly creatures, Keepers enforce a frigid peace at the end of an icicle spear. Their servants become Snowskins to better survive their chilling durances.

Those who interact with Snowskins find them to be chilly, both physically and emotionally. Members of this kith have, at the very least, an unusually low body temperature. Some develop ice crystals in their hair, or constantly fogging breath. Many Lost kindly describe them as "a bit frosty, but lovely once you get to know them," or less politely, "that frigid bitch." Snowskins are reserved and mysterious at best, actively antisocial at worst.

Before the Fae took them, Snowskins were stable and self-sufficient, able to take care of themselves should anything fall apart. Their durances sharpened this to a fine point, teaching them not to trust anyone or anything other than their own capabilities. Their Keepers left them to fend for themselves in snowy wastelands or fields of icebergs, often with little clothing or other warmth. They freeze to protect themselves.

It is this total freezing of the heart and soul that allows a Snowskin to evade his Keeper's tender mercies long enough to escape Arcadia. Bright, expressive souls attract the Gentry, not lumps of ice and shadow. Snowskins usually escape unnoticed once they force this change of heart. Complete empathic shutdown comes with a price, however — Snowskins learn to escape by putting themselves first, and to hell with everyone else, an attitude that does not change easily. Even once they're back in the

mortal world, some never warm up to their fellow Lost, and those who do form extremely strong attachments to those they let in.

Elemental: Her hair might have been platinum blonde once, but it is now the iridescent white of a virgin snowfield. Her finely chiseled face always seems to be sneering at something, and she is never without her motley. Only those pledge-bonded to her know it's because she's afraid to be alone in a crowd.

Ogre: She is the hulking enforcer of the Winter Court, all sharp angles and corners. No one has ever heard her speak in more than monosyllables, and she doesn't make friends. However, no one in the freehold is a fiercer protector of new escapees or a better guide to the local Hedge and trods.

Kith Blessing: When the Snowskin attempts to use Subterfuge to hide her feelings from others, achieving three successes counts as an exceptional success.

Heart of Ice: A Snowskin's derision is more vicious than a howling blizzard. When she attempts to shut someone down in front of an audience, spend a point of Glamour and roll Presence + Intimidation + Wyrd, contested by the target's Composure + Supernatural Tolerance. If the Snowskin succeeds, her target gains the Shaken Condition (p. 344) and suffers a −2 on all Social rolls involving other changelings until the Condition resolves, as her contempt freezes him out of society.

Part II

It Happened to Me

John

It always starts the same way. Everyone already fleeing the burning building, lightning striking over and over, driving out the darkness in the night sky. Sometimes I'm standing amid the fleeing people, counting them as they turn to monsters before my eyes. Sometimes I'm running with them, my limbs stretching out in front of me, my hands disappearing into mist. The words of my scream catching in my throat and dissolving into a toneless sigh. Sometimes I'm on the roof, directing a man hurling lightning bolts, showing him who to strike next. I'm dreaming it a couple of times a night now. Cycling through the possibilities, faster and faster.

When I was little, I knew that I saw things in my head. That I remembered them before they happened. People getting hurt. People dying. Once, I tried to warn my aunt that her cat was going to be hit by a car, but she just blamed me when it happened. I didn't tell anyone after that, but the seeing never stopped. I tried to ignore the memories when I had them, and more often than not they were so disorienting that it was easy to just call them dreams. This doesn't feel like a dream anymore, and it's never come on so strong. Never carried so far into waking. I can smell the rain already. Petrichor wafting up from dry concrete. Cold droplets on my skin under a clear sky.

I feel like I'm being asked to pick a side, but I don't know which is which, only that not picking is just as dangerous. Something bad is going to happen, and if I'm not careful, it might be my fault. And I don't think I have much more time. I have to tell someone soon. So I went to a coffee shop.

Don't laugh. I couldn't think of anyone I knew who would believe me. A stranger seemed almost more likely to take me seriously. So I sat outside, in a chair that was going to be washed away, watching rain fall into my cup, waiting for the rumble that meant it was finally too late. The tide pools just across the street were almost dry. The water all drawn back to the bay and the sea, exposing the barnacles and tiny plants that burrow into the rocks. The cold sea water that will rush over this rocky ledge won't dislodge them, but the wrecked wood that it carries back will.

Her hair is a short black spray, and I know she's going to live, so she seems like a good choice.

I recognized her frightened face from futures where I ran or sometimes stood alongside her. Wendy. Wendy who ran. Just once, she and I ran. Pulling along two children that wail to go back. The littlest flies out of my arms, struck by the same bolt that hits me. Not that path, hopefully. Her children and I would die together. She flinched when I told her about the dreams. About the tide coming in. About the apartment building. About the monsters.

"They're not monsters." She almost hissed. And as she shook, feathers fell from her hair. "They're just people. Just kids." She wanted to go back right that moment. To get her children. To sound an alarm. To do something.

Hearing her hot breath in my skin, I pulled at the hem of her cuff. "Please." I whispered over the screaming. "Please listen."

I told her about the sea. I told her about the man with electricity in his heart, whose skin was too tight for his bones. The hungry shadows he pushed us toward, with their silver nets sifting us off the ground like pearls in sand. Once I opened my mouth, I couldn't close it. I told her about everything. Even the cat. She listened to me quietly, asking gentle journalist questions as the wind hissed and the rain started pricking our skin. Looking for facts, some seed buried in my memory than we could start from. Then she told me about her children. About her new home. About being surprised by love. And about what we needed to do. Because it was too late to run now, we had to fight or burn.

Or that's what she said, at least. I felt wrung dry. Like I had nothing left inside me now that I had delivered this message to her. But she dragged me along, and I wasn't in any position to argue with her. If I didn't come along, she wouldn't succeed, and it would be my fault. If I did, it still might, but it would at least have been a choice. The rain finally felt as strong on the outside of my skin as it did on the inside. I said goodbye to the chair. And then she took me home.

I watched our reflections in the windows. Each failure splashed across our faces, bathed in firelight. How to thread the needle? Confront the man with wrath in his hands, and everyone dies faster. No survivors, neither red hind nor spring hare doe. Let him alone, and many flee, but none are saved. She had a plan, but it wouldn't stay under my skin. All I could see were the mistakes we might make. What will happen if I don't convince him. If she can't empty the lobby. If a black-haired woman can't lead the right people to the right roof. If there are three children instead of five. If the blonde in the pink skirt doesn't accept an invitation or trust a strange hand. So many ways for it all to go wrong. But after that it stops — mid-gesture, mid-thought.

The streetlights finally died, and we drove the last mile in darkness, by hope and by memory, amid strange growls and the suggestion of hands against our windows. The parking lot was flooded with people and the sea. Murky water rushed up out of storm drains, full of small gray fish that gathered where our feet fell, dragging our steps back out toward the blackness beyond. She passed through the lobby lights, cast onto the puddles below our feet. When she opened the door, I trailed after her like a little gray fish.

Inside, the scene had already begun. Three of Wendy's kids were already quietly ushering people out — two teenagers and a baby, waifish and covered in silvery feathers. A man with no eyes, who looked like he'd been crying. Two ghostly children trailing after a woman with short purple hair and a cow's tail peeking out below her skirt. But two children were missing. The blonde and black-haired women were close enough to kiss, all three whispering when they wanted to be shouting. But their arms were pulled tight and angry against their bodies.

"Well, isn't this a sweet tête-à-tête."

Lightning stood among them, skin too tight for his bones, crackling around the edges of my vision. And I was blind.





Chapter Two
More Things in Heaven and Earth

Fantasy is hardly an escape from reality. It's a way of understanding it.
Lloyd Alexander, **A Visit with Lloyd Alexander**

You were torn from an ordinary life where you thought you knew the rules into one of servitude and phantasmagoria. You escaped, fought your way back through the brambles between worlds, and reclaimed your body, your soul, and most importantly, your life.

This chapter guides you through what those experiences were like, what they might have been and how they might have felt. Then it delves into what life is like now, and how you take ownership of it.

Arcadia

Arcadia is the realm of the True Fae. It is neither the wellspring nor the gutter of imagination, but imagination defines it. Arcadia is a stage, with the will of the True Fae its lights and sounds, and their changeling and hobgoblin captives its actors. In Arcadia, the whims of the Fae are the laws of physics. And that can make it damn hard to get home.

The Fae, The Gentry, Your Keepers

The Fae are caprice wrapped tight around endless desire.

Standing in the right spot, with the right manner of looking, a Fae could create everything they can imagine. Literally any desire that might fleetingly cross their mind, Arcadia can provide. After 1,000 lifetimes' whims met with only as much difficulty as you desired in the moment of seeking them, you might grow bored. Spoiled. You might lack a certain empathy for the world you are making and remaking. You would be, after all, the only subject in a world of objects.

A Fae won't remember a time when they weren't the master of their own destiny. (Perhaps not can't, but certainly won't.) They have always walked amid the briars and the dreaming places, taking the very air and shaping it. Building a world out of bodies that were to hand. Like yours.

Once

The Fae are from Arcadia, and of it. In Arcadia, they can shape the very fabric of the world. Tell any story. Be any villain. Or hero, if it could suit them.

They are inscrutable, but not unknowable. They have voices, patterns of behavior, ways of moving through Arcadia, esoteric families they love and war with. The logic of their actions isn't always sound to an outside perspective, but given time and a safe place to stand, you could begin to predict them. Unfortunately, being able to sense the direction of the tide can't keep you from getting knocked over by it. And for most changelings, the motivation is indistinguishable from the act. The Fae are the instrument that created the durance. The Fae use changelings.

They don't lack for options. The Hedge is bustling with creatures that can carry out a Faerie's desires, not

counting those she might simply summon forth. Perhaps it's more satisfying to take a life than it is to create one. Tearing a goblin from their life is even destructive in a way you and they recognized in one other, when they risked to meet your eyes. But they seek out humans and set them apart in Arcadia, bestowing both greater "favor" and more severe punishment. And while a goblin is only a stroll away, a kidnapped human from the exotic mortal world is more of a challenge. It's tedious to steal a baby and hand raise it to harvest the fruit that shrivels at your touch. But it's quite the game to lure an adult who's strong of limb and wishing softly for a different life.

A Fae with a captive becomes their Keeper, and their recreator — by drawing on Arcadia to reshape a human into a changeling. That person's original temperament or skill might be taken into account in their reshaping, but no more so than that Fae's own desire. Fae make changelings out of your bones and their whims.

It's hard to say how time passed. In Arcadia, time felt more like a visiting guest than a steady companion. Someone for whom you dusted off the furniture and made polite conversation with. But whom, in their absence, you couldn't quite remember how you knew. Events occurred, certainly. But whether they all happened in one heartbreaking instant, or dripped along over lonely centuries, is hazy.

Other strange beings cross through Arcadia, or live within it, hidden at the end of some long forgotten path, like the Huntsmen in their distant woods. Before a Keeper steals their hearts, before they are called up and filled with a new heart's desire, their footsteps measure out the natural order of the forest.

They came to you as a swarm of bees, piercing your fingers and crawling under your tongue and wrapping a tight new skin around you. Now you're busy constantly, flying from task to task with a purity of focus you dreamed of some eternity ago. You've been building a machine on the head of a pin, out of ferrofluid and magnets and matchsticks, when you catch yourself holding your breath. When was the last time you breathed out? When did the wind last refresh you?

• • •

You never actually saw his face, always covered in shadows and clouds. But you crossed his path once, walking home from the park. Impossibly long arms pulled you up by the scruff of your neck and flung you sideways. You never dared to move after that. You held a red lantern out at an angle demonstrated by a man whose face had folded into a cradle of soft lines. Like so, and wait for his arrival. There was never an arrival. The lanterns and carriers around you eventually burned out. One, then another, until you were alone in castle that had fallen to ruin. Not even wolves came.

• • •

She was always dying. Every morning you wove her a new shroud; every night you and your sisters gathered around her to weep, every morning she woke dissatisfied with your lace. Now, once she is laid to rest, you begin to spin for tomorrow. You sit with her in her cell, your eyes going pale and wide doing her work in dark places. You work by touch and the moonlight reflected in the pool of water at your feet, and you won't see the sun again until your shrouds are as light as dawn. You've tried moth wings and spiderwebs and, strand by strand, your own hair. Tonight, perhaps your breath will be light enough.

• • •

Their arms were many and they spoke in chirps and hums that rattled your ears to bursting. Their laughter was the sound of storms and electricity and wire whipping in the wind. Your face was the prism through which they spoke. Your hands a constant flow of speech that a woman with black eyes and 12 fingers

recorded in a small blue book. When the two of you were alone, she taught you what the words meant. What they were saying through you. Then one day she was gone, and a hairline fracture cracked your face.

• • •

The seaweed caressed your skin, and long webbed fingers curled around your arms. The depths have no light for your eyes to adjust to, but for the occasional blinding glare off the eye of a deep sea fish. Amid his whispers and your heartbeats, you watch over his hundred gleaming children, rubbing their glassy eyes with something that feels like silk and smells like sulfur. When their wings are sharp enough to cut your hands, you carry them as far as the flanks of the seamount. There might be a pale cream of blue a heavy mile above you. Or perhaps too much ointment has gotten into your eyes.

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The scent of flowers first, overwhelmingly sweet and near. Then actual blossoms, filling your nose and mouth, trickling from your lips. Finally, petals erupting from your mouth with every gasping cough. Afterward, only wet and dry and cool and hot, and sometimes, a lung full of petals. By and by, a green man comes to prune your hands and brush the petals from your face. Your thorns catch his cloak, and as the fiber clings to you, you remember skin. You remember skin breaking.

Now

She looks you straight in the eye and says, "We should celebrate," before clapping her hands and pouring lavender champagne into your open palms. She draws your hand toward her mouth, and when you startle awake you're not sure if it was a memory or a threat. Maybe she did like flowers and the color purple and treating you like a vessel to fill. Maybe she just tripped down the Dreaming Roads, straight into the back of your head, to remind you that no matter how far you run, you're always going to be Hers.

Your memories are shaky these days, and your dreams are worse. Whether your time with the Fae was an interminable drudge or a relentless hail of activity, it's blurring around the edges. But the general shape remains, and terrifying moments sometimes burst through and leave you shaking. The time you were whipped for bringing a green fruit to the table. The honeysuckle smell of the gardens, where you buried maiden after maiden. The crunch of boots on dry grass. Warm skin pressed against yours. A hammer in your hands. Blood on your lips. You're not sure you want to remember more.

Your life is already a dull thrum of risk, and borrowing trouble from the past only opens you up to new ones. Every new memory you pin down cracks the boundaries you've drawn between before and after. It makes it harder to keep the two separate, and stay integrated into the world you ran back to. But actively trying to forget — pushing away your past in favor of a human present — is dangerous, too, even if it makes some days smoother. When you forget too much, you lose sight of how fragile your freedom is.

Because your past hasn't forgotten you, and you're still on the run. No matter how scorched the plain on which their towers once stood, no matter how bloodless and cold the body — what Arcadia shows you can never really be trusted. That doubt makes your palms itch every time you walk through an archway, or go 10 minutes out of your way to avoid it. The Fae are petty, yet careless. The Fae are vengeful, but bored. It's not exactly flattering if your best hope for freedom is that your Keeper let you go because they've forgotten you exist. But it's better than nothing. Otherwise, someone lurks in your doorways and mirrors, and they want their pet back, if for no other reason than that you tried to take it away. Nothing here can quite be trusted either, but you ran a hard road to get home. It would be a shame not to try to live in it.

Living in the world requires a different kind of protection than it used to. Driving while black didn't stop being a thing, but the cops in the trooper car that slides up next to you might not have their humanity evenly applied. The man with no face who follows you for 25 minutes, each step landing precisely a fifth of a second after yours, a drum beat. The woman who smiles up at your security camera as she hammers on the call button again, showing

her rows and rows of shining teeth. The black dog with eyes that make you dizzy, who's been howling outside your office all day. The voice whispering misogynoir in your ear, coming from the winking man on the other side of the train car. In place of a heart, a Huntsman is filled with your Keeper's possessive desire. They can't be diverted, because nothing is left inside them but someone else's want. They can't be killed, not permanently, because that want will simply fly back to your Keeper, and be poured into a new vessel. A hunt can only ever be delayed. But in between being hunted, you still have the rest of your life.

That's where courts come in. They help you fit a story to the events of Arcadia, get your feet back under you, and keep the monsters from your door. Every city divides their time and responsibilities a little differently, building on the metaphors that speak to that community. Seasonal courts, which divide the year into quarters and trade authority with the passing of one into another, are common, but not universal. Some cities may share power between all courts at all times, collectivizing the skills of diverse changelings toward projects too big for any one group to manage. Some may ossify into a permanent hierarchy, preferring any kind of stability or continuity to the constant anarchy of Arcadia. As every changeling is both unique to themselves, and fundamentally alike, so are cities. Courts hold a large measure of authority, and speak to an emotion that burns in you — Desire, Wrath, Fear, Sorrow. Joining one is embracing, and giving in to, that emotion. Building it a home in your heart, and letting it drive you instead of consume you. Living an emotion in high definition can be exhausting, but a line to someone who feels the same way you do can be powerful, and empowering.

And anyway, all your friends are there. You ran away from Arcadia to find a human life again, but even if you slip right back into your old life, it's hard to keep a secret that big. It puts distance between you and the people who knew you before. People who might not react well to discovering the tufts of hair you can't seem to slick down are actually antlers, who might not understand why you can't bear the taste of apples. The burden's a little easier with other changelings; they see you more clearly. They know what it's like to be changed, to have been lost.

The Durance

The Fae might please themselves to follow rules in snatching someone away, but they follow them in their own way, and only as long as it entertains them to do so.

You tripped, and accepted a hand up. You said yes to a pretty face whose whisper you almost heard. You walked through the wrong door, and let go of the handle. You stepped onto a circle of bare sand ringed with sweet-smelling brush. You were framed by the trunks of two spotted sycamore trees. You picked a salmonberry from the low branches of a bramble. Then the air grew thorns, and something sour and strange wrapped around your heart and yanked you in.

There would be a reason, because everything has a reason. Reasons to blame yourself and reasons to doubt your memory and reasons to let Arcadia swallow you up. Requests you made, favors you were owed, offenses you committed. Someone is at fault for every bent blade of grass or dusty cufflink or hot gasp of desire. And if you asked your Keeper, that someone must have been you.

Those are the things they wanted you to think, when they gave a care to your thoughts. They wanted you to believe you alone were responsible for your suffering, and however they chose to treat you was far more gracious than you deserved, than you would have gotten from someone fairer and less fond of you. But the Gentry are liars, and you know that now.

They told you they had good reasons. But in the end, they were there, and you were to hand.

Once

The things that happened next, you endured. This was your durance.

One evening, for novelty and want of an earring, they tore you out of your life and sat a doll of straw and pennies in your place. They put your eyes in a crystal jewelry box, filled the holes in your skull with silver pearls and stardust, and left you buried in the sand like a forgotten toy. Then, when the nacre crept out of your eyes and covered your skin, they dug you up and hung you alongside a long golden teardrop that blinked slowly and lay still. Your eyes haven't seen your own face since.

For petulance, you were stolen because you somewhat resembled a man who once attended a wild menagerie of sparkling beasts. He stretched and molded your face until you looked more like the one who got away, and in time you answered to what might have been that man's name. But as he often reminded you, you couldn't hope to be as talented as your predecessor until you really became him. If you don't start remembering soon, he'll reclaim this name you haven't earned. In a wooded glen on the edge of his estate, a dozen iron statues with half-familiar faces stare back.

For avarice, your skill was rewarded. More and better tools, useful assistants, endless materials. Each clockwork treasure whisked from your hands even as you paused to admire its smooth, animated motion. But the praise was riddled with concern. Surely, with what you had at your disposal, you could do better? What was troubling you, that so diminished the quality of your delicate brass machines? She knew you were capable of producing better work. Tomorrow you would do better. You had better.

For entertainment, your living flame was coaxed out of your body into a lantern. It went up in steam and smoke when you tried to climb back into it. For years after that,



you lit the zoetrope that told unkind versions of the story of your life. When she grew tired of laughing at your charred body, broken hearts, and missed opportunities, she put you in a drawer and let you burn down to a guttering spark. Each time she pulls you out and breathes life back into your flame, she asks for a *new* story. You're running out of stories.

For desire, you were stolen away to grace the arm of a demon lover. They tended to your growth with great care and thoughtfulness. Your neck was elongated just so. Your limbs pulled long and lithe as a spider. Your cheekbones sharpened, and your eyes pulled wide and bleached clear. Beauty is the polish added to a lustrous metal, the flower clipped just so. Beauty speaks for itself. Without words if necessary. Your tongue will regrow once you know to use it just so. In the meantime, while your glass slippers may yet cut your feet, be assured that the blood sets off your skin beautifully.

For loneliness, you followed her over stone and field, a step behind but never out of sight, and sang. You grew tired of your own songs, repeated year on year, and then the ones you invented as you trailed her through empty places. Now your songs are only sound, all meaning taken from you by endless repetition. You walked with her till your joints grew brittle, and your hair went white. Walked till she had to guide you by the hand, lest you tumble in your blindness. Until your bones shrank further and further, delicate as the toy songbird she kept in the cage hanging from her neck.

Now

Your durance was unique, but you see common themes when you trade stories with your friends and read court histories about the ones who came up before you. Places you were taken, people you were made to be. Your Keeper's fingerprints linger on your body, and their words scratched out a home in your mind. And on the other side of your captivity, that sets you apart from who you were. It doesn't leave you in wreckage, but neither are you unscathed by it. And your Keeper's fingerprints don't only linger on you.

They also reach out into the lives of everyone you knew *before*. Leaving you with one of the hardest choices a newly escaped changeling has to make. What to do with the creature made of gum wrappers and newspaper clippings that's squatting in your old life. Maybe you can get that life back — catch the rhythm and slip in at an opportune moment. Kill your fetch for taking your place and daring to believe they're you. Run your old life again. Or don't. Maybe you feel too different from the person you were when you and your fetch parted ways. They were the one who finished your degree and found a job and a boyfriend and a graying poodle.

You try not to remember your own durance (or your escape) in too much detail, or else you'd never stop shaking. But the highlights stick. A Fae wanted something from you, that they were willing to use you up to get, and you escaped while there was still something left to save. Stories that you can spin out of horror, funny or sad or cautionary. Most days you accept who you are now, maybe even love it — after all, what they made you into also brought you out of their power. You try to remember what's worth knowing, while denying your Keeper free rent in your nightmares. You made a friend who knows as much about who you can be as who you were. You get by.

The Wyrd

Turn around seven times widdershins at twilight, and a new path opens. Promise you'll always be by your sister's side and you will, even if it means following her to the ends of the Earth and beyond. Meet a mysterious stranger who saves your life and prepare to hand over your firstborn child someday. Take the power of the Fae for your own, but remember it has no trouble biting the hand that wields it.

The Wyrd is the ineffable force that governs all fae magic. It binds pledges and connects changelings to Faerie. The Gentry embody it, and it runs through Arcadia's veins. The closer a fae being is to the Wyrd, the more powerful they become. From its coffers flows Glamour, a currency paid in feelings and passions that buy fae miracles.

But those are all just symptoms. The Wyrd has no guiding impulse, but it gives and it takes in equal measure, always. It's the power of reciprocity. It makes the rules and doesn't care if you never got the memo. Even the masters of Faerie capitulate to the Wyrd's decrees.

Once

It took 580 sacrifices before you figured it out. You counted, because you thought if you remembered each one then somehow, somewhere, they wouldn't be gone. And because you knew the numbers, one day you understood: She was predictable not because she simply loved so to sacrifice her subjects to her bloody banner, but because if she didn't, someone she *didn't* choose would fall in their place.

You snuck into the garage, where he always told you never to go, and you found the old jalopy gathering dust there under the tarp. Because it was forbidden, you used the clockwork fingers he gave you to make the engine sing, and you left the garage door in splinters as you careened down the path. You knew, then, that his usual trick of flitting to your side no matter where you roamed didn't work anymore. That the pacts he made with the wind and the stars were right here under your hands, in chrome and leather, and that the demands were now yours to make.

You never would have found your way back but for the sad-eyed panda woman and her helpful brood. They seemed so friendly, you couldn't imagine they would expect repayment. Maybe they didn't. But you found yourself deep in debt anyway, and wondered whether they'd even accept anything you had to give.

Now

Just as gravity is the force that says when you drop an apple it falls down to the ground, the Wyrd is the force that says when you gain something you must pay something in return. This is why all fae creatures — including you — make deals and promises. If *you* don't define the price when someone gains something, the Wyrd will do it for you, and nobody wants that. This is also why, when somebody breaks an oath or skips out on what they owe, the Wyrd steps in to make restitution happen one way or another. It's why Goblin Debt demands its due even when you haven't seen that troll in years, and why the True Fae must accept limitations and rules even while their natures strain to be boundless. Loopholes exist, but even they ensure a balanced checkbook in the end.

The Wyrd's tender of choice is Glamour, the stuff of pure emotion and daydream. You know it as the tantalizing scent you pick up when your neighbor's little girl cries alone on the porch, and when your lover's breath catches as he speaks your name; the rush of feeling alive as you take in these cherished moments and breathe them back out as power. They give, and you take; then you pay, and you receive.

You've heard a few names whispered at the edges of hearing, the few unfortunate souls who once tried to cheat the Wyrd's system. No one likes to talk about what happened to them. Hedgevine gossip says that's a rabbit hole even the Lost would do best to avoid.

The Hedge

The Hedge is the borderland between the human world and Arcadia. But it's more than just a strip of contested territory — it's a whole world in itself, one that's always around the edges of the mortal world. In the lonely places, where yours is the only breath stirring the air; in the uncanny places, where fear quickens your step; in the liminal places, where you hang in the balance between here and there. An abandoned office park, weedy grass breaking through broken asphalt; a graveyard, Spanish moss hanging from the low branch of a tree; a cold beach at dawn, succulents dangling over the lip of a sandy cliff.

It doesn't always rip you away from the world, briars catching you and tugging you into some dark hollow of hobgoblins and malevolent Fae. Sometimes a fairy glen is lovely and mild, with soft places to tread, or lay down your head. Contact with the Hedge is the risk you take in your reclaimed life, and risk brings not only disaster, but reward.

Traversing the Hedge

The Hedge shapes itself according to need, presence, and the available terrain. It has some constants. Its paths are always labyrinthine and confusing. Time passes according to different stars, and the land beneath you shifts under different skies. The character of the obstructions you encounter there will vary according to what you carry with you into it. Including, and especially, what you are carrying in your heart. The thoughts, desires, or memories that shape you will skew the landscape you navigate.

Carved through the Hedge is a network of trods, the country roads that lead through the wild wood that lies between the human world and Arcadia. They range from well-traveled streets to loose suggestions of paths half buried in undergrowth. The clarity of the path is not a good predictor of its safety, however. Some overgrown hiking trails might be quiet and unnoticed, protected by their obscurity. Some wide, busy roads may be kept superficially clear by enterprising bandits. Many trods are worn into the fabric of the Hedge by years of regular use, but some are maintained. All sorts of creatures might opt to maintain a trod — freeholds or hobgoblins caring for paths they need, individual changelings guarding a secret hollow or garden, or one of the Fae who likes a garden path to stroll along while in search of a new diversion.

Objects you carry into the Hedge may continue to work, but will become temperamental and whimsical. A flashlight may throw light, but as a lantern or a candle or a cold flame cradled in your palm. A phone might make contact, but to the person you last told a secret or with your voice translated into a forgotten tongue. An object may choose to obey the letter of the law rather than the spirit, or interpret your actions as metaphoric desires. A lit path may glow with a sudden beam of sunshine, or become alight with flame. A sword might become a serpent in your hand, poised to strike the warrior as well as the adversary.

Eerie paths lace around the Hedge, linking it with the minds of dreamers. These are the Dreaming Roads, and the Bastions of human dreams that line them vary in strength. Even the poorest offers a moment of rest, a shortcut, or an escape.

Somewhere else, both within and throughout the Hedge, a maze shines — desolate and cold, but not uninhabited. In the distance, hear the song of a Huntsman's horn, or the murmuring of voices behind the mirrors that line the halls. In moments of anguish, doubt, or pain, when you catch your face in the mirror and recoil or look away, unable to face yourself — you create a mirror-person. And these, the Halls of Mirrors, are their home.

Once

Most humans never intended to enter the Hedge. They stumbled in, through misadventure or deception, and never found their way back out.

Your first steps were easy and charming. A touch of wildness overlaid on a familiar place, a note in the distance that might have been a horn or a songbird, a tingle you felt under your skin, a sense that you had time to linger. When you crossed the threshold, things began to turn. Paths turned wilder and the noises become stranger, even what you suppose must have been the sound of your own footsteps. A rare, lucky few force their way back out before they've traveled past this point. You found yourself drawn deeper instead. When you tried to turn back, you found the way unfamiliar and disorienting. Walls of thorns grew up in your footsteps. Gusts of snow erased your path even as you looked back at it. Walking forward was far easier than trying to place just where your feet had been. It didn't resist the way it did when you tried to leave.

The Hedge drew on what lay inside you, calling up your secret fears and dreams to drive you forward. It tested your strength even as it lured you in. Beguiling you with the nearness of escape while pushing you to expend your will against it. But even as you were fighting a sketch of a path into being, you were moving deeper into the Hedge. And through the Hedge, you were borne into Arcadia. Given the chance, why would it have let you go?

Sweet wisteria and jasmine vines wrap around an archway to a part of the garden you don't quite remember. It's dusk, and the park is closing, but you aren't quite ready to leave. It can't hurt to have a look, maybe sit a moment on the bit of stone glittering just past the archway. The statue next to it is curious, though. Lifelike, but so modern in dress, with a startlingly expressive face. You can almost swear it shifted slightly to glare at you. The scent of flowers is so heavy and distracting that you don't notice yourself walking closer. The statue keeps seeming to shift along the other side of the arch. Facing towards you, then away. Angry, then sad. Hands loose, then fists. You're almost close enough to touch it through a spray of flowers when you hear your name being called behind you. As you turn to look, a stone hand wraps around your wrist and pulls sharply.

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You stretch out on the steps that lead down to the river that divides your city, and watch the seaweed bob and wave just under the surface of the water. It looks, for just a moment, like hair billowing in the current. You fancifully imagine mermaids and sirens, and elementary school daydreams of fishtails and seashell bras. But, was that an eye blinking at you? The face is obscured by silty water and long algal threads suspended in it. Surely that smooth arc was a stone, the eye a bottle-glass pebble floating over it. Even so, you crawl closer to the waterline, which helpfully rises towards you. The seaweed drifts between your fingers expectantly, like softly clasping hands.

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You're sure you've hiked this way before; you should have hit the trailhead by now. Of course, trails are a little easier to track in daylight, and night came on so fast. Maybe you stepped off somewhere along the way. Your watch stopped hours ago, that must have been how you so thoroughly lost track of time. The headlamp battery held out for a few hours of darkness, but now all you have is the strands of moonlight filtering through branches so thick they're clasped over your head. You hear a rushing, grinding sound ahead, and hopefully it's the service road, not the sea. The rocky hillside begins to slide underneath you, sending you stumbling down too fast. As you duck to avoid a spider web as wide across as your arm, everything goes quiet. No water, no road hum, just a bassoon purr close enough to heat the back of your neck. In the distance, you hear a horn.

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Three handfuls of dirt, a stolen grave flower, a torn hymnal; words you knew from a voice in your dreams. As you threw each into the fire, a door cracked open in your mind. When you spoke, you could hear the wind howling in your skull, rattling your windows. The lights went out, the fire went out, and there was a rustling at your threshold. When you opened the door, the air was filled with ozone, and something rushed past you, riding on the wind. The downed power lines formed a golden spiral, and in the center was a living spark that beckoned to you. The air was heavy as you walked between the cables. Tightening around you until you gasped. When you opened your mouth, the spark leapt in, and burrowed under your skin. A way opened before you of light and scorched earth with no trace of shadow.

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You're lying in bed, replaying the day again and again in your head. What if you had phrased it differently? What if you had spoken up after all? What if you had lingered a little longer in the threshold? What if you had said yes? What if? Restless, helpless thoughts for the hours when you should be sleeping, long after the sedative should have kicked in. The wind picked up while you were wondering, hissing angrily through the crack between the sash and the sill. When you get up to press it closed again, you hear a muffled scratching against it. Then a tiny chirrup, frightened and mournful. Without thinking, you open the window just a little more, and it flexes. Dead leaves and brambles and a dry, cold wind pour inside. As the seed pods crack open and root in your floor, the ivy crawls into through your window, groaning as it pulls at the wall. A solemn bird with a crown of golden feathers lands next to your hand, and when you reach out to touch her cloak of stars, it feels like falling into a dark and empty sky.

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You're dreaming again of an endless maze of mirrors, chasing a reflection that feels less and less familiar the longer you search for it. On each pane of glazed glass, a face almost like your own — contorted in sorrow or anger, hollow with grief or longing. Lonely, lost, out of breath from running nowhere, you sit on the smooth glass floor and trace your shadow along it. Behind you, you hear humming distantly, and a gentle hand stroking your hair. A second, then a third, rubbing your temples and catching your head as it drifts to the side. You wonder faintly if you can fall asleep if you're already dreaming, and four hands drag you backwards into a mirror.

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On the third warm, clear night, you dress in green and gold, and lie out under the stars. For hours you whisper to them, singing the songs you've been hearing in your dreams like a prayer, one after another. Words you don't quite understand set to a sweet melody that seems familiar, but unreachable in the morning. The sal branches overhead shake and sway, green leaves slowly tumbling from their branches and covering you. The smell of resin and sap is heavy in the air, green and sweet and musky. One by one, the night animals fall quiet, until all you can hear are your songs and the soft tinkle of jewelry behind you. From beneath your blanket of leaves, you see the suggestion of a face, framing its vivid purple eyes.

Now

It never gets easy, exactly, to move through a space where your perception of reality is constantly working against you. But you learn to negotiate (with yourself, with the residents, and with the Hedge itself), and take an active part in shaping the paths you walk. Changelings have an intuitive way with the Hedge. Perhaps no one survives their escape from Arcadia without a little bit of that skill, perhaps the strangeness in it simply calls out to the strangeness in you. You have limits, of course. Even adept Hedgespinners can't make the Hedge behave too far outside its own nature. A coursing river can't become an empty street any more than a dragon can become a dandelion. A few river rocks might become concrete, or a dragon's scales develop a soft coating of fluff, but their essential selves remain intact. Underneath any change imposed by a fae or a changeling or a hobgoblin, the Hedge is a dangerous wilderness — jagged rocks, cold stands of trees, endless thorny underbrush. The thorns are what you remember best.

When you first escaped, each step that took you back home bled the soles of your feet and raked at your skin. Each thorn tore a bit of you away. You try to be a little thankful, though. At least you made it through with enough of yourself still intact. Not everyone you've met on the other side has. Some hobgoblins make a living picking up the ragged bits and pieces people like you left pinned to the briars, selling them for favors or goods in kind, maybe even to the someone those Icons belonged to.

Thanks to your missing fragments of skin and soul, the experience of navigating the Hedge is complex, and your feelings toward it might be mixed. Most changelings return, for reasons practical or sentimental, and find it's a little like their captivity and a little like their escape. The bubble of joy that comes with being only yourself. The Hedge won't accept a Mask. It burns away any illusions or disguises that lie between the world and your true face. Not every changeling had a family or a home, or wants one now, but the part of them that is fae feels at home in the Hedge. At the very same moment, the pain of loss washes all over you again, undimmed by time or distance. The parts of you that tore away, trying to find the parts of you that escaped. And that ache in your soul is the least dangerous thing to be found in the Hedge.

Your Keeper, for example, and all the hunters and hobgoblins they have to hand. In many ways, a changeling is a creature of Arcadia. But the Huntsmen and the hobgoblins were here first, and their mastery of the Hedge is superior. The mask-lifting a changeling feels when they enter the Hedge is literal, too. A Huntsman looking for a changeling will recognize them more fully and track them more easily. (Though nearer to their stolen heart, a Huntsman is also more easily distracted.) A hobgoblin hindering a changeling has no clarity to lose while

Your trod is guarded by a longing for home and peace, and the promise of someone waiting for you there. At the end of the path is a garden you tend for your friends and lovers and the holders of your debts, in preparation for their injuries and heartbreaks. Occasionally you hear the report of a rifle in the distance, and you sink under the soil, quaking.

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Hand over hand, shimmying up a narrow cleave amid boulders the size of houses. The easiest path (not that you'd know it from the cracked nails and bruised fingers), to a fizzing pink spring. The rainbow-haired gentleman who lives under its waters is as congenial a seller of lost property as you might ever find. His porch sometimes opens on a goblin market, but only when the mood strikes him.

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Threadbare rope bridges and narrow plank walkways over the valleys and through the grasslands of a shola forest. Pressing on every side the sound of laughing birds. The hollow lies under a mound of fruiting myrtle, its door marked by a single jet bead buried in an overhanging branch. Inside you sigh, curled in the smallness of your burrow, and put your face back on.

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Press the hamsa next to the frosted amber glass, and a tunnel clicks open under your feet. Dry and cold and darker than your true love's hair, you weave through sharp Hedge roots. Thorny enough, even down here, to catch and rip the soul of an unsuspecting traveler. See each blue door? Each leads to what was once a safe house. No one comes through those doors anymore. Not in a year and a day.

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Duck under the arch formed by two broken sprinkler heads spraying day-warmed water up into the dusk. Don't drag or clip your feet as you step across each new threshold. First the evergreen bushes, then the citron trees, then step through the space inside the elementary school's geodesic dome. The walk to the night market will be long and lonely, drifting so close to the silent paths, but better to be alone than seen.

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I've never been there myself, but you're not the first fetch who's asked. And even if there wasn't one already when the first one came by here asking, there's bound to be a colony of you by now. I'll walk you as far as the nearest mirror crossroad, sure. My face is ugly enough on its own, though. I don't want to see what nastiness might come of my reflections. The maze is big, but if the mirror-people aren't too busy trying to escape, they might point you better than I. Chin up. You'll find a home for yourself yet.

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Every time I look at my reflection in water I can see a crown of thorns around my head. I won't lie, the first time it happened, I ran. I thought the Hedge was chasing me. I wouldn't recommend trying the kelp forest yourself unless you're a strong swimmer, sometimes briar wolves lie just past the border, disguised as packs of seals or sharks.

expressing their dread powers. (Though they are softer of heart and more vulnerable to counter offers.) So even if your Keeper chooses to remain in far-and-near Arcadia, her servants may yet be seeking you along trods and the Dreaming Roads and in the faces of the strangers you walk past without ever seeing.

Our Arcadian Cousins

You came to the Hedge by accident or guile, less immigrant to Arcadia than its captive. But the Hedge has natives, too. Hobgoblins are made of the very stuff of Arcadia, but have identities more fixed than that would suggest. They live lives of interest to themselves and their families, and have goals that you might help or hinder — as they might for you. If you can find a way to tell the helpful from the deceitful, you'll have quite a few friends and fellow travelers who would love to know the trick.

Ghosts are what remains when nothing is left of a person but a feeling or a memory. When something that's been torn from your soul goes unclaimed too long. Not everything that dies in the Hedge comes back as a vengeful spirit, but to die in the Hedge is to immerse your final emotions in a wood shaped by thought and desire. Many do come back, and have a variety of feelings about having died. Much as you would.

Other, weirder creatures live along the fringes. Mirror people flit between reflective surfaces, observing the beautiful or grotesque scenes caught in mirrors. Some are content to look, but never touch. Some hunger for the sensations to which flesh is heir. The face they claim needn't necessarily be the one that spawned them, but they are *used* to that face. Some fetches, having forsworn their human lives, come to dwell in the mirror mazes and the trods nearby. Where better to live than among other creatures formed when Fae act on the mortal world?

Working behind the stalls, shopping between the aisles, peering in from the mirrored edges of decorative glass, or winding bashfully among the visitors, you can find most everyone at a Goblin Market. Goblin Markets sit somewhere squarely between tourist trap, devil's haunt, and county fair. What you might find there rather depends on the regional specialties, the frequency of appearance, and the esoteric qualities of the land upon which it stands. Pottery cups glazed with the ash of burnt Hedgewood, which give you terrifying visions if you oversteep your tea? Strings of bottle-glass beads, which turn black in treacherous water? Booklets of single-use paper banishment charms? Very nice roasted corn with crispy cricket flour? You can find lots of things at a Goblin Market.

Once

Hobgoblins, like humans, come to serve the Fae for a variety of reasons. Like you, they might have stumbled in the wrong place and been snatched up by something stronger and stranger than them. Like you, they may have entered an ill-advised bargain, trusting on their own Arcadian nature to carry themselves away if their term of service became too unbearable. Like you, they found themselves bound more tightly than they might desire. Some might even serve willingly, just as some changelings do — out of love, duty, or greed. You came by similar paths, but your treatment was not at all the same.

You were a treasured, if unwilling, pet. They were just as unwilling, but less prestigious an object for your Keeper to possess. You hated each other a bit, and tried to see each other when no one else would meet your eyes. It was dangerous for them to be too familiar with you, though, lest they gain too much of your mutual owner's attention. Most erred on the side of deference, paid to the air slightly to your left. As though nothing was there, but the nothing that was there was *also* a dangerous creature to whom they should attend without quite acknowledging.

You and they were many things to one another. But always they were valued below you. Always they had some forced deference to you.

Now

But now they don't have to be nice to you. Now you need something from them, and they get to set the rules by which you receive it. Not every hobgoblin wishes you health and fortune on your journeys. Some resent having been expected to be subservient to a creature that's not even *from* Arcadia. They want someone to take that anger out on, and an otherwise-gentle goblin may find an opportunity for

You both served as footmen to a prince of wolves. Throwing yourself over roots that his carriage not be jostled. Sweeping aside dishes flung from his table. Cleaning the long, white hair from his many fine suits. Brushing out and delicately trimming the mane he was so vain about. She was turned out for having dirty gloves. You tried to escape after her, but were caught by a lazy hound that ran too slow to catch her as she cleared the border of his lands.

• • •

You were lovers, probably. The price of escape was losing each other's names, and all but the feeling of heart on heart. You remember yellow hair and a jackal who wheezed when she laughed. Riding through a frigid desert night after night, shaking under the sand like mice as you ran from your Keeper's son. Your hands touched before you passed a ridge covered in sagebrush, and when you turned again, she was gone. Was her hair yellow?

• • •

You worked hand in hand with goblin maids, sewing and mending the skins of her dancing dolls. He fashioned wax heads, each one a replica of one of her living heads. She liked her dolls to match her face whenever she thought to change it. Your hands brushed twice, and he made a new head that looked a little like you. She had him put to death the next day. Or at least, staged a false trial so persuasive that he winked at you when you tried to take the blame.

• • •

You kept the giant bees from which she harvested a silvery wax. The statuettes she made were miniature and lovely, and writhed convincingly when subjected to flame. Your Keeper quite liked them. After a steady rhythm of alluding to other lives, you thought perhaps she might help you escape. She betrayed the plan to your mistress, and she shrugged slightly as you were beaten before the court. Someone collected the wax for her after that.

• • •

You stood at her left hand, and he stood at her right. You recorded her words, he the secret signs she made with her fingers drawn along the fabric of her dais. When she spoke ex cathedra, you sang her hymns together. At night, your hands touched through the wall between your dormitories, and you prayed again for one another.

• • •

You were your Keeper's shining jewel, the loveliest of his bird wives, with a cloak made of the very heavens. The goblin who carried your train learned somehow of your real name, and taunted you with the knowledge night after night. Threatening to tell you, and break the spell that hid you from your witch king when he had fallen into a mood. Threatening to never tell you, and let you die with the knowledge that he could have freed you, but wouldn't.

• • •

She held the basin that caught the blood that dripped from the wound that was ever in your side. Her hands stained brown, her skin darkening in the sun. You whispered to one another in the dark — of pacts you had made, not knowing what they meant, of people you would be, not knowing who you had been.

a nasty trick hard to pass up. But neither does every goblin mean you particular harm. Most are more interested in managing their own affairs than yours. They can be friendly in their own way, happy enough to collaborate if it benefits them. Some even sympathize with having been an object to someone else's whim, and having found the strength of desire to flee. And if your paths cross under an unlucky sign, it may be no more than the cost of business. But perhaps you can continue to help each other. Perhaps you have something the other wants, or needs.

What does anyone want from someone else? Hobgoblins want things or experiences that are valuable to them, in exchange for as little as they can give you in return. That could take a variety of forms, however. An act of service for one in return. An esoteric reagent from your mortal world, in exchange for that which refreshes and sustains. Currency for goods, favors for gifts, work for pay in kind, and, of course, Contracts. Any Contract is a little dangerous, but Goblin Contracts are more like predatory loans. In the moment, they can be powerful and helpful, protecting you when you desperately need the strength they can provide. The costs are higher than you imagined, but in the moment, need is greater than caution. Invest too heavily in them, and your sense of self shifts. Your cozy trod is obviously superior to an ever-duller mortal world. The Hedge is more home than hazard. You become a Goblin Queen.

Mara Starcatcher wants 100 first kisses, and a child's drawing of a family. In exchange, she'll tell you where your first love went, and when they will next think of you. For an actual child, she'll tell you the words that will shatter their heart.

Toru wants to put his wife's ghost to rest, or at least help her settle into her new identity as a ghost. If you can find her and bring her home, he'll tell you where he picked the apple flowers that soothed away the confusion that brought you to his doorstep.

Nutmeg caught you fair and square, and she'll drain the marrow from your bones if you can't come up with a riddle she's never heard before. Maybe she'll do it anyway.

Sylvia knows how to find the cenote where dreaming roots break through the Hedge, drawing a straight line from the human world to Arcadia. But she won't tell you how to get there until you can prove you know how to cross the sulfur-water barriers and deal fairly with the ghosts trapped there.

Fatima Two Fingers takes the odd motley to an inverted tower in exchange for ibis feathers and silk worms and mulberry branches. When the rain is coated in moonlight, the 27 stairways move back into place and a door opens. For a fresh lock of black hair and a vial of sand from the foot of a lost man, she'll return on the next full moon to bring you back.



Ghosts

Ghosts, on the other hand, are long past the needs that would keep body and soul together. Few are particularly happy about it.

Horse-faced woman wanders a trod lined with high cliffs and deep valleys, trailing groups of travelers but rarely approaching them. Her white dress is red with clay dust and the blood that stained her feet while she still fought her way through the Hedge. The rest of her soul is long gone, but she still has half of a pair of glass-green gloves.

Baba and Toumani still know all the histories, but are missing a kora and a drum with which to keep telling them. Find them a flute that can play itself, and a drum that hears the beat they hear in their hearts, and that history is yours for the listening.

Eelgrass wants news of his demon lover. For a few true words, he'll tell you if a ghost has seen your Keeper lately, or if your wild hunt has resumed. For false words, he'll bury the spark of a fight in the hearts of your loved ones.

Mimi lives with a black-naped leveret who can sing the old songs. If you can teach them a new one, she'll tell you the last six people who dreamed of you, and any secrets she deemed interesting enough to remember.

Leda Love lingers near the Halls of Mirrors, trying to catch glimpses of her own reflection. She'd steal your face if she thought it would help, but really, she just wants to know how she died.

The Return

Your durance is over.

Despite everything you saw, everything you did, everything that was done *to* you…you made it out of your Keeper's grasp. Out of Arcadia. Through the Hedge. Back to the real world.

You're back. You're home.

And your troubles have just begun.

What Is Real?

First and foremost, you've got to deal with the fact that you just spent the last however long in a place the "real" world doesn't believe exists. You've undoubtedly had to do rigorous mental gymnastics to try to retain some semblance of sanity during your durance. You've learned that logic and physics alone don't govern the world around you, and an entire reality (or possibly an infinite number of them) sprawls out there that the "real" world relegates to bedtime stories and children's books. Over there, you accepted what you had to in order to cope with existence across the Hedge. You did what you had to do, became what you had to become, played by the rules of that new reality. And you survived, in no small part because you were able to come to grips with that place and its alien ways.

But now you're back in the "real" world, and the rules just aren't clear anymore. You're back where people are expected to hold down jobs, do their grocery shopping, and live mundane, responsible lives. You've got to find a way to fit in with the world you grew up in, to provide yourself with your basic needs — food, shelter, safety, companionship. That means reintegrating in some fashion with the way things used to be…the way most of the world still believes them to be.

But you still remember. How could you forget? Every time you hear the birdsong that is now your voice, touch the crystal coating that passes for your skin, or try to brush the gnarled fangs where you once had straight, white teeth, it reminds you that reality is not the simplicity the rest of the world thinks it is.

So, you try to carve out a mental space where you can juxtapose paying taxes and surfing the internet with the fact that you spent the last few decades as an alien god's hunting hound, hearth fire, or favorite piece of art. Knowing both are true, that your experiences with one are as true as those with the other and that your memory and sight *can* be trusted…that's the balancing act your friends call Clarity. Because no matter where you end up, after your durance, it's never really going to be the same as how things were before.

You Can't Go Home Again

All changelings have one thing in common. No matter how long or arduous their durance, some tie to "home" gave them the wherewithal to make it back out of Arcadia, to traverse the labyrinthine pathways of the Hedge, and emerge back through into the mortal world.

Maybe, for you, "home" was the memory of the flat you grew up in, where your parents taught you who and what it was to be "you." It might be the garage where you and your grandpa tinkered with cars together, where you learned about engines and life without really understanding how either worked. Or maybe the shed you snuck your first smoke behind as a teen — and lost your virginity in not long afterwards…

Or, maybe it's not a place at all. Maybe it's the visage of your lover's face, eyes still half-lidded from your last goodbye kiss, that led you back through the brambles and briars. Or the smell of bacon and baking bread and coffee, Sunday morning breakfasts you shared with your children every week before whatever happened to you happened. A whisper. A glance. A favorite memory clenched so tightly that even your Keeper's deepest probing and most sinuous seductions couldn't wrench it loose from your mind. Any of it could be "home" for you.

During your durance, that memory of home may have been the only part of "you" that still remained. The one glimmer your Keeper couldn't reach, couldn't manipulate, couldn't change. And when you finally escaped, it was the North Star by which you navigated, the guiding light that you stumbled towards when stumbling was all you could manage to do.

Torn and twisted, the Hedge parted before you, and you fell, sprawling, wheeling to find there really is no place like home.

Whatever it was you held onto, that place, that person, that memory — it's gone now. Different. You're back home. But nothing will ever be the same again.

Old and New

What's changed? Well, for one thing, time has passed. At the most mundane, every hour you spent across the Hedge was an hour that the world you once belonged to went on without you. When you return, the paint is faded and chipped on the literal or proverbial homestead that drew you back from your durance — or perhaps worse, what you once loved was wallpapered over, reupholstered by the passing of time, so different from what you remember that you start to question whether the precious glimmers you clung to were just lies you made up to keep yourself sane. You've spent years at your Keeper's beck and call, clinging to the static memory of your past, while back home the world continued spinning along without you. If anyone missed you — if they even noticed you were gone —the breakneck pace of modern day society sped along their mourning.

You've each had a lifetime, separated by the Hedge and your Keeper's cruel whims. Your children are grown, raised by others. Your lover went gray after years in the arms of someone else. Your parents are nothing but dust and names engraved on a stone. Any wound your disappearance created (assuming the True Fae didn't fill your place) has long since healed over in the years you were gone, leaving nothing but knotty scar tissue in the space where your life once was.

How do you explain to your spouse why you disappeared without a trace, and how years passed with no opportunity to return? What justification can you possibly offer to the now-adult children who celebrated birthdays, graduations, weddings, and anniversaries without you there? How can you pick up a life that went on without you?

And that is, of course, assuming time passed for you at a semblance of what it did for them. This is often not the case. The True Fae are tricksy folk, and within their demesnes, time is as mutable for them as any other aspect of reality. Any return is difficult, but how could you possibly pick up the threads of a life that proceeded far faster than what you experienced on the other side of the Hedge? You escape from what seemed to be a week-long durance, but return to find a decade passed for your family for every day you experienced in Arcadia. Your newborn babe is now aged and infirm, while you look and feel more like his grandchild than his parent. How can you explain to the elderly woman dying after a lifetime alone that you were only gone for a few short hours? Even if she could believe you — would she forgive you?

Things only get more complicated when the slip is on the other side of the time-stream. Your decades-long durance left you wizened and gray, and you return through the brambles to find your lover still sleeping peacefully in the bed where you left them. The numbers on the clock have only advanced a click or two, despite you having experienced a lifetime of enslavement on the far side of the Hedge. You're obviously not the person they know any longer. But how can you watch from the outside, bent and wrinkled, as they slowly come to the realization that young, vital you disappeared and is never coming back?

Someone else has, of course, filled your job. Maybe it's your fetch, slipped into your place in the wake of your abduction (and doesn't it suck to find out they're doing it better than you did?). If not, eventually even the most understanding employer can't ignore your absenteeism any longer and fills your empty position with a new worker. And it's not as if you can just expect to be able to do what you used to do anyway. The world changed. Technology advanced. When you were abducted, the idea of a mobile telephone might well have been a flight of fantasy; now children play with toys more advanced than the computers used to launch the first moon mission. Your career path might no longer exist, and if it does, the chances of you being able to catch up to your modern coworkers is slim to none.

Day-to-day life has changed as well. The internet may well not have existed before your durance. Now, senior citizens connect with the world through social media, and phone calls have become quasi-obsolete. Music during your previous life might have been limited to live performances, short-wave radio, or record players; you may well have completely missed the era of 8-track tapes, cassettes, and CDs, re-emerging into a world where most music exists almost entirely in digital format. Bar codes and scanners. Home computers. Seatbelts and airbags, not to mention electric-powered cars. The day-to-day world has moved at a breakneck pace in the past handful of decades, and you're being thrown back in from a standstill. You are going to have to pick up the pace in a hurry or get left in the dirt.

And, as if figuring out how to juggle your current reality, your lost former life, and the things you experienced during your durance is not a big enough challenge,

let's not forget that you're not the only oddity found on this side of the Hedge. When Shakespeare wrote that there are more things in heaven and earth than Horatio's philosophy was capable of dreaming of, he hit the mark. Your eyes are now open to a world that is far broader and contains more than any ordinary human could imagine possible, and those wonders — alien creatures, impossible places, freakish happenings — aren't restricted to the far side of the Hedge. That panhandler on the street might well be another changeling, ready to shake you down once she realizes you can see her true visage. The spot on the subway that always seems a bit too cold might be a weak spot in the Hedge, just waiting the right trigger to open wide and draw you in. The shadow flickering just outside your peripheral vision could be a spy sent by your Keeper to keep tabs on you…or a goblin hoping to catch you unawares so it can harvest your dreams…or maybe it really is just your imagination. The possibilities are, literally, infinite. But, while the bad news is that you're not alone in this strange world, the good news is also that you're not alone.

Fetches

Folk songs and fairy tales tell many stories about how the fairies steal babies from their cribs and cradles, replacing them with one of their own kind in the guise of a child. Like most tales about the True Fae, these stories are half true. For centuries, the Fair Folk have been stealing humans from their beds (and other parts of their lives) but when they leave something behind, it is not one of their own. It is a fetch, a flimsy simulacrum made of sticks and string, meaty bits, or whatever other ephemera the True Fae chooses to bend to the task. Should your Keeper leave a fetch behind, the creature is given your memories at the time of its creation, and infused with a bit of your very own shadow. Once created, this creature lives out your life during your durance — and is likely not eager to give up its place once you've returned.

Once

Chances are, you didn't even know about your fetch until you escaped from your durance. As if worrying about your own fate wasn't bad enough, your durance was likely spent fretting about your family missing you, about the responsibilities you left behind, your job, your friends, your pets. Guilt about how the world goes on without you is a driving goal in many changelings' escape from Arcadia, and most remain woefully unaware that those they left behind are likely not missing them — in fact, don't even know they have gone.

If your Keeper was particularly cruel, though, they may have given you a glimpse of what "your" life was like back on the other side of the Hedge. Of the cobbled-together creature left in your place to keep your family and friends from looking too closely into your absence. They may have even showed you the fetch's true nature, the bits of shadow and debris from which it had been created, now happily kissing your children goodnight before tucking itself into bed with your spouse.

Now

While your fetch is not a changeling, that doesn't mean it's without its own resources. First and foremost, of course, is the fact that it's been living your life all along. How can you hope to convince those who knew you, once upon a time, that you are really you, when they've seen and interacted with your fetch as you every day you've been missing? You — warped by your durance, changed by your experiences in ways even your Mask cannot hide — are likely to seem less "you" than the being that has experienced your life in your absence. Your fetch knows things you missed during your durance, knows the joys and pain they've shared with the people you once called friends over the years. Years that are, for you, filled with memories of an entirely different place, different lessons, a different life.

And it's not likely they're going to give up their place without a fight. While fetches don't have the ability to use Contracts, per se, they are creatures of the Wyrd. They have their own abilities, known as Echoes, which they certainly use to defend their appropriated life. These powers play largely on your fetch's connection to you as a changeling, and can allow it to hide itself as a normal human being, enter and exit the Hedge, heal itself in magical fashions, or even — in the most extreme of circumstances — to summon the True Fae down upon itself and whoever else happens to be in the area.

It's easy to see your fetch as the enemy. After all, this stranger — this *thing* — was made by your Keeper. It has been living your life. Sleeping with your spouse. Taking your place. Most Lost, when they discover their fetch's existence, are filled with an immediate instinct to destroy it, to cut out the replacement their Keeper left to take their place.

But what happens when the choice isn't so clear? Not all fetches are bad "people." They are a replacement, a false "you," but that doesn't mean they're necessarily evil or that they haven't done their best to live the life you left behind. What do you do when you find out your fetch is better to your family than you were before your durance? That they've succeeded where you struggled, overcome the challenges you were battling, and essentially become a better "you" than you?

Changelings, despite their desires, are often not well suited to returning to a mundane life. You've been changed by your durance, by the things that were done to you. You aren't the person you once were. You've been touched by the Fae, altered by them, and by what they've

subjected you to. You see things now, know things, can do things that are frankly a danger to anyone around you. You're not "you" anymore, not the you that you were before your durance. And while it may not have started as the real you, it's lived the life you couldn't. Raised your children. Worked your job. Paid your bills. Even now, it's willing to fight to protect the things and the people you couldn't. Even if that means fighting you.

Freeholds

Like calls to like. Changelings are taken from locations across the globe and called back to wherever they most strongly identify as "home," and yet some areas seem to attract notably more Lost than others. In these locations, communities known as freeholds form. While freehold structures vary wildly, ideally each serves to provide the Lost in that area with resources, education, and protection, as well as some sense of stability and belonging. Many freeholds are fraught with power struggles and politics, but for most changelings, they are better than doing without.

Now

Your first contact with a freehold is likely to be not long after your escape. While countless portals lead out of the Hedge, the nearest freehold watches the most commonly manifesting ones, in hopes of intercepting recently freed changelings before they can wreak too much havoc on the world to which they're returning. Some freeholds even sponsor scouts to patrol the Hedge areas nearest to their city, not only to observe and deal with any threats to the freehold from Hedge denizens, but also to rescue those who may have escaped Arcadia but for some reason have been unable to find their way fully back to the mortal realm.

Even experienced changelings must take care when dealing with the newly returned. Many Lost are ravaged by the trials and travails they endured during their durance: physically injured, mentally scarred, emotionally damaged. Still reeling from their time beneath their Keeper's boot (sometimes quite literally) and whatever arduous journey their escape led them upon, a newly found changeling is often like a wild beast — a danger to themselves and those around them, regardless of their intent. Because of this, freeholds often implement an observe-and-protect policy initially, watching over newly discovered Lost from a relatively safe distance, while moving to intercept any dangers they may find themselves in. After initial reports as to the attitude, capabilities, and observable motivations have been gone over, the freehold will select appropriate individuals to initiate first contact with the new changeling. The exact nature of that contact may vary wildly. A mostly harmless newcomer from a civilized freehold might be approached through a casual encounter that turns into a candid conversation wherein the ambassador offers to introduce the new arrival to the rest of their community. A more feral arrival may be greeted in kind, with bestial freehold members exerting dominance over the newcomer, or making strides to incorporate them into a pack, at least temporarily. Skittish folk might be left messages of reassurance, rather than being approached directly, while those who seem an immediate danger to themselves or others may be taken captive and held in protective custody, at least until such a time as they can be educated in the minimum necessary truths to survive as a changeling in the mortal world.

In general, after initial contact, most freeholds treat newly discovered changelings with great care. Traditionally, a freehold offers open hospitality for a month's time, during which the newcomer is welcome to interact with freehold members, and is often actively sought out by locals. Different courts may vie for the privilege of sponsoring and training the newcomer, betting their attention will pay off if and when their student joins the court. Motleys seeking to increase their numbers may actively recruit a likely match. In an ideal setting, after all, a new member of the community means an extra set of eyes to warn against treachery, an extra set of hands to help protect, and additional knowledge. Unfortunately, not all situations are ideal.

Not all Lost who return through the Hedge are exactly what they seem. Some work, knowingly or not, willingly or not, for the True Fae, even after their durance ends. Privateers may pose as newly escaped Lost, pretending to be injured, ill, or simply confused. Like a bird pretending to have a wounded wing to lure predators away from their nest, they persuade gullible freehold members to follow them off the beaten path and into an ambush. They capture these unfortunates and sell them to the Goblin Markets, or to the True Fae themselves. Other Lost may pose as newly returned to learn more about the inner workings of a freehold. This knowledge could then be sold to a rival freehold, to Goblin marketeers, or even to those who hunt the Lost like animals to harvest Glamour or other fae resources from them.

Because of these dangers, some freeholds eschew tradition, adopting rather terse forms of screening new arrivals, which at their extremes might involve incarceration, interrogation, and even dream scanning. Those who pass the screenings are treated to traditional hospitality, while those who don't may well find themselves under the thumbs of some of the freehold's less savory members. While they may downplay these practices, keeping them hidden from the general populace, freeholds that practice such screenings believe that when dealing with the broad spectrum of dangers new Lost can bring to a community, the end justifies the means.

Membership

After their initial period of hospitality, changelings who pose no obvious threats are usually offered the opportunity to join the freehold by swearing a pledge. While the specifics may vary, at the very least, the would-be freehold member promises to protect the freehold and its members from the True Fae and their allies, and not to work for or with those enemies. In exchange, the freehold offers the changeling some level of protection and support. In some locations, this is as far as the bargain goes. In others, more is asked for — donations of Glamour to the ruling leader, obedience to the freehold's rules, or even adherence to any order the current leader decrees. And, in return, such demands are balanced by additional benefits to the members of the freehold — goods and gear, social standing, or supplementary protections.

Breaking a freehold oath is a serious matter, especially if done by knowingly collaborating with the True Fae and their minions. Exile is the least such a traitor can expect. Most oaths will bring down the might of the Wyrd against those who betray their fellow Lost after promising not to, although if the freehold catches up with them before the Wyrd can, there may not be much left to punish.

Courts

One of the strongest motivations shared by the Lost is their all-consuming desire not to return to captivity under their Keepers. When the first Lost escaped from their durances, no freeholds gathered to protect them, no more experienced changelings to teach them. Touched by the True Fae, they were too strange to integrate themselves back into their home villages and holdings, so most spent what remained of their short and sorry lives in constant fear of their Keepers at their heels.

In time, however, as more Lost escaped, those few who had survived long enough began watching out for and mentoring newer arrivals. However, any congregation of changelings proved to be a prime target for the True Fae, and something had to be done to keep their now growing numbers from being re-abducted as quickly as they emerged.

Changelings have many courts, many ways to band together to defend their homes against the Fae. They have courts of Dawn and Dusk, of White and Red Roses, of the Land and the Sea. Some of these courts have Bargains, mystical agreements that limit the ways in which the True Fae can attack them. The most common of these bargained courts are the Courts of the Four Seasons.

Each season — Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter — offered early changelings different ways to avoid their Keepers' notice, and these tactics became integral to those changelings' way of life. In seasonal court freeholds, each quarter year is ruled over by a monarch of the appropriate seasonal court.

Chances are, when a freehold first approaches you, representatives of the various courts try to recruit you. Joining a court requires a pledge, and ties you on a deep and magical level to the elements of that season. It makes it easier for you to connect with the Contracts associated with the season, and if you truly embrace the spirit of your court, that connection manifests in the form of a Mantle — a supernatural expression of your affiliation, which you can use to aid you in various fashions.

One of the ways the seasonal courts help protect Lost from the True Fae is to rotate power and leadership. As the seasons change in the natural world, the court aligned with the season also hands off power to the next, ensuring no one group gains too much power over the others in the freehold. This idea — voluntarily giving over power to your peers — is so anathema and alien to the True Fae, who have been masters of their own domains for millennia, that the very act of following it provides a practical "disguise" from their eyes for a freehold's relatively large population. Failing to trade the throne when the time comes is the sort of power play a True Fae would understand on an innate basis, and thus is more likely to draw their attention. The threat of this is enough to keep all but the most fanatical of tyrants willing to hand off power, at least nominally, although it is not unheard of for corrupt Lost to attempt to find ways around this prohibition — often to the detriment of themselves and their fellow freehold members.

Motleys

In a world where Lost have learned that trust is hard to come by, even among their own kind, creating bonds of not only trust, but of genuine concern and affection, is often paramount to maintaining some semblance of Clarity. And while being a part of a freehold can provide a general sense of community, a role within the courts, or even a seat on the throne, it is within a motley that you're most likely to find what many have given up hope of — camaraderie, true friendship, and sometimes even love.

A motley is a group of changelings who form a bond together, one that most often is reinforced by a pledge. Most motley pledges follow a fairly standard format, although motleys with a particular purpose — defending a certain neighborhood in a city, running a business together, or simply being a surrogate family for one another — may well customize the terms of their oath to support and promote those goals.

Trust is paramount in any motley, although yours might resemble a haphazard family while another might take more after a violent street gang. Regardless of how outsiders view them, members of a motley know they can rely on one another above all else. Because of this, motley pledges almost always contain clauses forbidding you and the other members of the group from harming each other — sometimes even at

the cost of injury or death. Other parts of the pledge may ban you from certain behaviors the group finds abhorrent, while offering benefits that foster and support your group's goals: charisma and social maneuverability for courtier motleys, for example, or increased stealth for a pack of scouts. Regardless of the terms, your motley is likely the most stable and trusted part of your life after your durance — and woe be it to any who try to break it apart.

That's not to say life within a motley is always smooth sailing, of course. Especially for those who once lost their ability to trust and re-extended tenuous bonds to others, closeness breeds fertile soil for an entire host of potential intra-motley issues. Simple arguments and miscommunications can fester if your group is not extremely careful to maintain open communications with each other at all times. Any collective group tends to develop a leader or leaders to help make decisions and hone the group's focus. You might plan, vote on the leadership, or build a process for choosing a leader into your group's inception, but even within a motley planned to be egalitarian, dominant personalities frequently rise to leadership roles and command. After a durance under the whim of their Keeper, however, it is natural to balk at any perception of yoke or control, and even the most benevolent leader may find themselves facing a mutinous motley if they don't use extreme caution in their demands on the group.

Envy and resentment of power can also grow quickly in an environment as tightly bound as a motley. Any perceived favoritism, by the leader or other powerful or popular figures in the freehold, can chafe at the rough edges of your soul. Changelings are rarely the most stable of individuals, and something as simple as a perceived slight or potential insult can tear your group apart from within, if not carefully protected against.

One of the greatest treasures to be found in a motley can also be one of the greatest dangers to it. As often happens within a tightly knit social group, crushes, infatuations, and relationships also often develop within motleys. And, while affection beyond the boundaries of platonic friendship might bring members of your motley closer together, the course of love is rarely without bumps. Unrequited adoration, messy break ups, or outbreaks of jealousy can shatter your motley irreparably, leading to drama and trauma.

The end of a motley is rarely an amicable situation. While some do prepare for this eventuality, creating a shorter-term oath to allow the membership dynamics to change without causing too much turmoil, when anger, jealousy, or betrayal lead to the end of a motley, the results can be devastating. Human divorce courts may be messy, but at least they don't normally involve supernatural tempers, curses, and the potential for an angry former lover summoning their jilted spouse's Keeper to exact revenge.

Mask and Mien

To themselves and each other, the scars a changeling bears from their Keeper's fae attentions are more than just psychological. You wear them every day on your skin as well as your soul, and while some are subtler than others, no Lost remains wholly untouched. While leaving Arcadia stripped away the more dramatic of your Keeper's "gifts," every time you look in the mirror, it reminds you that the durance left its mark upon you forever.

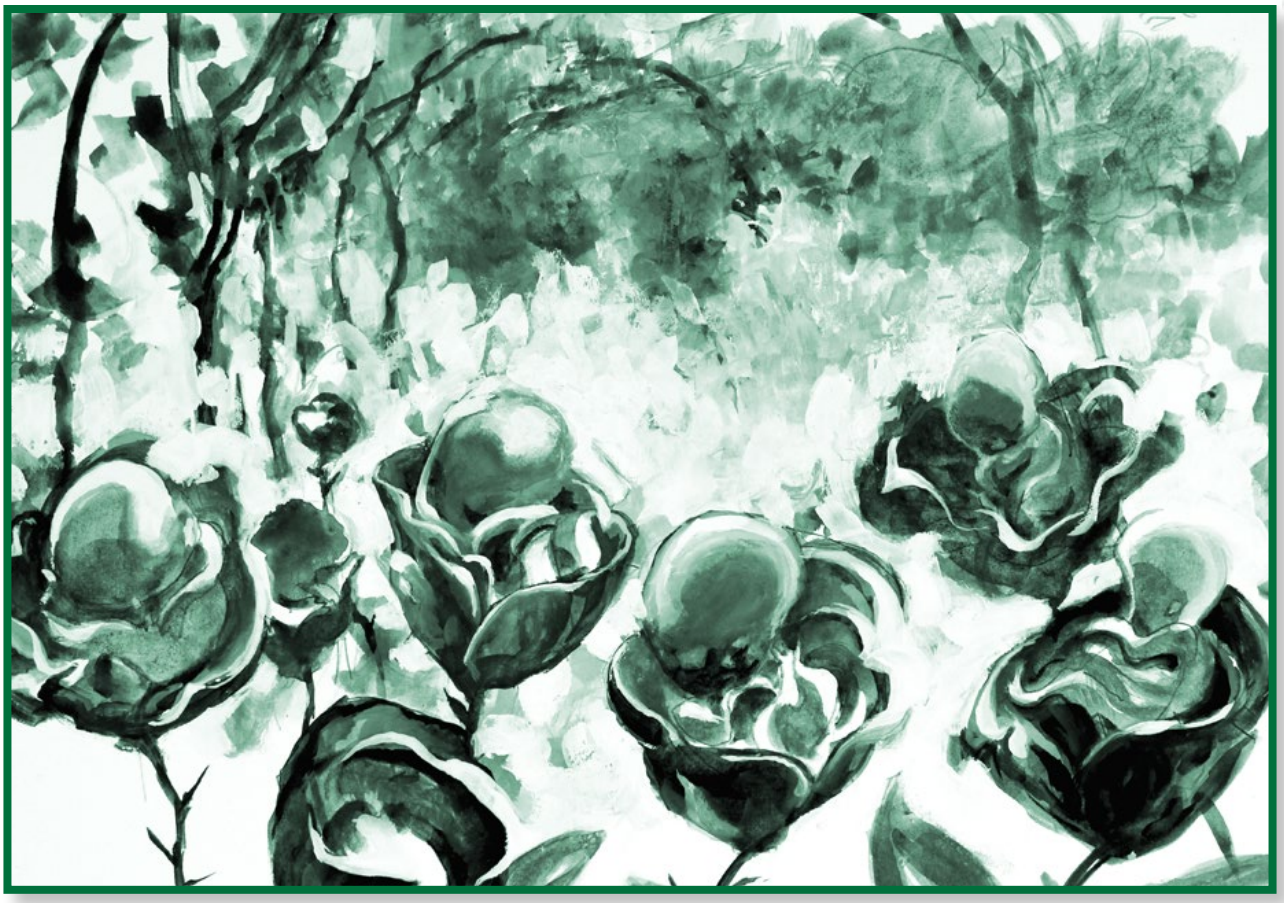
Once

In their own demesne, a True Fae is capable of warping almost any aspect of reality to suit their whim. Weather, time — even the basic laws of the natural world that humans are accustomed to being static and immutable — all give way before the power of a True Fae in their own realm. And, as those abducted by them are quick to find out, humans are far from immune to that might.

The Fae treat humans as raw materials. Interesting, certainly, and often entertaining, but of no more concern than any other resource that required equivalent effort to obtain. Just as a cook would not hesitate to break eggs to make an omelet, or an artist sharpen a pencil to begin sketching, people are merely potentials to the True Fae. Valuable potentials, perhaps, and ones they may well go to monumental extremes to capture once an individual has drawn their attention — but potential, nonetheless. Holding absolute power over their environs, Fae choose not to truly empathize with those whose lives they usurp, and thus feel no compunction whatsoever to maintain the essence or physical form of those over whom they have assumed command.

Changelings have as many stories of how their durance changed them as there are durances — each is unique depending upon the individual, their Keeper, and the part they play within that True Fae's story. While it is possible for the Fae to drag a human into Arcadia solely to fulfill a role as a paving brick or drinking glass, simple manifestations of the Keeper's magic could just as easily perform such mundane roles. Most often, the Gentry cast humans in a particular aspect, either suited to their life before the durance, or — as Fae can be perverse and cruel creatures — in stark contrast to it.

Perhaps the iconic example of a human being taken to the lands of the Fae paints the human as a companion, courtesan, performer, or other form of entertainment for their master. Such a prisoner might find their looks altered to better reflect their Keeper's personal aesthetic preferences — made skeletally thin, uncommonly fat, impossibly muscular, or so painfully beautiful the human heart holds no defenses against it. Fae tastes are not necessarily akin to those of humanity, however, so "ideal" might just as easily involve extra limbs, bestial features, feathers, spines, or an utter lack of skin covering their musculature.



For those who serve other roles, even less human forms are common. Legends tell of a True Fae who calls himself The Nurseryman, who plucks children from their bed and, still sleeping, plants them in his garden where they bloom into new and wondrous flowers every morning. The Veiled Scholar collects those who have unique knowledge on whatever topic she is interested in at the moment, and transforms her captives into living tomes, so they may tell her their stories when she takes them from the shelf of her library-prison. Whether a never-fading lamp to guide the Hermit's path, or the dragon steed that General Who Knows No Defeat rides into battle, a changeling's form during their durance is a matter of their master's whim rather than their own will.

Nor is that form set in stone. The True Fae are not known for their constancy — when your appearance is subject to your Keeper's mood, you may well find yourself waking up as a winged angel one day, a rugged barbarian the next, and a giant spider creature on special occasions. You are, in the end, treated only as objects in a world with a single true subject, and the True Fae are no more concerned with your views on what form you are made to wear than a human would empathize with the feelings of their wardrobe when choosing to wear one shirt versus another.

How exactly the Keeper goes about altering their servant's form also varies drastically with the individual. The Lord of Blood and Blades might perform nightly surgery on his staff, with experiments that are as much about *how* he makes the changes as they are about the end results. A dancer slave of the Observer might find they wake each morning in their gilded cage, dressed down to their toe shoes and transformed physically to suit whatever role their master deems for that day's act. The Philosopher of Pain might build up their changeling staff's endurance by infusing their food and drink with strange compounds, while She Before Whom All Beauty Bows might literally carve her minion out of a fresh block of marble each day in whatever form pleases her. The possibilities are endless, and unfortunately for the Lost, rarely pleasant to be the subject of.

Now

Once out of the direct control of your Keeper, however, your body will remember — at least to some degree — who and what you truly are. Perhaps it is the symbolic breaking free from your Keeper's leash, or the act of traveling through the Hedge and out the other side, or maybe the True Fae simply do not have enough power in the mortal realm to maintain their lockdown on their escaped servant's form. Regardless of the reason, your physical form — and the way you appear to humans upon your return, which is a different matter altogether — is less dramatic than that which was put upon you during your durance.

Mien

The form with which you emerge from the Hedge after your durance — your mien — is always at least roughly humanoid, regardless of what you appeared to be before or during your captivity. The vestiges of the durance are more than cosmetic; you really do have to comb your hair around your horns, or cut holes in all your t-shirts for your wings. And if you're a living torch, you might want to be careful when you stop for gas.

While much of your mien is tied to your durance, you're not locked in the shape your Keeper forced you into. Miens change with time and experience, and court affiliations change them as well. Spring courtiers may find themselves surrounded by the scent of growing flowers, discover vines and blossoms in their hair, or even notice their footsteps leave behind patches of verdant grass. The temperature around Winter courtiers often drops significantly (and raises around those of the Summer Court). Autumn courtiers may find their eyes grow hollow or glow from within like a jack-o-lantern, or they leave a trail of fallen leaves in their wake. The influences are widely varied, and the effects only increase as your court's Mantle — how closely you embody the court's ideals — grows.

How strong your connection to the Wyrd becomes also influences your mien. As a newly escaped changeling, you may bear tiny stubs of horns, miniature claws, a barrel chest, or slight stature. As the Wyrd grows stronger within you, however, your horns may gradually unfurl into mighty antlers, or your claws lengthen into razor-sharp daggers. A stocky form may become literally barrel shaped, and a slim one turn truly skeletal if your Wyrd is extreme enough.

Changelings see their own mien when they look at themselves, and (barring the use of magic) see other changelings' miens when they look at their fellows. With visages that vary from ethereal to macabre, gatherings of the Lost are visually diverse beyond mortal kenning — at least, to those who can see the truth.

Mask

But the majority of the mortal world believes Lost and their ilk to be fairy tales for a reason. Your true visage, if not your true nature, is hidden from mortal eyes by means of a Glamour illusion — the Mask. To humans — and most other creatures — Lost appear to be normal people. The flame-maned beauty might be noted for her glorious hair color, or the dwarf with the strength of an ox appear as burlier than the average fellow, but the Mask ensures that, to outsiders, fae forms do not appear to be supernatural.

Sight is not the only sense the Mask affects. While your human paramour may believe that her flower-bearing fae lover smells delightful, she will not recognize your scent as the lilacs and lilies growing in your beard. Hoof clicks will sound like normal footsteps to non-fae ears, and even claws or horns will seem like normal nails or an unmarred forehead if touched by human skin. This power is so great that it holds even after you die; no matter how grotesquely unnatural your living form might be, you will leave behind a mundane-looking corpse.

Contracts

While the juxtaposition of the mundane and the magical that changelings experience upon the end of their durance is inherently challenging, the fact that you're now something slightly other than human can provide some of the tools necessary to deal with those challenges. Perhaps the broadest and most powerful new tools available to you are the Contracts you can call upon. By tapping into ancient pacts that ancient Fae made with the world around them, your Keeper and its kind can alter themselves, humans, animals, their surroundings — and at their most powerful — the nature of reality itself. As their former servant, you have access to many of the same Contracts. While you may not shift the very laws of reality with them, masterfully wielded Contracts can make you more powerful — and dangerous — than human minds could ever imagine.

Once

While in Arcadia, it quickly became obvious that the laws of the world you grew up in no longer applied. But that didn't mean *no* rules applied. Even in the most chaotic Fae demesne, some order reigns. The True Fae may be masters of their own domains, but they are bound by their own dictum, by the truths they acknowledge to be true, and by the power of the pacts they have sworn back through the eons. Although the details are lost in the fogs of antiquity, legends clearly connect the Fair Folk's current powers directly to the age-old promises sworn between the earliest of their kind and the world. And, ancient though they may be, these agreements are still as binding as they are powerful.

As their minion, tool, or plaything, some modicum of these Contracts applied to you as well. After all, of what use to an arcane being is a spy limited by mortal senses, and how quickly would they grow tired of a plaything incapable of supernal dexterity? It served your master or mistress well that you were more than human, and thus, during your durance, they extended some of these powers to you. And, for all that your powers during your imprisonment were subject to the whims of your Keeper, receiving them triggered something within you, changed your very nature so you would never be quite human again, and connected you on a deep and immutable level with those ancient agreements.

Now

Immediately upon your return, you may well have found that you were no longer capable of doing all you could on the other side of the Hedge. Your connection with the pacts woven by your Keeper is weaker here outside the kingdoms they control, and no longer fostered by your servitude to the Good Cousins. You once might have been able to change shapes at a whim, truly becoming a bird on the wing or a fish in the sea by virtue of your master's connection to the True Fae's complex and all-encompassing pacts with the essential nature of Bird or Fish. On your own, however, you may be only capable of altering your voice or mimicking a human's visage — single-line elements from a miles-long series of fae Contracts. Rather than being able to summon whatever otherworldly delights your Keeper's whim demanded from its garden instantly, as a part of their agreement with Fertility, now perhaps you can only speed a fruit to ripening, or stop someone from becoming pregnant. Weaker connections yield weaker results, but also allow a modicum of human ingenuity and a greater sense of free will and choice than the True Fae typically demonstrate.

Weak is not absent, however, and every changeling returns from their durance with some vestigial connection to the contracts of their servitude. You find, here on the other side of the Hedge, that it requires more energy to do what you used to do effortlessly. While in Arcadia, your Keeper's fae nature fueled your Contracts, and your works on their behalf tapped into that surfeit of power. Now, you're essentially on your own, and while Contracts may have ways to circumvent paying in Glamour, most require at least a small effort.

Your powers here may begin so weak as to make you feel crippled. Like you are missing a part of yourself. But as time passes, you will learn. No longer limited by the powers your Keeper saw fit to share with you, you are now capable of extending your own will into the ancient pacts with the world around you. As a changeling, you can focus on fleshing out the Contracts that come most naturally to you, perhaps even eventually achieving power akin to that your former Keeper wielded. Or, freed from their influence, you may take the reins into your own hands. Although fraught with challenges, what you endured also opened up almost limitless potential to you. By tapping into these primeval deals between the Fae and the world around them, you can expand your horizons, making yourself into what you dream of being, regardless of what you were originally created to serve as.

Pledges

Promises have power, especially among the Fae. Centuries in the past — millennia perhaps — they made bargains with the world around them that still hold true, fueling their nigh-omnipotent powers within Arcadia and offering escaped changelings a semi-stable source of abilities after their durance.

But these already sworn deals are not the only means by which the words of oaths hold supernal power. By investing your own Glamour into an oath, you can craft pledges that magically bind those involved in them. Carefully spun, pledges can offer a wellspring of power to those abide to their tenets — or a world of pain to those who treat them lightly.

Once

Before your escape — possibly even before your durance — you likely discovered that the power of sworn deals was far, far greater than humans believe. The True Fae are bound by their word — even their lies are partial truths and unspoken information, rather than outright falsehoods. A Keeper might fail to point out a loophole in a contract, or abide only by the razor-sharp fine points of a deal, but to outright break a sworn promise is anathema to them. Many cannot even understand humanity's ability to do so with ease.

Often, humans make promises — or what is close enough to be considered a promise by the Wyrd — without thinking twice. We put forth our plans, preferences, hopes, and fears as statements of fact: "I will be there by 9." "The Yankees will win or I'll eat my hat." "I'll be damned if she isn't the prettiest thing I've ever seen." But, looked at literally, many of our statements are promises…they're just promises other humans don't expect us to keep. Or, at the very least, breaking such a promise has little impact on how other humans see or treat us.

To the oath-focused Fae, however, word given is a deal struck. It may well have been the power of a lightly given promise that led to your captivity. Ignorance of the power behind a pledge is no excuse for not abiding by it, at least not in the ethereal eyes of the Wyrd, and words as simple as "I'd follow you anywhere" or "For you? Anything." have found more than one unwary human bound to a path they'd never intended.

Even promises no fae creature had a hand in can carry weight beyond words. Someone you left behind when you vanished into Faerie might have kept a vow you made together, even while you left your end to dangle listlessly in your absence. That vow calls to them, lifting the veil to show them things aren't what they seem, pulling them into the Hedge to find you. If they come back out again, they might find themselves fae-touched — mortal, but connected to you through a bond the Wyrd now recognizes and enforces as surely as any other, graced with some small glimpse of what it is to be fae.

During your durance, you may well have been bound as strongly by your perceived promises as by any bars or

chains. However, this constriction is not without benefit; while experts at crafting pledges, the Fae are bound to their word just as strongly as they bind others. Most changelings learn these lessons quickly, coming to watch their words (and those of the beings around them), and utilize the unyielding nature of the Fae's own oaths against them. For many Lost, promises made in Arcadia may well have kept them from suffering even crueler durances than they otherwise would, and for some, a carefully worded oath with their Keeper eventually gave them the means to escape. At the very least, the Lost inevitably learn to respect (and fear) the power of pledges from their Keepers, and they carry this caution back with them — a potent tool when they return through the Hedge.

Now

After enduring their durances, it's not surprising that many Lost develop trust issues. If one individual's betrayal makes it difficult to know what's safe and what's not, imagine discovering that your entire worldview is based on false premises. Finding out that supernatural creatures, magic, and alternate realities not only exist, but that you're right in the middle of them? That's enough to shake anyone's confidence, not only in the world around them but also in their own perceptions and instincts.

Pledges are one of the tools that allow changelings to start to rebuild that confidence, to begin to trust *something* in the world. By swearing oaths, be it non-aggression pacts, fealty pledges, or motley bonds, the Lost can extend at least a modicum of trust, despite their past experiences. Through them, they can begin to work with others who, like themselves, have been abused and fooled, tricked, and deceived not only by their Keepers, but by the nature of the world itself; by the blindness of their parents who taught them fairies were the stuff of folklore, and by everyone and everything that led up to the mind-breaking reveal. Considering everything the Lost have endured, it's more surprising that they don't require pledges from every single individual they interact with, than that they do rely on them so heavily.

Pledges also offer the Lost a sense of control, something that many have had stripped from them during their durance. Knowing that the promises sealed with Wyrd will be supernaturally upheld, not by them, but by the inherent (and seemingly limitless) power of the Wyrd itself gives even the most broken changeling a sense of empowerment. Even when dealing with those who can't be trusted, knowing the Wyrd itself will enact punishment upon oathbreakers allows the Lost to interact with a world that has previously betrayed them. It's not surprising, then, that some changelings use the power of pledges in ways many would consider unethical. Mimicking their Keeper's propensity to utilize the power of a bound promise, even if the other party isn't completely aware of what they're agreeing to, has to be tempting for someone who has ended up on the short end of the stick more times than not.

Luckily, however, most changelings utilize pledges and their power as the foundation upon which they can form relationships, buttressing tenuous trust with the augmentation of supernatural bonds. It is this ability that allows them to interact with each other, despite what they have endured, and thus not be doomed to spend the rest of their lifetimes in paranoid solitude.

Part III

It Happened to Me

Michael

"Pop art is about liking things, June. Why can't you just like things?"

She threw a decorative museum-store pillow at me. "Warhol was just dodging. I think he liked trying to get interviewers to put words in his mouth. Like it was more fun for them to invent an opinion for him." The cashier rolled her eyes and pointedly looked at the pillow lying on the ground. I picked it up and pretended to be fascinated by the certificate of authenticity. Hand-crafted, disenfranchised women, traditional techniques, something something organic. We both knew I wasn't going to buy it, but now it was my responsibility to put away.

"Look, can we go home yet? It's Peter's turn to make dinner, and he's the only one of us who can actually cook. I want to know what culinary treasures await us if we make it back on time."

"God, you're like a baby bird, Michael. Constantly hungry, helpless at taking care of yourself."

I ruffled my feathers slightly. "I can cook, I'm just not an Artist. Besides, Wendy puts him in charge when she's going to be busy. If he's the leader of our band of lost children, I feel like it's my duty to act like a misfit child. Keep his spirits up in these times of strife. So go brandish your art-nerd discount and buy that watercolor set already. We'll miss the bus and then I'll miss dinner and I'll make you crazy whining about the shitty pizza we're going to wind up eating instead."

"Use your powers of prescience to figure out if it's stopped raining, I'm almost done."

By almost done she meant chatting up the cashier I guess, but I could look starving and pathetic just as well while splayed across the glass door leading out to the street. It was rattling a little in the wind. The rain had abated enough to merely be pelting the sidewalk, rather than cracking against it hard enough to pit the surface. The bus would be moving slowly enough that we might still catch it, but we'd get soaked on the way there.

Then June started twirling her hair at the cashier, and I started hauling her to the door. "June, it's pouring, we need to go now." Far in the distance I could hear thunder rolling, and the lights dimmed for a moment.

She dug in her heels, pulling away. "If it's raining that hard, we should just stay. Maybe Wendy could pick us up later." Then, whispering, "I am *so close,* Michael. She is definitely maybe going to give me her number. And you are spoiling it."

The cashier coughed delicately. "We're closing in a few minutes anyway, you should probably try to catch that bus." And then June expired, dropping to the gift-shop floor muttering incoherent apologies, and I had to drag her lifeless corpse out into the rain.

The neon was melting down to the sidewalk. We splashed through puddles of light and stood in the wet reflections of stoplights and didn't speak. It was a little like the old times, where it was all we could do to keep ahead of Her and Her maidens. Quiet, quiet, flying when we could and running when we had

to, sleeping under roots and in the lees of stones. My eyes always flicker a little when I'm remembering. It's like the Hedge wraps over what's actually in front of me, covering the world, but also filling it in. Everything feels a little more real when it's full of forest. Everything looks a little less real when it's covered by forest.

Which is how it came to be that we ran directly into the bus we were supposed to be catching. It was a different driver than before, slow to meet our eyes, hardly seeming to notice the water we tracked in. The rain beat down on the roof of the empty bus, and we huddled together, shivering in the forced air. Maybe I dozed a little, because June was anxiously pulling my feathers and had given up whispering for chirping. The bus was still empty. The driver still wasn't looking at us. I didn't recognize the dirty road we were traveling down, but I did recognize that copse of trees.

Function could follow story here. Pulling the cord might stop the bus, but that might also make it dissolve into foam, or take on new ghostly passengers, or the driver might finally open his eyes. Of all of us, Robin might have remembered best how to tell the dreamers from the ogres, and Summer would have seen through the trick. June and I would just need to make do. I touched the cord lightly at first, and felt the driver shudder through the floor of the bus. Then we joined hands, pulled it hard, and ran for the back of the bus. The driver howled, and the bus flexed along with his body. A giant, black-eyed mare unfurled its hooves and shook the glass from its faces.

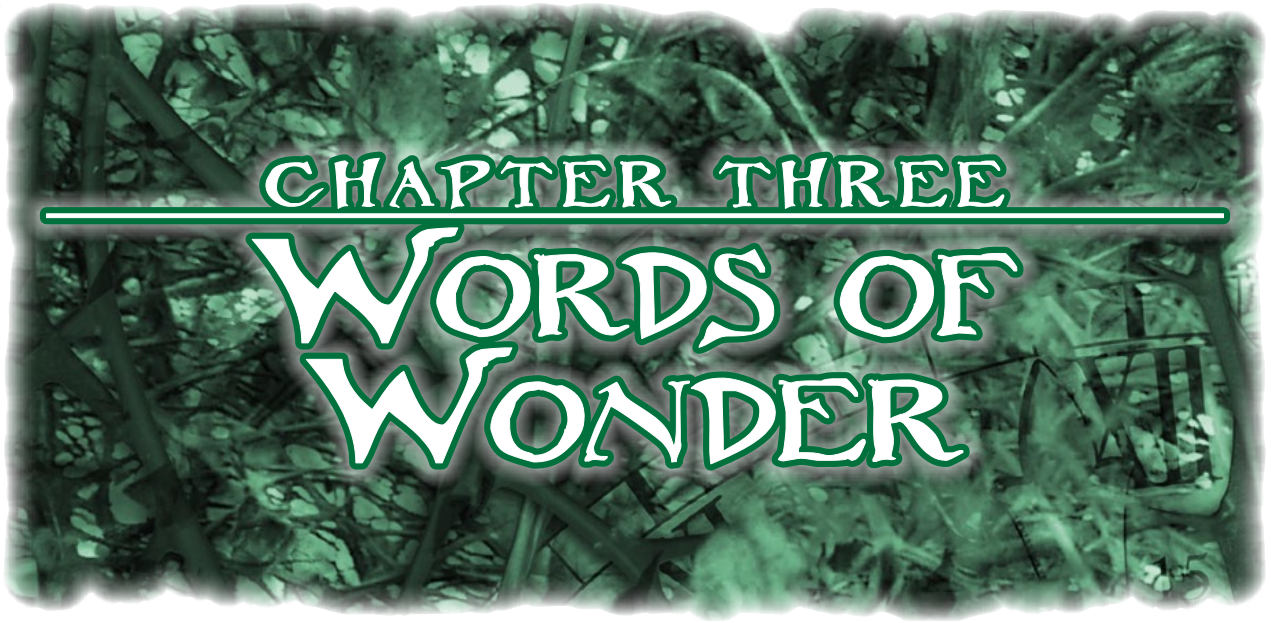
We stumbled in the waves of water slowly cascading down its body, washing over each face, catching in the valleys under each eye. We slid down its sleek legs, and June flung her pressed watercolor powder into the puddles at our feet, drawing powdery streaks into the straight bright lines cast by the neon sign at the receptionist's window. Once we could hear sirens, never letting go, we jumped through the puddle, and fell straight through to a fire.

I choked on smoke and June screamed. I'd finally unpacked my bag yesterday. I'd thought we were finally safe. Wendy had found us, and months later she still hadn't let us go. There was school most days, and Mandarin lessons after, and only chores when they needed to be done. June and Summer were painting together. I was teaching Robin to read. Peter still held us when we woke up shivering. I only just got a home. I'm not ready to be finished.

The second night after she rescued us — when the cold hadn't quite left my bones, when I still wasn't used to my new name — I asked Wendy why. She said she didn't even think, when she found us hiding in the bog. Didn't stop to justify it to herself, to explain why she should run or come closer. She just knew that she had to pick us up and take us home. Peter didn't leave us, even when he knew he couldn't protect us anymore. Wendy didn't leave us, even when she found out what we were. I can't leave them, either.

I rubbed at the smoke in my eyes and ran towards the fire, trusting June to follow. I didn't even think.





Chapter Three
Words of Wonder

Who looks outside, dreams; who looks inside, awakes.
Carl Jung

Changelings exist at once in two worlds. They stand in the mists between the dreamlike magic of Faerie and the mortal world of shadows and glass. Ripped from the lives they knew, they've become something neither human nor True Fae. They are Lost, but have found in themselves something new to call their own.

Character Creation

The following steps take the basic idea of a character and turn it into one of the Lost, defining her traits using the game's rules. In the end, we'll know who she is, and what she's capable of. Then, we can explore her time outside Arcadia. Take a look at the character sheet in the back of this book; it's your map to exploring your **Changeling** character.

Step One: Character Concept

At the first stage, come up with a rough idea of who you want to play. Who was she before she was taken? What purpose did she serve in Arcadia? What was her durance like? How did she escape? Don't worry too much about things like seeming or court at this step. Instead, try to filter down the idea of your character into a single statement. "Secluded rare bookseller" is a concept. "Impatient courier" could be another. It doesn't need to be complex, just a solid, archetypical idea. Think of how you'd describe your favorite character from a book or movie to a friend if you only had a couple of seconds to do it. That's a concept.

As you go through the character creation process, if ever you run into a hurdle or hard choices, you can always go back to your concept, and take the path that fits more closely. For our example above, if you're hard-pressed for Merit choices, you might take Language, Library, Trained Observer, Encyclopedic Knowledge, or even Safe Place. Those all evoke the feeling set forth by the concept.

As well, choose three Aspirations. When choosing your character's Aspirations, choose one or two that reflect her changeling existence. Does she want to become a leader within her freehold? Does she want to find an Icon? Then, choose at least one Aspiration pertaining to her associations with the mortal world. Is she trying to find her fetch and destroy it? Does she have a still-living family with whom she is trying to reconnect? Some of these Aspirations should be short term: Aspirations that are simple to complete, that you could accomplish in a single session. At least one should be something that may take a few sessions to complete, or even a full story arc. These long-term Aspirations help guide your character's story and development over the course of a chronicle.

Aspirations are one of the most important ways you can earn Beats and Experiences (p. 94), which advance your character. More importantly, they're clear statements

to your Storyteller about the types of things you wish to see happen to your character. It's important that the Storyteller take note of all the troupe's Aspirations. This way, she can add hooks in the chronicle to touch on something for everyone.

Also, starting Aspirations are a great way to establish motley relationships. For example, if a motley consists of two Summer Court characters, one may have the Aspiration "Become Summer King," and another might have "Become a knight within the Summer Court." This helps put motley dynamics into a loose perspective, and can help chronicle momentum start strong.

Lastly, Aspirations make for great fodder for quick and easy goals. Don't be afraid to take at least one Aspiration without immense challenge or risk. For example, "Find a safe place to sleep" isn't an unreasonable goal, and it gives you something to do during the first session if you're struggling to find a place for your character. Look at easy Aspirations as story hooks. In play, try to involve the other players' characters in accomplishing them.

If you're having trouble with Aspirations, revisit this stage once you've fleshed out the character some more. Often, one part of the character creation process will stand out for a given character. These standout parts will help you determine goals.

Step Two: Select Attributes

Attributes define the most basic elements of your character's abilities. They define how fast, charismatic, and intelligent she is. Look to the three categories (Mental, Physical, and Social), and prioritize which you think is the most important for your character. Then, determine which is second-most important. When selecting Attributes, consider why your character's True Fae captor may have taken him. What drew her attention? How did his time in Arcadia shape him?

In your primary category, place five dots and split them between the Attributes. In your secondary, place four. In your tertiary, place three. No Attribute may start at higher than 5.

As you'll see on your character sheet, your character gets one free dot in each Attribute. A single dot represents a deficient Attribute, something below average. Two dots represents the average of human ability. Three dots is above average, highly competent. Four dots is a remarkable specimen, a rarity. Five dots is the pinnacle of human capability.

Step Three: Select Skills

Next, you'll select your character's Skills. These have the same categories as Attributes: Mental, Physical, and Social. Similarly, prioritize these three categories. You do not gain free dots for Skills. Your primary category gets 11 dots, your secondary gets seven, and your tertiary gets four. No Skill may start at higher than 5.

When choosing Skills, think about your character's background. Was she an athlete before she was taken? Then she might have a few dots in Athletics and maybe some Brawl. Did he have an advanced degree in physics? Then he might have several dots in Science and a few in Investigation. Did her True Fae master force her to perform for it? She probably has a few dots in Expression and maybe some in Athletics and Socialize.

Step Four: Skill Specialties

Skill dots represent training and experience with a broad range of techniques and procedures. Skill Specialties allow you to refine a few Skills, and show where your character truly shines. You define your own Skill Specialties. They reflect a narrow focus and expertise in a given Skill. For example, your character may have a Drive Specialty in Severe Weather or a Science Specialty in Physics.

Choose three Specialties. Again, use this as an opportunity to better understand who your character is, and who she was prior to her capture and subsequent escape. A character with Socialize (Seduction) is wildly different than one with Socialize (Small Talk). Computer (Hacking) says something completely different from Computer (IT).

In play, players tend to solve problems with the Skills in which their characters are Specialized. The Storyteller should expect this and work with it.

Step Five: Add Lost Template

We have the basic aspects. Now to add the Glamour.

Seeming

A character's seeming forms from what happened to her in Arcadia, how she escaped it, and/or how she approaches the world now. This cannot change once play starts. Look over the six seemings: the Beast, the Darkling, the Elemental, the Fairest, the Ogre, and the Wizened, starting on p. 21.

Seeming is more archetype than personality. While the Contracts and kiths associated with the various seemings may influence behavior, any seeming could draw anyone. Playing to type is fun and helps guide character choices, but challenging established norms can be fulfilling, too.

Your choice of seeming determines a Contract Regalia with which your character has an affinity. As well,

every seeming has three favored Attributes from either Power, Finesse, or Resistance traits. Take an additional dot in one of these. This can only take an Attribute to five dots.

Seeming	Favored Attributes
Beast	Resistance
Darkling	Finesse
Elemental	Resistance
Fairest	Power
Ogre	Power
Wizened	Finesse

Kith

A kith is a refinement of seeming, a transformation that alters the way a changeling's seeming expresses itself. If your character served a specific purpose in Arcadia or dedicated herself to a singular method of coping, that task molded her. Kith is the resulting transformation; a character of any seeming can belong to any kith.

For example, if her Keeper made her into a torch to light the way, she might have the Bright One kith. If she then escaped by dousing her light and moving as smoke, she could end up a Darkling who lures people off the beaten path with a will-o'-the-wisp glow. However, if she escaped by fanning her flame until she was a roaring bonfire that reduced her Keeper's palace to ashes, she could end up an Elemental instead. Likewise, a changeling who became a Beast by roaming Arcadia's wild woods might fall naturally into the Hunterheart kith by the sheer necessity of dedication to survival, or might instead become a Playmate if she convinced a powerful traveler to let her be his loyal hound in exchange for protection from worse predators.

Mien

Your character's time in Arcadia shapes her fae mien. Her captor molded her from a human into something strange and alien. Her seeming can help suggest her purpose while in captivity — or the other way around — but her mien is unique. No two Wizened look exactly the same, even if they had similar tasks. Consider what your character's role was, as well as how form inspires function. Was she a tracker, with long ears and large eyes? Did she stand as a statue with marble skin and crystalline eyes? These things inform what her mien looks like now. Select a few descriptive lines to describe how your character looks inhuman without her Mask.

Court

Courts are the changelings' way of coping with the Fae. Courts represent strong emotions and the stages of grief that come after abuse, but also represent a practical way for changelings to defend themselves. Your character ultimately chooses her own court based on a variety of personal decisions, and it may change during play. You may choose to start play without a court.

If you decide to start play as a courtier, your character receives a free dot in the appropriate Mantle Merit (p. 117) for her court.

Needle and Thread

Choose a Needle and a Thread for your character. Whereas a mortal character has a Virtue and a Vice, a changeling character has a Needle and a Thread.

Changelings approach problems and deal with challenges and people as defined by their Needle. Needle is the changeling's true self that she uses as a shield against becoming someone she is not. People see her Needle, they interact with her based on it, and it informs her actions.

Thread is the motivation that keeps a changeling strong. This is the tie that binds her to reality. Thread combines her innermost fears, desires, and needs that drive her forward and keep her grounded. When everything goes wrong, and she's only just hanging on, Thread is what reminds a changeling how she overcame the vulnerability Arcadia forced upon her.

For each of these traits, choose an archetype from the appropriate sample list below, or craft your own. This is a simple statement of identity and motivation.

You can find more on Needle and Thread on p. 95.

Needle Archetypes	Thread Archetypes
Bon Vivant	Acceptance
Chess Master	Anger
Commander	Family
Composer	Friendship
Counselor	Hate
Daredevil	Honor
Dynamo	Joy
Protector	Love
Provider	Memory
Scholar	Revenge
Storyteller	
Teacher	
Traditionalist	
Visionary	

Touchstone

Your character's Touchstone is a person, place, or thing that reminds her of how to trust, and helps her readjust to life after her durance. Name a Touchstone, and

count a number of Clarity boxes from the left equal to your character's Composure + 1. Write your Touchstone next to that box. See p. 98 for more on Touchstones. If you choose to take the Touchstone Merit, you may start with additional Touchstones.

Contracts

Contracts represent agreements made in the past between the True Fae and the natural world. A changeling can take advantage of Contracts he is familiar with, or has learned about. These bargains allow the changeling to defy the natural laws which normally bind a person, from being able to eat any substance regardless of hardness to disappearing in an ephemeral cloud of smoke.

Contracts have a variety of effects grouped into common themes called Regalia, such as Crown for leadership, or Mirror for perception. Most Contracts are freely accessible to all changelings, but each seeming has a particular affinity for one Regalia, and you choose a second favored Regalia for your character as well.

Your character begins with four Contracts chosen from among Common Regalia, Common Court, and Goblin Contracts; she must meet the proper requirements to take Court Contracts, see p. 150. Two of those starting Contracts must come from the character's favored Regalia. She also gains two Royal Contracts from her court or favored Regalia.

Wyrd

Wyrd measures your character's connection to the strange and fantastical world of Faerie. The higher it is, the more fae and strange she becomes; the lower it is, the more grounded she is in her human life. It determines how much Glamour the changeling may store, and how rapidly she can expend it. It affects certain Contracts, and her ability to contest supernatural powers.

All Lost start play with a free dot of Wyrd. You may purchase one or two additional dots for five or 10 of your 10 starting Merit dots, respectively.

You can find more on Wyrd on p. 100.

Step Six: Merits

Choose 10 dots' worth of Merits. The Lost may possess any of the Merits from the **Chronicles of Darkness** core rulebook, except for those on the Supernatural Merits list, Vice-Ridden, and Virtuous (since changelings do not have Virtue and Vice traits). As well, consult the extensive list of Lost-specific Merits on p. 111.

Step Seven: Determine Advantages

All characters have certain advantages, some of which depend on their Attributes, Skills, and Merits. Determine the following advantages with the given calculations and note them on your character sheet. A specific Merit or Contract that modifies your character's advantages will call that out in its text.

- **Size:** Characters start at Size 5.
- **Health:** Size + Stamina
- **Speed:** 5 + Strength + Dexterity
- **Willpower:** Resolve + Composure
- **Maximum Clarity:** Wits + Composure
- **Initiative:** Dexterity + Composure
- **Defense:** (Lower of Wits or Dexterity) + Athletics

Changeling Creation Quick Reference

Step One: Concept

Choose a concept. Come up with three Aspirations.

Step Two: Attributes

Prioritize categories. They receive 5/4/3 dots, distributed in any combination.

Step Three: Skills

Prioritize categories. They receive 11/7/4 dots, distributed in any combination.

Step Four: Skill Specialties

Choose three Skill Specialties.

Step Five: Add Lost Template

Choose seeming, kith (if any), court (if any), Needle, Thread, Touchstone(s), Wyrd, frailties (if any), a second favored Regalia, and Contracts. Describe fae mien.

Step Six: Add Merits

Select 10 dots of Merits, minus any spent on Wyrd. Characters in a court receive Mantle • for free.

Step Seven: Advantages

Willpower is equal to Resolve + Composure. **Maximum Clarity** is Wits + Composure.
Size is 5. **Defense** is the lower of Dexterity and Wits, plus Athletics. **Health** is Size + Stamina.
Speed is 5 + Strength + Dexterity. **Initiative Modifier** is Dexterity + Composure.

Experienced Lost

Storytellers may allow players to make more experienced characters to start play. These bonus Experiences allow characters to start beyond the basic level.

Rank	Bonus Experiences
Established in the Freehold	5
Rising Star	10
Squire	15
Knight	25
Court Queen	35
Faerie Legend	50
Timeless Fae	100

Lost Template

Seeming

Choose the seeming to which your changeling belongs and note its favored Regalia.

Beast: Savage survivalists, passionate and deadly. (Steed Regalia)

Darkling: Lurkers hiding in the shadows, silent but ever watchful. (Mirror Regalia)

Elemental: Unbridled and unchained, the true forces of nature. (Sword Regalia)

Fairest: Stately and elegant, forever loved and craving true connection. (Crown Regalia)

Ogre: Warriors and brutes, blunt and to the point. (Shield Regalia)

Wizened: Crafters and builders, weary but not jaded. (Jewels Regalia)

Kith

You may, if you like, choose a kith. See **p. 51**.

Court

Choose a court to which your character belongs.

The Spring Court exults in life and harnesses desire to make life worth living.

Changeling Creation Quick Reference (continued)

The Summer Court gathers strength and power to turn their wrath upon their enemies.

The Autumn Court utilizes a healthy fear to help them prepare for attack.

The Winter Court uses the pain of their sorrow to strengthen themselves against further losses.

The courtless walk their own paths, outsiders in a dangerous world.

Wyrd

Wyrd starts at 1. Additional dots may be purchased with five Merit dots each. A maximum of two Wyrd dots may be purchased this way.

Contracts

Choose a second favored Regalia. Each character starts with four Contracts from Common Regalia, Common Court, or Goblin Contracts, at least two of which must be in favored Regalia. Also choose two Royal Contracts from court or favored Regalia.

Arcadian Contracts

Crown: The ability to grab control and give direction.

Jewels: The powers of perfection and lies.

Mirror: The ability to pierce all veils and transform the self.

Shield: The powers of protection and healing.

Steed: Power over all forms of movement and mindless beasts.

Sword: The powers of violence and forthrightness.

Court Contracts

Spring: Power over desire, growth, and rejuvenation.

Summer: Power over wrath, and the power to produce heat and vigor.

Autumn: Power over fear, and the life and death of growing things.

Winter: Power over sorrow, and the power to control snow and ice.

Goblin Contracts

Tricky bargains with goblins who require debts to teach their powers.

Experience Costs

Attribute: 4 Experiences per dot

Merit: 1 Experience per dot

Skill Specialty: 1 Experience

Skill: 2 Experiences per dot

Common Regalia/Court Contracts: 3 Experiences

Royal Regalia/Court Contracts: 4 Experiences

Favored Regalia Common Contracts: 2 Experiences

Favored Regalia Royal Contracts: 3 Experiences

Goblin Contract: 2 Experiences

Out-of-seeming Contract benefit: 1 Experience

Wyrd: 5 Experiences per dot

Lost Willpower dot: 1 Experience

Character Advancement

A player earns Beats for his character in many ways (listed below). When your character has gained five Beats, they convert to one Experience, which you can use to develop your character's abilities.

Beats

You gain Beats whenever one of the following occurs:

- If your character fulfills an Aspiration, take a Beat. At the end of the game session, replace the Aspiration.
- Each Condition has criteria for resolution. Once per scene, when resolving a Condition, take a Beat.
- Some Conditions provide Beats for actions other than resolution.
- Any time you fail a roll, you may opt to make it a dramatic failure and take a Beat.
- If your character surrenders in a fight, take a Beat.
- If your character takes damage in one of her rightmost Health boxes, take a Beat.

Group Beats

If the players and Storyteller wish, players can "pool" Beats and thus divide Experiences accordingly. This means everyone advances at the same rate, but also means everyone's advancement is tied to everyone's engagement with the game systems. This can be both a boon and detriment to a shy or nonconfrontational player; it can offer an incentive for being involved without the pressure to perform for advancement, but it can also incentivize not being involved, since his character continues to advance without engagement. Weigh the options, and make the best collective decision for your troupe of players.

Beats and Storyteller Characters

The Storyteller doesn't earn Beats. Whenever a Storyteller character does something that would earn her a Beat, such as resolve a Condition or fulfill an Aspiration, she instead gains a Willpower point that vanishes at the end of the current scene if she doesn't use it.

- At the end of any game session, take a Beat.
- Any time your character takes damage to her Clarity (p. 105), take a Beat.
- If your character involuntarily unleashes Bedlam (p. 110), take a Beat.

Some other situations might grant Beats as well.

Contracts

Learning a Contract takes Experiences. Common Regalia and Court Contracts cost 3 Experiences each, or 2 in favored Regalia. Royal Regalia and Court Contracts cost 4 Experiences each, or 3 in favored Regalia. A Goblin Contract costs 2 Experiences. As well, acquiring any new Contract requires the changeling to learn about it somehow, often through a teacher. The Lost may learn favored Regalia Contracts and Court Contracts without a teacher. All other Contracts require someone, or something, to teach them.

Wyrd

Five Experiences purchase a single dot of Wyrd. You can read more on Wyrd on p. 100. This includes how a changeling might increase his Wyrd in play.

Anchors

Changelings are creatures of magic. Each of the Lost has three anchors that ground her in the reality of the human world. In addition to helping define her, anchors serve as a source of Willpower. The Lost no longer understand Virtue and Vice, as the intensity of their durance and the fluidity of Arcadia have warped their sense of self. Their Needle, Thread, and Touchstones provide much-needed stability. These anchors help the changeling remember that she is an individual, the protagonist of her own story, and no longer just set dressing in someone else's.

Each anchor has two conditions for Willpower recovery. The easier recovers a single Willpower point. The harsher refreshes all Willpower. A character may only refresh all her Willpower using an anchor once per chapter. For the single Willpower option, err on the side of allowing the point. For the full refresh, use the risk of death or capture, breaking points, and markedly dramatic scenes as benchmarks for qualifying moments.

Like Aspirations, anchors are not supernatural traits. They're a narrative mechanic that helps us portray Lost psychology.

Needle

Needle is the core identity the changeling presents to the world. This is her assumed personality and way of approaching her everyday life. In Arcadia, she had a mandate, a singular driving need to fulfill whatever her captor required of her. After her escape, it has been far too long — even if it was only weeks, or days — since she's exercised her own free will. The freedom to choose how to act, work, and process information is both heady and daunting.

The Needle helps the changeling cut through all that. It provides a framework for her actions. It defines how she does things, how she approaches issues, and how she solves her problems. She uses her Needle as an instrument to shape her will, and give it focus and precision.

Any time a changeling overcomes a small hurdle to affirm her Needle, she regains a point of Willpower. When committing existentially risky or terrible acts to affirm her Needle, she regains all her spent Willpower points.

Needle Archetypes

Here are a few sample archetypes for your character's Needle. Feel free to pull from this list, or come up with your own. Each includes a brief description, and sample actions that could recover Willpower.

Note that the risks and costs listed should always be meaningful. They should have value in the story, to count as Willpower recovery conditions.

Bon Vivant

The bon vivant lives in the moment, taking pleasure in whatever surrounds her. She is highly social and seeks to evoke emotions with her actions. She is grounded in the now, and rarely thinks about her future.

Single Willpower: Allow a personal problem to go unfixed in favor of enjoying the moment.

All Willpower: Abandon an important relationship over your pursuit of pleasure.

Chess Master

A chess master views the world as a set of endless possibilities, with his hand on the rudder. He looks toward the future, calculating for every potential variable. He maneuvers people like pieces on a board to make sure things go as planned.

Single Willpower: Manipulate someone into doing what you want.

All Willpower: Bringing harm or misfortune to others in the course of manipulating people into enacting your plans.

Commander

The commander is goal oriented and a natural leader. She seeks to bring stability to the world, often by getting those around her to help her with her projects.

Single Willpower: Convince someone to ignore their goals in favor of yours.

All Willpower: Put the good of the many above the good of the few, causing you to work against people you care about.

Composer

The composer sees splendor in all things. He is spontaneous and creative, seeking to capture the essence of the beauty he finds in his daily life.

Single Willpower: Eschew traditional standards of beauty regardless of any drawbacks doing so may incur.

All Willpower: Embrace something vile, in an attempt to espouse its beauty.

Counselor

The counselor seeks to help others. She doesn't want to lead or follow, but instead to work as a comfortable companion, catapulting others to greatness.

Single Willpower: Put your own goals on hold in order to help someone else achieve theirs.

All Willpower: Take full responsibility for another's dangerous mistake.

Daredevil

The daredevil is a thrill seeker. He runs headfirst into danger, and cares little for the consequences of his actions. He finds joy in nearly every situation, unless it is patently boring.

Single Willpower: Take a risk that puts others in danger.

All Willpower: Take a risk that puts someone you love in danger.

Dynamo

The dynamo sees a problem and knows how to fix it. She is a fast reactor, which is great in an emergency, but terrible for planning. She seeks to stay busy, hating downtime and hoping for a problem to present itself.

Single Willpower: Attempt to solve a problem before you have all the information.

All Willpower: Hastily jump to conclusions, putting you or someone else into a dangerous situation.

Protector

The protector is steadfast and predictable. He is loyal to a person, a group, or an ideal, devoting his time and energy to ensuring their comfort and safety. He works in a methodical manner, never stopping until a task is finished.

Single Willpower: Ignore your own needs while acting to protect someone else.

All Willpower: Miss the last opportunity to achieve an important goal in favor of protecting someone else.

Provider

The provider is loyal and generous. She internalizes her friends' and family's issues, and treats them as her own. She gives more than she takes, and is eager to please.

Single Willpower: Give up something you care about because someone asks you to.

All Willpower: Put yourself or someone you love at risk in order to provide for someone else.

Scholar

The scholar observes and records everything around him, then strives to organize it into neat and orderly systems. He seeks understanding and looks for unifying themes, hoping to label whatever he doesn't know.

Single Willpower: Interact with and handle the unknown.

All Willpower: Traverse the Hedge or another unearthly realm to categorize an unknown element.

Storyteller

The storyteller is a bastion of creativity, ideas, and art. She injects humor and wit into everything she does, and seeks to gain a greater understanding of the human condition through story.

Single Willpower: Tell a story that makes someone look bad.

All Willpower: Tell a compromising story about an important person, who then takes great offense or suffers consequences.

Teacher

The teacher acts in ways that help others learn lessons. Not all actions must have meaning, but if others are involved, he seeks to find meaning in order to teach.

Single Willpower: Give advice that someone uses to succeed.

All Willpower: Risk yourself in order to teach someone else a lesson.

Traditionalist

The traditionalist is unimaginative, traditional, and task-oriented. She uses the past to predict future action, and prefers structure. She is organized, predictable, and easy to work with if you simply listen to her instruction.

Single Willpower: Refuse to incorporate new ideas into a plan of action.

All Willpower: Refuse to accept help in dealing with a dangerous situation.

Visionary

The visionary acts to challenge himself. He seeks new and unique ways of doing the same mundane tasks, and can't stand repetition.

Single Willpower: Refuse to use the same method twice.

All Willpower: Put yourself in danger attempting a new method.

Thread

If the Needle is the instrument of the changeling's will, the Thread is the binding that holds a changeling together. It might be her darkest fear, her most deep-seated desire, or her fondest memory. It motivates her and drives her forward. It reminds her to be strong when things look the bleakest, and keeps her uplifted when reality shifts and warps beneath her.

A Thread gives the Lost a sense of purpose, and a reason to keep fighting. The life of a changeling is tumultuous at best, and her Thread is her lifeline to stability and strength. It's what she clings to when she has nothing else.

Anytime a changeling withdraws from others, puts herself at a disadvantage, or lashes out in pursuit of her Thread, she regains a point of Willpower. When committing terrible acts or risking Clarity damage in pursuit of her Thread, she regains all her spent Willpower points.

Thread Archetypes

Here are a few sample archetypes for Thread. Again, this is not an exhaustive list of all archetypes. More so than Needle, the motivation of Thread has endless possibilities. As above, each archetype includes a brief description and sample actions that could recover Willpower.

Acceptance

Those motivated by acceptance desire others to need and want them. She wants to find her place in the world, and for people to take her as she is. Feeling needed and wanted are the only things that keep her going.

Single Willpower: Ignore personal problems to gain someone's favor.

All Willpower: Put yourself at risk to defend someone who needs you.

Anger

Those motivated by anger hold onto pain as a reminder of the ways things could be. He is angry at the True Fae, angry at what happened to him, and he uses that anger to ensure he gets through each day.

Single Willpower: Start a fight with someone.

All Willpower: Start a fight with someone who is clearly your superior.

Family

Those motivated by family have someone depending on them. Maybe it's the family she left behind, or the one she created after she escaped. She cannot fail, because they need her.

Single Willpower: Take a family member's burden upon yourself without expecting recompense.

All Willpower: Put yourself at risk to provide for your family.

Friendship

Those motivated by friendship use the strength of the people around them to stay strong. He surrounds himself with people who make him feel loved and wanted, and keeps them in mind when things get tough. He won't let them down.

Single Willpower: Follow a friend into a situation that is clearly disadvantageous to you.

All Willpower: Follow a friend into a deadly or dangerous situation.

Hate

Those motivated by hate have someone they despise. Maybe it's someone who treated her poorly, her captor, or just herself. She clings to her loathing like a lifeline, using it to remind her that she was once human.

Single Willpower: Distance yourself from others in pursuit of your hatred.

All Willpower: Abandon a group, organization, or city in pursuit of your hatred.

Honor

Someone motivated by honor maintains a personal ethic. He has a code or some organization's creed that he clings to, using it to remind himself of what's important. He'll do anything to maintain his honor.

Single Willpower: Refuse to take an action that would besmirch your honor.

All Willpower: Take the more dangerous path for fear of abandoning your code.

Joy

Those motivated by joy constantly seek the next high. She remembers what happiness felt like, and seeks it out in everything she does. The promise of having happiness again keeps her going, and prevents her from giving up hope.

Single Willpower: Ignore another's plight to maintain your happiness.

All Willpower: Make others suffer so you don't have to.

Love

Those motivated by love have someone they want to come home to. It doesn't have to be romantic, but he cares deeply for the person and just the thought keeps him strong.

Single Willpower: Put yourself out for the pleasure of someone you love.

All Willpower: Put yourself in a deadly situation to protect your love.

Memory

Those motivated by memory seek something from their past. Maybe it's a place she wants to get back to, a friend she misses, or a long-lost family. Whatever it is, it's the one memory that remains strong even after the durance. She knows she can't go back to it, but just having it keeps her going.

Single Willpower: Ignore a dangerous situation in favor of recreating your memory.

All Willpower: Deny reality in favor of immersing yourself in memory.

Revenge

Those motivated by revenge seek to retaliate against a wrong. Maybe it was done to him, maybe to someone he loved, but now the reason he keeps going is the knowledge that he can dish it all back out.

Single Willpower: Seek retaliation over moderation.

All Willpower: Abandon reason and logic to exact revenge.

Touchstones

A Touchstone is something from the human world that helps keep your character grounded. It serves as a source of support and validation, helping maintain her Clarity, and something that helps reconnect her to life after her durance. The character's Touchstone may be the very reason she escaped Arcadia, something important enough to her to cut through the Glamour that held her spellbound in her Keeper's grasp. The Touchstone is something solid, a bastion of stability that helps her see the world's beauty when others would call her "mad."

Touchstones are almost always mortal in nature, or born of the mortal world. They're usually people, although they can be places and sometimes deeply held ideologies — there is no place like home, after all. When threatened, a Touchstone gives your character motivation beyond her own Thread. Its presence in her life helps her regain a sense of normalcy and keeps her seeing clearly.

A Touchstone reflects an intrinsic conflict for the changeling. It is the firm reality of a true personal tie, and keeps her from losing track of her own truth. It is both the most important thing in her life, and the most vulnerable part of her. When deciding on a Touchstone, consider how your character may potentially lose it. Think of how she protects it. Think of how she reacts when it's threatened.

System: Touchstones help a changeling maintain Clarity by subtracting dice from Clarity damage rolls: −1 if she has one attached Touchstone, or −2 instead with multiple attached Touchstones. See p. 105 for further details on Clarity damage. When a changeling has no Touchstones attached, *add* two dice to Clarity damage rolls.

Write Touchstones alongside your character's Clarity track. Count boxes from the left equal to your character's Composure + 1, and write your first Touchstone next to that box. For instance, if your character has Composure 3, write the Touchstone next to the fourth box from the left. If you purchase more Composure in play, push her Touchstones to the right so that her first one is always attached at Composure + 1.

As Clarity is a fluid thing in a changeling's life, her attachment to her Touchstones is also fluid. Consider a Touchstone attached when its associated Clarity box is not filled with severe damage. If a Touchstone is attached, anytime the changeling defends her attachment to it, she regains a Willpower point. If this defense causes her serious harm, she regains all her spent Willpower points.

When she heals a point of severe Clarity damage, she reattaches any Touchstone associated with that box.



If the changeling loses a Touchstone altogether — for example, if he dies — then she risks Clarity damage. If she loses her last Touchstone, she gains the Delusional Condition immediately. This applies whether or not the Touchstone was attached at the time. Regaining a lost or dead Touchstone requires resolving the Delusional Condition and forging a meaningful relationship with another valid subject.

Your character can gain additional Touchstones by taking the Touchstone Merit (p. 120). Write the new Touchstone in beside the next available box to the right of the rightmost box that already has an associated Touchstone. A changeling character cannot have more Touchstones than she has Clarity boxes to the right of the first box with an associated Touchstone. If her maximum Clarity increases in play by purchasing more Wits or recovering an Icon, it opens a spot for a new Touchstone through the Merit.

Remember that additional Touchstones bought with the Touchstone Merit are subject to the Sanctity of Merits rule if lost (p. 111).

Example Touchstones

The following list of examples is meant only to help you flesh out your character. Players should personalize their Touchstones, and feel free to come up with their own using these as samples. Storytellers should remember that Touchstones mark things important to their players' characters, and should treat them thus in the story.

Best Friend

Your friend has never stopped supporting you through all the bad times. He's been there with you through it all, even when you took that sudden vacation without telling him. And now, he knows something is wrong, that things have changed, and you have a secret he shouldn't know. Now he's asking dangerous questions.

Family

You came home. They missed you, they love you, and they can't understand you. It isn't the same anymore, no matter how much you all pretend. They moved on while you were gone, and you can't ever really return to what you had before.

The Fetch

He has *your* life. He's blind to his own hollowness, and so are the people you once called family. You want what he has, obsessed with watching him. Your family would never accept you as you are now, and they couldn't stand to lose him. You should just live and let live. It isn't his fault, is it?

The Fling

When you came back, you wanted to live life to the fullest. You met him in a bar, you had sex in the men's room, and then you gave him your real number, on a whim. He texts every now and then, looking for the easy D, and you respond, because no one else makes you feel as wanted as he does.

Lost Love

She was the last thing you thought of when the Gentry abducted you, and the first thing on your mind when you returned. You clawed your way through the Thorns to return to her, but you're afraid of what she might say. Things weren't the best before, and what if she never even realized you were gone?

The Occultist

She pretends to know more than she does, but what she *does* know can be quite dangerous. Maybe it's a ritual or two, maybe it's enough knowledge to catch the attention of something from the Hedge. It's your job to protect her from the entities she courts, but you find kinship in her curiosity about the magic that has become commonplace in your life.

Private Investigator

When you disappeared, your family hired her to find you. At first it was just a job, but then she followed the trails, which all led to something weird and inexplicable. Then you came back, and now she won't leave you alone, constantly asking you to confirm one theory or another.

Therapist

She reminds you of home, your mother, baked cookies, and a warm hug. For her, it's all professional; you are just another patient she lovingly cares for. You want it to be more, you want to tell her the things you claim are dreams are the reality you lived. But somehow you know that she can't take the hit to her sanity, and maybe you can't either.

True Love

You found it, true love. At least, that's what you tell yourself. She understands you, and she has her own issues that you understand. She is there for you no matter what. She listens, she holds you when you cry, and she doesn't ask questions when you come home battered and bruised. She's perfect. So why are you so bored?

Your New Home

There's really no place quite like it. This is the one place where you can feel safe, you can take off the mask (so to speak) and be yourself. It's the place where you are in charge, and even the threat of the True Fae seems lesser inside these walls. Now you know its exits into the Hedge, and your magic sits upon its foundation.

Your Old Home

It's been so long since they took you that no one you knew was alive when you got back. But that old house, the one you bought with your wife? It's still there, right down to the ugly paisley curtains she picked out. What's the harm of going in once in a while when no one else is home?

Wonders and Terrors

Faerie magic wends its way into a changeling, sinking into her bones, molding her into its image. The durance is a nightmare and a dream, and the escape is pure relief and terrifying volition. It's a release into freedom, and the daily horrors of living in the world of humanity. But the magic of Arcadia is not so easily discarded, and the Lost have powers more akin to their True Fae captors than they are comfortable admitting.

Wyrd

Wyrd reflects the amount of Faerie magic the changeling has tapped into, using its power as her own. Fae magic transforms things, shapes, dreams, and concepts. This same magic now courses through every changeling's body and soul. As she delves deeper into her magical nature, she remembers more of her time in Arcadia and can better harness its terrible power.

Wyrd affects numerous factors in gameplay, such as:

- Wyrd determines your character's maximum traits. Normally, a character is limited to five dots in Skills and Attributes. However, at Wyrd 6+, your character can achieve higher Attribute and Skill ratings.
- Wyrd acts as a changeling's Supernatural Potency, or "power trait," and as her Supernatural Tolerance trait, adding to the dice pool to contest some supernatural powers.
- Wyrd determines how much Glamour a changeling can possess at once, and how quickly she can spend it. The chart notes maximum Glamour and how much she can spend in a turn at her Wyrd rating.
- Wyrd determines how connected the changeling is to Arcadia. Each dot of Wyrd acts as a dice bonus to any fae creature's attempts to track or find her, to a maximum of +5.
- Wyrd determines the number and severity of frailties from which your character suffers.
- Wyrd reduces penalties from mundane illnesses (as from the Sick Tilt, p. 331) and fatigue, to a greater

degree as it increases. This reduction becomes a dice bonus to rolls to resist mundane diseases outside action scenes. The uncanny permanence of the Gentry infects changelings as well.

- Wyrd determines how many goblin fruits a changeling may carry into the mortal world.

All changeling characters begin play with Wyrd 1. You may purchase up to two additional Wyrd dots at character creation by spending five of your Merit dots each. After play begins, you may spend five Experiences per dot to increase Wyrd.

Remembered Dreams

As a changeling taps further into the magic of Faerie, she is better at remembering her own dreams. Add her Wyrd in dice to all rolls made to remember or interpret her dreams while she's awake (but not to rolls that generate oneiromancy successes; see p. 218). As her Wyrd rises, her dreams of time in Arcadia grow in clarity and frequency. At Wyrd 1-3, she barely remembers her dreams, recalling only fragments. At higher Wyrd (4-6), she recalls some of these dreams with relative clarity. More powerful changelings (Wyrd 7-9) frequently dream of their time in Faerie and remember it clearly, as though watching it happen just outside arms' reach. The paragons of fae power (Wyrd 10) dream often of Arcadia and remember it all so clearly, it's like experiencing that time in person all over again. If a changeling loses her last Touchstone, treat her as having +1 Wyrd for purposes of remembered dreams.

This is largely a roleplaying opportunity, giving players and Storytellers a chance to develop the character's history and add new elements to her durance, or allowing the Storyteller to deliver cryptic omens. These dreams can also serve as justification for purchasing new traits or improving existing ones. For example, a changeling might remember her time dueling on behalf of her Keeper and so improve her Weaponry Skill with Experiences, or raise Wyrd as she reconnects with her fae aspects.

Supernatural Tolerance and Potency

What do you do when an opponent lacks Wyrd? Many monsters in the Chronicles of Darkness have traits that define their defenses against supernatural powers or the strength of those powers. These are called Supernatural Tolerance and Supernatural Potency traits, respectively. For example, a vampire's Tolerance and Potency are both defined by her Blood Potency trait, while a demon's Tolerance is his Cover and his Potency is his Primum.

When a **Changeling** rule calls for Wyrd from a creature who does not possess it, instead use that creature's Tolerance (when contesting effects) or Potency (when forcing effects). Likewise, when a changeling does something that calls for another Potency or Tolerance trait, use Wyrd.

Longevity

For all their slippery nature, fae creatures are more permanent than mortals, and changelings are no exception. For every dot of Wyrd a changeling possesses, her natural lifespan increases by approximately 20 years.

Wyrd Effects

Wyrd	Attribute/ Skill Max	Max Glamour/ Per Turn	Total Frailties	Disease/ Fatigue Penalty Reduction	Goblin Fruits
1	5	10/1		By one	3
2	5	11/2	One minor	By one	7
3	5	12/3		By one	7
4	5	13/4	Two minor	By two	13
5	5	15/5		By two	13
6	6	20/6	One major, two minor	By two	13
7	7	25/7		By three	29
8	8	30/8	One major, three minor	By three	29
9	9	50/10		By three	101
10	10	75/15	Two major, three minor	By four	Unlimited

Once she's lived beyond a human lifetime, her mien shows through her Mask more often. This is never enough to mark her out definitively as a supernatural creature, but has a tendency to give her a reputation among observant neighborhood children.

Frailties

Legend ascribes alien behaviors, aversions, and desires to fae. The more powerful the fae being, the stranger and more powerful its quirks and weaknesses. Changelings call these limitations *frailties*, and they come in two forms: *taboos* and *banes*. A *taboo* is either a compulsion or a behavioral restriction. These occur in certain situations unique to each changeling. A *bane* is a weakness similar to those many supernatural creatures possess, something that can cause the changeling great harm. Banes cut instantly through all forms of armor and protective magics, and damage suffered from a bane cannot heal until the changeling escapes the bane's presence. Even acting against the source of a bane is difficult: Doing so requires spending a point of Willpower per action, which does not add dice to the pool. Additionally, the character suffers a three-die penalty on all rolls related to acting against the cause of a minor frailty. This penalty increases to −5 when acting against a major frailty.

Minor Frailty: Minor frailties are difficult to manage but uncommon to encounter. Taboos require specific circumstances, and banes are rare items or situations. Examples of minor taboos include an inability to approach a dwelling with milk set out at the door, a compulsion to count spilled rice grains, or an inability to step on lines. Minor banes include touching wolfsbane, the sound of church bells or wind chimes, or hearing one's name said backwards. A character can spend one Willpower point to resist the behavior associated with a minor taboo for the rest of the scene. Exposure to a bane causes continuous lethal damage at a rate of one point per turn until the bane is removed. A bane weapon inflicts lethal damage that cannot heal until the changeling has escaped the bane's presence.

Major Frailty: At this level, frailties come to dominate some aspect of the changeling's life. Taboos become major behavioral restrictions or compulsions that are difficult to avoid, cropping up every day. Major banes are common substances or situations, and rapidly prove fatal to the changeling if touched or experienced. Examples include an inability to go outside while the moon (or sun) is in the sky, being forced to walk backwards or hop at all times, the sound of a child's laughter, or touching glass.

Overcoming a major taboo requires spending one Willpower point per *turn,* or sacrificing one Willpower *dot* to do so for the rest of the scene. Major banes inflict one aggravated damage point per turn until the changeling escapes the situation, or stops touching the bane. Bane weapons at this level inflict aggravated damage. If the bane kills the changeling, her entire body unravels in spectacular fashion, exploding into thorns and leaves or hundreds of torn gossamer wings.

The legends and lore that comprise old folktales and fairy tales provide many examples of possible frailties. The goal is not to cripple the character but instead create interesting challenges that make for exciting roleplaying opportunities.

Cold Iron

Legends tell that long ago, the Gentry broke a contract with Iron. As a result, iron has ever been the bane of the fae. Some changelings theorize that instead, iron's mythic significance as it brought about industrial revolution (and a deathblow to the age of superstitions and legend) makes it anathema to creatures of dream and magic. Changelings suffer the bite of iron as well, due to their fae heritage.

Whatever its origin, iron ignores fae-born defenses and magic. A Contract, token, or other type of fae magic that provides armor or enhanced Defense will not shield a fae creature (including changelings) from iron weapons. Changelings can't escape from iron bindings or enclosures via portaling. Iron is difficult to find in the modern day, outside of antique shops, old estates surrounded by wrought-iron fences, cast-iron skillets, and so on. What exactly is iron? Does steel count? Conceptually, iron is what most people consider iron. Your average person would perceive most swords, for example, as steel, but an iron gate as definitely iron.

So-called "cold iron" acts as a frailty bane for changelings and True Fae. To qualify as "cold iron," the metal must be mostly pure iron and magic cannot play a role in its creation in any way. It must be hand-forged, not mass-produced, cast, or created by a machine. Touching this iron inflicts aggravated damage on the Gentry and changelings.

Changelings and other fae creatures can never have magic that manipulates, creates, or destroys iron. Elementals may never favor iron as an element, and indeed, if they favor metals, iron is excluded from their purview. This is a hard prohibition. When in doubt, Storytellers should always favor iron piercing fae magic, or otherwise being immune to it. This limitation even applies to the basic advantages changeling characters possess; for example, iron restraints make a changeling unable to escape automatically with Glamour.

Glamour

Glamour is the very essence of fae magic. It is an energy that infuses Arcadia, the True Fae, creatures of the Hedge, Contracts, and changelings. Born of emotion,

Glamour gives shape to dreams and nightmares. As part of their transformations, changelings learn how to tap into Glamour, to feed on it, and to fuel their magic with it. At higher levels of power, they need it to survive just as the True Fae do, but even at lower levels, the Lost use Glamour in a variety of ways.

Spend Glamour to:

- Activate a Contract without utilizing a Loophole.
- Make shifts via oneiromancy or Hedgespinning.
- Create or open a Hedge gateway.
- Strengthen or scour away the changeling's Mask.
- Enact Pledges.
- Activate a kith blessing, or a seeming blessing in certain circumstances.
- See another changeling's Mask.
- Escape confinement.
- Incite Bedlam.

Some other actions may cost Glamour as well.

Harvesting Glamour

Harvesting Glamour is an intensely emotional experience. Changelings feed on the power of sentiment and the essence of passion, drawing power from feelings. This is not necessarily a predatory act, although changelings *can* prey on victims in an act called reaping (see below). While a changeling cannot harvest Glamour from any fae creatures (including other changelings, Hedge denizens, or the True Fae), she may harvest from any other type of intelligent being with emotions, such as humans, ghosts, or vampires.

Changelings most frequently harvest Glamour directly from human emotions. The type of emotion doesn't matter; the strength of the feeling is what creates Glamour. The changeling must be close enough to experience the emotional reaction firsthand — she cannot harvest Glamour from across the street, watching her target with binoculars. She may incite the emotion herself, but this is not necessary for harvesting.

In mechanical terms, to harvest Glamour for your changeling, roll a relevant Attribute + Skill. Each success generates one Glamour. The action could be anything associated with how the changeling is harvesting the Glamour, from acting to incite a strong emotion, to attempting to stay calm as she lets a strong emotional reaction wash over her. The roll may be modified by the relative freshness of the emotion, the intensity of the emotion, or various other factors (see below).

Harvested characters lose a single point of Willpower, reflecting a subtle loss of emotional intensity, and cannot be harvested more than once per scene. Harvesting the emotion favored by the changeling's court grants an additional point of Glamour on a successful roll. Changelings can't harvest Glamour from animals; their emotions are simply too far from human.

Changelings can harvest Glamour from non-fae dreams as well. The most skilled dreamwalkers can move from dreaming mind to dreaming mind, absorbing Glamour from the visions they encounter. See p. 219 for more about using oneiromancy to harvest Glamour.

Certain objects and places in the Hedge are rife with Glamour. Typically, this takes the form of goblin fruits, though rare pools of raw Glamour sometimes well up there. Eating certain Hedge beasts provides Glamour, but doing so risks perception-warping indigestion if not prepared correctly — and proper preparations are not always obvious. Strange artifacts and certain actions may also provide Glamour, such as singing in a forest of resonating glass, or dancing in a faerie ring.

Suggested Modifiers

Situation	Modifier
Repetitive emotions, such as those associated with seeing friends and family	−3
Rushed harvest	−2
Repressed feelings	−2
Momentary emotion	−1
New emotions the target has never felt before	+2
Strong, long-harbored emotions	+2
Spending a great deal of time with the subject feeling the emotion	+2
Powerful, deep-seated emotions	+3

Reaping

If harvesting is subtly drawing from the ambient emotion around the changeling, reaping is the direct and forceful act of ripping emotions from a target, leaving him a deadened husk.

Reaping does not require a roll, but causes a breaking point and requires touching the target. The victim loses one Willpower point per dot of your character's Wyrd, and gains the Ravaged Condition (see p. 344). Your character replenishes all lost Glamour.

The effects of this Condition aren't inherently obvious; it manifests like a severe lethargy, which may not even be evident for hours afterward. It could be mistaken for depression or exhaustion. Characters aware of the

phenomenon, such as hunters and Huntsmen, may use Wits + Occult actions or other reasonable rolls to understand the supernatural source of the effect.

Glamour Deprivation

A changeling who falls to 0 Glamour suffers from physical deprivation as though starving, as well as suffering the Deprived Condition (p. 336). No matter how much she eats or drinks, she cannot gain nourishment until she possesses at least one point of Glamour. More powerful changelings begin to starve at higher amounts of Glamour: Those with Wyrd 6+ suffer from this deprivation when their Glamour falls beneath their Wyrd rating.

At high levels of Wyrd, changelings become physically and psychologically addicted to Glamour, and may gain the Glamour Addicted Condition (p. 339). Characters gain this Condition when they harvest or reap any amount of Glamour each day for at least a week, at Wyrd 6+.

Clarity

Clarity represents the right and strength of all thinking beings to trust their own perceptions and own their own past. A changeling's Clarity is her bulwark against the illusions of the True Fae or other supernatural forces, as well as the mundane world trying to tell her that her supernatural experiences are delusions.

Clarity grounds the changeling in her own experiences, helping her distinguish what is real, and what is a lie the True Fae or the mundane world are getting away with. When her Clarity is strong, she can trust that even the most improbable magical elements she sees are real, they affect her even if no one else can see them, and she understands her relationship to them. As her Clarity lowers, she doubts the validity of her own perception of these things, and either the Others or the mundane world begin to dictate her reality. She can no longer tell if she is simply seeing things when the Thorns reach out and scratch her, or if she is really in the Hedge. Weak Clarity is a dangerous prospect for many changelings, as they lose perspective and can slip into a dreamlike state if they have nothing grounding them against the lies of two worlds.

Clarity Track

Clarity serves as a track to measure the changeling's resistance against others making her doubt the truth of her experiences, or even trying to take possession of them for their own ends. As she endures events that undermine her ownership of her own perceptions, her Clarity suffers attacks in either mild or severe ways. Given the unusual nature of her experiences, a changeling's firm Clarity is often "madness" to those around her.

Perhaps the attack is a lucid dream of the time before she was taken, but instead of her real parents, her True Fae captor reads her bedtime stories. Perhaps it's the time she walked into the Hedge, sure she was opening a mundane door into a coffee shop. These things confound and confuse the changeling, shaking her faith in her perceived reality.

System: A changeling's Clarity track has boxes equal to her Wits + Composure. Her player can't buy additional Clarity boxes with Experiences, but they increase automatically as she purchases dots of Wits and Composure, and she can recover Icons (p. 203) to add further boxes. There is no upper limit to the number of Clarity boxes a character can have. In dreams, her Clarity contributes to her dream form's Health track (p. 216).

Clarity Attacks and Breaking Points

Breaking points are events in the changeling's life and actions she takes that shake her confidence in her own reality. Anytime she experiences a breaking point, she suffers an attack on her Clarity. The player rolls a number of dice based on the breaking point's severity (see below). Other powers and events may attack the character's Clarity without constituting a breaking point, such as suffering physical damage to her dream form or certain Contracts.

Two factors determine a breaking point's dice pool: its baseline severity, and its attack modifiers. Generally, the more distanced the changeling is from the event or the more she asserts her independence, the less purchase the breaking point has on her. The more personal the event is, or the more she succumbs to the will of others, the more likely it is to hit home. The following chart gives examples of breaking point attack modifiers, which can stack with each other:

Suggested Breaking Point Modifiers

Situation	Modifier
Strongly associated with the changeling's durance or results in a surrender to a True Fae	+3
Changeling forced to act against her will	+3
Strong emotional investment	+2
Affects a close friend or family member	+2
Changeling coerced into acting	+1
Some emotional investment	+1
Changeling is not personally present	−1
Aligns with the changeling's Needle or Thread	−1
Changeling spent Willpower on the action	−1

No real emotional investment	−1
Completely accidental, or occurs via happenstance	−2
Only affects a complete stranger	−2
Results in a rejection of or triumph over a True Fae	−3

Some breaking points reference human or changeling contact. This refers to meaningful, face-to-face interaction. While it does not have to be positive interaction, it should be personal in nature. Paying a cashier while purchasing a coffee is not meaningful. However, chatting up the barista and asking for his number could be. Harvesting Glamour in general is not a human interaction, though if the changeling harvests while directly inciting an emotion through contact, it would serve this purpose.

Roll Results

Success: Roll the changeling's Wyrd rating as a dice pool to determine how much mild Clarity damage she takes. Extra successes on a Clarity attack roll don't add to its damage. If this results in damage to any of the changeling's three rightmost Clarity boxes, she gains a Clarity Condition (see below).

Exceptional Success: As success, except the Clarity damage the changeling takes is severe instead. If this results in damage to any of her three rightmost Clarity boxes, she gains a Persistent Clarity Condition (see below).

Failure: The changeling is a bit shaken, but takes no Clarity damage.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling takes no Clarity damage and regains one Willpower point.

Changelings reach different levels of equilibrium with different kinds of ordeals. While the below list of breaking points is not exhaustive, it's also only a series of guidelines. Feel free to add, take away, or adjust as you see fit. The dice pool listed is the baseline pool for the Clarity attack, subject to the above modifiers. Every changeling also has an additional, seeming-specific breaking point; see Chapter 1.

Clarity Damage

Clarity attacks erode a changeling's ability to perceive her surroundings with confidence and truth. When she suffers a successful Clarity attack, she risks taking damage to her Clarity. Roll a number of dice equal to her Wyrd to inflict points of Clarity damage equal to the successes on this roll. Some things modify this damage roll, such as attaching and detaching Touchstones, some Conditions, and some supernatural effects.

A changeling can suffer two types of damage to her Clarity. Events that shake her, cause a minor disruption in her life, or set her back in the short term inflict mild damage. Most Clarity attacks inflict mild damage.

Events that rock the changeling to her core, make her lose sight of her objectives, or leave lasting changes on her psyche inflict severe damage. If the Clarity attack's roll achieves an exceptional success, she takes severe damage from the attack.

Each time a player's character takes Clarity damage, she marks it off on her Clarity track, using a slash (/) for mild damage and an (X) for severe damage. For mild damage, she marks the leftmost empty box on her Clarity track. For severe damage, she marks the leftmost empty box *or* the leftmost box filled with mild damage. For example, if Juliet takes 2 points of mild Clarity damage, her Clarity track would look like this:



If she then took a point of severe Clarity damage, her Clarity track would look like this:



A changeling's perceptions are directly related to her current Clarity score. At high levels of Clarity, she has a better grasp on her surroundings. When her Clarity is undamaged, she gains a two-die bonus to perception rolls. As her Clarity decreases, she loses track of reality. At Clarity 3 and below, she falls prey to hallucinations if she experiences a dramatic failure on a perception roll. The character suffers a cumulative one-die penalty to perception rolls for every two points below Clarity 5: thus, −1

Powers as Breaking Points

Certain changeling abilities manipulate emotions and the desires of others, such as Bedlam, the Contracts of Spring, and some oneiromantic effects. Use of these powers constitutes a breaking point if a character forces a desire upon someone in a way they wouldn't normally agree to, and the Spring Court both acknowledges and bluntly addresses this line with its courtiers. Those who cross it can expect social and possibly formal consequences, just like anyone else who abuses power in ways that call back to the horrors of the Gentry. The associated actions should determine the severity of these breaking points, at the Storyteller's discretion.

Sample Breaking Points

One Die

- Told your experiences are unreal by someone who seems convincing, but whom you don't know.
- Changing someone else via the Dream Infiltrator **(p. 337)** Condition.
- Spending all your Glamour in one day.
- Going one full day without human or changeling contact.
- Breaking a mundane promise.
- Meeting your fetch for the first time.

Two Dice

- Told your experiences are unreal by a figure whose authority you believe in.
- Changing someone else via the Dream Intruder **(p. 338)** Condition.
- Eating nothing but goblin fruit for a full day.
- Having someone break a mundane promise to you.
- Discover that someone lied to you about something minor.
- Actively searching out memories of your durance.
- Taking psychotropic drugs.
- Gaining a non-Clarity Condition that confuses your senses or badly jars you, such as Lost or Spooked.
- Having someone else tamper with your dreams.
- Going a week without human or changeling contact.

Three Dice

- Told your experiences are unreal by someone you trust.
- Being the victim of a non-fae supernatural power that confuses your senses, makes you question your surroundings or perceptions, or reenacts something your Keeper did to you.
- Going two weeks without human or changeling contact.
- Killing someone else's fetch.
- Reaching Wyrd 3.
- Having someone break a formal oath or pledge to you.
- Having a mortal shun or disparage you.
- Losing a Touchstone.

Four Dice

- Presented with "evidence" your experiences are unreal.
- Accidentally killing a human.
- Breaking formal oaths or pledges.
- Changing someone else via the Dream Assailant **(p. 336)** Condition.
- Discovering that someone lied to you about something important.
- Death of a family member.
- Killing another changeling.
- Killing your own fetch.
- Going a month without human or changeling contact.
- Kidnapping or keeping someone captive.
- Reenacting or reliving a memory from your durance.
- Reaching Wyrd 6.

Five Dice

- Subjected to "deprogramming" or other extended, tormenting efforts to persuade you your experiences are unreal.
- Premeditated killing of a human.
- Going a year or more without human or changeling contact.
- Torturing someone.
- Using Glamour to force someone to change their behavior.
- Brainwashing someone via repeated dream manipulation.
- Spending time in Arcadia.
- Prolonged or intimate contact with a True Fae.
- Killing your Touchstone.
- Reaping Glamour.
- Reaching Wyrd 10.

at Clarity 3-4, and −2 at Clarity 1-2. This is true even if the changeling's maximum Clarity is lower than 5; for instance, if a character's maximum Clarity is 4 and she hasn't taken any Clarity damage, apply the +2 and the −1, for a total modifier of +1.

If a changeling takes any more mild Clarity damage after her track fills with damage of any kind, she falls unconscious, lost in her own dreams. She takes the Comatose Condition (p. 334) and can't take any more Clarity damage until she heals at least one point. If she takes severe damage after her track is filled with damage instead, she not only takes the Comatose Condition, but risks death. The Comatose Condition becomes Persistent and she can only resolve it with the help of her friends, as noted in the Condition's text.

A changeling can regain Clarity by spending time with her Touchstones, and by resolving the damage Conditions (below). Even if she has no Touchstones currently attached, each scene she spends interacting in a meaningful way with one of her Touchstones heals one level of severe Clarity damage, or all levels of mild Clarity damage (but doesn't resolve any Conditions by default). See "Breaking Points," above, for what constitutes meaningful interaction. If the changeling has no Touchstones at all, she must gain one before she can heal Clarity this way.

Clarity Conditions

As a changeling takes damage to her three rightmost Clarity boxes, she gains Conditions — Persistent Conditions if the damage was severe. She gains one Clarity Condition for any amount of mild damage in these boxes, or one Persistent Condition for any amount of severe damage in the same. The Storyteller decides which Condition the character takes, though it should be germane to the situation that caused the damage.

Whenever a character resolves any Clarity Condition, she heals one point of Clarity damage; whenever she resolves any Persistent Clarity Condition, she heals two instead.

The following Conditions could result from Clarity damage:

- Broken (Persistent)
- Comatose
- Confused
- Delusional (Persistent)
- Dissociation
- Distracted
- Fugue (Persistent)
- Numb (Persistent)
- Shaken
- Sleepwalking (Persistent)
- Spooked
- Withdrawn

For more information on these Conditions, see the Appendix starting on p. 333.

Kenning

Changelings with strong Clarity are so good at telling the difference between magic and mundane that they have an easier time spotting the telltale signs of supernatural phenomena. The Lost refer to this as kenning. A player whose character currently suffers Clarity damage in fewer than half her Clarity boxes may make a kenning roll by spending a point of Willpower. The Storyteller rolls the character's current Clarity in secret to detect the presence of supernatural elements in the area.

Roll Results

Success: Each success reveals the presence of one supernatural creature, item, or active effect (including ongoing effects), assuming any are present. This does not allow for a Clash of Wills against anything actively concealed through magic, as that level of scrutiny requires Contracts. The changeling cannot determine what kind of supernatural phenomenon she has detected, only that it is one. If nothing supernatural is present, the player regains the Willpower she spent.

Exceptional Success: As success, and the changeling learns the true nature of the magic, or learns that something is concealed supernaturally nearby. The former reveals a general description of the magic, but not the specifics. For example, the changeling could determine that someone was a vampire using a Discipline, but not which one. She could determine the difference between a mage's spell and a fae Contract, but not the particular effects of either.

Failure: The character is unable to get a clear impression one way or another.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling misreads the situation in a disastrous way, determined by the Storyteller. She may mistake a dangerous spell for a beneficial one, or misidentify someone mundane as a Huntsman.

Mask

Illusions hide fae magic from human eyes. Only in the world of deepest dreams do mortals awaken to the magic of Faerie. This same illusion weaves about the Lost, disguising their true natures to the masses. Changelings call this powerful illusion the Mask. The

Mask defies mortal senses and technology alike. It is not of changeling design, but something perhaps conjured by the Others in ancient times. Maybe it is simply the nature of fae things, for which illusion and deceit are as real as flesh and blood. It hides them so completely that it persists even beyond death. To those fooled by the Mask, the transformations undergone in the durance simply don't exist. A little of the changeling's true nature bleeds through, but not enough to recognize without being a part of that world.

Fae beings and other supernatural creatures with mystical senses can see through the Mask. This extends to objects originating from Faerie, such as a sword forged out of a dragon's claw or a gown spun only of perfect snowflakes. The Lost see these objects as they truly are, but to mortal eyes these things are mundane, if exceptional in some way. The Mask only covers objects and beings from Faerie, and not mundane clothing or items a changeling might wear. Fae tokens and objects retrieved from the Hedge almost always resemble their real-world counterparts. A changeling can spend a Glamour to see another changeling's Mask instead of her mien for a few seconds.

The changeling can strengthen his Mask such that other Lost and supernatural creatures cannot pierce it. To do so, he spends a point of Glamour as a reflexive action and wills the Mask to become active. For the rest of the scene, his Mask hides him from fae eyes. Characters using sensory magic can oppose this disguise with a Clash of Wills (p. 126). This disguise is imperfect, as when other fae see his shadow, they see the shadow cast by his true form.

A changeling may scour her Mask away, revealing her fae form and embracing her magical nature. To do so is fraught with peril, and few changelings choose such an act without serious reason. The changeling spends a point of Glamour as an instant action, and the Mask shatters in dramatic fashion — burning, breaking, or crawling away from her fae form. For the rest of the scene, all observers see her as she truly is. The Mask reinstates itself at the end of the scene, or sooner if the changeling spends another point of Glamour as an instant action.

Revealing herself in this way does confer some benefits. While her Mask is gone, treat each successful rolled Contract use as though you rolled an exceptional success, regardless of the actual successes rolled. If the number of successes is important, use whichever is greater from among your rolled successes, your character's Wyrd, or her Mantle rating. For Contracts without rolls, the changeling may impress at will with each use, removing one Door for purposes of her next Social maneuvering roll (p. 191) against one witness; this effect doesn't stack with multiple such Contract uses in a row. Mortals who see the changeling's true nature have a visceral reaction. Some are cowed, others awed, and others run in fear. Either way, when they see her, they gain the Spooked Condition.

The price for such revelation is steep, as it doesn't just reveal the changeling's hidden self, but rips away the illusion that hides the world in which she walks. The act of tearing away the Mask also opens any gateways to the Hedge within 10 yards or meters per dot of Wyrd she possesses. Additionally, she leaves a magical trail, making it easy for fae creatures to track her in the mortal world. Gentry and Huntsmen automatically succeed on rolls to track or follow her within the same range while her Mask is down there.

Mien

What the Mask hides is a changeling's fae mien. This is her true shape, transformed by her time in Faerie. An Elemental might have icy blue skin and hair that streams like frigid water about her shoulders. A Beast has scaly skin and rows of bony ridges instead of hair. An Ogre's stony flesh feels rough to the touch and instead of two eyes, she has one. The Mask disguises even these changes. An Elemental made of ice feels cold to the touch, but her lover only assumes she has poor circulation. A changeling with clockwork mechanisms replacing her organs seems perfectly normal under medical examination. An Ogre's eyes are perhaps too close together or larger than normal, his skin rough and dry.

Changes wrought by the durance reach beyond the cosmetic, manifesting as blessings from seeming and kith. A Darkling can become a shadow or a sunbeam, a Beast's claws rend flesh like real talons, and a Leechfinger's lamprey fingers actually do latch on to drink blood from his victims. The Mask does not fully hide these changes. Mortal observers explain these effects away as unusual but ultimately mundane circumstances: long nails, strong hands, or an uncommon limberness. Though the Mask disguises even their effects, it does not diminish them. A Fairest's song may seem only a beautiful melody, but it still enraptures those who listen.

The fae mien grows more pronounced as a changeling's Wyrd rises. Even the Mask strains to disguise subtle, cool breezes, scents like the ocean, auras of fear where the shadows seem to deepen around the changeling, or an impression of glinting, catlike eyes. A changeling's Mantle flavors these effects, sending Winter chills down a bystander's spine, filling someone with the warmth and vigor of Spring, or inciting the greed and envy of Coins. The effects are mostly harmless, unlike the more potent magic of the Lost, but help to define a changeling as something not fully of this world. Humans notice these subtle but significant signs of fae nature and the changeling finds herself distanced yet a little more from her former kin.



Portaling

Changelings escaped Arcadia, a land where fate and time are mutable and the whims of monstrous solipsists shape reality. By doing so, they forged a Contract with Faerie itself, so that not even dreams can hold them prisoner. Changelings can escape any kind of confinement. They refer to this phenomenon as portaling, referring specifically to the ability to open doors into the Hedge, but it applies to all aspects of their ability to spend Glamour to gain freedom.

If bound or held, the character can simply slip free of the bonds — escaping a grapple, or slipping free of manacles. To do so, she spends a Glamour as a reflexive action. She automatically gains freedom from whatever was holding her. If her bonds are supernatural in nature, such as someone using magical force to hold her down, or a magic rope binding her arms, she must engage in a Clash of Wills with the effect's creator. She may retry without penalty, as many times as she likes — an exception to the rule about successive actions. Simply put, a changeling can always escape if she makes the conscious decision to do so, as long as she still has Glamour left to spend.

To open a door to the Hedge, the changeling must have access to a closeable portal that she could fit through, such as a door, window, or manhole. The changeling spends a point of Glamour, and must make a request for the portal to open into the Hedge. This could be something as simple as "open sesame" or as complex as a sonnet. Then, the portal opens immediately to a place in the Hedge. The changeling does not get to designate where she goes in the Hedge, but sometimes the risk of landing in the middle of a patch of Thorns is worth the escape. Doors always open to the same part of the Hedge, so an experienced portaler may open all the doors around her home to check for the best escape route.

The reverse works as well; if the changeling finds a portal within the Hedge, he may spend Glamour and open it to flee to the human world. Again, he doesn't get to dictate where in the world it opens, but it follows the same rules for entering: a portal he can fit through.

This is not to say that escape is without consequences. The ability does not protect a changeling from her jailers. She can escape police custody — handcuffs and a cell can't hold her — but she still has a mugshot, her criminal record, and the police after her. Escaping just made everything worse. The changeling must weigh the consequences against the risks of incarceration, rather than expecting a "get out of jail free" card.

Among the Lost, captivity is one of the worst punishments. Keeping a changeling imprisoned is relatively

difficult, requiring the use of magic, iron, or a frailty. Some freeholds keep one or more iron cages, though many believe this is an inhumane way to treat each other. Others maintain mundane jails, and simply enforce superlative penalties for those who choose to escape, thus giving criminals enough rope to hang themselves.

Bedlam

Faerie is a place full of intense and conflicting emotional situations. Fear wars with joy, anger fights against happiness, and all the feelings in between rage through the magical realm. The Lost, though now escaped, can still feel those emotions, and sometimes tap into them. By drawing on his own strong passions, a changeling can convert Glamour back into an outpouring of emotions and send them coursing through the people around him, overwhelming them with extreme emotional responses.

The urges the changeling has released consume targets who fail to resist, and they abandon other activities in favor of following the whims of their incited emotions.

Incite Bedlam

Cost: 1 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Wyrd vs. Composure + Wyrd (contested separately by each target)

Action: Contested; resistance is reflexive.

Roll Results

Success: Anyone within sensory range of the changeling is overcome with the emotion the changeling channels. The person must be able to sense the changeling somehow; even cameras or recording devices convey Bedlam's effects. The changeling chooses a single Condition at the time he incites Bedlam appropriate to the emotion he incites. Using the four Seasonal courts' emotions as an example, these would be: Wanton for desire, Competitive for wrath, Frightened for fear, and Lethargic for sorrow. Those who fail to successfully contest this power gain the Condition.

The target rationalizes the change of emotion as perfectly natural while it's going on, but after the effects end he may question why he felt that way. Supernatural creatures may very well suspect a magical cause.

Exceptional Success: As success, and the changeling may pick a second Condition to inflict as part of his Bedlam.

Failure: The changeling fails to create a strong emotional response.

Dramatic Failure: The people around the changeling do not experience the desired emotion, but instead turn against her, feeling extreme antipathy toward her.

Suggested Bedlam Modifiers

Changeling

Modifier	Situation
+3	The changeling unleashes an emotion associated with his court.
+1	The emotion is from the court most closely associated with the character's own (for instance: Spring/Summer, Autumn/Winter).
+1	Each additional Glamour spent, up to a maximum of five.
−1	The emotion is from a court of minor opposition (for instance: Summer/Autumn, Spring/Winter).
−3	The emotion is from a court of major opposition (for instance: Summer/Winter, Autumn/Spring).

Target

Modifier	Situation
+2	The target is already feeling emotions strongly in opposition to those unleashed.
+1	The target is relatively calm and relaxed.
−1	The target is already feeling emotions similar to those unleashed.

Bedlam is a wild, unrestrained release of emotional energy. No one made an agreement with these emotions, like a Contract, and so all bets are off. It's a blunt-force instrument, incapable of sending thoughtful direction, or even bold commands. The changeling may attempt to guide the behavior of the targets via mundane methods, such as attempting to draw the attention of an angry mob toward a single target, or shouting "run for your lives!" after unleashing a wave of fear through a crowd, but even this method is not perfect. Mob rule takes over, and sometimes drawing attention to yourself is more dangerous than just letting it run its course.

This power targets anyone who can sense the changeling, and cannot distinguish between friend and foe. The changeling cannot choose to selectively remove targets from the effect, nor direct the effect at a small group of targets out of a crowd. Once per scene, a player may choose to have his character involuntarily incite Bedlam to gain a Beat. Inciting Bedlam this way does not cost Glamour or Willpower, but the changeling has no control over which emotion she unleashes, which is instead at Storyteller discretion.

Merits

The following Merits are available to changeling characters. Unless noted, human characters cannot take Merits of a supernatural nature.

Sanctity of Merits

Merits reflect aspects of your character but are an out-of-game resource. For example, your character may have friends, but you can choose to spend Experiences or Merit dots to purchase the Allies Merit. This gives those friends a direct effect in the game. If something happens to a character's friends, specifically supporting cast not represented by Merit dots, the story goes on and nothing happens in terms of game mechanics. If something happens to Allies, however, you don't lose those points. The Allies dots disappear but you receive Experiences equal to the dots lost. This is called the "Sanctity of Merits" rule.

If your character loses a Merit, you may repurchase it in the next chapter of your chronicle. You can't just say, "All right, my Allies died. I'm buying new Allies to call." You'd have to wait until the next chapter. Alternatively, you can spend those Experiences on other traits that are relevant to the situation. Maybe losing those Allies inspired a few trips to the firing range to let off steam, so you spend those points on a dot of Firearms.

Motley Merits

Merits tagged "Motley" can be purchased as a motley; any character that contributes dots to the total has access to the full, combined amount. For example, Resources is a Motley Merit. If one character contributes one dot, one contributes two dots, and one contributes zero dots, the first and second characters have access to Resources •••, but the third character does not have access to those Resources at all.

You can effectively increase a Merit above five dots this way. However, a character still only has access to five dots' worth of advantages. For example, if six characters each contribute Resources •, that would technically be Resources ••••• •. However, each character only has access to Resources •••••.

Style Merits

Style Merits are special Merits that afford different or additional effects, depending on the dots you possess. Most Style Merits range from • to •••••. You purchase these Merits just like any other Merit — each additional dot costs one Experience. However, instead of simply increasing in magnitude like the Allies Merit, each dot gives a different game mechanic or character option — you have access to all abilities at your dot rating and lower. The most common examples of Style Merits are those Merits that grant different fighting abilities, like martial arts styles. You can find more of these in the **Chronicles of Darkness Core Rulebook.**

Changeling Merits

Acute Senses (•)

Prerequisite: Wits or Composure •••

Effect: The changeling's senses are especially acute, even by the standards of high Clarity. Her sight, hearing, and sense of smell operate at twice the distance and accuracy of mortal senses. She can't see in pitch darkness (for that, she needs Contract magic), but she can see much more clearly than humans can.

Add the character's Wyrd rating as dice to any perception-based rolls. This bonus supersedes the one normally granted by maximum Clarity. Also, add the bonus to any rolls made to remember or identify details.

Arcadian Metabolism (••)

Effect: Your character is particularly well-suited to time in Arcadia and the Hedge. Maybe he was abducted at an early age and knows more of Arcadia than Earth, or he glutted himself on rare goblin fruit for the entirety of his captivity.

In the Hedge, increase his natural healing rates: Bashing damage heals at one point per minute and lethal damage heals at one point per day. Aggravated damage healing is unaffected.

Brownie's Boon (•)

Effect: Like the shoemaker's elves, your character completes tasks with a casual disregard for time. Reduce the interval for any mundane extended action roll she makes while no one watches her by half. The character may spend a Glamour to halve the interval again, working at four times her normal speed for that roll. Exceptional success on an individual roll can decrease the time it takes to complete that roll to an eighth of the usual interval, if the player chooses the time reduction benefit.

Cloak of Leaves (• to •••)

Prerequisite: Autumn Mantle •••

Effect: Your character has learned to embrace his worries and fears, and use them as a shield against the supernatural. Anyone using a supernatural ability to cause damage or inflict physical Tilts upon the character suffers a penalty equal to his dots in this Merit. Supernatural abilities include Contracts, kith blessings, vampire Disciplines, mage spells, and any other innate ability used by a supernatural creature.

Cold Hearted (•••)

Prerequisite: Winter Mantle •••

Effect: Your character has taken her pain, and the pain of others, and crafted them into a barrier against further suffering. She may spend a Willpower to ignore the effects of

Seasons Change

If a changeling wishes to join a new court instead of simply relying on its Goodwill, shedding the Mantle of one and adopting the Mantle of another, the rituals and requirements vary drastically between courts. He may have to make amends to one he's left or suffer a dangerous frailty for weeks to follow. Joining the new court may require an offering, or a quest that proves his worth to his new peers.

Mechanically, halve his dots in the existing Mantle (rounded down) and transform them into dots of Court Goodwill for the court he left behind. Halve and transform any Court Goodwill dots he had for his newly adopted court into dots of its Mantle the same way.

Merit dots lost in this way are subject to the Sanctity of Merits **(p. 111)**.

a single Clarity Condition once per scene. She still has the Condition and doesn't heal any Clarity damage, but she does not suffer the ill effects of the Condition. If her actions during the scene would resolve the Condition, it resolves normally.

Court Goodwill (• to •••••)

Effect: Court Goodwill represents a changeling's influence and respect in a court that isn't his own. It allows him to have serious ties to as many courts as he likes, in addition to the one he has sworn magical allegiance to. This isn't to say Court Goodwill is a purely social construct. This Merit covers both the mundane networking required of being part of a large social group and the fickle favor of whatever plays patron to a court. In this way, a changeling of the White Rose Court can use the benefits of the Red Rose Court's Mantle, the Red Rose Courtier can be privy to the Blue Rose Court's magic, and so on.

Each instance of Court Goodwill represents a specific court, but you may take the Merit as many times as there are courts available. For instance, a single changeling may have Mantle: Spring ••, Court Goodwill: Winter •, Court Goodwill: Autumn ••, and Court Goodwill: Summer •••. A character may not have Court Goodwill and Mantle for the same court.

A changeling gains access to a court's Mantle effects at two dots lower than his dots in that court's Goodwill. For instance, access to the abilities of Summer Mantle ••• requires Court Goodwill: Summer ••••• for any changeling without a Summer Mantle.

Dots in Court Goodwill also function like dots in the Allies Merit (p. 120), except that attempts to block another character's Merit use fail automatically against a character with any Mantle dots in the same court. If you use Court Goodwill to block a character with a Court Goodwill rating in the same court, the rating of the blocker and actor both effectively drop by one until they make reparations to the court in question. This usually entails a rare gift, or an oath or service of some kind.

Finally, each court in which a character has Court Goodwill comes with a single dot of Mentor, a changeling who serves as the character's court liaison and helps him understand its rituals, its customs, and its very essence. Work with the Storyteller to detail this character.

Defensive Dreamscaping (••)

Effect: Your character is adept at manipulating the dream in a hand-to-hand fight. A gust of wind carries her out of the way of an attack, an eidolon leaps in front of a bullet for her, or her opponent's blade dulls when it strikes. Add half her Wyrd (rounded down) to her Defense in dreams.

Diviner (• to •••••)

Prerequisites: Composure •••, Wits •••

Effect: Your character can dig within his dreams for prophetic answers to primordial truths, as all humanity is and has always been connected through its dreams via the Dreaming Roads. He must enter a dream state, through either the Gate of Ivory or Horn, into his own Bastion. Then, he may ask the Storyteller a yes or no question about something he wishes to divine from his dreams. She must answer accurately, but can use "maybe" if the answer is truly neither yes nor no. Depending on the answer, you may ask additional, related questions, up to your Merit dots. You can ask that many total questions per chapter.

Dream Warrior (•)

Prerequisites: Wyrd 2+, one Social Attribute •••, a specialty in Brawl or Weaponry

Effect: Your character's extensive training in oneiromancy allows her to benefit from the flexibility of the dream. By blending dreamscaping and martial techniques, strikes land faster as the dream bends to aid her blows. Whenever you allocate any successes generated with a Brawl or Weaponry attack (depending on which Specialty you have) to a subtle oneiromantic shift, gain one bonus success to spend on that shift as long as you spend it to impact the fight in some direct way. If you have a Specialty in both Skills, you gain these benefits on both types of attack.

Dreamweaver (•••)

Prerequisite: Wyrd 3+

Effect: As his connection to the Wyrd grows stronger, so does the changeling's control over dreams. Once per scene, you may spend a Willpower point to make three successes count as an exceptional success on a dreamweaving roll (p. 217).

Dull Beacon (• to •••••)

Effect: Your character's Mask is far less obtrusive when she drops it. Reduce her Wyrd by her Dull Beacon dots when determining the distance at which she alerts fae creatures and opens Hedge gateways when dropping her Mask (p. 83). If this would effectively reduce her to Wyrd 0, she no longer opens gates or alerts fae creatures at all until her Wyrd increases.

Elemental Warrior (• to •••••; Style)

Prerequisites: Dexterity or Wits •••; Brawl, Firearms, or Weaponry ••; Elemental Weapon or Primal Glory (Contracts) *or* Elemental seeming

Effect: Choose one physical element when you purchase this Merit, such as wind, flame, or wood. Your character commands it in battle; all of the following effects apply only to the chosen element.

Wind Cuts to the Bone (•): The changeling achieves exceptional success on any roll to deal purely elemental damage with three successes instead of five, except when Hedgespinning or dreamweaving. If a weapon is made from *only* the chosen element, such as a wooden club, it counts.

Defensive Flurry (••): The character adds half his Wyrd (rounded down) in dice to his Dodge pool after doubling his Defense. This swirling elemental shield allows the character to Dodge Firearms attacks as well, but not apply Defense against them.

Hungry Leaping Flames (•••): By spending a Glamour, the changeling may make melee attacks from 10 yards/meters away from his target and add 10 yards/meters to the short/medium/long ranges of a ranged attack for the scene. In addition, the appropriate elemental effects may disturb the scenery: Flammable objects can ignite, cutting winds might knock over unsecured objects, and so forth.

Antaean Endurance (••••): While the character remains in significant contact with the chosen element (standing on bare earth, knee deep in water, facing powerful wind gusts, etc.), he gains extra Health boxes equal to half his Wyrd, rounded down. Add the same as bonus dice to all rolls to resist fatigue or toxins, or to stay conscious.

Wrath of Titans (•••••): The changeling can spend a Glamour to make his successful attacks cause one of the following Tilts for the scene, chosen when activated: Blinded (one eye, or two with multiple attacks on the same target), Deafened (one ear, or two with multiple attacks on the same target), or Knocked Down.

Enchanting Performance (• to •••; Style)

Prerequisites: Presence •••, Expression •••

Effect: A character with Enchanting Performance can touch upon whatever font makes all things fae so captivating. She brings a little of that magical obsession from beyond the Hedge and puts it to use. Whether she does so for cruelty or kindness depends on the changeling.

Limerick (•): Your character knows how to aim insults at an audience for maximum humiliation. Roll Presence + Expression for your character to deliver a scathing invective or dressing down, resisted by the target's Composure. Her target takes a penalty equal to her rolled successes to all Social rolls he makes against any observers (other than the changeling herself) for the rest of the scene, to a maximum of −5.

Poem (••): When your character has successfully opened a Door using Expression for performance, she may spend a Glamour to open another Door immediately.

Sonnet (•••): Your character encourages a fearsome self-confidence with a performance unlike anything her audience has ever seen. She may spend a Glamour to give the rote quality to her next mundane performance-related Expression roll. If successful, a target in the audience gains the Inspired Condition (p. 342). On an exceptional success, *everyone* viewing the performance gains the Inspired Condition.

Fae Mount (• to •••••)

Effect: Your character has befriended a creature of the Hedge to serve as his steed. Through a special song or gesture, the mount comes to its master anywhere in the Hedge, except to the Hollow of a changeling who prohibits it.

Additionally, each dot of this Merit allows the creature one of the following special abilities:

- **Manyleague:** With a body of screaming wind or quicksilver, the steed is faster than any other, doubling its Speed. It gains the Merit's rating as a bonus to Initiative if it acts on its own; if not, you gain the Initiative bonus while mounted instead.
- **Chatterbox:** Many creatures in the Hedge are more intelligent than their appearance would let on. The steed can speak to and understand its owner clearly, and can relay simple messages in its master's tongue to other changelings, though complex words and metaphor are beyond this special ability.

Fae Mount

Attributes: Intelligence 1, Wits 3, Resolve 3, Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5, Presence 3, Manipulation 1, Composure 2

Skills: Athletics 4, Brawl 1 (Kicking), Survival 2

Willpower: 5

Initiative: 5

Defense: 7

Speed: 19 (species factor 12)

Size: 7

Weapons/Attacks:

Type	Damage	Dice Pool
Bite	+0	5
Kick or Claw	+2*	6

*A successful strike from the creature's Kick/Claw inflicts the Knocked Down Tilt **(p. 330)**

Health: 12

Special: The mount can lift four times as much as a human with comparable Strength and Athletics. By default, it can carry one rider.

- **Actormask:** Most fae mounts can't leave the Hedge, fading into nothing if they try and reforming somewhere inside the Hedge after a day and a night. With Actormask, the changeling can bring it through a gate into the mundane world, where it persists as long as the changeling feeds it a point of Glamour once per scene. Like your changeling, the mount has a Mask, which the character can scour away or reinforce just like his own. An armored spider mount might become a Volkswagen Beetle, while a horse of steaming blood might become a sporty red motorcycle. Any other abilities it receives from this Merit still apply and whatever form the Mask takes should bear that in mind.
- **Armorshell:** Plates of thick chitin or stone cover the beast. It gains 3/2 armor and provides partial concealment to anyone currently riding.
- **Burdenback:** The mount is massive, with broad shoulders or a pearlescent coach that grows from its haunches. It can carry a number of individuals equal to dots in this Merit in addition to its normal carrying capacity. It receives an additional two dots of Stamina.
- **Dreamspun:** Some creatures in the Hedge exist only as long as they're acknowledged. When the mount dies, it returns to life the next time the character gets a full night's rest, with no knowledge of perishing. It gains dots in Stealth equal to your dots in Fae Mount.
- **Thornbeast:** Many fanged monsters hunt in the Hedge, and your character's mount is one of these faerie predators. Add two dice to all attacks the mount makes, and increase their weapon modifier by 2. This can represent anything from natural claws to grotesque metal sawblades.
- **Hedgefoot:** Many faerie creatures aren't earthbound. They swing from trees, claw their way up walls, and even fly. Your character's mount is no different. It can either run across water as fast it moves on land, move up buildings at three times its normal Speed, or fly once per scene at twice its Speed for a number of turns equal to your dots in this Merit.

Faerie Favor (•••)

Effect: The Gentry's promises bind them to a greater degree than those of the Lost do, and your character possesses such a promise. She is entitled to a favor from one of the True Fae. She may have gained this favor through anything from knowing a clever riddle to a dark deed done at the cost of another changeling's freedom. However she earned it, she has a bauble, song, or phrase that represents the favor, and when she breaks, sings, or utters it, the True Fae appears.

The favor can be many things: the capture of a rival the changeling has tracked to his Hollow, a week of freedom from a Huntsman on the changeling's heels, safe passage to somewhere in the Hedge or mortal world, etc. After the character calls in the favor, she gains dots in any combination of Merits appropriate to the power of the Gentry, per the Sanctity of Merits rule (p. 111).

Drawback: The character gains the Notoriety Condition among the Lost when she calls in the favor.

Fair Harvest (• or ••)

Effect: Your character favors a particular flavor of Glamour. Choose a specific emotion when taking this Merit. With one dot, any rolls to harvest that emotion (p. 103) enjoy the 8-again quality. Rolls to harvest any other emotion do not benefit from the 10-again quality. At two dots, harvesting the favored emotion instead

enjoys the rote quality, and you subtract one success from rolls to harvest other emotions in addition to the loss of 10-again.

Firebrand (••)

Prerequisite: Summer Mantle •••

Effect: Your character has the spirit of Summer within him, and channels that wrath into others. Once per scene, when your character goads someone into a fight, he regains a single Willpower point.

Gentrified Bearing (••)

Prerequisite: Wyrd 2+

Effect: Your character was molded in the image of her Keeper, stole some essential spark of its fire, or learned to emulate its otherness. Regardless of how she obtained this mixed blessing, hobgoblins tend to mistake her for a True Fae — if only for a moment.

When dealing with hobgoblins, Intimidation rolls add the character's Wyrd rating in dice, to a maximum of +5. While most hobgoblins don't look too closely at a True Fae, a wise changeling shows caution with her demands. Even a simpering, cowed hobgoblin does not take kindly to deceit, and even a successful ruse is unlikely to fool the same creature twice.

Glamour Fasting (•)

Effect: Your character can endure without Glamour longer than others. As long as he has Willpower remaining, he doesn't suffer from deprivation when he drops to Glamour 0 (or below his Wyrd, for high-Wyrd changelings) until one full chapter has passed since he last had any Glamour.

Goblin Bounty (• to •••••)

Effect: The Lost has access to a regular bounty of goblin fruit and oddments. She may personally cultivate them, or scavenge them from a secret place in the Hedge that only she knows about. She has access to three times her dots in this Merit of common goblin fruits and oddments per chapter. Depending on her Wyrd, she may not be able to carry them with her all at once, but the rest are stored somewhere safe and do not require a special scene to access.

Grounded (•••)

Prerequisite: Spring Mantle •••

Effect: Your character's connection to the Spring Court makes him sure of himself and his perceptions. Even when he is at his weakest and most vulnerable, the verdant life of Spring protects him. He has an armor rating of 1 against all Clarity attacks that deal mild damage.

Hedge Brawler (••)

Prerequisites: Brawl, Firearms, or Weaponry ••

Effect: Your character is adept at fighting within the Hedge. You may take a dice penalty on a violent action designated for Hedgespinning between −1 and −3 to gain that number of extra successes if the action is successful. You can only use these successes for shaping Hedge details; this can't turn a normal success into an exceptional one.

Hedge Duelist (• to •••; Style)

Prerequisites: Presence or Manipulation ••, Brawl or Weaponry ••, any Social Skill ••

Effect: Your character is a skilled fae duelist, capable of turning the Hedge into a weapon. Each duelist adopts a different style. A capricious sword dancer might taunt and tease the Hedge into action, while a king of beasts calls Glamour phantoms and Hedge fiends to aid him, and a druidic sorcerer communes with the Hedge, its voice guiding his movements. This Merit's effects only work in the Hedge proper.

Thousand Falling Leaves (•): The character's attacks flutter about his enemy like a cascade of falling leaves. You may inflict a −1 Defense penalty on your character's opponent against one attack in exchange for only dealing half the damage the attack would normally deal if you succeed.

Emerald Shield (••): The Hedge lifts up the strongest and shields him from harm. Leaves, roots, branches, even flocks of birds surge to turn aside his foe's attacks. He gains an armor rating of 2/0, which stacks with worn armor but not with armor gained from Hedgespinning or Contracts.

Bite Like Thorns (•••): Your character's attacks wound deeply, and the Hedge greedily soaks up the blood he spills. Fat vines snake around his opponent's limbs, fastening like leeches onto their wounds. Razor-edged leaves open their cuts. Add a dice bonus to attacks equal to the wound penalty his foe suffers.

Hedge Sense (•)

Effect: The character is especially skilled at finding her way in the Hedge. Gain a two-die bonus to all rolls to navigate the Hedge, and to find Icons, food, shelter, or goblin fruit there.

Hob Kin (•)

Effect: Your character has established a kind of kinship with hobgoblins. It may be a matter of resemblance to a True Fae they fear, or something about his kith that encourages this behavior, but they show him a respect generally unheard of by the Lost. It isn't much like the respect of friends or peers, but they treat him less ruthlessly than

they do outsiders. Increase his starting impression with non-hostile hobgoblin characters by one level on the chart (p. 192) for Social maneuvering.

Additionally, if the character has a Hollow (below), he may take the enhancement Hob Alarm.

Hollow (• to •••••, Motley)

Effect: While Safe Place (p. 125) represents a mundane-but-secure lair *outside* the Hedge, Hollow is your character's secret, private bit of real estate *inside* the Hedge. It may be something as simple as a closet door that opens into a quiet, hollowed-out tree, or as elaborate as a knock that opens any unlocked door into a lavish, gothic mansion. These locations are as varied as the Hedge itself.

The character has cleared away any imposing Thorns that might cause trouble in her pocket of personal reality. With few exceptions (see below), these faerie safehouses are tied to a single, consistent physical entrance into the Hedge, but being part of the Hedge means they don't need to conform to available space. In any case, the Hollow belongs to your character, or her motley, and has some innate protection from intrusion.

While a changeling is inside her Hollow, any attempts to learn her personal information suffer the Merit's rating as a dice penalty, as if she had the Anonymity Merit at an equal rating. Attempts to pursue or track her, both supernatural and mundane, suffer the same penalty. Only an entity whose Wyrd exceeds the Merit's rating may force the entrance to the Hollow. Even then, one of the Hollow's owners (even if no one is present) can attempt to resist the intrusion with a Clash of Wills (p. 126). A day and a night must pass before the intruder can try again if he fails.

Additionally, your Hollow may have any combination of the following enhancements that adds up to its rating:

Hob Alarm (•): A group of somewhat friendly hobgoblins has taken refuge in the character's Hollow. They react poorly to any sign of intruders. While within her Hollow, a character cannot lose her Defense due to surprise and adds her Hollow's rating in dice to all actions during the first turn of an action scene. Maintaining the presence of these hobgoblins requires the character to accept one point of Goblin Debt (p. 162) at the beginning of each story.

Adding this to your Hollow requires at least one motley member to have the Hob Kin Merit.

Luxury Goods (•): A variety of mundane supplies and Hedgespun treats fills the Hollow, which allows a changeling to hold out for the long haul. Few modern conveniences work in the Hedge, but it's not uncommon to find crystalline televisions that play unaired, unrecorded episodes of canceled TV shows, or jukeboxes that play music only the changeling can hear, or iceboxes overfull of off-brand colas that never saw the light of day. Whatever the case, once per chapter the player may roll her Hollow rating as a dice pool. Success allows the changeling to have one mundane or Hedgespun item on hand in her Hollow, with an Availability or dot rating equal to or less than the rolled successes. This item lasts for a scene before sublimating back into the Hollow's latent Glamour. These items have minor oddities, like the jukebox that plays only for the changeling's ears. The Storyteller is the final arbiter of what constitutes a minor oddity.

Shadow Garden (•): The Hollow has a patch of trembling soil, a deceased nightmare's fertile belly, or a rose garden of painted flowers. Any goblin fruit consumed in the Hollow reappears in the garden an hour after its consumption. The resulting fruit provides none of the benefits of a goblin fruit, but resembles it to all senses. Any hunger these shadow fruits sate returns in full force an hour after they're consumed. A week of staving off hunger in this manner constitutes a breaking point.

Phantom Phone Booth (•): The Hollow has an ancient phone booth, mounted boar head, or singing pool that allows the owner to make calls outside the Hedge. A character may call any phone with a public listing without knowing the exact digits of the number, and attempts to trace the call or read phone records show the call as coming from the recipient's line. The phantom phone booth has no number for incoming calls, though it occasionally receives calls meant for out-of-service numbers.

Route Zero (•): A length of trod with a one-dot rating bisects the Hollow. It juts awkwardly from a wall, plunges down a tunnel of impenetrable darkness, or disappears over a foggy bridge. Its beginning and end are troublesome to determine. Any character traversing the trod makes a Hedge navigation roll (p. 200) to ensure they do so safely. At the end, anyone who makes the journey ends where they began, and regains a point of Willpower. A character may only take this journey once a day.

If players purchase Route Zero for two or more different Hollows, it may pass through all of them. All owners must agree to this at the time of purchase, but once done it cannot be undone.

Size Matters (• or ••): Without purchasing this enhancement, the Hollow is only big enough for two changelings to sleep comfortably. With one dot, a motley of five to six changelings has enough room to stay without immediate cabin fever. The second dot turns the Hollow into a vast estate or small town, and members of a motley might not even see each other for the duration of a stay.

Escape Route (• or ••): Hollows normally only have a single exit into the real world. This enhancement creates a second emergency egress. Whether someone invades the Hollow, or a clever Huntsman waits for a changeling at the Hedge entrance to her den, sometimes it's important to be able to bug out. At one dot, the one-way exit is a secure, stationary place within the Hollow's borders. At two

dots, the Escape Route can appear reflexively anywhere in the Hollow. Either way, only characters who have contributed Merit dots to the Hollow and those to whom they give permission can use the Escape Route.

Hidden Entry (••): When all members of a motley who have contributed Merit dots are inside the Hollow, the entrance evaporates. Rolls to find it or force entry while it *is* visible, including Clashes of Wills, suffer a two-die penalty. The entrance reappears when one or more members of the motley depart.

Easy Access (•••): The Hollow has no permanent entrance. Instead, the character can access it by spending a single Glamour. This usually takes the form of a particular whistle or knock, but it works on any unlocked door in the mundane world. A changeling exits her Hollow at the same location she entered from.

Home Turf (•••): Either the changeling has spent long enough in her Hollow that she knows its every secret, or she simply resonates well with it. The changeling gains the Merit's rating as a bonus to Initiative and Defense against any intruders that manage to make it inside.

Lethal Mien (••)

Effect: The Hedge warped some element of your character's fae mien, and left him with wicked nails, sharp teeth, or some other offensive trait. The changeling can inflict lethal damage while unarmed. If another power already gives him the capacity for lethal blows, such as the Beast seeming blessing, add one to his unarmed weapon modifier instead.

The character may choose whether to use the benefit of these claws, fangs, spurs, or other dangerous element at will.

Mantle (• to •••••)

When a changeling joins a court, she accepts all its blessings and embodies it, the same way she does her own seeming and kith. Mantle represents the mystical connection a changeling has to the elements and emotions of her chosen court. As her Mantle rises, she becomes a better representation of what it is to *be* a courtier. A changeling with a high Mantle embodies the ideals of the court, and others who belong to the court recognize her dedication and give her respect, even if it's grudging.

Effect: As a character's Mantle increases, her fae mien changes to reflect it, showing both figurative and literal signs of the season. A character with Mantle (Winter) • might have a slight frigid breeze following her, while one with Mantle (Winter) ••• may have tiny snow flurries surrounding her, and her skin is cold to the touch. At Mantle (Winter) •••••, her presence causes and relieves sorrow with equal measure depending on her mood, and it always seems overcast when she is near.

The Mantle demands a level of respect. Add your character's Mantle rating to any Social rolls you make against other members of her court and characters with the appropriate Court Goodwill.

A character may learn the Contracts of her court as long as she meets the Contract's Mantle prerequisite (see p. 150). Should her Mantle fall, or should she adopt the Mantle of a new court, she might no longer meet the prerequisites for her Contracts; in that case, she must spend additional Glamour to activate those Contracts.

Members of each court gain an additional way to harvest Glamour. Each court also grants its own specific benefits at each Mantle rating. Below are examples from the four Seasonal Courts.

Spring

The character gains a Glamour point whenever he oversteps his bounds to satisfy his personal desires.

- • Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots to mundane rolls to seduce or attract someone.
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots when taking mundane actions that encourage or bring about over-indulgence.
- ••• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots during mundane teamwork actions to help an ally achieve her goals.
- •••• Regain an additional Willpower point when you would regain one through your character's Needle.
- ••••• Once per chapter, you may convert a single Clarity Condition into a different, beneficial Condition of your choice. When you do, regain one Clarity. Your character may use this to convert an ally's Clarity Condition instead.

Summer

Your character gains a Glamour point whenever she enacts her wrath and successfully furthers a goal.

- • Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots to mundane rolls to intimidate or cow someone.
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots to mundane attack rolls when actively defending her freehold against a fae threat.
- ••• Gain general and ballistic armor equal to your character's Mantle dots, which stacks with worn armor, when acting as a protector, bodyguard, or champion for someone else.
- •••• Automatically succeed on attempts to break through mundane barriers or otherwise deal with inanimate impediments.
- ••••• When defending a member of your character's freehold, her mundane attacks deal aggravated damage.



Autumn

Your character gains a Glamour point whenever he overcomes his fear to investigate something new and dangerous.

- • Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots to mundane rolls to investigate the True Fae or Faerie.
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots to mundane rolls to intimidate or otherwise instill fear in someone.
- ••• Reduce the Glamour cost of Contracts by one when using them to subvert a True Fae or something from Faerie.
- •••• Once per story, reduce your character's Goblin Debt by his Mantle rating.
- ••••• After a magical effect affects your character, you may spend 2 Glamour to mimic that effect exactly, and may choose a new target. You must do this within the same scene that he was affected.

Winter

Your character gains a Glamour point whenever she helps someone come to terms with their grief.

- • Enemies suffer a penalty equal to your character's Mantle dots to rolls to notice her when she's deliberately spying.
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots when obscuring the truth.
- ••• When your character surrenders in a fight, gain bonus dice equal to her Mantle dots to any subsequent Social actions for the rest of the scene.
- •••• Spend a Glamour point to bind someone in their own misery. For the rest of the scene, any time the target enters a fight, they suffer the Beaten Down Tilt and must spend 2 Willpower to end it.
- ••••• Your character ignores wound penalties. For each health box filled with lethal or aggravated damage, gain a one-die bonus on Physical actions, to a maximum of +5.

Manymask (•••)

Prerequisites: Wyrd 2+, Manipulation •••

Effect: A changeling is usually stuck with the same Mask he left the Hedge with, an immutable combination of remembered human traits. Some changelings develop control over the appearance of their Masks.

The character may spend a point of Glamour to change his Mask permanently. He may make one change per chapter per dot of Wyrd he possesses to any of the following: eye color, hair color, facial structure, or skin tone; or he may remove notable scars or other features such as birthmarks, freckles, etc. At Wyrd 5+ he may create an entirely new Mask once per chapter by spending one Glamour, mostly unbeholden to his existing features. While he can even change the sex of his Mask,

height and build remain immutably tied to the shape that lies beneath.

Market Sense (•)

Effect: Understanding the value of a product is hard enough in the mortal world, but in the Hedge, relative worth is even more questionable. How does one weigh the importance of a dozen cherished memories against a music box that only plays near ghosts? Goblins make all sorts of strange requests in exchange for Contracts, but your character knows how to navigate these exchanges better than others.

Once per chapter, you may reduce your character's Goblin Debt by one.

Noblesse Oblige (• to •••)

Prerequisite: Appropriate court Mantle •

Effect: Your character knows how to harness the power of his Mantle to inspire others. Any time your character is in charge of a group of people who share his court, either through Mantle or Court Goodwill, he can grant benefits to the group (but not to himself) for a scene by spending a Willpower point. The benefit conferred depends on the court. Here are examples from the Seasonal Courts:

Spring: The team's Initiative rolls gain a bonus equal to the leader's dots in this Merit.

Summer: The team's Resolve-based rolls gain a bonus equal to the leader's dots in this Merit.

Autumn: The team's Contract rolls gain a bonus equal to the leader's dots in this Merit.

Winter: The team's Composure-based rolls gain a bonus equal to the leader's dots in this Merit.

Drawbacks: Being the leader is not easy. It means that you are responsible for those under you and they look to you for guidance. Those under your character's command gain a two-die bonus to Social rolls against him.

Pandemoniacal (• to •••)

Prerequisite: Wyrd 6+

Effect: The changeling is more adept at inciting Bedlam than her fellows. Add the Merit's rating as a dice bonus to any rolls she makes to incite Bedlam (see p. 110).

Parallel Lives (•••)

Effects: The changeling is deeply connected to his fetch. Each experiences occasional flashes of the other's emotional state when something affects one of them strongly, and gains two bonus dice to use Empathy or magic to read the other's intentions, or to enter his Bastion. By spending a point of Willpower, either can ride along with the other's senses for a number of minutes equal to his Wyrd rating, losing his Defense and the ability to perceive the world around him as he does. Either of them can also spend a Willpower point to send a vague message via thought to the other; it comes across not in words, but fleeting impressions and snippets of images, and can only encompass fairly simple ideas. A fetch could warn his changeling of a Huntsman's impending arrival, but without any detail about when or how. Likewise, the changeling could threaten his fetch's life, but couldn't make any specific demands. Whenever the fetch uses this connection to make the changeling's life more dangerous or inconvenient, gain a Beat.

Rigid Mask (•••)

Prerequisite: Subterfuge ••

Effect: For your character, the protection of the Mask extends far beyond the usual mortal camouflage. Perhaps she can sense the subtle magic that turns her smile into her Mask's smile, or her true face is strongly connected to the one that lets her interact with humanity. No one fooled by the Mask knows when she's lying or what she's feeling unless she allows it. Mortals automatically fail rolls to notice these things, as do polygraphs and other mundane lie-detecting devices. Supernatural creatures must engage in a Clash of Wills to notice her lies.

Drawback: Intentionally dropping your character's Mask deals her a point of lethal damage in addition to the normal rules (p. 83).

Stable Trod (• to •••••, Motley)

Effect: Your character's freehold has secured and maintained a trod (p. 201) with a rating equal to his Merit dots in Stable Trod. The trod bestows two additional advantages to those who have Hollows along it or travel it frequently:

- Hollows along the trod gain an extra one-dot Hollow enhancement (p. 116). The enhancement is the same for all such Hollows. This can benefit a number of Hollows equal to the Stable Trod Merit rating. This enhancement can bring the number of Hollow enhancements above the normal maximum a Hollow's rating allows.
- Goblin fruit trees cultivated along the trod produce additional fruit. You may roll your character's dots in Stable Trod as a dice pool once per story. Each success produces one additional generic fruit, which contains a point of Glamour.

Token (•+, Motley)

Your character or motley has one or more tokens (p. 222) — mystical items suffused with the power and danger of Faerie. Perhaps she made off with her Keeper's most prized possession as she fled out of spite, or found that twigs from the Hedge caught in her clothes became magical matchsticks upon her escape. Perhaps she traded away

her name for an enchanted mirror at a Goblin Market. Perhaps she took the riding crop as a trophy when she killed the Huntsman, and now she's driven to hunt her own kind. Whatever the case, choose one or more tokens with a total dot rating equal to her rating in this Merit. She may have more than five dots in this Merit, but no single token may have a rating higher than five.

You can purchase an oath-forged token (p. 224) by adding one dot to its effective rating; thus, you can't purchase a five-dot oath-forged token with this Merit. You can purchase a stolen token (p. 225) at an effective rating of one dot lower than the token's rating. Your character's token can still have one of these origins without these options, without any mechanical effects.

Touchstone (• to •••••)

Effect: Your character has multiple Touchstones. Each dot in the Touchstone Merit allows for an additional Touchstone. Write each one beside the next available box to the right of the rightmost box with an associated Touchstone. If the last Clarity box already has a Touchstone, you cannot purchase this Merit again. For more on Touchstones, see p. 98.

Drawbacks: Losing attachment with Touchstones speeds the loss of Clarity. As well, if your character's last Touchstone dies or is destroyed, his memories and nightmares of his durance intensify.

Warded Dreams (• to •••)

Prerequisite: Resolve equal to dots in Warded Dreams

Effect: Whether through active mental discipline or natural stubbornness, your character's dream Bastion is particularly well fortified against intrusion. Each dot in Warded Dreams increases the Bastion's Fortification rating by one.

Workshop (• to •••••, Motley)

Prerequisite: Hollow

Effect: Your character maintains, within her Hollow, a variety of equipment and tools that can help with the creation of natural and supernatural items. Whether in the form of a forge with metallurgy tools, an artist's loft, a laboratory filled with beakers and crucibles, or an orchard outfitted with the best gardening implements, your character's Hollow is outfitted with precisely the right things she needs to have on hand to create.

Each dot in this Merit represents equipment for one particular Craft Specialty. Thus, a Hollow with a three-dot Workshop Merit might include equipment for blacksmithing, weaving, and goblin fruit farming. Whenever a changeling uses the Workshop for Building Equipment (p. 196) or other Crafts rolls with one of these Specialties, she gains a bonus equal to her Merit dots to her rolls.

Possible Workshop Specialties include (but are not limited to) Calligraphy, Carpentry, Blacksmithing, Automotive, Painting, or Goblin Fruit Farming.

Human Merits

Allies (• to •••••, Motley)

Effect: Allies help your character. They might be friends, employees, associates, or people your character has blackmailed. Each instance of this Merit represents one type of ally. This could be an organization, a society, a clique, or an individual. You can take this Merit multiple times to represent different Allies. Your character might have Allies (Tumbledown Market) ••, Allies (Carter Crime Family) •••, and Allies (Catholic Church) •.

Each dot represents a level of influence in the group. One dot constitutes small favors and passing influence. Three offers considerable influence, such as the police overlooking a misdemeanor charge. Five dots stretches the limits of the organization's influence, as its leaders put their own influence on the line for the character. This could include things such as massive insider trading or fouling up a felony investigation. No matter the request, it has to be something that organization could accomplish.

The Storyteller assigns a rating between one and five to any favor asked. A character (or motley) can ask for favors that add up to her Allies rating without penalty in one chapter. If she extends her influence beyond that, her player must roll Manipulation + Persuasion + Allies, with a penalty equal to the favor's rating. If the roll is successful, the group does as requested. Failed or successful, the character (or motley) loses a dot of Allies, but Sanctity of Merits applies. On a dramatic failure, the organization resents her and seeks retribution. On an exceptional success, she doesn't lose the dot.

One additional favor a character can ask of her Allies is to block another character's Allies, Contacts, Mentor, Retainer, or Status (if she knows the character possesses the relevant Merit). The favor's rating is equal to the Merit dots blocked. As before, no roll is necessary unless the target's Merit exceeds the character's Allies. If the block succeeds, the target cannot use the blocked Merit during the same chapter.

Alternate Identity (•, ••, or •••)

Effect: Your character has established an alternate mundane identity. The level of this Merit determines the amount of scrutiny it can withstand. At one dot, the identity is superficial and unofficial. For example, your character uses an alias with a simple costume and adopts an accent. He hasn't established the necessary paperwork to even approach a bureaucratic background check, let alone pass. At two dots, he's supported his identity with paperwork and identification. It's not liable to stand up to

extensive research, but it'll turn away private investigators and internet hobbyists. At three dots, the identity can pass thorough inspection. The identity has been deeply entrenched in relevant databases, with subtle flourishes and details to make it seem real even to trained professionals.

Additionally, the Merit reflects time the character has spent honing his persona. At one or two dots, he gains a one-die bonus to all Subterfuge rolls to defend the identity. At three dots, he gains +2 instead.

You can purchase this Merit multiple times, each time representing an additional identity.

Anonymity (• to •••••)

Prerequisite: Cannot have Fame.

Effect: Your character lives off the grid. She could have been in Arcadia or the Hedge for decades, making new identification difficult. This means she must make purchases with cash or falsified credit cards. She avoids any official authoritative influence in her affairs. Any attempts to find her by paper trail suffer a one-die penalty per dot purchased in this Merit.

Drawbacks: Your character cannot purchase the Fame Merit. This also may limit Status purchases, if the character cannot provide sufficient identification for the roles she wishes to take.

Common Sense (•••)

Effect: Your character has an exceptionally sound and rational mind. With a moment's thought, she can weigh potential courses of action and outcomes.

Once per session as an instant action, you may ask the Storyteller one of the following questions about a task at hand or course of action. Roll Wits + Composure. If you succeed, the Storyteller must answer to the best of her ability. If you fail, you get no answer. With an exceptional success, you can ask an additional question. With dramatic failure, the Storyteller can give you a piece of false advice. If you follow that "intuition" regardless of risk, take a Beat.

- What is the worst choice?
- What do I stand to lose here?
- What's the safest choice?
- Am I chasing a worthless lead?

Contacts (•, Motley)

Effect: Contacts provide your character with information. Each instance of this Merit represents a sphere or organization with which the character can garner information. Contacts do not provide services, only information. This may be face to face, via email, by telephone, or even by séance.

Garnering information via Contacts requires a Manipulation + Social Skill roll, depending on the method the character uses, and the relationship between the characters. The Storyteller should give a bonus or penalty, dependent on how relevant the information is to that particular Contact, whether accessing the information is dangerous, and if the character has maintained good relations or done favors for the Contact. These modifiers should range from −3 to +3 in most cases. If successful, the Contact provides the information.

You may purchase this Merit multiple times to reflect different sources.

Danger Sense (••)

Effect: You gain a +2 modifier on reflexive Wits + Composure rolls for your character to detect an impending ambush. Your character's reflexes are honed to the point where nothing is shocking.

Demolisher (• to •••)

Prerequisites: Strength or Intelligence •••

Effect: Your character has an innate feel for the weak points in objects. When damaging an object, she ignores one point of the object's Durability per dot in this Merit.

Direction Sense (•)

Effect: Your character has an innate sense of direction, and is always aware of her location in space. She always knows which cardinal direction she faces, and never suffers penalties to navigate or find her way in the mundane world. This Merit has no effect in the Hedge.

Eidetic Memory (••)

Effect: Your character recalls events and details with pinpoint accuracy. You do not have to make rolls for your character to remember past experiences. When making Intelligence + Composure (or relevant Skill) rolls to recall minute facts from swaths of information, take a +2 bonus.

Encyclopedic Knowledge (••)

Effect: Choose a Skill. Due to an immersion in academia, pop culture, or a hobby obsession, your character has collected limitless factoids about the topic, even if she has no dots in the Skill.

You can make an Intelligence + Wits roll at any time your character is dealing with her area of interest. On a successful roll, the Storyteller must give a relevant fact or detail about the issue at hand. Your character knows this fact, but you must explain within the scope of your character's background why she knows it. For example, for Encyclopedic Knowledge (Science): "Neil deGrasse Tyson described that particular mutation on *Cosmos*."

Etiquette (• to •••••; Style)

Prerequisites: Composure •••, Socialize ••

Effect: Your character knows her way around society, customs, and traditions. More importantly, she can use this talent to make or break reputations. This Merit applies to any social interactions where etiquette, style, poise, and reputation carry weight, and uses the Social maneuvering rules on p. 191.

Bless His Heart (•): Your character always considers her words well. No matter how vile, the things she says come off as defensible and respectful. When a character engages yours in a Social interaction, you may opt to use your character's Socialize score instead of the lower of her Resolve and Composure to determine her starting Doors.

Losing Your Religion (••): When your character lets loose and insults someone, she leaves mouths agape. When tearing down a target verbally, use 8-again, and take a two-die bonus to the roll. Afterwards, move the interaction one step down on the impressions chart.

In High Cotton (•••): Your character cultivates standing and respect, and carries it like a knight wears armor. You may apply one relevant Status or Fame Merit to rolls to contest Social interactions. Other Merits may apply with Storyteller permission.

Half-Cocked (••••): Your character is always prepared. On the other hand, others are not. In a new Social interaction, if the impression is good, excellent, or perfect, ignore the subject's Resolve and Composure on the first roll.

Grace Under Fire (•••••): While your character may not always win, she never looks bad. If a character opens all her Doors, and you opt to offer an alternative, his player chooses three Conditions. You choose which one your character receives.

Fame (• to •••)

Effect: Your character is recognized within a certain sphere, for a certain skill, or because of some past action or stroke of luck. This can mean favors and attention, but it can also mean negative attention and scrutiny. When choosing the Merit, define what your character is known for. One dot reflects local recognition or reputation within a confined subculture. Two dots means regional recognition by a wide swath of people. Three dots means worldwide recognition by anyone who might have been exposed to the source of the fame. Each dot adds a die to any Social rolls among those your character's celebrity impresses.

Drawback: Any rolls to find or identify the character in the mundane world enjoy a one-die bonus per dot of the Merit. If the character has Alternate Identity, she can mitigate this drawback. A character with Fame cannot have the Anonymity Merit.

Fast Reflexes (• to •••)

Prerequisite: Wits ••• or Dexterity •••

Effect: Gain +1 Initiative per dot.

Fast-Talking (• to •••••; Style)

Prerequisites: Manipulation •••, Subterfuge ••

Effect: Your character talks circles around listeners. She speaks a mile a minute and often leaves her targets reeling, but nodding in agreement.

Always Be Closing (•): With the right leading phrases, your character can direct a mark to say what she wants, when she wants. This trips the mark into vulnerable positions. When a mark contests or resists your character's Social interactions, apply a –1 to his Resolve or Composure.

Jargon (••): Your character confuses her mark using complex terminology. You may apply one relevant Specialty to any Social roll you make, even if the Specialty isn't tied to the Skill in use.

Devil's Advocacy (•••): Your character often poses arguments she doesn't agree with in order to challenge a mark's position and keep him from advancing discussion. You can reroll one failed Subterfuge roll per scene.

Salting (••••): Your character can position herself so that a mark pursues a non-issue or something unimportant to her. When your character opens a Door using conversation (Persuasion, Subterfuge, Empathy, etc.) you may spend a Willpower point to immediately open another Door.

Patron's Privilege (•••••): Your character can take advantage of her mark's greed or zeal. When the mark does particularly well, it's because your character was there to set him up and to subsequently tear him down. If a target regains Willpower from his Vice or similar trait while your character is present, you may immediately roll Manipulation + Subterfuge to open a Door, regardless of the interval or impression level.

Fighting Finesse (••)

Prerequisites: Dexterity •••, a Specialty in Weaponry or Brawl

Effect: Choose a Specialty in Weaponry or Brawl when you purchase this Merit. Your character's extensive training in that particular weapon or style has allowed them to benefit more from their alacrity and agility than their strength. You may substitute your character's Dexterity for her Strength when making rolls with that Specialty.

You can purchase this Merit multiple times to gain its benefit with multiple Specialties.

Fixer (••)

Prerequisites: Contacts ••, Wits •••

Effect: Your character is people who knows people. She can not only get in touch with the right people to do a job, but she can get them at the best possible prices.

When hiring a service (p. 325), reduce the Availability score of the service by one dot.

Fleet of Foot (• to •••)

Prerequisite: Athletics ••

Effect: Gain +1 Speed per dot, and anyone pursuing your character suffers a −1 per dot to any foot chase rolls.

Giant (•••)

Effect: Your character is massive. She's well over six feet tall, and crowds part when she approaches. She's Size 6, and gains +1 Health. Normally this is only available at character creation, but encounters with fae magic or visits to Arcadia could offer opportunities for it as well.

Drawback: Buying clothing is a nightmare. Fitting into small spaces is difficult at best.

Inspiring (•••)

Prerequisites: Presence •••

Effect: Your character's passion inspires those around her to greatness. With a few words, she can redouble a group's confidence or move them to action.

Make a Presence + Expression roll. A small group of listeners levies a −1 penalty, a small crowd a −2, and a large crowd a −3. Listeners gain the Inspired Condition. The character may not use this Merit on herself.

Interdisciplinary Specialty (•)

Prerequisites: Skill at ••• or higher with a Specialty

Effect: Choose a Specialty that your character possesses when you purchase this Merit. You can apply the +1 from that Specialty on any Skill with at least one dot, provided it's justifiable within the scope of the fiction. For example, a doctor with a Medicine Specialty in Anatomy may be able to use it when targeting a specific body part with Weaponry, but could not with a general strike.

Iron Stamina (• to •••)

Prerequisites: Stamina ••• or Resolve •••

Effect: Each dot eliminates a negative modifier (on a one-for-one basis) when resisting the effects of fatigue or injury. For example: A character with Iron Stamina •• can ignore up to a −2 modifier brought on by fatigue. The Merit also counteracts the effects of wound penalties. So, if all of your character's Health boxes are filled (which normally imposes a −3 penalty to his actions) and he has Iron Stamina •, reduce those penalties to −2. This Merit cannot be used to gain positive modifiers for actions, only to cancel out negative ones.

Language (•)

Effect: Your character is skilled with an additional language, beyond her native tongue. Your character can speak, read, and write in that language.

Choose a new language each time you buy this Merit.

Library (• to •••, Motley)

Effect: Your character has access to a plethora of information about a given topic. When purchasing this Merit, choose a Mental Skill. The Library covers that purview. On any extended roll involving the Skill in question, add the dots in this Merit.

You can purchase this Merit multiple times to reflect different Skills.

Lucid Dreamer (••)

Prerequisites: Non-changeling, Resolve •••

Effect: Whether because of a natural talent or mental training and practice, your character can roll to enter the Gate of Ivory when he sleeps, as a changeling does (p. 215). He can't engage in oneiromancy, but if successful, he knows he's dreaming and can physically wake voluntarily as the Lost do.

Mentor (• to •••••)

Effect: This Merit gives your character a teacher who provides advice and guidance. He acts on your character's behalf, often in the background, and sometimes without your character's knowledge. While Mentors can be highly competent, they want something in return for their services. The dot rating determines the Mentor's capabilities, and to what extent he'll aid your character.

When establishing a Mentor, determine what the Mentor wants from your character. This should be personally important to him, and it should reflect the dot rating chosen. A one-dot Mentor might be incapable of dealing with modern society, and want to live vicariously through your character. This might mean coming to him and telling stories of her exploits. A five-dot Mentor would want something astronomical, such as an oath to procure an ancient, cursed artifact that may or may not exist, in order to prevent a prophesized death.

Choose three Skills the Mentor possesses. You can substitute Resources for one of these Skills. Once per session, the character may ask her Mentor for a favor. The favor must involve one of those Skills, or be within the scope of his Resources. The Mentor commits the favor (often asking for a commensurate favor in return), and if a roll is required, the Mentor is automatically considered to have successes equal to his dot rating. Alternately, you may ask the Storyteller to have the Mentor act on your character's behalf, without her knowing or initiating the request.

Parkour (• to •••••, Style)

Prerequisites: Dexterity •••, Athletics ••

Effect: Your character is a trained and proficient free runner. Free running is the art of moving fluidly through urban environments with complex leaps, bounds, running tricks, and vaults. This is the type of sport popularized in modern action films, where characters are unhindered by fences, walls, construction equipment, cars, or anything else the city puts in their way.

Flow (•): Your character reacts instinctively to any obstacles with leaps, jumps, and scaling techniques. When in a foot chase, subtract your Parkour from the successes needed to pursue or evade. Also, ignore environmental penalties to Athletics rolls equal to your Parkour rating.

Cat Leap (••): Your character falls with outstanding grace. When using a Dexterity + Athletics roll to mitigate damage from falling, your character gains one automatic success. Additionally, add your Parkour rating to the threshold of damage that can be removed through this roll. Parkour will not mitigate damage from a terminal-velocity fall.

Wall Run (•••): When climbing, your character can run upward for some distance before having to traditionally climb. Without rolling, your character scales 10 feet + five feet per dot of Athletics as an instant action, rather than the normal 10 feet.

Expert Traceur (••••): Parkour has become second nature for your character. By spending a Willpower point, you may designate one Athletics roll to run, jump, or climb as a rote action (reroll all failed dice once). On any turn during which you use this ability, you may not apply your character's Defense to oncoming attacks.

Freeflow (•••••): Your character's Parkour is now muscle memory. She can move without thinking, in a Zenlike state. The character must successfully meditate (p. 170) in order to establish Freeflow. Once established, your character is capable of taking Athletics actions reflexively once per turn. By spending a point of Willpower on an Athletics roll in a foot chase, gain three successes instead of three dice.

Professional Training (• to •••••)

Effect: Your character has extensive training in a particular profession, which offers distinct advantages in a handful of fields. When choosing this Merit, choose or create a Profession for your character. Mark the two Asset Skills on your character sheet. The advantages of Professional Training relate directly to those Asset Skills.

- **Networking:** At the first level of Professional Training, your character builds connections within her chosen field. Take two dots of Contacts relating to that field.

•• **Continuing Education:** With the repeated efforts in her field of choice, your character tends toward greater successes. When making a roll with her Asset Skills, she benefits from the 9-again quality.

••• **Breadth of Knowledge:** Due to her advancement in her field, she's picked up a number of particular bits of information and skill unique to her work. Choose a third Asset Skill, and take two Specialties in your character's Asset Skills.

•••• **On-the-Job Training:** With the resources at her disposal, your character has access to extensive educational tools and mentorship. Take a Skill dot in an Asset Skill. Whenever you purchase a new Asset Skill dot, take a Beat.

••••• **The Routine:** With such extensive experience in her field, she has honed her Asset Skills to a fine edge, and she's almost guaranteed at least a marginal success. Before rolling, spend a Willpower point to apply the rote action quality to an Asset Skill. This allows you to reroll all the failed dice on the first roll.

Pusher (•)

Prerequisite: Persuasion ••

Effect: Your character tempts and bribes as second nature. Any time a mark in a Social interaction accepts his soft leverage (p. 193), improve his Impression as if he'd satisfied her Vice as well as moving the Impression up on the chart as usual.

Resources (• to •••••, Motley)

Effect: This Merit reflects your character's disposable income. She might live in an upscale condo, but if her income is tied up, she might have little money to throw around. Characters are assumed to have basic necessities without Resources.

The dot rating determines the relative amount of disposable funding the character has available. One dot is a little spending money here and there. Two dots is a comfortable, middle-class wage. Three is a nicer, upper-middle-class life. Four is moderately wealthy. Five is filthy rich.

Every item has an Availability rating (p. 322). Once per chapter, your character can procure an item at her Resources level or lower, without issue. Obtaining an item one Availability above her Resources reduces her effective Resources by one dot for a full month, since she has to rapidly liquidate funds. She can procure items two Availability below her Resources without limit (within reason). For example, a character with Resources •••• can procure as many Availability •• disposable cellphones as she needs.

Resources are available to the entire motley collectively if purchased as a group. If one character makes an extravagant purchase during a chapter, it reduces available Resources for the rest of the group.

Retainer (• to •••••, Motley)

Effect: Your character has an assistant, sycophant, servant, or follower on whom she can rely. Establish who this companion is and how she acquired him. It may be as simple as a paycheck. He might owe your character his life. However it happened, your character has a hold on him.

A Retainer is more reliable than a Mentor and more loyal than an Ally. On the other hand, a Retainer is a lone person, less capable and influential than the broader Merits.

The Merit's dot rating reflects the Retainer's relative competency. A one-dot Retainer is mildly useful, mostly for reliably taking on menial tasks; sometimes you don't need to be wowed, you just need to get a thing from point A to point B. A three-dot Retainer is a professional in his field, someone capable in his line of work. A five-dot Retainer is one of the best in his class. If a Retainer needs to make a roll, and it's within his field, double the dot rating of the Merit and use it as a dice pool. For anything else, use the dot rating as a dice pool.

You can purchase this Merit multiple times to represent multiple Retainers. If a motley shares access to the Retainer, any character can call upon him if he isn't currently indisposed.

Safe Place (• to •••••, Motley)

Effect: Your character has somewhere in the mundane world she can go where she can feel secure. While she may have enemies that could attack her there, she's prepared and has the upper hand. The dot rating reflects the security of the place. Equipment represents the actual location, the luxury, and the size. A one-dot Safe Place could simply be out of sight, out of mind, or feature minor security systems. A five-dot could have a security crew, infrared scanners at every entrance, or trained dogs. Each place can be an apartment, a mansion, or a hidey-hole.

A Safe Place gives all owners an Initiative bonus equal to the total Merit dots while inside.

Any efforts to breach the Safe Place suffer a penalty equal to the Merit dots invested. If the character desires, the Safe Place can include traps that cause intruders lethal damage equal to the Merit dots, or bashing damage equal to twice the Merit's dots. The traps may be avoided with a Dexterity + Larceny roll, penalized by the Safe Place rating.

Each instance of this Merit reflects a different place.

Small-Framed (••)

Effect: Your character is diminutive. He's not even five feet tall, and it's easy to walk into him without noticing. He's Size 4, and thus has one fewer Health box. He gains +2 to any rolls to hide or go unnoticed, and this bonus might apply any time being smaller would be an advantage, such as crawling through smaller spaces. Normally this is only available at character creation, but encounters with fae magic or visits to Arcadia could offer opportunities for it as well.

Drawbacks: In addition to the lower Health, some people might overlook your character or not take him seriously.

Staff (• to •••••, Motley)

Effect: Your character has a crew of workers or assistants at her disposal. They may be housekeepers, designers, research assistants, animators, cheap thugs, or whatever else makes sense. For every dot in this Merit, choose one type of assistant, and one Skill. At any reasonable time, her staff can take actions using that Skill. These actions automatically garner a single success on minor, mundane activities. Note that you may have employees without requiring the Staff Merit. Staff simply adds a mechanical advantage for those groups.

Status (• to •••••, Motley)

Effect: Your character or Motley has standing, membership, authority, control over, or respect from a group or organization. This can reflect official standing, or merely informal respect. No matter the source, your character enjoys certain privileges within that structure.

Status only allows advantages within the confines of the group reflected in the Merit. Status (Organized Crime) won't help if your character wants an official, concealed-carry firearms permit, for example.

Status provides two major advantages. First, your character can apply her Status to any Social roll with those over whom she has authority or sway. Second, she has access to group facilities, resources, and funding. Depending on the group, red tape and requisitioning processes could limit this. It's also dependent on the resources the particular group has available.

Each instance of this Merit reflects standing in a different group or organization. Each affords its own unique benefits. As you increase your dot ratings, your character rises in prominence in the relevant group.

Drawback: Status requires upkeep, and often, regular duties. If your character does not uphold these duties, she may lose the Status. The dots are not accessible until the character re-establishes her standing. In our Organized Crime example, your character may be expected to pay protection money, offer tribute to a higher authority, or undertake felonious activities.

Striking Looks (• or ••)

Effect: Your character is stunning, alarming, commanding, repulsive, threatening, charming, or otherwise worthy of attention. Determine how your character looks and how people react to that. For one dot, your character gets +1 on any Social rolls that his looks would influence. For two dots, it's +2. Depending on the particulars, this might influence Expression, Intimidation, Persuasion, Subterfuge, or other rolls.

Drawback: Attention is a double-edged sword. Any rolls to spot, notice, or remember your character gain the same dice bonus. Sometimes, your character will draw unwanted attention in social situations. This could cause further complications.

Sympathetic (••)

Effect: Your character has a pitiful face, a well-honed sob story, or is otherwise really good at letting others get close. At the beginning of a Social maneuvering attempt (p. 191), you may accept a Condition such as Leveraged or Swooned to immediately eliminate two of the subject's Doors.

Trained Observer (• or •••)

Prerequisite: Wits or Composure •••

Effect: Your character spent years in the field, catching tiny details and digging for secrets. She might not have a better chance of finding things, but she has a better chance of finding *important* things. Any time you make a Perception roll (usually Wits + Composure), you benefit from the 9-again quality. With the three-dot version, you get 8-again.

True Friend (•••)

Effect: Your character has a true friend. While that friend may have specific functions covered by other Merits (Allies, Contacts, etc.), True Friend represents a deeper, truly trusting relationship that cannot be breached. Unless your character does something egregious to cause it, her True Friend will not betray her. The Storyteller cannot kill a True Friend as part of a plot without your express permission. Any rolls to influence a True Friend against your character suffer a −5 dice penalty. In addition, once per story your character can regain one spent Willpower by having a meaningful interaction with her True Friend.

Contracts

Faerie is horrible, beautiful, and upside down. Mortal notions of time, space, and physics cannot constrain it. The changeling, for better or worse, is part of this strange legacy. True Fae and Lost courtiers have all gone before her, striking bargains she too may invoke. Alternately, she can seek out the wily goblins to strike a bargain of her own. Whichever path she chooses, she will never be the same: A Contract isn't just something the changeling uses — it's part of what she *is*. Entering a Contract with smoke makes the world seem a little bit darker, while entering a Contract with stone gives her skin a mottled gray appearance. When the changeling invokes a Contract, she *perceives* the power it was bargained with, be it as whispers in flames, faces in stone, or shadowy fingers running down her spine.

While Contracts share the same mechanics from changeling to changeling, their outward effects vary. A Contract allowing an Elemental to create lava traps in her path lets a Wizened rapidly craft small clockwork monsters to attack pursuers. Players are encouraged to tailor Contracts' effects to their characters: When *this* character invokes Light-Shy, does she hear her Keeper's raspy whispers, or perhaps see her doom spelled out in the shadows?

Unless otherwise noted, Contracts last for the current scene. A changeling can end a Contract at will. A character can't shed Conditions a Contract inflicts — either as part of its normal effect, or via dramatic failure — by ending the power prematurely; she must resolve them normally. Tilts end when the Contract that inflicted them does, if the target doesn't end them sooner. See Appendix 4 (p. 333) for Conditions and Appendix 3 (p. 327) for Tilts. If a Contract costs more Glamour than the character can spend per turn based on her Wyrd, she may spend Glamour over multiple turns and invoke the Contract when the last required Glamour is spent.

If a changeling fails to invoke the effects of a Contract (i.e. the player didn't roll any successes on the invocation roll), she must still pay its cost. Sometimes, the target contests a Contract's invocation roll. A willing target may waive this contesting roll; targets who do contest it do so reflexively.

Clash of Wills

When two changelings bring their powers to bear against one another, it's not always clear which ability trumps another. Likewise, a Contract may have effects that oppose the effects of a vampire's Discipline or a mage's spells. When the effects of supernatural abilities clash in this way, it's a Clash of Wills.

Each player involved rolls his character's Wyrd + an appropriate Finesse Attribute. Whoever scores the most successes wins; his power takes effect as normal while the conflicting effects fail. Ties reroll until one player has accrued more successes than all others. A character can only spend a point of Willpower on the Clash roll if he and his opponents are physically present, and he is aware that abilities are in conflict, which may require kenning (p. 107) or other magic. Other supernatural creatures have their own dice pools for Clashes, detailed in their respective books.

Long-lasting effects add a level of supernatural endurance, per the following table.

Modifier	Duration
+1	Effect would last a night
+2	Effect would last a week
+3	Effect would last a month
+4	Effect would last a year



Loopholes

Every Contract has a Loophole that lets the changeling invoke the Contract's basic effect at no Glamour cost (though he must pay Willpower costs, and any cost associated with seeming benefits, as normal). The character can also choose to fulfill the Loophole and *still* spend one point of Glamour, to change a Contract's invocation roll from instant to reflexive. He can invoke a given Contract only once per turn reflexively, but may add other reflexive Contracts, including those made reflexive by using the Loophole and paying Glamour for each.

Arcadian Contracts

The oldest Contracts hail from the dawn of Arcadia, when the True Fae bargained with the world to let them, or sometimes their pawns, move beyond the laws constraining mere mortals. While the Gentry rarely care for the other citizens of Faerie, their omnipresence ensures these bargains also apply to their subjects. Any citizen of Arcadia, including changelings, may claim these rights as Contracts. This claim requires conscious effort, like finding a teacher, reading a tome detailing the Contract, or meditating extensively upon the nature of the deal. It also requires acknowledging her status as a denizen of Arcadia, something a changeling might find empowering as she takes control of her fate, or that might serve as a painful reminder that she is no longer quite human.

Arcadian Contracts are divided into six *Regalia*, which are thematic groupings representative of the most common of the original vast pacts the Others made with abstract concepts to secure their power. These are:

- **Crown** for leadership and rulership.
- **Jewels** for manipulation and temptation.
- **Mirror** for perception and self-transformation.
- **Shield** for defense and protection.
- **Steed** for movement both seen and unseen, and all manner of creatures.
- **Sword** for strength and aggression.

Every seeming has a favored Regalia, and the player chooses a second favored Regalia for her character.

Regalia are further divided into Common Contracts and Royal Contracts, which represent the lesser bargains the True Fae struck on behalf of their servants, and the greater bargains they struck for themselves. Common Arcadian Contracts cost 3 Experiences each, and Royal Arcadian Contracts cost 4 Experiences each. Purchasing a Contract from a favored Regalia subtracts one from the Experience cost.

Contracts and Clarity

Changeling characters have Clarity, mortals Integrity, and vampires Humanity. Unless a Contract specifically states that it *only* works on other Lost, "Clarity" means "Clarity and other such traits that measure a kind of mental or emotional stability." Where a Contract would make a Clarity attack, it forces an equivalent level of breaking point for these other creatures; the Storyteller decides the exact effects where questions arise. These Contracts never work on beings like Prometheans with traits that measure something else entirely.

Every Arcadian Contract has seeming benefits, which invoke effects in addition to the basic Contract. If a changeling belongs to that seeming, she gains the effect for free upon purchasing the Contract. Otherwise, she may learn it from a teacher using Pupil's Devotion (below), and pay 1 Experience for it. A player can purchase as many seeming effects per Contract as she wishes and can invoke none, any, or all of them, as long as she pays all their costs. The Contracts below present two seeming benefits each, but Storytellers are encouraged to add their own.

Crown

Changelings who grasp the Crown represent the best and worst of their kind. They make glorious leaders — fair, wise, and emboldening the Lost with their presence — or tyrants forcing other Lost and the world itself to fit their vision. **Fairest**, rising above others, favor Crown.

Hostile Takeover (Common)

The True Fae are home wherever they wish, and the changeling likewise forces any dwelling to accept her presence.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling declares her right to be on the premises, persuading the home that she belongs there. She may then bypass any mundane security systems — she does not show on cameras, for instance — and its doors automatically open for her. Animals and hobgoblin sentries stay out of her way. The changeling can extend this Contract's benefits to a number of companions equal to her Presence, as long as they remain in her line of sight.

Targeting a Hollow, or another supernatural dwelling, triggers a Clash of Wills with the owner or main resident. This Contract does not work if the building's owner or main resident also knows Hostile Takeover, as he is another beneficiary of it.

Beast: The Beast persuades animal sentries to actively serve her.

Fairest: The Fairest's player gains two bonus dice on a Clash of Wills with a supernatural dwelling's owner.

Loophole: The changeling carries an object with her that belongs to the owner or main resident.

Mask of Superiority (Common)

The changeling is *always* important, even to people who don't know him. He struts into a locale as if he owns the place when he invokes this Contract.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Presence + Subterfuge + Wyrd

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: People who see the character believe he is a respected member of an organization they belong to, as though he had dots in its Status Merit equal to his Presence. If the changeling affects multiple people, they all believe him to be a member of the same organization; the player chooses one target as his primary to determine which organization. If he acts out of character for a member or doesn't know something a member would, his player rolls Presence + Subterfuge contested by the other characters' Wits + Empathy to keep them from realizing he's a fraud.

Exceptional Success: The changeling instead convinces people he is a trusted ally come for a tour, as though he also had the Allies Merit equal to his Presence. He gets the same benefits as a member, but is given a pass if he doesn't know all the inner workings of the organization, and the player only has to roll for the changeling to stay in character if he does something *really* absurd.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: Members of the organization take umbrage with the changeling's obvious lies, and immediately become hostile toward him.

Fairest: Reduce all starting Doors by one for purposes of any Social maneuvering the changeling initiates on affected characters.

Ogre: The Bruiser appears as security for the organization; his player adds the successes rolled to invoke the Contract as bonus dice to Intimidation rolls against anyone who believes the ruse, to a maximum of +5.

Loophole: The changeling loosely dresses to copy the organization's dress code. This does not have to be identical: plain white slacks, shirt, and hat work as a marine uniform.

Paralyzing Presence (Common)

The changeling is magnificent and horrible, captivating his target and rendering her unable to move. He must have her attention, even if only fleetingly, for this Contract to take effect.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Presence + Intimidation + Wyrd vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Roll Results

Success: The changeling grows larger, more beautiful and terrible, in the target's mind and overwhelms her: She suffers the Insensate Tilt.

Exceptional Success: The victim also suffers the Cowed Condition.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The target is supremely unimpressed, inflicting the Shaken Condition on the changeling.

Darkling: The Mountebank's player may use Manipulation instead of Presence to invoke this Contract.

Fairest: The Unicorn's player gains a three-die bonus to invoke this Contract.

Loophole: The victim is otherwise alone, and the changeling touches him.

Summon the Loyal Servant (Common)

The changeling creates a small, loyal servitor out of ephemeral substances and discarded items.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling cuts his hand and lets a droplet of blood fall onto the substance of his choice: The fire from a lit candle, the shadows hiding in the corner, and a pile of leaves and twigs are all valid targets. The substance animates into a small servant, which is as intelligent as a dog and can carry out simple commands. It's also perceptive enough to notice threats to the changeling or itself.

The servitor has Power 1, Finesse 3, and Resistance 1, with derivative traits as if it were a Hedge ghost (p. 247), but it only possesses iron as a frailty and doesn't gain any Influences or Numina. The changeling chooses its shape, and a Size between 1 and 7. The servitor has natural advantages granted by its makeup; for example, a fire servitor cannot be burnt. It remains animate for one scene, or until it is destroyed.

Elemental: The Sprite may merge with the servitor by spending another Glamour point and one Willpower point. He substitutes the creature's Attributes for his where he chooses, becomes immune to damage inflicted with its element or material, and adds +1L to his weapon modifier on attack rolls.

Fairest: The Sovereign may spend a Willpower point to bind the servitor to his Hollow (or any Hollow he shares). As long as the servitor remains within the Hollow, it stays animate. The Fairest can have only one bound servitor at a time.

Loophole: The changeling performed a significant favor for the element or material in this scene, such as thoroughly cleaning a public fountain or polishing a large stone statue.

Tumult (Common)

The changeling controls shards of dreams and nightmares to attack his foe's mind. He inscribes his target's true name on a leaf, and folds it into an origami bird. He must be able to see his target.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Presence + Empathy + Wyrd − Resolve

Action: Instant

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The first fold reveals whether the target suffers from any of the following Conditions: Disoriented, Guilty, Lost, Paranoid, Obsession, Spooked, Stoic, or Withdrawn. As the changeling keeps folding, he may inflict one of these effects on the target per success rolled:

- Inflict one of the temporary Conditions above on the target.
- Delay the effect of this Contract until a specified trigger occurs; multiple successes may specify multiple separate triggers.

Pupil's Devotion

A changeling can learn an Arcadian Contract more easily by seeking a teacher. The teacher must know the Contract she wishes to learn, and have it as part of his favored Regalia. After swearing a personal oath **(p. 213)** to her teacher, the character can learn the Contract at favored cost even if it's not part of her own favored Regalia. The particulars of this oath are unique to each pledge, and the character must swear a separate oath for every Contract she wishes to learn. Characters can also learn a Contract's seeming benefits this way from a teacher of the right seeming.

Exceptional Success: Inflict one extra effect.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling gains one of the Conditions listed, of the player's choice.

Fairest: The Fairest adds these Conditions to the list: Inspired, Swooned, Wanton.

Ogre: The Ogre adds these Conditions to the list: Bestial, Cowed, Frightened.

Loophole: The changeling planted an origami bird on the target's person in this scene.

Discreet Summons (Royal)

The changeling summons an object or goblin to his service.

Cost: 1 Glamour (object) or 2 Glamour (hobgoblin)

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Persuasion + Wyrd vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Instant (object) or contested (hobgoblin)

Roll Results

Success: The character reaches into a small container, like a handbag or drawer, without looking, and pulls out an item of Size 1. This item can be anything the character has seen or handled before. The item is the most basic type of its kind, but fully functional and ready to use: A camera takes pictures, a smartphone can make calls and access a wireless connection, and a gun shoots bullets from its fully loaded magazine. The objects have no special qualifiers, nor Availability higher than 3.

Alternatively, the changeling can open any door and loudly announce "I have a guest!" to find a hobgoblin standing there. The creature is a normal specimen of its kind (p. 252) with a Wyrd no higher than 3, and performs one task for the character to the best of its ability. The changeling may elaborate on his door-opening mantra to persuade the creature to come willingly, such as "I have a guest, who is skilled as a barrister and whom I shall pay in fingernails!" The Storyteller decides if the changeling indeed entices the hobgoblin in this manner, in which case the Contract roll is uncontested as the creature comes willingly.

The object or hobgoblin vanishes at the end of the scene, when it leaves the character's hands (for an object), or when the character stops paying attention to it, whichever comes first.

Exceptional Success: The item can be of Size 5 or smaller, and can have up to Availability 5. The hobgoblin likes the character and goes to great lengths to fulfill the spirit of his assignment, rather than the letter, and performs any follow-up tasks that ensure greater success. For example, if it was charged to steal something and discovers the object is cursed, it tells the changeling.

Failure: The summons fails.

Dramatic Failure: The character retrieves an item with the Volatile Condition, or a summoned hobgoblin means him ill, though it may conceal its enmity to lure him into a trap.

Darkling: A Wisp may pull an object, or summon the hobgoblin, out of any sufficiently large dark space or shadow.

Fairest: The summoned hobgoblin serves the changeling until the sun next crosses the horizon, even if he pays no attention to it.

Loophole: The changeling pulls an object from a location belonging to, or guarded by, an enemy. He promises the hobgoblin something which is (either practically or morally) difficult for him to procure, and keeps the promise.

Mastermind's Gambit (Royal)

Having learned from his Keeper, the changeling knows that strength comes from maneuvering pawns wherever he wants them.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Duration: One chapter

Effects: The changeling speaks aloud to himself, revealing his darkest fears and desires to the air. He weaves a concrete goal into his monologue, such as "embarrass the Duke of Barrington in front of the Court," or "break into the Queen's library," and his words turn into ideas and parchment. This instant action takes at least five minutes to complete. By the time he stops speaking, the changeling has created a plan or repository (p. 196) pertinent to his goal that counts as equipment granting a +5 bonus. It lasts until the end of the chapter or until the plan definitively succeeds or fails, whichever comes first.

Elemental: The Unbound can spend a point of Willpower to make a repository last for the story, giving him more time to use it and expanding its scope to encompass one Mental Skill Specialty he possesses. The information in this repository shapes itself to fit his elemental affinity: a fire that spells letters as he reads along, or books made of leaves.

Fairest: The Sovereign can also use this Contract to create an organization, as the Glamour subtly bends the right mortals to his will. This organization is ideally geared to counter his enemy's influence.

Loophole: The changeling outlines the hierarchy of the organization or the index of the repository, or draws up the plan, on paper that is at least 50 years old.



Pipes of the Beastcaller (Royal)

Calling on ancient pacts between the Fae and the wild, the changeling plays a silver flute to summon and command animals.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Animal Ken + Wyrd vs. Resolve + Composure

Action: Instant (willing) or contested (hostile)

Roll Results

Success: The character sends out a call to all animals of one species, which he names when invoking the Contract, within a radius equal to his Animal Ken dots in miles. Any in range gather around him and he may give them simple commands, which they obey to the best of their abilities. The character must give his instructions verbally (the Contract ensures the creatures, regardless of intellect, understand him), though the first wave of arrivals will pass his instructions on to animals further away. Once the animals have completed their task, or face an insurmountable problem, they return to inform the changeling. Hostile animals may contest this Contract.

Exceptional Success: The character controls the animals for a day and a night, and can give them new commands whenever he speaks with them. If he mistreats them, or makes impossible demands, the animals gain a new Resolve + Composure roll to contest the Contract.

Failure: The summons fails.

Dramatic Failure: The Contract summons one larger hostile animal (like a dog), or a swarm of small ones (like spiders), which attacks the changeling.

Beast: The Grim gains an empathic link to the animals he commands, allowing him to give them new or additional instructions from a distance. He is also aware of their general physical condition and location relative to his own.

Fairest: The character can pay an additional point of Glamour to summon and command a second species of animals.

Loophole: While playing the flute, the changeling does a little dance that mimics the movements of the animals he wants to summon.

The Royal Court (Royal)

The sanctity and peace of court reign at the changeling's pleasure.

Cost: 3 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: Setting himself up as leader during a meeting, the changeling can prevent violence from breaking out. No matter how rowdy or hostile negotiations get — even if that assassin came here fully intending to kill him — none of the people gathered can inflict bodily harm on another. If anyone present is under a supernatural coercion to commit violence, the changeling and the force behind the coercion engage in a Clash of Wills. This Contract does not stop violence if it's already started.

Fairest: The Fairest's protection extends to Social interactions; targets can't intimidate or threaten each other, but they can still engage in pleasantries to foster goodwill.

Wizened: The Hatter's protection extends to mental harm, including attacks on Clarity (but not breaking points).

Loophole: The changeling stands and makes a speech lasting at least five minutes.

Spinning Wheel (Royal)

The changeling rivals the Gentry's thievery of lives, and can guide his target's future to a single point within the next month.

Cost: 3 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Occult + Wyrd − Resolve

Action: Extended; each roll takes 10 minutes. Target number equals the subject's Wyrd or Resolve, whichever is higher.

Duration: Until the lunar month ends, or the event comes to pass, whichever comes first.

Roll Results

Success: The changeling names an experience, which must be reasonably probable and not overly specific, for his target. Examples include "meeting the Autumn Queen" or "getting hit by a car." All rolls leading to this event, made by the target or other characters, gain bonus dice equal to the successes rolled to invoke the Contract, while rolls obstructing the event suffer the same as a penalty, to a maximum of +/−5. This Contract only creates an event, not the outcome thereof.

A changeling may have a number of instances of this Contract pending equal to his Wyrd rating.

Exceptional Success: The changeling may also specify an action the target can take to prevent the chosen experience from coming to pass, which ends the Contract immediately.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling curses himself, leading to a dramatic failure on a crucial roll of the Storyteller's choice over the next chapter.

Fairest: The Muse gains three bonus dice to invoke this Contract when encouraging a positive experience. He himself gains the Inspired Condition pertaining to actions that support the event coming to pass.

Ogre: The Gargoyle gains three bonus dice to invoke this Contract when encouraging a negative experience. He himself gains the Steadfast Condition pertaining to actions that support the event coming to pass.

Loophole: The changeling pricks his target with a needle or pin, drawing at least one droplet of blood. Drawing one droplet of blood from a willing target inflicts no damage.

Jewels

Jewels control the fate of the world: They make kingdoms rise and wars break out. They embody physical perfection and the spirit of temptation. They also lie — in the end, a diamond is just a crystal. **Wizened**, who are adroit at manipulating the physical and ephemeral, favor Jewels.

Blessing of Perfection (Common)

The changeling is the ultimate artisan, and blesses any object or body with perfection.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Duration: One action

Effects: The changeling lovingly caresses and speaks to an object. Her attention bestows a blessing on the object, which repays her by replacing its equipment bonus with her Wyrd rating. The changeling can instead target another person's Crafts, Medicine, or Computer action by speaking words of encouragement while he works, replacing his Skill rating with her Wyrd.

Fairest: The Fairest may apply this Contract's effects to another's Expression, Persuasion, or Socialize rolls as well.

Wizened: A blessed object retains the bonus to all rolls made to use it for the scene.

Loophole: The changeling accepts payment to enact this Contract, then buries the coins or other traded object.

Changing Fortunes (Common)

The changeling has experienced the worst of luck — her abduction — and the best, when she escaped. Living through both extremes, she can manipulate the whims of fortune.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Wits + Occult + Wyrd − Resolve

Action: Instant

Duration: One action

Roll Results

Success: The changeling whispers a story to the wind, of a strange turn of events that befell her in Arcadia. She may then add or subtract two dice from her target's player's next roll, *or* lower or raise his exceptional success threshold by one success, per success rolled. Exceptional success thresholds can't drop below one success, nor can the target ever achieve exceptional success on a chance die. The changeling can target herself.

Example: With two rolled successes, a player can add or subtract four dice from her target's dice pool, *or* lower or raise his exceptional success threshold by two successes, *or* add or subtract two dice while also lowering or raising his exceptional threshold by one.

Changing Fortunes can affect a given target only once per chapter. Attempting to use this Contract on the same target again results in the changeling cursing herself, as dramatic failure.

Exceptional Success: Rather than affect the target's next roll, the changeling may specify a trigger for the effect, such as "if he tries to shoot me." If the trigger doesn't happen before the end of the scene, the Contract simply ends.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The Contract turns against the changeling per success, with effects chosen by the Storyteller.

Ogre: The target suffers the Shaken Condition whenever he uses the cursed dice pool, until the sun next crosses the horizon. The initial effect still only applies once.

Wizened: After seeing the target's roll impacted by this Contract, the player may direct his player or the Storyteller to reroll. The second roll stands.

Loophole: The changeling dramatically failed on one of her own actions this scene. She can also invoke this Contract and dramatically fail a later action within the same scene to regain the Glamour she spent on it.

Light-Shy (Common)

The changeling becomes as elusive as a dream, and shadows cloak her in the obscurity of forgotten memories.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Effects: The changeling becomes invisible to the mind, affecting all senses, though recording technology still detects her. The Contract ends if she takes any aggressive action, such as an attack or shouting at someone, or inflicts any kind of harm or supernatural effect on anyone.

Darkling: The Bewitched temporarily erases herself from existence, and even recording technology no longer detects her.

Wizened: The Domovoi can invoke this Contract on an object. People who saw the object previously, and would expect it to still be there, make up a rational excuse for why it's gone. If anyone accidentally moves or knocks over the object, the Contract ends.

Loophole: The changeling stands unmoving, in darkness or deep shadows, for one minute.

Murkblur (Common)

The changeling calls upon the myriad distractions of Arcadia to overwhelm another's vision.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Subterfuge + Wyrd vs. Wits + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Duration: One turn

Roll Results

Success: The target sees the impossible beauty of Arcadia, not meant for lesser beings to behold, and suffers the Blinded Tilt (both eyes).

Exceptional Success: As success, and the target suffers the Deafened Tilt (both ears).

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: Light and color assail the changeling's senses. She gains the Disoriented Condition.

Elemental: The Unbound may instead make the target believe he's enveloped by an element of the changeling's choice. He may drop and roll, believing he's on fire, or think he's drowning in water. The Storyteller chooses any Tilts that seem appropriate for the target to suffer.

Wizened: The Wizened cuts her target's senses off so completely he also suffers the Disoriented Condition.

Loophole: The changeling eats a creature's eye while invoking the Contract. She needn't pluck it out herself — changelings can buy an eye at a Goblin Market, or on the internet.

Trivial Reworking (Common)

Trickery is the birthright of every Lost, allowing her to shape an object's appearance to her desire.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling recalls how her Keeper molded items to fit his whims, and mimics some of what he did. She cloaks a mundane item up to Size 3 in her Mask, and changes its visual aspects. The object's basic shape remains the same, and all rules governing Mask apply. This effect is purely psychological: A dry leaf disguised as a $100 bill looks and feels exactly like a $100 bill to any mortal, but

doesn't stand up to counterfeit detection measures. Beings able to see through the Mask are immune to this power.

Darkling: Any attempts to detect the forgery subtract dice equal to the Mountebank's Manipulation.

Wizened: The Wizened can affect an object of any Size.

Loophole: The character touched another object similar to the illusory one she creates within the same scene.

Changeling Hours (Royal)

Time means nothing in Faerie, where years pass in less than a single night. The changeling calls on this temporal fluidity to slow, speed, or freeze an object in time.

Cost: 1 Glamour, +1 per 5 Size

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Duration: One chapter

Effects: The changeling moves her arms to "draw" a clock in the air between herself and the object. She then mimics turning the hands of the clock backward, forward, or halting them.

This Contract can create three different effects. The changeling chooses which to use when she invokes the Contract.

Rewind the clock: The item becomes as new. The Contract repairs one point of damage per turn and replaces missing parts, restoring up to her Crafts rating in Structure.

Speed the clock: The item corrodes, suffering one point of damage per turn that ignores Durability, up to her Crafts rating in damage.

Freeze the clock: The item freezes in time and place, rendering it impossible to move and immune to damage or change.

Elemental: The Elemental may also affect instances of her associated element with this Contract — for instance, to create an ever-burning flame or restore a withered flower to full bloom.

Wizened: The changeling may make the freezing effect permanent by also spending a point of Willpower. Supernatural powers that override this permanency prompt a Clash of Wills.

Loophole: The changeling names a former (not current) owner of the object.

Dance of the Toys (Royal)

At the changeling's touch, cars drive themselves, doors and cabinets open and close, and a gun fires itself.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Roll: Manipulation + Crafts + Wyrd

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling makes a mechanical device dance to her whims. She strikes it to inspire obedience through terror, or caresses it to engender loyalty born from love. Either way, the device comes alive to follow a single, simple command. A door closes and remains closed, a car drives away, or a gun shoots until it runs out of bullets. Anyone attempting to change its action must roll Strength + Resolve and achieve more successes than the changeling did to invoke the Contract.

Devices cannot move outside their normal range of motion. If a device's natural movement would inflict damage, like a car running someone over, it uses the successes rolled on this Contract as a dice pool for that attack.

The changeling can control any device she can see within (10 x Wyrd) yards/meters.

Exceptional Success: The player can purchase the device as a one-dot Retainer, in which case it remains permanently animated. If she does not, the enchantment expires after one chapter.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The device comes to life but turns against the changeling, capable of actively opposing her.

Beast: The Beast imbues the device with animal-like intelligence, allowing her to give it multiple or more complex commands to follow. For instance, she could make it shoot anyone wearing a red jacket, as opposed to just shooting blindly.

Wizened: The Shrewd can compel the device to move outside its normal range of operation. Rather than remain lying where it is, the gun can move in the air to target opponents. The changeling decides where and how the object moves each turn, at a Speed equal to her Wyrd, but the Contract ends if the object moves out of range.

Loophole: The changeling inscribes a name on the object, then calls it to life: "Jack the gun, shoot!" She must give a new name to each object called to life with this Contract.

Hidden Reality (Royal)

The changeling is the master of the unseen, shaping the hidden elements of her surroundings.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The character imagines the world not as it is, but how it might be, and chooses one of the differences to become reality. She may alter a feature of her surroundings, as long as it could have always been this way. For example, she can create a hidden latch on a box, or a door on a wall, as long as no one else has seen that it wasn't there

yet during this scene. The change must be minor in scope and part of an existing object, which must be lifeless — she can't grow a new branch on a tree — though it may be of any Size. Changes vanish at the end of the scene, or when no one pays attention to them, whichever comes first.

Fairest: The Sovereign instead targets one person in her vicinity, changing either his Virtue or Vice (or equivalent anchor). This requires a Manipulation + Subterfuge + Wyrd roll, contested by the target's Resolve + Wyrd.

Wizened: A Hatter may pay an additional point of Glamour to create whole new objects that could reasonably be found in the area, like a set of keys on a nearby table, or a car parked in the garage.

Loophole: The changeling makes a show of looking for the feature — turning a box over in her hands and pressing random parts of it, before she "finds" the secret compartment — and expresses surprise when she finds it. This makes the invocation take one full minute.

Stealing the Solid Reflection (Royal)

Harking back to the power by which the Gentry create fetches, the changeling steals a reflection and turns it into a solid object. Mirror people who live in the Hedge don't take kindly to the Lost stealing their things this way.

Cost: 1 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Strength + Larceny + Wyrd

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling reaches into a reflective surface, to the mirror world beyond, and pulls the desired object out of it. The surface must be clear enough to show some detail, and the object must fit through it. The stolen reflection is mirrored: a car with the steering wheel on the wrong side, or a book written in backwards text. The stolen object has no supernatural properties. Neither the stolen object nor the original has a reflection while this Contract lasts.

Exceptional Success: The stolen reflection remains solid until the sun next passes the horizon.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The reflective surface shatters, and the original object sustains damage equal to the changeling's Wyrd that bypasses Durability, as cracks erupt across it.

Fairest: The Unicorn retrieves the reflection of a living being. The stolen reflection carries a mark of the supernatural, like having six fingers or heterochromatic eyes. The reflection's mundane traits are equal to the original's, or the changeling's Wyrd, whichever is lower. For example, if the original has Strength 3 and the changeling Wyrd 2, the reflection's Strength becomes 2. It has no supernatural traits (such as Clarity, Wyrd, or Contracts). The stolen reflection is friendly and deferential to the Fairest. On a dramatic failure, the original person doesn't sustain any damage, but the reflection the changeling tried to steal is a Hedge-dwelling mirror person who gains an Aspiration to punish the changeling in the future.

Wizened: If the Wizened spends an additional Glamour point, the stolen reflection retains any mystical properties of the original, such as a goblin fruit.

Loophole: The changeling coaxed the owner of the original to express a sense of debt to her, within the scene. This can be sincere, such as "I did not forget our deal, and will pay you soon," or lighthearted, such as "Coffee! I owe you one!"

Tatterdemalion's Workshop (Royal)

The Gentry raise mountains from clouds, and weave forests from hairs. The changeling likewise can create an object with the unlikeliest of materials, using forgotten scraps and chicanery to build dreams.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Duration: Instant

Effects: The changeling takes a jury rigging Build Equipment action (p. 197) as normal, but no mundane equipment up to Size 5 is ever too complex to build in a single turn, and she bypasses the need for proper components or tools. Reduce the usual penalty for equipment bonuses or benefits by half the character's Wyrd, rounded up. The crafting process should look vaguely possible to the layman: She can create a rocket launcher out of a flare gun and a canister of compressed gas, or a portable Xerox machine from random bathroom supplies and a fountain pen. The device functions as well as its normal version would.

Ogre: The Ogre doesn't require parts that would plausibly fit to make the item, as she pulls and stretches objects into shape — instead of using duct tape, she forces a Band-Aid around an exhaust pipe.

Wizened: The Domovoi can jury rig a complex object of any Size.

Loophole: The changeling is wearing large, old glasses and uses archaic tools.

Mirror

Mirror catches the world in its reflection, enhancing senses and laying secrets bare. Changelings may even look into the mirror and see themselves, warts and all, to guide them to transformation. **Darklings**, who thrive on secrets and knowledge, favor this Regalia.



Glimpse of a Distant Mirror (Common)

The space between mirrors is empty and glittering like the fae, connecting them all through mazy corridors of the Hedge.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling looks into any reflective surface, which becomes a window that looks out through another such surface that has reflected his face before. Anyone who looks into this window can see what's on the other side. The view is only as clear as the surfaces allow — a muddy pool creates a muddy view. After the Contract ends, the changeling sees himself *wrong* in the surface for the rest of the scene, glimpsing hints of the mirror people on the other side.

Beast: The Savage may also see out of any surface currently reflecting a person who has sworn a promise or pledge to him or invokes his name, even if the surface hasn't previously reflected him.

Darkling: The Darkling can also hear sounds transmitted through the window. If he desires, people on the other side may see and hear him, too.

Loophole: The changeling looks *into* a mirror belonging to someone who has sworn enmity against him. He may steal this mirror and take it with him (or may have already done so in the past), as long as he does not claim ownership over it.

Know the Competition (Common)

After living at the whim of the mercurial Fae, the changeling knows what it is to turn mere diversions into opportunities. He challenges his opponent to a game, and gleans the workings of her mind. This Contract's invocation roll represents the game's outcome. The Contract's instant action takes at least 10 minutes to complete.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Socialize + Wyrd vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling observes his opponent in a game against him, predicting her moves and how she uses her resources. He wins, and learns her Virtue and Vice (or equivalent anchors) and one of her Aspirations.

Exceptional Success: The changeling also learns a second Aspiration.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling misreads his opponent, who not only wins the game but also learns his Needle, Thread, and one Aspiration.

Beast: Once, before the next dawn, the Beast can think of the target as an instant action and know exactly where she is and what she's doing. He also knows when she plans to leave her current location, though events might still cause her to leave later or more quickly — the Contract only reveals what the target intends *at that point*.

Darkling: The Darkling can invoke this Contract to observe multiple opponents at once, up to his Wyrd rating, in a game with more than two players.

Loophole: The changeling goaded his target into challenging him to a game.

Portents and Visions (Common)

The character calls upon the timelessness of Arcadia and recites a random list of events, objects, names, and places. As he goes through them, tongue twisting and turning around the words faster than anyone's should, he stumbles upon a word that ties in to either his target's past or present. His eyes go white, and he has now seen what once was, or what might be.

This Contract's instant action takes at least one minute to complete. The player states whether his character wants to see the past or future. The changeling must see his target, though she needn't see him, and can invoke this Contract on himself by looking into a mirror.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Occult + Wyrd vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success:

Past: The changeling sees a vision of the most important event, relevant to the changeling's current interests, that has befallen the target. This is not contingent on the target's memories: He might see a forgotten or suppressed event. Alternatively, the changeling may view the last promise or deal the target made.

Future: The changeling sees the most important event, promise, or deal coming up for the target in the next few days. The future is not set in stone, and the changeling's involvement can alter it. The changeling, and the target if he tells her, gains the Informed Condition.

Exceptional Success: The changeling may evoke emotions associated with the event in his target: for example, if the event was a night of passion, he reminds the target of his lover. The target gains a Condition to represent this.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling sees a false event and with it, signs of the Gentry's impending approach. He suffers the Paranoid Condition.

Darkling: The Bewitched may choose to see a past crime or transgression instead, and inflict the Guilty Condition on his target regarding that event.

Elemental: The Torrent may choose to see the next violent event to come instead, and grant his target some of his hardiness for it. If the event comes to pass, the target gains the effects of the Giant Merit for one scene.

Loophole: The changeling tears up a picture of the target.

Read Lucidity (Common)

The changeling reads another person's mental stability at a single glance.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Empathy + Wyrd vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The Storyteller tells the player the target's maximum and current Clarity levels, though the character interprets this in relative terms ("she's more stable than I am" or "she's very confused"). The changeling also knows which Clarity Conditions his target suffers, if any.

Exceptional Success: The changeling also uncovers the circumstances of the target's most recently suffered Clarity damage.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The character gleans the wrong Clarity levels, but doesn't know this.

Beast: With an exceptional success, the Beast's player may roll his successes as dice in a psychic Clarity attack against the target.

Darkling: With an exceptional success, the Darkling may lend some of his slippery nature to the target: She gains Defense equal to her Wits against the next Clarity attack she suffers. This effect lasts until used, or the end of the session, whichever comes first.

Loophole: The changeling touches the target, skin-to-skin.

Walls Have Ears (Common)

The changeling engages an object in conversation to learn its secrets, previous owners, and weaknesses.

Cost: 1-3 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling holds an item up to his mouth, and tells it a secret from his time in Arcadia. The object tells him a secret in return.

The changeling can invoke any of these effects, at a cost of one point of Glamour each:

- He knows how the object is constructed and all its weak points. Halve the object's Durability (rounded down) for any attack he makes against it, and add his Intelligence rating as bonus dice to repair or modify the object.
- He knows how to use the object to its best effect, and his player gains the 9-again quality on dice rolls to wield or use it.
- He sees a vision of the person who last handled or touched the object, as well as the circumstances of the scene. The vision shows anyone within three meters of the object at that time.

Darkling: The Wisp also gains the Informed Condition about the object's owner. If it currently belongs to him, he instead gains the Informed Condition about one previous owner he can describe; "Matt," "the dark-skinned Ogre with the eye patch," or "the guy it just showed me" are all valid targets.

Wizened: The Wizened's player may spend one point of Glamour per additional point in time he wishes to view. He must either specify a point in time by who was present and the general circumstances, or simply view the last person to handle the object before the most recent one he's already seen.

Loophole: The changeling is in public, among mortals who can hear him speak his secret aloud.

Props and Scenery (Royal)

The changeling wills his body to become like the paintings on the wall, or the cups in an enchanted cupboard, mimicking an object's shape in his stance. He calls on the boon Arcadia owes him for his imprisonment to transform him into the shape he desires.

Cost: 1 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Persuasion + Wyrd

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: Glamour shapes the changeling into the desired inanimate object, with standard traits for its kind, of a Size up to his own by default.

The player chooses an additional benefit per success rolled to invoke this Contract, such as:

- +1 Durability; can apply multiple times
- Limited mobility (he rolls himself as a rock, or uses chair legs to walk)
- +/−1 Size; can apply multiple times
- Other effects with Storyteller approval

Exceptional Success: The changeling may purchase the form permanently for 3 Experiences. If he does, he can adopt it reflexively for a single point of Glamour (but still must roll), but can't benefit from this Contract's Loophole that way. He changes as if he achieved one success. He may also still assume the same form using this Contract normally.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling briefly becomes a misshapen mass and suffers a Clarity attack with dice equal to half his Wyrd rating (rounded up).

Darkling: The Darkling may extend the Contract's duration to last until the sun next crosses the horizon.

Ogre: The Gargoyle may assume the form of objects up to double his Size by default.

Loophole: The changeling is within plain sight of multiple others, but no one is looking at him at the moment he invokes the Contract.

Reflections of the Past (Royal)

Time means nothing in Arcadia, letting the changeling look beyond a reflective surface and into the past.

Cost: 1 Glamour per time frame (week, month, season, year, or decade)

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Occult + Wyrd

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling looks into a reflective surface, and states a specific time or event. The reflection then rewinds at impossible speed, compressing days or years into a single moment until it comes to the time he states. The changeling may then see the event as it happened, though only from the angle at which it was originally reflected in the surface. Anyone else watching sees the same vision. The vision can show up to one scene's worth of events.

The changeling can see moments further back in the past by spending more Glamour; one to go back up to a week, two for a month, three for a season, four for a year, and five for a decade. He must specify the time by at least date (either fixed or relative to the present), and whether it was day or night; or he can specify an event as long as he knows some of the details, such as "when the Ogre beat up Jack."

Exceptional Success: The changeling can look around the edges *into* the reflection, seeing more details. For example, if he looks into a shop window that reflects his friend Jack fighting off an Ogre, he can stick his head into the vision to peer around the edges of the reflection, to see the Darkling standing a little further away.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling sees a false event and with it, signs of the Gentry's impending approach. He suffers the Paranoid Condition.

Darkling: The Mountebank may use his kenning to detect supernatural phenomena within the reflected events.

Fairest: The Fairest may inflict the Leveraged Condition upon one of the characters in the vision.

Loophole: The changeling lets some of his blood fall on the surface after taking at least 1L damage in this scene. The surface absorbs the blood, then shows the vision as above.

Riddle-Kith (Royal)

Seeing the myriad things he *could* have been in Arcadia, the changeling molds any mien into the image of another kith. He touches his own or another Lost's face and sculpts it like clay.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Larceny + Wyrd vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Instant or contested; see below

Roll Results

Success: Leaving the Mask and pulling only on the Glamour under the target's skin, the changeling alters the target's outward fae mien to emulate the trappings of a different kith, but not its blessings. The target's general features remain: if he was a rotund Chatelaine, he is now a rotund Snowskin. Nothing about the target's apparent seeming changes, so a Darkling Leechfinger now looks like a Darkling Helldiver, for instance. Forcing a new kith's appearance upon an unwilling subject grants her a roll to contest it and constitutes a breaking point with a pool of three dice, as the changeling repeats the cruelty of the Gentry. This Contract cannot copy a specific changeling's mien.

Exceptional Success: The changeling can spend a point of Willpower to extend the Contract's duration indefinitely, but only when he himself is the target.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The target fully sheds her own kith, but fails to assume another. She loses all kith benefits for the scene.

Darkling: The Darkling's target can truly become the kith she impersonates — she loses the mechanical benefits of her own kith, and receives those of the false kith.

Elemental: The Elemental's fluid nature allows him to make his target appear to be a different seeming as well, if he chooses.

Loophole: The changeling has gifted something to a changeling of the kith he wishes to emulate within this scene. He must not have gotten anything in return, beyond gratitude. For example, if he treated her to lunch, constituting the gift of food, even the promise that she will "get the next one" negates the Loophole.

Skinmask (Royal)

The changeling sees what he might have become if he'd stayed human, and calls on the shards of this broken promise to change his Mask.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling recites three things he knows about his target, who may be a mortal or any creature with a Mask: She's tall, takes sugar in her coffee, and wears a red coat. He then assumes her outward appearance. If his target is a changeling, he copies both Mask and mien. Mimicking the target's behavior still requires successful Social rolls.

While the changeling could copy the Mask of anyone he's physically met, he often copies people who look like him — or rather, people he'd look like if not for being taken. Older, without the curse of youth imposed by his Keeper, with fewer scars and eyes that know peace. Pretending he's like them eases the itching under his skin; if he does this, regain a Willpower point.

Darkling: The Bewitched has so perfectly mastered one visage that his player can purchase it as the Alternate Identity Merit at any rating he likes. If he does, the changeling can shift to it reflexively for the scene by spending a point of Glamour. He may only have one such Alternate Identity at a time; if he chooses to change it, simply shift the Merit dots to the new appearance. The player may only purchase an identity this way if the character has emulated that person at least three times in the past.

Fairest: The Fairest instinctively knows whether an action he plans to take is in line with the personality of the target he's copied; gain three bonus dice to attempts to mimic the target's behavior.

Loophole: The changeling holds an object belonging to the character he wants to mimic when he invokes this Contract.

Unravel the Tapestry (Royal)

The changeling unravels time and fate, altering the immediate past to fit his own whims.

Cost: 2 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Wits + Occult + Wyrd

Action: Reflexive

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success: Replay the last 10 seconds, or go back to the top of the Initiative roster one full turn ago in action timing. The changeling may change his actions. All other characters, except those who used a similar power, retake their original actions. For example, the character was hit with an axe and took damage, prompting him to invoke this Contract. This time, he successfully Dodges. His attacker still swings the axe (and misses), as she did not expect him to step back.

This Contract activates automatically if the character dies and can pay its cost. If he lives this time, he gains the Spooked Condition as he remembers being dead. If he dies *again*, he's out of luck — the Contract can only self-activate once per story.

Exceptional Success: The changeling's player gains the 8-again quality on any rolls he makes during the replayed time.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: Reality and false visions bleed into each other, and the changeling gains the Insensate Tilt. If he acts again this scene in action timing, he automatically has the lowest Initiative.

Darkling: The Wisp may take a reflexive action to move up to his Stealth rating in yards/meters, immediately after enacting this Contract but before the time begins anew.

Wizened: Acting with impossible precision and speed, the Wizened gains one surprise attack against any viable target, if he wishes.

Loophole: The changeling incurred a debt during this scene, which he has not repaid yet. This can be as trivial as promising his barista a tip next time, as he has no pocket change right now.

Shield

Bearers of Shield swear to defend and protect. They hold their ground, providing refuge to the downtrodden, and use their strength to heal other Lost. **Ogres**, growing stronger with each burden they carry, favor Shield.

Cloak of Night (Common)

The changeling commands the night and shadows to shield herself and her companions, for she has seen true darkness and is its master.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling must invoke this Contract while she and her allies are in dim or dark conditions; as long as they take a penalty to visual perception rolls, it's dark enough. She drapes the darkness around a number of willing companions equal to her Dexterity rating. The player's Stealth rolls, to which she adds half her character's Wyrd (rounded up) in bonus dice, hide the entire group as long as no one does anything to attract undue attention, such as attacking or making loud noises. The changeling and her companions also take Stealth-based actions as reflexive actions, once per turn in action timing.

Darkling: The Darkling and her companions retain the benefits of this Contract even if they attract attention to themselves.

Ogre: The Ogre approaches stealth by going slowly — rather than flit from shadow to shadow, she simply holds perfectly still and silent until the risk of discovery has passed. She may substitute Stamina for Dexterity to determine how many companions she can shield.

Loophole: The changeling and her companions don black articles of clothing that mark them as sneaks and rogues, such as masks or cloaks.

Fae Cunning (Common)

The changeling is untouchable, as weapons swerve away from her.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Reflexive

Effects: The changeling moves with the grace of lightning or commands blades to pass her by, or perhaps her shadowy body simply splits in two to remain unharmed. She may apply her Defense to Firearms attacks and never loses her Defense even if she's surprised or distracted. Supernatural powers that would deny her Defense prompt a Clash of Wills. If she successfully Dodges, she may redirect the attack to another valid target, which automatically hits with successes equal to the changeling's Presence rating.

Elemental: The Elemental is inhumanly persistent, also adding her Resolve rating to her Initiative and Speed.

Ogre: The Ogre's skin becomes hard like stone or tough like hide; any mundane weapon that strikes her suffers her Stamina rating as points of damage, subject to Durability.

Loophole: The character challenges an opponent to an immediate duel.

Shared Burden (Common)

Calling upon stories of parents dying to protect their children, or lovers exchanging places in the Underworld, the changeling makes another's pain her own. She curses her Keeper for setting her against her own kind and vows to repay that debt now.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Duration: Instant

Effects: The changeling lets her blood flow onto her target's body, as her Glamour knits his wounds closed. For every point of lethal damage she inflicts upon herself, the Contract heals two points of damage for her target. She heals bashing damage first, followed by lethal; this Contract can't heal aggravated damage.

No magic can alleviate damage a changeling inflicted upon herself by using Shared Burden — not even someone else's.

Ogre: The Gargoyle heals three points of damage per point of lethal damage inflicted.

Wizened: Skilled in the art of healing, a Hatter heals lethal damage first, then bashing.

Loophole: The changeling holds a strip of skin, four inches or longer, of the creature that inflicted the injury.

Thorns and Brambles (Common)

The Hedge rent the changeling's flesh when she escaped, feasting on her suffering. Now, she calls on that hunger, offering her enemies as sacrifice instead. She can use this Contract within the Hedge itself, if she dares.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: Brambles grow around the changeling with a radius of yards/meters equal to her Wyrd rating, and follow her as she moves. They can produce three different effects, listed below. The changeling chooses one when she invokes this Contract. If she uses it in the Hedge, the brambles *don't* follow her movements, and she must contend with their threat as well.

Leechweed: The brambles prick anyone who moves through them more quickly than Speed 2, draining him of one point of Glamour per turn, up to the changeling's Wyrd rating per victim.

Briarpatch: The brambles entangle the changeling's enemies, inflicting the Immobilized Tilt (p. 330) on anyone who fails a reflexive Dexterity + Athletics roll; they must make one each time they move within the area. The brambles have a Durability equal to the changeling's Wyrd rating.

Field of Thorns: The brambles attack anyone who tries to break through using the changeling's Wyrd rating as a dice pool. They are piercing weapons with a modifier of +0L. The brambles attack any given character only once per turn. The changeling may make the Field of Thorns stay in place when she moves.



Darkling: The Wisp gains the Glamour drained by Leechweed.

Ogre: Characters moving through the Briarpatch take a penalty to their Athletics rolls equal to the Ogre's Strength.

Loophole: The changeling litters a handful of Hedge thorns behind her.

Trapdoor Spider's Trick (Common)

The changeling speaks aloud of a night when she slept in dangerous territory, hoping her pursuers would not discover her. Or, if she was the hunter, she recalls how the clever prey found a place to rest, right under her nose. She hides a door behind shards of dreams and illusions.

Cost: 1 Glamour, or 1 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Duration: One scene, or until the sun next crosses the horizon; see below.

Effects: The changeling steps through an opening (be it a door, a window, or a hole in the wall) and cloaks it with Glamour to make it seem impassable, or not even there at all. The illusion is visual only, and supernatural perception can pierce it visually with a successful Clash of Wills. The player may pay an additional point of Willpower when enacting this Contract to extend the effect until the next dawn or dusk, whichever comes first.

Ogre: The Ogre marks the illusion with a symbol that lets her allies see through it automatically.

Wizened: The Domovoi's illusion encompasses all senses; supernatural perception is required to pierce it at all, prompting a Clash of Wills.

Loophole: The changeling lures an enemy or rival through the portal first.

Fortifying Presence (Royal)

The changeling spends meaningful time with her target. She might offer food, drink, or a shoulder to cry on. If he wants to talk, she'll listen. If he's in a fighting mood, she's up for a spar or even a duel. Whatever gives him perspective will do. This Contract's instant action takes a full scene of interaction to invoke. The target cannot waive the contested roll — even if he trusts the changeling, the little voice in the back of his head always counsels caution.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Presence + Empathy + Wyrd vs. Resolve + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling's presence heals two points of the target's mild Clarity damage, or one point of severe. This has no effect on the target's Clarity Conditions.

Exceptional Success: The changeling also acts as a temporary Touchstone for the target, until after the next Clarity attack he suffers.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling suffers a Clarity attack with a pool of two dice, as she only manages to make things worse.

Fairest: The target gains Defense equal to the Muse's Presence rating against the next Clarity attack he suffers during the current story.

Ogre: One of the Terrible may cause the opposite effect instead, making a Clarity attack against her target with a dice pool equal to her Empathy. This use of the Contract prevents the character from ever using it to heal that target in the future, and may constitute a breaking point for her at the player and Storyteller's discretion.

Loophole: The changeling professes friendship to the target in front of multiple witnesses while invoking this Contract. She needn't swear an oath, or even mean it, though she still carries the risk that the Wyrd takes her at her word.

Hedgewall (Royal)

The changeling summons a massive castle of thorns and brambles for protection.

Cost: 2 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Survival + Wyrd

Action: Extended (Five successes necessary; each roll represents one turn)

Roll Results

Success: Hedgewalls form a castle around the changeling, sprawling out to a diameter of 10 yards/meters per dot of Wyrd he possesses; space constraints and the changeling's wishes can make it smaller in the real world, but in the Hedge it simply plows over obstacles out to its full size. The castle grants substantial concealment against ranged attacks from outside (p. 186). The walls prevent anyone from passing without first clearing them away, and each wall has Durability 3 and Size 8. Characters can scale the walls, but doing so with no protection from the brambles inflicts one point of lethal damage per turn. The changeling determines the layout of the construct, but its passages must be wide enough for a Size 4 character to pass through easily.

Exceptional Success: The changeling chooses one effect from Thorns and Brambles (p. 141) to add to the castle for free.

Failure: The Contract fails. Used in the Hedge, failure acts as dramatic failure.

Dramatic Failure: The castle inflicts the changeling and her allies with the Lost Condition as it grows into a maze around them. Dramatic failure in the Hedge also alerts a hostile hobgoblin, who feels they've encroached on its territory.

Beast: The Beast's Hedgewall is primal and intoxicating, and enemies suffer a −2 modifier on Resolve rolls while inside.

Ogre: Hedgewall lasts until the sun next passes the horizon.

Loophole: The changeling plants a seed or sapling from the Hedge immediately before using this Contract.

Pure Clarity (Royal)

The changeling recounts the most horrific thing her Keeper ever did to her, that she remembers. Her voice becomes like steel in the telling, and that suffering can no longer touch her. In fact, *nothing* can touch her, for now.

Cost: 2 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Resolve + Composure + Wyrd

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling can take any one action during this scene that would normally prompt a breaking point for her, without suffering one. The Contract ends once she does, or at the end of the scene, whichever comes first. She may only use it once per scene.

The changeling can invoke this Contract retroactively for actions on her part (for example, if she accidentally kills someone) as long as she does so within the same scene.

Exceptional Success: The changeling gains an armor rating of 2 against the next Clarity attack she suffers. This boon remains until triggered, even if the Contract ends first.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling gains a Clarity Condition of the Storyteller's choosing, which doesn't heal Clarity damage when it resolves.

Fairest: The Fairest rises above her circumstances, and can invoke this Contract to shield herself from situations inflicted upon her as well.

Ogre: The Ogre may invoke this Contract to protect one of her companions instead.

Loophole: The changeling dons a metal gauntlet on one hand, and a silk glove on the other, when invoking this Contract. The gauntlet need not be authentic — a costume prop suffices, as long as it's made of actual metal.

Vow of No Compromise (Royal)

Having once sworn never to compromise herself for the Fae's twisted aims, the changeling now swears again never to compromise in her duty to her fellows.

Cost: 1 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Duration: Instant

Effects: With a touch and a spoken promise, the changeling downgrades one level of her target's aggravated damage to lethal. In exchange, she gains the Stoic Condition (p. 345). She may target herself.

Ogre: The Gargoyle also gains the Inspired Condition with regard to punishing or spiting whoever was responsible for the damage she mitigated.

Elemental: The Sprite needn't touch her target as long as he's surrounded by or submerged in her associated element.

Loophole: The changeling destroys a representation of the True Fae — a drawing or photo, a shred of fae raiment, etc. Killing one of their servants also suffices.

Whispers of Morning (Royal)

The changeling cloaks herself in the shards of dreams, which flee from memory come morning.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The world, and indeed the laws of physics, forget about the changeling — stuck between being and not being, her body and everything on her person become intangible. She is weightless, can't be touched or attacked (or touch or attack others) save by magical means, and can pass through all physical barriers at will.. She can see and interact with other incorporeal fae creatures and objects, such as other changelings using Whispers of Morning and Hedge ghosts. However, she exists on a different frequency than creatures in Twilight, such as spirits and regular ghosts. Helldivers using their Dive blessing exist on a tangency between the two: The Helldiver chooses whether the changeling can see him or not.

Ogre: The Bruiser can carry one person on her back and extend this Contract's effects to him. Her player must roll Presence + Occult + Wyrd, contested by the target's Stamina + Wyrd, if the target is unwilling.

Wizened: The Shrewd can pick up Size 1 objects, which then become intangible, too. When she lets go of an item, she can choose to leave it intangible for the duration, or immediately return it to the material world.

Loophole: The changeling carries no weapons and is wearing no armor. If she picks up or dons either while using this Loophole, the Contract immediately ends unless she pays the Glamour cost.

Steed

Steed is always on the move, traversing both time and space. Where the stallion treads, his hooves punch holes in reality that let a changeling travel from one location to another. Embracing the freedom of the wild, **Beasts** favor Steed.

Boon of the Scuttling Spider (Common)

The changeling scuttles across a solid surface strong enough to support his weight.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The world flattens in the character's eye, until all surfaces are equally horizontal and equally upside down. He can move along walls, ceilings, or slick surfaces normally too treacherous to cross, as long as they are strong enough to carry his weight. He can move at his normal Speed, and acts without hindrance while moving in this fashion.

Beast: The Courser embraces all of the spider's advantages, including its webbing. He may use the restrain move in a grapple as though he had rolled an exceptional success, even if he didn't.

Darkling: The Darkling instinctively sticks to the shadows, granting his player a two-die bonus on Stealth rolls while he scuttles on improbable surfaces.

Loophole: The changeling swallows a live spider.

Dreamsteps (Common)

The changeling steps into the dreams of a nearby sleeper, to travel from the mortal world into the dreamer's Bastion. He touches a sleeping target, and synchronizes his breathing with hers until he can *see* her dreams. He then steps forward into them.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Empathy + Wyrd vs. Bastion's Fortification

Action: Contested

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling enters the dreamer's Bastion through the Gate of Ivory (p. 215), rather than entering his own.

Exceptional Success: The dreamer's Bastion suffers a −1 to Fortification until she wakes.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling enters the target's dream, but suffers the Flesh Too Solid Tilt, and the dreamer's Bastion gains +1 Fortification until she wakes.

Beast: The Beast may take on the mien of any of the sleeper's nightmares that he witnessed. Once during the current chapter, he can inflict the Spooked Condition on her while interacting with her in the waking world.

Fairest: The Fairest sees a glimpse of the dreamer's soul, granting him the Informed Condition regarding the sleeper.

Loophole: The changeling holds a teddy bear or other childhood comfort object that belongs to the target, while using this Contract.

Nevertread (Common)

The changeling leaves only scraps and emptiness in his wake.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling stops to cloak one of his footprints: He can drop leaves over it, erase it and leave a pebble in its stead, or sculpt the earth until it resembles a hoof track. He then continues on his way, and the Contract changes all his footprints accordingly for the duration. This makes him impossible to track save by supernatural means, triggering a Clash of Wills, and altered tracks remain so even after the Contract ends.

Beast: The Beast lets people traveling with him benefit from this Contract, up to double his Stealth rating in companions. He still need only invoke the Contract once.

Wizened: The Domovoi's footsteps leave traps in their wake, per the Safe Place Merit (p. 125) with effective dots equal to his Dexterity.

Loophole: The changeling leaves a note, bloody fingerprint, or other clue of his passing. He can hide this, but it must provide a clue to his identity if found.

Pathfinder (Common)

Combining practical navigation with omens and divination, the changeling finds his way in the Hedge to Hollows, trods, goblin fruit, and dreams.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling mingles some of his spit or blood with earth from the Hedge, and uses the mixture to draw a compass on his hand. He instinctively knows the distance and the direction of the nearest general Hedge feature of his choice — the nearest Goblin Market or Hollow, a patch of goblin fruit, or an entrance to the Gate of



Horn, for instance. The Contract only reveals information about the Hedge itself, not about creatures lurking within.

Beast: The Grim's finely honed instincts also yield information about nearby creatures: how many creatures they are, and whether they mean ill. "Meaning ill" is not immutable — if the changeling pisses off a friendly goblin, it might then mean him ill.

Wizened: The Wizened automatically knows whether goblin fruits that grow nearby are beneficial or detrimental, and gleans their types.

Loophole: The changeling has taken at least 1L damage in this scene before invoking the Contract from a source that is part of the Hedge, such as a thorn or a hobgoblin's knife.

Seven-League Leap (Common)

The changeling leaps legendary distances, clearing chasms and obstacles in a single bound.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Reflexive

Duration: One turn

Effects: The changeling hops up and down, regaling the air with stories of his athletic prowess. The player then makes a jumping roll (Strength + Athletics), and the character can clear a jumping trajectory of 10 yards/meters per dot of Wyrd he possesses.

Beast: Seven-League Leap increases the Beast's Speed by 10 for the scene. If he used this Contract in a foot chase (p. 195), he gains the Edge next turn.

Ogre: The Ogre can use his leap as an unarmed attack to crush an enemy, adding two to his Strength for the attack roll, and inflicting the Knocked Down Tilt if he hits.

Loophole: The changeling is wearing boots he stole from an enemy in this scene.

Chrysalis (Royal)

The changeling calls upon the savage nature that fueled his escape from Arcadia, howling like a great beast, or scuttling like an insect. He feels his own identity slip, drowned by the comfort of just *being*, and his body follows suit.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling chooses two animals when the player purchases this power, and can transform into either one by invoking it. He must have seen the animal before (an accurate representation works), and it can't be smaller than Size 1 or larger than Size 7. He can choose a mythical beast, though he gains none of its supernal powers — only the

physical form: Physical Attributes, Size, Speed, and Health. He can also use the animal's mundane senses and modes of movement; he can't levitate, but as a winged dragon he could fly. If he transforms into an aquatic animal, he copies its gills and aquatic lungs. While in animal form, the character can communicate with other animals of the assumed species.

Beast: The character can choose two additional animal forms when the player purchases this Contract.

Ogre: The character can choose animals up to Size 15 to transform into.

Loophole: The changeling is in the natural habitat of his chosen animal and is near enough to touch at least one of them.

Flickering Hours (Royal)

The changeling picks meandering paths through the Hedge, stopping occasionally to smell a flower or prick his finger on a thorn. While his path seems random at best, and ineffectual at worst, the changeling is actually weaving an enchantment with his footsteps that allows him to slow or speed the passage of time.

Cost: 1 Glamour for the changeling alone, 1 Glamour + 1 Willpower for a group

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Duration: Until the changeling exits the Hedge

Effects: The changeling can extend this Contract to anyone traveling with him at the moment he invokes it; hostile pursuers, if they're close on his heels, included. He may slow time by half, or speed it up to pass twice as quickly, for any of the targets individually. Until the sun next crosses the horizon, anyone quickened also gains the Fleet of Foot Merit, with effective dots equal to the changeling's Wyrd up to three, and always has the Edge in a chase. Unwilling targets may pull free of the effect by succeeding at a Resolve + Wyrd roll contested by the changeling's Wits + Occult + Wyrd.

Beast: The Savage may freely extend this Contract to anyone he meets on his journey, if he spends the Willpower cost to include others once.

Elemental: The path becomes nearly impassable in the Elemental's wake, and suffers the mechanical effects of the Ice Tilt with specifics appropriate to his associated element.

Loophole: The changeling smashes an antique clock or other old timekeeping instrument as he invokes the Contract.

Leaping Toward Nightfall (Royal)

The changeling touches his target, and speaks an impossible riddle that both curses and blesses her with time. What she has will be lost, what she lost will be found. When he finishes the riddle, and the target's mind tries to wrap itself around the conundrum, he sends her hurtling through time.

Cost: 3 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Occult + Wyrd vs. Resolve + Wyrd

Action: Instant or contested; see below

Duration: Special

Roll Results

Success: The changeling can send an object up to Size 10 or a character forward in time. The target instantly vanishes and reappears at the predetermined time in the same location, conserving momentum if it was moving. If something else occupies that spot, the target appears next to it instead. No time passes for the target. Sentient beings can contest this Contract. The changeling determines how far into the future he sends the target, to a maximum of days equal to successes rolled to invoke Leaping Toward Nightfall.

The changeling cannot end this Contract prematurely.

Exceptional Success: The changeling may also send the target to a new location occupied by someone to whom he owes a debt. He can't choose the location itself, only the character who will receive the incoming target when it arrives in the future.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling sends a random target forward in time instead, chosen by the Storyteller, which could be himself. Upon arrival, the target suffers either the Volatile Condition (for objects) or the Spooked Condition (for characters).

Beast: The Beast may allow the ravages of time to buffet sentient targets, inflicting the Disoriented Condition. The target must either find an ally to resolve it (landmarks don't help), or let it fade without resolution at the end of the scene in which she arrives.

Darkling: Upon arrival in the future, the target doesn't remember the scene in which the Mountebank invoked this Contract. This effect is permanent unless reversed through supernatural means, which triggers a Clash of Wills against the changeling.

Loophole: The changeling destroys a piece of the target, such as a hair, fingernail, or bodily fluid; an Icon; or something from the target's dreams.

Mirror Walk (Royal)

The changeling steps into a mirror. He hears baying hounds in the distance, and senses a dark chill in the air. The changeling cuts his finger, leaving a bloody print on one of the myriad mirrors before him, and wills it to open to any mirror of his choice in either the mortal world or the Hedge.

Cost: 1 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Wits + Survival + Wyrd

Action: Instant

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling touches a reflective surface. Once the way is open, the changeling can step through, bringing any companions he likes in a chain of linked hands, or simply reach his hand through to grab an object on the other side. The changeling must have touched the exiting mirror before, and both the entrance and exit must be large enough for him to physically pass his body or hand through.

Exceptional Success: The mirrors remain portals for the scene, and anyone may pass through freely with the changeling's permission in either direction, without the need to link hands.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling becomes lost in mirror space, which is part of the Hedge, and gains the Lost Condition. If he was reaching for an object instead, he drops it in mirror space.

Beast: The Beast may end the Contract before he reaches the other side, deliberately depositing himself in mirror space; his player gains a two-die bonus to all rolls to navigate there or deal with its denizens for the scene.

Elemental: The Sprite becomes mirror-like after exiting the portal, only reflecting what is already in the room. This renders him invisible to the naked eye for a number of minutes equal to successes rolled to invoke the Contract.

Loophole: The changeling speaks the name or title of a character currently reflected in the mirror where he plans to exit. This can be a guess on the changeling's part, whether because he knows little Mary goes to bed at seven and brushes her hair in the mirror beforehand, or because Mr. Witherfield locks up at five and his shop's door has glass in it. If the person isn't there, the Loophole doesn't work, and he doesn't invoke the Contract.

Talon and Wing (Royal)

The character spreads his arms, or paws the ground, remembering dreams of flying. He then opens his mouth, to consume the dream and claim its power for his own.

Cost: 1-3 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: This Contract can grant three different effects, which a character can stack at a cost of one point of Glamour each.

- The character gains the mode of transportation of a beast, increasing his Speed by 10.
- The character gains the senses of a beast, giving his player a three-die bonus to perception rolls and eliminating penalties in dim lighting or darkness.
- The character gains the claws of a beast, giving his unarmed Brawl attacks a weapon modifier of +0L. If his unarmed attacks already deal lethal damage, his claws become preternaturally sharp and deal aggravated damage instead.

Beast: The Courser doesn't tire, immune to mundane fatigue of any kind. Supernatural powers that make him tired trigger a Clash of Wills.

Darkling: A Darkling may add venomous fangs or claws to his transformation for one extra point of Glamour. Outside action scenes, this venom has Toxicity equal to his Wyrd and deals damage once per hour, for a number of hours equal to (six − the target's Stamina) hours. In action timing, a successful attack inflicts the grave Poisoned Tilt on his target. The poison remains in effect even after the Contract ends.

Loophole: The changeling eats a piece of fur, a talon, or another part of an animal he wants to emulate.

Sword

Wielders of Sword are forceful and aggressive: They strike first, overpowering foes whether fighting or sparring with words. Sword emulates nature's fury — both of the world and of Arcadia — and is the favored Regalia of **Elementals**.

Elemental Weapon (Common)

The changeling wields the elements themselves as weapons.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Presence + Survival + Wyrd

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The character grabs a nearby element — such as water from a pond, flames from a fireplace, a rose from its bush, or electricity from a wall socket — and shapes it into any archaic weapon of her choosing; for example, fiery gauntlets that enhance her Brawl attacks, a frozen sword to wield in melee, or thrown javelins of lightning. The weapon has normal traits for its kind (p. 323), to which the player can add any of the following: +1 weapon modifier per success spent, or decrease the Initiative penalty by one per success spent, or +20/40/80 range per success spent, to a maximum of three successes per option. She may mix and match successes among these options.

Exceptional Success: The weapon gains additional bonuses, as above.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The element reacts in a wild and dangerous manner, inflicting an appropriate Tilt on the changeling.

Darkling: The Mountebank creates a weapon from shadows, which can also inflict the Blinded Tilt (both eyes) instead of dealing damage on a successful hit.

Elemental: If the Elemental creates a weapon that fits her own elemental affinity, it merges with her Mask and mien to make her look terrifying — arcing flames leap up from the gauntlets to envelop her, or ice from the sword crawls along her body to create spikes. The player may make one Presence + Intimidation roll while the character wields the weapon, contested by one opponent's Stamina + Wyrd. If she wins, the target suffers the Stunned Tilt. Changelings of other seemings with this benefit use their teacher's favored element.

Loophole: The character performs a showy trick with the mundane version of the element as an instant action. This does not inflict damage if she invokes this Contract immediately after.

Might of the Terrible Brute (Common)

The changeling flexes her muscles as she grows in size while wrestling an opponent, hunched posture creating the image of a hulking brute.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Reflexive

Effects: The character lets out a terrifying roar of fury and defiance, calling on the prowess that once served her Keeper and now serves only herself. Whenever the player wins a contested grapple roll, the changeling gains a new option for a move to enact: She may reduce her opponent's Strength by one and add it to her own. Opponents reduced to Strength 0 this way gain the Immobilized Tilt, unable to effectively perform any Physical actions. She may not increase her Strength by more than +5, but it may exceed her Wyrd-derived limit.

Beast: The Beast may steal Dexterity instead; she decides which Attribute she steals when she invokes the Contract.

Elemental: The Elemental temporarily gains the effects of the Giant Merit as well.

Loophole: The character herself is grappling multiple opponents at once.

Overpowering Dread (Common)

The changeling dominates her target into fearful submission. She stares at her target, though he need not see her, while she slowly and methodically destroys an object: She can tear strips from a piece of paper, pull the hairs from a doll, or commit another act of meticulous savagery.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Presence + Intimidation + Wyrd vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success: Channeling her quiet destruction into her target, she curses him with the Frightened Condition (p. 339).

Exceptional Success: Next time the changeling sees the target after the Contract ends, invoking it against him again costs no Glamour.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling's Contract turns against her, giving her the Spooked Condition.

Elemental: The Elemental can invoke this power on one additional target, contested separately by each, as she infuses the air itself with dread.

Fairest: The Fairest can choose to instead make the target fear his surroundings, then go comfort him. He gains the Swooned Condition regarding her.

Loophole: The changeling stands in shadows and takes the target by surprise.

Primal Glory (Common)

Nature itself allies with the changeling, empowering her and shielding her from harm.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The character survived the scorching deserts and ice plains of Arcadia; mere mortal elements cannot harm her. She touches an element and it cows before her: She gains immunity to damage from mundane instances of the element, and suffers only half damage (rounded down) from magical sources. It also curls around her in a protective armor, like a dog eager to please its master, granting her an armor rating of 1/1. The armor hurts anyone who comes in close, dealing one point of lethal damage per turn to anyone who engages in melee against her.

Elemental: If the Sprite chose armor made from the element for which she has an affinity, it deals its damage to anyone within (her Wyrd) yards/meters of her instead.

Ogre: The hardy Ogre is fully immune to magical instances of the chosen element.

Loophole: The changeling consumes the element somehow. She might drink some water, hold her breath for a while, eat a handful of dirt, or put out a candle with her tongue and inhale the smoke.

Touch of Wrath (Common)

The changeling's touch wreaks havoc, splintering stone and wrecking metal.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Crafts + Wyrd

Action: Instant

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling touches an object and, whispering sweet threats to it, sinks her nails into stone, or rends deep gashes in metal. She deals one point of damage to the object for each success rolled.

Exceptional Success: The changeling's touch ignores Durability.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The Contract touches an unintended object, chosen by the Storyteller, and gives it the Volatile Condition.

Elemental: The Torrent's touch inflicts double damage on objects made entirely from natural materials.

Wizened: The Wizened need merely *look* at the item to use this Contract.

Loophole: The object's owner stole (or attempted to steal) something of value from the changeling, or cheated (or attempted to cheat) her, in this scene.

Elemental Fury (Royal)

The changeling's fury shapes the physical world, causing storms, earthquakes, or raging fires.

Cost: 1+ Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The character channels her fury outward, screaming to the sky, and inflicting one Environmental Tilt of her choice per point of Glamour she spends. The area extends 20 yards/meters around the character, though she herself is immune to its effects. She may also spend additional points of Glamour to extend the Tilt 20 more yards/meters per point spent.

Elemental: Elemental Fury deals bashing damage equal to the Torrent's Presence to anyone caught in its area of effect when she invokes the Contract.

Fairest: The Muse may protect any targets she can see from the Tilt's effects.

Loophole: The changeling publicly rants, swears vengeance, or otherwise proclaims her rage to all present.

Oathbreaker's Punishment (Royal)

The changeling knows the value of a promise made, and the horror of one broken. She watches her target, and the red haze of lingering betrayal around him.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Wits + Empathy + Wyrd − Composure

Action: Instant

Duration: A fortnight, or until used

Roll Results

Success: The changeling senses the most serious promise the target has broken for which he has not yet atoned, whether he broke an actual oath or just didn't go to school when he told his parent he would. Atonement means a full confession to wronged parties, as well as repairing any harm. The changeling can sculpt one waking nightmare for each success rolled, to visit the target within the next fortnight. This nightmare must involve the broken promise in some way: A cheating spouse might have a sudden image of his husband murdering him during dinner, while the kid playing hooky might see his teacher (once he returns to school) as a monster. These waking nightmares are valid targets for oneiromancy while they're happening and each lasts one scene, creating a Bastion along a Dreaming Road even though the target isn't asleep.

Exceptional Success: The changeling senses *all* broken vows for which her target has not yet atoned and can sculpt her nightmares around any (or a combination) of them.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The target immediately knows the most significant oath the changeling has broken or deal upon which she's reneged.

Wizened: The Shrewd gleans all details of the broken oath. For example, she learns not just that the target broke his wedding vows, but that he cheated on his husband with a brunette because he feels lonely when his spouse works long nights.

Elemental: The Elemental may make the details of the target's broken promise obvious to anyone watching, publicizing his shame and inflicting the Notoriety Condition upon him.

Loophole: The target swore a promise to the changeling within this scene, which is still in effect. This promise need not be an oath, and can be made in the heat of the moment, such as "I will defeat you!"

Red Revenge (Royal)

The changeling fills with passion and fury, turning rage into unparalleled strength and fortitude.

Cost: 3 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling raises her hands to the sky, calling to all the hatred and misery that exists in this wretched world. Her skin breaks open as the wrath flows in her, and a blood-red aura surrounds her. She gains +3 to her Initiative, Intimidation, and Physical Attribute

ratings, which also increases derived traits. She gains 3/3 armor and the Berserk Condition, as well.

Elemental: The Torrent gains an additional +1 weapon modifier on Brawl and Weaponry attacks.

Ogre: The Ogre's attacks also inflict the Knocked Down Tilt.

Loophole: The changeling uses this Contract to exact vengeance for a loved one or friend.

Relentless Pursuit (Royal)

The changeling becomes like the Huntsman, pursuing her prey with singular determination.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Duration: Until the sun next passes the horizon

Effects: The changeling sniffs the air, speaking her target's name or a description of him, to follow the trail of his nightmares. She instinctively knows the direction and rough distance of her target. If he is in another realm, she knows which one. If the target is using supernatural means to evade pursuers, this Contract triggers a Clash of Wills.

Beast: The Savage also receives a brief vision of what her target is doing at the moment she invokes the Contract.

Elemental: The Elemental may hide from the sun's rays as it crosses the horizon, spending a point of Glamour to prolong Relentless Pursuit and gain a +1 modifier on rolls her player makes for the chase. She can repeat this indefinitely, but her chase modifier does not increase beyond +5.

Loophole: The changeling possesses a piece of the target, such as a hair, fingernail, or bodily fluid; an Icon; or something from the target's dreams.

Thief of Reason (Royal)

Harnessing memories of horrors suffered in Arcadia, the changeling erodes another's mental stability. She laughs at her target, her horrible cackle a rising crescendo.

Cost: 1 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Presence + Subterfuge + Wyrd − Resolve

Action: Instant

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success: Roll the successes achieved on the invocation roll as a dice pool to attack the target's Clarity. If the target suffers Clarity damage as a result, he also loses a Willpower point from the sudden psychic shock. If this Contract targets a non-changeling, the "damage" to the target's equivalent trait is temporary and vanishes at the end of the scene.

Successfully dealing Clarity damage with Thief of Reason is a breaking point with a pool of four dice.

Exceptional Success: The Clarity attack gains more dice, as above.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling gains the Dissociation Condition.

Elemental: Successes rolled on the Clarity attack add to the changeling's Wyrd for purposes of determining the Clarity damage pool.

Fairest: A Fairest may pay one additional point of Glamour to postpone the effect until a trigger of her choice occurs. If the trigger does not come to pass within a day, the Contract ends.

Loophole: The changeling coaxed the subject into making a statement doubting her own sanity, within this scene. This statement works even if it was made in hyperbole or jest, such as "my boss is driving me nuts!"

Court Contracts

A court bargains for Contracts with its patron, which can be anything from a season to a concept or direction. Mantle shapes these Contracts: The more engaged a changeling is in his court, the more he may call on its protection. If a character doesn't have the appropriate Mantle, he can use Court Goodwill for his rolls instead.

Court Contracts are also divided into Common and Royal Contracts, though it's the court's patron that upholds this distinction. Members of the dominant, in-season court lower the exceptional success threshold of Royal Contracts to three, while members of the subservient, out-of-season courts gain two bonus dice to invoke Common Contracts. This willingness to accept the rule of one and subservience of three as the seasons rotate strengthens the Bargains the courts made with their patrons. Other court structures, with other ways of cyclically ceding power, gain the same benefits whenever they're in or out of power.

Learning a Common Court Contract requires at least Mantle 1, or Court Goodwill 2. Likewise, learning a Royal Court Contract requires Mantle 3, or Court Goodwill 5. The seasonal courts make two exceptions: anyone can learn any *one* Common Contract, and allies with Court Goodwill 4 can learn any *one* Royal Contract, as a way for the court to foster allies. So Wisperlee the Winter Courtier could learn a Common Spring, a Common Summer, and a Common Autumn Contract of her choice regardless of her Court Goodwill. If Wisperlee has Autumn Goodwill 4, she can also learn one Royal Autumn Contract. Common Court Contracts cost 3 Experiences each, while Royal Court Contracts cost 4 Experiences each, for courtiers and allies alike.

Invoking a Court Contract carries the same Mantle and Goodwill requirements as above. If a changeling loses his Mantle or Goodwill, and no longer qualifies to purchase a Contract he already knows, he can pay an additional point of Glamour on top of the Contract's normal cost to invoke it anyway. He must pay this Glamour even when using the Loophole. The changeling can do this a total number of times equal to his Mantle or Court Goodwill dots before the court takes offense and he earns the Notoriety Condition when dealing with their members. Gaining the Condition need not stop him, though — he can thumb his nose at the court and keep using these Contracts as often as he likes; at least, until the queen puts her foot down more firmly.

Spring Contracts

Spring is the season of desire, growth, gentle warmth, and soft rains. This is also the season where all endings have their beginning, though, and the season of passion running wayward. Spring Courtiers are apt at using desire as carrot *and* stick to get what they want.

Cupid's Arrow (Common)

The changeling sees into another's heart and charts the course of her desire. He touches her skin or hair, pulling her desires away with his caress for him to study and alter.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Wits + Empathy + Mantle vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Roll Results

Success: The changeling learns the subject's most ardent desire, and any Conditions or Tilts connected to it. This desire can even be one the target is unaware of. He may replace this desire with one of his choice. The target's passion for the original desire, along with any Conditions or Tilts it engendered, turns toward the new for the scene.

Exceptional Success: The changeling instinctively knows of any obstacles between his target and her desire.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling believes his target's desire is something it's not, chosen by the Storyteller or target's player.

Loophole: The changeling is holding a living ivy flower.

Dreams of the Earth (Common)

Spring is the season of awakening, when life returns to the world. The changeling sings a lullaby of seeds sleeping under the earth, and blooms still resting in the bud.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Presence + Expression + Mantle vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Duration: Minutes equal to successes rolled

Roll Results

Success: A soft breeze carries the song to the changeling's target, who must be within his line of sight. The target falls into magical slumber; nothing short of lethal damage can wake her. Once the Contract ends, the target continues sleeping normally.

Exceptional Success: The magical sleep lasts the entire scene.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling falls into a magical slumber for minutes equal to his Mantle rating.

Loophole: The changeling sprinkles sand into his target's eyes when invoking the Contract, which requires a successful Dexterity + Athletics – Defense roll if the target is unwilling.

Gift of Warm Breath (Common)

The changeling fills his target with the energy and life of Spring.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Duration: Instant

Effects: The changeling touches his target, who must be willing. His hands emit a soft glow, which spreads to her skin as his Spring Mantle softly draws her into an embrace. The target instantly sheds all fatigue penalties, Tilts relating to fatigue and temporary illnesses (such as Sick or Poisoned), and bashing wounds.

Loophole: The changeling gives the target something to eat or drink that he made himself.

Spring's Kiss (Common)

The changeling calls down spring rains to kiss the earth. He raises his hands to the sky, imploring Spring to quench the thirst of the earth and all her plants.

Cost: 1-2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: Rain falls as the changeling wishes within (Mantle) miles, anything from a drizzle to a downpour. This may inflict the Heavy Rain Tilt by default, and the Flooded Tilt for an extra point of Glamour.

Loophole: The changeling is wearing bright yellow rain boots and cap.

Wyrd-Faced Stranger (Common)

The changeling cloaks himself in his target's desires.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Presence + Subterfuge + Mantle vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Roll Results

Success: The changeling closes his eyes and lets his target's dreams envelop him. When he opens his eyes, he looks like whomever his target most wants to see. He can use this Contract on a group and choose one person as the target, but the highest Composure among them opposes his roll. All observers see him as the same person. He can also appear as someone the target doesn't know but desires to see, such as a dashing stranger.

Convincing interaction may require a successful Social roll if the changeling acts out of character for the person he appears to be. He gains (Mantle) bonus dice on such rolls.

Exceptional Success: The deception lasts until the next dawn.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling appears as the person the target least wants to see, and doesn't know this.

Loophole: The changeling has something of emotional value to his target in his pocket. This value can be symbolic, such as the keys to a beloved apartment.

Blessing of Spring (Royal)

The changeling takes a day brewing the beginning and end of Spring together into a cordial: dew drops collected in the morning, flowers plucked during the day, and starlight harvested at night, all infused with the changeling's Glamour. Even the memory of such things suffices. With it, he blesses a living creature or plant with a spring's worth of growth and healing.

Cost: 2 Glamour (animals and plants), or 2 Glamour + 1 Willpower (sapient creatures)

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Medicine + Mantle vs. Stamina + Wyrd (sapient creatures)

Action: Instant or contested; see above

Roll Results

Success: The target who drinks the cordial matures, growing months in mere moments and looking as she would at the height of spring. Plants, including goblin-fruit trees, are in bloom, and yield spring fruits immediately. The Contract heals people and animals of all wounds, and cures any illnesses or poisons that would yield with time. Changeling targets also shed one temporary Clarity Condition, healing one point of Clarity damage but earning no Beats. These changes last for the scene, after which all the damage and Conditions return, and unused goblin fruits vanish. The target becomes ravenous and must consume three days' worth of sustenance immediately after the Contract ends.

No target may waive the contesting roll; fae magic must overcome stubborn reality.

Exceptional Success: The target matures a full year instead. Plants yield more fruits and seeds as they speed through the seasons. The Contract regrows any missing limbs on an animal or person, and changeling targets shed one Persistent Clarity Condition, healing two points of Clarity damage but earning no Beats. The Contract speeds the pregnancy of animals and willing human targets by 12 months — the patron of Spring refuses to enact this Contract on unwilling pregnant humans. Any offspring, be they seeds or creatures, are unaffected once they separate from the target. As with success, these changes last for the scene, although if a target gave birth within the scene, that change is permanent.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: Target creatures gain the Fatigued Condition, and plants wither.

Loophole: The changeling decorates his target with ribbons and dances around her.

Gift of Warm Blood (Royal)

The changeling creates an ointment from dreams and the memory of spring flowers, and salves his target's wounds with it.

Cost: 1 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Wits + Medicine + Mantle

Action: Instant

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success: Each success on the invocation roll downgrades one of the target's wounds: from aggravated to lethal, lethal to bashing, or bashing to fully healed.

Exceptional Success: Any remaining points of bashing damage are also healed.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: One point of damage upgrades from bashing to lethal, or lethal to aggravated if all are already lethal. The changeling may pay an extra point of Willpower to prevent this, if the upgraded damage would kill his patient.

Loophole: The changeling adds his own blood to the mixture, taking one point of lethal damage.

Pandora's Gift (Royal)

The changeling shapes emotions and dreams to create an object his target desires. Her touch leaves scraps of her desire behind, and ephemeral shards of hope clinging to the tools.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Duration: Until the sun next crosses the horizon

Effect: When the changeling pays the Contract's cost, the target must touch a tool or material the changeling will use in the crafting, although it could be anything from an incidental brush to an attack. If he uses a power that negates the need for tools, the target must touch him instead. He then shapes his target's desires into an object using the Build Equipment rules (p. 196), starting within one hour of the touch. The changeling may not know what he's making, but his hands move by their own accord. The item can be anything from the key to a lover's apartment to a weapon capable of slaying a Huntsman, and remains until the sun next crosses the horizon. Halve the usual time it would take to build the object. If the changeling uses the item as a bribe or bargaining chip, he gains three bonus dice on the Social roll; if successful, he regains one point of the Glamour spent on this Contract.

Loophole: The target gave the changeling a valuable or sentimental gift, no strings attached, during this scene. This still works even if he coaxed the target into giving him the gift for this purpose.

Prince of Ivy (Royal)

The changeling turns the green of Spring against his enemies. He loudly rebukes them, spitting on the ground as he says their names.

Cost: 2 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Presence + Expression + Mantle

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: Vines shoot out of the ground where the changeling spat, and all nearby plants grow similar tangles at an impossible rate, to ensnare his enemies. For the Contract's duration, the character may make one new grapple attempt per turn on any target within three yards/meters of a plant instead of moving, in addition to his instant action. He may sacrifice his action to make a second new grapple attempt, and his Defense until his next turn for a third. His contested grapple rolls for ongoing grapples are reflexive. The plants use a dice pool of 3 + successes rolled to invoke this Contract. The effect follows the changeling as he moves.

Exceptional Success: Each time a new turn begins at the top of the Initiative order, the plants automatically inflict one point of bashing damage on all grappled targets.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: Plants turn against the changeling and his allies, attacking as below on their own Initiative count, for a number of turns equal to the changeling's Mantle.

Loophole: The changeling stands barefoot in soil, and cuts his hand to sprinkle blood on the earth, inflicting one point of lethal damage.

Waking the Inner Fae (Royal)

The changeling pushes his target to pursue her greatest desires with the boundless energy of Spring. He creates a crown of flowers from nothing, weaving passion and luck into each petal.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Expression + Mantle vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling presents the wreath as a gift to his target, who accepts it and puts it on. It immediately vanishes from sight, but the target gains the Wanton Condition. Once per scene for the rest of the current story, whenever the changeling successfully tempts the target into doing something, he regains a point of Willpower. He may only have one designated target from whom to gain Willpower at a time.

Exceptional Success: The target also gains the Persistent Obsession Condition regarding her current greatest desire.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling cannot give up the crown and wears it himself, pursuing his own desires regardless of risk. He gains the Reckless Condition, and may not regain Willpower via his Thread for the rest of the scene.

Loophole: The changeling told the target one of his own secret desires within the last scene.

Summer Contracts

Summer is the season of sweltering heat and wrath, of oaths of enmity and striking down one's enemies without mercy.

Baleful Sense (Common)

The changeling sniffs her target, and senses the intoxicating scent of his deep anger and frustration. She feeds it until it lashes out indiscriminately.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Wits + Intimidation + Mantle vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Roll Results

Success: The changeling instinctively knows the target's greatest wrath, and any Conditions or Tilts connected to it. The target may be in denial about his anger, but the

changeling can still smell it. The changeling may replace the subject of the wrath with one of her choice. The target's anger toward the original subject, along with any Conditions or Tilts it engendered, turns toward the new for the scene.

Exceptional Success: The changeling gleans the details of her target's anger, such as its origins and what's holding him back from destroying the source of it. She may coax him into physically attacking the source without a roll, as long as the target doesn't believe such an attack is suicidal.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling becomes so angry she suffers a two-die penalty on the next (Mantle) rolls she makes.

Loophole: The changeling coaxed her target into screaming at her this scene.

Child of the Hearth (Common)

The changeling stamps her feet on the ground, declaring that no amount of heat or cold can move her. The sun, lover of Summer, approves of her bold claim and rushes to makes her words true.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: At the changeling's behest, the sun's warmth either fills or withdraws from the area, inflicting the Environmental Extreme Heat or Extreme Cold Tilt on the area the size of a large room; the changeling is immune to the effects of either. At the same time, the sun's rays bring the changeling's own temperature up or down, removing the Personal Extreme Heat or Extreme Cold Tilt if the changeling suffers either.

This Contract still works indoors, at night, or under other circumstances when the sun isn't visible — the sun's warmth still remains, after all, and even these fading sparks come to the changeling's aid.

Loophole: The character blows on a fading ember or spark.

Helios' Light (Common)

The changeling channels the sun's light through her own body.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The character declares herself a child of the sun — where she walks, so goes the heavenly body. At that, a light spreads from her sternum to envelop her body until she is painful to look at. The light illuminates an area around her with a diameter of up to (Mantle x 20) yards/meters, and anyone looking directly at her gains the Blinded Tilt (both eyes). The light is true sunlight, but channeling it through a body of flesh diminishes some of its power: Creatures harmed by sunlight take half the damage they normally would, rounded down.

Loophole: The changeling is in pitch darkness and cannot see.



High Summer's Zeal (Common)

A foe willing to face the changeling on the battlefield should be willing to die on her blade — at least, that's Summer's opinion. She backs it up with a challenge shouted to the sky, for all to hear.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Presence + Persuasion + Mantle vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Reflexive and contested

Roll Results

Success: Whenever a foe tries to flee a violent conflict once it's already begun, the changeling may invoke this Contract to force that foe to spend one Willpower first; otherwise, the target must continue to oppose her until it becomes impossible. He can still back off to make ranged attacks or similar, but can't take any actions that don't support trying to win. He can't suffer the Beaten Down Tilt for the duration.

Exceptional Success: The target can't back off even to make ranged attacks, and must stay within five yards/meters of the changeling.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling's challenge prompts Summer to back the underdog instead and prolong the fight; her target heals (the changeling's Mantle) points of damage and gains +1 Initiative.

Loophole: The changeling's opponent was the one who drew first blood, goaded or not.

Vigilance of Ares (Common)

Summer is the season of anger and warfare, and its chosen are *always* prepared.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Reflexive

Effects: The changeling has sworn herself to Summer, and its relentless battle against the Gentry. She expects violence at every turn, automatically detecting ambushes, hidden traps, and surprise attacks. She gains a bonus to Initiative equal to her Mantle rating.

Loophole: The changeling executed a martial exercise in this scene.

Fiery Tongue (Royal)

The changeling's angry words can break bones and rend flesh. She rebukes her target, swearing by the Summer itself that he is incompetent and a fool.

Cost: 1 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Presence + Intimidation + Mantle − Resolve

Action: Instant

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The power of the changeling's rebuke inflicts her rolled successes as points of bashing damage, or lethal against fae beings. It also removes two Doors in Social maneuvering, but worsens the target's impression of the character to hostile immediately.

Exceptional Success: The changeling's rebuke deals lethal damage instead, or aggravated to fae beings.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling's tongue ties itself up in angry knots, and she gains the Mute Condition, which resolves at the end of the scene.

Loophole: The changeling verbally asserts dominance over her target. She can invoke her higher court standing, her superior crocheting skills, or her first-edition Harper Lee novel, which he doesn't have. Whatever she bases her claim on must be true.

Flames of Summer (Royal)

The changeling's anger gives her strength, as she invokes the power of Summer, the relentlessness of fire, and the endurance of heat.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Stamina + Survival + Mantle

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling seems to grow in stature and wrath, and adds two bonus dice to all Physical rolls for the duration. She also ignores wound penalties, and need not roll Stamina to remain conscious if her last Health box fills with damage.

Exceptional Success: Flames surround the changeling, giving her unarmed attacks an additional +1L weapon modifier.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The Contract drains the target, leaving her at Strength 1 for (Mantle) turns.

Loophole: Right before invoking this Contract, the character violently ate a chunk of ice, crushing it with her teeth, to show the power of summer.

Helios' Judgment (Royal)

The changeling binds the sun's wrath in a single sunbeam, and wields it against her enemies. She reaches up, screaming at the top of her lungs, and pulls a single ray of sunlight down from the sky. This works even if the sun is currently down, as she pulls the light from over the horizon, but not indoors.

Cost: 1 Glamour, or 1 Glamour + 1 Willpower; see below

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Athletics + Mantle

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The sunbeam functions as a thrown weapon with the following traits: Damage (Mantle)L, Ranges 10/30/50 yards/meters, Initiative penalty −2, Strength minimum 2, Size 4. If the player also spends one point of Willpower, the damage is aggravated instead. The beam returns to her hand at the beginning of each turn for the Contract's duration, and is true sunlight in all ways.

Exceptional Success: The beam also inflicts the Knocked Down Tilt on a successful hit.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling collects the sunbeam, and accidentally drops it to the ground, causing the Earthquake Tilt.

Loophole: The target is wearing or touching pure gold.

Solstice Revelation (Royal)

The changeling calls on the sun to reveal all that is hidden.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effect: The changeling floods an area around her with a radius of 30 yards/meters with light. Any characters currently hidden or disguised through mundane means must succeed on a Manipulation + Wyrd roll with a dice penalty equal to the changeling's Mantle, or lose their obfuscation. New attempts to hide are impossible under the bright light. Creatures using supernatural powers to hide trigger a Clash of Wills with the changeling. Even the Mask weakens, and anyone can make a perception roll with Wits + Composure to see through it.

Loophole: The changeling loudly reveals a secret she was intentionally keeping for all present to hear.

Sunburnt Heart (Royal)

The changeling sets her target's heart aflame inside his chest with taunts and scorn, scorching it raw. Every angry impulse and frustrated urge he's ever felt rises to overtake him.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Persuasion + Mantle vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Roll Results

Success: Inflict the Berserk Condition on the foe, and gain (the changeling's Mantle) bonus dice to any attempt to direct his fury onto a target other than the changeling herself.

Exceptional Success: The changeling may affect a second target as well; each target contests the invocation roll separately.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: All the changeling accomplishes is pissing her opponent off the usual way; the target achieves exceptional success on three successes instead of five on the next action he takes against her.

Loophole: The changeling shines a bright light into the opponent's eyes as she invokes this Contract, unless he avoids it with a reflexive Wits + Composure roll.

Autumn Contracts

Autumn is the season of last harvest and storms, and governs all things dreadful and unseen.

Autumn's Fury (Common)

The changeling harnesses the power of a storm to scour his enemies.

Cost: 2 or 3 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling breathes out, *and out*, until a thunderstorm forms from his breath that inflicts the Heavy Rain and Heavy Wind Tilts, for 2 Glamour. For an extra point of Glamour, the storm also strikes foes with lightning; the changeling's player reflexively rolls Presence + Occult − Defense as an attack against anyone (other than the changeling himself) caught in the area at the beginning of each of their turns. These attacks have a weapon modifier of 1L.

The changeling can affect an area up to (Mantle x 20) yards/meters. Standing in the eye of the storm, he himself suffers no ill effects, and it moves as he does.

Loophole: The changeling lifts a metal rod into the air, then lowers it to point at his enemies, as an instant action.

Last Harvest (Common)

The changeling brings human emotions to their ripest point, ready for Autumn harvest.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Duration: One harvesting attempt

Effects: The character whispers to a target softly, telling her secrets he heard from the autumn wind. He gains the 9-again quality on his next roll to harvest Glamour from that target, or 8-again if it resonates with his court. He may only use this Contract once per chapter.

Loophole: The changeling targets his own Touchstone.

Tale of the Baba Yaga (Common)

The changeling gathers his audience close to him, spinning a frightful tale of stalkers that hide under the floorboards and beasts that feast on human flesh. Roll once to invoke this Contract; each target contests it individually. This Contract takes at least a few minutes to invoke.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Subterfuge + Mantle vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Roll Results

Success: Making eye contact with his audience, the changeling inflicts the Shaken Condition on one, some, or all of them, at his option.

Exceptional Success: Anyone affected by this Contract also must spend a Willpower point to act against the changeling for the duration.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling scares himself and gains the Shaken Condition.

Loophole: The changeling weaves this Contract into an urban legend with which all listeners are already familiar.

Twilight's Harbinger (Common)

Autumn is the long twilight of the year, a premonitory glimpse of the end to come. With this Contract, the changeling senses the liminality of things and knows a swan song when she hears one.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Duration: Until the lunar month ends, or the ending comes to pass, whichever comes first

Effects: The character chooses a currently extant circumstance or event when she invokes the Contract, such as another supernatural power, a meeting, an affair, or even a life. 13 minutes before the chosen circumstance or event ends, or three turns in an action scene, a creature of omens visits the changeling no matter where she is at the time to warn her. It might be a black cat or hound, a bat, a raven, an owl, or any other animal the changeling's culture considers ominous.

Loophole: The changeling carries something with a meaningful connection to someone vital to the chosen circumstance or event. For instance, it could be a lock of hair from the person whose death she wishes to foresee, or a love letter exchanged between the affair's participants.

Witches' Intuition (Common)

The changeling senses his target's fears, and can turn her to unreasoned fright. He must tell the target one of his own secret fears when he invokes the Contract.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Wits + Subterfuge + Mantle vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Roll Results

Success: The changeling learns the subject's greatest fear, and any Conditions or Tilts connected to it. This fear can even be subconscious. The changeling may choose to replace this fear with one of his choice. The target's fright of the original subject, along with any Conditions or Tilts it engendered, turns toward the new one for the scene.

Exceptional Success: The Contract reveals the circumstances that caused the fear, and what would worsen or lessen it.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling tells the target one of his own fears that she didn't know yet.

Loophole: The changeling eats part of the target. This piece may be as small as a droplet of blood accidentally spilled, a nail torn off, or a single stolen hair.

Famine's Bulwark (Royal)

Autumn prepares for the long Winter ahead by gathering as much knowledge as it can fathom. The changeling looks to the omens in dried leaves and birds' migration patterns to foretell doom.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Wits + Occult + Mantle

Action: Instant

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success: For each success on the invocation roll, the player may ask the Storyteller one yes-or-no question about the current situation and receive true answers to all but one of them — one answer is always false, unless he only rolls one success.

Exceptional Success: All of the answers are true. In addition, the changeling also gleans the path toward the nearest non-fae supernatural phenomenon or being. He doesn't know its location, but his instincts take him there, as long as he makes the journey within the same scene that he invoked the Contract.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The Storyteller gives the player a

false omen, about which the changeling gains the temporary Obsession Condition, which resolves when he lands himself or his allies in hot water pursuing the specious doom.

Loophole: The changeling eats the most recent fruit of a plant he himself raised.

Mien of the Baba Yaga (Royal)

The changeling appears as his target's greatest fear. He approaches his target from behind, around the corner, from darkness, or another place she can't see. Autumn winds carry the sound of his approach — his fingernails screeching along the wall, or his soft, cackling laughter.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Presence + Intimidation + Mantle vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Roll Results

Success: When the changeling comes into the target's line of sight, she sees him as her greatest fear. She instantly gains the Frightened Condition, and must spend a point of Willpower to take any action that requires dice for the duration. Changeling targets may suffer an attack on their Clarity, at their players' (or the Storyteller's) discretion, depending on the fear evoked. The changeling may let observers also see him as the target's greatest fear, and they react accordingly.

Exceptional Success: The target also gains the Immobilized Tilt for a number of turns equal to the changeling's Mantle.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling believes the target is *his* greatest fear, and gains the Spooked Condition.

Loophole: The changeling whispers the name or title of the target's greatest fear. He must be specific: for example, "The Lord of All Things Lost and Found," rather than "your Keeper."

Riding the Falling Leaves (Royal)

The changeling becomes an avatar of Autumn. Wind gathers around him, drawing in autumn leaves until he merges with them.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Occult + Mantle

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling transforms into a spray of autumn leaves in all the colors of earth and fire. He is a single entity, and resistant to scattering. He may Dodge reflexively once per turn, except against attacks that could reasonably harm a pile of leaves, such as flames or supernatural winds. If he successfully Dodges an attack this way, he may spend another point of Glamour to inflict the Spooked Condition on his opponent. He can fly at his usual Speed −3, and can flatten his body to slip through small openings. He cannot manipulate objects or physically attack.

Exceptional Success: The character may fly at his full Speed. He can also "pick up" and carry through the air a number of objects equal to his Mantle, each no larger than Size 1.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling coughs up leaves, caught halfway to transformation, and suffers the Immobilized Tilt for (Mantle) turns.

Loophole: The character catches a naturally falling leaf at the moment of the Contract's invocation, or something else the wind naturally bears aloft, such as a piece of errant paper or a bird's fallen feather.

Sorcerer's Rebuke (Royal)

Just as flowers wither and trees shed their leaves, the Autumn sorcerer's enemies watch their mystical might dry up and scatter like loose soil. The changeling must touch an opponent to use this Contract (p. 184) and speak an incantation calling on Autumn to punish those who would dare oppose its children.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Occult + Mantle – Resolve

Action: Instant

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The target loses points of Glamour or another supernatural power source equal to successes rolled to invoke this Contract.

Exceptional Success: The changeling also inflicts the Cowed Condition on the target regarding himself.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling becomes overwhelmed by his foe's power, gaining the Spooked Condition.

Loophole: The changeling has made a grand speech or threat at least 30 seconds long, warning the target of his mystical might, earlier in this scene. He needn't get specific about his capabilities.

Tasting the Harvest (Royal)

The changeling grants his allies courage, by eating their fears. One by one, each target speaks aloud of something she fears, and the changeling consumes it. He may bolster himself this way as well.

Cost: 1 Glamour per target

Dice Pool: Presence + Subterfuge + Mantle

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The targets become immune to natural fear, and gain the changeling's Mantle rating in bonus dice to contest supernatural fear effects. He may direct their newfound courage against a thing that would scare them, and grant them one bonus die on actions against that target.

Exceptional Success: The targets achieve exceptional success on three successes rather than five when contesting supernatural fear effects. Their attacks, as directed by the changeling, increase their usual weapon modifiers by one.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: Each target gains the Shaken Condition.

Loophole: The changeling has legitimately jump scared one of the targets this scene.

Winter Contracts

Winter is the season of sorrow and loss, and the desolation of ice and snow.

The Dragon Knows (Common)

The changeling senses her target's regrets at a glance, manipulating them to her own ends. She picks up an item discarded by the target and puts it briefly to her tongue, or touches the target and then tastes her fingertips.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Wits + Empathy + Mantle vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Roll Results

Success: The changeling can taste the target's sorrow and learns his deepest regret, and any Conditions or Tilts connected to it. This regret can even be subconscious or forgotten. The changeling may replace the subject of the regret with one of her choice. The target's sorrow for the original loss, along with any Conditions or Tilts it engendered, turns toward the new subject for the scene.

Exceptional Success: Gain a two-die bonus to any Social roll you make to shatter the target's hopes for the Contract's duration.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling suffers the Demoralized Condition.

Loophole: The character looks into the subject's eyes for at least a few uninterrupted seconds.

Heart of Ice (Common)

The changeling's heart freezes, and cold cannot harm her.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Reflexive

Effects: The changeling's skin takes on a pallid blue color, radiating out from her chest until she looks frozen. She becomes immune to all effects and expressions of cold, all Environmental Tilts except those based on heat, and damage that consists only of ice or cold with no other physical component. This Contract affects both mundane and supernatural cold.

The changeling's heart is literally frozen for the duration, making her immune to attacks that specifically target the heart (p. 184) as well. She can't gain any emotional Conditions, such as Frightened, Inspired, Steadfast, or Swooned.

Loophole: The changeling stands barefoot in something cold (snow, or a bucket of ice, for instance) for (6 − Mantle) turns before invoking the Contract.

Ice Queen's Call (Common)

The changeling summons the ghosts of those frozen in winter, to strike an area with cold.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling calls on Hedge ghosts of winter, shards of cold and souls frozen in eternal winterlands, and spits on the floor. Her spittle immediately freezes, becoming the center of a cold spot that grows in size until an area out to (Mantle x 20) yards/meters suffers the Blizzard Tilt. The changeling herself is immune to the effects. Mournful, indecipherable whispers sound through the air while this Contract is in effect.

Loophole: The character sees, or makes, someone shiver.

Slipknot Dreams (Common)

The changeling consumes her target's regrets, making him feel better but hollowing him out inside. She pushes him to pin his hopes on her instead of on what's hurt him before. The changeling must speak to a target for a scene to invoke this Contract.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Empathy + Mantle vs. Resolve + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling soothes her target's regrets, though not the memory of their source. The target still knows his marriage failed, but now believes it was for the better. The target gains the Swooned Condition with regard to the changeling.

Exceptional Success: The changeling may also spend a point of Willpower to suppress or alter the memory of the event that caused regret, effectively erasing it from the target's mind or changing it to have included her in it as a positive force. This effect is permanent unless reversed by other supernatural means.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The subject refuses to speak to the changeling willingly for a full chapter.

Loophole: The target accepted a valuable or sentimental gift from the changeling within the scene.

Touch of Winter (Common)

The changeling freezes liquid with her touch.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Science + Mantle

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling touches the surface of a body of water with her hand. Frost spreads out from her fingertips, flash freezing an area with a diameter of five yards/meters radiating from the changeling. The effect keeps spreading, adding five more yards/meters of diameter to the frozen area each turn, as long as the changeling maintains contact. The frozen surface can support a number of people equal to the changeling's Mantle as they cross. The ice starts to melt naturally when the Contract ends.

Exceptional Success: The character may either instantly return the frozen liquid to its original form at any time, or impose the Ice Tilt at any time, which doesn't affect her.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The character suffers (Mantle) points of bashing damage due to frostbite.

Loophole: The character melts at least a handful of ice completely to liquid right before invoking this Contract.

Ermine's Winter Coat (Royal)

In winter, the stoat sheds its brown fur for white, to blend in with the snow. The courtier hides herself from the piercing eyes of her enemies the same way, donning any white piece of clothing, like a scarf or a coat.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling blends in with whatever she's near, becoming difficult to see clearly. She gains +3 to Stealth rolls and inflicts a −3 on attacks against her. As long as she's in the company of at least a few non-fae beings, she halves her Wyrd rating (rounded down) for purposes of the bonus other fae beings gain to track or find her, and gains +3 to Clashes



of Wills to seem mortal when she strengthens her Mask. This Contract immediately ends if she drops her Mask.

Loophole: The changeling digs a hole, builds a pillow fort, or creates some other small space, and then hides herself in it while she activates this Contract.

Fallow Fields (Royal)

The changeling drains her target of all positive emotion, leaving only the desolation of winter. She writes the name of a person the target loves onto a piece of paper, then eats it.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Empathy + Mantle vs. Resolve + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Duration: Days equal to the changeling's Mantle

Roll Results

Success: The target suddenly can't remember what love feels like. He becomes unable to regain Willpower through his Virtue or Vice (or equivalent traits), and gains the Broken Condition.

Exceptional Success: The target feels the loss again at a time of the changeling's choosing, within the same story, regaining the Broken Condition at a spoken word from her.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling gains the Broken Condition.

Loophole: The name the changeling wrote down is one of the target's Touchstones.

Field of Regret (Royal)

The changeling's eyes take on a white-blue color as she summons the ghosts of people who died lost in the Hedge on a cold winter's night, to infect living targets with their sorrow.

Cost: 1 Glamour per target + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Presence + Empathy + Mantle − Resolve

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling directs the ghosts to any targets she can see. The dead assail the living by passing through them, infecting them with unbearable loneliness and inflicting the invocation roll's successes as points of lethal damage. Each target also loses one Willpower point.

Exceptional Success: The targets lose two Willpower points instead.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: Sorrow overwhelms the changeling, who gains the Disoriented Condition.

Loophole: The changeling sings a melancholic song and lets a ghost possess her for at least 10 seconds.

Mantle of Frost (Royal)

The changeling wraps herself in Winter's embrace to strike at her enemies.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Effects: The changeling's lips turn blue as frost forms in her hair. Her body radiates cold, sucking all the warmth out of the air and inflicting an area with a 20-yard/meter diameter, centered around her, with a flash-freezing version of the Extreme Cold Tilt. People inside the area take an immediate −1 die penalty to all rolls, which increases by a cumulative −1 each subsequent turn. Once a target suffers a −5 penalty, he starts taking one point of lethal damage each turn. The penalty disappears when a person steps outside the aura, but returns at full current strength if he returns. The effect moves with the changeling, and she herself is immune to it. Anyone who takes more damage from this Contract than his Stamina gains the Immobilized Tilt, encased in ice.

Loophole: The changeling dramatically takes off her coat, letting it drop to the floor like a mantle, then destroys it.

Winter's Curse (Royal)

The Winter Courtier knows the best way to keep her enemies at bay is to make them stop caring, freezing their hearts until they have no fellow feeling, even for their closest friends. She must touch an opponent to use this Contract (p. 184). Huntsmen who bear Fae Titles in place of hearts are immune.

Cost: 2 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Presence + Survival + Mantle vs. Resolve + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Roll Results

Success: The target's heart is frozen solid. He can't participate in teamwork actions, spend Willpower, gain Willpower through his Thread or Virtue (or equivalent anchor), or suffer breaking points. He cares nothing for his allies or his Aspirations, abandoning them immediately. All impressions are Average for purposes of Social maneuvering against him, and can't be changed; supernatural powers that would do so prompt a Clash of Wills. The exception is the changeling herself, who can improve her impression in the usual ways and gains bonus dice equal to her Mantle on Social rolls against him. If the target *would* suffer a breaking point during the Contract's duration, it catches up to him afterward.

Exceptional Success: The changeling may also choose one other character present in the scene, changing their impression with the target to Hostile and inflicting a penalty equal to her Mantle rating on that character's Social rolls against the target.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling freezes her own heart instead, gaining the Stoic Condition.

Loophole: The changeling swallows an ice cube whole right before invoking this Contract.

Goblin Contracts

A changeling isn't limited to riding the coattails of pacts others made; she may enter into new Contracts of her own. These are called Goblin Contracts and, as the name implies, are struck between a changeling and a goblin. Every goblin bargain is different — the goblin merchant might ask for the changeling to retrieve a lost object for him, a strand of the changeling's hair, or simply a future favor. Whatever he asks, payment should be within the changeling's power, though it needn't be easy to come by.

Goblin Contracts cost 2 Experiences each.

Goblin Debt

Once a changeling purchases a Contract from a goblin, it becomes hers and she can use it whenever she wants. Every time a character successfully invokes a Goblin Contract, the Storyteller notes down one point of Goblin Debt for her. No one knows whether the goblin empowers the Contract directly, or simply brokers it on behalf of another entity or the Wyrd itself — possibly leaving the changeling indebted to a dangerous partner, and making disposing of a goblin to avoid her Debt a risky prospect. Certainly, to the Lost's knowledge, no such deed has ever resulted in a changeling shedding Debt without unpleasant consequences.

The Storyteller may spend Goblin Debt points at any time to:

- Subtract dice from the player's pool on any roll, at one die per Debt point. The player remains entitled to a chance die no matter how many Debt points the Storyteller spends.
- Spend four Debt points to give the character a non-Persistent Condition, or Tilt. This effect should be related to the Goblin Contract, or the character's creditor. For example, a Contract that lets a changeling spy on others, or has the Queen of Eyes as its backer, could cause the Blinded Tilt. If a Tilt gained this way causes harm or a significant setback, the player takes a Beat.
- Spend eight Debt points to give the character a Persistent Condition. This effect should also be related to the Contract or creditor as above.

A player may reject the Storyteller's expenditure, but each time she does so, she gains an additional point of Goblin Debt.

A changeling can never rack up more than nine Debt points — subsequent points wash right off her. Instead, when she would incur a 10th point, she immediately gains the Hedge Denizen Condition (p. 340).

The changeling can also try to work off Debt by performing tasks for the goblin she's indebted to. Goblins have no fixed method to facilitate this, and the changeling must negotiate for it.

Blessing of Forgetfulness

The changeling erases a single event from her target's memory, brushing her fingers across her target's forehead.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Subterfuge + Wyrd vs. Composure + Wyrd

Action: Contested

Duration: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling pulls away the memory of a single continuous incident, sticking to her fingers like cobwebs. The memory could be of a conversation, gunfight, or another event lasting no longer than one scene. The target's mind creates a false, plausible, and harmless memory to replace the erased one. The changeling may make suggestions, such as "you stayed in to watch TV," but ultimately the target's own mind does the work.

This Contract removes memories permanently, but conclusive evidence the event *did* happen can convince the target he forgot about it. The Storyteller determines what constitutes conclusive evidence.

Exceptional Success: No amount of mundane persuasion or evidence can convince the target the event happened.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The Contract turns against the changeling, who forgets the last five minutes.

Loophole: The event caused pain to the target, but the changeling herself rendered aid or otherwise showed him kindness.

Glib Tongue

The changeling is a snake-oil salesman, a master at telling lies.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Duration: Instant

Effects: The changeling didn't have to buy deception from a goblin — he owned that already. Rather, he bought gullibility to wield against his targets. The changeling perfectly tells one lie to a mortal, who believes him as long

as it's not demonstrably false. Used against a supernatural target, this Contract adds the changeling's Wyrd as bonus dice to the player's Subterfuge roll, to a maximum of +5.

Loophole: The changeling tells another target a lie that harms someone, in the same scene.

Goblin's Eye

The changeling bought an eye from a goblin and swallowed it. She can still feel it, sitting in her stomach like a stone, and now she can *feel* magic.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling's kenning (p. 107) may now trigger Clashes of Wills to see through any magical concealment. Each concealed phenomenon requires its own Clash.

The player can also ask her Storyteller one of the following questions per success rolled about any one supernatural subject the changeling uncovered via kenning:

- What is the true nature of this magic? (as kenning exceptional success)
- What is one weakness, bane, loophole, or catch this phenomenon possesses? (repeatable with more successes)
- How do I activate this token or effect?
- How long will this phenomenon last?
- With which Regalia does this phenomenon most closely align?
- What is the power level of the phenomenon relative to my Wyrd?
- Is there a promise, debt, or oath directly associated with this phenomenon? (e.g. oath-forged tokens, magic performed for a price, Hedge denizens created via Goblin Debt, etc.)

Loophole: The changeling burns an owl's feather and smudges the ashes on his eyelids.

Goblin's Luck

Goblins aren't always content, but they are *lucky* — and the changeling may use some of this luck.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling bought a wishbone from a goblin. They broke it and the goblin got the bigger half, but even so he's been exceptionally lucky since. He can make a random guess when a finite number of possibilities exists, and it pays off: He wins $25 on a scratch ticket, or picks the right street of four his quarry might have fled down. This Contract only grants small instances of luck.

Loophole: The character freely extends this Contract to also benefit an unfriendly rival or enemy.

Huntsman's Clarion

Once upon a time, a Huntsman dragged a Playmate kicking and screaming into the Hedge. He took pity on the young woman once there, though, and his empathy made him lax — she murdered him for his kindness while he slept. But no amount of murder could solve the Playmate's problem; her Keeper simply sent new hunters to bring her back. Finally, desperate, the Playmate tore off her Self and scattered the remains of who she was to the wind. One of the pieces became this Contract, found and handed down through goblins, as the Playmate's memories still try to crack the riddle of beating the Wild Hunt.

The changeling must be in the Hedge to invoke this Contract.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Wits + Empathy + Wyrd

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling automatically knows whenever a True Fae, a Huntsman, another kind of Arcadian denizen (not Hedge denizen), or her own fetch is within a number of miles equal to her Wyrd, though not where it is. Though she must invoke this Contract in the Hedge, she needn't stay there for the duration.

Exceptional Success: The Contract lasts until the sun next crosses the horizon.

Failure: The Contract fails.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling gains the Hunted Condition, pursued by an agent of the Fae — or perhaps even her own Keeper.

Loophole: The changeling blindfolds herself for the duration of the Contract.

Lost Visage

Wily and slippery, the changeling even escapes from her enemies' memories.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Duration: Instant

Effects: The changeling gave a piece of himself to a goblin in trade, and now he feels more and more pieces slipping away. Slipping away has its benefits though: The changeling can invoke this Contract immediately when a scene ends, to erase himself from any mortal memories of

it. They forget what he looked like, and recall his name not even remotely right. This Contract even works on supernatural targets, if the changeling's player beats them in a Clash of Wills. The True Fae and the Huntsmen are immune to this Contract.

Loophole: The changeling leaves one of his possessions at the scene. This needn't be an identifying item, but it should be fairly unique — this month's *Cosmo* doesn't work, but his jacket does.

Mantle Mask

Courts are the glue of changeling society, but every haven has its infiltrators and traitors.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling bought a piece of treachery from a goblin. She can dim her own Mantle and assume another court's up to the rating of her true Mantle, or appear to have no Mantle at all. These changes are only cosmetic, making the changeling appear as a member of another court, or courtless.

Loophole: The changeling decorates her skin with symbols of the court whose Mantle she wants to mimic, right before invoking this Contract.

Sight of Truth and Lies

Cloaking herself in the mantle of truth, the changeling sorts veracity from deception.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Effects: The changeling purchased the burden of truth from a goblin. He recognizes any mundane lie spoken in his presence, though the Contract does not reveal what the truth is. He can't tell lies himself, but is under no compulsion to offer the truth either. If he does lie, the Contract ends. Supernatural deceptions prompt a Clash of Wills.

For this Contract, what matters is whether or not the person saying the statement *believes* it is true.

Loophole: The changeling uses this Contract at an official occasion — anything from a hearing over which the Autumn Queen presides to a mundane business meeting.

Uncanny

The changeling borrows a little goblin luck to succeed at her next task.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: None

Action: Reflexive

Duration: One instant action, or extended action roll

Effects: The changeling bought the luck of the hapless from a goblin. Her next mundane action that is neither resisted nor contested gains the rote quality — including single rolls within extended actions (though this doesn't negate the time involved).

Loophole: The changeling has no Skill dots to contribute to the attempted task.

Wayward Guide

The changeling leads his targets astray.

Cost: 1 Glamour per target

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Duration: Instant or scene; see below

Effects: The changeling bought a bad sense of direction from a goblin. He can use it to alter signs in his path, inflicting the Lost Condition on one mortal per Glamour point spent. If he targets himself, supernatural creatures tracking him must beat his player in a Clash of Wills or lose the scent for the scene.

Loophole: The changeling gets herself confused as well, gaining the Confused Condition.

The Crown of Seasons

A Crown is a gift: a token of affection from the court's patron to its queen, whether her kin elected her, she defeated the old sovereign, or she showed great bravery or wisdom. The Crown is a physical object, though born from Glamour and bound to the queen at all times. She can choose to subsume and hide it in her mien, or give it to someone else to use. It can't be taken from her by force or guile, and she always knows exactly where it is and who currently wears it. Once a day, the queen can call a gifted Crown back to her side: Spring rulers may do so at dawn, Summer queens at high noon, Autumn sovereigns at dusk, and Winter rulers at midnight. A monarch (and only a monarch) can turn a Crown into an oath-forged token (p. 224), granting it even more power, but doing so cuts it loose from her mien somewhat, requiring a point of Glamour and a contested Wyrd + Mantle roll to reclaim it from another bearer.

At the changing of the seasons, the old ruler abdicates power while the new one claims it. Most courts prefer to hold elaborate ceremonies as a way to uphold their Bargains; see Chapter 1 for more on how each court takes power. These ceremonies also reinforce any oaths attendees swore when they joined their court, granting each changeling present one point of Glamour.

When a changeling loses her reigning position, the Crown fades, although some extraordinarily popular rulers or those whose seasonal Bargains are sorely needed in the fight against the Fae find that their Crown sticks around



even when they're not in power, causing strife and intrigue galore. No changeling has yet made this happen on purpose, but sometimes the seasons have their own ideas.

In addition to those benefits, each Crown grants a blessing. If the sovereign has currently granted the Crown to another to use, that character may invoke the blessing as he wills.

Blessing of the Green (Spring)

The Crown wreathes around the queen's head, cascading down her shoulders to a resplendent robe of young blooms. She may spend a point of Willpower to let one Lost (including herself) add her Mantle rating as bonus successes on a Glamour harvesting roll. The queen can do this a number of times per chapter equal to her Mantle, but she can bless each individual subject only once per chapter.

Challenge of the Black Spear (Summer)

Mahogany branches and emerald leaves braid together in the Crown, wrapping down into a magnificent breastplate. By spending a point of Glamour, the king receives a bonus to his Initiative equal to his Mantle rating and can't be surprised in a one-on-one fight, for the scene. He can do this a number of times per chapter equal to his Mantle, but against an individual enemy only once per chapter.

Harvest of Whispers (Autumn)

Red and yellow leaves crown the queen, fanning out behind her like great wings. Once per chapter, she regains two points of Glamour for each important secret she has uncovered this chapter, up to a number of revelations equal to her Mantle rating. She may only spend this Glamour on Contracts, tokens, oneiromancy, or crossing into the Hedge. Any unspent Glamour she gained this way is lost when the chapter ends.

Feast of Ashes (Winter)

Frozen ashes make the Crown, flowing down into a shimmering mantle of gray and silver. Once per chapter, the king can convert points of Glamour into points of Willpower, up to a maximum number of points equal to his Mantle rating. This allows his Willpower-point total to surpass his normal maximum, but any excess points vanish at the end of the chapter. He also gains the Steadfast Condition when he calls on this power.

Part IV

It Happened to Me

Wendy

I don't run anymore.

It used to calm my nerves. Gave me a chance to yell in my head all the things I wasn't going to say to my actual boss. I rehearsed long rants about respect and cowardice and manifesting good in the world. (I don't even remember when I gave up asking to be called something other than 'Miss' or 'guys.') So I ate my words and made nice and asked exactly once to change managers. And got fired at my next performance review — for "being difficult" and "politicizing everything." My best work friend suggested I had brought it on myself by complaining on work chat about how I couldn't take lunar new year off. Since we "were totally about to crunch, you know." I did know.

I kept running for a while after that. At first, it just seemed like it might be good practice. Give my days some structure. Help me keep my mind focused while I looked for new jobs. While I thought about changing industries. Besides, every time I ran that way the path seemed to get a little more remote and overgrown. Each time I ran a little farther, I saw something new. Interviewers asked a lot about my politics, and offers dried up after they contacted former employers. So I had some time on my hands. Doing favors for nonprofits I worked for in college kept me from digging too deep into my savings, but there's only so much your social network can do for you. I was running a couple of hours a day at that point.

I'd been out all morning when I found them. Just 20 minutes farther than yesterday, there was a little shadowy lake. A pond, really, maybe no more than 100 feet across, but with water so dark it seemed to go down forever. And it was full of skeletons. Thousands of delicate bones, washing up with the little waves that seemed to come from somewhere under the surface, forming little islands that crested the water, gathering more as the current drifted fragments to them. Some old and mossy, some new — still white and streaked with pink. I don't know why I didn't just run away. I hadn't been tired when I stopped, just curious. But as I watched the bones churn in the water, I didn't run. Which I guess is how I heard them. Too soft for me to have made them out over my own heavy breathing otherwise. A nest of baby swans, crying the way you do when you're too tired to heave out another sob, but the pain hasn't stopped. When the salt just burns your eyes because there's no water left to clear it out. When you've lost your voice from screaming. Not that I would know.

I still don't know much about birds, but at the time all I knew was that they didn't seem like the same age. One was almost grown, but one was barely hatched. Do birds even know their younger siblings? The eldest was...watching them, I guess, but didn't try to chase me away. I mean, I've tried to feed swans at parks before. I know how they can be about hatchlings. This one just looked tired. Covered the younger ones with its wing and looked...sad? Can birds look sad? I walked a little closer. Sad, and maybe scared. A quiet hiss, and a wince as it tried to move. Oh, its wing was broken. No wonder it couldn't fight me. I know you're not supposed to bother wounded animals. But I couldn't just leave them. Not in a nest made of thin, hollow bones.

"Hi," I said, even though it seemed silly to talk to a swan. But I needed to say something as I crept closer, to try to reassure it that I wasn't going to hurt them.

"Hi," the biggest one whispered back. "Are you going to eat us now?"

The strangest thing was that it didn't seem strange. I just thought, *Oh, of course this swan can talk,* and then kept right on. "No, I promise." It sighed, as though it didn't believe me.

I tried to smile, but at the same time I stepped on a bone and crushed it. Bird bones crush, I thought absent-mindedly. Bird bones crush, I thought urgently. "Um. Is it okay if I take you somewhere else? I'm starting to feel really weird about this place."

Can birds roll their eyes? "*Starting* to? How did you even get here, lady?"

"I was running, and don't sass me."

And it flinched. "I'm sorry ma'am. It was my mistake, please don't hurt them." The broken wing extended a little further over the babies.

"Oh, sweetie. I didn't mean to scare you. It's just what my mother said to me when I talked back. I wasn't thinking." It settled back a little, still defensive, still watchful. "Do you have a name? It seems rude to pick you up if I don't know your name."

I'd never seen a swan shed tears before. "We don't know them anymore. I think she ate them."

"She ate them?" And I looked toward the lake.

"No, not the creature in the water. Whatever's there doesn't come out during the day. I felt it sniffing my feathers last night, but it left us be. Maybe it's waiting for something better than some scrawny bird kids."

"Well, now I definitely want to get out of here. Can I pick you up...Peter?"

"Peter? Okay. But please don't leave the little ones behind."

"I won't. Here, let me get my arms around your wing." And then he turned into a boy in my arms. I only just managed to not drop him on the babies below us. We both screamed, and the water trembled. "Okay. Okay. Now you're a boy somehow and we can talk about this when we are all far away from the bone water. Are they going to get turned into kids too? Because I go to the gym, but I don't think I can carry five teenagers."

He...Peter looked pale and scared and said, "Can you fix us? Could you name all of us?"

"Okay, yes, fine, I will name everyone once we are away. Will they stay birds if I don't name them yet?"

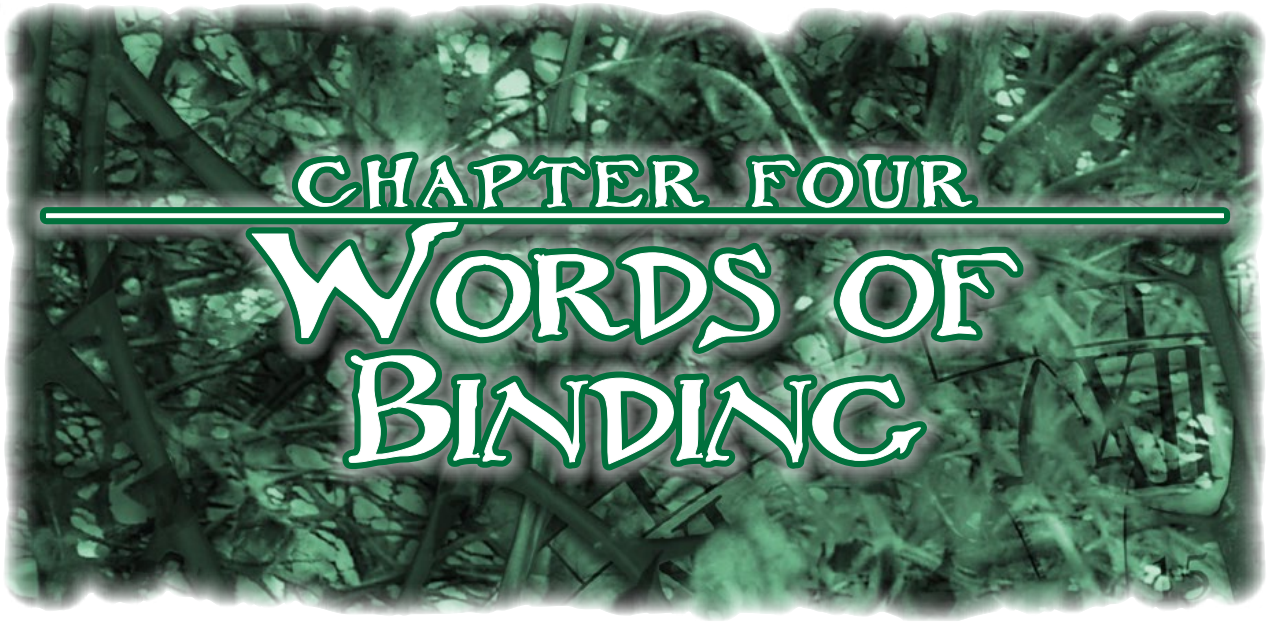
"Maybe if you don't touch their skin?"

"Okay, good enough." I took off my jacket and wrapped it around the four smaller birds, who shrieked, high-pitched and scared, until Peter touched them all and chirped gently to them.

The water shivered and flexed, like something taking off a coat and shaking it. The air filled with a deep thrum, rattling my teeth and my nerves.

So with a coat full of birds and a naked teenager riding piggyback, I ran as fast as I could back down the path I had taken and didn't look back. Bones and rock to dirt to gravel to pavement to wood to tile to a bathtub full of children.





Chapter Four
Words of Binding

But when the fairy sang, the whole world listened to him. Stephen felt clouds pause in their passing; he felt sleeping hills shift and murmur; he felt cold mists dance. He understood for the first time that the world is not dumb at all, but merely waiting for someone to speak to it in a language it understands. In the fairy's song the earth recognized the names by which it called itself.

Susanna Clarke, **Jonathan Strange & Mr. Norrell**

This chapter contains the basic rules for playing **Changeling: The Lost**. More information, including optional systems and examples of play, can be found in the **Chronicles of Darkness Rulebook**.

Traits

In addition to the supernatural traits of the Lost, **Chronicles of Darkness** characters have mundane traits common to mortals and monsters alike. Attributes are raw potential, Skills are trained abilities, and Skill Specialties are specific areas of training in which a character excels. Willpower is the extra effort a character can bring to bear in a stressful or dangerous situation, when success is crucial or hangs by a thread. Some supernatural powers also use Willpower.

Finally, a mortal (but not a changeling) possesses a personal Virtue and Vice from which he can draw strength and refill his Willpower, much the same way a changeling derives Willpower from her Needle, Thread, and Touchstones.

Attributes

Attributes represent essential traits that every character possesses by default. These serve as the foundation to most rolls in **Changeling: The Lost**. The nine Attributes are split into three categories; Mental, Physical, and Social. If a game rule refers to a "Social roll," or a "Mental action," that means an action that uses the appropriate Attribute category.

Mental Attributes

Mental Attributes reflect your character's acuity, intellect, and strength of mind.

Intelligence

Intelligence is your character's raw knowledge, memory, and capacity for solving difficult problems. This may be book smarts, or a wealth of trivia.

Attribute Tasks: Memorizing (Intelligence + Composure, instant action)

Wits

Wits represents your character's ability to think quickly and improvise solutions. It reflects your character's perception, and ability to pick up on details.

Attribute Tasks: Perception (Wits + Composure, reflexive action)

Resolve

Resolve is your character's determination, patience, and sense of commitment. It allows your character to

concentrate in the face of distraction and danger, or continue doing something in spite of insurmountable odds.

Attribute Tasks: Resisting coercion (Resolve + Stamina, reflexive action)

Physical Attributes

Physical Attributes reflect your character's bodily fitness and acumen.

Strength

Strength is your character's muscular definition and capacity to deliver force. It affects many physical tasks, including most actions in a fight.

Attribute Tasks: Breaking a barrier (Strength + Stamina, instant action), Lifting objects (Strength + Stamina, instant action)

Dexterity

Dexterity is your character's speed, agility, and coordination. It provides balance, reactions, and aim.

Attribute Tasks: Keeping balance (Dexterity + Composure, reflexive action)

Stamina

Stamina is your character's general health and sturdiness. It determines how much punishment your character's body can handle before it gives up.

Attribute Tasks: Staying awake (Stamina + Resolve, instant action)

Social Attributes

Social Attributes reflect your character's ability to deal with others.

Presence

Presence is your character's assertiveness, gravitas, and raw appeal. It gives your character a strong bearing that changes moods and minds.

Attribute Tasks: Good first impressions (Presence + Composure, instant action)

Manipulation

Manipulation is your character's ability to make others cooperate. It's how smoothly she speaks, and how much people can read into her intentions.

Attribute Tasks: Poker face (Manipulation + Composure)

Composure

Composure is your character's poise and grace under fire. It's his dignity, and ability to remain unfazed when harrowed.

Attribute Tasks: Meditation (Resolve + Composure, extended action)

Skills

Whereas Attributes represent innate ability, Skills reflect behaviors learned and honed over a lifetime. These are things that could be practiced or learned from a book. Similarly to Attributes, Skills are divided into Mental, Physical, and Social categories.

Skills do not receive free dots at character creation. Skills without dots are deficient or barely capable. Skills with a single dot reflect a cursory training. Two dots is sufficient for professional use. Three is a high level of competency. Four is outstanding, and five is absolute mastery of the discipline. When creating your character, prioritize categories. The primary category receives 11 dots, the secondary receives seven, the tertiary four.

Sample actions are listed for each Skill; these lists are just common actions, and should not be taken as comprehensive guides to where Skills can apply. We also suggest dice pools, but it's important to look at the context of the scene, and apply the best Attribute + Skill combination for the events at hand. Also remember that equipment and environmental modifiers can shift a dice pool. We've listed some sample equipment and factors that could enhance Skill usage.

Using a Skill with no dots incurs a penalty. For Physical and Social Skills, it levies a −1 die penalty to the roll. For a Mental Skill, it's a −3 die penalty.

Mental Skills

Mental Skills are largely learned, as opposed to practiced. They reflect knowledge and procedure, lore and understanding.

Academics

Academics is a broad Skill representing your character's higher education and knowledge of the arts and humanities. It covers language, history, law, economics, and related fields.

Sample actions: Recall trivia (Intelligence + Academics, instant action), Research (Intelligence + Academics, extended action), Translation (Intelligence + Academics, extended action)

Sample contacts: Rare Book Dealer, Law Professor, Head Librarian

Suggested equipment: Internet access (+1), Library (+1 to +3), Professional consultant (+2)

Specialties: Anthropology, Art History, English, History, Law, Literature, Religion, Research, Translation

Computer

Computer is your character's advanced ability with computing. While most characters in **Chronicles of Darkness**

are expected to know the basics, the Computer Skill allows your character to program computers, to crack into systems, to diagnose major problems, and to investigate data. This Skill reflects advanced techniques and tricks; almost everyone can operate a computer for email and basic internet searches.

Sample actions: Hacking a system (Intelligence + Computer, extended action, contested if against a security administrator or other hacker), Internet search (Wits + Computer, instant action), Programming (Intelligence + Computer, extended action)

Sample contacts: AI Researcher, Hardcore Computer Gamer, White-Hat Hacker

Suggested equipment: Computer system (+0 to +3, by performance), Custom software (+2), Passwords (+2)

Specialties: Data Retrieval, Graphics, Hacking, Internet, Programming, Security, Social Media

Crafts

Crafts reflects your character's knack with creating and repairing things. From creating works of art to fixing an automobile, Crafts is the Skill to use.

Sample actions: Appraisal (Wits + Crafts, instant action), Counterfeit item (Intelligence + Crafts, instant action), Create art (Intelligence + Crafts, instant action), Repair item (Wits + Crafts, instant action)

Sample contacts: Automotive Engineer, Makerspace Enthusiast, Police Sketch Artist

Suggested equipment: Point of reference (+1), Quality materials (+2), Tools (+1 to +3, depending on utility and specialty), Well-equipped workplace (+2)

Specialties: Automotive, Cosmetics, Fashion, Forging, Graffiti, Jury Rigging, Painting, Perfumery, Repair, Sculpting

Investigation

Investigation is your character's skill with solving mysteries and putting together puzzles. It reflects the ability to draw conclusions, to find meaning out of confusion, and to use lateral thinking to find information where others could not.

Sample actions: Examining a crime scene (Wits + Investigation, extended action), Solving riddles (Intelligence + Investigation, instant or extended action)

Sample contacts: Conspiracy Buff, Medical Examiner, Private Investigator

Suggested equipment: Forensic kit (+1), Unrestricted access (+2), Reference library (+2)

Specialties: Autopsy, Body Language, Crime Scenes, Cryptography, Lab Work, Riddles

Medicine

Medicine reflects your character's knowledge of the human body, and of how to bring it to and keep it in working order. Characters with Medicine can make efforts to stem life-threatening wounds and illnesses.

Sample actions: Diagnosis (Wits + Medicine, instant action), Treating wounds (Intelligence + Medicine, extended action)

Sample contacts: Bio-Tech Company Researcher, Chronic Patient, EMT

Suggested equipment: Medical tools (+1 to +3), Trained assistance (+1), Well-stocked facilities (+2)

Specialties: First Aid, Pathology, Pharmaceuticals, Physical Therapy, Surgery

Occult

The Occult Skill is your character's knowledge of things hidden in the dark, legends, and lore. While the supernatural is unpredictable and often unique, the Occult Skill allows your character to pick out facts from rumor.

Sample actions: Identify the sliver of truth (Wits + Occult, instant action), Relate two similar myths (Intelligence + Occult, instant or extended action)

Sample contacts: Anthropology Professor, Neo-Pagan Author, Weird Hermit Down the Street

Suggested equipment: Well-stocked library (+2)

Specialties: Casting Lots, Divination, Ghosts, Hedge Lore, Phrenology, Superstition, Witchcraft

Politics

Politics reflects a general knowledge of political structures and methodologies, but more practically shows your character's ability to navigate those systems and make them work the way she intends. With Politics, she knows the right person to ask to get something done.

Sample actions: Cut red tape (Manipulation + Politics, extended action), Identify authority (Wits + Politics, instant action), Sully reputations (Manipulation + Politics, extended action)

Sample contacts: Personal Assistant to the Governor, Political Blogger, Union Leader

Suggested equipment: Official position (+1 to +5, by Status)

Specialties: Bureaucracy, Church, Court Intrigue, Democratic, Freehold, Local, Organized Crime, Scandals

Science

Science is your character's knowledge and understanding of the physical and natural sciences, such as biology, chemistry, geology, meteorology, and physics.

Sample actions: Assess variables (Intelligence + Science, instant or extended action), Formulate solution (Intelligence + Science, extended action)

Sample contacts: Experimental Physicist, Geology Professor, Mad Inventor

Suggested equipment: Reference library (+1 to +3), Well-stocked laboratory (+2)

Specialties: Physics, Neuroscience, Virology, Alchemy, Genetics, Hematology

Physical Skills

Physical Skills are those practiced, trained, and learned through action.

Athletics

Athletics reflects a broad category of physical training and ability. It covers sports, and basic physical tasks such as running, jumping, dodging threats, and climbing. It also determines a character's ability with thrown weapons.

Sample actions: Acrobatics (Dexterity + Athletics, instant action), Climbing (Strength + Athletics, extended action), Foot chase (Stamina + Athletics, contested action), Jumping (Strength + Athletics, instant action, one foot vertically per success)

Sample contacts: Parkour Enthusiast, Physical Therapist, Running Club Buddy

Suggested equipment: Athletic shoes (+1), Rope (+1)

Specialties: Acrobatics, Archery, Climbing, Jumping, Parkour, Swimming, Throwing

Brawl

Brawl reflects your character's ability to tussle and fight without weapons. This includes old-fashioned bar brawls as well as complex martial arts.

Sample actions: Breaking boards (Strength + Brawl, instant action), Hand-to-hand fighting (covered in the Violence section, p. 184)

Sample contacts: Club Bouncer, Self-Defense Teacher, Sparring Partner

Suggested equipment: Brass knuckles (+1)

Specialties: Boxing, Dirty Fighting, Grappling, Martial Arts, Threats, Throws

Drive

Drive is the skill to control and maneuver automobiles, motorcycles, boats, and even airplanes. A character can drive a car without Drive dots; the Skill relates to moments of high stress, such as a high-speed chase or trying to elude a tail. It's assumed that most modern characters have a basic ability to drive. As well, Drive can reflect your character's skill with horseback riding, if appropriate to her history.

Sample actions: Impressive maneuvering (Dexterity + Drive, instant action), Pursuit (Dexterity + Drive, contested action), Tailing (Wits + Drive, contested action)

Sample contacts: Bush Pilot, Mechanic, Street Racer

Suggested equipment: Performance vehicle (+1 to +3)

Specialties: Defensive Driving, Evasion, Off-Road Driving, Motorcycles, Pursuit, Stunts

Firearms

Firearms reflects your character's ability to identify, maintain, and otherwise use guns. This Skill covers everything from small pistols, to shotguns, to assault rifles, and anything else related.

Sample actions: Firefights (see p. 184 for more on how firearms violence works)

Sample contacts: Gun store owner, Local law enforcement, Sharpshooter

Suggested equipment: See p. 324 for a full list of firearms

Specialties: Handguns, Rifles, Shotguns, Trick Shots

Larceny

Larceny covers intrusion, lockpicking, theft, pickpocketing, and other (generally considered) criminal activities. This Skill is typically learned on the streets, outside of formal methods. However, stage magicians and other entertainers learn these skills as part of their repertoire.

Sample actions: Bypass security systems (Dexterity + Larceny, extended action), Lockpicking (Dexterity + Larceny, extended action), Pickpocketing (Dexterity + Larceny, contested action)

Sample contacts: Shady Pawn Shop Owner, Parole Officer, Three-Card Monte Dealer.

Suggested equipment: Crowbar (+1), Crowded area (+2), Lockpicks (+2), Partner in crime (+1)

Specialties: Breaking and Entering, Concealment, Lockpicking, Pickpocketing, Safecracking, Security Systems, Sleight of Hand

Stealth

The Stealth Skill reflects your character's ability to move unnoticed and unheard, or to blend into a crowd. Every character approaches Stealth differently; some use distraction, some disguise, some are just hard to keep an eye on.

Sample actions: Losing a tail (Wits + Stealth, contested action), Shadowing (Dexterity + Stealth, contested action)

Sample contacts: Bow Hunter, Burglar, Lookout from a Former Job

Suggested equipment: Binoculars (+1), Dark clothing (+1), Smokescreen (+2), Spotters (+1)

Specialties: Camouflage, Crowds, In Plain Sight, Rural, Shadowing, Stakeout, Staying Motionless

Survival

Survival represents your character's ability to "live off the land." This means finding shelter, finding food, and otherwise procuring the necessities for existence. This could be in a rural or urban environment.

Sample actions: Foraging (Wits + Survival, extended action), Hunting (for animals, Wits + Survival, extended action)

Sample contacts: Homeless Person, Off-the-grid Survivalist, Scout Master

Suggested equipment: Survival guide (+1), Survival knife (+1)

Specialties: Foraging, Hunting, Navigation, Shelter, Weather

Weaponry

Weaponry is the ability to fight with hand-to-hand weapons, from swords, to knives, to baseball bats, to chainsaws. If the intent is to strike another and harm him, Weaponry is the Skill.

Sample actions: Attacking another (see p. 184 for more on Weaponry fighting)

Sample contacts: Fencing Instructor, Gang Member, Western Martial Arts Enthusiast

Suggested equipment: See p. 323 for a full list of weapons

Specialties: Chains, Clubs, Improvised Weapons, Spears, Swords

Social Skills

Animal Ken

Animal Ken reflects your character's ability to train and understand animals. With Animal Ken, your character can charm beasts or even rile them to violence, under the right circumstances.

Sample actions: Animal training (Manipulation + Animal Ken, extended action), Cowing an animal (Presence + Animal Ken, contested action)

Sample contacts: Cat Lady, Rodeo Horse Trainer, Zoo Veterinarian

Suggested equipment: Treats (+1), Whip (+1)

Specialties: Canines, Felines, Reptiles, Calming, Training

Empathy

Empathy represents your character's ability to read and understand others' feelings and motivations. This helps discern moods, or read deceptive behavior in discussion. It is not inherently sympathetic; one can understand another's positions without agreeing with them.

Sample actions: Finding someone's pain (Wits + Empathy, contested action), Sense deception (Wits + Empathy, contested action), Soothing nerves (Manipulation + Empathy, instant action)

Sample contacts: Shoulder to Cry On, Police Profiler, Psych Student

Suggested equipment: Muted clothing (+1), Relaxing environment (+2)

Specialties: Calming, Emotion, Hedge Shaping, Lies, Motives, Oneiromancy, Personalities

Expression

The Expression Skill reflects your character's ability to communicate. This Skill covers written and spoken forms of communication, journalism, acting, music, and dance.

Sample actions: Composing (Intelligence + Expression, extended action), Performance (Presence + Expression, instant action)

Sample contacts: Investigative Journalist, Political Speech Writer, Reclusive Poet

Suggested equipment: Quality instrument (+1 to +3)

Specialties: Dance, Drama, Hedge Shaping, Journalism, Musical Instrument, Performance Art, Singing, Speeches

Intimidation

Intimidation reflects your character's ability to influence others' behavior through threats and fear. It could mean direct physical threats, interrogation, or veiled implications of things to come.

Sample actions: Interrogation (Wits + Intimidation, contested action), Stare down (Presence + Intimidation, contested action)

Sample contacts: Barroom Tough Guy, High-Powered Executive, Police Interrogator

Suggested equipment: Fearsome tools (+2), Gang colors (+2), Isolated room (+1)

Specialties: Direct Threats, Interrogation, Stare Down, Torture, Veiled Threats

Persuasion

Persuasion is your character's ability to change minds and influence behaviors through logic, fast-talking, or appealing to desire. It relies on the force of your character's personality to sway the listener.

Sample actions: Fast-talk (Manipulation + Persuasion, extended action), Firebranding (Presence + Persuasion, instant action), Seduction (Manipulation + Persuasion, extended action)

Sample contacts: Car Salesman, Speech Coach, Trial Lawyer

Suggested equipment: Designer clothing (+1 to +3), Reputation (+2)

Specialties: Confidence Scam, Fast-Talking, Inspiring, Sales Pitch, Seduction, Sermon

Socialize

Socialize reflects your character's ability to present herself well and interact with groups of people (or fae). It reflects proper (and setting-appropriate) etiquette, customs, sensitivity, and warmth. A character with a high Socialize is the life of the party.

Sample actions: Carousing (Manipulation + Socialize, instant action), Fitting in (Wits + Socialize, instant action), Getting attention (Presence + Socialize, instant action)

Sample contacts: Diplomat, Drinking Buddy, Society Matron

Suggested equipment: Drugs (+1), Knowing people (+1), Money (+1 to +5)

Specialties: Bar Hopping, Church Lock-in, Dress Balls, Formal Freehold Ceremonies, Frat Parties, Political Fundraisers, The Club

Streetwise

The Streetwise Skill is your character's knowledge of life on the streets. It tells her how to navigate the city, how to get information from unlikely sources, and where she'll be (relatively) safe. If she wants to get something on the black market, Streetwise is how.

Sample actions: Finding a shortcut (Wits + Streetwise, instant action), Working the black market (Manipulation + Streetwise, instant action)

Sample contacts: Bartender in a Rough Part of Town, Drug Dealer, Undercover Cop

Suggested equipment: Burner phone (+1), Known nickname (+2), Valuable contraband (+1 to +3)

Specialties: Black Market, Gangs, Goblin Markets, Navigation, Rumors, Undercover

Subterfuge

Subterfuge is the ability to deceive. With Subterfuge, your character can lie convincingly, project hidden messages in what she says, hide motivations, and notice deception in others.

Sample actions: Disguise (Wits + Subterfuge, instant action), Lying (Manipulation + Subterfuge, contested action)

Sample contacts: Con Artist, Crooked Politician, Out-of-work Actor

Suggested equipment: Costume supplies (+2), Fake ID (+1),

Specialties: Detecting Lies, Doublespeak, Hiding Emotion, Little White Lies, Misdirection

Skill Specialties

In addition to Skills, your character possesses Skill Specialties. These are refinements of the broader Skills. These should be narrower than the main Skill, and help to define your character's particular expertise. For example, your character might have three dots in Firearms, but a Specialty in Rifles. He's capable with all guns, but particularly good with rifles. If you look to the Skill descriptions, you'll see example Specialties. The Storyteller is the ultimate arbiter of what constitutes a Specialty and what doesn't; Specialties that are too broad or too narrow can hurt the story or never come into play.

If a Specialty applies to your roll, add a die. Multiple Specialties may apply to a single roll, within reason. If you find yourself going to great lengths to justify a Specialty, it probably shouldn't apply.

Skill Specialties let you flesh out your character and offer a mechanical benefit. When creating your character, let Specialty choice guide his development. For example, there's a huge difference between a character with Brawl 4 (Bar Fights) and Brawl 4 (Aikido).

Virtues and Vices

Virtue and Vice are Anchor traits mortal characters possess instead of Needle and Thread. Virtue is a point of strength and integrity in the character's life, Vice is a place of weakness. This is just a brief touch on the topic; for more, look to **The Chronicles of Darkness Rulebook**.

When choosing Virtues and Vices, use the following guidelines:

- Both should be adjectives that describe dominant personality traits. Don't use physical descriptions.
- Traits that describe existing Advantages, Attributes, or Skills similarly do not apply. For example, "Strong," or "Composed," would not work as a Virtue.
- Virtue should be a point of self-confidence and self-actualization, but something easy and tempting to ignore. It's a higher calling, if she chooses to walk the talk.
- Vice should contrast Virtue as a short-term, quick source of distraction from the world. It should be a hiding place when you're weak.
- Virtue and Vice must be different. The same adjective could work as both a Virtue and Vice in some

cases, but a single character must have two different ones.

Whenever a mortal character acts in accordance with her Vice, she regains one spent Willpower. When she takes meaningful actions in accordance to her Virtue, she regains all spent Willpower. She can only recover Willpower from her Vice once per scene, and her Virtue twice per chapter.

Speed

Your character's Speed is the number of yards or meters she can travel in a single turn. This trait is a combination of her Strength, Dexterity, and a species factor that reflects her age, physical configuration, Size, and other considerations.

Other species, such as horses and cheetahs, have physical configurations that lend themselves to high travel rates.

Factor	Species
1	Turtle
3	Human toddler
5	Human adult
8	Wolf
10	Caribou
12	Horse
15	Cheetah

Rolling Dice

When your character is trying to accomplish something and the outcome is in doubt, you roll a number of 10-sided dice. The result of that roll determines whether your character *succeeds* and accomplishes their goal, or whether they *fail* and don't do what they set out to. Failure doesn't mean "nothing happens," just that your character doesn't get what they want and complications are headed their way.

You might also score an *exceptional success* or suffer a *dramatic failure* (p. 176).

Dice Pool

The number of dice you roll depends on the action your character is taking. Most of the time, it's the value of one of your Attributes plus one of your Skills, or the value of two different Attributes put together; for example, fast-talking your way past a bouncer might be a roll of Manipulation + Subterfuge, which means you roll a number of dice equal to your Manipulation rating plus your Subterfuge rating. (Sometimes you'll roll a different pool, but those are special cases that will be called out when needed.)

Circumstance and Equipment

Sometimes, fortune favors your character, or they're packing the right tools for the job. Other times, the odds are stacked against you or you don't have the right gear at all. The Storyteller should weigh how circumstances or equipment affect a character's chance of success and assign an appropriate *modifier*. A slight advantage — picking an old and damaged lock — might be worth a bonus die, while a stressful situation — trying to pick a lock while people are shooting at you — might subtract three dice from your pool.

Circumstantial factors, appropriate equipment (or lack thereof), or opposition from another character can add or subtract dice from the total; see below.

The total number of dice you roll is called your *dice pool*.

The Storyteller determines the appropriate dice pool based on what you're trying to do and how you're trying to do it, using the descriptions of the various traits involved. In the above example, if you explained to the Storyteller that you weren't trying to lie your way past the bouncer but schmooze her into liking you enough to let you in, the Storyteller might revise the dice pool to Manipulation + Socialize.

Most of the actions described in this book will tell you what the dice pool should be, but it's fine to come up with dice pools for other actions on an ad hoc basis. Just try to be fair and consistent — if you decide bashing down a door is Strength + Stamina in one session, it should always be Strength + Stamina unless the situation radically changes.

Dice Rolling Basics

- **Building a Pool:** Unless otherwise noted, a dice pool is always Attribute + different Attribute or Attribute + Skill.
- **Modifiers:** Bonuses add the indicated number of dice; penalties remove them. Unless otherwise specified, modifiers never exceed +/−5. Add all bonuses *before* subtracting penalties.
- **Successes:** Any die showing 8, 9, or 10 counts as a *success*.
- **10-again:** Any die that shows a 10 is counted as a success, then rerolled. Rerolled dice count successes as normal. Continue counting successes and rerolling as long as you keep rolling 10s.

The Chance Die

If penalties ever reduce your dice pool to 0 or fewer dice, roll a single die anyway. This single die is called a *chance die*, and it follows slightly different rules.

Chance Die Basics

- **Success:** A chance die showing a 10 counts as a success.
- **No 10-again:** Do not reroll 10s on chance dice.
- **Dramatic Failure:** A chance die showing a 1 is a *dramatic failure* (below).

Roll Results

Once you've rolled all the dice, counted all your successes, and finished any rerolls or other permutations, it's time to see how your character fared. On most actions, you'll only worry about whether your character succeeded or failed. Sometimes, however, the outcome of an action is more dramatic.

Roll Result Basics

- **Success:** 1-4 successes. Your character's action succeeds.
- **Exceptional Success:** 5+ successes. Your character's action succeeds, *and* your character gains a beneficial Condition (p. 181). Usually, the Inspired Condition is the most appropriate. Specific actions might have additional effects on an exceptional success.
- **Failure:** 0 successes. Your character's action fails.
- **Dramatic Failure:** chance die shows a 1. Your character's action fails, and something goes significantly awry. Specific actions might have additional effects on a dramatic failure. Otherwise, the Storyteller decides on an appropriate turn of events.
- **Voluntary Dramatic Failure:** Take a Beat and convert a failure into a dramatic failure, up to once per scene.

Permutations

Changeling: The Lost has a few variations in how dice rolls work.

- **9-Again:** Reroll dice that show 9 or 10, as opposed to just 10. Keep rerolling until you get a result that isn't a 9 or 10. Certain Conditions, Merits, or other special circumstances may award you 9-again on specific kinds of rolls. If you gain 9-again on a roll that already had that quality, it becomes 8-again instead.
- **8-Again:** Reroll dice that show 8, 9, or 10 — any successful die — and keep rerolling as long as your dice show successes. Certain Conditions, Merits, or other special circumstances may award you 8-again on specific kinds of rolls. If you gain 8-again on a roll that already had that quality, it may become a rote action, at the Storyteller's discretion.
- **Extra Successes:** Assuming your roll succeeds, you get a number of extra successes added to your total. This permutation mostly applies to weapons, which add their damage bonus as extra successes on your attack roll.
- **Rote Actions:** When you've got plenty of training and the steps you need to follow are laid out in front of you, you've got a significant chance of success. When you make a roll with the rote quality, reroll any dice that do not show an 8, 9, or 10. If you're reduced to a chance die on a rote action, don't reroll a dramatic failure. You may only reroll each die once. Certain Conditions, Merits, or other special circumstances may award you the rote quality on specific kinds of rolls.
- **Successive Attempts:** When you fail a roll, you may be able to try again. Normally, you make successive attempts with your full dice pool. If time is short and the situation is tense, each subsequent attempt instead has a cumulative one-die penalty — so the third time a character tries to break down the door that's keeping her from escaping a Huntsman, her roll suffers a −2 penalty. Successive attempts do not apply to extended actions.
- **Teamwork:** Working together can be vital for resisting the True Fae…or just dealing with the troubles of the mortal world. See p. 190.

When to Roll Dice

You don't need to roll dice for many actions. If your character isn't in a stressful situation — nobody's actively trying to tear his throat open or demolish the building as he works — you don't need to roll; as long as it's something your character could reasonably do, he just does it.

When the dice hit the table, the Storyteller should have some idea of what will happen if the roll fails, as well as if it succeeds. Sometimes that's coded in the rules. If you fail on an attack roll, for example, you don't deal any damage. Other times, it's up to the Storyteller. If you fail a roll to jump between buildings to catch a group of hobgoblins, do you make it but fall on the other side, grab the next building by your fingertips, or plummet to the alley below?

Time

Time in the story can speed past or slow to a crawl compared to time in the real world. Weeks or months might pass in the space of few words, while a tense negotiation plays out in real time — or takes even longer.

In addition to years, days, hours, and so on, **Changeling** also uses five units of dramatic time. These build upon one another, from shortest to longest.

- Turn — The smallest increment of time, a turn lasts for about three seconds. A character can perform a single instant action and move their Speed in a turn. Turns normally only matter in action scenes, like fights, chases, and other dramatic and stressful situations.
- Scene — Much like a scene in a play, a scene in a roleplaying game is the time spent dealing with a single, specific event. The Storyteller frames the scene, describing what's going on, and it's up to the players to resolve the event or conflict. A scene might play out in turns (called an *action scene*), progress in real time, or skip forward depending on dramatic necessity.
- Chapter — A chapter is the collection of scenes that happen during one game session. From the moment you sit down and start playing to the point where you pack up your dice, you're playing out a chapter of your story.
- Story — A story tells an entire tale, following the dramatic arc of a related series of events. It might comprise several chapters or complete in just one. It has an introduction, rising tension, a number of twists, and a climax that brings things to a conclusion.
- Chronicle — The big picture, a chronicle is the collection of interlinked stories that involve your characters. A common theme or overarching plotline might link them, or they may only share characters and locations. As your story progresses, the players and Storyteller work together to create an ongoing chronicle.

Actions

Changeling: The Lost rates each action by two criteria: how long it takes to attempt, and whether another character opposes it. All actions fall into one category in both arenas: An action might be instant and simple (usually just abbreviated to "instant"), extended and contested, or reflexive and resisted, for example.

Actions by Time

- **Instant:** The action resolves in a single roll. Unless otherwise noted, an instant action only takes a few seconds and takes up your *turn* in an *action scene*.
- **Reflexive:** The action takes no appreciable time or effort, and resolves in a single roll, or may not require a roll at all. In an action scene, you can take reflexive actions on other characters' turns, and reflexive actions don't take up your turn. *Contesting* someone else's action is always reflexive.
- **Extended:** The action requires multiple rolls over time to complete; as such, an extended action is not usually an option in action scenes, unless otherwise noted.

Actions by Opposition

- **Simple:** No opposition. Calculate dice pool and roll results as normal.
- **Contested:** Calculate dice pool as normal and roll. The target rolls a dice pool specified by how they contest the action. If your total successes exceed the target's, your action succeeds; if their total successes exceed yours, your action fails.

  If you and your target roll the same number of successes, both of you reroll the same pools until someone comes out on top.
- **Resisted:** Calculate dice pool, then apply a penalty equal to one of the target's Resistance Attributes (Stamina, Resolve, or Composure) or Defense. Roll, and calculate roll results as normal.

Extended Actions

Some actions require a great deal of effort over time, and represent the sort of project you can abandon and resume later. Such actions are modeled as extended

Contested or Resisted?

If you're not sure whether to use resistance or a contested action, use this guideline: Resistance applies in situations where the number of successes on the roll is an important factor. If what matters is just whether the roll succeeds or not, use a contested action. For example, violence applies Defense as a resistance because the number of successes on the roll determines how badly the attacker messes up his victim. A Contract that inflicts a Condition uses a contested action, because the number of successes you roll doesn't matter.

When to Use Extended Actions

As Storyteller, when should you call for an extended action vs. an instant action that takes a defined amount of time? Use the following guidelines:

- **Time Pressure:** If the Huntsman will arrive at dusk and the characters need to fix their car before that happens, the question of "how long does it take?" has real stakes and tension. If the characters aren't under time pressure, extended actions can feel like a lot of tedious rolling for no reason.
- **Take a Break:** Extended actions are best suited for things the character could conceivably abandon for some time and then resume later: fortifying a Hollow or researching the weaknesses of a particular goblin, for example. If it's something that has to be done all in one go, like finding the True Fae's Regalia manifestation or casing a scene, it's probably better modeled as an instant action unless time is short.

actions, and they're a little more complex than instant or reflexive actions.

When you take an extended action, the Storyteller determines how many total successes you require. Most actions require between five and 20 successes. Five reflects a reasonable action that competent characters can achieve with the right tools and knowledge. Ten represents a difficult action that's still realistic for a professional in the field. Twenty represents a very difficult action that even a particularly skilled character will have trouble pulling off.

The Storyteller also determines the interval between rolls. If an action would take weeks to complete, she might consider one roll per week. If it's likely to take a day's work, one roll per hour makes for a solid timeframe.

Once you determine those factors, make a number of rolls, counting up the total number of successes across all your rolls. If you earn the required number of successes before you run out of time, you accomplish your goal.

Extended Action Basics

- **Multiple Rolls:** You roll your dice pool multiple times over the course of the action. Successes earned on all rolls count toward completing the action.
- **Roll Limit:** You can make a total number of rolls equal to your base dice pool for the action, before factoring in any modifiers. The Storyteller may reduce this value if time is short.
- **Time Interval:** Each roll takes a certain amount of time, determined by the Storyteller.
- **Required Successes:** The Storyteller sets the total number of successes required for the action, usually between five and 20.

Extended Action Roll Results

These apply to each roll of an extended action. Specific extended actions may have additional effects.

Success: Add the successes earned on the roll to your running total. Work with the Storyteller to determine what steps your character has taken toward his goal.

Exceptional Success: Choose one: reduce the total number of successes required by your character's Skill dots, reduce the time interval for each following roll by a quarter, or apply the exceptional success result of the entire action when you complete your goal.

Failure: You face a setback. The Storyteller offers you a choice: Take a Condition (p. 181) of her choice, or abandon the action. You can offer a different Condition if you think it makes sense. If you refuse or cannot agree on a Condition, you lose all accumulated successes.

Dramatic Failure: Lose all accumulated successes. In addition, the first roll on a subsequent attempt suffers a two-die penalty.

Common Actions

The following list represents some of the more common actions characters might undertake in a **Changeling: The Lost** game. They are presented here in a highly condensed form; for more detailed discussions of many of these actions, see the **Chronicles of Darkness Rulebook**.

ARGUMENT

(Instant and Contested; Intelligence + Expression vs. target's Resolve + Composure)

You try to sway someone with a rational argument. (If arguing with a crowd, use the highest Resolve in the crowd.) (See also Social maneuvering, p. 191.)

- **Success:** They accept the truth (or apparent truth) of your words.
- **Exceptional:** They're convinced and become recruits to your point of view, though they might change their minds if they find themselves at risk.
- **Failure:** They listen but are ultimately unaffected.
- **Dramatic:** You convince them of quite the opposite.

CAROUSING

(Instant; Presence + Socialize or Streetwise

You mix with a group, bringing high spirits with you and using them to loosen tongues.

- **Success:** You make a single-serving friend who might be willing to pass secrets or go with you somewhere private.
- **Exceptional:** You make a friend you can contact again.
- **Failure:** You end up a wallflower, with a drink in your hand that you don't even want.
- **Dramatic:** A faux pas reveals that you don't belong…and maybe even hints at your dread purpose.

FAST-TALK

(Instant and Contested; Manipulation + Subterfuge vs. victim's Composure + Empathy)

You may not be able to win the argument with facts, but you can try to get out of trouble with a little judicious spin.

- **Success:** The other party swallows your story.
- **Exceptional:** The other party believes you so thoroughly that they're even willing to offer a little aid…though they won't put themselves at any kind of risk.
- **Failure:** The other party doesn't believe you.
- **Dramatic:** The other party has a good idea what the truth is.

HACKING

(Extended and Contested; Intelligence + Computer vs. victim's Intelligence + Computer)

You overcome network security and computer passwords to gain access to digital resources.

- **Success:** You access the computer or network as though you had proper clearance, but you only have a short time before someone notices.
- **Exceptional:** You access the computer or network, and no one will notice until you've got what you came for.
- **Failure:** You're locked out of the system and you can't access anything.
- **Dramatic:** You trip an alarm or corrupt your own flash drive beyond use.

INTERROGATION

(Extended and Resisted; Manipulation + Empathy or Intimidation − victim's Resolve)

You try to dig secrets out of a reluctant informant. (See also Social maneuvering, p. 191.)

- **Success:** You get the information you were looking for; one piece per success rolled.
- **Exceptional:** You get the information you were looking for, and the informant is willing to continue cooperating.
- **Failure:** The informant blabs a mix of truth and falsehood — even he may not know the difference.
- **Dramatic:** The informant is so alienated or injured that he will no longer reveal information.

INTIMIDATION

(Instant and Contested; Strength or Manipulation + Intimidation vs. victim's Resolve + Composure)

You try to get someone to do what you want by making them afraid of you.



- **Success:** They're coerced into helping you.
- **Exceptional:** They develop a lasting fear of you, which could make them easier to coerce in the future.
- **Failure:** They're unimpressed with your threats.
- **Dramatic:** They don't take you seriously, even if you knock them around a bit. They won't be doing what you want.

INVESTIGATING A SCENE

(Extended; Intelligence + Investigation)

You look for clues to what's happened in the recent past…or tidy up so that no one else can find them. (See also Investigation, p. 194.)

- **Success:** You find a clue of exactly the sort you need or manage to significantly confuse future investigators.
- **Exceptional:** You find a clue, and know exactly how it fits in, or you leave the scene immaculate and impossible to decipher.
- **Failure:** You find evidence, but it's damaged and hard to interpret. Or you miss a spot in your clean up that you won't find out about until later.
- **Dramatic:** You find clues but you contaminate them, or you leave evidence of your presence.

JUMPING

(Instant; Strength + Athletics – (yards or meters of distance))

To get past an obstacle or out of danger, you leap into the air.

- **Success:** You clear the obstacle or avoid the danger.
- **Exceptional:** You may attempt another instant action in the air or upon landing.
- **Failure:** You don't achieve any significant distance at all — you jump too early, get a false start, or lose your nerve.
- **Dramatic:** The task not only fails, but you lose your balance.

RESEARCH
(Extended; Intelligence + Academics or Occult)

Using your existing knowledge, you look for information on a current mystery.

- **Success:** You find the basic facts you were looking for.
- **Exceptional:** You find what you were looking for, which leads towards a much bigger score of information.
- **Failure:** You turn up a lot of promising leads, but they're all dead ends.
- **Dramatic:** You learn something, but it doesn't help. In fact, it sets you back. If using Occult, this could mean dangerously false assumptions.

SHADOWING A MARK
(Instant and Contested; Wits + Stealth or Drive vs. Wits + Composure)

You follow someone, perhaps in the hopes of ambushing them, or of finding out their destination.

- **Success:** You follow the mark to his destination.
- **Exceptional:** You find some means by which you can continue following the mark, such as an unlocked entrance into the building he arrived at.
- **Failure:** The mark senses he's being followed and manages to lose you.
- **Dramatic:** You're caught, either by the mark or some observer that's become suspicious of you.

SNEAKING
(Instant and Contested; Dexterity + Stealth vs. Wits + Composure)

You're trying to avoid notice by someone, or something…or multiple somethings. Maybe you want to get into a place undetected. Maybe you're trying to break out.

- **Success:** You avoid notice and get closer to your goal.
- **Exceptional:** You avoid notice and get away before anyone has another chance to catch you.
- **Failure:** You're noticed but still have the chance to slip away.
- **Dramatic:** You attract a lot of attention…enough that now it's going to be hard to get out.

Willpower

A changeling's Willpower represents her determination and her ability to go above and beyond what should be possible to achieve her goals.

Changeling and mortal characters regain one point of Willpower from a full night's sleep.

Spending Willpower

- **Reflexive Action:** Unless otherwise specified, spending Willpower is a reflexive action.
- **Roll Bonus:** Spend 1 Willpower to gain a three-die bonus on a single dice pool.
- **Increased Resistance:** Spend 1 Willpower to gain +2 to *resistance* (see above) against a single action.
- **Other Expenditures:** Other abilities may require Willpower expenditure, as noted under their **Cost**.
- **Per Action Limit:** Characters may only spend 1 Willpower per action.

Conditions

Conditions represent ways in which the story has affected a character, and what he can do to move past those events. Players don't buy Conditions; events in the game apply them and they remain until certain *resolution* criteria are met. A character can only have one instance of a particular Condition unless each applies to a distinctly different circumstance — for example, he may be Informed about both the occult symbol he stayed up all night to research and the inner workings of the corporation he infiltrated. He'd resolve each independently. Various systems and supernatural powers bring Conditions into play, and the Storyteller can do so based on story circumstances.

A list of sample Conditions can be found on p. 333. The listed resolutions for each Condition are the most common ways to end its effects; other actions may also resolve it if they would reasonably cause the Condition's effects to end. When a character resolves a Condition, the player takes a Beat. However, if a Condition has a natural time limit and then fades away without proper resolution, he doesn't take a Beat. If a Condition lingers beyond its relevance in the story, the player and Storyteller may agree to simply let it fade. A player can only earn one Beat by resolving Conditions in each scene.

Some Conditions are marked as Persistent. These Conditions last for a long time, and can only be resolved permanently with a specific and impressive effort. Once per chapter, a player can gain a Beat when a Persistent Condition impacts his character's life.

Improvised Conditions

Storytellers shouldn't feel limited by the list of Conditions in the Appendix (p. 333). As a rough guideline, a Condition typically consists of a modifier between +2 and −2 dice to a certain type of action, or to any action taken with a certain motivation. A Condition resolves when the character's done something significant to act on it, or when she addresses the original source. The sample Conditions later in this book have examples of how to resolve them, but you can also resolve them after other events if it makes sense in the story.

If play bogs down as you search for the right Condition, just improvise one and keep things going.

Lingering Conditions

Conditions are designed as reminders that events that happened earlier in the story have repercussions later. Usually, Chekhov's gun applies — if you put the Condition on stage, it should fire by the end of the story. But stories are slippery things, and sometimes a story thread represented by a Condition is better to drop for the sake of the overall narrative.

For example, an emotional state like Swooned might no longer be relevant to events in the game because a long time has passed, or it might have been the result of an interaction with a character you don't care about anymore. In those cases, it's perfectly fine to just cross off the Condition. We recommend awarding a Beat as if resolving it, but that's at the Storyteller's discretion.

We recommend doing this sparingly, but the bottom line is: If a Condition doesn't feel relevant to the story anymore, just let it go.

Action Scenes

Sometimes it's useful to zoom in close on the action and track things moment by moment, with a clear understanding of who does what in what order. These are *action scenes*, and to keep everyone's actions straight, they proceed by *turns* in order of *Initiative*. The most common action scenes are fights, but the Storyteller can call for one any time complex things are happening very quickly, like an escape from the Hedge or a heist to steal a powerful token from a rival freehold.

Turns

- **What You Can Do:** On your turn, move up to your Speed and take one instant action, *or* move twice your Speed.
- **How Long It Lasts:** A turn is roughly three seconds. If an effect says it lasts "until your next turn," it lasts until the beginning of your next turn.
- **Order of Action:** Characters involved in an action scene take turns one at a time in order of Initiative, from highest to lowest.
- **Cycle:** Once all characters involved in the scene have acted, the order of action returns to the character with the highest Initiative. Initiative can change from turn to turn, if for instance one character delays his action, or a supernatural power makes a character faster or slower.

Initiative

- **Calculating:** When you come into the action scene, roll one die and add the result to your Initiative modifier (p. 92). This is the only roll in the game on which you treat the result of the die as a number rather than a success or not. Wielding a weapon inflicts a penalty to Initiative based on the type of weapon (p. 323).
- **Delaying:** You may choose not to act when your turn comes up and instead act at any point later in the scene, even if the order of action has reset. When you do act, change your Initiative to the Initiative you acted on for the rest of the scene.
- **Surprise:** If the start of the action might take a character unawares, the Storyteller may call for a surprise roll. Roll the character's Wits + Composure, possibly contested by an opponent's relevant dice pool (Dexterity + Stealth for an ambush, Manipulation + Subterfuge if they lull you into a false sense of security, etc.). If the surprised character's roll fails, they cannot act or apply their Defense until their second turn.

Defense

Defense measures your character's ability to react to danger and mitigate harm to herself. It's most often used when violence breaks out, but is sometimes used to resist harm from other sources as well.

Defense Basics

- **Resistance:** Defense counts as a Resistance Attribute (p. 177) for any rule that interacts with Resistance (e.g. spending Willpower).
- **Multiple Hazards:** In an action scene, each time you resist an action with your Defense, you suffer a cumulative −1 penalty to Defense. This penalty goes away at the beginning of your next turn. You can choose not to resist an action with Defense; if you do, the penalty doesn't increase.

Tilts

Tilts apply temporary circumstances to both characters and the environment during action scenes. Outside action scenes, use Conditions instead.

Tilts do not grant Beats when they end, but the effects of a Tilt can easily cause a Condition. For instance, a character in a fight gets a handful of road salt flung into his eyes and receives the Blinded Tilt. When the action scene ends, this shifts to the Blind Condition. Resolving this Condition grants a Beat as usual. If the character enters an action scene again before the Condition resolves, the Blinded Tilt applies again.

Tilts come in two forms: Personal and Environmental. Personal Tilts only apply to one character and include ways in which that character can overcome the effect. Environmental Tilts affect the whole scene, and offer ways for individual characters to mitigate their effects. For a list of sample Tilts, see p. 327.

Violence

Few changelings seek out violent lives. But creatures both fae and mortal try to get their way with physical force. The Lost must resist…and sometimes, they must strike first.

Intent

Everybody wants something out of a conflict. The very first thing you need to do — before worrying about who attacks first or anything like that — is determine what each character wants to get out of the fight. Boil it down into a simple sentence that starts with the words "I want," as in "I want Laura's bracelet," or "I want to rescue Dylan."

Declaring Intent

- **By Violence:** Intent must be something achievable by violence within the current scene.
- **The Price:** If your intent doesn't include causing harm and your character ends up killing someone, lose one Willpower point.

Down and Dirty Combat

The Storyteller might decide that your character can get what she wants without focusing on the details of the fight. Maybe she's picking on people weaker than her. Maybe the fight's not the important thing going on with regards to the character's intent. In these cases, the Storyteller can opt to use Down and Dirty Combat.

This system resolves the entire fight in a single roll. If multiple characters have separate intents, resolve each intent as a separate Down and Dirty Combat action. If the group only has one intent but multiple characters are participating, they can use teamwork (see p. 190) on the roll. Players can call for Down and Dirty Combat, with the Storyteller's approval. Storyteller characters might deal damage as a result of a Down and Dirty Combat, but they can't initiate one.

Action: Instant and contested; takes anywhere from 30 seconds to a few minutes.

Dice Pool: Combat pool (Dexterity + Firearms, Strength + Brawl, or Strength + Weaponry) versus either the opponent's combat pool (as above) *or* an attempt to escape (Strength or Dexterity + Athletics).

Roll Results

Success: Inflict damage equal to the difference in successes + weapon modifier and achieve your intent — including killing, if that was on the table.

Exceptional Success: As success, and gain 1 Willpower.

Failure: Do not achieve your intent. If the opponent rolled a combat pool, suffer damage equal to the difference in successes + opponent's weapon modifier. Opponent escapes if they want to.

Dramatic Failure: The opposite of your character's intent happens, or she's knocked out or suffers other serious consequences.

Optional Rules: Beaten Down & Surrender

A character who takes more than his Stamina in bashing damage or any amount of lethal damage suffers the Beaten Down Tilt **(p. 327)**: He's had the fight knocked out of him.

A character can choose to surrender, giving his attacker what she wants. If your character surrenders, regain a point of Willpower and take a Beat, and stop participating in the fight. Your character's opponent must spend a point of Willpower to attack him.

If one side's intent involves violence for its own sake, their intended victims don't get Beaten Down and can't surrender. When someone wants to kill you, the only thing you can do is to try to stop her, whether you run like hell or unload a shotgun at her.

These optional rules only apply to people who would incur a breaking point for committing (or attempting) murder.

Specified Targets

A normal attack is aimed at the target's center of mass. You can aim for specific body parts by taking a penalty on your attack roll. Attacking a specific body part can bypass armor **(p. 187)** or inflict a Tilt **(p. 183)** on the target. Attacks against specified targets aren't a way to inflict extra damage or instantly kill people; that's covered by simply rolling a lot of successes on the attack action.

The following modifiers assume a target roughly human in size and shape. The Storyteller can adjust these for more unusual targets.

- **Arm (−2):** If damage exceeds the victim's Stamina, it inflicts the Arm Wrack Tilt.
- **Leg (−2):** If damage exceeds the victim's Stamina, it inflicts the Leg Wrack Tilt.
- **Head (−3):** If damage equals or exceeds the victim's Size, it inflicts the Stunned Tilt.
- **Heart (−3):** If damage equals or exceeds 5, the attack pierces the victim's heart.
- **Hand (−4):** If the attack deals any damage, it inflicts the Arm Wrack Tilt.
- **Eye (−5):** If the attack deals any damage, it inflicts the Blinded Tilt.

Detailed Violence

When the fight is a significant event in the story, or Down and Dirty Combat doesn't suit, use these rules. Violence like this is an action scene (p. 182).

Actions in a Fight

The most common action in a fight is to *attack*. Characters can also *dodge* or push themselves to the limit, sacrificing Defense for greater effect.

Attack

All attack actions are instant actions. Unarmed, melee, and thrown attacks are resisted, while ranged attacks and touching an opponent are simple actions.

- **Unarmed Attack:** Strength + Brawl – Defense; bashing damage
- **Melee Attack:** Strength + Weaponry – Defense; lethal damage
- **Ranged Attack:** Dexterity + Firearms; lethal damage
- **Thrown Attack:** Dexterity + Athletics – Defense; lethal damage
- **Touching an Opponent:** Dexterity + Brawl *or* Dexterity + Weaponry; inflicts no damage.
- **Damage:** A successful attack inflicts damage equal to the number of successes rolled + weapon modifier (p. 323), if any.
- **Pulling Blows:** Set a maximum damage value up to the highest trait in your attack dice pool, and grant the target +1 Defense. Your attack cannot inflict more than the maximum damage you set.
- **Offhand Attack:** Take a two-die penalty to attacks made with the character's non-dominant hand.

Dodge

Dodging is a reflexive action, but your character can only do it if she hasn't taken an action yet this turn, and it takes up her action for the turn.

- **Contested Attacks:** Attacks made against your character become contested instead of resisted until your next turn. Contest attacks with double your Defense as your dice pool, and unlike a normal contested action, your successes cancel out the attacker's successes on a one-for-one basis. Don't reroll ties; if you cancel out all the successes, the attack simply fails.
- **Multiple Attackers:** Apply the Defense penalty for multiple attackers before doubling. If your character's Defense is reduced to 0, roll a chance die.
- **Dramatic Failure:** Defense suffers a −1 penalty until your next turn.

Special Maneuvers

To enact any of the following instant actions, the character sacrifices her Defense until her next turn. If the character has already lost her Defense, for example by being surprised or attacked by enough opponents in one turn to reduce her Defense to 0, she cannot take any of these actions.

- **Charge:** Move up to twice your character's Speed and make an unarmed or melee attack.

- **All-Out Attack:** Make an unarmed or melee attack with a two-die bonus.

- **Aim:** Keep an opponent in your sights with a ranged weapon to gain a one-die bonus per consecutive Aim action on your next attack against that target, to a maximum of three bonus dice. Incompatible with autofire (below).

Other Actions

These are all instant actions.

- **Drop Prone/Stand Up:** Ranged attacks against prone characters suffer a two-die penalty, but unarmed and melee attacks against prone characters gain a two-die bonus if the attacker is standing.

- **Reload a Weapon:** If rounds must be loaded individually, lose Defense until your next turn.

- **Killing Blow:** Inflict damage equal to your attack's dice pool + weapon bonus. Requires an unconscious, immobilized, or otherwise helpless target. May prompt a breaking point.

Unarmed Violence

These rules present special cases that come up when fighting without weapons.

Bite

Biting counts as an unarmed attack action.

- **Damage:** Human teeth inflict −1 bashing damage (so an attack that rolls only one success inflicts no damage). Animals and monsters may treat their teeth as weapons, with a bonus between +1 and +4.

- **Grapple Required:** Humans must first grapple an opponent to bite them.

Grapple

Grappling counts as an unarmed attack action. To start grappling, you have to grab your opponent.

- **Grab:** Make an unarmed attack. On a success, inflict no damage but start a grapple. On an exceptional success, also choose a grapple option to enact reflexively.

- **One Action:** All participants in the grapple act on the highest Initiative among them. The only action they can take is the grappling action.

- **Grappling:** Instant and contested; Strength + Brawl vs. Strength + Brawl. The character with the most successes chooses a grapple option to enact immediately, or two grapple options on an exceptional success. On a tie, the characters continue to grapple but nothing else happens.

Grapple Options

- **Break Free:** The grapple ends, and your character may take another instant action immediately.

- **Control Weapon**: Take firm hold of a weapon, either your character's or her opponent's. Lasts until your character's opponent chooses Control Weapon. Required for other grapple options.

- **Damage:** Treat the grapple action as an unarmed attack, inflicting damage equal to your rolled successes. If you have control of a weapon, this counts as a melee attack with the weapon's modifier.

- **Disarm:** Remove a weapon from the grapple entirely. Requires Control Weapon.

- **Drop Prone:** Throw all participants to the ground. Requires Break Free to stand back up.

- **Hold:** Immobilize an opponent. Both characters lose Defense.

- **Restrain:** Your opponent suffers the Immobilized Tilt (p. 330). Requires Hold. If your character uses equipment to restrain her opponent, she can leave the grapple.

- **Take Cover:** Any ranged attacks against your character automatically hit her opponent. Lasts until your next turn.

Ranged Violence

These rules present special cases that come up when shooting at people.

Autofire

Automatic weapons can fire a short, medium, or long burst in place of a single shot.

- **Short Burst**: Uses three bullets. +1 bonus to attack action.

- **Medium Burst:** Uses 10 bullets. +2 bonus to attack action. Can attack multiple targets, up to three.

- **Long Burst:** Uses 20 bullets. +3 bonus to attack action. Can attack multiple targets, with no limit.

- **Multiple Targets:** −1 penalty per target after the first. Roll individually against each target.

Range

Ranged attacks suffer a dice penalty the farther away the target is. Ranged weapons have a short, medium, and slong range listed on the weapons table (p. 324).

- **Short Range:** No penalty.
- **Medium Range:** −1
- **Long Range:** −2

Concealment

If the target of a ranged attack is partially or fully obscured, she has concealment. Concealment applies a penalty to the shooter's dice pool.

- **Barely Concealed:** −1 (hiding behind an office chair)
- **Partially Concealed:** −2 (hiding behind the hood of a car, with upper body exposed)
- **Substantially Concealed:** −3 (crouching behind a car).
- **Shooting from Concealment:** Barely concealed: no penalty; partially concealed: −1; substantially concealed: −2. You can ignore this penalty, but if so you lose your own concealment until your next turn.

Cover

If a target's entirely hidden by something substantial, he's in cover.

- **Tough Cover:** If the cover's Durability (p. 191) is greater than the attacker's weapon modifier, the attack can't penetrate the cover.
- **Less Tough Cover:** Subtract the cover's Durability from the attacker's damage roll. Both the object and the target take any remaining damage.
- **Transparent Cover:** If the cover is transparent (bulletproof glass, for example), subtract *half* the cover's Durability, rounding down. Both the object and the target take any remaining damage.

Covering Fire

With a weapon capable of autofire, a character can lay down covering fire to keep anyone from entering his target area.

- **Action:** Instant
- **Dice Pool:** Dexterity + Firearms
- **Bullets:** Uses 10 bullets.
- **Characters in Area of Effect:** On their next turn, they must either take cover within range of their Speed or drop prone, to avoid suffering damage equal to successes on covering fire roll + weapon modifier.

In Close Combat: Wielding a ranged weapon larger than Size 1 in close quarters grants the opponent (weapon's Size + 1) as a bonus to Defense.

Shooting into Close Combat: Take a two-die penalty for each character involved in close combat with your target that you want to avoid hitting, or a four-die penalty if they're grappling your target. You can't selectively avoid targets this way with autofire.

Weapons and Armor

Weapons are one of the fastest ways to turn a fight into a murder, but sometimes the best defense is a good offense. Armor, meanwhile, keeps a character from grievous harm. Traits for specific weapons and armor are in Appendix 2: Equipment, starting on p. 322.

Weapons

Ranged and melee weapons share certain common traits.

- **Type:** A weapon's type is a general classification that fits any number of specific weapons. A metal club might be a crowbar or a length of rebar, while a light revolver might be one of any number of .22-.38 caliber weapons.
- **Damage:** Added to successes rolled on attack to determine total damage inflicted.
- **Initiative:** The penalty to Initiative when wielding the weapon.
- **Strength:** The minimum Strength needed to use a weapon effectively. A wielder with a lower Strength suffers a −1 penalty on attack rolls.
- **Availability:** The cost in Resources dots or level of Social Merit needed to acquire the weapon.

Improvised Weapons

Characters who grab lamps and pool cues still stand a chance of dealing serious damage.

- **Use Existing Weapon Traits:** If it's close enough to a weapon in the chart on p. 323, use the associated weapon traits. For example, a pool cue might count as a sap.
- **Improvised Weapon Traits:** If it's not similar to a weapon in the chart, its damage modifier is (object's Durability −1); Initiative penalty and Strength requirement equal to weapon's Size.
- **Attack Modifiers:** −1 to attack roll. If successful, the improvised weapon takes the same damage it inflicts; Durability applies.

Armor

Armor provides protection against attacks, including bullets, knives, and fangs.

Armor Basics

- **Ballistic Armor:** Each point of ballistic armor downgrades one point of lethal damage from firearms to bashing.
- **General Armor:** Each point of general armor reduces the total damage taken by one point, starting with the most severe type of damage.
- **Order of Operation:** If armor has both ballistic and general ratings, apply the ballistic armor first.
- **Minimum Damage:** When applying armor to an attack inflicting lethal damage, you always suffer at least one point of bashing damage from the shock of the blow.

Armor Piercing

Some weapons have an armor-piercing rating, usually between 1 and 3. When attacking someone wearing armor, subtract the armor-piercing rating from the target's armor. Subtract from ballistic armor first, then general armor. Armor-piercing attacks in close combat subtract from general armor only.

When shooting at an object — or a person in cover — subtract the armor-piercing quality from the object's Durability.

Injury and Healing

Characters can suffer three types of damage. Fists and feet, along with other kinds of low-impact trauma, deal *bashing* damage. Brass knuckles, knives, and speeding trucks deal *lethal* damage. Some horrifying powers deal *aggravated* damage. When something deals aggravated damage directly, it's quite obvious. Flesh bubbles and sloughs away. Foaming pustules taint the victim's flesh. Blackened veins streak out from the site of the injury.

Suffering Damage

When a rule tells you to suffer an amount of damage, you mark off that many Health boxes, starting from the leftmost side and continuing to the right. A box marked with any kind of damage is called a *point*.

Damage Basics

- **Bashing:** Mark bashing damage with a (/) in the leftmost empty box of the Health track.
- **Lethal:** Mark lethal damage with an (X) in the leftmost box that is empty *or* filled with bashing damage. If you mark over bashing damage, move that bashing damage to the rightmost empty box of the track. If no empty boxes are left, that damage is overwritten but not moved.
- **Aggravated:** Mark aggravated damage with an (*) in the leftmost box that does not already contain aggravated damage. If you mark over bashing damage, move that bashing damage to the rightmost empty box. If no empty boxes are left, that damage is overwritten but not moved. If you mark over lethal damage, move that lethal damage to the rightmost box that is empty *or* contains bashing damage. If no empty boxes *or* boxes containing bashing damage are left, that damage is overwritten but not moved.
- **Upgrading Damage:** If your character suffers bashing damage but has no empty Health boxes in which to mark it, upgrade each point of bashing damage to lethal damage. If she suffers lethal damage but has no empty Health boxes *or* boxes marked with bashing damage, upgrade her leftmost Health box that's filled with lethal damage to aggravated damage.

Effects of Damage

- **Wound Penalties:** If your character has any damage marked in her third-to-last Health box, she suffers a −1 penalty to *all* actions except Stamina rolls to stay conscious. This increases to −2 when her second-to-last Health box is filled, and −3 when her last Health box is filled.
- **Unconscious:** If your character's rightmost Health box is filled with bashing *or* lethal damage, roll her Stamina every turn as a reflexive action. Failure means she falls unconscious until her rightmost Health box is empty.
- **Bleeding Out:** If your character's rightmost Health box is filled with lethal damage, she suffers 1 lethal damage per turn until she receives medical attention (p. 188).
- **Dead:** If your character's rightmost Health box is filled with aggravated damage, she is dead.

Example of Marking Damage

Juliet has seven boxes of Health. She's just taken two points of bashing damage. Her Health boxes look like this:



If a briarwolf later bites her and deals a point of lethal damage, her Health track looks like this:



If Juliet next suffered a point of aggravated damage, her Health boxes would look like this:



Healing

Characters need time to heal once they've been beaten to a pulp. Normally, a character can heal without medical attention, though use of the Medicine Skill will help him recover (see below). The only exception is if a character has all her Health boxes full of lethal damage — she's bleeding out. She can't recover from that without urgent medical attention and emergency surgery.

Changeling characters heal at the same rates as mortal characters.

Healing Basics

- **Rightmost Box:** Natural healing only affects the rightmost point of damage. Once the rightmost box is cleared, healing time for the next-rightmost box starts.
- **Bashing:** Clear bashing damage after 15 minutes of in-game time.
- **Lethal:** Clear lethal damage after two days of in-game time.
- **Aggravated:** Clear aggravated damage after a week of in-game time.

Example: Juliet escapes the scuffle with the briarwolf and lays low for a while, eschewing hospitals to avoid awkward questions. Her health track looks like this at the end of the fight:



Her rightmost wound heals first. Since it's a bashing wound, she clears it after 15 minutes. After another 15 minutes, her second bashing wound clears. Her lethal damage then heals over the course of the next two days. Finally, her aggravated wound heals over the course of the next week. In all, it takes a little over a week and two days for her to recover from her injuries.

Medical Care

Characters can use the Medicine Skill to speed up healing.

- **Action:** Extended and simple
- **Dice Pool:** Dexterity + Medicine with a one-minute interval, for emergency treatment; Intelligence + Medicine with a one-hour interval, for long-term hospital care.
- **Benefits of Emergency Care:** Requires total successes equal to total damage the patient suffers. Successful treatment heals one point of bashing damage.
- **Benefits of Long-Term Care:** Successful treatment downgrades one point of aggravated damage to lethal, or one point of lethal damage to bashing. Requires 10 total successes per aggravated wound, 5 per lethal.
- **Long-Term Care Limitations:** Heals the leftmost injury first and can only downgrade one wound per patient per day.

Sources of Harm

In addition to damage suffered in fights, characters face peril from a variety of sources. These are just a few of them.

Disease

Fae contagions and mundane diseases alike can expose changelings to sickness.

Disease Basics

- **Tilt:** In action scenes, sick characters suffer the Sick Tilt (p. 331).
- **Moderate Disease:** Outside action scenes, moderate sickness might impose a –1 or –2 penalty on actions that require concentration or stamina.
- **Grave Disease:** Outside action scenes, grave diseases inflict a certain amount of damage at specified time intervals, as determined by the Storyteller. The sick character's player makes a reflexive Stamina + Resolve roll to resist; success means no damage this time.
- **Recovery:** Most diseases simply run their course over a certain amount of time. Others require a minimum number of successful resistance rolls, require medical intervention, or merely go into periodic remission as determined by the Storyteller.
- **Conditions:** The Storyteller may represent short-term illnesses with Conditions and long-term illnesses with Persistent Conditions, which earn players Beats whenever the illness causes significant harm or inconvenience for the character.

Poison

Whether from a poison apple or a goblin dart, poison can lay even the hardiest changeling low.

Poison Basics

- **Tilt:** In action scenes, poisoned characters suffer the Poisoned Tilt (p. 331).
- **Toxicity:** Outside action scenes, the Storyteller assigns the poison a Toxicity rating. The poisoned character suffers lethal damage equal to Toxicity. Mild poisons only inflict damage once. More severe poisons may inflict damage every hour or even every turn for a period of time determined by the Storyteller.
- **Resistance:** The poisoned character's player rolls Stamina + Resolve – Toxicity every time the poison inflicts damage. Each success cancels one point of damage.

Drugs

Some changelings turn to alcohol or other drugs to push away the horrors they've survived, and many fae creatures are fond of enchanted narcotics.

Drug Basics

- **Tilt:** In action scenes, drugged characters suffer the Drugged Tilt (p. 328).
- **Effects:** Drugs can have a wide variety of effects, ranging from dice penalties to imposing Conditions. Most drugs last for a scene, but some burn through a character's system more rapidly or linger for more time.
- **Resistance:** A drugged character can shake off the effects temporarily by succeeding on a reflexive Stamina + Resolve roll. Depending on the potency of the drug, this roll might be required every hour, scene, or even turn.

Overdose

- **Poison:** Characters who overdose on drugs treat the drug like a poison, with a Toxicity somewhere between 3 and 7. The drug inflicts damage once per hour.
- **Duration:** The overdose typically runs its course after (8 – Stamina) hours, though the Storyteller may adjust that.

Electricity

Electric shocks inflict damage based on the strength of the current.

Environment Levels

Level	Example Environs
1	Light snow, heavy storms; too cold to sleep safely; air pressure causes shortness of breath; sweltering sun can cause first-degree burns
2	Heavy snow; cold causes physical pain and potential hypothermia; sun quickly causes first-degree burns, can cause second-degree burns with time; minor radiation poisoning
3	Desert exposure; heat rapidly causing second-degree burns; moderate radiation exposure
4	Desert sandstorm, severe hurricane, tornado, tsunami

Source	Damage
Minor; wall socket	4B
Major; protective fence	6B
Severe; junction box	8B
Fatal; main line feed/subway rail	10B

Electricity Basics

- **Damage per Turn:** Electricity inflicts damage every turn if the current is continuous.
- **Breaking Away:** Characters in contact with a continuous electrical current must succeed on a reflexive Strength roll to pull away.
- **No Armor:** Worn armor provides no protection against electrocution.

Extreme Environments

The human body is not built to withstand extreme heat, cold, air pressure, and other harsh weather. Extreme environments are rated with a level from 1 to 4, depending on the severity of the environment. While characters are exposed to these conditions, they suffer the level of the environment as a dice penalty to all actions. After a number of hours equal to the character's Stamina, he takes bashing damage equal to the environment's level once per hour. In the case of a Level 3 exposure, the

damage is lethal instead of bashing. Level 4 environments cause lethal damage each *turn* after a number of turns equal to the character's Stamina.

Any damage caused by levels 2-4 exposure leaves lasting marks, scars, and tissue damage. Damage caused by extreme environments cannot heal until the character is back in a safe environment.

Extreme Environment Basics

- **Penalty:** Characters suffer a penalty to all actions equal to the environment's level.
- **Level 1-3 Damage:** After (Stamina) hours of exposure to level 1-3 environments, characters suffer damage equal to the environment's level for every hour. At levels 1-2, the damage is bashing. At level 3, it's lethal.
- **Level 4 Damage:** After (Stamina) *turns* of exposure to level 4 environments, characters suffer 4 lethal damage every turn.
- **No Healing:** Characters cannot heal damage from extreme environments until they are no longer in an extreme environment.

Falling

Changelings can find themselves leaping from great heights to avoid danger, or falling from cloud houses without the benefit of a beanstalk.

Falling Basics

- **Damage:** Falls of less than 30 yards/meters inflict one point of bashing damage per three yards/meters fallen. Falls of 30 yards/meters or more inflict 10 lethal damage.
- **Armor:** At the Storyteller's discretion, armor may reduce damage from falls of less than 30 yards/meters.
- **Reduced Damage:** If there's a reasonable way for a character to slow her fall, she makes a reflexive Dexterity + Athletics roll. Each success reduces damage from a fall of less than 30 yards/meters by one point.
- **Soft Landing:** Landing in water or snow, or on another soft surface, may automatically reduce damage from falls of less than 30 yards/meters at the Storyteller's discretion.

Fire

Fire automatically inflicts lethal damage per turn of exposure (no attack roll is required). The damage inflicted depends on both the size and intensity of the flames.

Size of Fire	Damage
Torch	1
Bonfire	2
Inferno	3

Heat of Fire	Damage Modifier
Candle (first-degree burns)	–
Torch (second-degree burns)	+1
Bunsen burner (third-degree burns)	+2
Chemical fire/molten metal	+3

Fire Basics

- **Combustion:** Exposure to fire for longer than a turn ignites anything combustible on the character; he continues to take full damage even after escaping the source of the flame.
- **Firefighting:** Fighting a fire typically requires an instant action but no roll. At the Storyteller's discretion, an action might immediately put out the fire (e.g. diving into water) or reduce its size by one level (e.g. stop, drop, and roll).
- **Armor:** Most armor can block its general rating in fire damage automatically for a number of turns equal to that rating.
- **Uncontrolled Blaze:** If an area containing flammable objects is set on fire, it may acquire the Inferno Environmental Tilt (p. 330).

Teamwork

When two or more characters work together on a single action of any kind, one person takes the lead. He's the *primary actor*, and his player assembles his dice pool as normal. Anyone assisting him is a *secondary actor*, and rolls the same pool before the primary actor does.

Secondary Actor Roll Results

Success: +1 die to the primary actor's roll for each success earned, cumulative for each secondary actor's success.

Exceptional Success: As success.

Failure: Primary actor receives no bonus dice.

Dramatic Failure: As failure, and −4 dice to the primary actor's roll, cumulative for each secondary actor's dramatic failure. Primary actor must continue.

The primary actor's roll results are as normal for the action the group undertakes.

More participants don't always mean better results, however. Every action has a point of diminishing returns

at which too many cooks are in the kitchen. This number usually ranges from three to six, depending on the action, at the Storyteller's discretion. Excess participants' rolls grant no bonuses to the primary actor's pool, and may levy penalties instead at the Storyteller's discretion.

Objects

Objects such as lead pipes, walls, and cars have three traits: Durability, Size, and Structure. Mostly, these relate to how easy the object is to destroy.

Object Traits

- **Durability:** How hard the object is to damage. Subtract Durability from any damage inflicted on the object. Durability has no effect against attacks that inflict aggravated damage.
- **Size:** How large the object is. Objects smaller than Size 1 can fit entirely in a person's palm.
- **Structure:** An object's Structure equals its Durability + Size.

Damaging Objects

- **Damage:** Each point of damage removes a point of Structure. Objects do not differentiate between bashing and lethal damage.
- **Reduced Functionality:** Once it's taken more damage than its Durability, anyone using the object suffers a −1 die penalty.
- **Destruction:** When an object's Structure hits 0, it is destroyed.
- **Repair:** See p. 197 for rules on how to repair damaged objects.

Equipment

Equipment, tools, and technology help to solve problems. Having the right tool for the job can mean the difference between life and death — or in **Changeling: The Lost**, the difference between life and a fate worse than death. You can find a list of sample equipment in Appendix 2: Equipment, starting on p. 322.

Equipment is divided up by the Skills it typically assists with. Mental equipment typically assists with Mental Skills, for example.

Equipment Traits

- **Availability:** The minimum level of a relevant trait a character must have to acquire the equipment with a single roll. Resources is the most often used trait, but other Social Merits or Skills may work at the Storyteller's discretion (e.g. Larceny to steal it, or Mantle to take it out on loan from the freehold's stockpile).
- **Size, Durability, Structure:** See above.
- **Dice Bonus:** The bonus the equipment adds to relevant actions.
- **Effect:** Any special rules that apply to using the equipment.

See p. 196 for rules on how **Changeling** characters can build their own equipment.

Object Traits

Durability	Material
1	Wood, hard plastic, thick glass
2	Stone, aluminum
3	Steel, iron
+1	per reinforced layer

Size	Object
1	Pistol
2	Crowbar, sawn-off shotgun
3	Assault rifle
5	Door
10	Sports car
15	SUV

Social Maneuvering

A Fairest persuades a giant to act recklessly out of pride. A Wizened brings a goblin inventor an apple each day, wooing him to take them on as an apprentice. A Beast begs the Winter King to join a battle against the True Fae despite his Court's fear. All of these scenes are rich with potential drama and complexity, which might be undercut if they're resolved in a single throw of the dice. When you want to spotlight interpersonal relationships and conflicts solved without violence, Social maneuvering is the system to use.

In a Social maneuver, you start by stating your character's *goal*. Once you and the Storyteller agree that the goal is reasonable, you have to overcome the other person's

Social Maneuvering and Consent

This system is designed to allow characters to manipulate or convince other characters to perform favors or undertake actions, but it does raise the question: Is one character dictating another's actions, and how much of that should be allowed in a roleplaying game? Or, put a different way, can one character seduce another with this system?

We recommend reserving this system for use by player-controlled characters on Storyteller characters rather than on other players' characters. If one player's character wants to seduce, persuade, convince, or intimidate another, leave it up to roleplaying and let players make their own decisions about what their characters do, unless the players agree to involve dice.

resistance by taking actions that make them more likely to agree to your terms. Successful actions open *Doors* (as in, "the door is open for further discussion," not literal doors).

How often you can try to open Doors depends on the *impression* your character makes — the more they like you, the more often you can try to sway them.

Goals

When using Social maneuvering, the first step is to declare your character's intended goal. This is as simple as stating what you want the subject to do and how your character is going about making it happen. You need only announce the initial stages, as the effort will likely occur over multiple rolls, reflecting different actions.

At this point, the Storyteller determines whether the goal is reasonable. A character might, with time and proper tactics, convince a rich person to give him a large sum of money. He probably isn't going to convince the wealthy individual to abandon *all* of his wealth to the character, though it might be possible to get him to name the character as heir, at which point the character can set about speeding up the inheritance process.

Doors

Once you've declared your character's goal, the next step is to determine the scope of the challenge. We represent this with "Doors," which reflect a character's resistance to coercion: her social walls, hir skepticism, their mistrust, or just his hesitance toward intimacy. It's abstract and means different things in every given case.

Calculating Doors

- **Baseline:** The subject starts with Doors equal to the lower of their Resolve or Composure.
- **Breaking Point:** If the stated goal would be a *breaking point* (p. 104) for the subject, *and* the subject is aware of that fact, add two Doors.
- **Aspiration:** If the stated goal is in opposition to one of the subject's Aspirations, *and* the subject is aware of that fact, add one Door. If the goal would clearly help the subject achieve an Aspiration, remove one Door.
- **Virtue:** If the stated goal is in opposition to the subject's Virtue, *and* the subject is aware of that fact, add one Door.
- **Adding Doors:** If things change such that the Breaking Point, Aspiration, or Virtue rules above apply during the Social maneuver, add Doors to the remaining total (two for Breaking Point, one each for Aspiration or Virtue). If your character goes back on her word during the maneuver, add two Doors.

Impression

The Storyteller sets the first impression based on any past history between the characters, the circumstances of their meeting, the nature of the favor being asked (if the acting character is asking right up front — sometimes it's a better idea not to lead off with what you want!) and any other factors she deems relevant. Most interactions default to an average impression, which makes the maneuver a long, drawn-out process. Your character can take steps to improve that: meeting the subject at their favorite restaurant, wearing their favorite perfume, and so on. The Storyteller is the final arbiter of whether any particular action raises the impression level, but she should be open to working with you to develop a plan.

Impression level determines how frequently you're allowed to roll to open the subject's Doors — the more they like your character, the more often you can roll. If the impression is too hostile, you might not be able to roll at all.

Impression	Time per Roll
Perfect	One turn
Excellent	One hour
Good	One day
Average	One week
Hostile	Cannot roll

Adjusting Impression

- **Favorable Circumstances:** A comfortable environment, appealing clothing, or similar pleasant situations can raise a hostile impression to average, or an average impression to good.
- **Actions:** Success on an appropriate action, like a Wits + Socialize action to create the ideal guest list for a party, can raise an average or good impression to excellent.
- **Soft Leverage:** A bribe, gift, or offer of service or payment raises the impression level one step if the subject accepts the offer.
- **Vice Leverage:** An offer that indulges the subject's Vice (or aligns with her Thread, or equivalent trait) raises the impression level one step if the subject accepts the offer.

Opening Doors

At each interval, you may make a roll to open Doors and move closer to your character's goal. The roll might be different each time, depending on the character's tactics. Some of the rolls might not even be Social. For example, if your character is trying to win someone's favor, fixing his computer with an Intelligence + Computer roll could open a Door.

As Storyteller, be creative in selecting dice pools. Change them up with each step to keep the interactions dynamic. Similarly, consider contested and resisted rolls. Most resisted actions or contested rolls use either Resolve or Composure, or a combination of the two, but don't let that stand as a limit. Contested rolls don't necessarily require a Resistance trait. For example, Wits might be used to notice a lie, Strength to help a character stand up to threats, or Presence to protect and maintain one's reputation at a soiree.

Roll Results

Success: Open one Door.

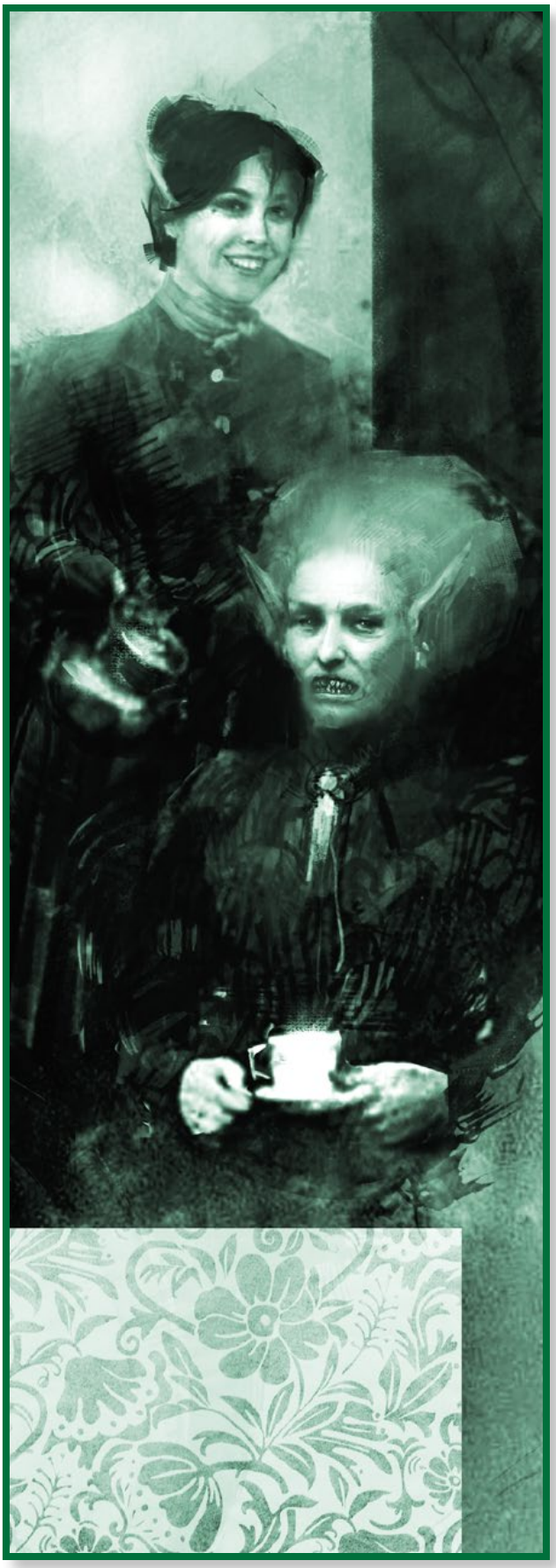
Exceptional Success: As success, and open an additional Door.

Failure: Open no Doors. Subsequent actions as part of the social maneuver suffer a cumulative one-die penalty. The Storyteller may choose to lower the impression level by one step; if she does so, take a Beat.

Dramatic Failure: The social maneuver fails utterly. No further rolls can be made. Any attempt to achieve the same goal must start from scratch, likely with a worse impression.

Resolution

The outcome of a Social maneuver is either success or failure. Don't confuse this with the success or failure of any particular action that's part of a Social maneuver; here we're talking about the whole thing.



Player vs. Player Resolution

If you allow players' characters to be the targets of Social maneuvering, resolve the resolution stage as a negotiation with two possible outcomes. The subject chooses to abide by the desired goal or offers a beneficial alternative.

Go with the Flow

If the character does as requested, and abides by the intended goal, his player takes a Beat **(p. 94)**.

Offer an Alternative

If the subject's player chooses, he may offer an alternative that's beneficial to the initiator, and the initiator's player can impose a Condition **(p. 181)** on his character to reflect that alternative. This offer exists between players; it does not need to occur within the fiction of the game, though it can. The alternative must be truly beneficial and not a twist of intent. The Storyteller adjudicates.

The initiator's player chooses a Condition to impose on the subject. It must make sense within the context of the scenario.

Success

Once your character has opened all the Doors in her path, the subject must act. Storyteller characters abide by the intended goal and follow through as stated. How they feel afterwards might vary, but they will always do what you and the Storyteller agreed on.

Failure

A Social maneuvering attempt can fail utterly under the following circumstances:

- **Dramatic Failure:** The player rolls a dramatic failure on an attempt to open a Door.
- **Deception:** The target realizes the character is lying to him or manipulating him. This does *not* apply if the target is aware the character is trying to talk him into something; only if he feels betrayed or conned.
- **Bad Impressions:** The impression level reaches "hostile" and remains so for the rest of the current story. The character can try again during the next story.

Investigation

When you want an investigation to play a large role in the tale, with entire scenes, chapters, or even stories dedicated to a single mystery, you can use this system rather than boiling it down to a single action. Characters uncover Clues they can use to benefit later actions the investigation enables — for instance, learning that the King of the Sky must never touch the water can be used to lure him into an ambush at a mountain spring.

Investigation Basics

- **No Hard Answers:** The Storyteller doesn't need to come up with all the potential Clues and answers ahead of time. Letting the players fill some of them in themselves as they succeed in finding Clues gets them invested in the outcome and creates "a-ha!" moments. If players put Clues together to reach conclusions that don't match the outcome the Storyteller had in mind, she can consider changing it to match.
- **No Binary Rolls:** Failing to find information crucial to the characters' progress when players fail rolls only slows the game down to no satisfying end. Instead, the Storyteller should raise the stakes or introduce complications when a roll fails. Failure doesn't mean the players didn't find a Clue — instead, it means they miss out on extra benefits success would have afforded them and must adjust to new challenges.
- **Frame the Action:** The Storyteller can intersperse Clue-finding actions with other events in the story to keep the momentum going and give players opportunity to choose which set of heightening stakes to address first.
- **Clues:** Clues are a specialized type of equipment that represent objects, facts, and deductions. They have *elements* that players can spend for benefits, either to solve a particular mystery or to stockpile for other uses: leverage in Social maneuvering, proof of supernatural influences in someone's life, etc.

Scope

First, the players declare a goal to accomplish via investigation. Decide how many total Clues the characters need to uncover to achieve their goal. For smaller-scope investigations, this usually falls between one and five Clues. For broad investigations spread out across the chronicle, the total should equal at least half the number of planned chapters, and can range up to twice the number of planned chapters in a strongly investigation-focused chronicle.

Interval

Each roll to find a Clue is an instant action, but takes some amount of time based on the kind of action the players take. The Storyteller can add challenges and obstacles to these attempts to turn simple die rolls into interesting scenes of their own. If they perform particularly well in these efforts, the Storyteller can offer bonuses to the roll to uncover the Clue.

Uncovering Clues

Once the characters get where they need to be, they roll to uncover the Clue.

Action: Instant

Dice Pool: Varies. Players can use any pool that matches the action they take to uncover the Clue. The Investigation Skill is appropriate to case a scene or search through files and evidence, while other Mental Skills can be used to perform research, experiments, or autopsies.

The pool suffers a cumulative one-die penalty each time the same Skill is used again in an investigation. However, if characters use teamwork to uncover Clues, only the primary actor suffers this penalty, and only his roll contributes to further such penalties in the same investigation.

Roll Results

Success: Clue is uncovered, with one element plus one more if the character has 4 or more dots or a Specialty in the relevant Skill; each Specialty or Skill can only contribute to extra elements once per character per investigation.

Exceptional Success: As success, and the Clue gains one bonus element; character gains a beneficial Condition.

Failure: Clue is uncovered but incomplete: Its elements may only be used to uncover other Clues.

Dramatic Failure: Clue is uncovered but tainted. Each accumulated tainted Clue forces the player to ignore one success rolled on any future actions pertaining to the investigation; these are cumulative, and all apply to each such roll. The Storyteller may impose a negative Condition as well.

Clue Elements

Players can spend Clue elements to add a one-die bonus per element to any roll pertaining to the investigation, including but not limited to rolls to uncover more Clues. A player can only spend elements from one Clue at a time, or Clues equal to her character's Investigation dots, whichever is higher. She may spend any number of elements at a time from a single Clue.

Elements from tainted Clues impose a two-die penalty when spent instead of a bonus; however, this is the only way to get rid of tainted Clues, since once all its elements are spent, it sheds its tainted nature.

Uncovering the Truth

Players don't need to roll to put their Clues together once the investigation is over. Once they accumulate the requisite number of Clues specified by the investigation's scope, the characters learn the truth.

Players may choose to uncover the truth before they've accumulated enough Clues, as long as they have at least one that isn't tainted. If they do, they still learn the truth, but the Storyteller introduces one major complication per Clue they fall short.

Chases

A changeling may find herself racing her peers to earn the favor of Mother Wind, or running for her life when a Huntsman calls at midnight. In most action scenes, a character's Speed trait determines how much she can move. This means that generally, you can figure out who is faster without dice. The following rules let you turn the chase into the focus of the scene instead, adding excitement and drama.

Chase Basics

- **Set the Terms:** By default, each party requires five total successes to prevail. Apply modifiers to this total as follows.
- **Determine the Edge:** Whoever has better manipulated the environment, terrain, and circumstances to his advantage based on the ever-changing situation gains the Edge, not counting circumstances listed above to modify required successes. If the character with the Edge isn't obvious, make a contested roll for each involved character using a relevant pool determined by the player, with Storyteller permission. Relevant Skills could include Athletics, Streetwise, Survival, etc. If the context of the scene changes significantly, re-determine who has the Edge.
- **Turns:** Each turn represents roughly 30 seconds to a minute of chase time. The character with the Edge rolls first. If she accumulates the requisite total successes before others have a chance to roll, she wins immediately.

Pursuit and Evasion

Both pursuit and evasion use the same chase action.

Action: Instant

Dice Pool: Determined each turn by the side with the Edge, based on the current situation. You *can* use a different pool, but unless you have the Edge, you lose the 10-again quality on your roll and suffer a cumulative

Chase Modifiers

Circumstance	Modifier
Opponent's Speed is higher than yours	+1
Opponent's Speed is twice yours	+3
Opponent's Speed is at least 10 times yours	+5
Initiative modifier is higher than opponent's	−1
Initiative modifier is twice the opponent's	−2
Initiative modifier is at least three times the opponent's	−3
Your character knows the territory somewhat	−1
Your character knows the territory intimately	−3
Your Size is lower than your opponent's	−1
Opponent immune to fatigue	+2
Actively dangerous environment	+1 to +3, Storyteller's discretion
Opponent starts with one turn lead	+1
Opponent starts with at least two turns' lead	+2

one-die penalty that increases each turn you don't have the Edge and use the wrong pool. These turns don't have to be consecutive.

Roll Results

Success: You overcome the immediate challenge and make headway. Add rolled successes to your running total.

Exceptional Success: As success, and inflict the turn's terms of failure upon your opponent regardless of his roll.

Failure: Determined each turn by the side with the Edge, before dice are rolled. Choose from among the following: lose one accumulated success from your total, suffer two points of bashing damage or one point of lethal, or suffer an appropriate Tilt.

Dramatic Failure: As failure, and the Storyteller may impose a negative Condition as well.

Other Kinds of Chases

The chase system may also be used to represent other kinds of contests that fall outside the immediate timing of an action scene, such as tracking a Huntsman through the woods by her captive's diamond tears, or as an alternative to the Social maneuvering system (p. 191) to finesse another character into a particular position or behavior.

Building Equipment

While changelings can gain access to equipment of all kinds through purchase, borrowing, blackmail, or theft, some prefer (or are forced) to make it themselves. If it would offer a bonus to an action, or would make actions possible that were previously not, it can be considered "equipment," and you can build it.

Equipment Types

- **Physical Objects:** the most common type. Items listed in the Appendix (p. 322) are physical objects, as are weapons and armor. Creative works also fall into this category.
- **Organizations:** small groups of people assembled to address a particular need, like a cadre of bodyguards or research assistants. Organizations built as equipment disband after one chapter unless purchased as Merits afterward.
- **Repositories:** collections of research materials and information sources on a particular topic, like a library of books, a database, or an assortment of security footage. This reflects gathering materials for repeated future use, not benefiting from an existing source. Repositories linger; if you purchase the Library Merit (p. 123) for a repository your character built, it stacks with the equipment bonus, to a maximum of +5.
- **Plans:** abstracted plans that orchestrate complex encounters with specific goals involving multiple people, like heists or rescues. A plan grants its bonus to all participants, but ceases to exist when the endeavor succeeds or definitively fails.
- **Mystical Equipment:** anything that carries minor supernatural potency, such as a circle of protection using salt and bone, a protective amulet, or a fae trap made of iron.

Build Equipment Basics

- **Scope:** Build Equipment actions never take longer than the time between one scene and the next. If it can't reasonably be built in a few hours or less, the character needs to acquire it another way.

- **When to Roll:** If the character has plenty of time, isn't under any duress, and has dots in the relevant Skill equal to the equipment bonus a standard example would provide, don't roll. If the character is under pressure or in danger, roll. Likewise, if she's trying to build something beyond her casual expertise — i.e., something with an equipment bonus greater than her dots in the relevant Skill, something with higher traits than the standard example, or something the Storyteller determines is too complex — roll.

- **Built-In Penalty:** The roll always suffers a penalty equal to the intended equipment bonus. Each other intended benefit, like a new function, an increased trait, or access to a resource, counts as a one-die bonus for this purpose, as well as to determine whether to roll in the first place. Weapons impose a penalty equal to their weapon modifier; armor imposes a penalty equal to its highest armor rating (general or ballistic). Penalties can't exceed −5.

- **Requirements:** The Storyteller may require the use of Resources, Contacts, or other Merits, or a separate research action, to reflect extra effort necessary before you can roll. This should only apply to enhance the drama of the story or introduce interesting plot elements to the action.

- **Time:** ranges from a few minutes to a few hours, but the important factors are whether you finish before something else happens, and what else happens in the meantime.

During an action scene, a Build Equipment action takes a number of turns equal to the built-in penalty; the Storyteller may rule that something can't be built during an action scene.

Build Equipment Action

Action: Instant

Dice Pool: Determined by the type of equipment. Wits + Crafts for physical objects, or Wits + Expression for creative works; Presence or Manipulation + Socialize or Streetwise for organizations; Intelligence + Academics for repositories; Wits + Occult for mystical equipment; Wits + Composure for plans. The Storyteller or player can suggest alternatives if appropriate.

Roll Results

Success: You build the equipment.

Exceptional Success: As success, and add one equipment bonus die or other benefit; bonuses still may not exceed +5.

Failure: You build the equipment, but it carries the Fragile (p. 339) or Volatile (p. 345) Condition.

Dramatic Failure: You fail outright and suffer a consequence at the Storyteller's discretion, such as taking damage from an explosive reaction, suffering a Condition like Leveraged or Embarrassing Secret, or leading a threat directly to your location.

Jury Rigging

Sometimes, a character needs to build equipment without time for preparation or even much thought. Jury rigging always takes place in action scene timing.

Action: Instant; takes one turn

Dice Pool: Same as above. The Storyteller may rule that some equipment is too complex to be Jury Rigged.

Roll Results

Success: You build the equipment, but it carries the Fragile or Volatile Condition.

Exceptional Success: You build the equipment.

Failure: As dramatic failure.

Dramatic Failure: As the usual Build Equipment action.

Repair, Modifications, and Upgrades

A character may want to fix or alter a piece of equipment that already exists. These actions usually only apply to physical objects, though exceptions are possible.

These rolls use the normal Build Equipment action, with the following exceptions:

Repair/Modification/Upgrade Basics

- **Built-In Penalty:** equals the *difference* between the object's current state and the bonus or benefits the player wants to add. Broken objects are considered to have an equipment bonus of 0. Partially functional objects may have a bonus only one or two dice lower than their usual bonus. For instance, if a computer would normally grant a +2 to research rolls but won't start and is therefore currently at a 0, the roll to repair it would suffer a −2.

- **Increased Traits/New Functions:** treat each modification or upgrade as a +1 equivalent. You can replace one function with another at no penalty — for instance, reversing the function of a walkie talkie to cause interference instead of receiving signals.

Taking Your Time

You may build equipment as an extended action instead, taking no built-in penalty to any of the rolls. Instead, the target number of required successes equals the total intended bonus and benefits of the equipment +1. Typically, players do this to avoid taking

large penalties for complex equipment, or when they have small dice pools to begin with and don't want to risk a chance die. The Storyteller determines the time between rolls as usual. Overall success and failure work as normal for the Build Equipment action.

The Storyteller may also allow a player to build equipment that normally lies beyond the scope of this system, such as a car or a business, with an extended action. In this case, the time between rolls and total successes required should match the effort involved. Building a car may take a week between rolls and require 15 total successes, for example. Storytellers should keep in mind, however, that it's usually much easier to acquire such equipment in other ways, like stealing or purchasing a car, or using Social maneuvering to convince a potential business partner to take the bait. As a result, building this kind of equipment with extended actions should only be done if the player really *wants* to make it from scratch.

The Hedge

The Hedge is full of both pain and joy. It is brambles and Thorns and horrible things lurking in the shadows; it is birthdays and music and a kiss from an ethereal stranger you remember from somewhere. It is beautiful and terrible, claustrophobic yet neverending. The Hedge is a million ecstatic things, and you can take some of them home with you. The Hedge is a shortcut between here and there, and all it will cost is a chance of losing yourself. The Hedge stands between Earth and Arcadia, protecting the mortal world from the True Fae and their machinations — and vice versa, because the Gentry must take on the aspects of soil and sea to walk among humans.

Every Lost's durance ends with an escape, and the escape always leads through the Hedge. Here, the newly made Lost meets the Thorns, and the piece of his soul ripped from him and left dangling like a lost shoe from a power line is his Icon. But the association the Hedge and the Thorns have with a changeling's durance, and the pain he suffered to win his freedom, do not mean the Thorns limit themselves to pricking escaping pets, or that no one enters the Hedge on other business. Some beings even dwell there, living their own lives of wonder and enchantment, peddling magic to stay one step ahead of the darkness between the cracks.

The Hedge has many things worth the journey. It has Goblin Markets and goblin fruit, Hollows in which a changeling can find peace from the mortal world to which he no longer wholly belongs, and trods that lead to distant places faster than any mundane road. Far from the world of bills and petty corruption, the problems the Hedge poses feel far more primal and seductive. They're problems a changeling can face and overcome with adventures and clever tricks, worthy of retelling. The Hedge is a reflection of what's in a traveler's heart of hearts, too, a hazy amalgam of the familiar and the unknown.

It is a literal hedge, well-trimmed and manicured in some parts, wild and free in some. It is coils of barbed wire running through blasted urban hellscapes where everything is crumbling alleyways and abandoned parking lots, and it is endless wastes of snow that yield only to travelers who choose the right direction. And it is romantic gardens, offering succulent bounties and vivid blooms for meeting a long-dead lover, and it is dreamy bazaars where a ha'penny and a promise buys a subway ticket back to childhood, for those willing to haggle. Here, hobgoblins dwell in hollowed-out apples and Huntsmen prowl paths cobbled with ivy-grown marble, and even the occasional liege of Arcadia strolls down the byways.

Stepping Through

The Lost can enter the Hedge through any portal (p. 109), replacing the mundane world beyond with a darkly verdant elsewhere and turning that door into a dormant Hedgeway, or gate into the Hedge. They can exit the same way. Humans can only enter and exit through specific rituals, at Hedgeways that a fae being has already opened previously. Every gate has a Key, a method for opening that particular path into the Hedge. Finding a Key is far from impossible, but most humans don't realize it's not a two-way affair — a door may have a separate ritual for returning, or might not have a counterpart on the other side at all. Escaping means dealing with the denizens of the Hedge, or finding a changeling to rescue them.

For a number of turns after a changeling opens a Hedgeway equal to her Wyrd, the gate remains, only then to fade away once more. After a gateway has been used, it remains a dormant Hedgeway until the seasons change. During that time, other Lost do not need to spend Glamour to open the passageway, but once the season is up, they must establish the gateway again. A dormant Hedgeway hides behind the Mask just as a fae creature does (p. 83).

A changeling can find a dormant Hedgeway using her kenning (p. 107), or tokens and Contracts that identify supernatural phenomena.

Humans cannot open a Hedgeway by touch — the world they see is solid and the Mask is reality. To enter the Hedge, they need to find another way in, and a few exist:

- **Following Others:** Humans can pass through a Hedge gate that's already open without issue. As a changeling's Mask falls away when she steps through a Hedgeway, many humans who see one enter the Hedge do choose to follow, out of curiosity if nothing else.

- **Keys:** Legends such as fairy circles, alien abductions, or the enthralled woodsman following the beautiful hulder into the land of the Fair Folk can become Keys when a human heart holds the tales dear. These stories can play out when a human soul in the right place believes they should, triggered into existence by this belief. It requires a successful Resolve + Composure roll to open a Hedgeway this way, but the belief must come first.

  Keys also exist on their own. They can be physical objects, such as a turtle shell carved with the right sigils or the broken-off star of an old Mercedes. They can be specific songs sung at certain times of day, or a particular confluence of events, or the presence of red-haired twins — nearly anything can open a Hedge gate, but the would-be traveler must find out what each gate's Key is separately. A curious seeker can take an extended research action to do so, with access to the right kinds of information sources, or can learn about it from a fae who knows. A few Keys see steady use, by individuals or groups.

- **Vice:** Any time a human indulges her Vice (p. 174) near a Hedgeway, her player may roll to resist the subconscious tug of the Hedge. She may waive this roll instead, resulting in the usual failure effects, below.

Action: Reflexive

Dice Pool: Wits + Composure

Roll Results

Success: Temptation flares, but the character resists. She remains unaware of the Hedgeway, save only for a slight feeling of relief and disappointment deep down in her subconscious.

Exceptional Success: In a blurry flash of sepia vision, the character sees her future as the Hedge would have shaped it, and becomes aware that a path to somewhere *else* beckons her — and that she has escaped a doom today.

Failure: The Hedgeway opens, presenting a temptation that appeals to the character's Vice as above. She may answer the call or not; if she does, she gains another Willpower point for fulfilling her Vice *again*, beyond the normal limit of one per scene, and her player takes a Beat. The gateway slams shut behind the character once she passes through.

Dramatic Failure: The Hedge calls, and the character answers. The gate opens before her, and inside she sees her heart's desire made manifest. The pull is such that she need not even approach it; the Hedgeway reaches out and envelops her immediately, closing behind her. The object of her desire may turn out to be an illusion. When it doesn't, the story turns darker still.

Other Beings Called to the Hedge

Characters who don't have Vices may still prove tempting enough prey for the Hedge to accost. Vampires, Remade, Prometheans — these are harder for the Wyrd to read, providing no easy hook to snare them. However, the Storyteller may decide that the Hedge can call these beings in other ways, playing to their particular weaknesses and wants. Other supernatural beings who *do* have Vices can fall for the Hedge's tricks just as easily as mortals.

Common Modifiers

Has visited the Hedge before	+1 per previous visit, to a maximum of +3
Current Willpower is 8 or higher	+1
Current Willpower is 3 or lower	−1
Has Occult 2+ or a supernatural Merit	−1
Virtue also supports entering	−1
An Aspiration supports entering	−2
Has lost friends or family mysteriously	−2

Hedgeways exist wholly inside the Hedge, too, cordoning off some areas from the rest. The Gate of Horn (p. 217) that separates the Dreaming Roads from the Hedge proper is one example; the myriad hidden entrances to mirror space are another. Finding and stepping through these gates works just the same way as above.

Clarity and Mien

For a changeling, the Hedge is the borderlands between the two worlds to which she belongs, and it resonates with her true nature. Here more than anywhere, she must face herself and her past, and so the Hedge scours the illusions away and the truth of what she is becomes visible for all to see: Fae beings and objects have no Mask inside the Hedge. At the same time, the Hedge can be a relief — in the mortal world, people try to tell her faeries don't exist, and in Arcadia the Gentry try to rewrite her to match their whims. But the Hedge takes her and her experiences as they are. Here, everything is as real as she makes it, or as ephemeral as she wants it to be.

A changeling's player reduces the dice pool for all Clarity attacks by one inside the Hedge unless something within the Hedge itself caused it, such as abrupt scenery shifts or a hobgoblin terrorizing her.

Hollows

A Hollow is a sanctuary, created through the Lost's fae nature and intent or discovered after driving off the competition, and shaped into a desired form. Hollows are relatively safe, but nothing is completely so. Many things would dearly love to break a Hollow open like an egg and scoop out the innards, Lost and all. Huntsmen know well the tricks a changeling can use to ward off intruders, and sometimes they just wait outside, patiently, letting their heralds whisper through the cracks until the changeling emerges. After all, the renegade has to come out eventually.

The advantages of claiming a Hollow can be found under the Hollow Merit, on p. 116.

Traveling the Hedge

In the Hedge, a traveler can see echoes of human world analogues. If she wanders the Hedge of Detroit, she'll see hints of buildings, cars, and factories even as brambles cover and consume them; or perhaps the brambles are busybody salesmen and surly factory supervisors, all sporting long red noses and voices like shrill whistles. Some objects and places directly correspond to things on the other side, especially closer to the mortal world. But more often, objects in the Hedge reflect the way the traveler thinks of them when she's feeling fanciful or frightened. If she always thought the city's skyscrapers looked like looming guardians closing in on her, they're exactly that here: taller and more sinister, inching closer moment by moment. If she loves riding the train and wishes trips would take longer, the tracks in the Hedge stretch out to the horizon, letting her ride as long as she likes. Places long gone and forgotten in the mortal world may still have reflections in the Hedge, if someone who enters remembers them or has looked lovingly on their black-and-white photos in old newspapers.

Trods (p. 201) are not the only paths through the Hedge, though they are the only ones that remain in place. Most people who travel the Hedge do so on less reliable roads, through valleys beneath a flight of witches mounted on giant owls, and then through a shopping mall beset by living mannequins animated by a little girl's longing for her long-dead sister. It takes a wanderer in circles even while moving him closer to his goal (or to the Fae), and it takes him on a long, straight boulevard under trees full of enchanted paper lanterns. Time has a strange bent here. Every little corner, every path, every room, has a different concept of time. In some places, it passes quickly. In some, it doesn't pass at all.

The Hedge shapes itself around a traveler according to a few factors: what's nearby on the other side, in the mortal world; what has been in a particular place before; the traveler's own needs, fears, and feelings, and those of others around him; and the strength of a traveler's Wyrd. The first two factors are up to the Storyteller. Each place in the Hedge should have its own personality, and while things shift often, returning to the same place and recognizing it as such works unless a character has deliberately changed it drastically.

To do anything other than wander aimlessly, characters must make navigation rolls inside the Hedge. They begin by stating a goal, which could be a specific location — "I want to take a shortcut to San Francisco" or "I want to find the nearest Goblin Market" — or a more general objective, like "I want to find an Icon" or "I want to get away from this loyalist." Navigation inside the Hedge works just like a chase, using the rules on p. 195. Even if the characters are unopposed, the Hedge itself works as an "opponent," representing the myriad dangers and temptations that face all travelers there.

The characters must engage in a new chase whenever they have a new goal.

Terms of the Chase

When the characters have clear opposition, such as outrunning a Huntsman or chasing down a thieving goblin, determine the terms of the chase as normal, but the Hedge itself also always counts as a "character" and has its own turns and dice pools. Its goal is always to lure travelers off the path into the Thorns, or closer to Arcadia, and the Storyteller should determine where the characters end up if they lose and the Hedge wins. This doesn't preclude someone else from winning, too — just because the Hedge lured them into a cave, that doesn't mean the Huntsman lost their trail.

Note that getting "closer to Arcadia" is a matter of relative distance. The Hedge is too fluid and psychoactive to have a firm sense of space — no one could map, for instance, how far a particular glade is to the gates of Faerie. But routes do exist, and those routes lead through places with identities of their own and along paths a traveler could remember and try to repeat, assuming no one shaped away the Whistling Tree Bridge and its swamp trolls in the meantime and forced the route to change. Characters who fail a chase in the Hedge usually end up in a place where one wrong move could open a door that leads straight to the Others.

The Hedge has an effective Speed of 10, or 15 in the Thorns. On a trod, its Speed is (10 – trod rating). Its Initiative modifier is equal to (10 – the highest current Clarity among the characters), to a minimum of 0; if no changelings are present, its modifier is 10. The Hedge begins with a base pool of five dice for all rolls (including

to determine the Edge), regardless of the Attribute + Skill the characters roll. Modify the pool based on the following table:

Circumstance	Hedge Dice Bonus
Characters are on a trod	– (trod's rating)
A character has at least one positive mental or emotional Condition	–1 per character
A new turn begins	+1 (cumulative)
A character has at least one negative mental or emotional Condition	+1 per character
Any character's current Clarity (or equivalent) is lower than half its maximum	+1
The characters have a pressing time limit	+2
The Hedge has the Edge	+2
Any changeling incited Bedlam this scene	+2
Any changeling incited Bedlam this scene with exceptional success	+3
Characters are in the Thorns	+3

If a single character has both a positive and a negative relevant Condition, the bonus and penalty cancel out for that character. The Storyteller may add or subtract dice due to other appropriate circumstances, as well.

The base number of successes needed for a given character to prevail in the Hedge is eight, rather than five. Use the chart on below to determine modifiers to this number, as well as the following additional modifiers:

Circumstance	Target Number Modifier
The character's Wyrd rating	–1 per dot
Character accepts a point of Goblin Debt for a hobgoblin's aid	–1 per point accepted, to a maximum of –3
Character is a Huntsman	–1, or –2 in the Thorns
Character's current Clarity is 3 or less	+1 at 3, +2 at 2, +3 at 1
Characters traveling a trod	+1 per milestone desired
Characters are under a time limit	+1 somewhat urgent, +2 more urgent, +3 most urgent

Resolve the chase as normal. Success means the characters achieve their goal within the time limit (if there was one), and any direct opposition failed to achieve its own. It's possible for some characters to succeed and some to fail, though, so sometimes changelings give up their victories to help out companions left behind or whisked away. Failure with direct opposition usually means a fight or some other confrontation. Failure without direct opposition means the characters ended up somewhere the Hedge decided they should be, rather than wherever they were trying to go. If the Hedge beats everybody involved, they *all* end up wherever the Hedge was herding them. Any character who doesn't succeed gains the Lost Condition (p. 342).

Trods

The Hedge has paths running through it, created and maintained by hobgoblins, Gentry, Huntsmen, and the Lost themselves. They are equal parts footpath worn into the fabric of the place by frequent, long-term use, and deliberately laid road. Most freeholds maintain a few trods to useful places, and many changelings have their own private garden paths. Some trods are secret, known only by a few among the Lost and the local Hedge denizens. These are comparatively safe, as far as safety means anything in Arcadia's borderlands, but a traveler is as likely to see bands of hobgoblins harassing the grumpy old nix living in the well as she is to see a Huntsman leading a pack of harvest dogs, and some are even the private promenades or hunting trods of a True Fae. Which are which, a trod alone does not reveal, so the Lost know to keep an eye out when traveling an unfamiliar route.

Trods have a dot rating from 1 to 5, representing how well-kept they are and how far they go, but not necessarily their safety. Trods have set endpoints, which could exist in the mortal world, within the Hedge, or even in Arcadia. The area in between can shift from journey to journey, though it remains roughly recognizable. The scenery around a trod always maintains some semblance of similarity, but can change its nature — a wall of thorny brambles might turn into a mess of barbed wire, or a forest of razor-sharp ice crystals, or a wall of flame, but will never be open terrain. Certain landmarks remain constant, and the higher the trod's rating, the less mutable its terrain.

The Storyteller should determine a trod's rating by starting with the table below, determining how far it reaches, and then modifying the rating up or down depending on how well its caretakers do their jobs, or whether it even has caretakers anymore at all. A lovingly pruned trod kept by a meticulous goblin or changeling freehold might be worth +1 or even +2 dots, while a haphazardly attended trod would be worth –1 or –2, and a completely abandoned one might be worth –3.

A trod can bridge points in the mortal world, but it also bridges a number of milestones in the Hedge equal to



its rating, in addition to its two endpoints. Thus, a two-dot trod passes through two relatively stable milestone locations along its route, such as Madam Thimblestitch's house or the Philadelphia South Street Goblin Market.

Trod Rating	Mundane Distance Bridged in Miles
•	Less than a full mile
••	One to 10 miles
•••	10 to 100 miles
••••	100 to 1,000 miles
•••••	Links any two places in the world

When navigating the Hedge on a trod, players don't need to participate in chases to reach milestones or their goals (as long as they don't stray from the path to achieve them) unless they have direct opposition or a time limit.

The Stable Trod Merit (p. 119) grants characters regular access to a trod. Players can define their trod's milestones upon purchasing the Merit, or they may instead introduce them in play according to what makes sense on their journeys.

The Thorns

For all that the Hedge is a liminal place, it reflects the touch of the Gentry's all-consuming temperament like anything of a fae nature. Those who stray too far from the path find themselves among the Thorns, metaphysical representations of the Hedge's greed. It chews and swallows, cracks bone and sucks marrow, and takes away precious things. The Hedge is generous with its misery, spreading it out and harvesting it, plucking the apples from wanderers' eyes and marveling at their beauty. The Hedge is bountiful and gracious, but for everything it gives, it takes something away. Most of all, the Hedge changes people.

To ascribe a motivation to the Hedge is a poetic flourish, though, to give a meaning and a pattern to something ineluctably beyond those who experience it. Though it has literal thorns on rosebushes and impassable fields of brambles, the Hedge also has many other barbs to prick more than just fingers, from razor-sharp icicles lining every surface of a cave's walls, to swarms of stinging and biting insect goblins, to forests of despair and terrors born of nightmares. Not all Thorns are thorns, and not all of them are tangible threats at all. "The Thorns" is simply the term changelings use to describe the most dangerous

parts of the Hedge, where it's easier to get lost and the things that live there are less friendly.

To the Lost, the Thorns are painful and horrific, a shifting jaunt through memory and fantasy that acts as a constant reminder of their ordeals at the hands of their Keepers. For a mundane human, the effect is subtler, a creeping lethargy and confusion. Her speech grows confused and disjointed as she loses the ability to concentrate. Her environs become more nonsensical, reacting in direct proportion to her fear and instability. Any negative mental or emotional Conditions a character suffers here play out in the environment as metaphors and dreamscapes, usually causing breaking points.

When navigating the Thorns, tracking or seeking something or someone specific among them, or otherwise investigating them in such a way that takes a character further from the path, dramatic failures can result in a wide variety of awful fates, ranging from Conditions like Lost or Madness, to Tilts like Insensate or Insane, to stumbling through a door into Arcadia or the den of some hobgoblin that hasn't seen another soul in years.

Icons

All Lost must pass through the Thorns at least once, to return to the world they left behind. They leave something of themselves behind there, and that something is an Icon. It is this passage that strips away the last shreds of their human Integrity, and leaves them with Clarity alone. Even a changeling who is rescued passes through the Thorns and loses part of himself. A soul shredded by pain and healed only imperfectly leaves the Hedge, with chunks torn out that leave scars on her psyche for the rest of her life; but a changeling can mend her soul if the lost patches return.

Icons can look like anything, from brilliant shards of crystal, to pocket watches, to scraps of cloth or bone, or even living creatures. An Icon's form represents something about the changeling, a piece of her personality or a moment from her past. A bird Icon might represent the changeling's free spirit or a long-lost beloved pet, while a rock Icon might represent her stubbornness or the stability of her ethical code. They are small and easy to carry, and when a changeling recovers one, it becomes part of her again the moment she returns to the mortal world. (Of course, she has to get it there first.)

System: Recovering an Icon completely replenishes a character's Willpower points and permanently increases her maximum Clarity by one. It also restores that part of her mind or heart that was missing, which can contain pain, but also can contain good memories. She might remember forgotten obligations, such as the kindly Wizened butler who helped her escape in return for a promise to never forget him — and they might spur her to an attempted rescue or other action. Every changeling character has at least one Icon waiting for her in the Hedge somewhere (or in a Huntsman's pocket), and the Storyteller can provide opportunities to recover as many Icons as he wishes.

Holding a changeling's Icon gives someone access to parts of her mind and soul, to the long-lost memories and feelings the Thorns stole. Any fae being touching an Icon may spend a Glamour to see a vision of one of the changeling's memories from her durance, or her life before it. It can grant the holder blackmail material and the opportunity to extort great favors from her in exchange for a promise to return it. It can give them knowledge of forgotten trods and Hollows the changeling didn't even realize she had, or insight into her desires and weaknesses. By succeeding on a Clash of Wills (p. 126) against the changeling — even if she doesn't know about it and isn't present — someone who sees the Icon's visions gains the Informed Condition (p. 342) regarding her.

An Icon's Worth

Returning another changeling's Icon is a major source of goodwill and respect among the Lost, and may lead to gaining Merit dots like Allies, Mantle, or Court Goodwill. Wealthy or influential changelings sometimes send others to recover their Icons for them, whether by dint of their authority or in exchange for a reward.

Sometimes, an Icon remains where the changeling lost it, in wild and deadly territory. Other times, it meanders across the Hedge, carried on the wind or moving of its own volition. It can even end up playing a role in some mortal's dream, finding its way into a Bastion. But just as often, something finds it. Sometimes, that something is fae, and sometimes it is *Fae*.

To a True Fae, an Icon is an item of sentimental value, a keepsake to remind it of its beloved slave or valued possession, a bargaining chip to trade with the one whose servant lost the Icon, or just a curiosity. It can give the Icon to a Huntsman or a privateer as a lure for their quarry. While the Gentry have no shortage of perverse things they can do with an Icon, these pale in significance next to the object's draw on the Lost. A changeling's soul is never whole without her Icons, and the loss bites deep — the Lost always seem to come back for their Icons, and so they make excellent bait.

An Icon also makes a nice little treasure for a dragon's hoard or a Goblin Queen to hold in case she needs to bargain with the Lost. It fetches a handsome price at a Goblin Market, and it looks good as a trophy — sometimes, the Thorns can be goblins, too, and they like to brag. A hag might hide it in the deepest, darkest tunnels under the smelliest bog in the lands just to spite a changeling who wronged her once.

Hedgespinning – Subtle Shifts

Success Cost	Effect
1+	Give any character an equipment bonus to their next roll equal to successes spent, to a maximum of +5; represents creating or fortuitously finding one of the five types of equipment (p. 196) on the fly
1+	Give any character a general and ballistic armor rating equal to successes spent for one turn, to a maximum of +5
1+	Create one or more weapons from whole cloth, of a total Availability equal to successes spent
1+	Increase or decrease a Hedge object or structure's Durability by successes spent for one turn, to a maximum of +5
1	Make a minor aesthetic change to a Hedge object, structure, or terrain feature, such as turning a house purple or putting a rainbow in the sky
1	Decrease an opponent's Speed or Initiative modifier by 1 for the scene (cumulative)
1	Learn which direction to travel in to reach one stated type of location that isn't deliberately concealed (but not a specific location; "any Hollow" or "an entrance to the Gate of Horn," not "Juliet's Hollow" or "the entrance my Keeper used")
1	Introduce a minor beneficial twist of luck or complication for any character
2	Introduce a personal Tilt for any character
2	Introduce a hazard to the scene, such as carnivorous grass or a swarm of bees
3	Learn which direction to travel in to reach a stated specific location that isn't deliberately concealed
3	Make a minor location change, like moving the action outdoors from inside or onto the roof from the ground
3	Create a new localized terrain feature, such as a bridge, a tree, or a swamp
4	Introduce a temporary Condition for any character as long as a Hedge feature currently in the environment could impose it, which fades without resolution when the target leaves the Hedge
4	Turn any character's failure into a dramatic failure that doesn't grant a Beat, as long as a Hedge feature currently in the environment could cause it
4	Automatically gain the Edge next turn while navigating the Hedge
4	Change one physical property of a Hedge object, structure, or terrain feature not currently in use, such as increasing or decreasing its Size by 1 or turning a brick house into a gingerbread one

Hedgespinning

Savvy travelers understand how the Hedge responds to their thoughts and feelings, and can learn to deliberately shape it by altering people's mindsets, including their own. The Hedge is anything but simple — any change may have unforeseen and potentially dangerous consequences. But mastering the art means gaining a measure of control over the landscape, easing a journey or making someone else's harder. The Thorns may burst open and release goblins armed with daggers and malice, but the changeling scorches clear the path ahead with pure, searing rage.

Any fae creature can subtly shape the Hedge, but only changelings, Gentry, and Huntsmen can enact paradigm shifts. The Hedge also shapes *itself*: whenever a character makes a roll to navigate or investigate a place, deal with a Hedge denizen, or otherwise interact with the Hedge, the Storyteller rolls eight Hedgespinning dice. This roll loses the 10-again quality if she's on a trod, gains 9-again if not, and gains 8-again if she's in the Thorns. The Storyteller can use any successes beyond one to enact shifts, subtle or paradigm, in direct reaction to whatever the characters just did. A paradigm shift the Hedge itself enacts grants a Beat to each player whose character suffers adverse effects from it.

Subtle Shifts

It's not enough to simply think of something terrifying, or use Contracts to change emotions magically. A traveler must engage in a give-and-take with the surrounding Hedge and the people whose minds it reflects, pushing and pulling a little at a time until each changes the other. For instance, if she wants to create a bridge to span a chasm, she must guide events toward harmony or



progress, perhaps convincing people (or goblins) to work together to accomplish something, or physically wrestling with a foe who represents an internal struggle she wishes to move past.

Any mundane action a character takes in the Hedge may help pave the way toward Hedgespinning, although since the shifts reflect the emotions and general mental state of everyone involved, the results can have unpredictable side effects on exceptional successes and dramatic failures. Before each action, the player decides whether she wants it to generate shaping successes or not. If she does, the action takes a dice penalty depending on where she is: −3 on a trod, −2 in the Thorns, or −1 elsewhere. If she generates successes in excess of what's necessary to succeed at the action, she may immediately spend one Glamour and allocate those extra successes to Hedgespinning. She can spend Hedgespinning successes to change details about her surroundings, or learn secrets and shortcuts. A dramatic failure on a roll designated for Hedgespinning incites Bedlam (p. 110) in everyone present.

A player can only allocate any given rolled success to one purpose, so on actions for which successes matter, she must choose whether to allocate each success to its usual result or to the shaping. For instance, if the changeling makes a successful attack against a loyalist and rolls four successes, she may either deal four points of damage (plus her weapon's modifier as normal), change four successes' worth of Hedge details, or compromise between them to deal *some* damage and change *some* details. The player can only allocate rolled successes to Hedgespinning, not successes automatically added by a weapon's modifier or other method.

Because the number of rolled successes always matters for Hedgespinning, working together with allies is vitally important for achieving major changes to the Hedge; a player can more reliably score large numbers of successes while taking teamwork actions with her motley. Extended actions in the Hedge can allocate successes to Hedgespinning as well, but each roll must immediately apply its excess successes to shaping during that interval; they don't accumulate over the course of the action.

Subtle Hedge-shaping effects can be as fantastical as the changeling likes, as long as they're still relatively small changes. Players should describe their changes in terms of what's actually happening to the scenery — for instance, creating a weapon via Survival actions might make a tree sprout sword-leaves a changeling can pick, or she might take a Jury Rigging action to smash two rocks together until they merge and form a hammer. Learning information about the area via shifts involves actions

Success Cost	Effect
2+	Bank a number of successes to add to a later shift within this scene (subtle or paradigm) equal to successes spent minus one, to a maximum of five banked successes
3	Transform a Hedge object, structure, or terrain feature not currently in use into something completely different of roughly the same size or mass, like turning a wall into a huge pile of gemstones or a stream into a beanstalk
3	Introduce a major beneficial twist of luck or complication for any character
5	Create any one goblin fruit
5	Introduce an Environmental Tilt
5	Force another character to engage in a Clash of Wills with you if they try to take a Hedgespinning action; failure means they waste their Glamour and extra successes
6	Learn which direction to travel in to reach a stated location type or specific location that's deliberately concealed or mystically protected, like a specific dreamer's Bastion or the exit to a maze (but not how to navigate what's in between); if another character's magic conceals or protects the location, the changeling must win a Clash of Wills
7	Introduce a Persistent Condition for any character as long as a Hedge feature currently in the environment could impose it, which fades without resolution when the target leaves the Hedge
7	Completely change the scenery, like transforming a parking lot into a sewer or making a volcano rise up from beneath a city street
8	Ignore the effects of a single attack or ignore a Tilt's effects for one turn
8	Perform one impossible action the changeling couldn't normally perform as long as it interacts with the environment, like leap 100 feet into the air on a tarp trampoline, breathe underwater, or throw a thorn spear to knock a star out of the sky
9	Add one enhancement to a Hollow you're currently inside (p. 116), or add one ability to your Fae Mount (p. 113), for the scene; you may purchase these with Experiences to make them permanent if doing so wouldn't exceed the maximum Merit dots
9	Move your immediate environs, with a radius up to (your Wyrd x 10) yards/meters, up or down one step on the scale from trod to normal Hedge to Thorns.
9	Transfer an emotional Condition onto another character present in the scene

that confuse or persuade the Hedge to open up paths that didn't exist before; for instance, she could draw a picture of a door on a blank stone wall and convince everyone present that it's a real door through which a threat might come at any moment, thus *making* it one that leads to a Hollow she didn't even know was there. Of course, doing it that way might lead to a Hollow inhabited by someone hostile, but that's just an opportunity for potential gain.

See p. 204 for is a list of example Hedgespinning effects a player can spend individual successes to accomplish. The Storyteller may allow others on a case-by-case basis.

Paradigm Shifts

If a player achieves an exceptional success on any action designated for Hedgespinning, she may spend *two* points of Glamour to enact a paradigm shift, spending not just excess successes on the roll, but all of them. If she does, she forfeits the usual Condition she would bring into play for her exceptional success. She may spend these successes on subtle effects as above, but she may also spend them on more drastic changes, listed above.

If the character has a Contract, token, or other power that would allow her to make a change normally, the player doesn't need to spend successes to do it. For instance, using Elemental Fury to call down a storm doesn't require a paradigm shift and doesn't give her an emotional Condition.

Once per scene, if a paradigm shift aligns with the changeling's Thread, gain one extra success to add to her next Hedgespinning action during the scene.

Enacting a paradigm shift in the Hedge requires the changeling to let what's going on around her affect her deeply. At the end of any scene in which a changeling performed at least one Hedgespinning paradigm shift, she gains an emotional Condition that reflects the general

direction and outcome of the changes she made. For instance, if she summoned a blazing fire, she's likely to gain the Berserk Condition; but if that blazing fire got out of control and killed a few innocent goblin bystanders, she might gain the Guilty Condition instead. Pulling these emotions from deep inside her to change reality might dredge up memories from her durance or make her feel too fae for comfort, potentially prompting a breaking point at the player's discretion.

Paradigm shifts also alert the Hedge locals that some powerful business is going down nearby, and they inevitably come to have a look — or punish whoever turned their liar's apple tree into a scarecrow. The more paradigm shifts a character enacts in a scene, the more attention she draws to herself.

A changeling may use her kenning (p. 107) with a dice bonus equal to her Empathy dots to read the nature of any paradigm shifts that occurred in the area within the last week.

Places in the Hedge

The Hedge is not a monotonous maze of fog-shrouded bramble. Those parts exist, but the Hedge has other things inside it as well.

The Deep Caves are a treacherous feature of the Hedge, a set of narrow tunnels lined with razor-sharp gemstones that wind, twist, and change as the traveler proceeds. They rarely see use, and few would follow a fugitive there, because few ever return. Some changelings say the Deep Caves are alive, a predatory beast with gemstones for teeth, an ancient and powerful hobgoblin that has grown to enormous size and lies in wait to feast on flesh and blood. Others say they are a passage to the Underworld, where the souls of the dead dwell, and the ferryman owes anyone who successfully braves them three wishes. (Traits for the Deep Caves are on p. 257.)

The Dreaming Roads are the part of the Hedge that connects to humanity's dreams. They branch off from hidden gates and take the traveler into the realm of dreams, where sleeping minds grasp for wonder inside fortress-like Bastions. Many a wanderer has fled a briarwolf only to find himself standing beneath black gates and an ever-moonlit sky. (See Oneiromancy, p. 220, for more information.)

Gloomwood looks from outside like a small stand of foreboding trees blocking the path forward through the Hedge. Inside, it is a dreamlike forest filled with mist, with giant cobwebs strung between the boughs. This is where the Gloomwood Fair, a regular Goblin Market, takes place every solstice and equinox, and this is where the spider-thing la Duquesa de las Arañas holds her court. A monstrous fae being, the eldest among the Lost say la Duquesa was once one of their kind, but she sold her sanity long ago and became Gloomwood's queen. Now she keeps her own court filled with her spawn. Within Gloomwood, la Duquesa lives in the fortress called el Alcázar de Pesadillas at the center of Gloomshire, a small village whose inhabitants she abducted, one by one, from the mortal world as children. Gloomshire is the site of the Gloomwood Fair, and la Duquesa does her utmost to make it seem like a normal little town, but in truth it is just a façade. Her spider children run the town to trap and eat unwary travelers, and the human population is little more than terrified figureheads. Hapless prisoners end up in el Alcázar de Pesadillas, where la Duquesa kills and consumes them unless they defeat her in a contest of her choosing.

The Sleeping Badger is an inn across which wanderers in the Hedge occasionally stumble. Travelers have found it in many places, many times — some Lost speculate that the Sleeping Badger actually stalks interesting travelers across the Hedge and appears to them in their moment of need. The Fae and their servants never approach the inn and, when they're hunting someone, it appears to their quarry. Little knowledge exists about it — it is always empty of customers, but offers deliciously prepared meals, hot baths already drawn, and inviting, ready-made beds. Changelings who have found the Sleeping Badger sometimes say they ate and slept soundly and left without trouble; others tell stories of nightmarish things happening at night, of their own shadows hunting them, and of helplessly watching themselves eating flies and human flesh. Maybe they dreamed it, or maybe the ones who talk of a pleasant stay have simply forgotten…or been made to forget. Perhaps something different happens each time. Perhaps not everyone leaves at all.

Goblin Fruit

The Hedge is a fertile place, and here and there its branches bear fruit, alien yet oddly familiar growths that carry the scent of laughter and taste like bittersweet regrets. Here are found poisoned apples and fruit from the tree of wisdom, each carrying its own perfected shape and murmuring with its colors and sweet smells, "eat me." The Lost obey.

Goblin fruit: the fruit goblins eat, and fruit that are themselves goblins. They are a million fancies, mirroring all the sweet delicacies of Earth and so much more. They are a favored part of Lost cuisine, with some variety or another fitting into every dish. They carry within them the essence of the place where they spawned, and consuming one bestows Glamour and other fae benefits upon the eater.

Varieties

No full listing of goblin fruits could possibly exist. For that, they are too many and too individual. Below is a list of exceptional examples. Most goblin fruits simply restore one point of Glamour when consumed — the exceptional varieties listed below provide unique effects in addition.

A changeling can only sustain a certain amount of goblin fruit outside the Hedge, based on her Wyrd rating. Any extras rot away, starting with the oldest one. So long as she does not carry any more than her permitted rating, though, only fruit specifically noted to spoil do so.

Wyrd	Goblin Fruits Sustained
1	Three
2-3	Seven
4-6	13
7-8	29
9	101
10	Unlimited

Amaranthine

A small eggplant in the soft red of compassion, amaranthine grows where despair colors the Hedge the most deeply, and smells like hope and cinnamon. When eaten, it instantly heals a single point of aggravated damage. It is one of the most desirable goblin fruits, and fetches high prices at Goblin Markets.

Faerie Peach

Plump and juicy, fragile to the point of transparency, faerie peaches feed on the radiance of the True Fae, and only sprout where the Gentry pass frequently by. That makes them dangerous to forage for, and a clear warning sign when one of the Lost stumbles across them. When she consumes one, her mien takes on the grand and terrible majesty of the Fae themselves, and the Hedge shies away from her. She travels the Thorns as though they were normal Hedge and normal Hedge as though it were a trod, but all fae beings nearby sense her presence strongly and see her for what she is, and anyone who knows her face still recognizes her. This phenomenon intrigues the Gentry, and if the impostor is revealed, she can expect more Fae than just her Keeper to take an interest. The effect lasts until the changeling leaves the Hedge or for a day and a night, whichever comes first.

Liar's Apple

Delicious, red, and round, liar's apples grow only in the most deceptively pleasant groves within the Hedge. When eaten, they taste of ashes and gloating, and leave the eater unable to tell the truth until the sunrise after the next — which also makes her immune to interrogation, but not to the consequences of her lies.

Odinroot

Stark and strange, odinroot grows only out of bare rock where blood drawn by the Thorns has fallen. It has a stoic and untrustworthy look to it, and when it is chewed raw, the bitter flavor of realization allows the eater to recover a point of Willpower alongside the Glamour. She suffers a Clarity attack with a one-die pool.

Ogre Peppers

Growing on tightly-wound, leafless coils of barbed wood, ogre peppers are small, jagged, and cruel-looking chilies formed from righteous wrath and well-earned guilt in equal combination. They are sour and spicy in the extreme, far beyond what most mouths can endure. Consuming one leaves the eater's mouth with bleeding sores, blood seeping out through the lips and down the chin, though it inflicts no damage. Ogre peppers leave the consumer fearless until the next midnight, provided she pursues a goal she truly believes in; she automatically succeeds on all attempts to contest or resist fear in its many variations, but suffers a two-die penalty on all rolls to maintain self-control. From ogre peppers, changelings also extract red capsaicin, a liquid identical in appearance to blood that is many times stronger than mundane capsaicin oil.

Vines of Bacchus

The vines of Bacchus are a rare delicacy, plump and cheerful, with colorful flowers and a heady aroma. When mashed, they form a rainbow paste that goes well in salads and can induce a prophetic haze in those who smoke it. Their most valued effect is that they taste foul beyond belief to anyone who wishes harm on the people around them, which means they are useful for rooting out loyalist infiltrators in a freehold.

Oddments

Not all goblin fruits are edible. Some are tools or weapons. Strange things grow in the fog-crazed depths of the Hedge, things some unknown force made with purpose and desire. They may have their origin in Faerie, but the Gentry find them too weak to be of use.

Cogleaf

Shiny metallic leaves in the shape of small cogs, cogleaves lie on the ground, as if shed from a tree that is nowhere to be found. While they contain the same Glamour as any goblin fruit, they are made of metal and most changelings cannot digest them. A cogleaf is a universal replacement part for anything broken. So long as the broken part is small and hidden from sight, a device with a cogleaf installed works, whether it replaced a busted motherboard or a missing rope from a pulley. A device repaired with a cogleaf also becomes unnoticeable to any being without a Supernatural Tolerance trait — mundane beings see the object, but it does not hold their interest or attention at all, and quickly slips from their memories. Anyone immune to this effect instead immediately senses that something is strange about that device.



Jennystones

Some plants are oddments because they are just so unappetizing. Jennystones are said to be the lost teeth of the folk legend Jenny Greenteeth, but whether this is true or not, they usually grow as seeds on the Jennystone bush. They are an oddment because of their smell — they stink beyond belief, with an almost malicious edge to them. They reek so strongly that any creature unfortunate enough to smell them suffers a one-die penalty on all non-reflexive actions while the smell is present. Jennystones are popular sling stones for changelings willing to hold their breath or wear gas masks. Someone desperate enough *can* swallow one to regain a point of Glamour if he can keep the thing down, which requires a successful Stamina roll.

Lancebeet

An oddment filled with joyous abandon, lancebeet is a long, thin, beet-like vegetable that tapers to a sharp point. It tastes like an unexceptional, moderately sweet apple when eaten. Those who harvest it can throw it as a weapon, which eagerly seeks out its target, adding three dice to the attack roll. After hitting a target, it quickly withers away into nothing but the vague sense of loss and youthful trust betrayed.

Type	Dmg	Rng	Initiative	Str	Size
Lancebeet	2	Thrown	−2	2	2

Pledges

Beware making deals with the fae.

Much of human understanding of the fae — including changelings, Huntsmen, the True Fae, and everything in between — comes down to that platitude. And yet, note the phrasing. "Beware making deals" is cautionary, not proscriptive. It isn't that people *can't* bargain with the creatures from the other side of the Hedge, it's just dangerous and usually unwise.

Pledges, though, are an integral part of life for changelings. They are attuned to the Wyrd, and the Wyrd takes statements of intent seriously. How many times a day does a person say "I promise" or "I swear" or "so help me," but with no real belief behind those words? The Wyrd refuses to accept casual use of such phrases, and the fae may make such statements binding.

Changelings also make promises to one another, swearing oaths of loyalty, love, enmity, or simply friendship. They make such oaths using the same power that lets the Wyrd seal statements of intent, but with very different purpose. An oath between changelings is taken with free will and full consent. To do otherwise is a grave insult, and impossible for those who still retain any independence from the Wyrd's ineffable will.

Finally, the fae can make promises of service, favors, or magic to others. The benefit to doing so is concealment — a

changeling performing services for others ingratiates herself to the Wyrd, thus hiding effectively from Huntsmen.

All fae creatures engage in some form of deal making, whether it's changelings making pledges, hobgoblins collecting debts, or the Gentry claiming sovereignty over Regalia in exchange for limiting themselves. It's in all their best interests to make sure this unspoken economy continues apace, because if the fae didn't define the terms of the Wyrd's demand for settled obligations this way, it would find another one — one nobody would like.

Sealing

The simplest form of a pledge, a *sealing* requires that a fae being see or hear someone make a statement of intent. The intent doesn't have to be sincere, and the fae have been taking advantage of promises made in haste or exaggeration since human beings first started using language. A man who says to his son, "I swear, next time you come home late, I'm kicking you out" probably doesn't mean it — but to the Wyrd, that doesn't matter. A fae being can seal that promise, and the unfortunate father must either make good on his word or suffer the consequences.

Any fae creature can seal a promise. Changelings generally do it to give themselves leverage with human antagonists or cement a bargaining position. Huntsmen do it to add unwitting or unwilling pawns to their arsenal of Lost-hunting tools. Others do it for a variety of reasons, always maneuvering to get *something* out of it in the end.

Creatures of the Wyrd (including changelings) are, for the most part, immune to the effects of sealing. Other fae creatures can attempt to seal their words, but since the fae know what to look for and can detect the slight fluctuations in the Wyrd needed to seal a statement, they can undo the sealing as quickly as it's done. A changeling *can* allow her statement to be sealed; she usually does this to demonstrate that she has every intention of keeping her word on a minor matter. A serious declaration of intent or honesty merits an oath (see below), but a promise of something comparatively mundane ("I promise, I won't leave until we dance") or a promise made if time is a factor ("Yes, truce, I'm not going to hurt you, now *get in here*") can simply be sealed.

Most Courts don't place any stigma on attempting to seal a statement, even if the other party undoes it immediately. To changelings, an attempt to seal a statement isn't so much an attempt to bind the other party with magic as it is a tacit statement that the sealing party is paying attention and expects the other changeling to keep her word. Likewise, undoing the seal isn't necessarily a blatant declaration that the character *will* break her word, just that she doesn't wish to be held to it magically.

Benefits

Sealing has little benefit to the person making the statement. For the most part, the sealing simply locks the subject into his words; he's forced to follow through on what he has promised or suffer the consequences. If the character does follow through, without attempting to get out of it, he comes through the experience wiser and fulfilled; in game terms, he gains a Beat. Sealing provides no material or magical benefit, however.

For the character doing the sealing, the benefit is mainly in being able to hold something over the subject's head. The sealer can release the effect at any time, unbinding the promise and freeing the subject from his words.

Consequences

A sealing is simple, quick magic, and breaking it has an immediate, annoying effect. Sometimes the oathbreaker feels tired or develops a sudden headache. Sometimes he experiences a brief run of bad luck. Extreme effects might include nosebleeds or subtle supernatural effects; the character's reflection reverses for an hour, for instance, or cream curdles in his presence.

The sealer can, however, increase the severity of the consequences by investing a bit more magic into the process. If she does so, the subject might suffer minor injuries or endure the sealer's magic with no hope of resistance.

Systems

To seal a statement, the changeling needs to hear a subject make a statement of intent. This includes any phrase that expresses a pledge, promise, or plan to undertake a course of action. The statement doesn't have to be something that the subject could actually complete, however.

The changeling cannot seal a statement unless she is present when the subject makes it. If the changeling were to see a person type or write a statement, she could seal it. She cannot, however, scroll through a social media feed and seal every statement of intent she sees, nor can she seal a statement if she only sees or hears a recording.

To seal a statement, the player simply spends a point of Glamour. If the subject is also able to use Glamour, he can undo the sealing by countering with a point of his own. Both parties are aware of what happened. If a changeling allows her words to be sealed, she takes a Beat. A changeling can only earn one Beat per chapter this way.

The player can decide upon a penalty for breaking the seal when the seal is made, or when it is broken. As stated under Consequences, the penalty is fairly minor. The player can choose from:

- Loss of one Willpower point
- One point of bashing damage

- A one-die penalty to all rolls for one scene
- A two-die penalty on a specific Skill for one scene
- A three-die penalty for one specific roll
- A minor supernatural effect (character's reflection faces the wrong way, character causes milk to spoil, cats scratch or bite the character, etc.) for one scene

When creating a seal, the changeling can also strengthen it. Doing so requires spending a Willpower point as well as a Glamour point. If the character does this, the player can levy a more stringent penalty for breaking the seal, including:

- Loss of ability to regain Willpower for one day
- One point of lethal damage
- Three points of bashing damage
- Loss of ability to spend Willpower for one scene
- A two-die penalty on all rolls for one scene
- A three-die penalty to all rolls with a specific Skill for one scene
- A five-die penalty to one specific roll
- Use of one of the changeling's Contracts on the target, activated when they break the seal. The player rolls to activate the Contract and notes the successes; the effect applies when/if the subject breaks the seal.

A seal is broken when the subject either *attempts to fulfill the promise and fails* or *becomes incapable of doing so*. For example, someone saying "I'm going to kick his ass" would fail to fulfill this promise if he picks a fight with the other party and loses, or if the other party were to die before the fight happens. If the subject had said, "I'm going to kick his ass *if he doesn't leave my sister alone*," the subject is under no compulsion to start the fight if the other party does, in fact, stay away from the sister. If, however, the other party dates the sister and the subject makes no attempt to fight him, he breaks the seal and the consequences apply.

The subject might simply refuse to ever honor the promise, but as long as he is capable of doing so, the seal remains intact. Of course, the subject might make a statement (which a changeling then seals), and then make another statement refuting the first (which a changeling also seals), placing the subject in a catch-22 situation regarding the Wyrd. Even with the relatively innocuous magic of sealing, the Lost regard this as a bad position to be in; the subject cannot help but violate one oath or the other, and the Wyrd takes notice (the Storyteller is left to her own devious devices, here, but kicking the consequences up to the level of an oath, p. 212, is a good place to start). Changelings also sometimes seal statements and then work to *make* fulfilling them impossible, to gain an advantage or just to make a point.

Sealing a Huntsman: A changeling can attempt to seal a Huntsman's statement, but doing so requires the player to reflexively roll Presence + Wyrd vs. the Huntsman's Resolve + Wyrd. The player still needs to spend a point of Glamour.

Roll Results

Success: The changeling seals the Huntsman's statement. Huntsmen, being vessels for the True Fae, feel the weight of their words more strongly. The changeling can levy a heavier consequence, just as if she had strengthened the seal by spending Willpower. The changeling gains the Paranoid Condition.

Exceptional Success: As above, and the changeling does *not* gain the Paranoid Condition.

Failure: The changeling fails to seal the Huntsman's words.

Dramatic Failure: The Huntsman sees and notes the changeling, marking her with a malevolent gaze. She gains the Paranoid Condition.

Sealing in Play

Changeling players can use sealing to bind characters to their word, but without the effort required to make a bargain or an oath. Of course, the effects are commensurately small, but the subject of a sealing doesn't necessarily know the consequences are minor. If a character knows the changeling is a supernatural being, capable of impressive magical feats, and understands that she is bound into a promise "or else," the changeling wields some considerable psychological power over her. The Storyteller should let this kind of power grant benefits in Social maneuvering.

Changelings can seal each other's words, and gain one Beat per chapter for allowing their allies to seal theirs. If the players abuse the privilege ("Okay, let's all go around the circle and promise to buy each other a burger so we can all get a Beat and avoid worse sealings"), the Storyteller may rule that the constant minor fluctuations in the Wyrd attract Huntsmen or the Gentry, or that breaking such a frivolous seal carries a much harsher penalty due to the insult to the Wyrd.

Sealing the True Fae: The Gentry are far too powerful for casual statements to bind them. A changeling can attempt to seal the word of a Fair One, but the Fae automatically notices and can refute it without Glamour expenditure. Whether she laughs off the petty attempt to entrap her in her own words or immediately turns the changeling into a weasel depends on the Fae in question.

Oaths

An oath between two changelings is at once a commonplace and special occurrence. Oaths are a kind of currency to the Lost, because all of them understand that any temporal reward could become meaningless at any moment. When everything falls apart, all a changeling has is her word, and she doesn't give that away lightly. If two (or more) changelings are willing to exchange oaths, they know — and the Wyrd knows — that they are serious about their feelings.

Changelings, Huntsmen, and the True Fae are the only beings that can swear oaths, and Huntsmen cannot swear oaths to each other. Human beings and other non-fae creatures can make bargains with the Lost, but these are defined by what the bargaining parties will do, not what they feel. Oaths are sworn with heart, soul, blood, and Wyrd. The actions the swearer takes demonstrate whether she follows or violates an oath.

Changelings take a wide variety of formal oaths, used for a number of different situations. Common oaths include joining a court (the changeling swears an oath to another member of that court, and receives its Mantle), joining a motley (motley oaths are infinitely varied, but usually include a vow to do no harm to the other members), forming or joining a freehold (a larger-scale version of a motley oath), and declaring a duel (both parties agree on the terms, weapons, and win conditions).

Swearing an oath binds characters together. That binding is permanent — though someone can "break" an oath, doing so merely changes the parameters of the oath, rather than erasing it. A changeling can leave a motley, but he can't take back the time he spent with the other changelings or the oath he made; once he makes restitution, the terms may shift to accommodate the new circumstances, but the oath doesn't go away. A changeling might leave his lover, but he can't obviate the relationship, and earning forgiveness just means they owe each other something different now. By making an oath, the character chooses to define himself, at least in part, by that oath.

No magic can force a character into swearing an oath. A changeling could coerce, blackmail, or threaten someone into swearing one, but she couldn't use a Contract to simply make it happen against the other party's will; the Wyrd doesn't consider that kind of cheating valid.

Benefits

Swearing an oath has many potential benefits, but which ones the swearer enjoys depends on the nature of the oath and the language employed. Oaths that bind multiple characters together, such as the oath a changeling swears when joining a motley, court, or freehold, usually grant magical effects or bolster a character's relationship with the Wyrd in some way. Oaths that bind two fae together harmoniously, such as a marriage vow or a pact of friendship, allow the sworn to bolster or support one another, and, often, to find each other wherever they might roam. Oaths that bind them together in enmity, though, such as duel oaths, oblige both characters to perform sinister and fatalistic deeds. The Wyrd repays discord with discord, and harmony with harmony.

Consequences

Violating an oath is a dangerous proposition, in large part because a character cannot escape from an oath. An oath, once sworn, defines his relationship with the other party forever. As such, if a changeling swears a motley oath, then violates that oath and betrays his motley, his relationship with them is "former motley member and traitor." He can never not have a relationship with them; their fates are entwined. The oath itself usually lays out the specific consequences of violating it, but some overly optimistic changelings don't bother specifying what happens to an oathbreaker. These unfortunates suffer terribly. Without the words of an oath to direct its power, the Wyrd has free rein to punish the offender.

Specific consequences for violating an oath may include disruption of magic (if the fae isn't going to honor his contracts, why should the Wyrd?), sickness, Clarity damage, or increased attention from other fae creatures. For the True Fae, the consequences are even more dire (p. 270). The larger problem for changelings, though, is that a changeling's status as an oathbreaker follows him. It is possible for an oathbreaker to be forgiven, but this requires him to make recompense to all offended parties… including the Wyrd itself.

Systems

Any number of characters can swear an oath. Some oaths are closed, meaning that once sworn, no new participants can be added. Others are open, meaning that new characters can swear the same oath and receive the same benefits.

All participants must speak the oath aloud or write it out, and seal it with a point of Glamour. Oaths also involve a physical gesture; two changelings swearing an oath of camaraderie might cut their hands and mingle the blood, while changelings swearing eternal love usually kiss. A changeling joining a court might clasp hands with a ranking member of that court, while a changeling

joining a motley could embrace each of the other members in turn.

Once the participants swear the oath, they reap the benefits. The specific benefits to an oath vary, as do the consequences, but oaths for changelings can be broken down into three rough categories: societal, personal, and hostile. The Gentry's oaths are far too broad and strange to fall into categories this way.

All oaths bestow the Persistent Oathbreaker Condition (p. 343) if violated.

Societal oaths include oaths sworn when a changeling joins a motley, court, or freehold. The changeling gains the benefits of being part of that group. For a court, this means the character gains the first dot of the Mantle Merit (p. 117) without spending Experiences, and is bound by whatever restrictions that court usually levies. For a freehold, the changeling becomes a recognized part of the local supernatural landscape; the player receives a +1 to all rolls to navigate the Hedge wherever the freehold controls it. For a motley, the changeling enters a pact with his fellows. The nature of the pact varies — some motleys are bosom companions, some merely agree to come together when an outside force threatens them all — but the members can choose one from a number of game effects (or create a new one with the Storyteller's approval):

- Once per chapter, they can treat a Contract roll as a teamwork action (p. 190). All participants must possess the Contract for this to work.
- Members of the motley can meditate for one turn, and distribute their collective Glamour evenly among the members; the Wyrd consumes any leftover Glamour as a tithe.
- Once per chapter, when representing the motley, a member can use the highest relevant Social Skill possessed by any member *and* apply the effects of any Merit or kith blessing present in the group. The character doesn't need the motley's permission when representing them, but any consequences for that character's action come down upon the motley as a whole.

Consequences for breaking societal oaths always include immediate revocation of all benefits, and may also include:

- A penalty to all Contract rolls within the lands held by a forsworn leader (−3 is usually appropriate).
- The character gains the Sick Tilt (p. 331) during the season of the court he betrayed.
- Social penalties or the Notoriety Condition (p. 343) with members of the betrayed group or court.

Personal oaths are sworn between two changelings in support of one another: lovers, blood siblings, friends, or protectors. Changelings who swear these oaths while maintaining membership in a motley had best beware — the Wyrd doesn't care if the changeling must break one oath in service to another (and in fact, such situations come up regularly for the Lost).

Changelings bound by a personal oath gain a Beat whenever they suffer a setback or inconvenience in the course of living up to the oath, up to once per chapter. A changeling making a significant effort to express the emotion that inspired the oath in some obvious manner can regain all spent Willpower, just as if he had affirmed his Needle, once per chapter. In addition, the oath-mates can choose one of the following effects (or create a new one with Storyteller approval):

- Once per chapter, one member can suffer an injury on behalf of the other. The changeling doing so suffers *all* damage that his partner would have, and cannot reduce this damage through armor, magic, or any other means.
- One member can suffer a Condition or Tilt meant for the other. This has to be decided when the Condition or Tilt is levied (if an attack blinds a character, that character's oath-mate can't take the Blind Condition the next day), but the two changelings don't have to be in the same place for this effect to happen. This doesn't grant immediate, detailed knowledge of the other characters' situations, but the changeling does consciously make the decision to take on the Tilt. For example, if one changeling is fighting with some briarwolves and would suffer the Arm Wrack Tilt, a motley member miles away could feel the wounds start to appear and choose to take on the injury herself, but she wouldn't know where her friend was or what manner of danger he was facing. Changelings can't suffer Clarity Conditions on each other's behalf.
- Once per chapter, the changelings can choose to swap their Glamour or Willpower pools. This doesn't affect their Willpower dots or maximums, merely the points. Once swapped, the changelings are stuck with those new ratings until they naturally rise or fall (or until the next chapter, when the characters can swap them again).
- Changelings bound by a personal oath can always find each other. If one is in the depths of the Hedge, hiding in a new city, or even, some say, among the dead in the Underworld, the other party can seek him out. This doesn't change the time required or the trials endured to seek out the other member, but the oath allows unerring tracking.

Consequences for violating personal oaths tend to be comparatively minor, but that's only because the changeling has probably made several lifelong enemies in the process of breaking the oath. Some possibilities include:

- Feeling the pain of one's former friends; any wound penalties a former motley member suffers also apply to the oathbreaker, to a maximum of −3.
- The character suffers a −3 to Initiative (p. 182) if he enters an action scene against a member of his former motley.
- Breaking a formal oath is a breaking point for changelings (p. 104), so some motleys simply let Clarity sort out the consequences.

Changelings can also swear personal oaths to Huntsmen, though doing so is dangerous in the extreme. They usually do this when they're trying to restore the Huntsman's heart (p. 264), but nothing stops the Gentry from reclaiming the verderer again later if they get their hands on him, and the oath doesn't end just because one party loses his free will and personality. The benefits and consequences involved in an oath with a Huntsman highly depend on circumstances. The above options are all potentially valid, as is anything else the players come up with, at the Storyteller's discretion.

Hostile oaths indicate undying enmity between two parties. Once the oath is sworn, the participants must remain enemies. Hostile oaths usually don't last very long, as the characters swearing them often fight to the death shortly after doing so. Hostile oaths don't carry much in the way of mechanical benefit, except that a character involved in one gains a Beat when his enemy wounds or inconveniences him, up to once per chapter. A participant gains a point of Willpower during any scene in which he wounds or inconveniences his enemy.

Violating a hostile oath is rare, since, again, they don't tend to last long enough. It does happen, though, that in the midst of a fight, a changeling has a change of heart or learns some heretofore-unknown piece of information that renders the enmity moot. The Wyrd, of course, does not care. The changeling must carry out the letter of the oath, or become marked as an oathbreaker.

When changelings swear oaths with Huntsmen, hostile oaths are the most common. It's a gamble, but many changelings would rather take the odds of a knock-down, drag-out fight or duel than the odds of escape from a single-minded captor. Likewise, some Huntsmen would rather take the odds of blessed destruction over returning to the Gentry's service, but getting at that desire buried beneath the Fae Title to convince the Huntsman to agree to the oath is a difficult prospect.

Bargains

Human tales of the fae are replete with accounts of faeries performing tasks for people — spinning straw into gold, crafting shoes or other goods, cleaning houses, cooking fantastic meals, or otherwise using their supernatural acumen on behalf of humanity. The humans in these tales sometimes have to repay the faeries' kindness, and the price sometimes takes them aback.

In truth, though, changelings make bargains with people because doing so disguises them. If a changeling has an agreed-upon function within human society, other fae creatures have a much more difficult time finding her. Of course, she has to keep up her end of the bargain — and in order to reap the benefit of the bargain, that bargain must be ongoing.

Changelings make bargains with human beings for another reason, though, quite apart from the increased ability to hide from their enemies. Bargains make changelings feel like they belong. Ripped away from their families, forced into servitude and escaping through a nightmare of thorns, changelings are, as their sobriquet implies, Lost. A bargain with people requires *contact* with people, and forces the changeling to rediscover and interact with a world she thought forever taken from her.

To make a bargain with a person, the changeling has to reveal her true nature. She doesn't have to be honest with the mortal about the particulars of her situation, but she has to appear to the person without her Mask and propose the terms of the agreement. She can promise anything she wants to the person, but to gain the benefits of the bargain, she has to be capable of making good on her promise. Changelings should therefore take care to bargain with services they have the Skills or Contracts to fulfill, though it's not unknown for a changeling to bargain with one person to deliver a service that another person she bargained with is actually going to provide. Changelings should beware, though — it just takes one misstep for the whole web to break.

Benefits

By making a bargain with a human being, the changeling gains a kind of camouflage with respect to the Huntsmen and the Gentry. This protection extends beyond the Mask — all changelings have *some* degree of concealment, but the magic that makes human beings see them without their fae features only extends so far. A bargain gives the changeling a place among mortals, and tricks the Wyrd into assuming that she *should* be there. Huntsmen and Fae, therefore, see her not necessarily as human, but as a natural part of the landscape, a faerie feature that is and has always been. A bargain isn't foolproof, of course — the fae are persistent and powerful, and have many ways to ferret out the Lost.

Consequences

Breaking a bargain with a person doesn't carry a heavy consequence for the changeling in question, at least in comparison with breaking an oath. The changeling simply loses the benefits of the bargain, meaning that she is once again exposed to her foes. This is, of course, a potentially fraught situation, depending on who's looking for her at the time.

Depending on the scope of the bargain, the changeling might also gain the Notoriety Condition (p. 343).

The human participant needs to live up to his end, as well, or suffer the wrath of the Wyrd. The most common punishment for a human failing to honor his part in a bargain is stumbling through a gateway into the Hedge and therefore becoming vulnerable to the Fae. This isn't because of specific wording in the bargain (most changelings wouldn't wish being taken by the Gentry on their worst enemies, much less some hapless person who just forgot to set a pie on his windowsill), but because of the nature of the bargain. Just as a kept bargain shields a changeling, a broken one shines a harsh light on whoever would dare cheat the Wyrd.

Systems

Changelings cannot swear bargains with other fae creatures, including changelings, and prefer to do so with human beings. Magical beings unaffiliated with the Wyrd can agree to bargains, but doing so sometimes has strange side effects. No matter the nature of the other party, the changeling must appear to him without her Mask, and propose the bargain. Most changelings observe mortals for days or weeks, discerning simple tasks they can perform to strike a bargain. The bargain is usually an ongoing task — a changeling might offer to clean the human's house once a week, or sew her a dress once a month, or grant her pleasing dreams three nights a week. At that point, the changeling gains the Obliged Condition (p. 343).

The subject agrees to provide something in return, but it doesn't have to be commensurate with the service the changeling is providing, since the point of the bargain isn't what the human can provide anyway. Some changelings simply ask for money or valuables, while others ask for goods they can sell or trade. Clever changelings word their bargains so that the subject has to provide a seemingly innocuous service or undefined payment sometime in the future, and build up a bank of favors. The game mechanics of such favors, if any, are up to the Storyteller, but an appropriate use would mimic the effect of a one- to three-dot Merit, once per story.

Oneiromancy

A coin falling into a pile of rustling leaves. A familiar face removing a mask to reveal a stranger, only then to remove another mask and reveal a familiar face once more. The feeling of leaden legs as a truck barrels down the desert road, coming this way. Those who carry within them a sliver of Arcadia know these things, and more. Lucid dreaming is the art of controlling one's own dream, and the Lost excel at it, their dreams growing more vivid and real the more they become creatures of Wyrd. To alter dreams, to manipulate those symbols and read meanings into metaphors so deeply personal that no other soul would understand — this is the art of oneiromancy, the sorcery of dreams.

Walking into a dream is like walking into a new world, populated by nightmare monsters and everyday people just like any other world. But here, everything has two meanings. The doorman in your apartment building isn't just a doorman, he's also your frustration with your humdrum daily routine. He doesn't know that, but if you press him, he'll insist you come inside before it gets dark, and if you don't he might become something else. When these two meanings conflict, one takes a backseat. That's why, when you speak a dream aloud, its events may not make sense to the waking mind. A sun rises at midnight, or a dog speaks Chinese, or a door leads where it shouldn't. These are the transitions between symbol and meaning, the translation between the subconscious and something consciousness can clearly remember.

All changelings lived for a time in the world of Faerie, which is very like the world of dreams in some ways. Its reality is malleable in the hands of beings who shape it like clay. An event can have two meanings — one the human mind can comprehend, and one only the Fae understand. Learning to think like the Gentry, even in a small way, has changed the way the Lost interact with dreams.

Painting over the canvas of a dream is a delicate undertaking. An oneiropomp — one who walks in the dreams of others — must swim against the current of the dreamer's mind, engaging with his imagination to build currency with which to pay for the changes she wishes to make to his sleeping subconscious. People dream to wrestle with their demons, their fears and worries, their fondest wishes and their most fragile hopes. An invader here must take care not to stomp too loudly, lest she become the very demon the dream is meant to excise.

The Gates of Ivory and Horn

The Lost know two paths into the realm of dreams: the Gate of Horn and the Gate of Ivory. The Gate of Ivory is in the oneiropomp's mind, the Gate of Horn in her body.

The Gate of Ivory

The Gate of Ivory is the easiest path to find. A sleeping changeling crosses this gate in dream form, entering her own dreams and turning them lucid. Her player simply



needs to succeed at a Resolve + Composure roll for her character to meditate while going to sleep to reach this state. The player may make this roll even if the changeling is *already* asleep, representing the character's ability to realize she's sleeping and take the reins, unless she suffers the Comatose Condition (p. 334). Contracts and other abilities work the same way in dreams that they do anywhere else. The changeling can target her own eidolons and any allies or intruders she finds there. She can also practice oneiromancy on her own dreams. If she leaves her own Bastion to wander the Hedge or other Bastions, she recovers no Willpower for that night's rest.

The Lost (and anyone else she brings along) manifests a dream form, rather than her physical body, after passing through the Gate of Ivory. The dream form has no Mask, appearing in her fae mien. She uses this form to interact with anything in dreams while her body remains in the waking world, alive but unconscious.

Instead of the nine Attributes physical characters use, characters in dream form use the three simplified traits of Power, Finesse, and Resistance, as follows:

- **Power:** Equal to Presence for changelings, Intelligence for others. Used for Intelligence, Strength, and Presence tasks.
- **Finesse:** Equal to Manipulation for changelings, Wits for others. Used for Wits, Dexterity, and Manipulation tasks.
- **Resistance:** Equal to Composure for changelings, Resolve for others. Used for Resolve, Stamina, and Composure tasks.
- **Dream Health:** This trait replaces regular Health. For changelings, it's equal to current Clarity + the character's normal Wyrd-based Attribute maximum (e.g. 5 at Wyrd 3, or 6 at Wyrd 6, according to the table on p. 101). For others, it's equal to Resistance + that character's normal Attribute maximum. Losing Dream Health imposes wound penalties just as for standard Health. When a dream form inside her own Bastion is "killed" due to Dream Health loss, such as by an eidolon's attack, the character simply physically wakes up. A dream form "killed" in someone else's Bastion or in the Hedge wakes as well, but she also suffers the Lethargic Condition (p. 342). If her "death" is the direct result of a dreamweaving action or other fae magic inside *any* Bastion, she suffers the Soul Shocked Condition (p. 345) when she wakes up instead; the intrusion of Arcadian whim imposes an otherworldly gravity upon a dream, dragging

all its inhabitants' souls that much closer to Faerie for a time. When a changeling takes more Dream Health damage in a single attack than her Attribute maximum, the excess damage also applies to her Clarity track (p. 105).

A changeling can take other individuals with her when she passes through the Gate of Ivory, as long as they're asleep. She must be in physical contact with all potential guests and spend one Glamour point per guest, and she must still succeed at the usual Resolve + Composure roll and fall asleep to pass through the Gate. Those she takes along need not roll. Changelings and other fae can unconsciously spend a point of Glamour of their own to resist this if they like, while others may spend a Willpower point to do so. Other beings with Supernatural Tolerance traits may engage in a Clash of Wills to avoid this cost. Anyone the changeling brings through the Gate this way ends up in dream form, traveling her dreams with her. They can leave her Bastion by finding the exit and either stepping out into the Dreaming Roads or physically waking up; but unless they're capable of oneiromancy on their own, finding the exit requires muddling through the dream's narrative.

Changelings and other lucid dreamers can physically wake up from their own dreams at will. Waking up from someone else's requires finding the Bastion's exit, which counts as an important prop, and making a Resolve + Composure roll, which the Bastion's Fortification (p. 221) might contest if the dreamer doesn't want them to leave. The roll alone suffices for a character wandering the Dreaming Roads in dream form. Dream form oneiropomps can't roll to wake safely from anywhere else, including elsewhere in the Hedge, as it lies a distance too far from dreamscape and thoughtform.

A changeling with the Dreamsteps Contract (p. 144) can pass through the Gate of Ivory directly into someone else's dreams instead.

The Gate of Horn

The Gate of Horn is more elusive. It exists as a Hedgeway within the Hedge itself. A traveler must navigate the Hedge normally (p. 200) and find it to pass through. All the routes to the Dreaming Roads are the Gate of Horn, refracted across the fabric of the Hedge to appear in many places and lead to many Dreaming Roads.

The character who passes through the Gate of Horn is not asleep, but awake, and physically present in the Hedge. He uses his normal Attributes and traits, rather than those of a dream form. Someone who's physically present in a dream must find the Bastion's exit, as above, and successfully pass through it to leave, but the Resolve + Composure roll is not required.

Dreamweaving

The origin of the word "oneiromancy" lies in divination through dream interpretation, but changelings can shape a dreamscape in much the same way they shape the Hedge, pushing and pulling at the fabric of psychoactive surroundings through the power of their Wyrd to make changes to a person's mind. They can't directly impact someone's psyche this way, but dreams are how people process emotions and deal with subconscious impulses and traumas. A changeling who changes a sleeper's dream also changes the way his mind copes with his subliminal thoughts.

Eidolons and Props

An eidolon is a dream actor, a character that is part of a dream and doesn't exist outside that context. Most eidolons are just set dressing, extras in the play that unfolds as the dream progresses. Some of them are more important, representing thoughts the dreamer wrestles with or specific strong emotions. An eidolon may be a symbol for the sleeper's fear that her mother will ridicule her in front of her friends at an upcoming party, but not for fear of her mother or of ridicule in general. Changelings can interact with eidolons as though they were ordinary people or creatures, and in fact must do so if they want to change anything inside the dream.

Objects and creatures in dreams are props that have identical traits to real-world versions of themselves. Like eidolons, they can be important or unimportant. The line between eidolons and props can be fuzzy; some prop-like things might be eidolons if they're more like characters. A talking dog, a nightmare monster on a rampage, and a sapient computer could all be eidolons.

The importance of an eidolon or prop isn't based on its role in the current scene, but rather on whether or not it represents something from the dreamer's mind. A locked door might seem crucial to a changeling trying to break into a house, but unless it represents the dreamer's inability to let new friends get close to him, it's an unimportant prop.

Eidolons use the traits for Hedge ghosts (p. 246), except that they don't have frailties or any of the four common powers all Hedge ghosts possess, and their Numina are more focused on their identities and functions within the dream. Important eidolons have a Wyrd rating equal to the Fortification rating of the dreamer's Bastion (p. 221). Eidolons that are just extras have a Wyrd rating of 1 instead, and have no Willpower or Glamour to spend on Numina or anything else.

The dreamer himself is not an eidolon, but an oneiropomp in his own right with a dream form, although non-changeling dreamers can't engage in oneiromancy even in their own dreams. "Killing" the dreamer ends the dream immediately, destroying the Bastion; see p. 222 for more about this.

Playing a Role

Shaping a dream is a little like shaping the Hedge (p. 204). A changeling oneiropomp must engage directly with the ongoing scene within the dream before she can make changes or glean secrets, and she must take up a role that matches what's already happening there when she arrives. She needs to influence the situation inside the dream so that it will present her with the symbolic opportunity she needs to accomplish her goals. For instance, if she wants to force the dreamer's mind to cough up a repressed memory, she must guide the scene through normal actions — Social maneuvering, exploration, assassinating eidolons, etc. — to find an opportunity to uncover lost knowledge. She might pose as an archaeologist looking for funding for a new dig, a private investigator offering her services to a jilted lover, or a cat burglar stealing state secrets from the president's office. Then she must convince the dream that she's succeeded at being whatever she says she is, by persuading the eidolons to grant funding, solving the lover's mystery, or successfully making off with the files.

A dream responds to these actions in expected ways unless a changeling meddles with them. If she tries to take up a role as a police officer at a child's birthday party, the attendees react as they would in reality. The changeling could then question the child's parents or arrest someone, but she couldn't act like the clown entertaining the children and expect the eidolons to just play along; at least, not without shifting the dream's paradigm more directly, and drawing unnatural attention to herself.

Subtle Shifts

Without dreamweaving, the existing narrative of the dream limits the changeling's influence, as above. However, she can spend Glamour to subtly tweak facts about the dream and nudge events in a direction that better suits her purpose.

In game terms, dreamweaving works just like Hedgespinning (p. 204), with a few exceptions. A dreamweaving character takes mundane actions as normal, depending on how she plans to symbolically create opportunities, but unlike in the Hedge proper, *all* such actions she takes suffer a dice penalty equal to the dreamer's Composure. This is true even in her own dreams — she must fight her own subconscious mind if she wants to meddle. Whenever her player generates successes beyond what's necessary to succeed at any mundane

Oneiromancy — Subtle Shifts

Success Cost	Effect
1+	Give any eidolon or oneiropomp an equipment bonus to their next roll equal to successes spent, to a maximum of +5; represents creating or fortuitously finding one of the five types of equipment (p. 196) on the fly
1+	Give any eidolon or oneiropomp a general and ballistic armor rating equal to successes spent for one turn, to a maximum of +5
1+	Create one or more weapons from whole cloth, of a total Availability equal to successes spent
1	Learn whether an eidolon is an extra or important
1	Learn all the traits of an eidolon extra, or one trait of an important eidolon
1	Replace one kind of eidolon extra with another of the same general type, like replacing a child with an old man or a bus driver with a soldier; or remove one entirely from the scene
1	Replace one kind of unimportant prop not currently in use by an important eidolon or oneiropomp with another of the same Size, like replacing a car with a unicorn or a pair of pants with a sword; or remove one entirely from the scene
1	Introduce a minor beneficial twist of luck or complication for any eidolon or oneiropomp
2	Introduce a personal Tilt for any eidolon or oneiropomp
2	Introduce a hazard to the scene, such as carnivorous grass or a swarm of bees
3	Learn one thing about the dreamer that's not a deliberately concealed secret, like one of his traits, his address, one thing he knows about a certain subject, or the name of his closest friend
3	Make a minor location change, like moving the action outdoors from inside or onto the roof from the ground
4	Introduce a temporary Condition for any eidolon or oneiropomp, which fades without resolution when the target leaves the dream or ceases to exist
4	Turn any eidolon's or oneiropomp's failure into a dramatic failure

action, she may immediately spend one Glamour and allocate those extra successes to dreamweaving. She can spend dreamweaving successes to change facts about the dream, or learn things about the dream itself or the dreamer. Dramatic failures don't incite Bedlam, as they do in the Hedge.

Subtle dreamweaving effects can be as fantastical as the changeling likes, as long as they're still relatively small changes to the dream. Unlike in the Hedge, they aren't limited to changes to the physical environment. Players should describe their changes in terms of what's actually happening to the characters and props in the scene — for instance, granting armor might make a bulletproof vest appear on the changeling's person, or it might make a giant hand sprout from the ground to grab the bullet out of the air. Learning information about the dreamer via shifts involves actions that prompt the eidolons or the dream itself to give things away; for example, an oneiropomp may weave the sound of a text message alert into the dream and wait for the dreamer to instinctively enter a password into his smartphone, which the changeling can observe.

Below is a list of example dreamweaving effects a player can spend individual successes to accomplish. The Storyteller may allow others on a case-by-case basis.

Paradigm Shifts

Paradigm shifts in oneiromancy use the same system that they do in Hedgespinning (p. 204), except that *every* mundane action is considered a dreamweaving action, as above. Changelings don't receive extra dreamweaving successes for paradigm shifts that align with their Thread, nor do they gain emotional Conditions at the end of the scene. Hedge locals can't sense what happens inside a Bastion. However, a changeling *can* use her kenning (p. 107), with a dice bonus equal to her Empathy, to sense whether a dreamer's Bastion has been the target of dreamweaving within the last week.

In her own dreams, a changeling with Wyrd 6+ achieves exceptional success on three successes rather than five for purposes of enacting paradigm shifts (but not for purposes of the usual results of whatever action generated the dreamweaving successes).

Shift Conditions

Any fool with a knife could conceivably cut someone's heart out, but only a surgeon can leave the patient ready for a transplant and recovery afterward. Enacting a paradigm shift in a dream is jarring to the dreamer's

Oneiromancy — Paradigm Shifts

Success Cost	Effect
1+	Harvest points of Glamour from the dreamer's mind equal to (successes spent + 2)
2+	Bank a number of successes to add to a later shift within the scene and current Bastion (subtle or paradigm) equal to successes spent minus one, to a maximum of five banked successes
3	Replace an eidolon extra or unimportant prop with something drastically different, like replacing a person with a rampaging giant or a chair with a dinosaur
3	Introduce a major beneficial twist of luck or complication for any eidolon or oneiropomp
5	Introduce an Environmental Tilt
5	Force another oneiropomp to engage in a Clash of Wills with you if they try to physically wake up within the next turn; failure means they fail to wake up
6	Learn a deliberately concealed secret about the dreamer, like who he works for, what kind of supernatural creature he is, or the location of his most prized possession; if another character's magic conceals the secret, the changeling must win a Clash of Wills
7	Introduce a Persistent Condition for any eidolon or oneiropomp, which fades without resolution when the target leaves the dream or ceases to exist
7	Completely change the scenery, like moving the action from a parking lot to a sewer or from a city to the inside of a volcano
8	Ignore the effects of a single attack or ignore a Tilt's effects for one turn
8	Perform one impossible action the changeling couldn't normally perform, like fly to a single destination, survive decapitation if it happens within the next turn, or turn someone into a cockroach
9	Find something important, like a Huntsman's hidden heart, the dreamer's representation of a specific emotion or thought, etc.
9	Transfer a Shift Condition onto another oneiropomp present in the scene

Advantages of Oneiromancy

Many of the effects a changeling can achieve through oneiromancy could be more efficiently done another way, such as through Contracts or Social maneuvering face-to-face. Using oneiromancy grants certain advantages, though. First and foremost is never having to let your target know who's messing with them, and being able to manipulate people from the comfort of your own home. Meeting the Gentry or a Huntsman on a dream battlefield helps even the odds for you, especially if you bring friends. You can even turn the eidolons (or the dreamer!) against your enemy with Bedlam, Contracts, or shift effects. Defeating another oneiropomp in battle and imposing the Lethargic or Soul Shocked Condition on them can be worth it, too.

Some courts take to dream combat — or its more old-fashioned name, oneiromachy — to resolve internal disputes or determine pecking order without having to inflict actual violence upon each other. Finally, using oneiromancy on yourself or your allies can achieve things it would be hard to do for each other otherwise, and can build trust as motley-mates expose their darkest nightmares to one another.

mind and draws the eidolons' attention to the changeling beyond the role she's currently playing, inflicting Shift Conditions (p. 336).

If your character has no Shift Conditions, the next paradigm shift she enacts inflicts the Dream Infiltrator Condition. If she already has it, the next paradigm shift she enacts upgrades it to the Dream Intruder Condition instead. If she already has *that* one, the next paradigm shift she enacts upgrades it to the Dream Assailant Condition.

A changeling who has the Dream Assailant Condition and tries to enact another paradigm shift risks violently waking the dreamer. When she does so, roll her current Clarity + Composure, contested by the dreamer's current Willpower + Resolve. If the changeling wins, the dream continues as is and she can spend successes to enact the shift as normal. If the dreamer wins, he wakes immediately, destroying the Bastion; see p. 222 for more on this. The changeling may forgo this roll to *deliberately* destroy the Bastion, if she likes.

A changeling enacting paradigm shifts in her own dream never inflicts Shift Conditions unless she is somehow unaware of her own situation (such as while suffering the Comatose Condition, p. 334). Doing so in the dreams of other lucid dreamers may not inflict them either, at the Storyteller's discretion.

The Dreaming Roads

The Hedge is the barrier separating stone and water from the fabric of unbound desires, and it has hidden paths that lead into dreams. These enchanted and furtive trods wend their way through wonders and perils, leading into dreamscapes just as the Hedge fades into Faerie. No one is certain why the Hedge connects to humanity's dreams, other than to cite the uncanny similarities between its psychoactive properties and the human subconscious. These trods are the Dreaming Roads, and the fae know how to walk them into the dreams of Earth. A careless or unlucky oneiropomp might find herself straying into Arcadia itself through one of many hidden fae doors, if she finds the Hedge proper and walks on out into the waking world.

An ever-moonlit sky covers a Dreaming Road as it passes beneath trembling tree-things, through sparkling meadows, and over jagged, tooth-like rocks. The wanderer's footsteps and the murmured whispers of sleeping minds play backdrop to the fractured soundscape of dream fragments, mingling with the occasional silver-chime baying of a Huntsman's war hounds. Sometimes, a great and powerful beast crosses the path on its way down roads where the Fae cannot follow. Sometimes, a lost and confused mortal walks the hidden paths on his own.

The Dreaming Roads are mysterious avenues where escaped nightmares and shards of human fantasy roam, and so traversing one requires speed and attentiveness. Goblins make the rounds here, collecting dream trinkets to peddle on carts of obsidian and ivory. Huntsmen sometimes travel the main thoroughfares of the Wayward Paths in pursuit of their quarry, and even the Gentry see fit to stroll between the shores of oblivion. Each Bastion's dream spills out into the surrounding area, so a traveler has some idea of what she's getting into as she approaches such a stretch: a dreamer stuck in a glass coffin in the woods imposes a dark forest filled with the baleful yellow eyes of hidden predators, while a dreamer flying among skyscrapers creates a shining metropolis where the sun glints from infinitely tall steel beams.

Navigating the Dreaming Roads

All Dreaming Roads are trods with ratings between 3 and 5 (p. 201), and characters navigate them as normal. However, Hedgespinning doesn't work here; the Lost believe it's because the Roads are a remnant of the time before the Gentry came, shunted into the Hedge from old Arcadia but not truly a part of it.

Just off the road, the terrain stretches only a short distance before crumbling into the lunatic logic of stranger dreams. These wilder places make poor shelter, leading wayfarers down eerie rabbit holes to places beyond the Hedge — perhaps even beyond Arcadia. In truth, Bastions are the only reliable hiding spots when trumpets sound and laughter like ashes and rust echoes beneath the never-changing sky. Even the weakest mortal Bastion provides some sanctuary, or at least a shortcut to elsewhere. Desperate changelings may flee into the surrounding chaos, but a traveler who strays off the beaten path risks wandering into an inhuman dreamscape or an alien realm of existence. Treat anything off the path that isn't part of a Bastion's territory as Thorns (p. 202).

Bastions

To enter dreams requires finding and breaching Bastions, the metaphorical sanctity of the human mind as translated into literal fortresses along the Dreaming Roads. These sanctuaries take many shapes, from crystal sarcophagi to silver gates where another world peeks out between the bars, from tiny walnut shells to grand palaces of ebony and brass. A dreamer's Bastion may take a completely different form from one night to the next, depending on what he dreams.

A Bastion always allows an oneiropomp inside if she has an active invitation, which takes the form of a pledge (p. 209). Mortal Bastions also have Keys, just like entrances to the Hedge do (p. 199), which allow someone to enter as though she had permission. Such a Key reflects the dreamer's personality, the nature of his Bastion, and the contents of his dream at the time. Otherwise, a changeling must break into the Bastion, engaging its defenses in an active struggle using dreamweaving, as above — once a changeling steps off the Dreaming Road onto a Bastion's territory, she's on the fringes of the dream itself and oneiromancy becomes possible. A mortal Bastion that contains a Huntsman's heart (p. 264) has no Key other than the Huntsman themselves.

A Bastion has a Fortification rating equal to the owner's Resolve + Supernatural Tolerance. Dreamweaving can increase the Fortification rating beyond this base rating (p. 337). An intruder can win her way into a Bastion with a paradigm shift, but the successes spent on the shift must exceed the Bastion's Fortification rating, which may require teamwork to pull off. Otherwise, she must break in the old-fashioned way, and all rolls to do so that an eidolon doesn't actively contest are instead contested by the Fortification rating as a dice pool. A changeling inside her own Bastion may spend a Willpower point to gain +2 to its Fortification rating for one turn, which affects the traits of all the important eidolons within as normal.

Since Bastions can provide impromptu shelters against unexpected dangers on the Dreaming Roads, frequent oneiropomps learn to quickly judge the strength of any particular Bastion. Like other mundane actions, reading a Bastion's Fortification can generate dreamweaving successes as long as the changeling is within its territory.

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Empathy

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The changeling determines the Bastion's Fortification rating, gauging its defenses and observing its eidolons.

Exceptional Success: As success, and the changeling may enact a paradigm shift, as usual.

Failure: The changeling cannot determine the Fortification rating.

Dramatic Failure: The changeling fails to determine the Fortification rating and alerts the eidolons to her intent to infiltrate. They step up their game, gaining the 8-again quality on all rolls until the changeling either successfully breaks into the Bastion or gives up and leaves.

Bastions feature eidolons from within that take the shape of guardians outside. The sanctuary nature of such a place empowers them to defend it against intruders. The forms of these eidolons reflect the form of the Bastion,

Stranger Paths

The edges of a Dreaming Road are unusual opportunities for the Storyteller to introduce crossovers into realms associated with other game lines, anywhere that an unrestrained dream path might intrude. Some potential destinations include the wild corners of Old Arcadia, where the Fae have no purchase; a clockwork nightmare of the God-Machine's occult industry, where flesh-and-metal angels guard enormous gears lubricated by the blood of the poor; the hidden chambers of the Primordial Dream, wherein dwell terrible and ancient things; the astral realm of the Temenos or the Anima Mundi, where archetypical deities and ideals given flesh inhabit cyclopean structures and mystical landscapes; or the depths of a mythical Underworld, where the dead walk and the susurrus of ocean waves beckons around every corner. A changeling may even be able to reach an Oneiros — the astral realm that resides within a person's soul — if the circumstances are right; but it is not a dream, and fae oneiromancy doesn't work there, despite the name.

and they take on a sinister appearance when intruders are near. A schoolyard Bastion's eidolons might appear as troublesome students with vacant eyes or tyrannical teachers that blow shrill whistles, while a war-zone Bastion's eidolons may assume the shapes of faceless, helmed opponents or twisted abominations bristling with armor and weaponry. A changeling's eidolons may even imitate her Keeper.

A Bastion's End

A Bastion only exists for the span of a single dream. When the dreamer wakes, whether naturally or because a paradigm shift jarred them awake, the Bastion crumbles and disappears, its territory relinquished back to the surrounding dreamscape. An oneiropomp still inside the Bastion has little time to find the exit and escape before that happens. Some Bastions have more than one exit, opening out onto different Roads depending on how their dreams harmonize with the snatches of nightmare or reverie that lie along each.

When a dreamer wakes, a changeling has a number of turns equal to (10 – the dreamer's Willpower dots) to find the exit. A dreamer with a strong will wakes swiftly, while the weak-willed have trouble separating dreams from reality with alacrity. Oneiromancers can find the exit instantly with a paradigm shift, as above, or they can seek it within the narrative of the dream, although as it swiftly loses cohesion the dice penalty they take to mundane actions becomes either the dreamer's Composure *or* the number of turns that have passed since the crumbling began, whichever is higher.

A changeling in dream form has one last chance to physically wake if she doesn't manage to escape before the Bastion crumbles — she may willingly accept the Lethargic (if the dreamer woke naturally) or Soul Shocked (if a paradigm shift woke him) Condition to do so immediately. A changeling who traveled through the Gate of Horn has no such recourse.

Any oneiropomp who doesn't escape is flung elsewhere. The specifics are up to the Storyteller to decide, but usually such unfortunates end up somewhere among the Thorns, in someone else's Bastion, or even across the threshold into Arcadia. Occasionally, an oneiropomp careens all the way back to the mortal world — if she was in dream form at the time, she exists in Twilight and must return to her body before her player can make the roll to wake her up. Some changelings tell tales of ending up in more alien places, populated by things beyond even faerie ken.

Tokens

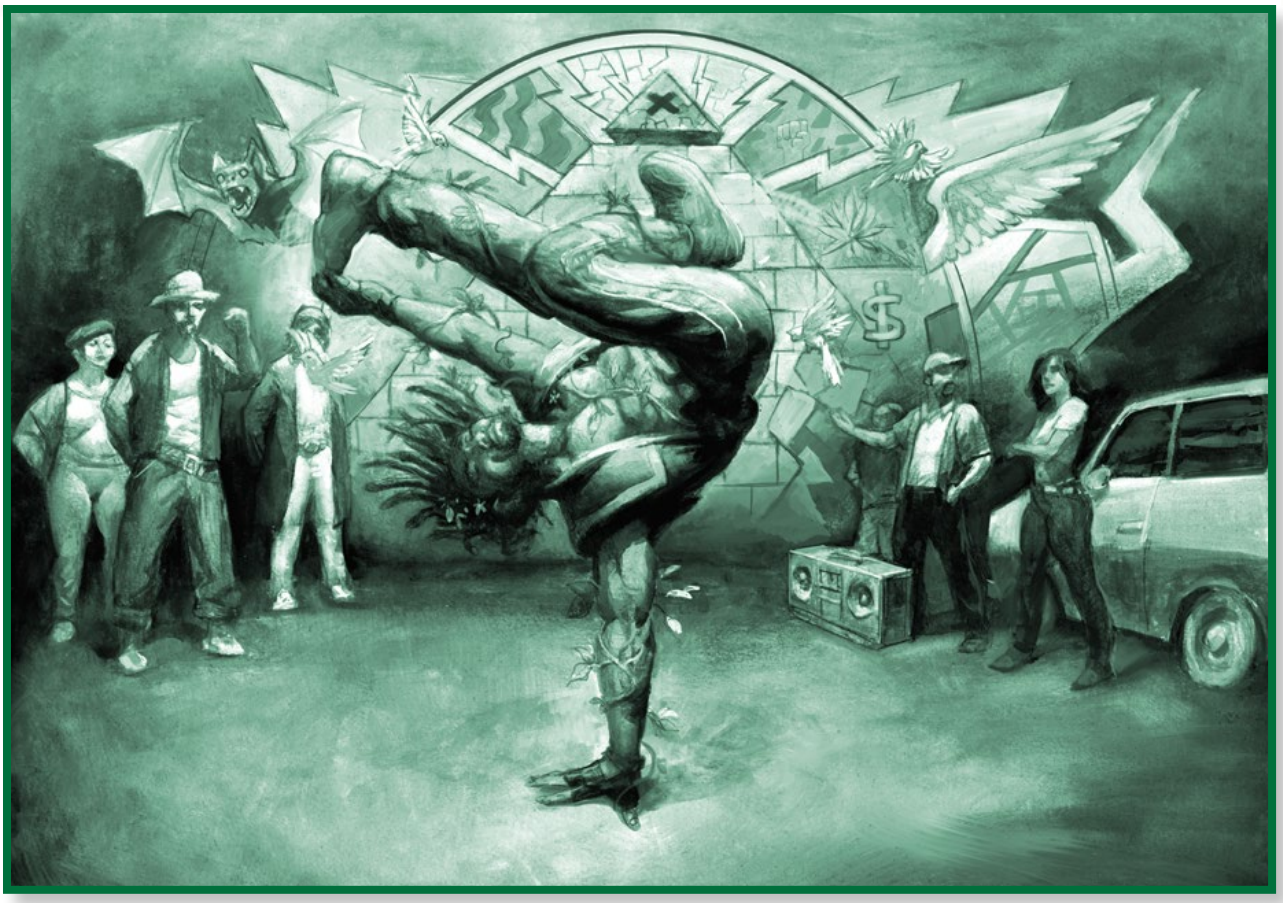
Changelings aren't the only bearers of Arcadian magics. Leave a coin too long in the Hedge and it becomes a gambler's best friend. Swear enough pledges on a witch-stone and it allows the bearer to discern the true nature of the world around her. They have become tokens, the physical representation of eons-old pacts between the material and the fae.

Tokens are extremely valuable in changeling society. They grant powers the Lost might not otherwise have access to, hold pledges, and occasionally grant a heart's desire. As with all things fae, however, this is not free. Changelings wake up missing shoes, skin, or Clarity after using tokens. Using one asks a price of Glamour, or a bit of heart's blood if Glamour doesn't suit.

A changeling spends an instant action and one Glamour point to activate a token, by default, and it stays active for the scene unless indicated otherwise. A token has three parts: the effect, the catch, and the drawback. The effect also includes its Mask and mien; unlike changelings, tokens appear especially mundane even to fae beings until they're activated, revealing their true fae natures to any who can see through the Mask. A token satchel might cling to its carrier's shoulder with myriad tiny goblin hands and open onto a yawning toothy maw, to the right eyes. A token's catch is an alternative to spending Glamour, demanding some personal sacrifice; it works much like a Contract's Loophole, but *anyone* can use the token with the catch, not just fae creatures. Savvy mortals always ask, "what's the catch?" Thus, changelings refer to it this way. The drawback is what happens as a consequence of using the token. No amount of trickery or magic can avoid the drawback — using a token means agreeing to its terms of *quid pro quo*, and the Wyrd always exacts its price. Such is the magic of Faerie.

A changeling can create or acquire a token deliberately by leaving an object in the Hedge for a period of time, swearing enough pacts on an object, or stealing an object from the True Fae or their servants. Anything that's spent time in the Hedge or in Arcadia can become a token, though, if it ends up mattering enough to someone. It could be nothing more special to begin with than the grass a changeling slept in when she grew too exhausted to flee anymore, but the bits that clung to her clothes when she escaped became tokens because they'd become personal for her. Players and Storytellers should decide together how each token a character uses fits into the story.

For non-fae, figuring out how to operate a token in the absence of magical insight (or being told) requires an extended Intelligence + Occult roll, which requires double the token's dot rating in total successes, and each roll represents an hour of research and experimentation. A dramatic failure at any point means the token shatters. While figuring out how to deliberately operate a token takes hours or even days, accidentally activating one is a common occurrence. Fae magic has a strange pull on mortals, so one might pick up a "lucky coin" only to



discover that it does indeed change her luck if she rubs it three times. A character doesn't need to be a supernatural being to use a token. She merely has to be able to pay the price.

Contact with iron destroys a token completely.

Forged in Thorns

The easiest and most common way to create a token is to let it sit in the Hedge for a certain amount of time. This process, which some changelings jokingly refer to as "marinating," merely requires that the changeling take an object to the Thorns, somewhere off the path. When changelings knowingly create tokens with this method, they must use objects that mean something to them — their lucky coin, their mother's graduation shoes, a lock of their lover's hair. Any personally meaningful item could turn into a token, though, given enough time in the Thorns. Some changelings report coming back to the Hedge months after their flight to freedom and finding that a scrap of clothing that snagged on a thornbush has become a war-banner.

While this method does not require the changeling to actively do anything other than leave the token in the Hedge, it presents two difficulties. First, she must prevent the token from being lost or stolen. Though it's unlikely (but not unheard of) that someone will stray from the paths to grab at a worn shoe or a page from a book, a necklace or shiny coin could tempt them. Goblins look for things to sell or trade. Privateers might steal it as a means of fueling Contracts to hunt down a mark. An escaping changeling might grab the blossoming token, mistaking it for a message from home. Furthermore, if the changeling decides to secret it somewhere far enough off the path to limit the chance of discovery, she risks losing herself or the token within the Thorns.

Second, if the changeling leaves the token to marinate long enough, it picks up the ambient energies of the Hedge. This, combined with the memories the changeling associates with the object, determines what sort of token results. The changeling has a certain amount of say in what it does by choosing the item, but beyond that, the Wyrd does what it will. The knife the changeling used for her first kill can never heal, but a knife the Spring Queen used to sacrifice herself to prevent her Keeper from finding the freehold might. A love letter from fourth grade likely won't enhance the reader's Expression much, but a love letter from the wife who died before the changeling made it back is much more powerful — or it might do something else entirely. Though the *character* is largely at the Wyrd's mercy, the player and Storyteller should work together to either design a new token or pick one from the list of sample tokens, below.

System: A token created this way has a dot rating equal to the number of full chapters a character leaves the item in the Hedge. The Storyteller rolls a dice pool equal to that number of chapters at the end to represent whether passersby left it unmolested or whether someone picked it up; add one die if the changeling failed a roll to carefully hide or conceal the item (or didn't bother to try), or two dice if she dramatically failed such a roll. If the Storyteller succeeds, the character finds her token gone when she returns. The player takes a Beat, and must investigate the theft and track the culprit down. Failed investigative rolls should lead the character to find the token anyway, but present more dangerous or complicated challenges to getting it back. Storytellers can use the full investigation system (p. 194) if they like.

Sample Hedge-Forged Token: The Soul-Compass (•••)

This compass might have been a Boy Scout must-have, or an antique, or a prized gift from the local nature center's summer program. It appears to be a cheap, nonoperational toy until infused with Glamour. In its true form, it is a bright silver compass with an iridescent face and a needle that looks like a single, wickedly sharp thorn. The face of the compass is blank, except for discolorations that suggest old blood. The needle points toward the bearer's closest Icon, or toward the Icon of any changeling who drips one lethal damage's worth of blood onto the face. The Soul-Compass will not tell distance, nor altitude, nor danger; merely the direction in which the bearer must go to find it.

Catch: The user must prick her hand with the needle of the compass, taking one point of lethal damage (in addition to any blood used to calibrate it to find another changeling's Icon).

Drawback: Once the user finds an Icon, she gains the Lost Condition (p. 342).

By This I Swear

Putting enough incidental Wyrd magic into an object turns it into a token, but the Hedge isn't the only source. Changelings binding themselves into motleys or courts, or simply together in mutual pacts of friendship, is an ancient and powerful use of the Wyrd. Changelings can swear oaths upon an object until it becomes a thing of pacts itself, creating a token forged of promises.

One oath is not enough to create a token. Some require up to 15. Many Lost prefer this method to Hedge-forging, as the participants can actively direct the token's creation and determine what the outcome will be. The types of pledges sworn on the item define what it can do, so many changelings take care to only swear oaths of a similar nature on the future token, to avoid unpredictable results. A motley pact sworn on a rope creates a binding token, whereas hostile oaths are good for weapons. This method of creation may take longer, however, and many changelings are leery of participating in the creation of an oath-forged token. Such tokens serve as links to those involved in the oath, which some beings can use to more easily find or affect them — the stronger the token, the stronger the link.

The Lost do not swear oaths lightly, and motleys or even entire courts jealously guard tokens created in this fashion. Further oaths sworn on an oath-forged token grant special benefits to all involved, and the token itself is less breakable. A token going missing can send a freehold into an uproar, as changelings accuse each other of conspiracy, theft, and darker things. Allowing someone new to use an oath-forged token is often a matter of great trust or great urgency.

System: To become a token, the item must have (desired dots x 3) oaths sworn upon it. For example, a five-dot token must have 15 oaths sworn upon it, a four-dot token must have 12, and so on. These oaths need not necessarily involve the same participants each time.

Oaths sworn upon such a token reward their participants for abiding by their terms. Once per chapter, whenever a character takes a dangerous or risky action in service to fulfilling the spirit of the oath, she recovers Glamour points equal to the dot rating of the token. An oath-forged token adds its dot rating to its Structure.

Anyone holding an oath-forged token can spend a Glamour to learn the terms and participants' identities of the last oath sworn upon it that she didn't already know about. A fae creature holding the token can spend a Glamour to add dice equal to its dot rating to one roll they make to track or find any of the oathsworn involved in its creation, or to affect them with Contracts and other magic.

An oath-forged token purchased as a Merit costs one dot more than its rating.

Sample Oath-Forged Token: The Seeing Stone (•)

Created by a motley in a city where the shadows hid more than just loyalists, this fist-sized rock looks like nothing more than a piece of soft gray shale. When activated, however, a perfectly round hole appears in the middle, with arcane sigils scratched on the inside. The stone reveals whether anyone the user can see through it is a supernatural being, with no further detail.

Catch: The user must tell an important secret about himself to someone who didn't already know it.

Drawback: Whether because he feels threatened by the monsters around him or abandoned knowing no fellow fae are nearby, the user gains the Shaken Condition (p. 344).

The Master's Keys

Some tokens are created by stranger hands, by creatures that view humans as little more than disobedient toys made to while away a rainy afternoon. True Fae make tokens of incredible value and rarity. These tokens are always something the Others swore strange and byzantine oaths upon, though they don't always care about these objects or even remember they exist until they're missing. Thus, a token stolen from a Keeper could just as easily be an empty photo frame left gathering dust in an attic or the manacle broken from a changeling's wrist as a precious sword locked away in the royal armory.

Stolen tokens are powerful, but extremely dangerous. A True Fae will stop at nothing to get one back even if it didn't realize what it had before it was gone. Taken by a fleeing slave or conniving motley, the purloined prize drives the Fae to swear a new oath, to punish those who dared to flout its hospitality. Whole freeholds have endured a Wild Hunt because some Fairest decided to steal her Keeper's hairbrush on the way out.

Alternatively, a True Fae might *give* a changeling a token. This is always a poisoned apple of a gift. The Keeper's reasons are rarely clear, but it plans to get the treasure back from its little toy, one way or the other.

System: A token stolen from the Fae costs one Merit dot fewer than its rating, to a minimum of one dot; however, each time a character uses the token, she gains the Paranoid Condition (p. 344). If she already has this Condition, upgrade it to the Hunted Condition (p. 342) instead.

Sample Stolen Token: The Auroch's Horn (•••••)

A Summer courtier stole this item of dread and terrible power from a Huntsman who came to claim him. In its dormant state, it looks like a cracked steer's horn, good for display, but not much else. When activated, it becomes a massive, curly ram's horn, hollow and inlaid with gold. The inside is gnarled and covered with wicked-looking blades, looking more like a thornbush made out of the horn's bone than anything else. The user must spend the requisite Glamour, then blow on the horn. It emits an awful sound, like battle trumpets and the screaming of children, and blasts open all doors to the Hedge within one mile. Creatures of any type may stumble through in either direction without having to spend any Glamour — though they may not find their way back again.

Catch: The user must impale his tongue on the token's inner protrusions, taking one point of lethal damage. He gains the Mute Condition (p. 343) until that damage heals.

Drawback: Any Huntsmen in the area know exactly who blew the horn. The user gains the Hunted Condition (p. 342) until someone else blows the horn (ending the Condition without granting a Beat) or the Condition resolves normally.

Other Sample Tokens

Below is a list of sample tokens. They could be Hedge-forged, oath-forged, or stolen, depending on the needs of the story and the players. Feel free to also use them as a model for creating your own tokens.

Hedgespun Item (• to •••••)

Though they are a kind of token, Hedgespun items don't require activation; thus, they have no Glamour cost and no catch, and they are always active. A Hedgespun item's Mask always appears as something lovely or impressive. A cape lined with starlight appears to be a fine black coat with a shiny lining. A dress made of dancing flames is a beautiful evening gown decorated in bold sequined patterns. Glamour armor always resembles protective gear of some kind, such as football pads or a soldier's flak jacket. A sword whose surface reflects a brilliant sunrise in its mien hides behind a Mask that always seems to catch the light just so.

For each dot of its rating, the item gains one of the following benefits. The same benefit may stack up to three times.

- **Extraordinary Equipment:** an appropriate +1 equipment bonus, armor rating, or weapon damage modifier
- **Improved Alacrity:** +2 to the user's Initiative and Speed
- **Increased Durability:** +1 Durability

Drawback: Hedgespun items are flashy and attention grabbing, and any roll to go unnoticed in plain sight or deflect attention away from the character while she uses one automatically fails, granting a Beat to her player. Hedgespun items become irritable and refuse to cooperate if used by non-fae beings. They chafe, operate erratically, or otherwise get in the way during any task that requires concentration or social interaction, imposing a −1 penalty.

Ace in The Hole (•)

This token appears as a worn playing card when dormant. Active, it becomes a glowing tarot card with thorns growing from the back. Applied to a lock, it downgrades the roll result of any attempt to pick that lock by one level (a failure to a dramatic failure, a success to a failure, etc.). Even if a fleeing changeling only applies it to one lock on a door with multiple locks, one activation applies to all of them. The effect lasts until a pursuer or thief successfully picks the lock, but it can only affect one locked portal or object at a time.

Catch: The user must tear the card in half before applying it. While it still works, it becomes a one-use item.

Drawback: Activating this item causes the user to dramatically fail one future Dexterity-based roll, at the Storyteller's choice. When he does, take a Beat.

Driver's Little Helper (•)

Mobility is a major concern for changelings, so a token that can get them from one place to another easily is useful. Normally, this appears as a stale air freshener, a set of ratty fuzzy dice, a broken GPS, or even glove-compartment detritus — anything that would naturally appear in a car. Once activated, this token becomes a little shinier and more useful. The GPS comes to life, the air freshener emits the scent of frozen blue roses, etc. The Driver's Little Helper lets the driver achieve exceptional success on three successes instead of five on rolls to handle the vehicle, and removes the untrained penalty.

Catch: The user must steal the vehicle from someone actively driving it at the time.

Drawback: At the end of the scene, the vehicle overheats. Smoke pours forth from the hood, and although the driver finds no other damage, the car is unusable until one full scene has passed. If the lack of a vehicle causes the character significant harm or inconvenience, take a Beat.

Golden Hairnettle (•)

Most people would not pick up a hair tie left on the ground. Changelings know better. In its true form, this token appears as a beautiful golden hair adornment that weaves itself in perfectly with whatever style the user wears at the time. She gains +1 to her Presence rolls, and once per scene, success on such a roll imposes the Swooned Condition (p. 345) on her target, as the Golden Hairnettle shimmers and shines alluringly in her coif.

Catch: The user must perform a significant favor for someone else without gaining anything from it to activate the token, within the same scene.

Drawback: The user attracts attention even when she doesn't want it. Her player takes a −2 penalty to all rolls to go unnoticed or be stealthy until she fails one; she may fail one deliberately. When she does, take a Beat.

Book of Things Strange and Wondrous (••)

Sometimes a changeling cannot just hit the library or phone a friend to get the information she needs. Sometimes, she needs to ask the Wyrd itself. This token normally looks like a paperback romance novel, like you'd find in any thrift store worth its salt. Activated, it becomes a massive grimoire, filled with strange drawings and dead languages. Flipping through the book grants the user an Intelligence + (a relevant Mental Skill) roll, which achieves exceptional success on three successes instead of five. Should the user succeed, he gains the knowledge he sought, about any topic he chooses. On an exceptional success, he gains the Informed Condition regarding the subject and learns more details, including things not written down elsewhere, such as a map of booby traps in an otherwise-deserted building or the Title of the True Fae who kidnapped his friend.

Catch: The knowledge the user seeks must pertain to turning the tables on someone who has a significant advantage over him, such as via the Embarrassing Secret (p. 338) or Leveraged (p. 342) Condition.

Drawback: The next person reading the book knows exactly who read it last and what they were searching for. This is by user, not use — if one changeling uses the book three times in a row, and the goblin who stole it from him uses it next, that goblin knows exactly what he was looking for those three times. If this causes harm or danger for the character, take a Beat.

The Ghost Waltz (••)

Hedge ghosts are thorns in the side for most changelings, chasing them down for their Glamour and their lives. This token wards them off. It comes in many different forms: a CD, an mp3 player with only one song, a sheaf of written music for users who are more musically inclined. Played or vocalized within the Hedge, the Ghost Waltz sounds like a Russian dirge, but gives any Hedge ghosts that hear it the Disoriented Condition (p. 336).

Catch: The user must sing along, no matter how poorly or off key. This inflicts a −2 on any Stealth rolls she attempts while the Ghost Waltz is active.

Drawback: The user gains the Shaken Condition after using this token, as the melodies are odd and unnerving.

IOU (••)

This token is far more valuable than it first appears. Dormant, it is a dirty scrap of paper. Activated, it is a certificate embellished with gold and silver that bears the name of the one who activated it, and smells faintly of warm bread. Whenever the character's Goblin Debt would come due, such as the Storyteller cashing in on it to impose a penalty or gaining the Hedge Denizen Condition, he may give the IOU away to someone else in a way relevant to the situation to avoid the pitfalls in that moment. He still keeps all his Debt, but temporarily sidesteps its consequences. Giving the IOU away means the character forfeits the ability to use it again until a lunar month has passed.

Freeholds where an IOU circulates are rife with constant wheeling and dealing, as everyone tries to cheat the goblins' system just long enough to squeeze an advantage out of it.



Catch: The user must sign his name in blood to the contract, making it forever visible to anyone who uses it after him.

Drawback: The character gains the Notoriety Condition among Hedge denizens, who peg him as someone who doesn't pay what he owes.

Arisaema (•••)

Named after a mortal plant more commonly known as "dragon root," this token doesn't look like much at first glance. Its Mask is a broken machete or a dull kitchen knife. To someone who can see its true form, it looks like a two-foot-long kukri with a glimmering, iridescent blade. The wielder gains +3 dice to Dodge rolls (after doubling Defense) while fighting for her life. Whenever she successfully Dodges a melee attack, her attacker feels burning pain shoot up and down his arms, gaining the moderate Poisoned Tilt. Doing so a second time against the same attacker within the same scene upgrades it to grave.

Catch: The user must achieve an exceptional success on a Dexterity- or Wits-based roll while wielding the Arisaema.

Drawback: Watching someone writhe in agonies from diluted dream poison is never pleasant; the user gains the Spooked Condition.

Red Shoes (•••)

Not all changelings are terribly graceful or agile. Some are downright clumsy. The Red Shoes look like uncomfortable, unfashionable, too-small shoes at first glance. When activated, they fit the wearer like a glove, and they look incredibly flattering to boot — but they are always some shade of red. Anyone activating and wearing the Red Shoes gains a +2 to any rolls involving Dexterity or Presence, and suffers a −2 to rolls involving Strength or Manipulation.

Catch: Beauty is pain. To fit into the Red Shoes, the user must contort his feet painfully, taking three points of bashing damage from burst blisters and lesions.

Drawback: The shoes do not want to let go of a user, wishing to keep him beautiful and graceful. At the beginning of each scene in which he wears them, he must spend a Willpower point to avoid activating them; if he has no Willpower to do so, take a Beat. Taking them off necessitates a Strength + Athletics roll. Someone else can assist him with teamwork (p. 190), but if they fail, the user involuntarily kicks his ally with an unarmed attack, as the shoes protest.

Blood Pennon (••••)

Sometimes, a simple call to arms against the Others or the Huntsmen is not enough. The battle against

the Wild Hunt means death, or worse, recapture. This token looks like a cheap sports-team pennant, but when activated, it unfurls to become a massive scarlet banner, stained with the blood of long-dead enemies and flapping in a breeze that may or may not be there. Any changeling within sight of the Blood Pennon ignores all wound penalties, and her player achieves exceptional success on three successes instead of five on attack rolls. Freeholds, courts, and even some well-off motleys carry the Blood Pennon into battles they cannot avoid.

Catch: The user must give some of her heart's blood by stabbing herself with the Blood Pennon's sharp staff; she may instead take the blood from a willing sacrifice. This deals one point of lethal damage and inflicts the Berserk Condition (p. 334) on the one whose blood she shed.

Drawback: Violence begets violence. Any group wielding the Blood Pennon is immediately obvious, inflicting a two-die penalty to Stealth rolls. In addition, once the battle is over, the enemy's minions and allies come after the changelings in a single-minded, murderous fury, giving everyone in the group the Hunted Condition.

Silver Thread (••••)

Slender, but impossibly strong, threads of Arcadian silver bind all captive Helldivers to their True Fae masters. Collected by Darklings, Beasts, and Ogres, crafted by Wizened and Elementals, and plaited by the Fairest, a Silver Thread is the collective cry of suffering of the Lost. It does not simply vanish when a wayward Helldiver breaks it. Rather, pieces of Silver Thread found in the Hedge are valuable tokens. When two fae swear an oath on a piece of Silver Thread, it binds them together for as long as the oath remains unbroken, and the Thread splits into one piece for each. Once per chapter, should one of them activate the token and yank on his Silver Thread, the other can tug back, pulling the first user through to her location. The process takes five full turns (or 15 seconds) to complete, and can be interrupted if either party loses contact with the Thread.

If the user is not currently part of any unbroken oaths, he cannot use the Silver Thread to rescue others from danger. However, it serves another important purpose. Any Politics or Socialize roll made to negotiate with a True Fae gains a +1, as the True Fae are desperate to get back valuable property.

Catch: Both users must scream their intent, immediately drawing attention from anyone (or anything) else in the scene.

Drawback: Silver Thread is literally made of silver, and extremely noticeable as it shines in the user's pocket. Anyone who sees the user while he carries it must succeed on a Resolve + Composure roll to avoid trying to acquire it any way they can, making a new roll during each scene in which they see him. Even if they don't know the Thread is there, they know he carries *something* they want. If the user loses the Thread this way, or suffers other harm or loss from the attempts, take a Beat.

Crown of Thorns (•••••)

For many changelings, the idea of ruthlessly using another person is tantamount to becoming like a True Fae. For others, however, no power is enough — they resolve to become the hunter, not the hunted. This token appears like a crown of cheap tinsel. When a changeling places it on her head and activates it, it blossoms into a magnificent coronet of vines, flowers, and vicious thorns.

Every turn the crown is active, the changeling *must* do one of the following as an instant action:

- **Drain:** The user pulls power from supernatural beings present in the scene, gaining one Glamour for each, while they each lose one point of their respective power resources. She gains no Glamour from those who have no power left to give. Non-changeling users gain points of their own power resource instead, or Willpower if they have no such resource. This ability doesn't allow a resource to exceed the user's usual maximum. If a character's resource pool empties this way, their player takes a Beat, up to once per scene.

- **Command:** The user's player rolls Presence + Resolve + Wyrd, contested by the target's Resolve + Supernatural Tolerance, to force someone to commit any single action that would not harm them. If a character harms someone they care about, breaks a promise, or reneges on a deal because of a command they followed, their player takes a Beat, up to once per scene.

- **Banish:** The user rolls her Wyrd as a dice pool, contested by the target's Supernatural Tolerance (or a chance die, if they have none), to banish them to the Hedge immediately. Dramatic failure prevents the target from returning without aid from someone else who can open Hedge gates, even if they could do it themselves normally.

- **Wound:** The user deals a point of lethal damage to herself, which is also inflicted onto everyone else present in the scene, ignoring armor. No magic can heal damage the user inflicts upon herself with this token. If a character falls unconscious from damage inflicted this way, their player takes a Beat, up to once per scene.

This token only allows beings with Clarity tracks or other, equivalent traits that measure mental or metaphysical stability, such as Integrity, to use it. Changelings suspect the oaths that created it were unspeakably dire.

Deliberately trying to cheat the spirit of the token's bargain, such as giving trivial commands to allies or

passing the Crown around a motley to steal each other's Glamour and mine Beats, prompts the Wyrd to retaliate; the Storyteller decides the effects, which could range from a Huntsman appearing out of the Hedge to the entire motley gaining a Condition or racking up five Goblin Debt points at once.

Catch: The user must accept a point of Goblin Debt in exchange for activating the Crown, as she owes the Wyrd itself for use of its destructive power.

Drawback: The Crown of Thorns does not discern friend from foe. As noted above, the user *must* use one of the four abilities every round while it is active. She cannot deactivate it before the end of the scene unless she accepts the Madness Condition (p. 343); if she already has it, she can't activate the token until it's resolved.

In addition, once the token deactivates, she suffers a Clarity attack with a three-die pool (or equivalent breaking point, for non-changelings). If the user suffered significant harm or loss while using the Crown — for instance, banishing an unwilling motley-mate to the Hedge, falling unconscious from self-inflicted damage, or damaging a relationship by commanding an ally — take a Beat.

Part V

It Happened to Me

Lucy

I've always prided myself on being perceptive.

Stella and Susan were paddling around in the tub, and James was sitting on a stool next to me, cooing at them. When I looked to my side, there was a man whose glasses were sliding down his nose. When I turned slightly past, I could see our reflections in the bathroom mirror. Mine looked the same — snub nosed, sleepy-eyed, blonde roots growing in under bottle red. His... blurred like someone had smeared a handful of Vaseline on the glass. There, his face was patchwork, and his flat, button eyes hung loose. When I turned back to James, his bright-blue eyes lit up, and his smile pulled up the rims of his glasses. In the mirror, cloth shuffled itself and formed a gap shaped like that smile. I didn't flinch when he rested his flesh (fabric) hand on her knee and leaned in for a kiss. His face felt warm and unshaven and familiar. But when I peeked through my lashes, the cloth face in the mirror was rubbing against hers.

I've been thinking about that for a couple of weeks now. Would you feel yourself going crazy? Or might it happen so quietly that one day you could wake up sure that there was a cloth doll in your bed? Do nightmares about getting lost in writhing brambles snap into place all at once, or are they the ones I used to forget as I woke? Because I would have noticed. I think I would have noticed.

The sun was too bright again today. Out of the corner of my eye everything had extra reflections. The light bouncing off my coffee cup from a direction it couldn't have, in colors the light couldn't have been. My doctor says they're migraines. That the nightmares are normal for new mothers. Adopting is stressful, especially two babies at once. Bureaucracy can feel like a briar patch. Have I been meditating? Taking my medication? I haven't told him about the mirror thing, he'd probably tell me I'm hysterical. Not the funny kind of hysterical either. I think you can get your kids taken away if you're committed. I love James. I think the person I love is James.

I promised myself I'd never be that girl. The one who's paranoid, the one who snoops. But he *gave* me his email password. Because "he trusts me." It's not that much of an invasion of privacy to use something he offered me, right? And I just want to ask her a question.

What happened? They dated for years. They knew each other most of their lives. And then everything went to pieces. What changed? They haven't spoken in years, but I know she still lives in town. I see her walking at the beach sometimes. She followed me back on Instagram. Why does James go all cold and stiff if I mention her in passing? I just want to know...I want to know if he's always been like this. If he was different before we started dating. If this is really him.

I slept next to a cloth doll for seven more days before Katrina emailed me back. I hadn't wanted to press. I wanted to give her time. I mean, it must be a little weird to talk to the woman who came after you. Weirder if her email is 1,000 words of circling around a secret. Never quite managing to put that suspicion into words. All she said was "yes." Just like that. Yes, what? Yes, he changed? Yes, he was always like this? Yes, I can meet her in person?

I slept next to a cloth man that I wished I didn't love for three more days. Who was still everything I wanted, as long as I never looked at him in the mirror. I didn't pick the storm on purpose. I'd just been driving around so long before I could bear to call her that it came up around me. The rain seemed appropriate somehow. Like the downpour would wash away all my fears and fantasies, and James and I would be okay again. She answered when I called. Said "yes" again. Confirmed her address. I was getting drenched standing on the doorstep, as people walked in and out of the lobby. A tall man leaned out the door and invited me in with a soft patience, and looked knowing when I finally touched the handle and went inside.

I blinked. Twice, three times, again and again trying to force sense on what I was seeing. Katrina was already in the lobby, close enough to kiss a woman whose face made my stomach knot. The other woman looked at me wistfully, her eyes so sad, her face a soft reflection of the one I saw this morning. Every feature shifted so slightly. I met James a couple of times in passing before we were really introduced. I don't think he always went by James. They were whispering, and my feet carried me forward.

My voice sounded shrill and defensive even to my own ears. "Yes, what? What did you mean?"

Katrina looked first at the woman next to her, and then to me. She looked embarrassed, and concerned. Then, slowly, "To both. James did change, but also she didn't."

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" There's this awful hum in the air. I can barely think.

"...That the guy you married is different from the one I dated, but the one I dated was like the guy you married?"

"That makes even less sense." I put my hands to my head and pressed hard against the noise.

"Okay, so, Lucy, I'm Aimee. I know you already, and I guess we need to talk, but we don't have time right now. And I know you don't have any reason to trust me, but I need you to take my hand, so I can show you something."

Spitefully, I felt myself pulling my arms closer, tight around my body. Like that would keep the memories away. "How could you possibly help me? And what's making that awful noise?" Something kept creeping around my head. I kept almost remembering.

Then someone was with them, who I couldn't *quite* see. Like a flicker in my vision. A missing cell of film. A skipped beat. But when I framed that space against the light just right, his skin was illuminated from within. Even more of what I already wasn't telling my doctor about. People shaped wrong, rushing off the elevators.

"Who's that?" When he opened his mouth, it sounded like bees and fluorescent lights, and he looked at me like I was the funniest thing he'd ever seen. "What is he saying?"

"You can see him?" The other woman seemed terrified. I wasn't sure that was an improvement over the wistful look she'd been giving me earlier. "Lucy, please. I know this is...difficult for you, but I kinda feel like I owe it to my fetch to keep you safe until we all have a chance to talk?"

She shrugged defensively. "I mean, I'd want you to be safe if I was in his shoes."

The space where a man shouldn't have been flexed, and I could see the imprints of his fingers on her shoulder.

"What's a fetch?" I whispered. But I knew. *I knew.*





Chapter Five
Shared Nightmares

Lies and half-truths fall like snow, covering the things that I remember, the things I saw. A landscape, unrecognizable after a snowfall; that is what she has made of my life.

Neil Gaiman, **"Snow, Glass, Apples"**

Just because you've escaped from Faerie with your life and your wits, that doesn't mean you're safe. Behind that ordinary lamppost, a grinning goblin offers sweetmeats that rot hearts instead of teeth. In your bed, a thing made of matchsticks and clockwork snuggles, warm, under your covers. You meet the cab driver's eyes in the rearview mirror, and they flash iron gray as he runs you off the road into a ditch, taking not a scratch. And waiting for you always on the other side of the Hedge — oh God, you hope they're still on the other side of the Hedge — are the Fairest Ones of all, the ones that will haunt your dreams until you die. The only difference between before and after is that you *know* now what's reaching for you from in between the thorny cracks in the Mask's façade.

Fetches

When the Fae steal human beings from their cribs, or pull them into the Hedge as they walk alone down certain alleyways, they leave something behind. The being — the *thing* — they leave behind looks identical to the person they stole, and can function in the abducted human's life with little difficulty. But that thing the Fae leave behind isn't human and isn't fae. It is something in between, a creature made of detritus and Glamour called the *fetch*.

Building the Fetch

Almost every changeling has a fetch. When the Gentry capture a person, they rip away part of the victim's shadow and use it to form the fetch. That isn't enough raw material, though, and so the Fae use whatever is handy — household materials, plants, garbage, even the victim's clothes — to make the fetch. From the time the fetch begins its charade, its personality develops in much the same way a human's would in response to its environment. Just as a human being's personality and proclivities depend in large part upon genetics, however, a fetch's personality receives a great deal of influence from its "heritage."

The player and the Storyteller should work together to determine the circumstances under which the human was abducted, and thus the circumstances under which the fetch was formed. The player begins this process by answering five questions regarding the character's human life and abduction.

Five Questions

- **Where was the character abducted?** Where was the character when she was taken? What is the last thing she remembers? The circumstances surrounding her abduction help to determine what kind of situation the fetch encounters when it resumes the changeling's life. Was the character in the middle of a birthday party for an ex-lover, feeling bitter and petulant? Did she step away from a business meeting to take a phone call? Was she wandering alone at night, unable to sleep? Her last moments of freedom shape the fetch's first thoughts upon being "born."

- **Who knows or suspects the truth?** Did or does anyone suspect that the fetch is not really who it seems? Maybe someone witnessed the abduction, but didn't quite know what he was seeing. He saw a woman walking down the sidewalk at night, and then great hands reach out, grab her, and yank her into…nothing. Moments later, there she was, resuming her walk, but with an air of detached calm rather than exhausted stress. Likewise, someone close to the victim might *know*, on some horribly instinctive level, that the person who walked in the door the night of that terrible storm isn't really her father, brother, or spouse, but of course, she has no way to express these suspicions without sounding mad. Someone who suspects the truth about the fetch might make a good ally for the changeling, once she returns from Faerie.

- **What is the fetch made of?** Gentry whip up a fetch in moments, using whatever is handy. They use a tiny piece of their target's soul, sometimes a few drops of her blood, and convenient detritus. Fetches might wind up created out of manmade material (garbage, clothes, objects from a victim's home); natural material (leaves, sticks, dirt); living or once-living material (the victim's pets, animals plucked from the surrounding area); or fae-stuff the Fair One has with it. A fetch's components don't necessarily affect its traits, but they probably affect its personality. A fetch made of the clothes of the person it's impersonating might be better able to carry off the charade in superficial ways, but be incapable of real empathy; it is, in effect, an empty suit. A fetch made from fae-stuff might show more of an affinity for faerie magic and the Hedge, while one made from dead animals might become feral and impulsive over time.

- **How is the fetch flawed?** No fetch is a perfect recreation of the person it is meant to replace. The player should consider how her character's fetch is flawed. How might it give itself away? What small but basic facet of humanity has it never quite mastered? What detail about the character's life does it continually forget or get wrong? Some fetches become murderers, monsters completely without remorse or humanity, but more often, fetches are just *off* somehow. They can relate to people, up to a point, but have strange blind spots. Some fetches are flawed in more physical ways; a fetch might have a fist-sized hole in the small of its back, stuffed with dead leaves. Another might have its creator's initials branded on its collarbone. Deciding how the fetch is flawed will help the Storyteller portray this character when the time comes.

- **Did the changeling see the fetch?** Does the character know she *has* a fetch? Not every changeling does. The Lost tend to find out about these simulacra when they emerge from the Hedge and find someone else living their lives, but some changelings have to watch as the Keeper who collected them crafts the fetch. In some ways, this is beneficial — the changeling has an idea of what to expect when she returns home, and the knowledge that someone is masquerading as her can provide strong motivation to escape. On the other hand, knowing that something else is living her life can muddle a changeling's focus when she pushes her way back through the Thorns. Changelings who know about their fetches tend to want to destroy them as soon as possible…which can make for a confusing realization if the fetch in question has done a reasonable job of living the character's life.

Fetch Traits

The Storyteller doesn't have to develop traits for a fetch, and should only do so if the fetch is going to play a prominent role in the story *and* interact mechanically with the characters. If the fetch is an afterthought, a note in a character's backstory, or is going to enter the conflict chiefly through influence from afar, traits aren't necessarily required. If, however, the changeling decides she's going to track down her fetch and kill it (a not-uncommon reaction to learning that a fae-created duplicate has taken over one's life), it's helpful to have some idea of the fetch's capabilities.

Create a fetch in much the same way as a **Changeling** character (see Chapter 3 for details). The allocation of the fetch's dots, while numerically the same as the changeling's, demands some consideration.

One possibility is to distribute the fetch's Attribute dots in the same way as the changeling's. The fetch was fashioned as an exact duplicate of the changeling, after all, so it makes sense that their basic capabilities would match. Likewise, if the changeling possesses Merits that reflect innate capabilities (such as Ambidextrous), the fetch should as well. Skills and Merits that develop over time, however, are unique to the fetch and should be decided based on how the fetch has spent its life. If the fetch replaced a person after she was already an adult, though, the Skills and Merits might match much more closely. Indeed, differences at this stage might provide the changeling a way to track when she was taken — if the changeling has the Iron Stamina Merit and the fetch does not, people close to the character might remember that she suddenly lost her high pain threshold "after she got lost in the woods that summer."

Another way of looking at this is that when the changeling returns to the mortal world, the fetch immediately realizes it and develops some sense of itself. This

might cause it to gain knowledge of Skills it wouldn't otherwise possess. For instance, a Playmate changeling, forced in Arcadia to be a toy for a spoiled Fae child, has become an expert tracker through endless games of hide and seek. The changeling escapes and flees through the Hedge to the mortal world. His fetch awakens one morning knowing that something is different, and he is in danger. He can't shake the feeling that something is hunting him down, and he might escape if he can hide from it. The fetch therefore might unconsciously develop dots in the Stealth Skill; or, if he feels his best chance of living involves finding and killing his hunter, the Survival Skill.

The Storyteller might choose to decide the fetch's game traits, or allow the player to do so. Either way has its advantages. If the Storyteller does it, the player truly does not know what to expect from her character's imposter, and this should heighten the suspense when the inevitable confrontation occurs. It is also probably more expedient for the Storyteller to handle this aspect of character creation, which might be a factor depending on how often and for how long the troupe meets. If the player does it, she has the ability to show the Storyteller exactly what she expects from the fetch/changeling dynamic, which is helpful for the chronicle as a whole. One way of compromising in this instance might be for the player to allocate the dots as usual, but for the Storyteller to spend a certain number of Experiences on the fetch to reflect its years in the mortal world.

Finally, consider Needle and Thread. As fae beings created for a purpose, fetches have these instead of Virtue and Vice just like changelings do. While their Needles are similar, their Threads can be stranger things, stemming from unconscious drives the Gentry instilled in them. A fetch could have a Thread of *Obedience*, never quite understanding its urge to do as it's told until it discovers the truth about itself; or it could have one of *Surveillance*, created to keep watch on the humans around it just in case the Gentry ever want to come back and pick through its memories. In rare cases, a Keeper might steal a human not because it even *wants* a changeling servant, but because it wants a fetch subliminally doing its bidding to accomplish something in the mortal world.

Character Creation in Brief

The first four steps of character creation proceed as described on p. 89 of this book, with regards to the number of dots that fetches have to distribute. The previous section discusses how to allocate those dots.

Step Five (adding the supernatural template) varies a bit:

- Fetches do not have access to Contracts.
- Fetches do not have seemings or kiths.
- Fetches cannot gain status in any of the courts. It is *possible*, however unlikely, for a fetch that is aware of its nature to gain the Court Goodwill Merit, but as fetches are not changelings it is not possible for them to have dots in Mantle. A fetch might come to think of himself as a member of a given court, and the courtiers might even regard him as one, but in game terms, the best he could hope for is a high Court Goodwill rating. Given that all changelings see fetches as reminders of the lives the Gentry stole from them, though, it would take a peculiar circumstance for changelings to even grudgingly accept a fetch into their society.
- Fetches begin with one dot of Wyrd just as changelings do. The Wyrd rating of a fetch *always* matches the Wyrd rating of the changeling it impersonates, though, so if the player trades Merit dots for Wyrd, or raises Wyrd with Experiences in play, the fetch reaps this benefit without expenditure.
- Fetches have Integrity, like mortals, rather than Clarity. They therefore derive none of the benefits that changelings do from having a high Clarity rating, but they also do not risk Integrity for the kinds of acts that deal Clarity damage to a changeling. Since fetches are not player-controlled characters, the Storyteller doesn't necessarily need to worry about breaking points or tracking the fetch's Integrity rating, but it makes for a useful benchmark as to how well the fetch holds its stolen life together. A fetch with Integrity 8 might have worked hard to maintain the life it has, and sees those accomplishments as valid even after learning of its true nature. A fetch with Integrity 2 has never really thought of itself as human at all, and might be oddly pleased to learn that it was right.
- Fetches automatically gain the Attuned to the Wyrd Echo. The player (or Storyteller) selects one additional Echo per dot of Wyrd the fetch possesses. During play, if the changeling's Wyrd rating increases, the fetch gains an additional Echo as well as a dot of Wyrd.

Magic of the Fetch

Fetches are unable to call upon Contracts; the magic that powers them just doesn't apply to fetches. Likewise, fetches cannot seal pledges, or forge oaths or bargains, though as creatures of the Wyrd, they are almost immune from having their own words sealed (p. 235). They are, however, able to use their fae heritage to their advantage. Fetches can call upon powers called *Echoes*.

Echoes, as the name implies, are powers based upon the fetch's relationship with its changeling counterpart. That is, the fetch is nothing but secondary to the

Echoes and the Chronicles of Darkness

Should a situation arise in which a fetch's Echo conflicts with the supernatural abilities of another, non-changeling being, the Storyteller can make a Clash of Wills **(p. 126)** using the fetch's Resolve + Wyrd.

changeling, a placeholder, a stopgap to prevent other humans from discovering and thwarting the Fae. Most Echoes only function in the presence of changelings, and some only function on the changeling that the fetch impersonates. Others play on effects similar to echoes — shadows, reflections, and other residue.

All fetches begin play with the Attuned to the Wyrd Echo, and gain additional Echoes as their Wyrd rating increases.

Fetches require a certain Wyrd rating to acquire Echoes. These requirements are noted after the name of the power ("Shadow Step (Wyrd 3)," for instance).

Echoes

- **Attuned to the Wyrd (automatic):** All fetches can recognize changelings for what they are, even before the changeling to whom they are attuned returns to the mortal world. Fetches see changelings' miens as well as their mortal guises, in much the same way that other changelings do. In addition, fetches can sense changelings coming before they see them. This sensation is general; the fetch cannot differentiate between changelings, but can tell when a changeling is within a 50-foot radius. The exception, of course, is the changeling that the fetch is impersonating. The fetch can immediately tell if that changeling is within this distance. This attunement means that changelings cannot surprise a fetch.
- **Call the Huntsmen (Wyrd 5):** The fetch can send up a beacon to any nearby Huntsmen, usually as a last resort. Since only powerful fetches have this ability, Huntsmen generally respond to this summons quickly. At the Storyteller's discretion, this Echo may summon the Gentry instead. Using this Echo requires an instant action and the expenditure of all of the fetch's Glamour (however much it has at the time, as long as it has any).
- **Death of Glamour (Wyrd 4):** The fetch becomes a sinkhole for Glamour, creating a small zone in which no Contracts are honored and no fae magic can function. Spend 10 points of Glamour and roll Resolve + Wyrd as an instant action; obviously, this Echo takes several turns to enact due to the Glamour expenditure. If the roll succeeds, no Contracts function within a 50-foot radius and all beings that can hold Glamour (including the fetch itself) lose one point per turn. This Echo lasts for one turn per success.
- **Enter the Hedge (Wyrd 1):** The fetch can enter the Hedge in the same ways a changeling can (p. 198).
- **Heart of Wax (Wyrd 1):** Made of Glamour and inanimate matter, the fetch feels no pain. The fetch ignores wound penalties. By spending a point of Glamour, it can reflexively shed the effect of a Tilt causing physical impairment for the scene.
- **Mimic Contract (Wyrd 2):** The fetch can use any Contract its changeling counterpart possesses. The fetch must have interacted with the changeling at least once, face to face, to use this Echo. This costs one point of Glamour, or the cost of the Contract, whichever is greater. Fetches cannot make use of Loopholes.
- **Normalcy (Wyrd 1):** This Echo is permanent and never needs to be activated, although the fetch can turn it *off* reflexively if it so desires. The fetch is completely undetectable by fae magic. As far as the perceptive magic of the Fae and changelings are concerned, the fetch is simply a human being. The fetch must turn this power off to use other Echoes, other than Attuned to the Wyrd.
- **Shadow Boxing (Wyrd 2):** Fighting one's fetch is like fighting one's shadow — you can't surprise it. The fetch can predict its changeling's next move with disturbing precision. Spend one point of Glamour for the fetch reflexively. For the remainder of the scene, the changeling receives no Defense against the fetch, though armor is unaffected.
- **Shadow Step (Wyrd 3):** The fetch can use shadows to teleport limited distances. The fetch must find a shadow large enough to step or fall into, and the Storyteller spends a point of Glamour. The fetch disappears into the shadow and reappears from any shadow of comparable size within 100 yards/meters. The fetch can use this power to escape from a pursuer, circumvent a locked door, or gain a tactical advantage over an opponent (appearing behind her, for instance). The teleportation normally requires an instant action, but if the Storyteller spends three points of Glamour, this action is reflexive. The fetch does not have to see where it is going, but if it cannot see its destination it gains no protection from unfavorable circumstances there.

- **Summon Shard (Wyrd 1):** In the modern world, the fetch is always armed. By touching a pane of glass, the fetch can summon a mirror-like blade reflexively. This requires the expenditure of one point of Glamour. The blade inflicts 1L, or 2L if the fetch pulled it from a mirror. The blade fades at the end of the scene.

Storytelling the Fetch

The role the fetch plays in the chronicle depends on the Storyteller and the players. That said, the fetch is well-suited to highlight a few of **Changeling**'s themes, and can make for stories unique to this game.

The fetch is fashioned out of a piece of a human being. Specifically, the Fae use a piece of the person's shadow, but this is an obvious metaphor for the soul…and to the Fae, metaphor is as good as truth. The fetch, therefore, is put into the role of imposter without any choice in the matter and usually with no idea of his position. It isn't until a changeling escapes from Arcadia and arrives home, breathless and bloodied from a harrowing run through the Hedge, that a fetch realizes he — it — is different.

What form does that realization take? One fetch sits bolt upright one night, sheet soaked with sweat, in the middle of a panic attack so intense he can barely breathe. Another finds herself standing in a crowded square one day, tears running down her face, because she suddenly cannot remember her name or where she lives. Yet another fetch walks out of class at the college he attends only to be grabbed by the lapels and slammed against the wall by a man that his friends don't get a good look at… but after the assailant runs away, the fetch is so terrified he can hardly stand, because the face of his attacker was identical to his own.

Fetches are not necessarily "evil twins" to **Changeling** characters. Remember that many believed themselves to be human until shown otherwise by their counterparts. As such, they can be anything that a human being can be — cruel, hateful, petty; but also loving, kind, and selfless. Are they more prone to sociopathy because they lack true souls, or do they mimic human morality because they are meant to blend in? Is killing a fetch really murder, from an ethical standpoint (what it means from a Clarity standpoint is discussed on p. 106)? Your troupe can confront these questions, if you wish to tell a story about the fetch.

How does the fetch react when it realizes it isn't human? Finding out it is a copy of a person, inserted into that person's life to cover up a kidnapping, is a traumatic event. Of course, since the fetch is a Storyteller-controlled character, how a given fetch responds is subservient to the needs of the chronicle, and should be informed by the player and how he sees the relationship with the fetch progressing. One player might be interested in hunting down and killing her character's fetch, no matter what. It might be interesting, then, for that fetch to try to continue living the changeling's life, dutifully doing what she was made to do, until the changeling forces her hand by becoming violent. Another player's character might be terrified to confront his fetch because that represents an attempt to retake his old life, and for whatever reason, he feels unready or unworthy to do that. This fetch might be more confident, ruthless, and opportunistic, forcing the player to make some tough and firm decisions to resolve the story.

Making the fetch a straight-out monster is always a possibility. Fetches aren't human, and learning that fact might propel the fetch headfirst into inhumanity. It might become violent, bloodthirsty, abusive, sociopathic, or just numb. If it knows the changeling is around, it might attempt to ruin the changeling's life in any number of terrible ways. It might even try to attract the attention of a Huntsman or the Gentry; after all, if the changeling goes back to Arcadia, the fetch gets its "life" back!

Conflicts inherent to **Changeling** are discussed in Chapter 7, but below are some conflicts and stories specific to the fetch and its role in the chronicle.

The Fetch as Adversary

Once the fetch realizes what it is and that the changeling exists, it might well be incensed. As long as the changeling is around, it knows it is a fake, a mannequin made to dupe the changeling's relatives. But while the changeling was gone, the fetch was doing all the work, and doing it quite well, thanks anyway. Why should the changeling get to show up and take it all away just because he actually happens to *be* the genuine person?

This kind of attitude doesn't have to stem from bitterness or fear, though it certainly can. The fetch might have a spouse and children, and whether it can feel genuine love or not, it isn't going to give up its family without a fight.

The fetch can be a violent adversary to a changeling. The two can spend their days sparring, attacking whatever the other holds dear, or playing a tense game of cat and mouse, each trying to maneuver the other into a deathtrap.

The fetch can also be a rival. The fetch and the changeling might both be part of the local changeling court, to whatever degree. What if the reigning monarch decrees that fetches cannot be killed, but must agree to give up their stolen lives and return to their changelings' shadows? The fetch would need to submit to this fate, or be beaten down and degraded to the point that he agrees. The battles between changeling and fetch then aren't literal, physical battles, but political and emotional games of wit and endurance.

The Fetch as Other Half

Some changelings believe they can merge with their fetches. The fetch can, according to rumors and fanciful tales, step back into the changeling's shadow and give up its stolen life. This is akin to death for the fetch, but the fetch's memories of its life as a human being transfer to the changeling. In that moment, the changeling becomes whole again and regains the entirety of his soul. He's still a changeling, yes — nothing's going to take that away from him — but he's human, as well.

It's a beautiful idea, but is it true? Enough changelings believe it that the idea persists, for whatever that's worth.

If merging with the fetch is possible, it requires an extraordinary set of circumstances. Perhaps as part of creating the fetch, the Fae had to build a clause into the Contract that enabled what was sundered to become whole again. This clause might involve beating the fetch in a certain type of combat, or it might require that the fetch knowingly and willingly agree to the "merger." Perhaps the changeling can complete this merger if he drags the fetch back into the Hedge and keeps him prisoner there for a certain amount of time…but that fetch will probably scream for help until he is hoarse, and in the Hedge, who knows what might answer?

The Fetch as a Question of Humanity

Strictly speaking, changelings don't have to feel bad about killing fetches. Not only are they manifestly not human, they are creations of the Gentry. They are living reminders of what a changeling has lost, and of the ongoing power the Gentry wield over the world. Destroying a fetch is not like killing a human being, not in any moral or literal sense.

It is possible for a fetch to adopt humanity, in a way. If a fetch displays human traits, and treats other people with respect and empathy (both of which can be learned), then in what meaningful way does it differ from humanity? One changeling might say it *doesn't*, and try to come to some kind of resolution. Maybe the changeling helps the fetch adopt a new identity, or maybe the changeling, altered by her time in Arcadia, moves on, letting her fetch have the life the Gentry took from her.

Another changeling might claim that aping humanity is irrelevant. The fetch is an automaton, a living (or at least animate) lie of the Gentry, and destruction is perfectly justified.

Both changelings are "right." Both positions are defensible. Both have the potential for powerful stories, especially if the changeling makes her decision but then has to deal with other Lost who "know better."

The Fetch as a Hard Lesson

The changeling cannot recover what she has lost. Teaching her that is, perhaps, the harshest use of the fetch in a **Changeling** story, but it is potentially a powerful one. A changeling might escape Arcadia, fight her way back through the Hedge, emerge bloodied and victorious in a place she recognizes, track down her fetch, kill or assimilate her, and expect to have "won." She hasn't. She cannot reclaim the time the Gentry took from her, nor can she obviate her durance. The best she can do is heal and move on.

That can mean any number of things for a changeling, but confronting the fetch is perhaps the best way for a character to symbolically confront the version of her that the Gentry took. She can look on what she might have become, had she not been kidnapped, and decide where to go from there. She might decide to destroy the fetch and reclaim her life. She might come to terms with the fetch, allowing her to keep her old life and go forth to forge a new one. She might take a much bitterer road — destroy the fetch, but remain apart from her old life. The underlying point is that the fetch represents the answer to a hard question: What does the changeling do about her pre-durance life?

Resolution

When a changeling finally confronts her fetch, what is the outcome? How does this story end? The player — and thus the character — has some options.

Kill the Fetch

The obvious answer is violence. As discussed, the changeling has every reason to want to destroy the fetch. This is probably the simplest resolution for a fetch-centered story in **Changeling: The Lost**, but that doesn't mean it's wrong or can't be satisfying. Killing the fetch might be cathartic, or it might grant the changeling a strong insight into what it means to be human…and how much of her own humanity she might have lost.

From a game-mechanics perspective, this result is much like any other fatal violence. The fetch falls apart into its constituent parts, the changeling might lose Clarity, and the story moves on. A blast of Glamour might accompany the death of a fetch as the magic holding it together is freed, or it might simply collapse into a bloodless heap. The changeling might refresh all Willpower or Glamour as a feeling of victory comes over her, or she might feel oddly empty; after all, a piece of her soul was used to make this thing and she just smashed it. In any case, the Storyteller should resist the temptation to make this scene just a simple fight. The fetch might be defiant and evil, sure, but what if the fetch is honestly confused as to why the changeling is attacking? What if the fetch begs to live? Can the changeling still pull the proverbial trigger?

Forgive the Fetch

The changeling might decide to accept the fetch for what it is — an attempt to copy the human being the

changeling was. If the fetch is still trying to behave in a humane (and human) fashion, the changeling might well decide to forgive the fetch's impersonation. After all, the fetch really didn't have a lot of say in the matter.

This kind of resolution should probably take the form of an intense scene between the changeling and the fetch. If the rest of the motley is there, that's fine, but don't let more talkative players steal thunder from the character in question. The changeling needs to come to some kind of closure with the fetch, and that involves figuring out the practical ramifications of "live and let live." Put another way, if the changeling and the fetch are, in many ways, the same person, who gets to keep the house? Is one of them going to leave town? Are they going to try to share the life, which is probably destined to become a train wreck and therefore a great source of drama?

Beyond the temporal considerations, though, they should come to some kind of resolution on the time the changeling spent in her durance. What did she miss? If she had children, the fetch can fill her in on the milestones and important events that happened during her absence. If the fetch has been performing the changeling's job, she'll need to know about new faces at the office and any promotions (or demotions) that happened while she was away. It might be better to walk away from some facets of this life and start fresh, but might the fetch not see that as unfair?

Reclaim the Fetch

Fetches are made, in part, of a piece of a person's soul. Suppose the changeling wants her soul back?

If a character wants to merge with her fetch, she needs to understand it. She needs to find where it was created and, if possible, learn how. She needs to figure out what it was made from — detritus in the Hedge? The abducted person's clothes? The skin and bones of an unfortunate animal? Whatever the Gentry had in its pockets at the time?

The changeling needs to understand what the fetch has been through, but also needs to come to terms with it herself. She needs to reconnect with the people in her life and be honest with at least one of them about where she's been, which probably means confessing that she's been gone at all. She needs to forgive the fetch as described in the previous section, but then reclaim the piece of her soul from it. Does that mean actually cutting open the fetch and removing its heart? That's a simplistic, but visceral, way to represent the act. The changeling could also physically connect with the fetch — a kiss, an embrace, or just a hand held to the fetch's heart.

What happens to the changeling if she reclaims this piece of her soul? Any mechanical benefits are up to the Storyteller, but the experience should be transcendent. The character has accomplished something few of the Lost ever bother to try, and that should carry some kind of reward. Maybe the changeling permanently increases her maximum Clarity, or becomes invisible to Huntsmen for a given period of time. Maybe she can teach her method to other changelings. After all, what would it mean if fetches learned they aren't necessarily doomed, false people? What would it mean if changelings learned they could take back so much of what the Gentry stole?

The Loyal

Arcadia is a place of grand beauty, but great suffering. Most changelings would pay nearly any price to avoid being forced to return, an attitude that has shaped changeling society into one that stands in opposition to the True Fae. This singular focus makes that society equally unsuited to dealing with threats from within. The society of changelings prides itself on welcoming without ostracizing, valuing every Lost's experiences as equal. When internal threats arise, they're difficult to address with any degree of nuance.

For all their intrigue, courts are built on a fundamental, unifying premise: haven against the life stealers and lie smiths. Communal defense is an eminently human reaction to shared danger, providing magical and social protection in the form of Mantles. Those who defy the courts are more than mere traitors when they're revealed: They are betrayers of the sacred compact, transgressors against the *concept* of safety and mutual survival that binds changeling society.

No one motive forces a changeling to eschew the safety of the courts, though commonalities emerge that allow classification for colloquial parlance. In general, these courtless are called loyalists, though only a few truly remain loyal to the Gentry (and some aren't truly courtless). Greed motivates some, a refusal to play the games of the court others. Still others are consumed by shame and addiction, bound interminably to the True Fae. The tiger that stalks the courts has three stripes: Bridge-Burner, Privateer, and True Loyalist.

Whatever their varying motivations, a confirmed loyalist faces exile or swift, sure execution in the best-case scenario…and a harrowing, vitriol-filled public execution in the worst. They feel the kiss of cold iron, knowing none of their executioners ever want to think, *there but for the grace of Fate go I*, because that line of thought leads to Clarity's disintegration.

Distinguishing Between the Loyal

Most of courtly society doesn't distinguish between loyalists. All who refuse to engage with the base premise of changeling society could potentially be loyal in the eyes of

The Courtless

Not all courtless are loyalists, but courtiers tend to see them that way. Changelings who just want to go about their business without joining a court and have no particular agenda rarely interact much with player characters, unless the characters *themselves* are courtless, focusing more on reclaiming their old lives than finding a new purpose. The courts impose a stigma of suspicion on these changelings, condemning them, even if for nothing more sinister than sticking their heads in the sand when they could be helping their fellows. That doesn't mean the courts are necessarily right – but if it's hard to identify a real loyalist *within* the courtly structure, how much harder is it to do so in the wild? Fear motivates this stigma more than anything, and this dynamic could be an interesting one to explore if the troupe likes.

the courts, and the reasons don't truly matter. Bridge-Burners, at least, are usually open about their motives and heresy — while they endanger all others around them by openly refusing to adopt a Mantle and engaging in scorched-Hedge tactics, their hearts are against the True Fae, and therefore in the right place. The courts paint privateers and True Loyalists with the same broad brush of betrayer, though, and they generally tend to be far more insidious. Privateers sell their fellow changelings to the Gentry or to slave traders at the Goblin Markets, and the reasons are mercenary. Whether on retainer or on an ad hoc basis, a privateer is beholden only to her profit motive. True Loyalists, by contrast, serve the Others directly, but for an infinite variety of reasons. Of the three, True Loyalists are perhaps the most pitiable, and simultaneously the most reviled. Nobody wants to hear the means that justify an end in enslavement.

Bridge-Burners

"Our memories of this world allowed us purchase to return from the Hedge. All acknowledge this, yet few recognize the converse: The belief of our fellows allows the Others purchase here."

Loyalist. The mere appellation rankles the Bridge-Burners — if anything, their hatred of the Others eclipses everything else. The courts utilize the tools and methods of the enemy, making Bargains and singing sagas of opposition. For the Burners, playing the game at all is playing it on the enemy's home turf. They seek an ultimate end to Arcadia's relationship with Earth, hence the name *Bridge-Burner.*

They wear that name as a badge of honor, because some bridges should never be crossed. The Burners range anywhere from "courtless with mildly controversial opinions" to "terrorist dream-murderer." Belief, dreams, pledges, emotion — these are sources of power and Glamour for the True Fae, the reasons they abduct humans beyond the Hedge. The logic of the Burners is undeniable: Cut the Gentry off from the source of their might, deny them crossings of the Hedge, and they will cease to find humanity interesting. Destroying the supply train of an invading army is a time-honored military tactic, because it works. Poison the wells, burn the bridges, and your enemy withers and quits the field.

To that end, the Bridge-Burners annihilate anything they think might attract the Fae, their goals ranging from encouraging science without wonder, to getting a local school board to eliminate music programs at elementary schools, to acting as ad hoc muses for architects using the Brutalist style (they're particularly proud of the role they had in the J. Edgar Hoover Building the FBI used as a headquarters for a half century). They hunt and kill any fetches they find, and attempt to eradicate any site that might have some sort of Arcadian resonance. Skilled oneiromancers, they raze the dreams of lucid dreamers and those who have suffered the poisons of the True Fae.

Bridge-Burners become rabid and terroristic promoters of hard logic, science, and technology that defies the Hedge. They don't eschew magic, however: Theirs are the Contracts that manipulate memory, belief, and dreams. None of the Bridge-Burners truly care if their actions render a mortal incapable of empathy or creativity. It stops the True Fae and prevents them from taking people. This is *war.* Casualties are expected and acceptable. To that end, Burners are also some of the most media-aware Lost, aggressively seeking out hunters and attempting to sway other Lost with propaganda. It's not unusual for urban changelings to receive a Burner mass text with a cheerfully vague call to arms. The real message is easy to grasp: If *we* can find you, so can They.

They're loathe to admit it, but it's fear, righteousness, and fanaticism that motivates the Bridge-Burners. The fear that drives them is that of the Wild Hunt triumphant, of the full might of the True Fae turned against the changelings. Their righteousness is that of the zealot: such certainty in their cause that Clarity is rarely an impediment to their impossible task of war against Arcadia. Their fanaticism is that of the hardened survivor, of someone who has seen true war.

History

The Bridge-Burners, as a unified philosophy, have their origins in the Age of Enlightenment. The concept

The Bridge-Burner's Tale

All your life, you dreamed of armor, a glittering shell protecting you from the world. In your dreams, you sat astride mighty destriers, sword and shield in hand. One night, you realized that you were in a dream, but you didn't wake up. The Others came seeking a vassal, and you came to know the true horror of war.

You fought your way clear and destroyed the thing that looked like you, but you knew you'd been taken because of your dreams. You dreaded falling asleep, even as your husband commented on the change in your behavior. So you sought in the dreams of others instead. And one night, you found yourself back on the tournament field, but the champion's face was your daughter's.

That night, as she sank into fitful, sweating sleep, you slipped into her dreams. So vibrant in their fever pitch, shuddering under the weight of sickly madness, they were a grand and inviting beacon. You saw the thorns creeping in. If you didn't act, they would have her as they had you. That's why the songbirds no longer sing in your garden; you crushed bones and captured death screams, bound skin and feathers in a dreamcatcher lined with iron spikes (the scars on your hands still haven't faded). As your daughter tossed, you hung the catcher above her head.

In the morning, you plucked the small bit of bloody gray meat from the iron spikes and chewed it thoughtfully while you caressed the fresh scar on her forehead. She would never dream again, but that was a small choice to pay for her safety.

of using occult architecture and mortal science as defenses against the Fae has existed since a group of Wyrdbuilder masons sprung up in the Dark Ages, but the Burners grew from seeds sown by Thomas More and Sir Francis Bacon. The idea that reason could triumph over superstition was the keystone binding the Bridge-Burners together. Even then, the Gentry had no problem abducting skeptics and early scientists, but the Bridge-Burners felt this was an issue with the world-wide problem of belief and wonder. This belief, they proclaimed to crowds in freeholds, was a bright and shining beacon to the Others, a blazing signal fire seen from Arcadia's Plutonian shores. The upswelling of returning Lost during Victoria's reign was proof enough of that. From their metropoles of London and Paris, Bridge-Burners attempted to convince traditional Seasonal Courts to favor Summer. Even if the True Fae didn't cease in their attempts to abduct mortals — even if the Bridge-Burners never made a dent in the numbers — the 20th century gave the Bridge-Burners far more weapons with which to fight the Arcadians. Even as belt-fed machine guns chattered and flung iron at a rate magic could never match, ancient changelings pulled themselves into movie sets that replicated the days of antiquity. The biggest successes came early, before Hollywood clamped down on set design: Anyone who looks closely at the special features of Cecil B. DeMille's *The Ten Commandments* will catch a glimpse of a fleeing motley.

Carey Ives

"Don't be afraid, little one. I won't let them take you."

Background: Ives has stalked several suburban towns of the Midwestern United States since the early 1980s, catching the dreams of young and imaginative children in a rusty iron dreamcatcher. Of this much the local courts are aware. Few know Ives' history — taken by the Others from her parents' farm during the Great Depression, returning to the world during the Summer of Love, raising a family with a husband who knew nothing of her troubles. In Arcadia, she served as the faceless challenger, jousting for her Keeper to face champions from every kingdom and draining them of life and Glamour when they fell, with a helm's visor serving as her only expression of self. Once she returned, she could not bear to endure the way the freehold embraced the trappings of fae nobility, and rejected its aid. Ives' separation from the courts and her growing fear for her child led her to do the unthinkable. Yet once her child was safe, the fear returned, and so Ives went.

While the mutilation of children's dreams is what she's known for best, Ives has participated in other Bridge-Burning activities, sometimes literally — burning down magnet schools, slashing art galleries after hours, and murdering fantasy authors. She's well-known at this point, but frighteningly good at penetrating courts, a talent that lends credence to her frequent arguments of courtiers becoming complacent.



Description: Ives is in her mid-50s, and her mortal Mask shows it. She gets by on the largesse of her fellow Bridge-Burners, who banded together to keep one another fed and clothed with truck-stop meals and thrift-store clothing. Her fae mien has featureless black armor in place of skin, everywhere but her hands. Her calloused fingers, perpetually stained with rust and dried blood behind the Mask, wield weapons and craft traps as well as they suck the life out of people.

Storytelling Hints: She's the quiet one in back, and she enjoys it when they whisper *Bridge-Burner* as she passes. In the beginning, she did this to keep her daughter safe, and in her heart she knows it's wrong, but she can't turn back now. The freeholds could never protect anyone, just keep them still and placid. Only by making the Others uninterested in this world can she be safe from them. Only by being what they didn't like to see will she be free.

Seeming: Darkling

Kith: Leechfinger

Court: Courtless

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social Attributes: Presence 1, Manipulation 2, Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Crafts 2, Occult 2, Science 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Larceny (Breaking and Entering) 2, Stealth 3, Weaponry 3

Social Skills: Empathy (Oneiromancy) 1, Intimidation 4, Socialize (School Systems) 1, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Anonymity 2, Defensive Dreamscaping, Dreamweaver, Fleet of Foot 3, Glamour Fasting

Willpower: 6

Current/Maximum Clarity: 3/6

Needle: Traditionalist

Thread: Family

Touchstones: None

Aspiration: To stop children from dreaming

Initiative: 5

Defense: 5

Size: 5

Speed: 11

Health: 8

Wyrd: 3

Glamour/per Turn: 12/3

Frailties: Must engage in formal courtly ceremony when it's appropriate (minor taboo)

Favored Regalia: Mirror, Sword

Contracts: Dreamsteps, Glimpse of a Distant Mirror, Know the Competition, Oathbreaker's Punishment, Red Revenge, Touch of Wrath

Privateers

"Yah, yah, I know. Don't make this harder on the both of us. 'Cause in the end, you'd do the same right back to me, 'twere your ass up against the wall. Besides, I'm not the one you should be 'fraid of."

If fear is the common motivating emotion behind the Bridge-Burners, avarice is the equivalent among the privateers. Humans, changelings, even the more exotic breeds once mortal that stalk the night: a privateer will acquire them. Put simply, privateers drag their kidnapped victims across the Hedge and sell them to Goblin Market slave-stall owners — or even to the True Fae themselves. As mercenaries who sell their own kind to the Gentry or goblins in exchange for profit, privateers are universally loathed. While a changeling might forgive the Bridge-Burners for their excess and pity the loyalists even as he hates them, a privateer's actions are unforgivable. Even in liberal courts, Bridge-Burning or True Loyalist behavior can result in exile, but privateering carries a sentence of a headsman's cold iron.

The agreement is a simple one, usually brokered between the prospective privateer and her benefactor. Some Keepers use privateers as ad hoc Huntsmen, but more often it is the Huntsmen themselves who enlist privateers, ferreting out the weaknesses of their target's fellows. Some privateers sign a contract of marque for Glamour, others for mortal power or rewards. Such rewards can be lucrative, and a Huntsman can offer much. No few privateers merely dabble in the profession, engaging in slave trading for a healthy sampling of tokens and rare weapons made of Faerie's essence, or temporary protection from other Huntsmen. Depending on the changeling, bargaining for freedom isn't out of the question, but most privateers prefer to honor a deal made for capturing a changeling — breaking a vow to the Lords of Faerie or even mere goblins can be bad for one's health. Besides, they say, isn't it better to define the terms of a relationship with the Fae in contracts and Glamour than to live like a fugitive, forever burdened by fear?

Like their long-ago mortal counterparts, privateers are themselves protected from the Gentry by contracts of marque, free from a Huntsman's reprisal. Few begin their careers serving one of the Gentry close to losing all Clarity, but Clarity rarely survives a prolonged privateer lifestyle. Much like its historical namesake, privateering tends to be a temporary avocation. Eventually, the contract of marque becomes too demanding, or their Lost victims ken to the danger in their midst — or they simply either run out of victims or lose all Clarity, whichever comes first.

Most freeholds don't talk about it, but a bout of privateering in the histories of long-lived Lost isn't considered unusual. Courts rise and fall with the seasons, but the times between a draped mantle of protection are vulnerable and trying. Powerful, elder Lost can behave with striking mercy at times toward a suspected privateer, motivated not by a sense of shared experience and community but by guilt.

Other Motives

Out of all the groups of changeling antagonists, privateers are perhaps the most directly inimical to the Lost's safety and way of life. It's for this reason that so many privateers hook up with hunter cells without even a shred of irony, stalking nightmares that walk with human faces. Driven to war against creatures worse than any tale told by Keats or the Brothers Grimm, changeling hunters are rare, but frighteningly effective – because privateers see their mortal cellmates as useful cover. No few Lost have been herded into the Hedge to escape a harrowing encounter with cold iron only to find a privateer waiting for them.

Other privateers aren't themselves hunters, but they know it's not just the Gentry who will pay a pretty penny to get their hands on a changeling. They act as hirelings for any faction or individual with mystical resources to offer who wants the Lost for their own obsessions or nefarious purposes. Anybody with a desire selfish or desperate enough can find a use for captive fae magic, and privateers are already well-positioned to do the dirty work.

History

When humanity created the revolutionary concept of privateering to supplement the navy in the late 15th century, it spread through Arcadia like wildfire. Hundreds of privateers, given official protection and pledges of service, plagued the Elizabethan Lost. For a time in the early 18th century, entire courts collapsed in cities serving as transatlantic hubs, their protections replaced by a loose confederation of privateers out for themselves, snapping up newfound Lost and returning them to the Hedge. Still, these privateer utopias could not sustain themselves in anarchy; the Huntsmen offered especial bounties on their best privateers, and wars among the Lost depopulated freeholds across entire countries.

Few of the so-called utopias survived after the Chain Wars, as changeling talespinners would later call them. The last of them was Puerto Vallarta, surviving until the 1980s, when privateers preyed on transient Lost and rich

The Privateer's Tale

Hands reached to you as soon as you escaped the Hedge. Others just like you, but while your wounds were freshly bloodied, their hands had long since scarred over. They took you in, taught you the way of the world that lay beside the real one. Soon, you felt the weight of mantling on your shoulders. You were to have a role, a place in the freehold.

But that meant a crown to swear fealty to. You said yes to a king once, and this time you were smart enough to say no. You knelt once, never again. And that was it for your time as a courtier.

Except now you're back. You met someone who didn't ask obeisance, just a fair exchange of goods for services. He's in the Hedge, though you've recognized him at Market before. Gold, Glamour, protection — you can have it, but you have to work for it. What did he want? Not what, but who. The weak. The arrogant.

You're not a role in someone else's story. You're freer than anyone else.

Americans fulfilling mortal needs deemed improper by society. On sands overlooking the Bahía de Banderas, privateers took men whose chief crime was dreaming of freedom. Like all the others, this utopia was consumed from within, whittled down until a single roving motley put a final end to the last privateers. Even today, the words *Puerto Vallarta* inspire crackdowns on Hedge travel in a freehold; no one wants to see the privateer utopias rise again.

True Loyalists

"What do you mean, you don't understand? You do, if you think about it. You just believe it's a choice, a lack of willpower or misplaced loyalty. And you have to believe that none of those things actually matter."

Svikari. Bradwr. Quisling. *Traitor.* No matter the language, none are more reviled than the willing collaborator, the fifth columnist whose loyalties lie with the occupiers rather than the occupied. Survivors of literally inhuman treatment, changelings can at least *understand* the motivations of Bridge-Burners and privateers, even if their actions are still roundly condemned. Yet for True Loyalists, they feel only confusion and contempt, a reflexive outpouring of rage toward those who would willingly reenter servitude and bring others with them. Only the rankest Lost would prefer the durance to freedom. Only the weak would fall back into slavery.

The most dangerous loyalist hates and fears the Gentry as much as anyone else. They believe themselves immune to further predation. They've escaped, like everyone else, surviving Arcadia with the twin scars of seeming and kith. Every changeling is a survivor, yet many Lost are victims still. Arcadia's a place of enchantment and horror, but it follows the oddly predictable whims of the True Fae. Predictable yet dangerous is often preferable to facing the unknown, a truth many changelings refuse to admit at the end of the day. They're defended by the courts that spin a tale of dominance and struggle, where a changeling must expend great effort and risk to maintain her status.

(Your Keeper would take you back. They always do.)

Next are the Lost whose long durance of abuse and habit found them lacking some part of their psychology or physiology, rendering them dependent on their Keepers. Sustained by the inimitable nature of Arcadian magic, a changeling may find himself deeply uncomfortable in the now-foreign magical atmosphere of Earth, unable to function without some unique presence or substance. For every Lost glad to be rid of the terrible beauty of their Keeper, another wakes up sweating and shaking, crying at his loss. Still another, the flowers of her hair wilting, feels the pollen of spring wash over her and compares the inadequate lovemaking to Arcadian flora. Without a motley-mate of the same kith, it's difficult to explain.

(The Huntsmen know, though. They have a knack for finding these things out.)

Last and saddest of all are the changelings who fall to regret, who come to deny the essential part of their humanity that dared yearn for freedom. Some indelible defiance led the Lost to escape Arcadia, and it's this that True Loyalists lose sight of, themselves lost in a lack of Clarity. For all their agency and increased responsibility, the lure of a love too beautiful to deny or the dizzying highs of a durance with purpose overshadows the horrifying memories of the lowest suffering. In time, these changelings feel their memories of their Keepers growing rosier, a feeling of being incomplete without them. This stripe of loyalist desires the company of others when they return to blessed Arcadia, to the roles they have been molded and broken and rebuilt to fulfill. Back to Arcadia, away from the cold, cruel world, back to fill the hole they left and set right their long absence.

The Loyalist's Tale

Every day since you crossed the Hedge, your flame grew dimmer. You wished that were a metaphor, but embers burn where your heart once beat, and each night they smoldered down to ash. No one in the freehold could help you, though they were all sympathetic to your plight. The goblins at Market could get you what you need — the wax of azure bees — but they asked for your seventh-born son. You weren't even sure you could have a *first*-born, since your genitals are hot enough to melt plastic.

Summer's warmth sustained you a bit, but you knew you'd never see spring again. As you watched the fireflies dance in the evening, you saw their flames mirroring your own. You remembered how Prince Yonder's seneschal smiled as the pyreflies burrowed under your skin and turned your meat to sweet smoke. As they danced, the pyreflies spoke to you, in the language of flickering flames.

"Your light shines so prettily this side of the Hedge," they said. "But the Prince's hall grows dark."

You knew what was asked of you. One by one, the fireflies flared out and fell. Their tiny bodies plopped against a wrapped package sitting amid the grass. Inside was a lump of something blue.

History

True Loyalists have existed as long as the Lost have, for as long as changelings have crossed over the Hedge and looked back with longing. They were not reviled for all of that time, though; when courts were weak or not present, the percentage of Lost falling back into rhythm with their Keepers was far greater than in the modern era. It wasn't until changelings truly began to form a society of their own that the numbers of loyalists dwindled.

The psychology of the Loyal is indelibly, ineffably human, however; so long as the Fae drag humans to Arcadia, some will long for it, long after they've left. Keepers and Huntsmen sense these psychological breaking points with the frightening accuracy of someone who knows the Lost intimately. The changeling's new life becomes one of subtle coercion, gentle threats, and then outright intimidation, an attempt to bring the Lost back into the circle of his Keeper.

Unforgiving attitudes still hold fast among the courts, though some have recently shown signs of being more sympathetic to the plight of the loyalist, trying to bring them into the fold rather than condemning them outright.

Storytelling the Loyal

True Loyalists and privateers differ from Bridge-Burners in that they're more insidious. They degrade the cohesion of changeling society from within, rather than representing an external threat. Still, for all that, Loyalists and privateers aren't necessarily any more dangerous than anyone else in any given freehold. What they do, however, is heighten **Changeling**'s mood of paranoia and trust by necessity. It's important for the Storyteller to make loyalists neither glaringly obvious nor ubiquitous, lest they completely undermine the feeling of security a freehold and court provide. True Loyalists threaten the changeling's own narrative of their experiences in Arcadia, while privateers tend to be far more impersonal about their motives. Not all privateers like the True Fae; some would be consumed by their hatred, if they weren't consumed by their avarice. Not all True Loyalists serve the True Fae out of love — some receive exotic goods or other payment for leal service.

Hedge Ghosts

It's easy to get lost in the Hedge. It's easy to wander among the brambles, hoping for a break in the growth and a glimpse of familiar ground that never comes. It's easy to stumble into a pit lined with walls that weep real tears, sadness slicking the surface so you can't climb back out. It's easy to crash through the branches into an open area, only to find you've wandered into a circle of hungry trolls arguing over which protein goes best with their stew. (Surprise, it's you.)

It's easy to *die* in the Hedge, and the dead tend to stick around.

Not all Hedge ghosts, however, are former changelings or humans. Emotions shape the Hedge: strong impressions of fear and pain, joy and rapture, feelings that can grow so overwhelming that they awaken as their own entities. Travelers passing through the Hedge also leave pieces of themselves behind, bits of their souls that snag on the Thorns. A potent enough Icon may detach itself and continue wandering, or a hobgoblin seamstress may gather Icons up and sew them into something new, made entirely out of other scraps of souls.

Creating Hedge Ghosts

Hedge ghost creation is similar to the rules for other ephemeral beings in the **Chronicles of Darkness Rulebook** on p. 122, with a few notable differences. First, the Storyteller decides on the Hedge ghost's Wyrd (not Rank), ranging from 1 to 10. Wyrd determines how many dots the Storyteller can spend on other traits, as follows:

The term "Hedge ghost" is what changelings have come to call these spectral beings, but they are separate entities from traditional ghosts; their Anchors are strange, and they don't often interact with the mortal world.

Glamour

While ordinary ghosts and spirits use Essence to fuel their powers, Hedge ghosts rely on Glamour. These entities harvest Glamour in much the same way changelings do: by leeching it from the emotions of passing travelers, or by consuming goblin fruits and other Hedge bounties. Hedge ghosts can harvest Glamour from ambient emotions (p. 103), but they can't reap it. They can only harvest Glamour from mortals or other Hedge ghosts, but a changeling may voluntarily give up Glamour to a Hedge ghost with a touch.

Dreams are also a potential source of Glamour for Hedge ghosts. While they can't access all the benefits of oneiromancy, Hedge ghosts may attempt to influence their victim's dreams, manipulating whatever story the dream is playing out to evoke a particular emotion. This may involve the Hedge ghost calling up a particular fond memory for the dreamer to relive, or causing someone the dreamer loves or hates intensely to appear, or dredging up their deepest fears and letting the nightmare unspool.

To enter its target's dreams, the Hedge ghost must find and breach its target's Bastion through the Gate of Horn (p. 217), or pass through the Gate of Ivory directly into a sleeper's dreams by touching the target's physical body or dream form. It enters dreams in its usual form. Regardless of which gate it passes through, it uses the following rules. A Hedge ghost caught in a dream when a Bastion is destroyed (p. 222) must escape in the same way a changeling would or suffer the same consequences.

Cost: 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Finesse + Wyrd − Resolve

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The Hedge ghost enters the target's dreams. When the target wakes, the ghost receives points of Glamour equal to the number of successes the Storyteller rolled.

Exceptional Success: The Hedge ghost enters the target's dreams and finds a trove of emotionally resonant elements at the surface of the target's thoughts: fears and hopes, the best and worst days of her life, the faces of her loved ones. The Hedge ghost receives two points of Glamour for every success instead.

Failure: The Hedge ghost is unable to enter the target's dreams.

Dramatic Failure: The Hedge ghost not only fails to control the target's dreams, but actually gets trapped within them until the target wakes up naturally. The Hedge ghost is only an observer. It can't deliberately evoke emotions or harvest Glamour, although the dreamer might experience nightmares naturally due to its presence, and it takes one point of lethal damage plus one for each dot of Supernatural Tolerance its victim possesses.

Attributes and Skills

Hedge ghosts use a condensed set of Attributes for their rolls, based on the Power, Finesse, and Resistance categories for mortal characters. Hedge ghosts that were previously living characters may take an average of their Attribute ratings in each of the three categories.

Power represents the raw ability of the Hedge ghost to impose itself on the world around it. Use Power for rolls that require Strength, Intelligence, or Presence.

Hedge Ghost Wyrd

Wyrd*	Trait Limits**	Attribute Dots	Maximum Glamour	Numina	Total Frailties
1-2	5 dots	5-8	10	1-3	One minor
3-4	7 dots	9-14	15	3-5	Two minor
5-6	9 dots	15-25	20	5-7	One major, two minor
7-8	12 dots	26-35	25	7-9	One major, three minor
9-10	15 dots	36-45	50	9-11	Two major, three minor

*Wyrd is the Hedge ghost's Supernatural Tolerance trait; for every two dots of Wyrd it possesses, impose a −1 modifier on attempts to forcibly bind it

**These represent permanent dots, not temporarily boosted ones.



Finesse represents how deftly the Hedge ghost acts, when fine control is required. Use Finesse for rolls that require Dexterity, Wits, or Manipulation.

Resistance represents how easily the Hedge ghost avoids or rebuffs attempts to control or harm it. Use Resistance for rolls that require Stamina, Resolve, or Composure.

Hedge ghosts don't possess Skills, but don't suffer unskilled penalties as long as the action they're attempting makes sense for their nature. The Storyteller rolls their Attribute + Rank for most actions, or Attribute + Attribute for actions like surprise and perception.

The Storyteller can spend Glamour to boost an Attribute on a one-point-per-dot basis for the scene. She can't boost a single trait by more than half its Wyrd, rounded up; boosting takes a turn, and she can only boost one Attribute per turn.

Advantages

Hedge ghosts don't have a Clarity or Integrity trait. Because their traits are simplified, Hedge ghosts calculate derived traits differently from other characters.

Corpus: Hedge ghosts' physical forms are often malleable, and don't suffer injuries the same way changeling bodies do. Instead of Health, Hedge ghosts have Corpus, equal to Resistance + Size, which acts like Health boxes when the Hedge ghost is injured. Corpus boxes don't have wound penalties associated with them.

Willpower: Willpower is equal to Finesse + Resistance, up to a maximum of 10. Normally, Hedge ghosts regain Willpower at the rate of one point per day, but time can run strangely in the Hedge. Rather than a 24-hour cycle, Hedge ghosts' Willpower may return based on an event that occurs regularly: when the thistleflower unfurls its petals, when the seven sable horses of Lady Rosewing reach the crossroads, or at the briarwolf's howl upon waking.

If the Hedge ghost is a being born of the Hedge or crafted by the True Fae, it regains one point of Willpower per three points of Glamour stolen from its victims.

Anchors: Like changelings, Hedge ghosts have Threads. However, Hedge ghosts' Threads don't stem from personal motivations, but instead reflect the circumstances behind their creations, the places they haunt, or the drives of their creators. Once per scene, if a player character causes a Hedge ghost to affirm its Thread, the player gains a Beat. Hedge ghosts who affirm their Threads refresh their Willpower following the Thread rules on p. 95.

A former living character who died in the Hedge retains the character's Vice or Needle trait. Once per chapter, the Hedge ghost may regain all spent Willpower by fulfilling its Vice or Needle. No Hedge ghost has a Virtue.

Initiative: Initiative is equal to Finesse + Resistance.

Defense: Defense is equal to the lower of Power or Finesse. Hedge ghosts apply Defense against all mundane attacks, including firearms.

Speed: Speed is equal to Power + Finesse.

Size: Hedge ghosts can be any size. Human and changeling ghosts are usually Size 5, while Hedge ghosts whose origins lie in the Hedge itself use half their Wyrd, rounded up, as their Size.

Injuries

Physical attacks on a Hedge ghost that would normally cause lethal damage only cause bashing damage unless the attack utilized a bane frailty. Despite appearing to the naked eye and being solid, a Hedge ghost doesn't have any internal organs to injure. Hedge ghosts lose one point of Glamour for each aggravated wound they suffer.

A Hedge ghost that loses all Corpus from lethal or aggravated wounds explodes into a burst of Glamour, but if it had any Glamour points remaining, it can reform in the Hedge once enough time has passed for it to regain Glamour points equal to its Corpus dots.

Hedge ghosts heal at the same rate as changeling characters (p. 188). The Storyteller may also spend Willpower to heal a Hedge ghost's wounds. One point of Willpower heals two points of bashing damage or one point of lethal damage, as an instant action. It takes five Willpower and a day's rest to heal one point of aggravated damage.

Aggravated wounds healed by Willpower leave silvery scars and other permanent markings on the Hedge ghost's form. They patch themselves up by memory, sometimes stitching wounds with scraps of clothing caught on the Thorns.

Frailties

Like changelings, Hedge ghosts suffer from frailties (p. 102). Unlike changelings' frailties, the consequences of a Hedge ghost's frailty could be something other than damage and penalties, such as discorporation or entrapment for a time, especially with major frailties.

These frailties are connected to the means of the Hedge ghost's creation. The ghost of a changeling who died seeking a way out of the Hedge must stop and try any doorknob she spies. If the Weeping Groom can be made to laugh, he loses his form until the next sunrise. The Ragdoll Ghost falls to pieces if its foe possesses a patch from the same clothing it's made of. Whispering Kate will speak the location of someone's long lost love if they bring her petals from roses that dried on her grave.

Cold iron is an additional bane frailty for all Hedge ghosts. An item made from cold iron inflicts one level of aggravated damage per turn while it's in contact with the entity. Weapons made from cold iron deal aggravated damage.

Influence

Hedge ghosts have a degree of Influence over the world, which they can leverage to create situations that provide them with Glamour. They begin with dots in Influence equal to half their Wyrd, rounded up. That value is also the maximum rating for an Influence, but a Hedge ghost can split its dots to have more than one Influence. A Wyrd 6 Hedge ghost that froze to death in the Hedge, for example, might have Influence: Cold •• and Influence: Lethargy •. Hedge ghosts may reduce their number of Numina granted by Wyrd to increase Influence dots, at a cost of 1 Numen per dot.

Influence is measured in both scale and duration. To use an Influence, compare the Hedge ghost's Influence rating to the total dots of the intended effect and how long it is to last. The total must be equal to or less than the entity's Influence rating in order to attempt the Influence.

The entity pays the listed cost in Glamour and rolls Power + Finesse, with success creating the desired effect. If the Influence alters the thoughts or emotions of a sentient being, the target contests it with Resolve or Composure (whichever is higher) + Supernatural Tolerance.

Influence Effects

Level	Effect	Cost
• Strengthen	The Hedge ghost can enhance its sphere of influence.	1 Glamour
•• Manipulate	The Hedge ghost can make minor changes within its sphere of influence.	2 Glamour
••• Control	The Hedge ghost can make dramatic changes within its sphere of influence.	3 Glamour
•••• Create	The Hedge ghost can create a new example of its sphere of influence.	4 Glamour
••••• Mass Create	The Hedge ghost can create multiple examples of its sphere of influence, of a number up to half its Wyrd, rounded up; or it can create one example permanently, though it can't permanently alter the mind of a sentient being.	5 Glamour

Influence Durations

Level	Duration	Cost
0	One minute per success	N/A
•	10 minutes per success	N/A
••	One hour per success	+1 Glamour
•••	One day per success	+2 Glamour
••••	Permanent	+2 Glamour

Manifestation

Hedge ghosts don't need to spend Glamour to manifest physically and visibly inside the Hedge, but they must have the Dematerialize Numen (below) if they want to lurk unseen there.

If a Hedge ghost's Glamour pool fully depletes, it takes one point of lethal damage to its Corpus for every hour it goes without replenishing Glamour.

While Hedge ghosts do try to draw in mortals who pass by Hedge gates, they rarely venture into the mortal world itself, nor are they likely to enter Arcadia. This is partly because the Hedge is *home*; it's where they hold the most power, and in many cases, Hedge ghosts are made from the stuff of the Hedge itself. They also see what becomes of creatures who catch the Gentry's fancy, and have no wish to become (or in some cases, return to being) a True Fae's bauble. Hedge ghosts entering the mortal world or Arcadia act at half their effective Wyrd, reducing all traits and losing access to Numina and Influences accordingly. They take one point of lethal damage to their Corpus for every *turn* they go without replenishing their Glamour once it's depleted in the mortal world, or bashing in Arcadia.

Common Powers

All Hedge ghosts have four supernatural powers that help them navigate life in the Hedge.

Path Through the Thorns: For visitors to the Hedge, stepping off the paths into the Thorns is a dangerous, and often deadly, action. Hedge ghosts are no longer susceptible to the confusion that sets in as the Thorns press close and the Hedge shifts around the traveler. Spending 1 Willpower allows the Hedge ghost to face in the direction she needs to go and pass through the Thorns unscathed.

Reach: A Hedge ghost can spend 1 Glamour while standing in front of a Hedge gate to reach across it into the mortal world for the scene. It can use any of its Influences, or Numina with the "R" tag, on targets within (ghost's Wyrd) yards/meters of the other side of the gate, even if it's closed. Characters capable of perceiving Hedge gates can sense the ghost's reach with a successful Wits + Composure roll.

Ephemeral Entities in the Hedge

The Hedge has no Twilight state. Hedge ghosts that dematerialize are just incorporeal and invisible. A Hedge ghost that ventures into the mortal world doesn't fall into a Twilight state there, either, but it dematerializes automatically even if it doesn't know that Numen, and must spend three Glamour points to materialize for one scene; it can only do so if at least one of its spheres of Influence is present.

Other ephemeral entities who end up in the Hedge automatically materialize even if they normally couldn't.

Sense Glamour: Hedge ghosts spend much of their time in pursuit of Glamour. They're drawn to it, whether in living beings, in goblin fruits, or in items imbued with it. A Hedge ghost in need of Glamour senses it when a source is within (Wyrd x five) yards/meters.

To Market, To Market: Goblins hold market all throughout the Hedge. By spending 2 Glamour, the Hedge ghost knows where the closest Goblin Market currently running is located. Some ghosts offer this as a service to travelers, asking for payment in Glamour or goblin fruits to make up for what they spend to acquire the information.

Hedge Ghost Numina

Hedge ghosts possess powers called Numina. Each Numen is a single ability, activated by a successful Power + Finesse roll and an instant action unless stated otherwise, linked to the ghost's nature.

How a particular Numen manifests depends on the nature and themes of the entity using it. A Hedge ghost using the Sign Numen might shape its message in a tangle of brambles. A Hedge ghost's Blast mimics the feeling of Thorns tearing at a changeling's soul.

For more Numina, see the **Chronicles of Darkness Rulebook**, starting on p. 136.

Aggressive Meme

The ghost speaks to a person and plants an idea in their mind. When that person tells someone else the idea, it takes hold in their mind, too, as well as in the minds of whomever *they* tell. The Numen costs 7 Glamour to activate, and is contested by Resolve + Composure + Supernatural Tolerance.

BLAST

The ghost wounds opponents at a distance. Range equals 10 yards per dot of Power, and the ghost does not suffer range penalties. If the activation roll succeeds, the Blast wounds as a lethal weapon. Increase the lethality by paying Glamour — every 2 Glamour spent increases the "weapon rating" by one, to a maximum of half the ghost's Wyrd.

CLARITY DRAIN

The Hedge ghost attacks the changeling's Clarity, shaking his ability to trust his own perceptions. This Numen costs 2 Glamour to activate. The Storyteller rolls a Clarity attack against the target with dice equal to half the target's Wyrd, rounded up, in place of the Numen's usual activation roll.

DEMATERIALIZE

For 3 Glamour, the Hedge ghost fades from sight and becomes incorporeal. It may still use its Influences and any Numina that don't require touching the target or being perceived, but it can't physically interact with anything — even other incorporeal creatures.

DEMENT R

The ghost tortures its victim's mind. The Numen costs 1 Glamour, and the activation roll is contested by the victim's Intelligence + Supernatural Tolerance. If the ghost succeeds, the victim suffers the Insane Tilt (p. 330) for the rest of the scene.

DRAIN

The ghost can steal Glamour or Willpower (chosen at activation) from a non-ephemeral being. The activation roll is contested by Stamina + Resolve + Supernatural Tolerance. Whichever character — Hedge ghost *or* target — gains the most successes receives points of Willpower or Glamour equal to successes, while the other party loses the same number.

EMOTIONAL AURA R

The ghost sends out a wave of powerful — and distracting — emotion. This Numen costs 1 Glamour, and lasts for a scene, or until the ghost uses another Numina. Make the activation roll once; anyone coming within five yards of the ghost must roll Resolve + Composure + Supernatural Tolerance. If the activation roll had more successes, the victim suffers a −2 dice penalty to all actions as long as the aura remains. If the victim gains more successes, he is immune to the aura unless the ghost uses the Numen again.

ENTRAP

The Hedge ghost calls brambles, thorns, and vines from the ground, or uses an otherworldly voice to stop its victim from a distance. The Numen costs 2 Glamour to activate, contested by the victim's Dexterity + Supernatural Tolerance. If the Hedge ghost succeeds, one opponent within a number of yards or meters equal to the Hedge ghost's Finesse suffers the Immobilized Tilt with a −4 penalty; the Durability of the "item" holding her is equal to half the Hedge ghost's Wyrd (rounded up) +1 for every 2 additional Glamour spent, and the Hedge ghost is free to take other actions while its prey is restrained.

FAILED TOKEN

Tokens the victim carries lose their effectiveness. The Hedge ghost spends 3 Glamour + 1 Willpower to activate the Numen. The victim contests with her Supernatural Tolerance. Success means supernatural abilities tied to the token stop working for the remainder of the scene; using the token as a mundane weapon suffers a two-die penalty.

HALLUCINATION

The ghost may create an illusion experienced by a single target; anything from a sight or sound to an imaginary person that holds a conversation. The Numen costs 1 Glamour and is contested by the victim's Wits + Composure + Supernatural Tolerance. Each success over the contesting roll alters one of the victim's senses.

IMPLANT MISSION R

This Numen grants a mortal a vision of a task the ghost wishes him to accomplish, and a magical determination to see it through. The ghost pays 2 Glamour and rolls Power + Finesse. On a success, the subject receives a short vision of whatever the ghost wishes him to do, and gains the Obsessed Condition regarding carrying that mission out.

KEEPER'S CALLING (R)

The Hedge ghost makes its target believe her Keeper is just on the other side of the brambles, seeking to recapture her. The Numen costs 2 Glamour to activate, contested by the victim's Composure + Supernatural Tolerance. If the ghost is successful, the victim believes her Keeper is nearby for the rest of the scene: The voice is exact, the scent of her Keeper's perfume is just as she remembers it, the rustle of her skirts sounds like it always did.

RAPTURE (R)

The ghost forces a response from the pleasure centers of a living being's brain, granting ecstatic visions, a feeling of communion with the universe, and sensations of bliss. The Numen costs 2 Glamour. If successful, the victim suffers the Insensate Tilt (p. 330). If the victim fails a Resolve + Supernatural Tolerance roll, she gains a mental or emotional Condition that binds her closer to the entity's wishes.

SIGN

The ghost creates messages or images in any medium in a way appropriate to the medium. The Numen costs 1 Glamour, and if successful creates a single message.

SPEED

The ghost accelerates into a blur of movement. Spend 2 Glamour when activating this Numen to double its Speed for the scene; spend 4 to triple it.

STALWART

The ghost appears armored, and uses Resistance instead of the lower of Power or Finesse as its Defense score.

STOLEN MASKS (R)

The Hedge ghost steals the target's appearance. The Numen costs 1 Glamour to activate, contested by the victim's Presence + Supernatural Tolerance. If successful, the Hedge ghost becomes an exact replica of its victim until the next sunrise or sunset.

Example Hedge Ghosts

The Lingering Dead were living, once. They were humans who had the misfortune to enter the Hedge, and never found their way out. They were changelings who veered from safe paths and wound up face-to-face with wandering nightmares. They are all that was left once the briarwolves were done feasting, or after the loyalist's silver blade slipped into their hearts. These ghosts are the impressions and raw emotions of lives once lived, and none of them can get home. A stronger ghost might still have a purpose it hopes to fulfill, and haunts its old entrances to the Hedge hoping one of its motley (or someone reminiscent of them) will come through and help them carry out its final acts.

Hollow-haunts are anchored to particular Hollows in the Hedge, in the same manner as ghosts are bound to houses in the mundane world. A Hollow's residents tend to fiercely defend it, but a particularly cozy or well-situated Hollow can attract the attention (and the envy) of other Hedge denizens. Some Hollow-haunts want a Hollow badly enough to go to murderous lengths to claim it for their own. Other times, the Hollow's original inhabitant isn't ready to give up its space, and continues defending its Hollow long after death.

The Phantom Hitchhiker of the Trods is an urban legend among changelings, especially in freeholds whose cities are host to major trods. The Lost in these places tell stories — often ones they heard from a Wisp who knew this Gargoyle who knew this Wizened — of motleys traveling along a trod who suddenly found themselves joined by another traveler. She's always a quiet girl, polite and a little shy. Sometimes she simply walks alongside them awhile before she vanishes just as mysteriously as she arrived. Sometimes she asks to borrow a jacket, or begs a bite of food. A few stories say she's mentioned her freehold, and when the motley's gone to tell the Lost there about the encounter, they learn she disappeared decades ago. She headed into the Hedge and was never seen again.

The Ragdoll Ghost was created in the Hedge and, in a sense, created *from* the Hedge. A faerie seamstress meandered among the Thorns, plucking bright scraps of Icons from among their jagged points. When she had enough, in all the colors and emotions she liked best, she sewed them together with thread-of-gold and shaped them into a doll. Its stuffing is a mix of thistledown and duck feathers and tufts of changeling hair left snagged among the brambles. The ghost awakened when she sewed the last stitch, its thoughts a jumble of feelings and memories from its many lives. The seamstress is long gone, but the Ragdoll Ghost still wanders, drawn to those who travel the Hedge, hoping it will find someone whose soul contains a piece of its own.

Hobgoblins

The Hedge is a liminal space, the in-between realm where aspects of Arcadia and the mortal world coexist and bleed together. Hobgoblins, the denizens of the Hedge, are as numerous as the stars in the sky. They are strange and lovely and terrible, some born of the Hedge or twisted by it, others crafted by the True Fae and forgotten, discarded and left to fend for themselves among the brambles. Many were beings from the mundane world who made one too many fae deals, or found a way into the Hedge and became trapped there, the Thorns leeching away what they used to be and warping them into weirder, *truer* versions of their old selves.

Hobgoblins can be as tiny as a mote of dust or as vast as the sky. Many are innocuous tricksters, intrigued by the Lost that pass by their nests and wanting nothing more than to pluck a strand of hair to satisfy their curiosity. Others are predators, seeking out the satisfying crack of mortal bones between their hundreds of teeth.

It's not always clear which is which.

Many hobgoblins carve out Hollows, pushing back the Thorns to make a safe haven and a home for themselves. These might look inviting to a weary traveler, but that is often precisely the point: Lure in the prey, ply them with sweets and songs until their lids grow heavy, then strike.

Creating Hobgoblins

Hobgoblins are amalgams of both nightmares and fairy tales, and are never, ever entirely what they seem. However, not all hobgoblins have their hearts set on baking passing changelings into pies. Some dwellers in the Hedge might become allies, or have need of the motley's aid. Having a hobgoblin and her Dread Powers on the characters' side can be just as interesting a tale as going toe-to-cloven hoof with her.

Concept

What inspirations from fairy tales and folklore might inform the hobgoblin? Are there aspects of the characters' stories that the hobgoblins could play on? Their backstories and durances, intrigue within their freehold and courts, and their goals and Aspirations all are potential fodder.

Hobgoblin Aspirations are wildly different than those of most mortals. All hobgoblins should have at least one Aspiration; like player characters, they may have two short-term and one long-term. Some might put changelings in danger, especially if a short-term Aspiration is along the lines of "make a cloak from Ogre skins." Others may make the hobgoblin more relatable, like "free my children from the Witch of the Wilds." A hobgoblin may keep the same or similar Aspirations after fulfilling them, for goals like "suffer not a mortal to leave my shop without making a deal."

Wyrd

Hobgoblins have a Wyrd rating from one to 10 dots, just like changelings, that measures their raw supernatural power. This value determines how many maximum dots are available to spend on the character's Attributes, Skills, Dread Powers, and Merits.

Hobgoblins can't harvest or reap Glamour from humans. They must rely on goblin fruits, making deals, and the Bottle Glamour power (below) to replenish their pools. A goblin who makes a deal for Glamour in exchange for something else doesn't need Bottle Glamour to receive it;

Hobgoblin Wyrd

Wyrd	Trait Limits**	Attribute Dots	Skill Dots	Dread Powers	Contracts	Merit Dots	Max Glamour/ Per Turn
1	5 dots	15-18	10	3	2	3	6/1
2	6 dots	19-22	15	3	2	5	7/2
3	7 dots	23-26	20	3	2	7	8/3
4	8 dots	27-30	25	4	3	9	9/4
5	9 dots	31-34	30	4	3	11	10/5
6	10 dots	35-38	35	4	3	13	12/6
7	10 dots	39-42	40	5	4	15	15/7
8	10 dots	43-46	45	6	4	17	20/8
9	10 dots	47-50	50	7	5	19	30/9
10	10 dots	51+	55	8	5	21	50/10

**These maximums represent permanent trait dots, not traits boosted by Dread Powers or other effects.

the Wyrd ensures the transaction is possible, adding the paid Glamour directly to its pool through an agreed-upon method of sealing the deal.

Anchors

Like humans, a hobgoblin has a Virtue and a Vice, but what a goblin considers "virtuous" or "vice-ridden" might vary significantly from what others would. To make a hobgoblin feel alien and strange, consider odd anchors like Murderous as a Virtue or Silent as a Vice.

Attributes and Skills

When assigning the hobgoblin's Attributes and Skills as determined by his Wyrd, the Storyteller does not have to assign points based on the Physical, Social, and Mental categories, but instead should let the hobgoblin's abilities and backstory guide him. Consider which traits makes the most sense for the character and distribute points accordingly.

Dread Powers and Contracts

Wyrd also determines the maximum number of Dread Powers and Contracts the hobgoblin may possess; each dot of a Dread Power with multiple levels counts as a separate power. A list of Dread Powers is below, and more appear in the **Chronicles of Darkness Rulebook**, starting on p. 144. Hobgoblins always spend Glamour, rather than Willpower, to activate Dread Powers.

Hobgoblins may only learn Common Arcadian Contracts and Goblin Contracts.

Merits

Merits can help flesh out the character. Does the hobgoblin have Allies, or oathbound changelings who act as Retainers? How might a hobgoblin's Library appear within the Hedge, and what books appear on those shelves? Money from the mundane world isn't all that useful in the Hedge — what form would the wealth of a hobgoblin with high Resources take?

Advantages and Frailties

Hobgoblins' Sizes and Speeds vary widely. Some are no taller than a blade of grass, while others only have to crane their necks a bit to see what's at the top of the beanstalk. How quickly (or whether) the creature can move might depend more on their present environment than the length of their stride. What form they've taken matters, too: The *each-uisge* moves at the same Speed on land or water when it's a horse, but in its human form, it's much slower.

A hobgoblin's Health is its Size + Stamina. Its Initiative Modifier is its Dexterity + Composure. Defense is the lower of the hobgoblin's Wits or Dexterity plus its Athletics Skill. Its Willpower is its Resolve + Composure, and works just like a changeling's does.

Use the hobgoblin's most appropriate Finesse Attribute + Wyrd for a Clash of Wills (p. 126) if its powers come into conflict with other supernatural abilities.

Hobgoblins have frailties just like changelings do (p. 102), and like all fae, cold iron is one of them. Handling or touching cold iron is extremely painful, and weapons made of cold iron inflict aggravated damage on hobgoblins. Deciding whether the hobgoblin has other frailties is also helpful in rounding out the character. They aren't required, but may provide additional insight into the hobgoblin's backstory, or give the motley an interesting angle to pursue.

Hobgoblins belong in the Hedge, and generally stay there. A hobgoblin reduces the total needed successes to win any navigation contest in the Hedge by one (p. 200). Goblins may venture into Arcadia to deal with the Gentry or captive changelings, and the Fae conscript goblins into their service and whisk them away there. A goblin in the mortal world suffers the Deprived Condition; goblins with Wyrd 6+ must bring a piece of the Hedge with them, and can only stay until the sun next crosses the horizon without other magic to keep them from vanishing back to the Hedge.

The Storyteller may always dial these traits up or down according to the purpose a hobgoblin serves in the story.

Dread Powers

Dread Powers are the inherent supernatural powers hobgoblins possess. Many of the descriptions for the Dread Powers listed below don't have dice pools assigned to them; tailor the pool to the hobgoblin using the power. Consider how the hobgoblin's backstory, disposition, and appearance would affect the way the power manifests. *How* does it wield the power? What does it look and feel like to the target? To observers?

Likewise, range requirements and other restrictions are left to the Storyteller to determine, depending on what makes the most sense for the hobgoblin. A serpent-like hobgoblin may have to wrap itself around its victim to squeeze the Glamour out, while a pixie can dart in, steal a drop of blood, and flee to her treetop nest to siphon off the changeling's Glamour.

Some hobgoblins must perform certain tasks before they can harm their victims, though many try to find ways to hew to the letter of the law rather than its spirit. For example, the Man with the Crystal Smile has to warn his prey before the chase begins. However, he tends to couch his warning in such sweet patter and flowery language that a charmed changeling might miss the threat. All that matters is that he deliver it, not whether it's acknowledged.

BEASTMASTER

The hobgoblin has mastery over lesser beasts. By spending 1 Glamour, it can conjure up a swarm of vermin, small animals, or Hedge beasts as appropriate to its nature. These creatures obey its commands, and it can communicate with them clearly. It can also use this power on a single larger creature.

BOTTLE GLAMOUR

The hobgoblin can store Glamour for later, either pulling it from its own stores or stealing it from elsewhere. It can spend Glamour equal to the amount it wants to bottle + 1 to store its own reserves, in anything from a literal bottle, to a song, to a weapon. Alternatively, it can spend 1 Glamour and touch a target with her own Glamour pool to steal points equal to the hobgoblin's Wyrd, and those points are squirreled away. Goblins can trade or sell Glamour, use it for powers or tokens when their own reserves are empty, or use it as an ingredient in strange fae sorceries.

CHAMELEON HORROR

The hobgoblin can blend into its surrounding environment, matching not just the colors but even the textures and characteristics of what lies around it; this applies a −3 penalty on all rolls to perceive it, increased to −6 if it remains still.

CONJURE DREAMS

By spending 2 Glamour, the hobgoblin warps its territory within the Hedge to resemble the setting of a victim's recurring dream. This dream may be good or bad, with the hobgoblin attempting to either keep the victim in a place they don't want to leave, or chase them endlessly through one they can't escape. Once per hour, the target may roll Wits + Composure + Supernatural Tolerance, contested by the hobgoblin's Resolve + Wyrd, to see through the illusion.

FAIRY SWARM

The hobgoblin is (or becomes) one of a swarm or hive. By spending 1 Glamour, she calls the others to her to surround and attack the target. Swarming serves a variety of purposes: simply to annoy the victim, to distract him from taking another action, to obscure his view, or to drive him away from a particular area. Physical attacks may range from the creatures plucking out strands of hair to biting and stinging, depending on their natures. The creatures act like a hive mind, following the instructions of the one who summoned them.

HOME GROUND

The hobgoblin has a specific form of home ground on which it gains supernatural bonuses. This might be a certain market or grove, or it could be the blood of a fresh kill or ash from a house it has burned down. While on its home ground, the hobgoblin gains +3 dice to all its physical dice pools and Influence rolls, reduces all damage suffered by three, and gains +3 dice to rolls to contest supernatural effects.

HYPNOTIC GAZE

The hobgoblin's gaze can charm and beguile. When meeting the target's gaze, it can spend 1 Glamour and roll Presence + Persuasion contested by the target's Composure. If successful, the hobgoblin counts as having a perfect impression against the target for Social maneuvers until the end of the scene.

IMMORTAL

Mortal laws of life and death don't bind the hobgoblin. It's not *indestructible*, per se, but if anything other than a bane frailty kills it, it just comes back in a later scene like nothing happened. Even if it's destroyed with a frailty, it's never really gone — some accursed ritual, astrological conjunction, or freak occurrence can always bring the creature back for a sequel story.

INFLUENCE (• TO •••••)

Much like a Hedge ghost, this hobgoblin has Influence over a certain phenomenon. Using Influence doesn't require a roll unless a character directly opposes the activation. For contested or resisted actions, decide on an Attribute + Skill dice pool that fits with the hobgoblin's nature.

JUMP SCARE

The hobgoblin appears suddenly or lurches into abrupt action just when you thought it was down for the count. By spending 1 Glamour, the goblin may resolve the Shaken Condition on another character, choosing which action will

automatically fail. The character still earns a Beat as normal. Alternatively, the hobgoblin may spend 1 Glamour to turn the automatic failure caused by a character resolving the Shaken Condition into a dramatic failure.

KNOW SOUL

The hobgoblin can see into the depths of its victim's soul. By spending 1 Glamour, it automatically learns the victim's Virtue, Vice, Aspirations, and current Integrity. By spending an additional Glamour, it learns the circumstances of the character's most recent failed breaking point. Subsequent Glamour points reveal older breaking points. If the hobgoblin uses its knowledge against the victim, it earns an exceptional success on a roll of three successes or more. Used against changeling characters, this power works identically to the Huntsmen's Kindred Spirits power (p. 266).

LETHE'S EMBRACE

The hobgoblin siphons off the target's memories, storing them for later use. The hobgoblin spends 2 Glamour and makes eye contact with or touches the target. The victim rolls Wits + Resolve to contest the effect. The victim may be able to recover the lost memories, perhaps by tracking down the hobgoblin and shattering the vessel, or by visiting the Goblin Markets and buying any items made from them.

MAZE

The hobgoblin can create an insane maze. By spending 3 Glamour and touching a structure, it turns the interior chambers into a tangled mess of corridors and rooms that lead back on themselves; this effect lasts for an hour. Anyone other than the hobgoblin who attempts to move through the building must succeed at a Wits + Composure check minus the goblin's Resolve each time they attempt to leave the area or progress through it to somewhere specific; if they fail, they simply get more lost. Used during Hedge navigation, this power instead imposes an additional, cumulative −1 penalty on all opponents' navigation rolls (other than the Hedge itself) for each turn of the chase, and the hobgoblin always has the Edge; the power still must be used inside a structure of some kind.

MIRACLE

The hobgoblin can perform miraculous feats upon request. Miracles include, but aren't limited to:

- Removing (or applying) any Condition or Tilt (or similar affliction not modeled by these mechanics).
- Granting any Merit, Skill, or Attribute at 5 dots.
- Causing a mortal to die.
- Fulfilling one of the target's Aspirations.

The hobgoblin cannot do any of these things unless explicitly asked to by a living human being. Some hobgoblins can grant virtually any wish imaginable, others might only be able to grant one very specific request. Sometimes it's not the goblin itself that grants the wish, but a part of its body; dragon blood might cure all sickness, for instance. Most hobgoblins can only grant one to three wishes to a given person, and wishing for more wishes is, of course, *verboten*.

Finally, magic of this sort comes with a price above and beyond Goblin Debt. When the hobgoblin grants a target's wish, one of the target's Aspirations is destroyed utterly. The character will never be able to fulfill it or replace it with another Aspiration.

MIST FORM

The hobgoblin can turn itself into a gaseous form by spending 1 Glamour, whether becoming pure air, some sort of misty miasma, a cloud of blowing leaves, or a swarm of crows. This form lasts for a scene or until the hobgoblin leaves it, allowing it to fly at its base Speed, slip through cracks, and flow around obstacles.

MUCH DEPENDS ON DINNER

The hobgoblin conjures a banquet full of rare delicacies and succulent treats. Anyone who sees or smells the delicious offerings is instantly, ravenously hungry, and is drawn to the table, where they eat their fill. Once per 15 minutes, the victims may roll Wits + Composure + Supernatural Tolerance, contested by the hobgoblin's Presence + Wyrd, to try to break free of the compulsion. Upon coming out of it, they learn the foods were only the husks of long-dried goblin fruits, the salads nothing more than dead leaves. If they're lucky, the pie fillings were mud rather than spoiled meat or poisoned apples.

NATURAL WEAPONS (• TO •••)

The hobgoblin is armed with formidable natural weaponry, whether savage jaws, rending talons, bony spurs, or metallic blades. The weaponry has a weapon modifier and armor piercing quality equal to the number

of dots in this Dread Power. If the hobgoblin's natural weaponry includes a bite, it doesn't need to establish a grapple to bite.

THE PATH NOT TAKEN

Leaving the path through the Hedge is one of the most dangerous things a traveler can do. The hobgoblin spends 1 Glamour and creates the illusion of a path running parallel to or branching off from the true path to lure victims off their courses. The false path ends in an area the hobgoblin controls: often a Hollow, sometimes its belly.

PIED PIPER

The hobgoblin plays an instrument, sings a song, or performs some other entertaining or mesmerizing action, and people in its vicinity are compelled to follow where it leads. It spends 1 Glamour to activate this power. Victims may make a Resolve roll to attempt to break free. Those who fail the roll follow the goblin for a while before they may roll again. The Storyteller determines the interval. It may be as simple as waiting 10 minutes, but may also be more appropriate to the scene: when the goblin's song ends, for instance, or once they've been led up one side of a hill and down the other.

PRODIGIOUS LEAP

The hobgoblin can make great, bounding leaps; by spending 1 Glamour, it can jump about four stories straight up or across a six-lane highway (or the equivalent distance).

REALITY STUTTER

The hobgoblin's presence sets reality stuttering and convulsing, allowing it to flicker from place to place. By reflexively spending 1 Glamour when it moves, the hobgoblin can translocate itself to any location it can see up to its Speed in meters away, seeming to observers to just spasm in and out of reality as it goes. Doing so adds +2 to its Defense for the turn.

REGENERATE (• TO •••••)

As a reflexive action once per turn, the hobgoblin can spend 1 Glamour per dot in the Regenerate Dread Power, healing one point of lethal damage or two points of bashing damage for each Glamour expended this way.

SNARE

The hobgoblin can create a snare that entraps victims, whether sticky webs, grasping roots or whipping metal cables. By spending 1 Glamour, the hobgoblin denotes an area of up to 10 square yards, and can grapple any victims in the area using the snare, using its own Attributes and Skills with a +3 bonus to the dice pool.

UNBREAKABLE

The hobgoblin is nearly indestructible. Any attack that does not score an exceptional success inflicts only a single point of bashing damage. Exceptional successes inflict damage as normal. Attacks incorporating iron or another of the goblin's frailties bypass this power.

Hobgoblin Deals

While hobgoblins can sell Contracts to changelings (see Goblin Contracts, p. 162), they also offer goods and services to changelings, mortals, and other creatures in desperate need of magical solutions to impossible problems. These deals accrue Goblin Debt more slowly than Contracts do, as they're mainly one-time events and can't be invoked at will like Goblin Contracts. But the funny thing about magical solutions is that they tend to attract repeat customers.

Mortal needs may not always feel as epic as those out of fairy tales, but can seem no less insurmountable: An office worker faced with filing 10 years' worth of paperwork in a weekend might dearly wish he had to spin straw into gold instead. For the price of a favor, a hobgoblin can take care of it before dawn. A warehouse worker walks a dozen miles a day picking orders. Her feet are sore, her back aches. When she buys a pair of shoes from an old-fashioned cobbler at the local flea market, it's like she's walking on air. Only, the soles wear out within a few weeks. Before he'll repair the shoes, the cobbler exacts a promise from her.

Each hobgoblin deal taken adds one point of Goblin Debt to the person's tally. These include tasks the hobgoblin completes over the course of a night or two, or items that produce a single, minor magical effect. Items of this sort can only be used a few times before they break or run out. The wine that forces anyone who drinks it to tell the truth turns to vinegar at the next full moon. The mirror will show your true love's whereabouts only twice, then it shatters.

Changelings can shed Debts incurred this way the same way as they do with Debt gained from invoking Goblin Contracts. Mortals don't have the same ability; Goblin

Debt accrues until, at 10 points, the mortal becomes a hobgoblin herself, gaining the Hedge Denizen Condition (p. 340). Paying down the Debt before that point requires the mortal to part with something or someone dear to her: her firstborn child, memories of her grandmother, the use of her voice for a year and a day, etc.

Some hobgoblins consider their Debts paid in full if the mortal completes a very specific task: learning the hobgoblin's true name, finding where he buried his heart, or other nearly impossible feats.

Example Hobgoblins

Following are some hobgoblins for use in your chronicles.

Briarwolves

[Ragged, hungry panting]

Background: Countless fairy tales and folktales tell listeners about the danger of wolves. They're the ultimate hunters, the hungry beasts that stalk nighttime forests and snatch disobedient children into their gaping maws. How much more frightening, then, are the wolves who live among the brambles, whose hunting grounds are the fear-tinged woods of the Hedge?

No one is quite sure where the briarwolves came from. Some theories posit that they were once wolves from the mundane world who wandered their way into the Hedge and couldn't get out. The Thorns tore at their pelts, and the fears of changelings who grew up on tales of wolves' cunning and cruelty twisted them into something even more terrible.

Or perhaps they were the hunting hounds of the Gentry. The True Fae are notorious for discarding what no longer holds their interest, and a fickle master may have loosed his kennels on the Hedge. Or perhaps the Hedge itself crafted them, pain and fear given form and fur, and charged them with keeping those who have lost the path from finding it and escaping.

No matter the truth of their origin, briarwolves are among the Hedge's most frightening hunters.

Description: Briarwolves are part wolf, but have eerily human features. Their hands end in wickedly clawed fingers. They stand on two legs, but can run just fine, and just as fast, on all fours. Their eyes are human eyes, always. Briarwolves smell of dirt and meat and old, dried blood, and their mouths are full of too many teeth. When they're on the hunt, their howls cut to the bone.

Storytelling Hints: Briarwolves are pack animals. When one catches a scent, they all gather to stalk their prey. What they like best, the moment they wait for, is when the prey starts running. The pack ramps up to that, surrounding their quarry, baying from all across the Hedge, crashing about in the Thorns, and stopping to sniff and slaver just outside where their victims have holed up.

They eat meat, but like it best when it's marinated in the victim's terror and pain. The first time they catch their prey, the briarwolves draw blood, but set their victim free. Such victims rarely get far, with another briarwolf appearing out of the night to swipe with its ragged claws or snap with its sharp, sharp teeth. They repeat this until the victim can run no longer, then fall upon him and feast.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 1, Composure 2

Mental Skills: Investigation 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl (Claws) 5, Stealth 5, Survival (Tracking) 4

Social Skills: Empathy (Prey Reactions) 3, Intimidation 3

Merits: Acute Senses, Arcadian Metabolism, Danger Sense, Iron Stamina 3

Wyrd: 4

Glamour/per Turn: 9/4

Willpower: 5

Virtue: Cruel

Vice: Lazy

Aspiration: To hunt down the weak and taste their fear

Initiative: 8

Defense: 6

Size: 5

Speed: 15

Health: 9

Frailties: May not step onto a trod uninvited (taboo)

Weapons/Attacks:

Type	Damage	Dice Pool	Special
Claws	2L	10	Armor piercing 2
Bite	3L	9	Armor piercing 2

Contracts: Cloak of Night, Wayward Guide

Dread Powers: Jump Scare, Natural Weapons 2, Prodigious Leap

Deep Cave Monster

[Ominous rumbling, like the earth shifting…or a stomach growling]

Background: The Deep Caves are narrow tunnels lined with razor-sharp gems. Their caverns twist far into the ground, and the path changes around the traveler, making it easy to get lost within. Perhaps they've always been there; stories warning away those who come to the Hedge seeking treasure have spread for years. The Lost and the fae avoid them when they can, no matter how

tempting the gems might be, because the caves are alive, and hungry. Those who venture inside rarely make it back out.

Description: The Deep Caves have entrances all across the Hedge. For the most part, they appear the way an average cave does: openings in a rocky outcropping or mountainside, leading below ground. But bright gems with razor-sharp edges stud the walls, ceilings, and floors of the cave. Once a changeling hears the rumor that the gems are *teeth,* it's hard to see the cave entrance as anything other than a hungry maw.

Storytelling Hints: For changelings who know better than to enter the Deep Caves, it might take extraordinary circumstances to convince them to venture inside. However, word about the dangers hasn't reached every freehold, and plenty of unwitting motleys have gone into the caves over the years in search of treasure and wonders. Few are ever heard from again.

Stories tell of the Deep Caves cutting a deal with the sun, the rain, and the wind, so when the heat beats down in the daytime the cool dark is inviting, and at night the caves are a place to get out of the elements. On days when it downpours, the Deep Caves are warm and dry, and the gems reflect the light from any lanterns, candles, or flashlights the changelings shine on them. Down they lead, promising riches to anyone who returns with their pockets laden with jewels.

What those changelings don't realize is, the caves only *look* inviting.

Then they try to eat you.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 8, Dexterity 3, Stamina 6

Social Attributes: Presence 5, Manipulation 4, Composure 2

Mental Skills: None

Physical Skills: Brawl (Crushing) 10, Stealth (Hiding in Plain Sight) 6

Social Skills: Intimidation 8, Persuasion 3, Subterfuge 3

Merits: Demolisher 3

Wyrd: 6

Glamour/per Turn: 12/6

Willpower: 6

Virtue: Hungry

Vice: Vain

Aspiration: Do rocks salivate? This one sure seems to.

Initiative: 5

Defense: 3

Size: 10

Speed: 0

Health: 16

Frailties: None

Contracts: None

Dread Powers: Chameleon Horror, Immortal, Maze, The Path Not Taken

System: Characters who venture into the Deep Caves do so at their own peril. Refer to rules for navigating the Hedge (p. 200) to explore the tunnels. The Storyteller determines how often players need to roll, whether it's after a certain amount of time has passed, each time the tunnels branch, or when the rumbling echoes start sounding like a growling stomach. Any dramatic failure fully alerts the Deep Caves to the intruders and their whereabouts, and a chase begins (p. 195).

The base number of successes required for characters to escape (and for the Deep Caves to begin digesting them) is 8. Should the Deep Caves win the chase, characters within take one point of lethal damage for every turn that they're trapped.

What happens next is up to the Storyteller: Perhaps the Deep Caves are willing to strike a deal. Maybe there's a reliable trick to getting a sentient cave to spit someone back out. Perhaps once her Health track is full of lethal damage, the character passes out and awakens hours later, lost in the Hedge and feeling rather…*digested,* with her Glamour pool depleted.

Liza Cantwell, Age 9, Goblin Queen

"Kneel before the queen!" [dissolves into giggles]

Background: Liza's been in the Hedge about a year now, left here by someone who took so many Goblin Contracts and gathered so much Debt she became a Goblin Queen herself. To shed that Debt, she found a little girl to take her place. The woman tricked Liza into following her into the Hedge, then left her there to become the new Goblin Queen. Liza missed her parents at first, but when she gets sad, the pixies entertain her and make her laugh again. Sometimes they lead her on a chase, and the Thorns cut her. It probably should hurt, but it doesn't, really, and she doesn't feel so sad afterwards.

Description: Liza is a nine-year-old little girl, wearing a finely made but very dirty dress. Changelings who have met Madam Thimblestitch might recognize her handiwork. She also wears a woven crown of flowers, held in place by her tangled hair. Liza still carries her backpack, which contains her last few school assignments, a library book, and a handout about stranger danger.

Storytelling Hints: For a kid who's spent a year as Goblin Queen, being fawned over by her faerie retainers, Liza is a pretty even-keeled kid. She gives orders and expects them to be carried out, but she doesn't fly into rages or demand impossible things of her subjects. She can come across as a little cold, but she's lost a lot of herself to the Thorns.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 2

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social Attributes: Presence 5, Manipulation 2, Composure 1

Mental Skills: Crafts 1, Investigation 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Larceny 1, Stealth 2, Survival 2, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Expression 2, Persuasion 2, Streetwise (Hedge) 3, Subterfuge 3

Merits: Enchanting Performance 2, Interdisciplinary Specialty (Hedge), Library 2, Staff 1

Wyrd: 2

Glamour/per Turn: 7/2

Willpower: 3

Virtue: Playful

Vice: Imperious

Aspiration: To rule all of Faerie

Initiative: 5

Defense: 5

Size: 4

Speed: 8

Health: 6

Frailties: Falling raindrops (bane)

Weapons/Attacks:

Type	Damage	Dice Pool
Goblin Queen's Scepter	1L	4

Contracts: Glimpse of a Distant Mirror, Murkblur

Dread Powers: Beastmaster, Much Depends on Dinner, Snare



Madam Thimblestitch

"Oh, let's get you patched up."

Background: Gossips at the Goblin Markets say Madam Thimblestitch was once a seamstress for one of the Gentry. So long ago even she forgets when it was, she displeased her Lady, who turned her out to live in the Hedge. Whatever her offense was is long forgotten, even by Madam Thimblestitch herself. Now she wanders about, collecting scraps from the Thorns and sewing them into little monstrosities.

Description: Madam Thimblestitch is old and white haired, with pointed ears and needle-sharp teeth. Her hands are nimble, her fingers calloused. She wears fine clothing, fit for a lady's court, and every piece of it her own work. A handful of little ragdolls often follow her around, all of them made from the scraps of souls she plucks from the Thorns as she walks about the Hedge.

Storytelling Hints: The seamstress is pleasant to talk to, and is quick with an invitation to tea. She is happy to impart information, especially when it comes to trading court gossip. She is always sewing, though some of the scraps of Icons she works with are hard for changelings to witness her stitching together. Madam Thimblestitch is unable to resist commenting on the quality of her companions' clothing. She'll *tsk* over imperfections and offer to fix them up.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 1, Dexterity 6, Stamina 2

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 5, Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Crafts (Sewing) 5, Politics (Courts) 6, Streetwise (Hedge) 5

Physical Skills: Survival 2

Social Skills: Empathy 3, Socialize (Conversation) 6, Subterfuge 3

Merits: Allies 4, Etiquette 2, Inspiring, Sympathetic

Wyrd: 5

Glamour/per Turn: 10/5

Willpower: 8

Aspiration: To clothe the finest lords and ladies

Initiative: 10

Defense: 4

Size: 5

Speed: 9

Health: 7

Frailties: Must collect any Icon, token, or other such scrap she sees (taboo); must comment on companions' clothing and offer to repair any flaws she sees (taboo)

Contracts: Blessing of Perfection, Walls Have Ears

Dread Powers: Hypnotic Gaze, Influence 2 (Ragdolls), Pied Piper

Mosspocket

"You sound like someone in need of some better luck."

Background: Mosspocket once owned a fine house in the Hedge. It had secret rooms and reading nooks, and a little squirrel-faced woman who brought him tea every afternoon. A canny group of changelings tricked him out of the house and the secret rooms and the reading nooks, and even the little squirrel-faced woman, and Mosspocket was forced to leave with nothing but his satchel full of parchment and ink.

The changelings are long dead, and even though Mosspocket's house now stands empty and encroaching brambles threaten its lawns, he can't go back: The changelings held the deed, and he doesn't know who they passed it on to. Instead, he makes deals with anyone he can, hoping to trade up and up and up until he finds the person who holds the faerie deed to his faerie house, and swap them their heart's desire for his own.

Description: Mosspocket appears as a young man, with owl-like features that actually include feathers on his face. His coat rustles with all the parchments tucked into its pockets and his satchel clinks with jars of ink and pens.

Storytelling Hints: Mosspocket is very polite, and tries to be helpful. He'll chat with the motley to see what they need, and always, always has something in his many pockets he's willing to trade.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 2

Physical Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 4, Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics 3, Investigation 2, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Larceny 2, Stealth 2, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Empathy (Desires) 3, Persuasion (Deals) 4, Socialize 3, Subterfuge (Misdirection) 2

Merits: Eidetic Memory, Fast Talking 3, Fixer, Pusher

Wyrd: 4

Glamour/per Turn: 9/4

Willpower: 6

Virtue: Comfortable

Vice: Petty

Aspiration: To restore his estate to its former cozy glory

Initiative: 6

Defense: 4

Size: 4

Speed: 8

Health: 6

Frailties: None

Contracts: Know the Competition, Sight of Truth and Lies

Dread Powers: Bottle Glamour, Lethe's Embrace, Miracle, Reality Stutter

Weapons/Attacks:

Type	Damage	Dice Pool
Thornknife	0L	4

Trod Trolls

"Where do you think you're going, kid?"

Background: Like their cousins of legend, the bridge trolls, trod trolls demand tribute, favors, or tasks from those who wish to pass. Many of them make their homes in Hollows close to a trod, where they can hear the footsteps or hoofbeats and carriage wheels of approaching travelers. The trolls move out to block the road, and

refuse to let the travelers continue on their journey until they've paid their way. This tribute can take many forms: a sack of goblin fruit, favors owed, or anything else the troll might need, or senses the changelings value.

Some changelings refuse to pay the tribute and instead attempt to leave the path, skirting into the Thorns to avoid the troll and his reach. Doing so is risky: Leaving the path for any reason often leads to disaster, landing the changeling somewhere dangerous and unfamiliar. The trolls know this, too, and choose spots to block where abandoning the road is especially ill-advised.

Description: Trod trolls are huge. No, bigger than that. They're large enough to plunk themselves down in the middle of a trod and leave no room for a traveler to squeeze by on either side and still remain on the path. Often, they change their skin to resemble the road itself, so they blend in from a distance. They might be the pale gray of cobblestones, the dusty beige of a dry dirt road, or the deep, dark brown of a muddy road after a rainstorm.

Storytelling Hints: Trod trolls tend to be surly and a bit smug. They aren't very smart, but they don't have to be: They're big and heavy and they're not kidding when they threaten to pitch you into the Thorns if you defy them. Sometimes, they'll set up shop near a Goblin Market. This way, they encounter travelers who are more likely to retrace their steps and buy what the trolls want from the Market, rather than returning home and finding another trod.

Trod trolls are generally solitary creatures, content with limiting their socializing to the people they meet on the road. However, sometimes they work in pairs, the second one hiding until his partner has engaged the passers-by, then sneaking onto the road *behind* them and blocking their escape route so the changelings are forced to pay up immediately.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 1, Wits 1, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 7, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Investigation 2, Occult (Trods) 1

Physical Skills: Athletics (Throwing) 3, Brawl 4, Stealth 3, Survival 3

Social Skills: Intimidation (Looming) 5, Persuasion 2, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Iron Stamina 3

Wyrd: 4

Glamour/per Turn: 9/4

Willpower: 6

Virtue: Greedy

Vice: Unintelligent

Aspiration: To amass a fortune

Initiative: 6

Defense: 3

Size: 7

Speed: 13

Health: 12

Frailties: Must attempt to solve a riddle asked of it (taboo); sunshine from the mortal world (bane; if a trod troll dies from its bane, it turns to stone)

Weapons/Attacks:

Type	Damage	Dice Pool
Fists	2B	11
Thrown boulders	2L	10

Contracts: Might of the Terrible Brute, Paralyzing Presence, Seven-League Leap

Dread Powers: Home Ground (Trods), Regenerate 1, Surprise Entrance (p. 266), Unbreakable

Wandering Nightmare

[Everything gets dark and terribly, terribly quiet.]

Background: Once upon a time, a changeling plagued by the dreams of his time in Arcadia made a bargain with a denizen of the Hedge. The hobgoblin took the dreams from the changeling, sealed them up in a green glass bottle, and set off back to his Hollow. But along the way, the hobgoblin tripped and the glass bottle broke, setting the nightmare free.

It discovered it quite liked being an entity all its own, and set out in search of others like it. Turns out, there *were* no others like it, so the Wandering Nightmare did the next best thing: It sought out dreamers, and pulled their dreams into its own. Only sometimes, gathering dreams means absorbing the dreamer as well.

Description: The Wandering Nightmare is a roiling, roaming cloud of fear. It sticks low to the ground, rolling in like a thick fog. It tinges the landscape as it moves, leeching the color out of its surroundings. At night, it's even harder to spot, creeping up on those who've made camp and staying out of their firelight as long as possible. Sounds are muffled within it, and the world outside the Nightmare appears to move much more slowly than it does inside.

Storytelling Hints: The Wandering Nightmare consists mainly of feelings and instincts. When changelings are caught up in it, a deep sense of dread settles in, as though something is about to go spectacularly wrong. Often, this is true, as the nightmare takes hold and dredges up the Lost's fears. The Wandering Nightmare doesn't only present its current victims' dreams, but also cycles through fragments of other nightmares it has absorbed, including flashes of the dreams that originally called it into being.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 3,
Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3
Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 4, Composure 3
Mental Skills: Occult 3
Physical Skills: Stealth (Darkness) 5, Survival 3
Social Skills: Empathy 3, Expression 3, Intimidation (Dread) 8
Merits: None
Wyrd: 4
Glamour/per Turn: 9/4
Willpower: 6
Virtue: Dreadful
Vice: Silent
Aspiration: To absorb nightmares into itself
Initiative: 6
Defense: 3
Size: 6
Speed: 13
Health: 9
Frailties: An act of true courage (bane)
Contracts: Overpowering Dread, Tumult
Dread Powers: Chameleon Horror, Conjure Dreams, Know Soul, Mist Form

The Wild Hunters

When the True Fae retreat from the corners of Arcadia to hold court and play their games, the land returns to what it once was. Sometimes escaping changelings stumble across these empty realms before they cross into the Hedge, these undeveloped lands devoid of living civilization, a theatre stage with scattered props and sets but no lights or actors. Most often, changelings view them as cold woods, chilled enough to see their breath illumined in moon- and starlight, a midnight land rife with barrow mounds and watchful eyes. These eyes are both hunter and hunted, air and darkness assuming thought and form by will or whim. They are the Huntsmen: They were in Arcadia before the Gentry, and they will be there after the Gentry leave.

But in this time and place, the Gentry rule the lands beyond the Hedge, and even those verderers of the woods must acknowledge their authority. When the Lost stubbornly refuse to be found, the True Fae venture into the deepest thickets to call upon the Huntsmen, who are never far from their masters.



Never Far from the Queen

Everything has rules. Rules and reliability. The crossbow and its quiver of 20 darling daughters are reliable. They do what you expect of them. You're reliable. Your snares will catch, your sword will draw blood. The woods are treacherous. Without rules and order, the woods will consume you. The woods define you, and they are all you need.

The Gentry make their own rules, however. They come into the woods, magic billowing before them, fog parting in the forest. When they come upon you, they make a swift motion with the surety of sovereignty, removing your heart and sundering grace. Into that cavity pours the desire of the True Fae, a Title representing their desire for the Lost who has forsaken them, and you become their Huntsman. Whatever desires you had before are muted — you now share the same desire for a changeling as the Keeper, and you wear the livery of your queen. Your quarry doesn't believe in rules. Your quarry isn't reliable, except in one key respect:

Changelings run. They always run. And so, the Huntsman follows.

The Herald

Often, the herald comes as the first sign of the hunt. The bird of prey alights on a changeling's windowsill, looks her in the eye, and then she hears the voice. *Come home*, he says, and she knows the Huntsman has her scent and draws nigh. *Follow me and spare yourself the chase. Your lover pines for you, your master fades without your song, there are contracts to sign and slaves to eat; the kingdom dies without your smile*. Sometimes the Huntsman's herald is their pet briarhound or hookshrike, in which case their love for their companion is the only thing that persists past the loss of their heart. Only their fury can match it, so woe to the changeling who injures the herald.

By the time the herald comes, the Huntsman has been observing their prey for weeks, perhaps months. Goblin contacts willing to inform on the changeling have been paid for their silence, either with Glamour or cold iron. The verderers have walked beside her on the street, watched her sup Glamour from emotions, eaten the same spicy pork from the same local Burmese place that she has. The herald is an announcement of the hunt, but it also flushes the prey out from her complacent routine. It reminds her that she is not safe, and she never will be, and only the rarest and strangest changelings resist the panic that follows so stark a reminder. One who does, and who clings stubbornly to defenses and a routine, finds the attempts to flush her out never cease. The heart that beats inside the Huntsman is that of her — their — Keeper, and they know how to hurt her in manners most intimate.

The Wild Hunt

A Huntsman never ceases. They can die, after a fashion — they're canny and tough, but they're creatures of flesh and Wyrd like anything else touched by Faerie. When you prick them, they bleed rather a lot. They meet attempts to wrong them without revenge, however, for their heart's desire is to see a changeling in fetters, dragged through the Hedge and brought back to Arcadia's Plutonian shore. Even slaying the Huntsman will not end her suffering, for only a chill cavity rests between their ribs, and so long as their heart beats in their stolen Bastion, they reform somewhere in the Hedge within a month's time to start again. And even when the heart itself is destroyed and the Huntsman is no more, the animating Title's fire flits back to the Keeper whence it came, and can be sewn into a new Huntsman to start the cycle anew.

In the colloquial among the Lost, the phrase "Wild Hunt" represents this dread reality: The hunt against them never ends, a furious host will chase them to the ends of the Earth, and a Huntsman may be coming for them at any time. Huntsmen will pay off privateers, command goblins, and even treat with mortal forces to harass their prey.

The Panoply

Their sword, their powder horn, their boots: That's what matters. A Huntsman's identity is partly sublimated into their tools — any other feeling was largely lost with their heart. "The One-Eyed Highwayman," the freehold calls them, and their eyepatch and tricorn are more central to their self than whatever other name they might once have used. Most Huntsmen have at least two tools to their name: some item of attire, and a weapon.

This is how you know them: by their tools, often archaic, always perfectly maintained, never useless. Everything else changes from moment to moment — height, gender, clothing, personality aside from the demeanor of the hunter coolly stalking his prey — but the implements, the tools, the panoply stays the same. The Mask that obscures a changeling's true nature also shields a Huntsman's panoply from seeming out of the ordinary. A musket seems like a perfectly mundane item to carry, though someone walking down the street open carrying isn't necessarily abnormal these days anyway.

The End of the Chase

Inevitably, the chase ends.

The Huntsman drags their quarry through the Hedge toward Arcadia. Clad in iron or a Huntsman's snare, a changeling cannot escape as she normally does, and the Huntsman can track her more easily within the

A Huntsman for All Seasons

Huntsmen interact with Court Bargains in ways as unique as they are troubling. The verderers of Arcadia cannot circumvent a Bargain, but they're frighteningly good at negotiating loopholes.

When a **Spring** monarch rules, a Huntsman can smash and whip and do violence to the Lost all they like – so long as that afflicted Lost is the one they're seeking. It's a desire that, literally, sits right where their heart should be.

They cannot circumvent **Summer**'s Bargain, but Huntsmen are stealthy predators who know the capabilities of their prey. The wise, keen Huntsman builds traps for their foes, not the other way around.

Recognizing the Huntsman as a pawn of the Others by the Bargain of **Autumn** depends on the strength of the local court's king or queen. Given that a Huntsman's standard means of flushing out their prey involves a warning from their herald, the season's demand rarely goes unsatisfied.

Avoiding the chill fury of **Winter** is difficult, for without their heart, a Huntsman's emotions are greatly muted, and they cannot truly mourn. However, the focus of a Huntsman is to capture their target and return them to Arcadia, not to kill. The verderer avoids the Bargain by using nonlethal methods.

Hedge anyway. The verderers do not hesitate to resort to violence and cold iron, but they sometimes seem more sympathetic than they do outside the Hedge, because they are near their hearts.

This is their secret: to anchor them and allow them to manifest fully in the mortal world as creatures of Wyrd and flesh, the True Fae must hide the heart of a Huntsman within a Bastion. For months, even years, alien emotions plague some mortal's sleep, thoughts of hunting in some dark and deep wood. A Huntsman can borrow some of the Gentry's talent for oneiromancy and Hedge shaping, but they are forever blind to the Bastion that holds their heart — the one thing they cannot track down even with all their cunning, no matter how earnest their hidden longing.

Only in the Hedge can a changeling sway the Huntsman from their mission, if temporarily. The Huntsman's natural inclination for order clashes with the obsessive excitement of the changeling's proximity to Arcadia and the fulfillment of the Keeper's heart that beats within. The Lost can see, and feel, this tension — it crackles like fatigue, electricity behind their eyes, from a dark cloud above the Hedge's canopy. If the changeling can convince or trick the Huntsman into letting her find the Bastion where their heart waits, escape becomes possible. Within the Bastion, a changeling may swear an oath (p. 212) with the Huntsman, heart to heart, if they're willing; but the changeling must overcome the Fae's desires that spill out from within in a battle of wits or will. As a Wyrd-witnessed declaration of true feeling, the oath allows the Huntsman to express their own desires once more, asserting their own needs and wants over the Keeper's and wresting back control of their fate for a short while — for the scene, no longer. Once that time is over, the Fae's desires return to the fore, but the oath remains.

Finally returned, the Huntsman's heart can expunge the Keeper's Title, though even then the oath is still intact — presuming the heart can found within the tempestuous mortal Bastion. What a motley will do with the purest, powerless representation of their tormentor is anyone's guess. Letting the verderer live is dangerous, of course, because an oath broken hurts the changeling just as much as it does the Huntsman, and an oath is forever. The sworn are irreversibly connected, for good or for ill. But killing them alerts the True Fae as surely as a road flare, and paves the way for a new, unknown adversary to take the Huntsman's place.

Calling the Hunt

Create Huntsmen as hobgoblins (p. 252), with exceptions as follows:

Concept

A Huntsman has no story of their own, unless a changeling returns their heart or happens to find one wandering free in their native Arcadian fringes. The concept for a Huntsman on the move is a combination of the Fae Title they carry (p. 267), their panoply, and one core Aspiration that defines them. Everything else is mutable. A Huntsman's panoply consists of two pieces of signature equipment, one of which is almost always a weapon, plus one for every three dots of Wyrd they possess. Some Huntsmen also have a favored herald companion.

The Huntsmen's own Aspirations range from personal desires, such as "Regain my heart" or "Impose order," to strange yearnings that hearken back to their time in the forests of old Arcadia, such as "Hunt a

creature that cannot die" or "Ensnare the moon." This Aspiration is only available when the Huntsman is in the Hedge. They also have two other Aspirations that are always available, which they inherit from the Fae Title that fills them; one of these is always the Fae's craving (p. 269).

Anchors

Huntsmen have Virtues and Vices like hobgoblins. However, while carrying a Fae Title, a Huntsman's Virtue is an expression of their Keeper, while their Vice is an expression of their own suborned desires. If they regain their heart and expunge the Title, these reverse; even a Huntsman remains touched by their Keeper after the fact.

Dread Powers and Oaths

Unlike hobgoblins, Huntsmen cannot learn fae Contracts. They can learn any of the Dread Powers that appear in the **Chronicles of Darkness Rulebook** starting on p. 144, as well as a few unique ones of their own, below. All Huntsmen begin with the following Dread Powers for free: Among the Sheep, Command the Herald, Heart of Iron, and Hunter's Panoply.

Huntsmen also cannot make goblin deals. However, they can swear fae oaths, as long as a changeling or one of the Gentry initiates them.

Advantages

Huntsmen do not suffer the frailties of other fae creatures, which is one reason the Gentry risk sending their Titles into the world this way. A Huntsman can stay in the mortal world as long as they like and suffer no ill effects. Huntsmen can reap Glamour (p. 103) from mortals but can't harvest it. They can also consume goblin fruits and other such sources to regain Glamour. While carrying a Title, they can perform oneiromancy inside Bastions but only with subtle shifts (p. 218), and they can shape the Hedge as well as any changeling.

Use the Huntsman's Resolve + Wyrd for a Clash of Wills (p. 126) if their powers come into conflict with other supernatural abilities. A Huntsman gains a dice bonus equal to half its Fae master's Wyrd, rounded up, to contest attempts to force or convince them to act against the Fae's wishes. When a changeling drops her Mask, a Huntsman adds the changeling's Wyrd as bonus dice to track her; see p. 83. In the Hedge and Arcadia, they always gain this bonus.

Huntsmen have an easier time of navigating the Hedge than even the True Fae do, reducing the total needed successes to win any navigation contest there by one, or two among the Thorns (p. 202).

Huntsman Dread Powers

Below is a list of common Dread Powers that Huntsmen wield.

Among the Sheep

Thanks to the Fae taking up residence inside its soul, a Huntsman may take any roughly humanoid form, including that of any kind of human being, for 2 Glamour, although they cannot impersonate specific humans. Their Size is always between 4 and 6. However, every Huntsman has the same tell (p. 269) as the Gentry Title they carry, though it manifests more subtly; and although the Mask protects their panoply from looking out of place in the real world, a Huntsman's panoply never changes.

Apex Predator

The Huntsman has mastery over lesser predators. By spending 1 Glamour, it can conjure up a swarm of small animals or birds as appropriate to its nature. These animals will obey its commands, and it can communicate with them clearly. It can also use this power on a single, larger animal.

Command the Herald

All knights require a herald, and the Huntsmen are the knights of the Gentry. The Huntsman has a specific form of remote viewing it can practice: command of a small, specific creature that it has touched. The choice of herald is appropriate to the Huntsman's nature — inevitably, predators such as cats or raptors of some sort, hunting hounds, etc. Using this ability requires 1 Glamour per hour. The creature remains aware of its surroundings while surveilling, and can speak with the Huntsman's voice. It's unfailingly loyal, and nothing can persuade it to betray its master under any circumstances.

A Huntsman's herald could be any kind of animal or bestial fae creature; goblin beasts conscripted this way can survive without ill effects outside the Hedge until this power ends.

Heart of Iron

Despite their doubly-fae nature, or perhaps because of it, Huntsmen have no fear of cold iron. They often use it in their tools.

HUNGRY HEART

The wild, ravenous essence of the Keeper can't truly fill the void at a Huntsman's core; without their heart, they constantly feel that something is missing, and they rely on their trusty tools to help reclaim it. By spending 1 Willpower when they attack a changeling or True Fae with a panoply weapon, they may steal Glamour from the victim's pool equal to successes rolled if the attack hits, adding it to their own up to their usual maximum. This power doesn't work on hobgoblins or anything else born from the Hedge.

HUNTER'S PANOPLY

All Huntsmen keep their panoply in the finest condition, despite their tools and weapons consisting of the same pure Wyrd that makes up their bodies. On all relevant actions involving their tools, be it attacking or setting traps, a Huntsman's rolls gain the 8-again quality. They can call dropped or lost tools back to hand as an instant action by spending a Glamour, but actions they take that *would* use a tool they're currently missing lose the 10-again quality. A Huntsman regains a Willpower whenever they achieve an exceptional success on a roll using their signature panoply.

HUNTER'S SENSES

The Huntsman has incredibly honed senses for changelings. Against the Lost, they gain a +4 bonus to all perception rolls, and apply 9-again to the dice pool. This increases to 8-again within the Hedge or Arcadia. If the changeling enters into a pledge (p. 214) with a human, the Huntsman must win a Clash of Wills with her to use this benefit.

INESCAPABLE SNARE

The Huntsman creates a snare that entraps victims. It can take any form, depending on the shape the verderer assumes and the nature of the Fae Title it carries — sticky webs, paralyzing arcs of lightning, a chilling shout, or just a good old-fashioned net. By spending 1 Glamour, the Huntsman denotes an area of up to 10 square yards/meters, and can attempt to grapple any victims in the area using the snare, using its own Attributes and Skills with a +3 bonus to the dice pool. The bonus increases to +5 if it uses one of its panoply tools as the snare. A Huntsman's snare counts as iron for purposes of negating the effects of fae magic, such as portaling and Contracts.

KINDRED SPIRITS

In some ways, a Huntsman is as much the victim of a durance as any changeling ever was, though some serve willingly. They have uncanny insight into the minds and hearts of changelings, knowing where to find the cracks in the Lost's hearts that let Faerie seep back in. By spending 1 Glamour, the Huntsman automatically learns a changeling's Needle, Thread, Aspirations, and current and maximum Clarity. By spending an additional Glamour, they learn the circumstances of and Condition (if any) associated with the character's most recent Clarity damage, or the identity and face of the changeling's closest Touchstone. Subsequent Glamour points can reveal older Clarity wounds and additional Touchstones. If the Huntsman uses their knowledge against the victim, they earn an exceptional success on a roll of three successes or more.

SURPRISE ENTRANCE

No matter how secure their victim thinks she is, by spending 1 Glamour the Huntsman may suddenly appear in the scene, whether they lunge from the crowd, burst through the wall, or emerge from the woods following the sharp report of a musket. Any character witnessing this entrance must succeed on a reflexive Resolve + Composure roll or gain the Shaken Condition. If the characters have actively taken appropriate measures to keep the Huntsman out (barring and locking the door, setting traps in the woods, etc.), it takes the verderer one full turn to break through, giving the characters time to react. If not, they're just *there* as a reflexive action and can take one more action before anyone can react. If the characters are in a Hollow one of them owns, the owner may make a Clash of Wills against this power.

WATCHFUL GAZE

The canny Huntsman knows that total stealth is less effective than letting their prey know they're on the trail, but not when they'll strike. The Huntsman spends a Glamour and makes eye contact with a changeling, rolling Presence + Resolve contested by the victim's Composure. If successful, the victim gains the Paranoid Condition. The changeling doesn't need to know the one making her feel watched is a Huntsman for the power to work, and may chalk the feeling up to any number of circumstances. A Huntsman may use this power through their herald's gaze as well.



The True Fae

Half a hundred aliases describe them: Gentry, Good Cousins, Kindly Ones, Fair Folk, and more. These are lies frightened women and men tell, hoping to appease the vanity of capricious gods. Such false names obscure true ones that no one dares speak, lest careless and impertinent utterance draw Their attention from across the Thorns. The Lost use the word "fae" to describe anything that comes from the Hedge or beyond it — hobgoblins, tokens, even themselves. But the *True* Fae are those noble, mercurial, unknowable beings that stride, larger than life, across Arcadia and rule its lands with the divine right of conquerors.

Most changelings see "Keeper" as synonymous with "Gentry," but in truth, Faerie is home to countless Others who have no interest in humanity. They wage glorious wars over heart-bound trophies, pitting goblin hordes against one another until blood stains the sky. They plumb the ragged edges and dusty corners of their realm, seeking new voids to fill with their boundless selves. Fae explorers prowling the cold, empty wasteland beyond the borders of *their* Arcadia were the first to discover the Huntsmen in their barrows there, but grew bored with these new playthings until their brethren found a way to put them to better use. A changeling desperate enough to escape her Keeper could reach out to its rival who keeps no human prisoners for a hint to its weakness, though she may decide the price isn't worth paying after all.

A True Fae is not a person, but a Name wrapped in a tapestry of vows and deals. Deep in the mists of forgotten time, the Fae bargained with Arcadia itself, declaring that they would exist — that they would own the land entire and claim it as a vessel for their Wyrd, dreams, and facets, in exchange for a web of arcane rules so complex no one of them could ever know them all. At their core, the Fae are ravenous beings that must *possess.* They want, and in their all-consuming wanting they strike bargains to sate their desires, whether for slaves, kingdoms, secrets, or spoils. Changelings who live and labor among them usually see only the tip of the Gentry iceberg, but those brave and foolish enough to delve more fully into Faerie's mysteries catch a glimpse of the truth: A True Fae's Name is its heart and its undoing, and all the vast kingdoms and beauteous treasures with which it surrounds itself are made of promises. And promises can be broken.

Names and Titles

A True Fae's Name is its core, and rarely manifests in a comprehensible way unless its Titles have all been stripped away or lost. A Title is one of many roles a single Fae agrees to play, one face of many that it wears, granting it limited

omnipotence within the confines of that role. The Princess of Red Crowns is able to nail her hats to the heads of her victims, to conjure up her great and terrible Crimson Keep, because she holds that title. She possesses near-infinite power when it comes to nailing hats to people's heads, dragging off wicked children to her Keep, and so on, but unless she is also the Tlatoani of Crashing Serpents, she has no especial control over dragons or violent thunderstorms. No matter what form a Title takes, its nature always bleeds through: Every manifestation of the Princess, on Earth or in Arcadia, features elements of torture, blood, and nails, for example, whether she appears as a blood-drenched madwoman with a hammer or a children's rhyme about the perils of going out of doors while hatless.

The True Fae are the lords and ladies in their palaces of crystal and moonlight, but they are also the palace and the masked servants and the forest in which the castle sits. What the courts call the "Keeper" is just one Title's manifestation, and even if a changeling kills it, the oaths it made would simply cast a new piece of itself in that role eventually and pick up the Wild Hunt where it left off. Only breaking the deals that created a Title in the first place can permanently unravel it, although another Fae may devour it and claim it for itself.

A given Title might become a Keeper for any number of reasons, and might not be one forever. A changeling's captor might abandon her for 10 years not to inflict the torture of loneliness but just because its Keeper Title got distracted with something else for a while and forgot it was a Keeper. Some Fae take people for the exquisite flavor of their emotions, or the prizes they can extract from human dreams. With their ability to weave dream symbols into real objects, they pluck the most valuable jewels of dreamstuff from the minds of slumbering mortals and steal them away to adorn their crowns. A beloved memory, a childhood fear, or even the certainty itself that one is only dreaming and can wake at any time — a True Fae may covet these, and only the dreams of humanity can provide. Other Gentry might love humans for their ability to present a spirited challenge or entertain them, or might simply prefer human servants to goblin ones for the smell. One Fae might plot to take more human prisoners than another, for no reason other than to compete. Some Titles may even *need* to capture humans as a term of their deals to exist, which means a changeling might escape by finding loopholes in those deals.

Sign on the Dotted Line

The Others have built a kingdom that conforms to their every whim, but without their age-old pledges they would be nothing. More importantly, they can't take power away from rebellious changelings without taking power away from themselves — an inconceivable notion. Their tangled webs of pacts and obligations are what empower the Lost to oppose and evade them.

All the world-shaping power and casual immortality a True Fae possesses comes from pacts it signed when it came into being. The Contracts it wields are like a changeling's writ large, inscribed into not only itself but its domain, too — even the crystal gardens that sing enchanting songs and the treacherous bogs that devour trespassers are Contracts. The signature that seals the deal is the oath a Fae swears, and the terms of this oath are complex secrets woven into its realm and the role it plays among the other Gentry. Pacts it swears upon its Name are existentially binding, and bestow the grandest and most fundamental parts of a Fae's nature that persist across all of its Titles. Breaking these pacts condemns it to true destruction. Lesser pacts it swears upon a Title bestow smaller-scale powers only that Title can use; breaking these pacts won't kill a Fae, but it might destroy the Title or render one of its powers useless.

A True Fae makes deals with entire Regalia, gaining nigh-limitless power over their themes within the bounds of the Title that uses them. In exchange, it must keep a physical representation of each Regalia it masters, though not always a literal one. A Sword could very well be a weapon, but it might also be a hunting hawk, a thunderstorm, or a bulldozer. It could even be a jagged cliff that juts out into the sea — anything that expresses *force* and *forthrightness* within the purview of the Title that commands it. Some changelings think the Fae have access to more than six Regalia, deriving ever more esoteric powers from treasures rare and peculiar.

An Arcadian realm is like a theatre: The scenery and costumes and faces change, but the framework remains apparent, if an actor just changes her perspective. Anyone wishing to oppose one of the Fair Folk *can* do so on its terms, dueling with pistols or plotting with its goblin courtiers, and in many cases that's the only apparent way to do it. But these are uphill battles, fought with great sacrifice to little permanent effect. A changeling who learns the true nature of Titles and their oaths can quest and scheme to discover the terms or physical key to such an oath. Clever manipulation of the Title's manifestation, destroying the Regalia outright, or appropriating it and overriding the oath by swearing a more powerful one on someone else's true name can force the Fae to break its pact and take power away from it.

The Fae war among themselves for countless inscrutable reasons, constantly enmeshed in rivalries, enmities, and shifting alliances. One impetus lies in the Gentry's ability to consume each other's Titles and add them to their own complement of roles. If a True Fae loses all its Titles and its Name is obliterated, it ceases to be; but if even one of its Titles persists as part of another Fae, it could reconstitute itself someday, regaining a Name through some convoluted set of pledge clauses and happy accidents.

True Fae Traits

A True Fae never appears in a game as anything but the manifestation of one of its Titles, or its Name if it has no Titles left. Characters can't interact with the full breadth of one of the Fair Ones any other way. A manifestation could be a character, or it could be a sky citadel, or an enormous clockwork machine, or a flock of platinum birds. Regardless of its form, a Title has most of the same traits that a changeling does, although all of its Attributes and Skills may not be applicable in certain forms. The Storyteller doesn't need to create traits for every Title that belongs to a True Fae; only ones the characters will meaningfully interact with.

Each Title has its own set of traits. As a result, it can be difficult for changelings to know whether two Titles they interact with are part of the same creature. The motley might be able to bargain with a powerful goblin for a rare Gentry genealogy or somesuch, but the most reliable way to tell is to existentially threaten or get rid of one Title and see which other Fae react. These kinds of broad scale dealings with the Others are rare, worth devoting several stories or an entire chronicle to resolving.

Build a Fae antagonist with the rules for creating changeling characters (see Chapter 3), with the following considerations and exceptions:

- **Character Concept and Titles:** A True Fae Title has three Aspirations just like changelings do. Whenever it fulfills an Aspiration, it gains a Willpower point instead of a Beat, which goes away at the end of the scene if not spent, unless it was earned pursuing a craving or a changeling.

  Aspirations for the Gentry range everywhere from the humanly impossible to the unthinkably cruel. If the Title is a Keeper, one of its Aspirations should reflect its desire to capture — or recapture — a changeling. One Aspiration should always reflect a craving of some kind, something the Title wants to possess more than anything, such as "the love of a human" or "one million loyal subjects"; this Aspiration stays no matter how many times it's fulfilled. Highly abstract Aspirations like "become a star" are valid for the Gentry, but the Storyteller should make sure a route to such an Aspiration exists and has something to do with characters the Fae can interact with; for instance, to become a star, the Title might first need to transform seven humans into eternal blue fires and then consume them on Midsummer's Eve. The star then becomes just another manifestation of the Title.

  A True Fae has between zero and five Titles. The Storyteller should decide up front how many total Titles the Fae has, even if he's only creating traits for one of them; this determines how powerful each Title is. A Fae with zero Titles is like a cornered rat, consisting only of a Name, and is desperate to make deals and pick off weak Titles from other Gentry to survive. A Fae with five Titles is a god even among faeries, with power over every Regalia and a massive Arcadian domain.

  Gentry have many kinds of Names, from a simple "Ayesha" or "John" to the sound of waves breaking against an ice shelf, or a picture of the *wadjet*: the Egyptian symbol of magic. Strange sounds and images don't especially protect True Fae's Names. Once heard (or otherwise experienced), a substitute is as good as the Name itself, provided the speaker witnessed the faerie's real Name and uses the substitute with an honest, true intent.

  Titles are abstract (and even enigmatic) concepts, but they always refer to an emotion, sensual experience, or object. One may be the Prince of Weeping Rats, while another is the Acolyte of Screams on the Mountain. Every manifestation incorporates the Title in some distinct way. This shape or theme is called the Title's *tell*. The Prince of Weeping Rats appears as a rat-headed crying man holding a scepter, or becomes an endless, filthy high rise, whose human-looking tenants weep whenever the ruling rats eat their food or steal unattended children.

- **Wyrd:** Determine Wyrd before the rest of a True Fae's traits, as many traits derive from its Wyrd rating.

  Even the weakest of the Gentry is powerful compared to most changelings. Each of a True Fae's Titles has a Wyrd rating of 5, plus one dot for each Title the Fae possesses (including this one), to a maximum of 10.

  A True Fae begins any scene with a full Glamour pool in Arcadia, and otherwise recovers Glamour in the same ways that changelings do. *All* True Fae suffer from Glamour addiction outside Arcadia or the Hedge; if they fail to regain at least their Wyrd rating in Glamour each day in the real world, they suffer the Deprived Condition. If they fall to Glamour 0, they lose Willpower and then Health at a rate of one per day until they regain at least their Wyrd rating in Glamour.

  True Fae suffer from frailties just as changelings do. They also suffer the bane of iron, as detailed on p. 102.

- **Attributes and Skills:** Rather than prioritizing categories, a Fae Title receives a number of dots equal to five times its Wyrd to distribute across Attributes, and the same number to distribute across Skills. A Title has no Skill Specialties.



- **Faerie Template:** True Fae don't have kiths, courts, or anchors. They don't truly have seemings either, but each Title can use one seeming's blessing and bears something of that seeming's trappings regardless of the form it takes.

  In Arcadia and the Hedge, a Title has free rein to treat reality as though it were shaping dreams (p. 217) or the Hedge (p. 204), performing any oneiromantic or Hedgespinning act that fits within the legend of its identity, and treating other characters as though they were important eidolons. It automatically succeeds at these actions unless the target of its shaping magic spends a Willpower point for the chance to resist.

  A Title also has access to every Contract in (Wyrd − 4) Regalia (see Chapter 3). One of these must match its associated seeming. In the real world, it can use its Regalia and can itself take any form, but can't otherwise shape reality.

- **Merits:** Fae Titles can have any Merits available to changelings, where they make sense. A Fae's Social Merits must specify whether they apply in Arcadia and the Hedge, or in the human world. A Title has Merit dots equal to twice its Wyrd rating.

- **Advantages:** Calculate these as changelings do, but True Fae don't have Clarity.

- **Mask and Mien:** The Mask hides a True Fae in the real world, but imperfectly; the Title's tell always shows through in some fashion.

Names and Pledges

Names have power. A Fae that knows someone's true name can weave that name into a nightmare tailor made to drive them into its waiting arms. Anyone a True Fae successfully targets with a Contract while speaking or otherwise utilizing her true name gains the Persistent Obsession Condition pertaining to that Fae, with a context chosen by the target's player.

A changeling who learns a Fae's true Name can speak it aloud to empower herself when she acts against any of its Titles, achieving exceptional success with any successful use of a Contract that targets that Fae.

The Gentry can make pledges just like changelings can (p. 209), but they must invest more than just Glamour. A True Fae can seal any statement, even those of changelings and other fae creatures, but to do so it must swear the sealing upon something it considers one of its possessions. This could be a captive changeling, a hobgoblin servant, a dream trinket or token, a Huntsman who wears its livery — anything that isn't just a manifestation of one of its Titles is fair game, as long as the Fae considers it property. If the subject

of the sealing follows through on her promise, the Fae must give her the possession upon which it swore.

A True Fae's Title or Name can swear a personal or hostile oath to any fae creature, including a changeling, but to do so it must swear upon itself. If it breaks the oath, it doesn't gain the Oathbreaker Condition. Instead, it permanently loses access to one of its Regalia and becomes vulnerable to lethal attacks during the scene in which it broke its word. If a Title loses its last Regalia this way, the other party may choose to kill the Title permanently; demand any three tasks or wishes from it and then allow it to regain its last Regalia; or force it to inhabit the Regalia's physical key, allowing the other party to wield it as a token. Such items retain their power even in the real world, but changelings are cautious with them, since dormant Fae Titles have been known to wake under unpredictable circumstances. Changelings who break Fae oaths gain the Oathbreaker Condition (p. 343) as normal, but the Wyrd may demand disproportionate restitution for the betrayal.

Any Title can make a bargain by swearing upon the Fae's true Name. Fae bargains work differently than changeling bargains do. Both parties must agree to perform a task, give up a possession, abide by a rule, or something equally concrete and clearly communicated. For the True Fae, the consequences for failing to uphold its end is permanent destruction. A non-Gentry party must swear upon something crucially important to her — her own name (and thus her life), perhaps, or that of a loved one; a favorite memory; her Hollow or home; or something else. If she fails to uphold her end of the bargain, whatever she swore upon is forfeit to the Fae to do with as it pleases, and the Wyrd backs up the claim.

Since Gentry pledges have such dire consequences when broken, the Fae don't make them often or lightly. Convincing one of the Good Cousins to make a pledge is difficult at best and usually requires a changeling to set up an untenable situation for it first. A Fae in mortal danger always has the chance to try to make a pledge and save its life before it's consigned to oblivion, but it can't force the other party to agree. Of course, the True Fae aren't above extracting binding promises from others without *actually* pledging anything in return, if they can pull it off.

Vulnerability and Death

A True Fae never takes bashing damage from anything other than its banes (including iron), and takes lethal damage only from banes unless an attacker speaks its true Name or it breaks an oath, as above. Only cold-iron weapons can deal aggravated damage to the Gentry.

The intricate web of promises and deals that govern a True Fae makes it vulnerable in other ways, too. If a changeling finds a Regalia's physical representation and learns one of the rules that binds its Title to the Fae, she may be able to manipulate the situation such that the Title breaks its oath, as detailed above. Changelings can purchase these rules from goblins in the know, deduce them from patterns they observe after spending a long time with a Title, trick it into telling them through clever pledges, etc.

As an example, the Storm King of the Bloody Throne wears an ersatz crown and rules its domain with an iron fist. It has sworn an oath to do so forever. But the Contract that binds it to its Name says that it is a usurper, and will rule only as long as the land has no true monarch. Only one who can remove its Sword from the stone in which it's embedded can be the true monarch, so the Storm King hides stone and Sword both deep in the belly of a dark forest, guarded by goblin beasts. When a changeling braves the forest, defeats the beast, finds the stone, and pulls out the Sword, she becomes the true queen of the land. Since the Storm King has now broken its oath to rule forever, its fate is in the new queen's hands.

One Thousand and One Stories

The following examples of the Gentry can serve as inspiration for players looking to create their characters' Keepers or for Storytellers looking for principal antagonists.

Grandmother, Grandmother

Deep in the Wood, past Bone Hill and over Rickety Bridge, sits a cozy little cabin in the middle of a broad clearing. It has a little garden in the back full of dream-a-drupes and stabapples, a pen for the piglins and milk-beast, and a stout stone tower rises from one corner. It's here that Grandmother, Grandmother raises "her" children. She takes them from the mortals, you know; the ones who are neglected or abused, or just plain running wild and in need of a firm hand. Grandmother has specific ideas about what a family looks like, and she molds her changelings into the roles she sees fit: The Eldest Who Can Do No Wrong, the Gifted Child, the Black Sheep, the Forgotten Middle Child, and so on. Grandmother's vision rarely matches the personality of the youths she takes, but then, that's where the conflict comes from.

Grandmother, Grandmother's domain encompasses the clearing, the cottage, and a vast tract of dark, spooky woodlands surrounding it. The woods are strictly forbidden to all of Grandmother's "children," and are fully stocked with dangerous beasts, ghosts, and any number of fairy-tale-appropriate dangers. They also contain the only paths from Grandmother's domain to the Hedge and thence, back to Earth.

Grandmother herself is the manifestation of this Gentry's third Title: a sweet, smiling old woman who always resembles the archetypal grandmother figure in whatever culture she's preying on. When she's angered, though, the façade slips: At first, it's just a flash of sharp teeth or burning

reptilian eyes, but when she reveals herself in her full fury, Grandmother, Grandmother is a true terror. Spindly, twig-like limbs belie an unholy strength; papery, wrinkled skin deflects blows like armor; and cruel needle teeth and razor claws dish out horrifying corporal punishment.

Grandmother is choosy about the mortals she abducts: always children, never older than 16 or 17, and all from home-life situations that could charitably be described as "troubled." Street kids and those stuck in the foster-care system, children from abusive households, even latchkey kids Grandmother sees as "neglected" are all likely targets. Once she's lured or taken them back to her cottage, Grandmother introduces them to their new "siblings" and puts them in a twisted, fairy-tale version of a family drama. Over the years, "her" kids are shaped, willingly or not, into changelings reflecting these roles: The Bossy Oldest Child becomes a Fairest while the Forgotten Middle Child becomes a Darkling, and the Wild Child who spends all her time getting punished might end up an Ogre or a Wizened.

At any given time, Grandmother, Grandmother likely has anywhere from three to five children in the cottage. Inevitably, some of them escape (though almost never all at once — it seems like every time new children arrive, at least one big brother or sister is already there to show them the ropes). Others die. Still others turn 18. Exactly what that means is something the kids debate in hushed, after-bedtime whispers. Some say Grandmother lets you go, since you're an adult and all. Others say she takes you into the forest and sacrifices you to something even more horrible than she. Still others say that, if you're still there on your 18th birthday, you're trapped forever, a True Fae in your own right.

Grandmother, Grandmother adheres to a decidedly old-school style of parenting: Good children get smiles and sweet treats (goblin fruits that encourage docility and pliability), while bad children provoke her wrath. Bad children are sent to bed without supper, given extra chores, or, as a final resort, sent into the Wood to cut their own switch. Since this is the only time Grandmother allows any of her children to go past the eaves of the forest, it's often the best chance they have to escape. The Darkling might abandon her brothers and sisters to run while she can, while the Fairest refuses to leave them behind. The Ogre takes that switch right back to Grandmother and dares her to do her worst.

The Man with the Ergot Smile

From dream to dream he walks, all dapper suits and bright red umbrella. His back is always to the dreamer, always looking toward the huge, thorny gates that loom on the horizon. It doesn't matter if he sees you, though — once *you've* seen *him*, he infests your dreams, hollows them out until all you can dream of is him, the gates, and the other poor souls he's put his mark on. The more of those he gathers, the more those gates creak open, and every night you wake up screaming.

The Man with the Ergot Smile is an exiled True Fae, cut off from his Titles and dominions by dint of some unfathomable Gentry conflict. The terms of his exile are a Contract, as are all things in Arcadia: When 100 madmen dream as one, the Man may return to Arcadia, and not before. The Contract never said this had to occur naturally, and so the Man with the Ergot Smile slips from dream to dream, planting the seeds of his nightmare and nurturing them as patiently as any gardener. When his poisonous dreams finally bloom, he will go home.

All too aware that being fully embodied is a vulnerability, the Man with the Ergot Smile avoids the physical realm and its attendant dangers. Instead he lives in the world of dreams, skipping from mind to mind along hidden paths and Dreaming Roads, never staying too long in one dream realm. He resembles a man, slim and average height, dressed in a slightly old-fashioned black suit with a black bowler hat. The only color about him is a crimson umbrella he carries like a walking stick. Dreamers only ever see him from behind as he looks expectantly toward the gates of Arcadia, but lucid dreamers or changelings hunting him report that his face is startlingly ordinary — until he smiles, and the world cracks around you and Clarity runs like melted wax.

Though he no longer rules a realm within Arcadia and thus cannot take new changelings, the Man with the Ergot Smile once held dominion over a vast and twisty sanitarium, wherein he broke down captive mortals utterly, just to see what they would build themselves back up as. His patients ended up with any seeming, depending on what kinds of tortures he devised and how they managed to endure them.

Signs and portents follow the Man with the Ergot Smile, signs that echo the realm he once ruled. When the Man is active in the area, admittance at the local mental hospitals spike sharply. Incidences of dancing plague, sudden dissociative states, and St. Anthony's Fire trail in his wake, and a trained occultist can use those signs to follow him and pinpoint his likely next victim.

The Three Androgynes

Once upon a time, we told stories of wicked fairies in the woods, because the woods were dangerous and it was folly to go there. Now, we do not fear the forest anymore, for we have gone to stranger places by far: the seas, the skies, and very nearly the stars. What stories do we tell to warn our young and innocent away from them? We tell stories of silvery ships and strange, gray beings, child-sized but wise beyond knowing. When you're someplace you shouldn't be, someplace that transgresses, they appear in a beam of blinding light, carry you off through a hole in the sky, and peel back your layers amid a galaxy of thorny stars.

Whether the Three Androgynes have always been as they are now, adapted themselves with the rise of UFO folklore, or indeed are a new Gentry altogether, born of stories of flying saucers and alien experiments, no one can say. Their realm is an endless starship, all sleek chrome and art-deco fins, containing a multitude of sterile laboratories, operating theaters, and prison cells — or perhaps "zoo enclosures" is more apt. Most of the alien beasts held within are part and parcel of the realm itself, but the Androgynes pride themselves on their extensive collection of humanity. They curate it carefully, always seeking the broadest spectrum of humankind they can acquire.

The Three Androgynes themselves (and even within the nebulous concept of Gentry identity, they're recognized as a single being) are the archetypal "grays" made popular by everything from science-fiction TV shows to late-night radio programs: about three feet high, slender, with bulbous heads housing enormous, solid-black eyes made all the more striking by their tiny, almost rudimentary noses and mouths. They sometimes sport silvery, one-piece "uniforms" and sometimes appear nude (though all three lack any indication of sex or gender). They're always together, whether they're flying their craft from the control deck or slicing an experimental subject into cross sections and rearranging the internal organs just to see what happens.

Mortals the Three Androgynes take have one purpose: to be guinea pigs and test subjects for bizarre anatomical experimentation. Some become Beasts or Ogres when their Keepers splice their genes with those of other creatures. Others become Elementals or Darklings, partially replaced with advanced mechanical prostheses or reconfigured into nothing human at all, with vast cosmic knowledge forced into their minds. Still others are rebuilt to be flawless, hailed as Fairest success stories and paraded about on display. A few are forced to participate in experimentation on *other* subjects in a perverse kind of medical school; these changelings become Wizened.

For all that it seems to fly about the cosmos at great speed many light-years from earth, it's no harder to escape the Androgynes' realm than any other Arcadian domain. Some changelings simply fling themselves out an airlock and force themselves to endure the agony of vacuum until they "land." Others manage to slip the containment fields on their cells, steal a small shuttlecraft, and reverse-engineer the alien control surfaces so they might escape via "wormhole" back to earth; or take control of the ship itself and crash it unceremoniously into the Hedge.

The Year of Plague

Under a sullen red sun, the cracked and blistered earth gives up foul vapors and poisoned waters. The dead lay uncounted in their heaps, and the dying are too ravaged by disease to seek shelter or dig graves. Changelings scurry about, seeking succor or escape or a way to stop the plague. The sun rises and sets, the seasons turn, and a year later the board resets. All is as it was, forever and ever, plague without end.

The Year of Plague is an unusual Fae Title, in that its domain isn't a region of Arcadia so much as it is a span of time: specifically, a year of terrible epidemics and plague outbreaks. Every 365 days, the Year "resets," returning to a zero state shortly after the outbreak. The exact plague and its environs change every year: Sometimes it's London in the midst of the Black Death, or a Ghanaian village during the 1918 influenza pandemic. Other times it resembles no earthly place or disease at all.

The Year of Plague seldom manifests a character to speak with, preferring to observe its changelings at a remove. On the rare occasions that it does, it's a tattered, empty thing of red rags and a medieval plague doctor's mask, from which noxious vapors spill endlessly. When it needs to act directly, whether to fetch new changelings or rein in a study subject grown unruly, it prefers to act through goblins or a Huntsman, which naturally follow the same plague doctor motif as they don his livery.

The Year of Plague casts a wide net for its changelings. Anyone who survived a brush with a deadly disease is a potential candidate, as is anyone living in the outbreak zone of an epidemic. The Year often takes doctors and humanitarian-aid workers, opportunists and scavengers, and throws them all into a nightmare scenario to see how they adapt and react. Its changelings become Wizened when they try over and over to cure the incurable, or Ogres when they decide the best thing to do is put everyone out of their misery. They may unite survivors and spread hope to become Fairest, or eschew the company of others altogether to protect themselves and become scavenger Beasts.

Naturally, most of the "plague victims" in the Year of Plague are puppets, mere extensions of the Year itself and thus of no use to its studies. Every cycle, though, the Year claims a number of mortals. Sometimes it takes a small cadre and places them together to examine their group dynamics; other times it takes a larger number and scatters them across its domain, so it can see how they try to survive on their own. Anyone who has not escaped before the year is up is lost in the resetting: perhaps unmade entirely, or perhaps reduced to one of the automata set dressing the next incarnation of the Year. Escape might come when a character realizes that civilization is but a thin veneer over chaos and ceases playing along, embraces the disease as his way out, or leads the survivors to work together and find a loophole. Actually curing the disease would likely end the Year entirely, ejecting any changelings still within back to the mortal realm.

Part VI

It Happened to Me

Wendy

Adopting children is, theoretically, difficult. There are lots of interviews, and social workers asking how secure your income really is. And the occasional insinuation that a child might prefer to be with someone more like them. It's less difficult when the children don't...exist, exactly. An extra handful of model minority children can disappear if you take them to the right neighborhood. But it gets harder again when you try to take them to the hospital or put them in school. Peter had a broken arm. June couldn't read. Robin thought I was a fairy. Summer couldn't speak English. And Michael wanted me to like him so badly it hurt my heart. They sang like birds, and could, to our mutual discovery, be both at once. Bird-children, running from someone who hurt them so badly I hear them crying in their sleep every night, huddled together in my bed. She kidnapped them, and took away everything they could have been. I've had my worthiness questioned. I've been told that none of the things I am are important. But no one ever really took them away, no one pulled them out of my heart. At least I can give a little of that back to them. They don't actually look much like me, or each other, but most Americans can't tell the difference. Especially not with hapa kids.

I hadn't specifically wanted children. But I had some time on my hands, a landlord who was willing to look the other way while I sorted out some "runaways" I found sleeping outside, and nothing worthier to be doing. But four children, one teenager, and an adult can't stay in an efficiency forever. Not without something to prove I wasn't just another kidnapper. So the six of us decided that I had a handful of runaway cousins. We would be close enough family that I could maybe get custodianship while we tried to find birth certificates. To see if they had parents who knew their birth names.

I thought my inquiries and public records searches had been subtle. But then, I've never done this before. After a few days, I was sure I was being followed, but I couldn't think of by whom. ICE would have just busted down my door. The FBI would have detained me. The woman who came to my door smelled like wildflowers and sun, and her hair moved in a breeze that I couldn't see.

The conversation that followed made my head feel fuzzy, and faintly exposed. Like I might have said some things I wouldn't have otherwise said out loud. Some things I wouldn't have admitted. But then she took off her face and gave me a happy smile, and offered us a place to stay. A stipend. A line on some better papers. It would be easier if they were my own kids on paper, then she could earmark the stipend as alimony for my bank. It all made sense at the time, and at the end we were crying and hugging, and I felt better than I had in a lifetime.

It was only a couple of months later, as I was waiting for Summer to come out of a dressing room, that it really hit me. I was wholly responsible for five children who had never been safe in their lives. One who could barely remember the world his siblings brought him back to, who just followed Summer and Peter out of love. They needed everything, and almost nothing. They could feed themselves and clean the house and walk around safely in any weather. They could only sometimes speak without breaking into birdsong. They got spooked by crowds of people and guarded their food like they thought someone might take it. And I was getting paid to keep them out of trouble and socialize them into human society. It was my literal job to raise them up right.

After several deep breaths, I emailed my old Mandarin teacher, put Peter in charge of making dinner, and went to go have my panic attack somewhere out of their line of sight.

I drove around aimlessly for nearly an hour after taking them home. *Home.* And wound up back at a coffee shop near the bay, chairs and tables scattered over a balcony that jutted out over the rocks. I used to live near here, back before everything. The coffee was still overpriced and under-brewed, but the familiarity was nice. I half recognized the man sitting out on the balcony from old runs. He walked slowly, sometimes talking so softly I could only see his lips move as I ran past. Harmless, if a little creepy. I guess kids have made me a soft touch, because when he gave me a plaintive, lonely look, I walked over.

I didn't have time to scream, so I sent Peter 15 texts, and drove home in the sudden downpour. With a man who wouldn't stop whispering about the end of the world. I tried not to notice when the lights cut, but when a finger streaked along the windshield I started shaking and didn't stop until I opened the lobby door to what had only been my home for a handful of months. There were the three women arguing, with hardly room for a shadow between them. Staring directly at them, a man who smelled like lightning striking, who flickered like the world was dropping frames. Then he was pressed amid the women, tightly grasping their shoulders.

Clear your mind, Wendy. Get his attention. John trailed behind me like a lost thing as I strode towards them. My brain was screaming, pitched high and terrified for everyone I would lose if I didn't step just right. If Peter missed even one of the neighbors I sent him to. If the blonde didn't extend her trust, and help me ground the women who were already fading under his touch.

"Well, isn't this a sweet tête-à-tête." His voice kept tuning like a broken radio, words hissing around the static.

We were in a wide, tile-floored atrium. The kind designed by someone who's never lived along a heavily trafficked apartment hallway. Noisy. Sound muddied as it bounced back and forth between the tile and the glass, shoes squeaking and rain pelting and people yelling as softly as they could over the din. I cracked the heel of my boot hard against the tile three times. The echo was as loud as I could have hoped it would be. Everyone who was left inside stilled and stared.

"I think you should leave. You're making those women uncomfortable." *Focus on the moment.* "Get out of our building." People were shuffling between me and the doors outward. I listened for the click, and heard an anguished howl from outside. Someone pounding on the glass doors trying to get in. I couldn't look. His laughter was like breaking glass.

I took another step forward, clacking my boots again, and pushed the blonde's arm. "Grab their hands," I whispered, "they need an anchor." I shoved her close enough to them that she would need to grab hold of them to keep her balance. She almost let herself fall anyway, finally landing hard against the taller woman's collarbone.

The three women all shuddered a little at the touch, and the two dazed ones began to shake off whatever hold he had on them.

"Not today, Satan." And Preeti slammed her fist against the back of his head.

Smoke billowed up from the floor in hot waves, and the glass above us shattered, shards crashing down around us.



Chapter Six
All the Kingdoms of the Earth

For there we loved, and where we love is home,
Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts,
Though o'er us shine the jasper-lighted dome:
The chain may lengthen, but it never parts!
Oliver Wendell Holmes Sr., **Homesick in Heaven**

Eighty-Nine Dreams of Home, the Yuanfen Pavilion

Hong Kong

Hong Kong stands *between*. Between the mountains and the sea. Between the mainland and Britain, first, then the world at large. Between what China was, and might be. Convenient geography and imperial disunity turned a lightly inhabited set of islands into a thriving, stable economy, one that plays host to an-ever increasing number of immigrants. It's beautiful there, even through the waves of smog drifting down the Pearl River delta. The high mountains are dotted with nook shrines and parks, with neighborhoods nestled among them connected by stairs, tunnels, and long bridges latticing the landscape.

The 89th Pavilion is where a changeling might find themselves if they missed China, but not the People's Republic. It's easier, in some ways, to be a magical creature here. The supernatural is so common it's a subject of idle conversation. Ghosts make regular appearances in soap operas, fox shrines are tucked away next to train stations, and astrology booths are packed in the Ladies' Market alongside knockoff Sanrio pajamas and tissue-box covers. So someone returning from Arcadia (or *xian jing*) might find an unexpected level of social acceptance. Really, it would be more embarrassing for your family if you didn't at least come back to explain yourself. The student organization you just joined might be the more dangerous association.

Historiarum Obscura

Returning home, to your identity, is complicated. It, and you, remember each other as if fixed in time, everything as it was when you parted ways. But, of course, neither of you is the same. Now Hong Kongese changelings have yet another dual identity to balance — western or Chinese, fae or human. Hong Kong isn't quite either, and neither are you.

Circumstance underlined how liminal the golden delta could be. Once upon a time it may have been merely a few thousand kilometers of coast and peak, interrupted by the odd fishing village and wooded valley. Striking, and home to the occasional pirate, emperor in exile, or political dissident, but remote. Chinese changelings largely gravitated to larger towns. Rural life was too close to the Hedge and too far from anyone who might truly understand their experiences. When the trading door opened a crack, Hong Kong offered a more compelling option.

Trade with the Portuguese and the British stirred up new industries. Changelings could establish new lives, away from the long shadow of a disappearance and a quietly disapproving family.

Even before it became the opium gate, Hong Kong started diverging from the mainland. While mainland China was reinvesting in tradition, Hong Kong was getting more diverse, more adventurous, more mixed, and more religious. But, despite the best efforts of missionaries smuggled into China, Christianity didn't replace folk religion so much as become absorbed wholly into it. Converts followed regional blends of Confucianism, Taoism, ancestor veneration, Buddhism, and their preferred selection of pantheistic immortals. And when the Taiping Heavenly Kingdom swept through southern China, it was in the name of one of those syncretic Christianities. Christians, as a whole, received a large portion of the blame for the United Kingdom's intervention in the Taiping Rebellion, and converts quickly became unwelcome in their communities. Christianity was inferior, western, and unpatriotic. Worse, it came with opium as a price tag.

Following two opium wars (exacerbated by the Taiping Rebellion), the United Kingdom collected Hong Kong at the point of a gunboat. Chinese changelings, who had been quietly filtering into a growing community, found themselves abruptly cut off from the rest of their home. Some had begun putting down roots, but the Dragon Court was established to govern a transient population: temporarily embarrassed craftsmen and scholars, who were simply working towards what they needed to restore their family's regard. Suddenly, the western shipping trade was more than just business.

British rule offered security and oppression in equal measure, providing a continuity of infrastructure and economy that withstood a century of civil unrest in China, on the back of *causing* its fair share of that unrest. Human Han Chinese immigrants were increasingly shut out of Hong Kong's governance, but few western changelings identified strongly enough with Hong Kong to return there. Despite devastating losses of life in the many wars and armed conflicts that followed, that imbalance meant that Hong Kongese changelings retained a great deal of sovereignty. They actively opposed the will of those few British changelings who returned (or chose to emigrate), intending to install themselves as the supernatural as well as mundane authority in Hong Kong.

Hong Kong wasn't intended to be a sanctuary city, but stability (regardless of the cause) is good for business. So when the people's revolution started, the British didn't turn away anyone who happened to have financial stakes in Hong Kong, or valuable higher education. Once the first wave settled in, anyone who had something to lose found a reason to visit family on the other side of the demilitarized zone. Like human refugees, the changelings that fled the People's Republic left with nothing. Any hint that a "visitor" might plan not to return was met with violence, and a dual-fae nature was no more likely to save a life than innocence was. Fleeing to British Hong Kong might seem like giving up sovereignty for safety, but that only seems like a bad deal for those who haven't spent a century trying to maintain a family line while navigating other people's wars. Forced to build yet more new identities, changelings wrapped themselves in human culture, and integrated.

Now, Hong Kong is an ambivalent part of the emerging Pearl River Delta megacity: part of China, but not quite. Sovereign, but only until 2047. Beijing, the capital of the People's Republic, is making its presence known here in ways both large and small. Journalists disappear, though less frequently than in mainland China. Phones are bugged, though less obviously and flagrantly. Pro-China government officials are elected by improbable margins, but not to every post, and they don't always win. Citizens eager to remake Hong Kong's court into a mirror of Beijing's infiltrate the Dragon Court, and some courtiers know about it.

The Dragon Court

Neither the European-style Seasonal Courts nor the mainland Directional Courts ever stuck in the 89th Pavilion.

Everything about the Seasonal Court structure was wrong. It bore little resemblance to the Confucian imperial court, and few Hong Kong residents thought of themselves as anything but Chinese. The five phases of China divide the year into a different number of seasons, each with a different community function and emotional resonance; but the British actively discouraged the Directional Courts, eventually pushing them out of Hong Kong entirely. Later, the revolution made western trappings a dangerous affectation. And, of course, four is the unluckiest number, a preemptive admission of defeat when the courts of Hong Kong should be doing what they can to compound their changelings' luck.

Escaping Arcadia in the first place was evidence of good fortune, and a careful changeling has the potential to build a stable future on that seed of luck. Accordingly, the Dragon Court offers stability, and the aura of luck. Power is never transferred from society to society, but held in balance by the nine children of the dragon. Three societies — Morning, Day, and Night — each contribute three delegates to the court. The selection of delegates is a private decision held within each society, but societies are encouraged to choose delegates willing to squabble amongst themselves: changelings as devoted to the city's health as a whole as they are to the roles their society fills in Hong Kong. The eldest of all delegates is considered the first among equals, and holds largely organizational authority. A changeling may find, as she ages or as her life circumstances change, that her affiliation changes as well. Status in one society doesn't carry over to others, but changelings remember where they last heard a name.

The Dragon Court is more a throwback to a romanticized past than an authentic tradition carried from the Qin dynasty, but the Romance of the Three Kingdoms holds roughly the same place in Chinese pop culture that Arthurian legend holds in the west. It's a narrative that unites a very diverse community, grounding them in the same Confucian ideals that pervade mundane society. Modern Hong Kongese changelings are as likely to find it comforting as confining.

Society of Morning

The Society of Morning holds domain over birth, growth, and discovery of the new. They are the most likely to actively search for changelings stumbling out of Arcadia, and to pump them for stories about their experiences or knowledge gained there. They are messengers and seekers after novelty for its own sake. They are eager to find information, confident that its usefulness will be made clear in the course of its discovery. Restless pursuit has yielded distressing news, though. They have reason to believe societies from Beijing are attempting to infiltrate all three of the Hong Kong societies.

Changelings who join the Society of Morning tend to be idealistic and driven, but easy to anger or distract.

Mantle Effects: The Morning Mantle is as bright and sharp as a sunrise. The air around the courtier smells of new things — doors and windows thrown open for the first time, in a long-empty house. The courtier herself flickers, dancing in place like a flame, eager to be moving, eager to consume.

Your character gains a Glamour point whenever she gains new knowledge through reckless pursuit.

- • Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls for gathering information on a subject new to her.
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls related to instability or impermanence.
- ••• Regain a point of Willpower when your character tells a truth that implicates a coworker or friend.
- •••• Automatically succeed on attempts to persuade another changeling to share information relevant to the safety of the freehold that they defend against mundanely; this prompts a Clash of Wills against supernatural defenses.
- ••••• Once per chapter, your character may deflect one of her negative Clarity Conditions onto someone else by revealing an unknown truth about them; this doesn't heal any Clarity damage for her or grant a Beat, and the target doesn't take any Clarity damage.

Society of Day

The Society of Day holds domain over marriage, fruition, and moderation of opposing forces. They are the most likely to be mediators in changeling conflicts, and the architects of large-scale projects. The most involved in day-to-day maintenance of Hong Kong, they tend to cultivate the sources Morning changelings use to gain new knowledge, and find a place for those people in the 89th Pavilion. Many changelings have Day to thank for their homes and jobs. Many changelings owe Day favors.

Changelings who join the Society of Day tend to be practical and ambitious, but overconfident.

Mantle Effects: The Day Mantle is warm and thrumming, welcoming but demanding. The ground beneath the courtier's feet feels sturdier. The air smells strongly of industry and sweat and ripe fruit. No matter how relentless the pace, the courtier himself seems peaceful and measured — planted solidly in the earth.

Your character gains a Glamour point whenever he successfully resolves a conflict between two changelings.

- • Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to continue a project someone else started.
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to repair something that was nearly thrown away.
- ••• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to mediate between hostile parties.
- •••• Reduce the Glamour cost of Contracts by one when using them to extend or improve an existing public work.
- ••••• The industry of the world turns on your finger. Once per chapter, automatically find whatever minor or uncommon mundane tools are necessary for the task at hand.

Society of Night

The Society of Night holds domain over death, retreat, and the stillness of contemplation. What Morning seeks and Day maintains, Night uses. They search the records created by Morning and Day to think up new defenses, new weapons. They take point in pursuit of Huntsmen and the Fae, and often shadow the Morning changelings who deliberately return to the Hedge. Night does not need to actively recruit; the most martially inclined changelings find them. Individual Night members often work more closely with changelings from other societies than they do with one another.

Changelings who join the Society of Night tend to be persistent and intelligent, but controlling and critical.

Mantle Effects: The Night Mantle is luminous and studded with stars. A dry chill fills the air and presses into your bones, pausing the frantic heat of the day. The courtier may shake in the wind, but her hand never falters while acting in the darkness.



Your character gains a Glamour point whenever she follows a hunt to its logical conclusion.

- Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to research a problem her freehold has encountered before.
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to shadow or investigate a new informant.
- ••• Regain a Willpower point when your character deliberately makes a difficult choice that inflicts a Condition on her.
- •••• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots when concealing a defensive fact about herself or her freehold.
- ••••• When attacking a target your character has previously pursued out of premeditated violence, she deals aggravated damage.

Faces

Summer Wong

Summer grew up knowing she was special. The only surviving daughter to doting parents, she was beautiful and British-educated, fluent in Canto, Mandarin, Korean, and English. And so lucky. Why wouldn't she be offered a free fortune while strolling through Temple Street, under the flickering neon? But the booth was so much bigger on the inside, and her feet caught in the brambles underfoot. Her older sisters were waiting for her, with a heavy banbi embroidered with foxes. She owed them so many favors for all the luck they had generously saved up for her. By the time she snuck back out of her sisters' house, her waistcoat had sunk into her skin, and her long brush tail swept the pavement behind her. Her parents were accepting, but distant with a daughter they remembered mainly as a failed actress. After all, she dropped out of sight when most would-be actresses were building their modeling careers. After a few months of fruitless casting calls, a pale man who claimed to be an old school friend offered Summer a strange job: Play a humei in a period soap opera, and sneak in an extra line or two he'd text her each morning, for pay so good she could move back out of her parents' home.

Xiaoming

He doesn't like to be tied down with labels. He's a companion, and a friend. Someone to bring home for lunar new year, when you can't stand another question about why you don't have a boyfriend. Someone who has just enough of an opinion about Beijing politics, but not so much as to scandalize your grandmother. Sometimes

he's a law student, or wealthy from the import of some fruit you don't remember the name of. But he knows what you are, and he's one, too. He keeps your secrets for as long as you want him to, as long as you don't expect to be exclusive. He travels a lot, and he thinks you'd get lonely if it was just him in your life. But what was it you were saying about your college friends? When exactly did they get it into their heads to protest the People's Republic? Xiaoming is certainly a spy, though for whom it's not quite clear. He has friends in Day, but also in Morning, and he spends an awful lot of time in Beijing these days.

Eddie and Alexia Siu

Eddie and Alexia technically separated about 10 years ago, but by that point their businesses were so intertwined that it didn't seem worth the trouble to actually get divorced, or move out of one another's buildings. She owns the house they still live in; he owns the Macau casino her restaurant is in. Really, it's more convenient this way. They split over society membership, actually. Eddie's fae-touched and a builder, and Day gives him as many odd, lonely souls as he can find jobs for. Alexia had some aggression for which she needed Night to give her an outlet. They're loyal to their societies, but their habit is still to tell each other everything, even — or especially — during loud arguments. Their fellow courtiers know not to tell them anything they wouldn't want passing along as Hedgevine gossip.

Places

Mei Ho House

Mei Ho House is a public housing project turned historical building turned youth hostel, built on the remains of a catastrophic fire. These days, students can rent rooms in the same building where the KMT and CPC rioted over who could (and should) successfully unite China. That frustrated anger and lust for justice burned into the bones of the building. Emotions run hot here. Fights start faster. Arguments get pointed, and political. Just don't stay too long, or you'll regret what you said. The Society of Night rents here, and owns more than its fair share of the coffin homes throughout the city, packed full of Filipina domestic workers, student protesters, travelers, and intrigue.

Ladies' Market

Tung Choi Street's Ladies' Market is an infamous tourist trap. A place to buy knockoffs of questionable provenance and DVDs of wuxia movies that came out yesterday. But you'd be surprised in whose voices the songbirds sing. Or what charms, exactly, the woman with no eyes is giving to certain men who walk past. If your mooncake has a curled message inside, the Night Society may be trying to warn you of something.

Tangerine

Seven million people are fighting for the same 100 square miles — so no one you know can afford an apartment in Hong Kong, let alone a whole single-use building. Tangerine trades in fashionable food culture during the day, and subcultures at night. Latte art and queer book signings, galaxy cakes and slam poetry, fairy cakes and actual fairies. Make it on the text chain, and you'll know when the meetups are. Meet other changelings under the watchful eyes of your friends (rather than your employers). Meet your fetch in neutral territory. Dance with anyone you'd like, so long as you buy a few drinks and keep it civil.

Night Market

The Temple Street Night Market is an enduring monument to both a vigorous fusion food culture and the shared desire of humans and hobgoblins to siphon money off the drunk and impulsive. Share your noodles, studded with pomelo and pale blue mushrooms, with the little girl in a paper crown. Have a six-eyed fortune teller identify whether the ghost of an ancestor besets you, or if this is your strife year. Exorcise a demon and get your pocket picked listening to quail-faced opera singers. Haggle for a tea set with an auntie whose hair is the color of cobalt and celadon. Talk politics with the shop cats.

Lantau Island

Buffeted by strong winds and heavy fogs, dotted with high, impassable peaks, Lantau Island is more nature park than business center. It's so picturesque you might almost overlook that entrances to the Hedge are particularly permissive here. It's easy to see how resistances could vanish into the valleys between Phoenix and Sunset peaks, both accidentally and on purpose. In fact, during World War II it was a major base of operations for the Chinese resistance. From hiding places in those deep glades, they conducted raids, ambushes, and resupplying missions into both Japanese and Fae-controlled territories. These days, a few formerly British changelings maintain a sparsely attended Seasonal Court freehold in exile out in the hills.

The Council of Elves

Reykjavík, Iceland

It is not a large city, numbering around 130,000 people, but the name Reykjavík still carries weight among the world's freeholds. It is not an old city, having only seen just over two centuries, but the Lost have been here for much longer.

As the capital of Iceland, Reykjavík started seeing conurbation in the 19th century, but it was in the 20th century that most of it was built. With a reasonably mild

Reykjavik Glossary

Álfheimur: Arcadia

elf: changeling

Elf-Kings: True Fae

Hidden, the: All the peoples touched by Arcadia in general; the Fae-Touched in particular

lag (plural lög): court, literally "community" or "society"

troll: hobgoblin

climate, the place is green in summer despite being just south of the Arctic Circle. It was the center of the cordial Allied occupation during World War II, and afterward, the winds of fortune were at the city's back, making it a wealthy place. With hot springs and a lively nightlife, it is a popular tourist destination. It is also a place where over half the population are at least ambivalent to the existence of "the hidden people."

It is not a place without conflict, though. Like other European countries, xenophobia has been on the rise lately, with an underlying current of sentiments that foreigners want harm to come to Iceland.

Historiarum Obscura

In 874, the Norse arrived in Iceland, driving out the Celtic Christian Papar monks. In 891, Gyða Hjalmarsdóttir became the first Icelander to escape from Álfheimur — Arcadia. The changeling Council of Elves reckons its founding from this year. That and following events are all recorded in the Álfasögur, penned by Gyða herself from 892 to 1056, and then by other changeling hands until the modern era.

In 921, enough changelings — or elves — had escaped from Álfheimur to found the First Council of Elves, and they waged war upon the Svartabeinar tribe, of which nothing more is known, until they drove the Svartabeinar from Iceland. In 1007, the First Council fell apart amid strife related to Iceland's conversion to Christianity, and the Second Council of Elves convened in 1009 after a short, but bloody, period of war among the elves.

In 1262, Iceland fell under the Norwegian crown, and representatives of the Council of Elves traveled to Bergen to swear allegiance to King Hákon Hákonarson. It was here that the elven maiden Iðunn was said to have placed the king under a spell, dooming him to a swift death if his lust for conquest could not be tamed. He died the next year.

A long period of Norwegian and then Danish rule followed for Iceland, and the Lost grew stronger in number and power, wielding their magics with subtlety and grace to protect their own. In 1597, the young twins Brynja and Skúli returned from the Hedge, and their cunning trickery and heroic exploits became one of the most enduring and fondly remembered legends of Iceland's elves. It was they who overthrew the corrupt King Eírikur and founded the Third Council of Elves, and they are often associated with the council in art and poetry.

After the fall of the corrupted Second Council, life was relatively easy for Iceland's changelings. Against the Gentry — known here as the Elf-Kings — the council provided a relatively unified front, cemented by tradition and a cordial relationship with their mortal neighbors. Terror and loss mar Lost lives everywhere, but less here than most places.

All that is now changing. The lög can no longer depend on their numbers being mostly Icelandic, and the isolated, pastoral lifestyle the Council of Elves was founded alongside has been swept away. For the elves, change is not a good thing — "things were about as good as they could get" is the consensus, and any change is only going to bring danger. And the danger has manifested: As the population of Iceland grows more urbanized, more changelings are captured by Huntsmen or loyalists. Today, most Icelanders — elves included — live in Reykjavík and its surrounding region, and the Elf-Kings have a far smaller area to cover to find their escaped pets.

Icelandic folklore says that elves are invisible or hidden in such a way that they can choose to whom they appear. They would be surprised to find that elves live among them as normal people. The council has historically had good relations with mortals. The human population of Iceland has mostly left alone those places elves consider their property, or sacred. In return, the council has done what it can to help with mortal issues, such as making sure the fish were tasty and plentiful. This informal compact still stands, but the council is worried that it won't last much longer, as fewer and fewer Icelanders report believing in elves each year.

Dotted across Iceland are portals to the Hedge in large numbers, each marked with a pile of stones to make them easier to find. Many of them were created by individual Lost, and open near their personal Hollows. This makes it easier to find a Hedgeway in Iceland by far, and even some mortals can direct a visitor to a stone pile believed to be a home to elves. This practice has endured in part because mortals respect these markings, and avoid disturbing them. The council keeps up relations with mortal experts to let the mortal population know which places are claimed, and some among the Lost also act as publicly known "elf experts."

Hobgoblins are called trolls among Iceland's Lost, and they are larger and more powerful than hobgoblins elsewhere. However, if the rays of the mortal sun strike an Icelandic troll, it turns to rock.

The Seasonal Loeg

The Council of Elves is a loosely organized community made up of four wings: the Seasonal Societies, or lög (sometimes transliterated "loeg"). Each lag is a part of the greater whole, and each is responsible for administrative duties during its season. The lög do not have strict leadership, instead convening for trials where different courses of action are debated and judged based on precedent, and then decided by an arbitrarily selected jury.

Two lög are decidedly more powerful than the others: Summer and Winter are the two main seasons of Iceland, with Spring and Autumn minor in comparison. The Summer and Winter Lög each have about twice as many members as Spring and Autumn, and they administer the council's affairs for twice as long. Because of this, Spring and Autumn often try to set aside their differences and team up to get an equal say.

Spring

Iceland is no longer what it once was. It once was poor, but now is wealthy, though not as much as it was before 2008's economic crisis. It once was alone, but now is part of the world. It once was a pastoral, farming-and-fishing culture, but now it is a modern and technologically advanced country.

The Spring Lag embraces the new and scoffs at the old. They are technophiles, addicted to their smartphones and Facebook pages, and consider themselves part of a wider, European changeling society — the capital city of which is Reykjavík, of course. They are the ones who communicate elven needs to the Icelandic authorities via a select few "elf experts," and they are the ones who clean up the Winter Lag's mess by cataloging all felled trolls and removing their stony remains.

The Spring Lag does not believe in tradition. Tradition holds progress back, they say, and look how much better and more comfortable everyone's lives are now! Things were boring before — life was tedious, and led to nothing but an early grave.

Mantle Effects: Your character gains a Glamour point whenever he convinces someone to abandon a pre-established plan.

- Gain the benefits of the Direction Sense Merit (p. 121).
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to research something new with modern technology.
- ••• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to sway a crowd into abandoning a longstanding tradition.
- •••• Regain a Willpower point whenever you resolve the Fragile or Volatile Condition for a plan your character created with a Build Equipment action.
- ••••• Your character can speak and understand all present-day mundane languages, spoken and written.

Summer

Summer is the season of toil. Fields need tilling, fish need catching, and firewood needs chopping. The house must be repaired, and all other practical concerns must be attended to, because even though the weather is mild and relatively pleasant now, winter will come. But it is also the time to enjoy life, and to sit under a sunlit sky and relax.

That is what summer means in Icelandic culture. In the modern age, all these things are no longer true — surviving winter means getting in a car and going to work, just like all the other seasons. Nevertheless, the past and its trials are not too far off, and elven culture cleaves to the past more than mortals do.

The Summer Lag is generally friendly and helpful, but also stubborn and hidebound. They embrace modernity in their own fashion, and strongly support what they consider to be traditional Icelandic values: democracy, equality, rule of law, and isolationism, both from the world and from mortals. They are the workhorses of the Lost, attending to all the practical details that need attention, balancing budgets and maintaining the elven census, along with lists of elven properties and how much tax each changeling owes the Council.

Mantle Effects: Your character gains a Glamour point whenever she takes a big risk to fulfill an obligation to perform a task.

- Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to uphold a law or rule.
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to shield mortals from the truth of fae magic.
- ••• Once per chapter, you may spend a Willpower point to grant your character additional dots of the Allies or Status Merit (p. 120) equal to her Mantle dots, to a maximum of five per ally group or organization, for the scene.
- •••• Increase your character's effective Resolve by one when using it to contest mundane or supernatural persuasion attempts.
- ••••• Once per chapter, you may redistribute your motley's total current Willpower points among all willing members in any combination.

Autumn

They are the last outpost before all hope is gone. Autumn is a melancholy season, filled with wistfulness and regret and beautiful decay. Things die, and it is the Autumn Lag's role to put all the Council's affairs in order, because they will all die before the year is up.

While they know they will survive winter, they believe the Elf-Kings will come riding out from Álfheimur any day now and end the little haven the Lost carved out. Russia will invade someday. Nuclear war will come, and the Gulf Stream is going to turn around, plunging Iceland into eternal chaos. Or, as some think, the EU is going to destroy Iceland and salt the earth.

They are not the most practically-minded lag, but they make that up in art and entertainment. They are the beautiful lag, focused on aesthetics and emotion. Their administration is marked by rites and remembrances, holy days and festivities — and above all, by a pessimistic mood. Eat, drink, and be — if not merry, then at least ready, for tomorrow you might die.

Mantle Effects: Your character gains a Glamour point whenever he succeeds at an unnecessarily risky action.

- • Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to research something that happened in the past that's relevant to current events.
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to convince someone to admit their feelings about something they're reluctant to share.
- ••• Once per chapter, you may reroll an Initiative roll and choose which result to keep.
- •••• Once per scene, regain a Willpower point when your character suffers a dramatic failure.
- ••••• Whenever your character suffers a wound penalty, you may increase that penalty by one to allow an ally to increase her Initiative by your character's Mantle dots, once per turn. This effect is cumulative, but your character can't suffer a wound penalty that exceeds −5.

Winter

In Iceland, respecting nature is something every child learns. While all seasons can be lethal to the foolhardy or the unlucky, winter is the season that can most easily kill. While the cities and settlements are safe, only those with the experience to survive and the knowledge of when not to take the risk should brave the wilderness in winter.

The Winter Lag embodies this duality, the calm and uneventful days when the farmer and fisherman stay indoors, and the unexpected death when things suddenly go wrong far away from help. They are the warriors of the Council of Elves, fierce and patient, given to sudden outbursts of violence, and just as suddenly calming down again. More than anyone, they hearken back to the Viking ancestors of the Icelandic people, their casual view of violence and brutal sense of fun.

Under the Winter Lag, practicalities are neglected — that's what the other seasons are for — while celebration, contemplation, and sudden death are in focus. This is when the Council of Elves stages expeditions into Álfheimur to rescue other Lost, and this is when changelings fight one another in duels to the death, or murder one another with little reason. The other lög generally do not like the Winter Lag, seeing them as a throwback to less-civilized times, but they accept that winter must have its due, even though they resent it.

Mantle Effects: Your character gains a Glamour point whenever he definitively wins a significant fight.

- • Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on rolls to navigate the Hedge.
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to survive in extreme environments or endure deprivation; reduce all penalties from such hardships by one.
- ••• All of your character's physical attacks deal +1L damage as long as the fight is one on one and your character started it.
- •••• Increase your character's effective Composure by one when using it to contest mundane or supernatural attempts to change your character's emotional state.
- ••••• Your character never suffers the Beaten Down Tilt (p. 327), for any reason.

Faces

Armslength

Half elf and half Greenland shark, Armslength is taciturn and distant, but generally friendly. If they ever had a gender, it was never strongly held, and they left it behind in Álfheimur — what is the point of bothering to have a gender identity for a shark person who will never belong in society anyway? Social constraints are for other people.

Armslength is torn between resentment for the cruelty and abuse they faced at their Keeper's hand, and gratitude for the ability to breathe underwater, which leaves the ocean open to explore. It's a hatred tempered by the acknowledgement that their love for the ocean would always be a distant love without their durance.

Armslength is peaceful, more given to using their stature and razor-sharp upper teeth for intimidation than

for violence. They often butt heads with Masked Jórunn over matters of war and dueling. They belong to the Autumn Lag, and generally only show up on land to participate in council trials.

Masked Jorunn

When she was in Álfheimur, Jórunn was a Fae mirror, changed in face and body to be an exact replica of her Keeper. When she escaped, she did so by posing as the Elf-Queen, and afterward the first thing she did was make a mask. Nobody has seen her face since then but her.

As one of the more notable members of the Winter Lag, Jórunn is a wrathful and warlike influence on the Council of Elves. She never forgives a slight, and she seizes on and supports every suggestion of martial action.

Krzysztof Kowalczyk

Out of all of Reykjavík's Lost, nobody is as thoroughly Icelandic as Krzysztof. Though he is a Polish immigrant and speaks with a thick accent, he loves Iceland with all his heart. He uses the most ingrown old turns of phrase, and cooks all the traditional dishes for the Autumn Lag's festivities, despite being of the Summer Lag himself. He loves nature, and spends a great deal of time outdoors.

He is a popular man, always surrounded by friends. He's lively and quick to laugh, a workhorse who takes more than his share and who expects hard work from everyone around him. He is made of solid ice, and vapes constantly.

Runa Tryggvisdottir

Seven feet tall, long-limbed, and excruciatingly thin, Rúna is the most accomplished programmer and computer expert among the Council of Elves. As a member of the Spring Lag, she constantly argues in favor of integrating more technology into the council's workings. She's abrasive and arrogant, and does not do any physical labor if she can avoid it ("I'm so thin and fragile, you just want to break me!") despite being no less strong or sturdy than most elves. She does not get along with Krzysztof at all.

Rúna has been known to dabble in illicit activities, but it goes further than most people expect. She is involved in money laundering and fraud, and has also made decent bank hacking foreign governments and selling their information. Despite being a lazy creature at heart, Rúna is fiercely loyal to her community. She'll die for them if need be — she just won't do any work for them.

Places

Hafnarhusith

Meaning "Harbor House," Hafnarhúsið was established in the mid-20th century as a permanent headquarters for the Council of Elves. Outside, it is a small and unassuming structure, just a normal house overlooking the harbor. Inside, it serves as both administrative building and social club for Reykjavík's changelings. Here, beings made of living song converse with the big bad wolf over a beer and a video game to the sounds of their comrades practicing swordplay. In the basement sits the courthouse of the Council, in use to settle any and every elven matter throughout three of the four seasons.

Rauthholar

The Rauðhólar, or Red Hills, are a series of volcanic craters in the Heiðmörk nature reserve, and elven folklore holds them to be the site of the old Svartabeinar stronghold, Today, the Council of Elves considers it a cursed area, ever since it was used as a gravel pit during World War II. The Svartabeinar buried their dead in the craters themselves, and now that the craters have been damaged, the dead rest uneasily. While mortals are quite safe, elven visitors occasionally simply vanish without a trace, and some who have traveled there at night report strange lights and sounds.

Thingvellir

As the seat of Iceland's government for almost 900 years, Þingvellir was also where the Council of Elves convened for a long time. These days, the place, 40 kilometers (about 25 miles) away from Reykjavík, is a major tourist destination, and one of the main sources of anger and frustration at the mortal population by the Council. They have as much right to it as anyone, they believe, and the mortal tourists have forced the Council to meet elsewhere to keep their privacy.

The Autumn Lag in particular points to this sad state of affairs, Iceland's heart and soul turned into a tawdry spectacle for visiting masses, as a sign of the times. Þingvellir, they say, is proof that Iceland has lost itself and is on its way to the grave as a nation. Might as well move the Alþingi to Geneva and get it over with, they grumble.

The University of Iceland

While most Icelanders think of elves as mainly concerned with wilderness regions, the Spring Lag actually holds the University of Iceland as its most sacred place. Dozens of Hedgeways and trod endpoints dot the campus, and many Hollows can be found in the local Hedge, where members of the Spring Lag spend time in quiet and solitude while surrounded by the hallowed atmosphere of progress and higher learning.

When spring arrives, the Spring Lag convenes the Council for trials here at night, annoying other elves, who would prefer to meet more privately and comfortably in the safety of Hafnarhúsið. However, on this, the Spring Lag will not give in — they are often pragmatic and not overly concerned with matters of sanctity, but this place is genuinely holy to them, and they hold it in reverence.

Hard-a-Lee

Ipswich, Massachusetts

Massachusetts' North Shore is full of fishing towns. Old, New-England-style saltbox houses are both residences for the year-rounders and tourist attractions for the summer crowds. Ipswich, founded in 1634, boasts poets and politicians among its notable citizens. Visitors come to stroll through the John Whipple House for a glimpse of life in colonial America, sun themselves at Crane Beach, or get their fill of fresh seafood at any of several clam shacks. While many of the town's permanent residents now commute into Boston for work, the fishing industry is still alive and well. More than a few families have been going out on the sea for generations.

A significant portion of those seafarers aren't entirely human.

In caves and coves along the shore, fae-blooded people — whose Masks hide webbed fingers and gills and scales from mortal sight — mine the earth and the Hedge for faerie metals, which abound in the area. The changeling freehold of Hard-a-Lee does regular business with them, trading for the precious material and acting as both brokers and bouncers when outsiders come seeking the treasure. Though the freehold's founders were locals, a high percentage of the Lost currently in town started out as summer people, taken by the Gentry in the midst of their vacations.

Historiarum Obscura

Though white colonists gave them names like "Asrai" and "knucker," taken from European folklore, these piscatory fae were known to the Agawam tribe long before John Winthrop the Younger sailed in on the *Arbella.* Chief Masconomet's people traded with the fae, though little remains of the items crafted during that era.

Stories from English colonists in the late 1600s tell of kelpies lurking about the shores of the Ipswich River, selkies splashing about in Plum Island Sound, or beautiful Asrai women leaving their cold, cold handprints on enamored fishermen's arms. Most of these tales were shrugged off as superstition, but it didn't deter curious sorts from lurking about on the shore, hoping to stumble across a selkie's discarded skin.

As the town expanded, keeping themselves separate and hidden from the humans became nearly impossible. Far simpler, realized the faerie miners, to hide in plain sight as townsfolk. But how would a passel of fishlike fae take up residence in such a small town without being noticed?

With a shipwreck, of course.

They crafted their vessel from driftwood and lashed it together with seaweed. The sails were made from the full moon's shimmer on the Atlantic. The ship never even sailed into Ipswich Bay — only its pieces, and its waterlogged "passengers," appeared the morning after a fierce nor'easter. All was lost in the wreck, they claimed: the ship's manifests, the cargo, their worldly goods, the captain and crew. The people of Ipswich took them in, and helped them get back on their feet. And so, the fae came to the fishing town.

Not only did they live and work among the mortals, the fae took human lovers and spouses. The descendants of those families tend the mines to this day, venturing underwater or deep within the Hedge to coax rare fae-tinged minerals and metals from the earth.

Such substances attract attention.

As trinkets and tools made from the faerie metals spread beyond the North Shore — through the colonies and, eventually, the states; to other parts of the world via ship and train and air; to other *worlds* via trods and other magical means — the collectors began to appear. Wizened Artists came seeking new materials to work with. Elemental Helldivers offered their skills in the mines in exchange for somewhere safe to call home. Fairest commissioned pieces that matched their own beauty.

Like many poorly kept secrets, the proliferation of the metal drew more dangerous parties to Ipswich as well. A delicate crown, woven from thin strands of the metal and adorned with seashells, was gifted to a fine lady of the Gentry. Exactly *who* presented it to her remains a subject of much speculation, but the result was an influx of the True Fae and their emissaries venturing forth from Arcadia to acquire more of the precious metal.

The presence of the Gentry in Ipswich has, over the years, become akin to hurricane warnings for mortals: a real and imminent danger, but one that's survivable, and whose damage can be mitigated with the proper preparation. In 1873, the freehold of Hard-a-Lee formed as just such a precaution. The freehold takes its name from a sailing term describing the command to steer into the wind. The changelings who made their homes in and around Ipswich, who survived their durances and made it out of the Hedge, were damned if they were going to flee to avoid their former captors. Nor would they allow anyone to be retaken.

The sea shanties that record Hard-a-Lee's history sing of the changelings and the Asrai banding together to rebuff Huntsmen who'd come demanding tribute. The result was a bargain with the Gentry: In exchange for a regular delivery of the metal, the True Fae would take no servants from among the residents of Ipswich — human or Asrai.

But there's always a loophole.

Hard-a-Lee was still a relatively small freehold until the mid-1900s heralded a rise in tourism. An influx of summer

visitors meant the Gentry had new victims they could claim — after all, the summer people weren't permanent residents, and therefore weren't protected under the terms of the bargain. The Queen of Summer Tides has tried to renegotiate the deal in years past, but to no avail. Now, many of the freehold's members are people who were taken while their families visited on vacation. They returned through the Hedge to find their loved ones long gone, back to their homes, jobs, and lives. Many of them wait to see if their families return the next summer, only to find that, when they do, a fetch has taken their place.

The Tide Courts

For mortals and changelings alike, life in Ipswich depends on the sea. The tides not only affect the fishing industry, but also when and how they can access the mines full of faerie metal. For changelings whose powers don't allow them to breathe underwater, the caves are off limits when the tide comes in. Those with webbed fingers and gills, however, may join the Asrai at work even when the mines are flood with dark, salty water. Hard-a-Lee swore oaths to the tides for fair winds, abundant catches, and, when the situation calls for it, crashing waves and rip currents.

The Court of High Tide

The waves pound away at the shore, destroying carefully built sandcastles, washing forgotten sandals and buckets out to sea. When the tide comes in, land yields to water, and when it recedes, it takes a bit of the beach with it.

The freehold views the Court of High Tide as the strongest of the Ipswich Courts. Those who swear fealty to it are forces of nature themselves, with strong personalities and implacable wills. Some of its members confront their foes like strong waves, knocking down anyone who dares stand in their paths. Others prefer to wait, working their will so subtly their opponents don't realize they've lost until the tide's already on its way out. Changelings who join this court are often the first line of defense against the True Fae and their minions.

Mantle Effects: The Mantle of a High Tide courtier evokes the smell of salt and the cries of seagulls. Warm sea breezes stir the air around her.

Your character gains a Glamour point whenever she opens someone's last Door in Social maneuvering (p. 191).

- • Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to inflict Tilts on opponents.
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to undermine someone's authority or respect among their peers.
- ••• Once per chapter, you may reroll a mundane roll that uses a Power Attribute and choose which result to keep.
- •••• Automatically succeed on attempts to break through mundane barriers or otherwise deal with inanimate impediments.
- ••••• Enemies of lower Wyrd than your character take a two-die penalty to attacks against her.

The Court of Ebb Tide

With the tide on its way out, the beaches fill again. Families spread their blankets further, children adorn their castles with drizzles of wet sand. It's the calm after the storm, now that the waves aren't so tall.

When the Court of Ebb Tide rules, quiet reigns. Though the Court of Tides doesn't always hew to the seasons, Ebb Tide Queens often take to their thrones in the latest part of the summer, when cool breezes on the heels of hot ones signal autumn's approach, and when some quality of the sunset from mid-August on fills tourists with nostalgia for the summer even as they're still on vacation. Ebb Tide courtiers are often matter-of-fact, approaching bargains and proposals with a skeptical eye.

Many changelings join this court when they first escape Arcadia. The sense of summer just out of reach reminds them of the lives they once led, and offers hope that they'll return to those lives when the tide returns, even though that's rarely the case.

Mantle Effects: The Mantle of an Ebb Tide courtier evokes a feeling of calm. The sound of waves lapping gently on the shore follows them.

Your character gains a Glamour point whenever he successfully talks an individual down from a fight.

- • Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to persuade someone based on shared past experiences.
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to defuse a tense group situation.
- ••• Once per chapter, you may reroll a mundane roll to negotiate a deal or pledge and choose which result to keep.
- •••• Increase your character's effective Composure by one when using it to contest mundane or supernatural attempts to make your character lose her cool.
- ••••• Enemies take a penalty equal to your character's Mantle dots to their Initiative bonuses.

The Court of Low Tide

The water is as far from shore as it ever gets, the sea fled for a time. Clams push toward the surface for a bit of air, only to be dug up and cooked for a delicious dinner. The sands lay uncovered; debris left behind by the tide dries in the sun.

The Court of Low Tide attracts changelings of a gentler disposition, but equating "gentle" with "weak" is unwise. Lost who join this court are adept at digging up secrets and exposing them, bringing down their foes without ever having to confront them in person. This court also handles the majority of the dealings with the Asrai, keeping track of expeditions to the mines and managing sales of the metal drawn from them.

Mantle Effects: The Mantles of Low Tide courtiers often manifest as a briny seaweed scent on the wind. They leave the impression of footprints in wet sand in their wake.

Your character gains a Glamour point whenever she successfully uses secrets to foil someone's plans.

- Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to investigate someone's dirty secrets.
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to blackmail or coerce someone using information she dug up herself.
- ••• Regain a Willpower point whenever your character definitively profits from her position as a go-between for other parties.
- •••• All clues your character turns up in an investigation gain an additional element (p. 195).
- ••••• Another character with a Leveraged Condition (p. 342) that your character inflicted must capitulate to *two* of her demands before they can resolve it.

The Court of Flood Tide

Just as the tide goes out, it comes in again. The sea swells and encroaches, sandbars disappear, and the beaches feel more crowded as sunbathers are pushed closer together. Where Ebb Tide is the calm after the storm, Flood Tide is the feeling of clouds gathering beforehand and the air growing heavy with the promise of rain.

Members of the Court of Flood Tide are perpetually engaged. Whether it's planning gatherings for the other courts, checking up on the newly freed Lost, or following up on the freehold's needs, these changelings always have a full calendar. Other courts joke that when the Huntsmen come looking for them, the Lost of the Flood Tide are simply too *busy* to get caught. The real truth is that the Flood Tide courtiers never stop running.

Mantle Effects: The Mantle for a Flood Tide courtier is a sharp spring breeze and the creak of boats against their moorings.

Your character gains a Glamour point whenever a plan he built as equipment (p. 196) goes off without a hitch.

- Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to find a safehouse or shelter away from home.
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to make friends in a new place he's never been.
- ••• Once per chapter, you may spend a Willpower point to grant your character additional dots of the Etiquette Merit (p. 122) equal to her Mantle dots, to a maximum of five, for the scene.
- •••• Once per chapter, you may reroll a mundane roll that uses a Finesse Attribute and choose which result to keep.
- ••••• Once per chapter, you may spend a Willpower point in place of Glamour to use portaling (p. 109).

Faces

Lacey O'Donnell

O'Donnell's Fine Arts is a tiny shop tucked away on a side street, but it's one of the first places changelings get to know when they stumble through the Hedge. Lacey knows everyone in town, and if you hang out at the shop long enough, they'll wander in eventually. She keeps several folding chairs behind the counter to accommodate the impromptu gatherings that happen every few days, and a pot of tea is always ready for guests. Changeling artists who don't want to handle selling their creations display their wares in Lacey's store, and a cut of the proceeds goes to help newly escaped Lost get back on their feet.

Lacey's been the Ebb Tide Queen nearly a quarter of a century, and she's hardly aged a day.

Old Bartholomew

To hear him tell it, the silver thread connecting this craggy-faced Helldiver to his Keeper snapped when a whale swallowed him. He came out of the Hedge covered in krill and never looked back. Nowadays he can be found out in the mines, coaxing bright ores from the earth like he did during his durance, but on his own terms. It's hard to tell which of his features are his Elemental mien, and which are simply years of salt and wind making their mark.

Changelings who make their living in the caves often start out under Old Bart's tutelage. He knows the best spots for ore, how long you can keep working a vein until the tide comes in, and where the Hedge encroaches upon the mines. No one's ever been lost on his watch.

Aunt Peg

Peg's never had family. Not a human one, anyway, but that's all right. She's adopted the changelings of Hard-a-Lee to make up for it. Peg's older than anyone's guessed, one of the last full-blooded Asrai left in Ipswich. Her memories get patchy the farther back she thinks, and anything that came before the Agawam people is lost. Mostly,

she doesn't bother, much more interested in the world as it is now.

She's an older woman, weak-chinned and whiskered, more fishlike the closer you get. Her body bears the scars of Huntsmen's swords, blades she caught defending the Lost under her protection. Rumor has it the last time a Huntsman came to town, he turned tail the moment he caught sight of Peg bearing down on him.

She often appears at O'Donnell's, both socializing and standing guard.

The Shipwright

Danny Doyle came out of the Hedge three years ago. He's not yet 30, though his hair's gone white and wispy. His durance was short, as far as he recalls — surely no more than a year or two. Yet when last he saw Ipswich, Massachusetts was a colony. Catching up to the modern world has been a slow process for him, one he's still working on. Some days are easier than others, and often it's too overwhelming. He keeps to himself as best he can, living on a fishing boat most of the year and ferrying miners to the caves. In the off season, he repairs ships for the locals, bringing centuries-old techniques to modern crafts. For the right price, he'll take a group of changelings out onto the ocean, to a spot where the water gives way to the Hedge, and they can pull strange fish up from the depths.

Places

The Mines

In caverns hidden in the rocky hills inland; in coves whose entrances appear when the tide goes out, or whose mouths require a long-held breath and a deep dive to reach; in still others that require a trip through the Hedge, lie rich veins of metals human smiths have only dreamed of: bright as silver, strong as steel, light as gossamer. Ores mined here are used to make armor and daggers as often as they're fashioned into rings and crowns, and any piece crafted from the faerie metals is highly valuable.

While the early Asrai knew the locations of every mine, some of the entrances have been lost over the centuries. In some cases, the Hedge has shifted, denying access to shafts that meander through it. In others, simple human expansion hid them as the town grew and bulldozed over the sites. Rumor has it you can still reach one such entrance beneath the Ipswich Inn, provided you can get inside undetected.

Ipswich Chowderfest and Bazaar

To tourists, the mid-October Chowderfest and Bazaar is all about the "chowdah" and the wares on sale from local vendors. For the Lost, it's also the annual Goblin Market. After the chowder tasting is done and the human families go home, the middle school gymnasium comes to life once more. The market hosts a taste-off of its own, with chowder recipes far more daring than those available during the day.

Lacey O'Donnell hosts a stall here. Even the cloth she drapes over her table is adorned with designs in thread made from the faerie metal, and catches the eyes of browsing market-goers. Artisans from Hard-a-Lee are welcome to show their pieces at her stall, though all bargains are their own to make if they wish to barter.

Crane Wildlife Refuge

Away from the bustle of the town lies the Crane Wildlife Refuge. The area boasts both beaches and grassy fields, and is a quieter, protected patch of land. Even though it's also a destination for summer tourists, many changelings come here for a place to get away when the beaches get crowded. Seeing carefree families on vacation can be hard for the Lost, especially the ones whose Keepers pulled them away from their own. The refuge, it turns out, isn't just for wildlife, but also for those who need a place to wander and regroup.

Castle Hill

Castle Hill has two meanings for the locals. It might reference the drumlin formation at the edge of the land — a shape resembling a half-buried egg that many believe once was (or still is) a faerie mound. It is also the location of the Crane Estate, the mansion that sits atop the mound. Both are significant to the changelings of Hard-a-Lee as meeting places, ritual sites, and on occasion, the scenes of some really great parties. After all, the summer people don't get to have *all* the fun.

Tumbledown Market

The French Market, New Orleans, Louisiana; Large Flea Markets across the United States

Running alongside the Mississippi River at the edge of the French Quarter is New Orleans' French Market. It's part flea market, part souvenir shop, and part art show. Tourists and residents alike browse the market's wares. Anything you might need is tucked away in a stall, from T-shirts to spices to jewelry.

The French Market is also home to a Goblin Market so sprawling that it's broken the bounds of not only the alleys of shops along the river, but New Orleans itself. Used to be, the only way to enter the Goblin Market of Tumbledown was to know the secret entrance at the back of the French Market, near Barracks Street. Nowadays, it has grown so large that you can find trods in just about any large flea market in the United States that wind up in Tumbledown.



The freehold of Fair Coin began as a motley that traded frequently in the market. Its members are mostly composed of New Orleans residents, but as Tumbledown's borders have spread, its changeling residents have accepted more out-of-towners into the fold. Tumbledown is always open for business. It's exhilarating and exhausting, a nonstop carnival even in the dead of night. Someone's *always* willing to make a deal.

Historiarum Obscura

Native Americans established a trading post along the Mississippi River well before Europeans colonized the area. The market's location shifted occasionally, but stayed in the general vicinity. In 1791, the space that was once known as the Meat Market — the only place in the French Quarter where meat was allowed to be sold — became officially known as the French Market. It was largely an open-air market at first, with structures added nearly constantly over the next 200 years. The French Market stretches six blocks, from Café du Monde in the market's original location, down to the flea-market stalls across from the New Orleans Mint downriver.

The Goblin Market of Tumbledown began as a few stalls tucked in among the mundane vendors. A few enterprising traders sold goblin fruit alongside the everyday fruit sellers. Careful listeners might hear the details of hammering out a pledge among the humans haggling for a deal.

As the French Market expanded, so did its goblin counterpart. More stalls popped up. More hobgoblins left the Hedge to hawk their wares. Shoppers came from far and wide to hunt for rare items, so many that the sellers began hiring Ogres to guard the Barracks Street entrance, letting only a handful of buyers through at a time to keep the humans from noticing.

In the late 1800s, a change rippled through Tumbledown. Where for decades, travelers came to the Goblin Market, suddenly the Goblin Market came to them. The spaces between stalls in markets across the country opened out into the humid air of New Orleans, the smell of the Mississippi and the lilt of Creole. Trods that had been closed off or forgotten opened up, their roads leading to Tumbledown. The market itself expanded, sprawling far beyond six blocks in the French Quarter. Not only was there room for more vendors, Tumbledown became a small town all its own, with merchants and visitors pitching tents on the outskirts. Over the years, permanent structures took their places, housing inns, taverns, and storefronts. Most of them echo French Quarter architecture, even though they reside in the Hedge.

Theories explaining exactly *what* happened abound, but not a one has been proven true. One rumor tells of a massive contract negotiated with an embodiment of Commerce. Another suggests a fae merchant opened the trods in a burst of Glamour and was never seen again. An

old Wizened, who spent all his years studying the Hedge, insisted until his dying day that the Hedge itself decided Tumbledown should exist, and so it was. The proprietor of the Sans Merci tavern hosts storytelling contests twice a year, seeking the best telling of Tumbledown's origin — it doesn't matter if it's *true,* only that it entertains.

New Orleans has other freeholds, but Tumbledown holds itself separate. The freehold of Fair Coin started with a motley whose members frequented the French Market. Elaine Beaudoin's family worked the same stall for generations, selling fresh seafood and small bites to hungry browsers. Two years after her Keeper stole her away, she returned to find her fetch bantering with her favorite customers. A nearby merchant offered her a handkerchief to catch her tears, and it took a few moments before she realized the handkerchief was made of dream-silk, and her companion had the face of a cat. She took a job with the silk seller, only a few stalls down from her family's, and traded there unseen for months before she fell in with her motley.

They were all changelings from New Orleans, several of them scouring the Goblin Market on a regular basis for Contracts that might help protect them or their families — even though those families had forgotten them, or never knew they were gone.

When Tumbledown expanded, Elaine was there. The influx of new customers, many of them Lost themselves, meant a slew of people who needed guidance and protection. When someone desperately seeks an item, Tumbledown's pull can be overwhelming. Many shoppers find themselves wandering the stalls, unsure of how they arrived but certain the answers to their problems are hanging from a rack or twinkling in the starlight. The freehold of Fair Coin formed to help those travelers, to keep changelings from bartering away their hearts, their dreams, or their freedoms for deals that don't balance out.

The Traders' Courts

Currency in a Goblin Market takes several forms, most of it heavily dependent on what the seller wants and what the buyer is willing to trade away. Coins, services, secrets, a favor to be collected later, or a dark deed done now, all are fair and valid trades. Fair Coin's loyalty is to transactions of all types. The bargains don't have to be honorable, but they do need to be honored.

The Court of Coins

The simplest transactions are completed with cold, hard cash, though that cash might more closely resemble lost doubloons or pennies gathered from the depths of a specific wishing fountain in Poughkeepsie. Coins have a specific value, and a trader can count them and bite them to test their realness. Change also jingles in a pocket or purse, signifying to anyone listening for its clinking, clattering song that the carrier has riches to spend.

Members of the Court of Coins are the most straightforward of the freehold's Lost, preferring to deal in specifics and absolutes. They rarely hide behind ruses, wanting to deal straight with anyone who cares to trade with them, and expecting the same in return.

Mantle Effects: The Mantle of a Coin Courtier carries with it the sound of coins shaken in deep pockets, or bills counted out from a drawer. They smell of copper and paper and ink.

Your character gains a Glamour point whenever she successfully hunts down someone who owes her something and gets it.

- Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to persuade someone to make an oath (p. 212).
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots to mundane rolls to figure out whether someone is trying to cheat her.
- ••• Once per chapter, you may spend a Willpower point to grant your character additional dots of the Resources Merit (p. 124) equal to her Mantle dots, to a maximum of five, for the scene.
- •••• Once per story, reduce your character's Goblin Debt by his Mantle rating.
- ••••• Once per scene, you may spend a Willpower point to learn the current heart's desire of any character present.

The Court of Barter

The farmer will let you sleep in her barn if you brush the horses. The hitchhiker tells stories to the driver who takes her from Boston to Albany, keeping him awake and entertained as the long miles pass. For a week's worth of the Fairest's beauty, the hag will help her find her long-lost love. People have bartered since time immemorial, trading their surplus to those with needed skills, and letting their trash transmute into another's treasure.

Changelings who join the Court of Barter realize that *everything* has value, even if it's hard to see. It's this court that takes in most of the newly escaped Lost, guiding them away from the stalls in Tumbledown where less scrupulous merchants sense their desperation for information, or vengeance, or word of lost families. The Barter Court makes itself available to witness bargains, letting the entrants know whether their deal is fair or not. While this is generally met with approval, some sellers take it as an insult that their clients distrust them so openly.

Mantle Effects: The Mantle for a Barterer manifests in even tones and calming scents. They leave drips of sealing wax in their wake.

Your character gains a Glamour point whenever he successfully intercedes on someone else's behalf in an unfair deal.

- Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to read someone's situation from their behavior.
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to make deals and agreements in Tumbledown.
- ••• Regain a Willpower point whenever you resolve the Oathbreaker Condition (p. 343), or when someone else resolves it due to your influence or meddling.
- •••• Once per chapter, when the Storyteller spends your Goblin Debt to impose a Condition, you may replace the Condition with another of the same general type (mental, physical, emotional, etc.).
- ••••• Once per chapter, you may ask the Storyteller if someone your character is dealing with has left a loophole or catch that could disadvantage him in a deal.

The Court of Favors

Jill never carries cash, but she's got great credit. Give her a few days and she'll make it up to you. If the Pie Man parts with one of his goblin-fruit tarts, Ash promises she'll bring him the finest berries from a secret shrub in the Hedge only she can find. Favors are a currency built on risk and trust on the parts of both seller and buyer. The seller trusts they'll recoup their investment; the buyer trusts that, when the bill comes due, they're not forced to pay more than what their purchase was worth.

The Lost who swear to the Court of Favors tend to be shrewd listeners and smooth talkers. They promise just enough, and know when to walk away from a bad deal. Whatever it is their business partner needs, the changeling knows a guy who can get it for him. Their networks are vast, and they rarely tolerate oathbreakers in their ranks.

Mantle Effects: Favorsworn Mantles carry with them the sound of bells tolling or hands clasping to seal a bargain.

Your character gains a Glamour point whenever she makes good on a significant promise she made within the same chapter.

- Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to convince someone to make a bargain (p. 214).
- •• Gain the benefits of the Fixer Merit (p. 122) even if your character doesn't qualify.
- ••• Other characters take a dice penalty equal to your character's Mantle dots to mundane rolls to swindle her or lie to her about a deal or promise.
- •••• Once per chapter, you may accept a point of Goblin Debt to pawn off an obligation from a bargain onto another changeling without being personally involved.
- ••••• Once per chapter, you may reroll any mundane action that would pay off a favor your character owes and choose which result to keep.

The Court of Shady Deals

The gentle-natured man would never do harm to another living being, but oh, how his neighbor snores at night. If only someone would pinch his nose shut. Sure, *you* don't have the Snowdrop Crown in your backpack, but if it were to find its way there, and then to Tumbledown, well…don't you want to know if your daughter still dreams about her father? What's one more throat cut, after all the lives your Keeper made you take?

Members of the Court of Shady Deals are willing to take on the jobs most others would reject outright. They do the hard jobs, the ones that require cold logic, steady hands, and no aversion to blood. They do what's necessary. They're not sorry. The Lost who swear to this court are also the freehold's defenders. If the Huntsmen come near, they know where to hide the bodies.

Mantle Effects: Light dims around these courtiers, and the sound of knives rasping on whetstone follows them.

Your character gains a Glamour point whenever he successfully hides evidence of a dirty deed when someone comes looking for it.

- Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to pick a lock or break into a place he doesn't belong.
- •• Gain bonus dice equal to your character's Mantle dots on mundane rolls to escape a sticky situation unnoticed.
- ••• Your character may use Goblin Contracts without incurring Goblin Debt a number of times per chapter equal to his Mantle rating.
- •••• You may spend a Willpower point to ignore all the effects of the Oathbreaker Condition for one turn.
- ••••• Once per chapter, you may reroll a surprise attack roll and choose which result to keep.

Faces

Wren Lamontaigne

Wren Lamontaigne was born and raised in the Crescent City. She preferred Decatur to Bourbon, could tell the time by how loudly the Preservation Hall crowd was clapping, and never, ever, wanted to leave. She was taken at 19, one minute listening to a tour guide tell his

enraptured crowd about the ghosts in the Beauregard House, the next tearing through the Hedge, bits of herself catching on the Thorns.

Her Keeper made her tell stories until she was hoarse, then tell more. Wren doesn't have much of a voice left, but she knows every tale there is to tell. The Lost seek her out in Tumbledown and offer her tea and honey to soothe her ragged throat. In return, she tells them stories: their own.

Charlotte Wake

Charlotte was rarely a good girl. If an elder said "don't," she heard "I dare you." *No Trespassing* signs were gilded invitations. The French Market at night, after the stalls had closed? She could hardly resist. That first night, she wandered the empty rows, peeking beneath dropcloths and pretending to sell the wares to her imaginary friends. At 10 years old, she was the queen of the market — until the night she snuck in through the Barracks Street gate, and found herself farther from home than her imagination had ever carried her. It was fun at first, some of the vendors as fanciful as anything she'd ever read in her fairy tale collections. But then the Dusk Witch found her, and put her to work. Charlotte served the Dusk Witch for seven years, until Fair Coin found her and set her free. Now she runs with them, acting as their errand girl and wreaking small havoc on the Dusk Witch's stall.

The Pie Man

One of the draws of any Goblin Market worth its salt is the goblin fruit vendor. The Pie Man puts them all to shame. No one's ever seen him bake, but every morning racks upon racks of fresh pastries and tarts fill his stall, their fillings made of goblin fruits of every kind. Something in the dough or his technique enhances their effects. He refuses to share his secrets.

The best pastries are gone within minutes of him putting up his awning, so changelings who want the most potent fruits are wise to arrive at Tumbledown early.

The Tumbledown Players

What's a market without wandering musicians? The Tumbledown Players are a roving band, who range about the market hearing the latest gossip and weaving it into their songs. They serve as both rumor mill and town criers. Membership in the band rotates, and it doesn't always consist only of changelings. If a hobgoblin can carry a tune or keep time, they've been known to join the ranks now and again.

It's said the players can also manipulate behaviors with their music, playing songs that make people more likely to buy, or linger at a stall long enough for the shopkeeper to make the right offer.

Places

Dutch Alley

In New Orleans, Dutch Alley is a row of art galleries and exhibits, the art created by human hands. Tumbledown's Dutch Alley boasts more unusual pieces, many of them made by local changeling artists. Some are works stolen from Keepers' palaces, or from their jewelry boxes. The paintings boast colors impossible to reproduce with mundane pigments, and sculptures may once have been alive.

The Sans Merci Tavern

In the middle of a long day of shopping and bargaining, travelers may wish to sit down and grab a bite to eat. The Sans Merci has stood for over 100 years, built after Tumbledown's expansion. The chefs cater to both changeling and faerie palates, offering pints of ale and thimbles of newborn tears side by side on the menu. The Tumbledown Players and other musicians stop in to sing for their supper and hear the latest goings-on. The proprietor, a slender, tattooed man who'd look right at home in any bar on Rue Decatur, goes only by the name of Jack. As a game, he offers a reward for anyone who can guess his last name — one guess per patron per night — but it's been a century, and no one's hit upon it.

Cafe du Monde

As far as you can get from the Barracks Street entrance and still be in the French Market is the 24-hour coffee and beignet stand, Café du Monde. It's a tourist attraction in New Orleans, selling squares of fried dough covered in powdered sugar, and strong chicory coffee. It's a place many of the Lost go for quiet moments away from the Market. They're surrounded by humans at all hours, and when you feel your Clarity start slipping away from too many encounters with hobgoblins and horrors, a good dose of excited tourists and jaded locals can set you back to whatever your normal is.

The Exchange

Not everyone carries the proper currency with them when they reach Tumbledown. Some come bearing braids of their true love's hair, only to find the merchant's had enough of that and now wants the howl of a briarwolf in a green glass bottle. Rather than going home empty-handed, market-goers stop by the Exchange to see if they can make a swap.

The Exchange doesn't look too impressive on first glance. Boxes overflowing with what appears to be junk pile atop one another, their contents spilling out onto the dusty ground. Cardboard produce boxes sit beside milk crates, and steam trunks with broken hinges lie open next to them. A pair of badger-faced sisters handle the transactions, sometimes arguing in hushed tones about the values and exchange rates of the items in question.

Part VII

It Happened to Me

Katrina

The sky cracked open, the surface of the water boiled, and the man with a leather jacket full of stars glitched up to the roof of the building. And for several long minutes, no one followed. He wiped the flesh from his wet, black hands and shook the blood from his bones and waited, impatiently, for the story to begin.

The red one will be first by a heartbeat, he thought, with her backwards palms and long, straight hair. She wants to be the one who stands between people like him and the fragile world. Then her co-conspirator, matched in form but not substance, who will struggle to put the wall of her body between her foolhardy sister and himself.

Is that thundering their feet on the stairs, or the borrowed blood in his ears?

The serpent would rather hide, and the hind can't tell which way to run. The prey's instinctive urge to flee after discovering their Huntsman softly breathing the same stale air. No reason he can't collect more than one bounty while waiting them out, though. The contract is flexible, and rewards initiative.

"You know it's just toying with us, right?" Adita said to Wendy's hastily assembled army. "They can't even really be killed this side of the Hedge. It's probably just waiting to catch as many of us at once as it can." She shivered. "A glut of souls to take back with it."

"We *live* here. It's not like we can just pull up a whole apartment building worth of changelings and their kids to go hide and wait for it to pick us off one by one," Preeti said. Once upon a time, she was the gentler twin. Sometime in their durance, the righteous anger got wrung right out of Adita and poured into her. "Even if it doesn't stay gone, it'll give us a chance to prepare a little for the next round."

"And as one of the kids who lives here, please. I can't remember much of anything before Wendy saved us, but I know this is my first real home. I want to stay. I want to help." Michael and June seemed to be trying extra hard to look angelic and brave. They looked so young that it broke my heart.

"How do any of you even understand what it wants? It's just a mouthful of bees and static. I can feel it pressing in my ears and behind my eyes, but there aren't any *words*." Lucy was rallying faster than I thought she would. Grounding me and Aimee seemed to have done her some good, too.

"What is she still doing here? This has nothing to do with her." Silvia doesn't much socialize with the normals after those ghost kids of hers got harassed by some dude who thought he was hot shit for being able to see them in the first place. I think she still resents Wendy a little for getting to live here with all those swan babies.

"Well, it does a little bit. She's, um, married to my fetch. And she's basically defenseless. I can't just send her out into the night with him wandering around looking to spite us." *Oh, Aimee.*

"Doesn't even matter if we're the dream team, we're the ones Wendy got. So, what's the plan?" I try to stay out of team planning. I'm more of an underbrush girl.

"Well, I didn't know that you couldn't actually kill him, which complicates things."

"It's not that we can't kill it exactly. It's just that it wouldn't matter if we tried here." Adita twisted and untwisted her braid around her wrist. "They're only kind of real here. You need to find their hearts to actually stop them, buried somewhere in the woods around and between the Arcadian estates." She shrugged. "So there's barely any point. We tear it to pieces and it'll only come back knowing how many pieces we were able to shred it into."

"I dunno, I feel like tearing him to pieces would be pretty therapeutic, all things considered." Preeti said it, but there were more agreements than demurrals. Maybe we could at least scare him off for a while. Long enough to get this place hidden properly. With so many courts represented, surely someone could help us figure that out.

"I'm not the only one who's noticed that he's almost constantly discharging electricity, right?" Some hesitant nods, and some thoughtful ones. "Remember that chunk of the roof that's just been a giant metal plate for six months? Let's stick him there with his own current, and Preeti can tear him to pieces."

Wendy looked at the swan babies. "I know I can't keep you here. And I won't make you claim that you'd stay away from the fighting, when I know you want to be there. But think about your siblings. They need you, too."

An army can't be quiet, especially not when trudging up an access staircase, and filing out one at a time. But numbers are going to help us more than stealth. That kind of trick only works the once.

He felt them under his skin, even before the first strike caught him in place. Their infectious disloyalty seeping through his fingertips. The urge to run and find his heart. To go home. The hunter couldn't be distracted from his hunt. And yet somehow, the hunter was distracted. And in his moment of startlement, the red twins pulled him in twain.

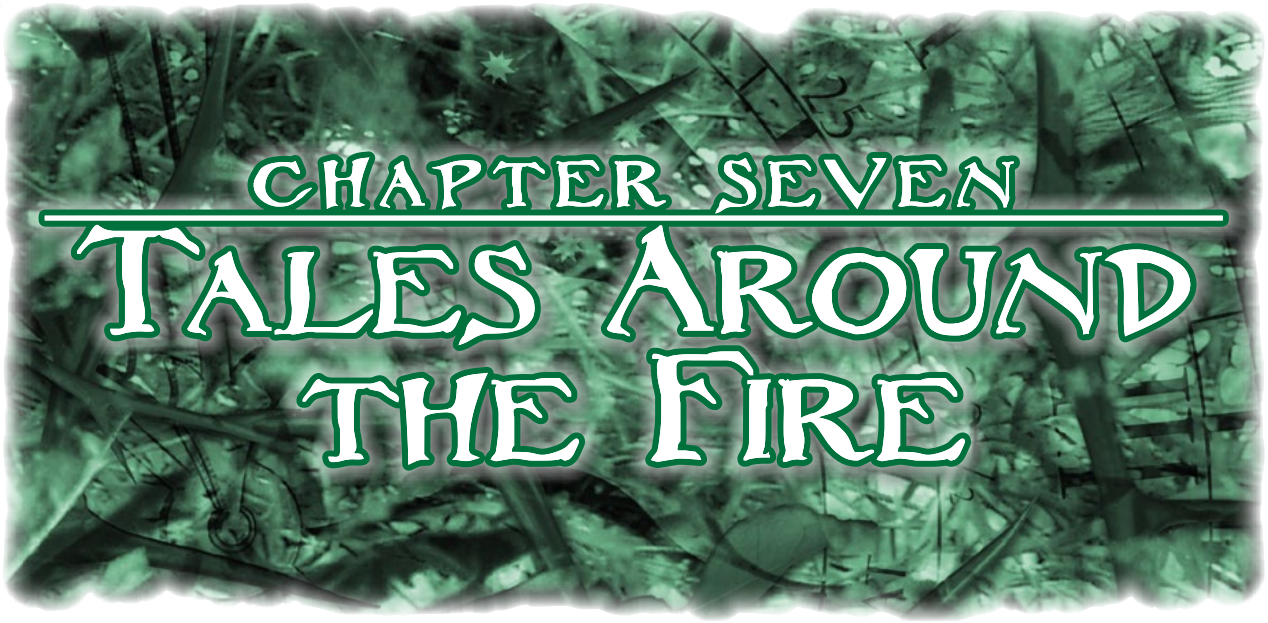
Adita is crying, but Preeti is too pleased with herself to be much comfort. Too fragile to move into her life's future. Too ready to storm the Hedge gates and tear up any threat to motley or freehold she can imagine.

When did Wendy get so good at comforting people, at getting our attention, at treating our breaks and sprains and the thousand indignities that changeling flesh is heir to? I think she's a little wasted as a stay-at-home parent.

Lucy and Aimee are trying to work out custody of James's life. I don't think she quite believes that Aimee really doesn't want to steal back into her old life, evicting her "real" husband. Aimee just wants him to keep being good to their parents. No one knows how to tell him, or if they should. If they could live with the things they said to each other on the way to this moment. If either of them could forgive the other. The conversation skidded to a halt. So we sat in silence.

I don't know that any of it was really forgivable. I don't know how you would even ask. The weight of too many memories, and not enough time. The rain took the place of words. Wind slowing where we might have apologized, trees sighing where we might have forgiven.





Chapter Seven
Tales Around the Fire

"Everything that you wanted I have done. You cowered before me, I was frightening. I have reordered time. I have turned the world upside down, and I have done it all for you! I am exhausted from living up to your expectations of me. Isn't that generous?"

Terry Jones, **Labyrinth (1986)**

Changeling: The Lost, and by extension all roleplaying games, are descendants of the oral storytelling tradition. Some small differences make themselves immediately obvious — for example, instead of sitting around a literal fire, the Storyteller and players are sitting around a table, with character sheets, dice, and other accoutrements. The Storyteller provides the framework for the players to build on and explore. Playing **Changeling: The Lost** is a collaborative effort instead of a group of passive (if enthusiastic!) listeners hanging on the words of a single narrator who is making all of the decisions.

However, the themes are the same. The first fairy tales were warnings: Don't wear red near the ring of mushrooms, don't treat outsiders unkindly, don't step into the territory of things unknown without proper offerings, or the Fair Folk will take you away. Gentry have rules that mortals cannot comprehend, and fairy tales were an attempt to make sense of them.

Instead of merely lamenting these warnings, though, player characters are dealing with the results…and, even better, questioning the rules they supposedly "broke." A chronicle is what happens after the fairy tale, the story that rips away the Perraultian "happily ever after" and exposes the seething, bloody heart underneath.

Setting the Stage

A chronicle is the tale the Storyteller and the players tell, spun out in threads of gossamer and tears. It's the story of the player characters, their triumphs and failures, their escape from the Fae and their new lives in a world that no longer recognizes them. While the Storyteller guides the world around the characters, it is their story. Players need to have input into designing the plots and problems their characters face throughout the chronicle. If the players all built social butterflies and the Storyteller's chronicle is a combat-heavy slugfest, no one is going to have fun.

What follows is a chronicle-building tool to help Storytellers and players *set the stage* for the story upon which they're about to embark. The word "players" refers to those who play the game, but it also refers to members of a troupe — those who take up roles and see them through all the comedy, tragedy, drama, and catharsis that is a **Changeling: The Lost** chronicle. You can go through Setting the Stage at any point during character creation, including beforehand or afterward. You can let the traits you choose inform your choices here, or vice versa.

To set the stage, you need three things: themes, props, and acts.

Themes

Themes are the human dramas that make your chronicle compelling. The overarching themes of **Changeling: The Lost** are *beauty/agony, clarity/madness,* and *lost/found*. In the tension between the opposites, one finds the tale. But you'll also explore narrower, more individual themes — the Lost have to deal with more immediate issues in addition to the existential question of living in the liminal space between humanity and Fae. Themes like "lost love," "poverty," and "hunger" could all work in a **Changeling** chronicle. Each might mean something different to each character. "Loyalty," for example, could prompt one character to protect her freehold at all costs, another to shelter her family even when they no longer claim her as kin, and a third to hide her undying fealty to her undying master in Arcadia.

Each player comes up with at least one theme she would like to see the chronicle explore, which doesn't necessarily have to pertain to her own character. The Storyteller also comes up with one or several themes. Write these down on sticky notes, index cards, or the top row of a grid on a whiteboard.

Props

Props are the magical phenomena with which your chronicle will contend, the fae weirdness that surrounds and permeates the lives of the Lost. Set pieces, places, beings, and objects all fall under the heading of props. These could include specific kinds of supernatural props from this game or other **Chronicles of Darkness** games, like Goblin Markets, torpid vampires, or a specific token; they could also include inspirations from other sources that you like and want to incorporate into your game, like the Jersey Devil, the Bermuda Triangle, or even things that show up in other media.

Props can also be mundane objects that will show up throughout the chronicle as motifs and come to mean something more. A player might choose to associate her Bright One character with torches, for example, so any scene that revolves around her includes candles, flashlights, or other small sources of bright light. Grand Princess Caesura, a lady of the Gentry who appears as a feminine form made of the absence of matter, is associated with open doors and missing keys.

Anything that will strongly influence the story can be a prop. A family curse, a bargain ill-made, a portal torn open, or a monarch corrupted by their own power can all be props. You can really let your imagination run wild.

As with themes, each player comes up with at least one prop she wants to have (or gain) importance in the chronicle; again, this doesn't need to pertain to her own character. Then the Storyteller does the same. As before, write the props down on sticky notes, index cards, or listed down the leftmost column of your whiteboard grid.

A Note on Backstory

The Storyteller is expected to use the player characters' backstories to enrich the play experience. Players should communicate with the Storyteller about things they would like left untouched – and, by the same token, things they would like messed with. Storyteller torture of characters via backstory should always be consensual. This is a game, after all.

Using Props and Themes

By the time you're finished, you should have at least one theme and one prop per player character, plus one or more for the Storyteller. If you end up with more, that's fine.

Lay the themes in a row, then lay the props in a column perpendicular to the themes, to form a grid. Each player chooses the intersection of a theme and prop for her character as a recurring concept for her character's story. Then, each player comes up with a statement or two describing how her character exists at the intersection of these ideas and how they influence her story in a general sense. For example, a Darkling at the intersection of "hunger" and "Goblin Markets" might spend one or several story arcs seeking a specific obsession at every Goblin Market she sees, hungry to find the one wonder she misses from her durance — loathe as she is to admit it. This can then lead to further story hooks for the character.

The free spaces left over are for Storyteller characters that the troupe will create together. In the final phase, below, you'll use acts — a series of questions based on stages of the characters' backgrounds — to create compelling Storyteller characters with built-in connections to the motley, and come up with more details about the player characters.

The Storyteller may tweak and adjust the theme/prop ideas as the chronicle goes along, depending on his plans for the story and the constantly unfolding consequences of the player characters' actions. Players may even decide to resolve or abandon the motifs as their characters evolve over time. The theme/prop grid isn't there to constrain the story, but rather, to help kickstart it.

Acts

A changeling doesn't come into being in a vacuum. She has family, friends, a life the Fae took from her, and a life she's building now. Each act below steps through part of a character's backstory, helping you flesh her out as a person and connect her to the other characters and the greater story.

This exercise presents a lot of questions and asks for a lot of details. The group should feel free to skip any questions they want, or even whole acts if they like. Some players prefer to let this sort of character background come up in play or in prologues, so don't force it if the group would rather hit the ground running and fill in some or all of the blanks later.

Once all the players have completed the acts they want to complete, the Storyteller can fill in the rest of the grid, in secret or with the group, with other important Storyteller characters he plans to introduce.

Act One: The Life I Lost

All changelings were human before their Keepers took them. Fae politics pale in comparison to the networks of family, friends, acquaintances, coworkers, petty rivalries, romances, and other connections mortal humans have. Rare is the Lost who was taken without any sort of link to other people — otherwise, why would the Fae need to make fetches?

Decide who the changeling was before a UFO or invisible horse spirited him away, answering the questions presented here. Then create one Storyteller character from your character's pre-Arcadia life, and place that character at an empty intersection in your grid of themes and props.

Promises: What was the most important promise you made before you were taken, and to whom did you make it? What about a promise someone else made to you, that you still remember?

Questions to Ask: What was your name before, and is it different now? How old were you before, and has your apparent age changed since your durance? What did you look like, and does that differ from your current Mask?

What was your family like, growing up? Are your parents still together? Divorced? Never married? Single-parent household? Were you an orphan, or raised by an uncle or a grandparent?

What's your gender, if you have one? Does it match your presentation; has it changed from before your durance? Are you okay with that? What's your sexual orientation? Have you shared it with your loved ones or not? Did you have a partner, or several, that you left behind?

What kind of education or training did you receive? What was your occupation and what did you do for income? Were you wealthy, middle class, or poor? Where did you live and where were you from? Were you owning, renting, couch surfing, or squatting? Did you have a pet? More than one?

Did you have any identifying marks, like tattoos or scars? What were your hobbies and pastimes? Who would notice if you were gone or acting strangely?

Act Two: My Capture

Something had to get that changeling into the Hedge into the first place. Something had to take her to Arcadia. Something had to lock her into shackles of bronze and roses, forcing her to do its bidding. Use this section to figure out how the changeling was stolen or seduced away.

Decide how the character was stolen or seduced away, answering the questions presented here. Then create one Storyteller character who was involved, and place that character at an empty intersection in your grid of themes and props. This could be the character's Keeper, her fetch, or someone else.

Promises: What promise was made to you while you were *en route*? Did you make deals with your kidnapper? Did anyone follow you into the Hedge as a fae-touched, clinging to a promise you left unfulfilled?

Questions to Ask: Did your Keeper or its agents physically drag you off, seduce you, or deceive you? Or did you go willingly? Did you offend a True Fae somehow, or break some arcane rule about which you couldn't possibly have known?

Were you taken by a hobgoblin? Your Keeper itself? A loyalist or privateer? Did you misstep into the Hedge by accident and wander into Arcadia on your own, captured on arrival?

Where were you when it went down? Were there any witnesses? What do you remember of the journey, if anything? Was it long and arduous, or over in the blink of an eye?

Act Three: In Durance Vile

A changeling's durance is the period of his life that shapes his biggest challenges and who he is to become. Some changelings barely remember it except in nightmares, while others are always on the verge of a flashback or panic attack, seeing their Keeper and her knives around every corner. Most are somewhere in between, until they increase their Wyrd enough to remember specifics more clearly. For most Lost, this trauma remains locked in the back of their minds, slipping out at moments of tension or vulnerability. The durance determines the changeling's kith, and sometimes seeming, and may affect what court they choose to join later.

Decide what the changeling's durance was like, answering the questions presented here. Then create one Storyteller character who was involved, and place that character at an empty intersection in your grid of themes and props. This could be the character's Keeper, another changeling or a hobgoblin, or even another True Fae. Don't hold back in this section (at least within limits the group sets; see "Safe Hearth, Safe Table" on p. 302). The Gentry are not known for mercy or obeying the laws of physics.

Promises: What did you have to promise your Keeper to avoid punishment day to day? What promises did it make to you, only to break? What promises did you make to your fellow captives to plan your mutual escape, and vice versa?



Questions to Ask: What is your Keeper's Title like? How did it treat you? (Players can leave as many of these details to the Storyteller as they wish.)

What was the least unpleasant part of your durance? The most? What wonderful or beauteous aspect of Faerie do you miss still?

What kind of routine did you have, such as it was? Were other members of your motley there, or was it just you? Were you usually alone, or were others always around — if the latter, who were they?

What was the environment like? Were you mostly indoors or outdoors? Was it hot, cold, or temperate? Use descriptors that appeal to all five senses here, to make your character's memories vivid, if lacking in coherence. What fell pacts did your Keeper make with the realm in which you were imprisoned, that you could survive it?

What was the last straw that prompted you to brave an escape attempt? How many such attempts did you make before you succeeded?

How did you acquire your seeming and your kith (if you have one)?

Act Four: My Escape

Some part of the enslaved changeling felt the call back to the mortal world. Perhaps it was the memory of his spouse's laughter, or the warmth in his chest when he held his child for the first time. Or it might be a petty vendetta against a coworker left unsettled, or his jealousy that someone else might be lying with his lover. Not all human memories are noble or loving, and that's not the point. Memories of the mortal world are the changeling's key to getting out of Faerie.

"What was strong enough to bring the character back?" is the paramount question for this section. Even the player skips the other questions in this act, he should know the answer to this one. It's a good indication of the changeling's priorities later in the chronicle.

Decide how the character escaped or was rescued, answering the questions presented here. Then create one Storyteller character who was involved, and place that character at an empty intersection in your grid of themes and props. This could be a helpful hobgoblin to whom he now owes a debt, a fae-touched who came to free him, a rival he defeated to win his freedom, a dupe he used and left behind, or someone else.

Promises: Who witnessed your escape and promised not to tell — or promised they would? Who came with you, swearing never to leave your side; who stayed behind but vowed to find you again someday? What debts do you owe for your freedom?

Questions to Ask: What was strong enough to bring you back?

Did you sneak out? Fight your way out? Make a bet or play a game with your Keeper for high stakes? Or maybe you didn't want to leave; were you let go or thrown out instead?

Did anyone else come with you? Did you have to leave anyone else behind?

What do you remember of your journey back? What were you searching for on your way through the Thorns, and what dangers did you face? How did you overcome them? What is one of your Icons like?

Act Five: Home, But Not

The great tragedy of a changeling's life is that she is forever displaced from what she used to know. A fetch takes her place and her family moves on. Any encounter with former friends and loved ones results in confusion — and that's the best-case scenario. The Lost may tumble out of the Hedge thousands of miles away from their hometowns. They may emerge, gasping, 20 years after — or before — they were abducted, though only an hour passed in Faerie. For a newly freed slave, this is a punch in the gut. Where do they belong? Will they ever belong anywhere?

Decide where and when the character ended up back in the mortal world, answering the questions presented here. Then create one Storyteller character who was there, or whom the character sought out or ran into first, and place that character at an empty intersection in your grid of themes and props.

Promises: What promise did your fetch break to someone you love? What promise did they uphold that you couldn't, or never did? Or, if you don't have a fetch, what promise to you did someone else break while you were gone? What promise did you break by your absence? Is there a fae-touched waiting for you somewhere, or still trapped in fae realms looking for you?

Questions to Ask: Who did you seek first, and did you find them? Are they still alive? Do they remember you? If you didn't find them first, who did you find instead?

Where is your fetch? How are they betraying you when you first encounter them? Or do you even have one? Did you deal with them right away, or are they still out there? How has your fetch lived your life in your absence? Do they know you exist, and that they're not human?

Where and when did you emerge from the Hedge? Have you lost time, or are you displaced in it? Did you end up far from home, or was home staring you in the face as soon as you got back? Did you stay where you emerged, or did you travel somewhere else?

Act Six: My New Life

Unless the game starts with the player characters' capture and durance, much of any given **Changeling: The Lost** chronicle takes place in and around the local freehold or freeholds. You can use this act to set up the courts around which your characters' changeling society will revolve, if you like, or leave them entirely up to the Storyteller. The easiest way is to use the four Seasonal Courts, detailed starting on p. 34; but see "Customizing Your Chronicle" later in this chapter for guidance on building your own.

Unless a player character begins the game at the head of a court, creating the monarchs or other rulers is a good first step; the players may choose to include one or several of them as the Storyteller characters they create in this act, or the Storyteller can do it separately. The monarchs say a lot about their courts — and, by extension, the tone and symbolism of the chronicle itself. A Fairest Playmate as Spring Queen gives the freehold a very different outlook and aesthetic from one with an Elemental Snowskin Spring King. If the motley has two or more characters in the same court, players can work together to come up with details about their rulers, if they like.

Promises: What oath of fealty did you swear to your court, and how is it similar to the one you were forced to swear to your Keeper? How is it different? What other oaths have you sworn with members of your court or freehold?

Questions to Ask: Who is your court ruler? How did they achieve that position? How do you feel about their policies and attitudes? Do you get along with them, hate and fear them, look up to them with awe and respect?

What other figures are prominent in your court? In the freehold? Which monarch is currently in charge? When and how will they cede power to the next one?

Why did you choose to join your court? What's your favorite part of being the kind of courtier you are? Your least favorite? How involved are you in court and freehold business?

Where is the freehold located? What is it called? Do you hold an official position in it?

Act Seven: A Motley Crew

The motley is the core unit of changeling society, a chosen family that reaches beyond boundaries of seeming, kith, and court. Player characters are usually in a motley together and their connection should be one of the major focuses of the chronicle. Often, motley-mates are willing to face death for each other, but it could just as easily be a group of drinking buddies who fear being alone.

Promises: What oath did you all swear to each other? How was it different from the one you were forced to swear to your Keeper? What was the pledge sworn on and what are its terms? What obligations do individual motley-mates have outside the motley that might present complications or force betrayals later?

Questions to Ask: What drew you to each other? How did you meet up — did you share a durance, or come together afterward?

Does your motley have a name? A common goal, a group aesthetic? Who is the leader, if anyone?

How do others in the freehold view your motley? How does your motley view its own place in things? Have you yet accomplished any deeds together that you're known for in the freehold — or among your enemies?

Act Zero: The Prologue

Your group has three general options for how to handle the characters' durances and escapes from Arcadia. They can stay purely in the background, never coming up in play except in tales the changelings tell to each other; they can be revealed and explored over time as interactive flashbacks throughout the chronicle, perhaps whenever a player purchases a dot of Wyrd or when the characters recover Icons; or you can play through them directly as prologues before the chronicle proper begins. Any of these works just fine, and individual players may even choose different methods. It's okay if one player never wants to play through her character's durance at all and another wants to do so in a series of flashbacks. Players might even choose to play out their characters' escapes but not their durances, or any other combination.

The Durance

Playing out a durance as prologue or flashback requires careful consideration. Even at its most detailed, such a scene should feel like a dream, not a fully realized experience. Time skips, nonsensical interactions, muddled events, confusing conversations, and vague descriptions should all contribute to the feeling that the changeling's memory — and thus, the player's experience at the table—is faulty and murky on this subject. The exception is a flashback for a character at high Wyrd; the higher a character's Wyrd, the more detailed her recollections are, and the more immediate her trauma feels as a result.

The durance is characterized by loss of autonomy, both bodily and spiritual; make sure that's true only of the *character* and not the player. Running a durance scene does not permit a Storyteller to torture her players outside the boundaries of the game in the name of story. The player must always have a say in what happens during her durance if she wants one, and may set any hard limits she wants on themes she doesn't want to explore. If possible, narrate durances in private; you can even do it via text if that's easier. Nothing makes a player feel more vulnerable and disrespected than playing out an intense scene, only for another player to interrupt with a joke or an off-color comment about what's going on.

Decide between the Storyteller and the player what the character's durance should focus on. A Bright One's durance probably doesn't involve toiling in the mines, but she might light the way for Helldivers and Gristlegrinders. An Ogre is not likely the Princess of the Red Crowns' lover, but he might hold her lovers still while she whispers to them and lines up the hats to nail onto their heads. The Storyteller should take careful note of what the player wants. The durance can be extremely disturbing and upsetting, and it's important that the player is only disturbed or upset in the ways she wants to be. At any point, the Storyteller or player should be allowed to tap out or fade to black (see below) if the scene become too much for them. There's no rush to tell the story of the durance. Suffering has no deadline.

The Escape

Run, run away. Run from Arcadia, run through the Hedge. Hide and scamper, careful but fast. This is the most hectic time in a changeling's life, his desperate flight back to home and independence.

In general, an escape prologue doesn't require dice or systems, although if the player wants to bring rolls into it for fun, go ahead and do that. Just remember that regardless of how the dice fall, the character *will* successfully escape — it's just a matter of how difficult it is and what he sacrifices along the way. The scene starts with the Hedge as a hurdle, and ends with sweet freedom. In between, three things must happen: The character must brave the Thorns, he must lose his Icon(s), and he must face peril.

This is a good time to teach the *character* to fear the Hedge while introducing the *player* to fascinating elements of it that he might want to revisit later in the chronicle. Use Hedge ghosts and hobgoblins, make creative use of terrain and Hedge shaping magic, and don't be afraid of outmatching the character. The escape is a predetermined event — you need luck, wits, and bravery to escape the durance, and if this character didn't have those, he would not be a **Changeling: The Lost** character in the first place. You can scare him as much as you want, knowing he'll make it through in the end.

Safe Hearth, Safe Table

Changeling: The Lost is a game about surviving trauma and horrors. It's also a game about empowering the protagonists to retake control of their lives. It's the Storyteller's job to make sure both characters and players don't become so overwhelmed with the former that they can't find their way to the latter.

While it's fun to play make believe with friends, this is, at its heart, a horror game. True, it is also funny, beautiful, and wondrous — but all that wonder comes at the cost

of being enslaved and tormented in a nightmare realm for months, years, or decades. Changelings may have their bodies broken and their minds played with. Personal autonomy is repeatedly violated by godlike entities to whom one cannot simply say "no." The only way to make it stop is to escape, and even then, that's not a guarantee. The Wild Hunt will find you eventually, one way or another.

This can be extremely unsettling for players. While consensual fear is part of the game, the goal is not to traumatize the players outside of the play space. Rather, everyone should strive for a game that provides an engaging, terrifying, and beautiful story that gives everyone involved the sorts of pleasant chills a really good horror movie leaves the audience with after the credits roll. Even if a character feels trapped and hopeless, the player should never feel the same way at the table.

What follows are some safety techniques to help both Storytellers and players maximize enjoyment without taking away any of the horror at the heart of **Changeling: The Lost**. Feel free to use none, some, or all of them.

Lines and Veils

A venerable old safety technique, Lines and Veils allow players to pick and choose what they want to address in the chronicle. Before the game, the Storyteller prepares two sheets of paper. Label one "Lines" and the other "Veils." Lines are things the chronicle will absolutely not touch on, not even in passing. Veils are things that can happen, but will not be played out, instead addressed with a "fade to black." The Storyteller asks players what they'd like added to the lists, and notes that the lists can be edited at any time. Veils can be moved to Lines, Lines can be moved to Veils, new Veils or Lines can be added, or Veils or Lines can be taken away (with the consensus of the other players). Veils and Lines cannot be used to cut out antagonists (i.e. "I don't want the True Fae to be a part of this chronicle at all, not even mentioned in passing") but can be used to restrict antagonists' actions that might be uncomfortable for some players (i.e. "I do not want the True Fae in this chronicle to use sexual violence").

Common Lines: Sexual violence, explicit depictions of torture, force-feeding, starvation, mutilation, racial slurs, gender-specific slurs, spiders, trypophobia-inducing imagery, needles, bestiality, explicit depictions of bodily functions

Common Veils: Explicit depictions of consensual sexual activity, torture, emotional abuse, physical abuse, body horror, human experimentation, dream or nightmare sequences, childhood memories, prophetic visions

The Stoplight System

This is a technique pioneered relatively recently by the group Games to Gather. The Storyteller lays out three different colored circles on the table: red, yellow, and green. Each color indicates a response to different levels of intensity. Green means "yes, I am okay with and encourage the scene getting more intense." Yellow means "the scene is fine at the intensity level it is now, and I would like it to stay here if possible." Red means "the scene is too intense for me in a bad way and I need it to decrease or I need to tap out." Players can tap the colored circles as appropriate to indicate to the Storyteller what they want or need at that moment.

The Storyteller can also use the stoplight system to ask the players if they'd like intensity increased or decreased as necessary without breaking the narrative flow. To do so, the Storyteller can repeatedly tap a color — green for "more intense?", yellow for "keep it here?", and red for "do you need me to stop?" The players can then touch a color in response. Players can also respond by saying the color in question out loud.

Fade to Black

In a movie, when the hero is just about to get into bed with her love interest or be "forcibly interrogated," sometimes the camera cuts away right before the action — occasionally with a moan or a scream to indicate what's happening. This technique is called "fade to black," and can be used in your chronicle where appropriate. If you don't want to narrate every caress of a love scene, the weirdness of a changeling's personal nightmare, or the agony of Faerie torments, simply fade to black and move on the next scene. A player can also request a fade to black if they are uncomfortable with what is happening at the table.

The X Card

An up-and-coming technique, especially in storytelling-game circles, the X card was designed by John Stavropolous. A card or sheet of paper with an "X" drawn on it is placed in the middle of the table. At any point, a player or the Storyteller may touch the X card to call a halt to any action currently making them uncomfortable in a bad way. If they would like to explain themselves, they may, but it is absolutely not necessary and the Storyteller should continue play only after everyone settles back in.

The Door Is Always Open

If a player needs to stop play for any reason, they are free to do so after giving the Storyteller a heads up. The

game session is then on pause until that player either returns or leaves the premises. Storytellers should use this technique either in conjunction with other techniques, or during sessions where players may have to leave abruptly for personal reasons.

Debriefing

Debriefing is a post-game safety technique, which you can use along with any and all of the suggestions above. After the chapter is finished, the Storyteller asks the players to put away their character sheets and take some deep breaths. You can use soft music and/or snacks to assist in debriefing. Slipping into character is easy — slipping out can be harder. Debriefing is all about bringing the players back to the real world, back through the thorny maze of the chronicle they created with the Storyteller.

Use this time to talk about the game in a context other than first person. Players tend to refer to their characters as "I." The Storyteller should encourage them to use the characters' names instead, and use first person only for things that they felt as players, *not* as characters. What did they think was the highlight of this session? What was their favorite interaction they had with another player's character? A Storyteller character? Is there anything the players think the Storyteller could be doing better? Are the safety techniques and chronicle-building techniques working out for everyone at the table? Should anything be changed to make the game more fun and engaging for everyone involved? These are all questions you can ask during debriefing, though they're not necessary. If you need to cover other, more important topics with your players, feel free to use debriefing time to do that as well.

Debriefing does not need to last for a set amount of time. However, after a particularly intense session, it's probably a good idea to have a longer debriefing period than normal. Changelings are forever changed by their experience with the True Fae. The players should not incur the same trauma just from sitting at a gaming table. Tabletop gaming is a low-consequence environment to explore many different emotions and coping strategies in new and strange situations. To *keep* this space low-consequence, it's important to make sure that all players (including the Storyteller!) are emotionally supported and cared for after particularly upsetting or bleed-heavy chapters.

Emotional Bleed

Many of these safety techniques talk about something being too uncomfortable or too intense "in a bad way." This is for clarity of communication. Some players like being made uncomfortable or put into extremely emotionally intense situations. Such players may play horror games to cry or feel trapped as a sort of catharsis, a way to experience traumatic emotions in a low-consequence environment; in a **Changeling** game, they're also couched in a layer of fantasy that makes it easier for players to engage with them.

This is called emotional bleed, or just bleed for short. When a character experiences emotions the player is experiencing, that's called bleed-in. By contrast, when a player experiences the emotions her character is feeling, that's called bleed-out. Bleed itself is not bad, but it can sometimes be unpleasant for a player who wasn't expecting it or didn't want it. If a player is getting unreasonably frustrated or upset at a challenging circumstance, this could be a sign of bleed. Stop play and give everyone a breather before continuing if bleed begins to cause problems at your table. Bleed can absolutely enhance the play experience and add another dimension of emotional resonance, but only if everyone is on board. Check-ins, occasional snack breaks, and use of the safety techniques in this chapter are extremely helpful if the table is experiencing high amounts of bleed.

Customizing Your Chronicle

Arcadia is a place of roiling creation, ever-changing on the tide of mortal dreams and Fae whims. A single sentence, put gingerly to paper, raises mountains that grow upside down to burrow into the darkest recesses of the fae realm. The Lost are the heirs and navigators of this sea of change, constantly evolving to suit their own interests — put 13 Lost in a room, and no two are alike. This section presents rules to make new kiths, Mantles, and Goblin Contracts to add to a chronicle, to make it uniquely yours.

Kiths

Some Keepers sculpt changelings to their whims; these changelings' forms literally exist because their Keepers wanted them. Others have more specialized forms because of a fixation they used to cope with their circumstances, or wondrous and terrible things they encountered in Faerie. Drawing inspiration from books, songs, or movies, Storytellers and players can craft their own kiths.

Purpose

What does the kith *do*; what niche does it fill? This should be narrow: A Beast is animalistic to her core, but a Hunterheart exhibits only those animal traits that make her a better hunter.

At this point, select a primary category for the new kith. A kith can encompass a little of each, but selecting a primary one now helps with selecting a Skill benefit later.

- Mental: The changeling was a living lore repository, designed a puzzle her Keeper couldn't solve, or gleaned the strategy that won the war against the Midnight King.
- Physical: The changeling singlehandedly carved a castle from a mountain, hunted down the Everheart Stag, or killed the child prophesied to bring low her Keeper.
- Social: The changeling thawed her Keeper's frozen heart, infiltrated the court of the Goblin King, or wrote a single poem capturing all that is Arcadia.

Benefits

Every curse has its blessing, and every impossible task its way out. Each kith carries two unique benefits that allow its members to fulfill their purpose. This is more than just expertise born from practice; it's Arcadia recognizing and empowering the changeling's soul.

- Skill: Every kith has one Skill that needs only three successes, rather than five, to achieve an exceptional success under particular circumstances. The Storyteller can set limits based on the Skill's usefulness in her chronicle. This benefit might not be as valuable for Socialize as for Brawl in a chronicle that revolves more around street-level stories like dealing with fetches and Huntsmen than courtly intrigues. A Socialize blessing, then, could be as wide as "any Socialize specialty," whereas Brawl might warrant "engaging in single combat to defend her friends" as its limit.
- Trickery: Each kith harnesses a unique power in pursuit of its members' task. Using this power requires conscious effort. Most commonly, this is represented by spending one Glamour point and making an Attribute + Skill roll: A Helldiver can become immaterial after spending a Glamour and rolling Dexterity + Occult. Exceptions to this exist depending on the kith's function. For instance, if the blessing affects an opponent, it should be resisted (if it has an effect that must keep track of how many successes the player rolls) or contested (if it doesn't); a contested roll should include the changeling's Wyrd and



opponent's Supernatural Tolerance in the pools as well. When the kith's blessing enhances allies rather than the character herself, such as that of the Notary, it may not require Glamour or a roll at all.

Availability

How many of these specialized Lost reside in the freehold's territory; what makes sense, given the nearby Hedge and other factors? If a player wrote or requested the kith, the Storyteller should confer with her, too — after all, it was her idea, and she might have a vision for it.

- Prolific: Any character in the chronicle can adopt this kith. It might even be the most prevalent in the region. The Hedge in Helsinki leads to the realm of the Snow Queen, and the city's courts are nearly overrun with Snowskins.

- Unique Specimen: Maybe a player wrote the kith, and he has specific ideas about its representation. Or, the Storyteller is running a campaign where each kith is only present once. Whitechapel, London, holds only *one* Leechfinger, Clever Jack, who stalks all others like him to suck secrets and marrow from their bones.

- A Handful: Most chronicles sit somewhere in between, neither encouraging nor discouraging players from selecting a certain kith. Tumbledown's Court of Favors sees more Notaries and Chatelaines, but has positions for Gristlegrinders or Hunterhearts when social niceties fail.

Origins

A changeling's essence needs to be twisted onto a razor's edge before it can fit in the singular role of a kith. The Lost didn't pursue this role for just a day, she gave it *everything* she had — and Arcadia gave her a kith in return.

- Keeper's Pet: The changeling's Keeper deliberately molded her. He needed someone to gather up the knowledge falling from his head, until words poured from her ears and mouth and she could no longer remember her own name, but she knew the names of all 70 Sisters.

- Changeling's Will: The changeling pushed and contorted herself, adopting her new role as a way to survive. Her Keeper promised freedom if she presented him with an unsolvable mystery, so she traveled Arcadia for seven years, drinking up secrets and riddles until her existence was a contradiction *he* couldn't comprehend.

- Arcadia's Gift: Nothing in Arcadia happens with a purpose, but everything happens for a reason. Sent on a quest to slay the Everheart, the changeling's soul intertwined with the stag's, and as she stood over his dying corpse, weeping at the success of her task, she took his essence as her own. Now she is as he was, running proud and free.

Court and Mantles

The Seasonal Courts hold great power, ruling huge swaths of North America and Europe, as well as other places in the world where the symbolism and Bargains may differ but the fundamental idea remains the same. The world also holds a plethora of other courts, though, living alongside or replacing the Seasonal Courts locally or regionally.

How Many Courts in a Freehold?

The courts may have rivalries between them and, if push comes to shove, may decide it's enough to outrun the other prey. As general rule, though, the courts recognize that the rising tide lifts all ships, and work together.

- Themed Courts: individual but thematically-connected parts creating one whole together, like four Seasons, five Elements, or any number of mythical beasts. These courts are aspects of the same theme, creating rivalries and alliances through symbolism that make for a complex political landscape. This is the most common way to set up a freehold.

- Opposites Attract: two halves of the same circle, like Dusk and Dawn, or Yin and Yang. Smaller Lost communities might have room for only two courts. Such dual coexistence creates an interesting dichotomy, but also greater dependence on each other.

- One Court, Many Facets: in rare freeholds, changelings gather in a single court, like the Court of the Leafless Tree back in the days of the American Old West. These freeholds are usually small, reflecting a similarly small community or a tight focus on a specific kind of Bargain. Single-court freeholds often coexist with larger ones, filling niches for changelings who want something different, but not always. In such courts, the cycling of power happens internally between members of different seemings, kiths, factions, or other kinds of groups.

Coping

The changeling escaped his Keeper. Now he needs to deal with the trauma, remain free, *and* find a way to reclaim his identity. He looks for others like him, and those

of a similar mind band together in courts. In a way, the courts are organized coping mechanisms. The Seasonal Courts cope by dealing with emotions: Spring represents the desire to be free, Summer expresses wrath toward the Fae (or themselves for being taken), Autumn embodies the fear of being taken again, and Winter holds sorrow for everything lost both in this world and Arcadia. When designing a court, consider how it copes with changelings' trauma, and how this outlook affects its relationships with mortals and other Lost.

Not every court aligns directly with an emotion, but coping with trauma is always emotional on some level. No matter what themes your court embodies, choose an emotion that its courtiers favor for inciting Bedlam that resonates with those themes. For instance, you might decide that a court based on the proud and noble lion inflicts awe, while one based on the sly and wily fox inflicts doubt. Any emotion that can be turned up to overwhelming intensity works.

The Bargain

Every fae being bargains. Courts make even greater Bargains with a single patron, an entity or concept that empowers — and is empowered by — the court's coping strategies. As long as the court keeps up its end of this deal, its patron promises safety against the fae. Sometimes it actively protects changelings in the domain. Other times, the patron forces the Gentry into a pattern of behavior that lets the Lost predict their moves, thus giving the changelings an edge. No Bargain is foolproof and Fae forces can always find ways around it, but doing so should take effort and should frustrate the Others, costing them time and resources.

This Bargain dilutes into rituals as time passes. The Summer Court's Great Hunt is an exercise intended to train warriors to be relentless and fearless should the Gentry attack. The Time Keepers in Prague feed Disquiet from the city's resident Promethean to the great Astronomical Clock: a seemingly harmless Bargain, until one stops to consider what the clock's owner does with all that Disquiet-turned-Glamour.

What Bargain did *this* court strike, and is it just? Do all changelings in the domain know of the true Bargain, or do their rulers keep any horrific details to themselves?

Rulership and Exile

The Seasonal Courts adhere to a (mostly) peaceful transition of power as the seasons pass. The Courts of Dusk and Dawn change power twice daily, at midnight and noon. The Beast Courts, on the other hand, battle for it: The most powerful court takes the throne until one of the other courts finally defeats them. Every set of courts needs some established method of transferring power periodically, as that is what sets them apart from the Gentry's tyranny.

Beyond the matter of how the courts divide power between them lies the issue of what each court does when it's in power, and what it does when it's not. The Seasonal Courts wait, more or less patiently, and scheme so their return to power will be more glorious than any other season. The Beast Courts actively work against each other, believing the constant conflict makes them stronger for when the Huntsman arrives.

Mantle

Mantle represents a changeling adopting a court's outlook and expressions. This sympathy doesn't just enhance the Lost's Court Contracts, but also offers benefits of its own. Scaled with a dot rating from one to five, Mantle grants a specific action a changeling can perform to regain a point of Glamour, and other mechanical benefits for each dot that help encourage and reinforce the court's themes. Also, decide what kinds of fantastical effects a Mantle has on a changeling's fae mien; these should be specific enough to recognizably belong to the court in question, but broad enough that different members can express the court's Mantle through their miens in different ways.

The below list is a guideline, rather than a hard rule. Some courts focus more, or less, on certain kinds of benefits, depending on their unique missions and philosophies.

• - ••	The first and second dots usually offer bonus dice on specific kinds of rolls equal to the character's Mantle rating. These are small effects — the changeling still uses her own skill, but is better at utilizing it.
••• - ••••	The third and fourth dots could grant similar bonus dice to a slightly broader kind of roll: rerolls on a specific kind of non-combat roll, regaining a Willpower point under a specific circumstance, temporary dots of other Merits for a Willpower cost, and other comparable benefits. The changeling is still using her own traits, but her Mantle allows her to cut corners in a way mere skill couldn't.
•••••	The fifth dot can offer rerolls on specific kinds of combat rolls, automatic success on certain specific non-combat actions, or unique supernatural effects the changeling can't just learn through hard work.

The Crown

Every court has a leader: its queen, the wisest scholar, the bravest warrior, or simply the first Lost to arrive in the domain. The court's patron bestows a gift upon her, a Crown, which manifests in the changeling's mien so none

can deny her claim to rule. The Crown also comes with a blessing, which doesn't *rely* on Mantle rating — anyone can bear the Crown — but does grow more potent with it. Scale the Crown's effect with increasing benefits as the character's Mantle rating increases, and fit it to the court's nature: for instance, wrathful combat prowess for Summer, or the ability to glean dread secrets for Autumn. Any effects should also be temporary, lasting for one battle, one scene, or one chapter, and after that any lingering bonuses are lost.

Arcadian and Court Contracts

Common Arcadian Contracts are deals the True Fae originally negotiated for their servants. They focus on extending senses and shaping what's already there, whether it be emotions or physical phenomena.

Royal Arcadian Contracts are agreements the Gentry originally forged for themselves, which changelings can make themselves party to. They deal with creating people, places, and things out of whole cloth, directly tampering with minds, forcing people to do the invoker's bidding, and affecting destiny.

Court Contracts also come in Common and Royal varieties. In this case, "royalty," rather than being those who rise to the levels of the Others, are those who rise to the level of the court's founders.

A Court Contract can be either something the patron grants to the courtier, or something the courtier offers up to the patron. For example, Summer grants a lot of heat-based powers, because Helios is Summer's lover and loves her vassals just as much. But Summer also grants powers that amplify wrath, and in doing so she glorifies herself, strengthening everything she stands for through the changelings who use her gifts. Other Seasonal Contracts provide ways for a changeling to consume the patron's emotions, feeding it in turn by proxy. Keep in mind that a "patron" isn't necessarily a single entity or spirit — it just has to be powerful enough to make and uphold a deal with True Fae or changelings.

Contract Creation

To create a Contract, first decide whether it's more about manipulation or enhancement (and hence Common) or creating or wholly reforging (and therefore Royal). Specific ranges of dice bonuses aren't as important as the nature of what the Contract does. Mind control that only lets you marshal someone the way that they were already going is usually Common, whereas one that stirs them to a grudge they'd never before considered is usually Royal.

If the Contract belongs to a court, consider the court patron's personality and purview. Under most models, Summer's personality is fierce and unsubtle, and its emotions are anger and wrath. Therefore, Contracts that manipulate or create those emotions fit well. As well, Summer is a season of heat and dryness, so Contracts that summon scorching sunlight or dry flesh to a crisp are also appropriate.

Effect

A Contract can have almost any kind of effect. They generally emphasize being tricky or slippery, or making some kind of exchange, and don't grant straightforward benefits without some catch or twist. Contracts, especially Common ones, usually provide a changeling with a way to "cheat," rather than giving dominion over a broad mystical purview. Royal Contracts are usually a bit flashier than Common ones, and the powerful forces behind Court Contracts can make their effects more overt.

Type of Roll

Many contracts don't need a roll — if the changeling pays the Glamour or fulfills the Loophole, they just work. Contracts that are actively resisted or opposed by other people should always require rolls, while Contracts that primarily affect the changeling or act on inanimate objects usually just work. Include a roll if you can imagine the number of rolled successes mattering to the result.

The type of roll made to activate a Contract varies based on what forces push back against it. If another living or thinking force is acting against the Contract, and the number of successes matters, it's resisted. Subtract one of the force's resistance Attributes from the player's dice pool. Where there's active resistance, but where the number of successes doesn't matter, the action is contested. The opposing party rolls a Resistance Attribute + their Supernatural Tolerance. In either case, the player's dice pool is Attribute + Skill + either Wyrd (for Arcadian Contracts) or Mantle (for Court Contracts).

Loophole

Every Contract has a Loophole, a way a changeling can get the Contract's benefits without spending Glamour (although Willpower and other costs still apply). It takes the form of a ritual behavior that appeases the patron in lieu of Glamour payment. The Loophole is always thematically related to the Contract, based on symbolism or sympathetic magic. For example, a Contract that protects against extreme temperatures might allow a changeling to blow out a fading ember or burn something that belongs to the target instead of paying Glamour.

Even better Loopholes represent a small risk, like stealing a sentimental object from the target or forcing them to break your skin. A Loophole should be something active or deliberate, usually performed within the scene in which the character activates the Contract.

The difficulty or risk of fulfilling a Loophole depends more on the value of the ritual to the other party in the contract — blowing out a candle lit by a true friend might be trivial for a changeling, but have great value to Intimacy itself.

Goblin Contracts

Goblin Contracts as a whole are haphazard, and cover a huge variety of situations. An individual Contract though, is highly focused: A Goblin Contract does only one thing, and does it *very* well.

Effect

Where Arcadian and Court Contracts might have multiple effects folded into one, a Goblin Contract is simple and unique to the goblin who sold it. Imagine a problem. Now imagine a goblin. How does he solve it? That's what the Contract does. Or imagine what innate powers a goblin might have: Would he be willing to share them with a changeling, for a price? That's a Goblin Contract, too.

As long as each individual Contract remains within its narrow confines, it can tackle almost anything: burrowing through earth and mud, bottling despair in a draught that brings nightmares, or sculpting a labyrinthine castle from a child's dreams are all good examples.

Cost and Use

Goblin Contracts are a little cheaper to invoke than comparable Arcadian Contracts. Most cost only a single Glamour point, or two if they're particularly powerful, and rarely if ever cost Willpower. They often have a Loophole the changeling can consciously manipulate (she can choose to throw down her weapons before enacting Precocious Evasion), or that works well with the Contract's general use (Goblin Luck's Loophole hinges on the changeling having no skill in the attempted task, which is exactly when the Contract might see the most use). This is by design: The goblin *wants* changelings to use its Contracts so she racks up Debt. For the same reason, Goblin Contracts shouldn't require dice rolls unless absolutely necessary, such as to affect another character adversely.

Purchase

The changeling can purchase a Goblin Contract from a goblin. Some goblins run their own shops at Goblin Markets, while others are only found in their remote Hedge abodes. Rarely does a court allow a goblin to visit its gatherings — they are notoriously untrustworthy, and often bring the Huntsmen in their wake (either through negligence or malice). Striking a bargain with a goblin should be memorable, with a hint of danger: Even the most well-intentioned goblin cannot be trusted. The most powerful goblin, the one with the best Contracts, is often the one that is hardest to deal with — he's erratic, grumpy, and generally ill-disposed towards everyone. At the end of the day though, he *wants* to make the deal. No matter how much the goblin complains, the real price isn't the trinket the changeling retrieved for him, or the lock of hair she gave him (though that *will* come back to bite her) — it's all about the sweet Debt. If a player wants her character to pick up a new Goblin Contract, she can *always* find a seller.

Debtor

Debt makes Goblin Contracts dangerous to changelings. Rack up enough Debt, and that unassuming goblin merchant turns into a tyrant demanding pieces of her soul. Or worse, the changeling might *become* the tyrant as the Hedge sinks its thorns into her. The Storyteller should keep track of creditors if they're relevant to the story: the goblin who sealed the bargain, and any third parties backing it. These investors are often fiercely territorial, and a band of changelings might discover they all owe Debt to the same denizens. The Queen of Eyes grants Contracts that deal with vision — both enhancing and obscuring it — for the small price of a changeling's own eyes in exchange for a stranger pair. While a character should rightly be worried about Debt (once he finds out about it, as goblins are rarely upfront), the player should be able to trust her Storyteller with Debt. Debt is not a way to "punish" a player for using Goblin Contracts, nor is it intended to seriously mess with her character or enjoyment of play. On the contrary, the effects of Debt should provide an interesting challenge to overcome, or a quest to fulfill. A good creditor enhances the character's story, rather than diminishing it.



Appendix One
The Fae-Touched

…and many quailed to hear the dread words. For so sworn, good or evil, an oath may not be broken, and it shall pursue oathkeeper and oathbreaker to the world's end.

J.R.R. Tolkien, **The Silmarillion**

Human interactions with Faerie tend to end poorly for the human. Humans who enter the Hedge rarely return, and those who see a fae creature's true mien are stricken with awe and fear. Yet, within the ranks of humanity are a few who have experienced the realm of Faerie and have returned from that place different, but not changed as the Lost are. These people are referred to as fae-touched, for they carry a piece of the Wyrd inside them. The Lost refer to them as the Avowed, honoring their devotion to keeping promises.

Fae-touched are not just people who happen to see a changeling's mien, or see past the illusion placed on a fetch. They are much more than that. Every single one of them has been inside the Hedge, and a few have even been to the outer edges of Arcadia. How humans become fae-touched varies by person, but all follow a common thread — they once made a promise with someone who is now a changeling. The promise was not something small, like a promise to walk the dog or call in the morning. Instead, it was something big, like the promise a mother makes to her child to always be there for him, the promise between sisters to never lie to one another, or the promise between best friends to name their firstborn children after each other. Whatever the promise and whatever the circumstances, one of the members was taken and the promise was left unfulfilled, yet remembered.

Unfulfilled promises between humans are common; the difference is in the intention. The person left behind keeps her promise. The friend has children and her first child is named after her long-lost best friend. The mother somehow knows the fetch replacing her child is not real, and never gives up hope of finding her real son. The lover never takes another, knowing that her true love is still out there somewhere. These people never gave up hope, never gave up on their promises, and remained true. The kept promise forges a link between human and changeling — the changeling bolstered in her resolve to escape her bonds, the human drawn inexplicably towards Faerie and her promised counterpart.

Becoming Fae-Touched

Just because someone has made a promise to a changeling, doesn't make her automatically a fae-touched human. Instead, she must enter the Hedge and make it back out again. Getting into the Hedge is not difficult and neither is it accidental. These people are drawn to Faerie, seeking it out subconsciously as they perform their daily tasks. Some resist the unrealized desire and are capable of living their lives in peace. Yet, as the years go by, the pull becomes stronger until eventually, even the most resistant give in. This is especially true if the person they keep their promise to is still trapped in Arcadia. For others, the pull is inescapable from the start, and it rules their lives. Someone always goes into the Hedge. Even if the person who

originally made the promise does not — maybe she dies of an accident or resists long into old age — someone takes up the promise. It's usually hereditary; her children or grandchildren may feel the pull of the Hedge when she is too old to fulfill the promise any longer. If she has no direct descendants, then a niece, nephew, or even a cousin may start to feel the pull and obligation of their family member.

- A mother follows lead after lead looking for her real child. She promised him that she'd always be there for him. She uses everything at her disposal, following the old stray threads of his passing. Her determination leads her constantly to the place she last saw him: his school. She spends her evening scouring the area, looking for any evidence that something happened here, though it's been months or even years. One fateful day, she sees a partial scrap of a shoelace. It's his shoelace, she's certain of it. She sees another scrap of cloth further in the distance and she runs to it, passing beneath the overhanging arch of an old oak branch. Her environment abruptly changes and brambles surround her on all sides. In front of her is a narrow footpath, and she knows deep in her heart that her son lies at the end of the trail.

- A woman comes home to find an uncommonly messy house. Her wife is in the kitchen, preparing dinner. Everything about the situation screams to her that something is wrong. She sees a spot of blood on the floor and as she inspects it, she sees a piece of a broken fingernail colored the same as her wife's. She looks at her wife's hand but none of the nails are broken. She makes up an excuse and leaves the house quickly, unable to return to whatever is in there. Her wife is gone, but she had promised her that she would always fight for their right to be together. The front garden is torn up, and she wonders how she didn't notice earlier. She follows the path of small details out of place until she reaches a clearing. She sees two paths that look exactly the same, but her heart points her left and she does not hesitate before stepping off in that direction.

- His older sister is a monster. Or maybe the monster isn't his sister at all. He isn't sure how it happened, but he knows that one day she came home from college and she was a monster. He can't really see the sticks and mud that make her up, but he can feel them when he touches her, and he can smell the dirt around her. No one believes him. They tell him to go watch TV or read a book and leave her alone. He takes walks to the place they used to go together before she moved out. They promised each other they'd always come here once a year to catch up. He feels a sense of her here, and lets his mind wander as he sits for hours before his mother calls him home. One day, he gets lost on the way home. He knows these footpaths like the back of his hand, but somehow they turn him around. Then, just as quickly as he is lost, he finds the right path and starts down it between all the thorny vines that seem to reach out for him.

- She is his best friend, but she hasn't called in days. They used to talk every night, and now she won't return his texts. He goes looking for her, but she isn't home and none of her other friends know where she might have gone. No note, no word, and more distressing is the fact that her house looks so normal, like she is just in the other room. Her phone and keys lay on the table beside the door, just like always. He starts asking around, and no one has seen or heard from her. He even calls her parents, and they say she called them yesterday. He can't believe it — they promised each other they'd never keep secrets — so he keeps looking. Then, he finds someone that may know someone. He makes a call and sets up a meeting. This person knows where she is. They say the path is hard and long, but she's been kidnapped. They can't help, but they can point him in the right direction. He just has to go out the back door and follow the little footpath he sees there.

Once the person is in the Hedge, her fate is sealed. She is now fae-touched, despite what else happens. As she passes through whatever gateway brought her into the Hedge, she gains a connection to Faerie and is able to draw upon it. Usually, she has no idea what is happening, or that she has any control over her environment. This doesn't stop the Hedge from responding to her desires and changing accordingly. Most fae-touched are in the Hedge to find their missing loved ones. Paths open before them and direct them deeper into Faerie, following their tenuous connection to the last place Faerie knew the changeling was held. If left unchecked, a fae-touched can walk all the way to the changeling who shares her promise. Yet, if she ventures too deep into Faerie, she is likely to never return.

Escaping the Hedge

A fae-touched is free to move about the Hedge as she wishes, but finding her way out is a different matter entirely. Most humans who enter the Hedge this way do so with a singular purpose. If she strays from that purpose, or leaves the trail, she is likely to get hopelessly lost. If she stays her course, she is drawn increasingly closer to Arcadia and the True Fae who captured her friend. She has a few options for returning to the real world, but all come with their own risks.

As the fae-touched enters the Hedge, her changeling counterpart is presented with an opportunity for escape. Maybe his Keeper is distracted, the final part of his plan is realized in that moment, or he suddenly gains

Escape!

Before bringing new fae-touched characters into a game or starting a new game with them, try running one-on-one sessions with players to allow them to experience their characters' first foray into the Hedge. This helps the player decide what kind of promise her character made, how she entered the Hedge, and what she got out of the journey. It also helps her set Aspirations for her character, as well as get a feeling for how far the character will go in order to fulfill her promises.

The player should make her full fae-touched character, but ignore her fae-touched template for the first part of the session. She is a normal human at first, until she enters the Hedge. At that point, she gains her fae-touched template, as well as any Merits with a fae-touched prerequisite, and a full Glamour pool.

This presents a good opportunity to introduce key changeling Storyteller characters and setting elements directly into a character's background and make them important to the Avowed. Work with the player to craft an escape story that makes sense for the types of stories she wants to see in play.

the strength of will he previously lacked. At this moment, the changeling is faced with a decision to leave, and if he takes it, he is set on his path of escape. The paths opened within the Hedge to the Avowed lead her to cross paths with the changeling. If all goes well, their paths intersect somewhere deep in the Hedge and they help each other escape into the mortal world.

Things don't always go well. Sometimes, their paths do not cross. Something stops the changeling from escaping Faerie. Maybe he is thwarted in his escape, or dies in the attempt. Sometimes, despite the impetuousness his friend's presence lends, the changeling simply chooses to remain in captivity, unable to bolster his will to escape at that time. In rare cases, the changeling has already escaped, and the fae-touched is simply following a dead trail to his former True Fae captor. In these cases, she may end up following her path to Faerie, only to get captured herself.

A few stories relate that when a fae-touched and her changeling's paths intersected, they were far too close to Faerie, and the changeling's escape had not yet been completely decided. In one story, the Avowed bargains for the life of the changeling. She somehow pulls on an ancient Contract and forces the Gentry to release them both. Another story has the changeling use the fae-touched as a stepping stone, passing her to the Gentry to ensure his own escape. More grim stories tell that when the Avowed arrives at her destination, the changeling's True Fae captor catches the new mortal, too, and bends her to his will.

Sometimes, the fae-touched never makes it far within the Hedge, but instead gets distracted from her path. She may encounter a hobgoblin who entices her away and makes her forget her goal. She may simply get overwhelmed by the Hedge and lose sight of why she came. She spends so long there that she cannot imagine leaving. When this happens, her only hope is that a changeling comes across her, as eventually one Gentry or another notices her presence and takes her.

Changelings in the Hedge who see an Avowed know that her chances of escape alone are slim. While no one wants to deprive a fellow changeling of any advantage he might have to break free of his bonds in Faerie, helping the human is a much more immediate concern. Of course, they are also concerned with the incredible boon of having a fae-touched owe her life to the changeling. Some changelings dedicate their time to entering the Hedge, seeking out Avowed, and helping them escape.

An unlikely — though possible — way for the fae-touched to return to the normal world is to simply walk out. This usually only happens after the fae-touched has strayed from her original path and begins wishing for a way out. If she is somehow unhindered or untouched, her attachment to Faerie slowly leads her on a new path out of the Hedge. Only the most strong-willed and lucky fae-touched escape the Hedge this way, and doing so forges a connection to the Wyrd all her own.

When the Avowed finally escapes, she is forever changed, much like a changeling. She is not truly a changeling, since she was never captured and has no seeming. She does have a tie to Faerie through the Wyrd, though, gained in the Hedge and forming a tenuous bond to where she once was. She is no longer completely human, yet she is much more connected to human society than her changeling counterparts.

Call of the Wyrd

Glamour surrounded and infused the Avowed when they entered the Hedge. Each forms a tiny connection to this power, and wields it while he's there, using it to clear a path through the brambles and lead him to his promise-bound changeling. Though he is not changed to the same degree that she is, he undergoes a forging process that leaves him with a permanent connection. He has a Wyrd rating and can utilize Glamour

in much the same way as a changeling can, though he is not as powerful.

This connection to the Wyrd is twofold. It strengthens the bond between the fae-touched and the changeling with whom he shares a promise, and it imbues him with a modicum of fae power. The bond between changeling and fae-touched is dangerous, as it continues to pull at the Avowed, beckoning him to return to the Hedge and seek her out. Not only that, but the link gives him an awareness of the changeling he never had before. He can sense her wellbeing and her pain, and he often experiences visions of her while she's in Arcadia.

The connection to the Wyrd that gives the Avowed his power can also be dangerous to him. On his first trip into the Hedge, the Wyrd filled him and gave him power in what felt like a hopeless situation. The Glamour of the place entered him easily and changed him. In the real world, Glamour is hard to come by, and his power over reality is regulated to whatever Contracts he can learn. When he escaped the Hedge, it left him with a fraction of the fae magic he previously had at his disposal and has no understanding of what to do with it. While he does have a Glamour pool he can access, the fae-touched does not inherently understand how to harvest more — this is a skill someone must teach him. What's worse is that the fae-touched finds the inexplicable draw to the Hedge that brought him to this point did not go away after he left the Hedge; instead, it has only grown stronger.

A fae-touched feels a longing to return to the Hedge, to soak up all the Glamour she can, and to use that power. The Wyrd pulls at her, beckoning her to return to Faerie and continue her search for her friend, and to become one with the fae. Even if she reunites with her promise-bound changeling, this feeling cannot be abated. Where a changeling has the grounding experience of captivity and being forced to endure what felt like a lifetime of servitude in the presence of all that power, a fae-touched has only the experience of longing and seeking. This is not to say that she is unaware of the dangers of Faerie, as she is likely to have met her own challenges while in the Hedge. Instead, her experiences and subsequent changes are not as drastic, meaning the draw of the Wyrd can take a stronger hold within her. No amount of explaining or understanding can abate the desire; only a strong force of will keeps her from leaping back into the brambles at every chance.

With guidance and assistance, an Avowed can learn to harvest Glamour from humans and use her power in a controlled manner. Those who do not control themselves find that the draw into the Hedge eventually takes them there. It's never the same as the first time, and the fae-touched is much more likely to get lost or taken if she returns unsupervised.

Fae-Touched in Changeling Society

Changelings represent a real-world connection that a fae-touched human has with whatever happened to her while she was in the Hedge. She is still very human, and little about her life before the Hedge has changed. Where a changeling had his entire life yanked out from under him — his home and loved ones lost to a fetch, and time dilated in weird ways — the Avowed returns to a world exactly as she left it. Her family is still there, her house just the same. Her job may have missed her for a few days, but otherwise everything she once knew is still in place. She could easily return to her life with no one the wiser, except for the fae-touched herself.

Knowing that doesn't make it easy to do. She has gained insight into a fantastical and dangerous world outside her own. She has a connection to a society of supernatural creatures. She knows now that the person to whom she kept her promise was captured, and she sees the fetch for what it is. For her, everything has changed, and while on the surface everything looks normal, she realizes nothing ever really was.

Many fae-touched find it difficult to go back to their normal lives; few people willingly insert themselves into a situation they know to be false. Some react poorly to the knowledge that a fetch replaced someone they know, and attempt to out its true nature or even kill it. Other humans regard the Avowed with fear and misunderstanding, assuming she suffered a psychotic break. To a certain extent, she has, but not in a way people can understand. A few return to their lives, living alongside fetches, biding their time until they can begin their search again.

Some want to be close to changeling society, hoping that the Lost are the key to finding the ones they yearn to find. If an Avowed reunites with her promise-bound changeling, then she wants to stay connected. Another might fear the changelings and only want interaction if she believes they will lead her to her promised one. On top of all that is her constant, unbreakable desire to return to the Hedge and regain the power she had there, or to search once again for the person she lost.

The Avowed present a unique paradox to changelings. The True Fae never took these people and they do not know the horrors of a durance, yet they have been exposed enough to see past the Mask. The Avowed have the ability to do something the changeling can never do — return to their previous lives — yet many refuse to do so completely.



Despite these stark differences, the Avowed is also a comrade, someone who survived the dangers of Faerie and changed because of it. She may have even been the catalyst for a changeling's escape. She is someone driven by devotion and someone the Lost can trust.

By the very nature of being Avowed, she has proven a willingness to keep important promises. Not only that, but she has shown the will and strength it takes to see beyond the lies spread by the True Fae in an effort to keep those promises. Even if an Avowed were nothing more than that, her presence would be a comfort to the changeling, yet she has much more value. She represents an intermediary between the changeling and the mortal world. He does not have to hide his true nature from her and she can help him relate to humans. She has an understanding of his fae concerns, even if she does not share in all of them, and she can assist in endeavors both in and out of the Hedge.

While a changeling is likely to want an Avowed around, he doesn't necessarily believe she should be exposed to the entirety of the freehold and the society they have built. Most changelings prefer to keep the fae-touched at a distance, contacting them only in times of need or want. The fae-touched wants the opposite. She wants to connect to the people that understand all her conflicting emotions more than she wants to resume a mundane life. She wants to be involved and to continue to assist her loved one despite his best intentions for her.

When the fae-touched do find the changelings to whom they made their promises, these interactions are complex, but more easily defined than the alternative. The changeling still owes this person his part of the promise, though few fae-touched care much if he fulfills it at this point. Changelings feel immensely grateful to their Avowed counterparts, and often feel obligated to them, no matter what their promise was. Even a promise of revenge or payback turns into a treasured relationship for the changeling, though the fae-touched may not feel so nostalgic without the experience of capture and torture at the hands of the Gentry. Either way, the Avowed and the changeling are intricately bound to each other, making their relationship one of at least mutual respect and understanding, if not outright companionship.

The relationships between the fae-touched and changelings are as complex and varied as the people composing them. For some changelings, the Avowed are nothing more than people with some extra knowledge; for others, they are friends and confidants. Some changelings find relating to the Avowed easier than relating to mundane humans, and prefer their company over anyone else's. Some resent them and their rapid escape from the horrors of Faerie, and want nothing to

do with them. Some simply see them as one more tool, someone they can use to gain an advantage. And a lucky few changelings find a loved one in the Avowed, someone they believed lost to them forever.

System: Changelings and Avowed gain a few special benefits from reuniting after both their escapes from the Hedge. First, the two immediately enter into a personal oath (p. 213), with terms the Wyrd decides if the characters don't swear the oath deliberately. These terms should reflect the nature of the original promise and how their relationship has (or hasn't) changed since then. The oath grants these specific benefits: Either character may harvest Glamour from the other, and either may spend a point of Glamour to sense the other's general physical and emotional state, and her rough distance and direction, wherever she may be.

Within the Freehold

A city with a well-established freehold is bound to have several fae-touched within its scope of influence. How the changelings deal with those Avowed depends on which courts make up the freehold. Most courts prefer to extend aid and assistance to the fae-touched without formally accepting them into the freehold. Instead, individual members of the freehold take on each fae-touched as an apprentice or vassal, helping her master her Wyrd while keeping her confidences. Certain courts associated with protection or love may freely accept the fae-touched into their lives without question. Even if the freehold does not consider the Avowed a full member, they often extend protection and aid when she needs it.

Changelings view having the Avowed around as a boon to the freehold. A fae-touched is likely to be a calming presence in an otherwise-tumultuous environment. She is partially fae, but does not suffer the constant hounding of the Wild Hunt. Her connections to the mortal world set her apart from the changelings, and make her a valuable ally. Those who gain acceptance into the freehold find themselves in the middle of political intrigue and courtly gossip. The fae-touched's favor is not necessarily sought so much as bought, and her connections are exploited by any bold enough to try.

The Courts

A fae-touched who has spent a great deal of time around changelings tends to get more embroiled in their concerns. Yet she has no one hunting for her, and she is in no danger of someone dragging her back to a True Fae captor (at least, no more so than any human being). There is no pressing reason for an Avowed to officially join the changeling courts, and as such rarely do.

Some fae-touched do enter into oaths to join a court, usually because their promise-bound is a member. The kind of protection it would offer a changeling is unnecessary for her, but she does gain the other benefits. Few changelings treat her as a full member, though. She often remains in the lowest ranks of the court, simply allowing her oath to be all that she needs to gain the minimum protection of the freehold. She may participate in Bargain rituals and symbolism, but rarely gains an official position and can't gain dots of Mantle.

Oath Keepers

Keeping a promise is important to both changelings and Avowed. For changelings, trust and keeping their word is imperative, especially among others like them. For the fae-touched, keeping a promise is a matter of integrity and personal honor, no matter to whom she makes that promise. Few fae-touched ever break their word when it's given, and they take even the simplest agreement seriously. If a fae-touched forsakes an oath, her fellows never forgive her, even if she is able to redeem herself in the eyes of the Wyrd and changeling society. A changeling who breaks her word is even worse, in the eyes of the Avowed. Every fae-touched knows the only reason she is connected to the Wyrd is because of someone she loves who is trapped in Arcadia, and the shared promise they have between them. Her hope is to one day free her friend and reunite, and the strength of her word is the only thing that continues to give her hope. If her loved one were to lose that promise, or worse, go back on the agreement they made so long ago, what would become of their connection? Such an idea is horrifying to most fae-touched, and few contemplate that line of thinking for very long.

Some fae-touched hone the control they have over the Wyrd to seek out information about oaths and promises, monitoring who owes what and who might have broken their vows. If an Avowed finds someone who has broken a promise, especially to a human or fae-touched, she takes it upon herself to punish the oath breaker. Some freeholds employ such Avowed to monitor minor pledges between lesser members of the courts and report misconduct to the monarchs. Others simply work on their own, taking punishments into their own hands, even if such action would be ill-advised.

Outsiders

Some fae-touched find changeling freeholds and courts hard to follow. The Avowed understand promises all too well, and some are reluctant to ever promise anything to a changeling without a dire need. Pledges and oaths are too grave to enter into, and the frequency with which changelings use the Wyrd to seal deals

Those Who Do Not Know

Not all fae-touched escape the Hedge into the hands of the Lost. Those who fight to free themselves may not even realize that such a thing as the changelings exist. Even when presented with changeling society, they have a hard time accepting the Lost as any part of humanity. They view changelings as they do anything else from the Hedge: dangerous and not to be trusted.

can be daunting to someone so sensitive. Such a response can cause the Lost to shun the Avowed, unable to understand why she refuses to pledge her word to them freely.

In these cases, the fae-touched band together on the outskirts of changeling society, making up their own lesser society based on unspoken words and mutual understanding. The fae-touched tend to gravitate toward one another — in much the same way they gravitate toward the Hedge — though no outward appearances betray their nature. These fae-touched prefer each other's company over that of other humans, and they view changelings as vapid and self-absorbed. They seek solace in each other and shy away from changeling society. They hold no ill will toward changelings and deal one on one with them in certain circumstances, but otherwise remain separate from the freehold and courts.

Many changelings are horrified to realize that it isn't only they who have Avowed waiting for them somewhere in the mortal world — nothing stops a human who has promised something to a privateer or a loyalist from becoming fae-touched, and such people usually become tools and weapons in the hands of the freehold's enemies. Some Lost find it difficult to blame these Avowed — after all, they too swore to stand by their changeling companions, no matter how vile their actions — but most treat them just as they would any agent of the Gentry: with fear and contempt.

Key Smiths

When the desire to return to the Hedge completely overtakes an Avowed, she turns volatile and dangerous to both herself and changelings. Giving in to desires is not a psychotic break. She looks and acts like her usual self, but like an addict out of control, she does irrational and dangerous things to get her fix. Some give in easily to this desire, where impatience might drive others to rash action. Whatever the cause, the fae-touched makes a conscious decision to enter the Hedge, no matter the cost. Maybe the dreams of her loved one overwhelm her, and she is bound and determined to seek him out; maybe she is starved of Glamour and believes she can find more there; or maybe she is just drawn to the power of Faerie and no longer has the willpower to resist the urge to go.

These fae-touched gravitate toward one another, somehow unconsciously drawn to those most likely to assist them in their goals. Some changelings speculate that the Wyrd draws them together, its pull on them heightened when they congregate in groups, like living conduits for its demands. They band together with a similar mission: Find a way back into the Hedge. The changelings call them Key Smiths, for they seek out gate keys.

Fae-touched know they cannot open and enter Hedgeways on their own, not without some kind of gate key or a changeling to let them in. Some groups spend their time searching out natural Hedge gates and the keys associated with them. They map every place they see someone enter or leave the Hedge and they pump the changelings for information about keys. Sometimes the groups petition changelings for assistance, hoping to trade favors for entrance into the Hedge.

More impatient groups don't want to wait to map out gates or hope for changeling help. These groups act out in terrible ways. Sometimes they take over changeling holdings or kidnap people close to the Lost, demanding entrance into the Hedge in return for whatever they took. Other, more severe groups hunt down and capture a changeling, forcing him to open a gate for them on pain of iron. Usually, they need entrance *and* exit Hedgeways, so hostage situations do not resolve until they've finished their mission into the Hedge.

The Hunted

Under normal circumstances, a fae-touched does not have to worry about anything hunting her and returning her to Arcadia. She was never in the keeping of the Gentry, and they have no idea she is anything other than a mere mortal. She is more human than she is fae, unaffected by a fae mien. The True Fae do not purposefully send their Huntsmen after a fae-touched, and she may go her whole existence without encountering one, if she's lucky. Despite this, she does have access to the Wyrd — no matter how muted — and appears fae to the senses of those who dwell in Faerie. For this reason, she may gain the wrong attention if she is not careful.

Every now and then, the fae-touched does something to gain the attention of the Gentry or their Huntsmen. Maybe she's just in the wrong place at the wrong time. Commonly, it is because the Avowed find

it hard to steer clear of Faerie, and tend to become embroiled in conflicts even when they aren't trying to. Maybe she spends too much time with a particularly irksome changeling. Maybe she's been in and out of the Hedge unscathed one too many times.

No matter what causes the Fae to notice her, once it happens, she can't shake their interest. Some fae-touched find themselves hunted as relentlessly as any changeling, having caught the eye of a curious True Fae. The best-case scenario is that they consider her an annoyance slated for death; the worst-case scenario is that the True Fae is interested in her and wants her brought in for investigation.

Sometimes she only gains the notice of a Huntsman, but in many cases, this could be worse. A Huntsman may dismiss her as a regular human, or decide to kill her to get at the changeling it is hunting. It may decide she's a useful tool: Maybe she can lead it to the changelings, or be a bargaining chip if the Huntsman kidnaps her. It may offer her a deal, something she desperately wants, to sell out her friends. Of course, taking such a deal would make her a traitor, but denying it may get her killed.

Fae-touched rarely know when they've attracted the attention of a fae creature until it's too late. Changelings caution Avowed to be wary, since they can't initiate oaths and thus have no way of stopping a Huntsman once it's on their trail. Having a hunted Avowed around can be a liability, but few changelings would abandon someone to whatever fate the True Fae have planned for them. Usually, such a predicament encourages the freehold to increase their security and bring the Avowed more tightly into their fold.

The Loyal

The most important thing to a fae-touched is finding her missing loved one. It is what drives her and preoccupies her. The life she leads on Earth is one of pensive waiting, hoping that one day she can reunite with him. She does what she can to assist changelings in hopes that someone will do the same for him. She follows the changelings into the Hedge in hopes that they may find a chance to rescue him. And, if offered a chance to save him, she would abandon all else to do so.

Sometimes, this fierce loyalty works against the fae-touched in ways she would never expect. If a True Fae discovers such a weakness in the ranks of changeling society, it wastes no time seizing it as an opportunity. They court and deceive the Avowed, promising a chance to free her loved one, or just to see him once again in return for information or an outright betrayal. Huntsmen make deals with the fae-touched to trade bits of truth about where her changeling is kept in exchange for knowledge about the changelings in the nearby freehold.

Some fae-touched have even less heartening stories. During her first voyage into the Hedge, one followed a path that led her deep into the heart of a Gentry's domain. Within, she found her promise-bound Lost. She tried to free him, but his True Fae master caught her. Through whatever arcane Contracts guided this Gentry's actions, she was spared for the time being. It proposed a deal: If she returned to Earth, collected any one other changeling, and brought him back to it, it would let her loved one go. She shook on it and went back, so elated to have a way to save him that she didn't recognize she never made a deal for her own life and freedom.

Using Loyal Fae-Touched

A fae-touched with motivation to capture a changeling rarely has the means to do so. She is reluctant to approach other fae-touched, since they may try to talk her out of keeping her deal or hurt her to prevent her from enacting any plans. She may pair with a loyalist changeling who is much more capable. A changeling and an Avowed working together are more dangerous than either alone.

Fae-touched working against changeling society can be extremely disruptive, since they are so well known for their honesty and loyalty, so use them with caution.

Tales

Avowed have a place in changeling stories as both allies and antagonists. Fae-touched may play a large part in a changeling's life, posing a constant source of strife and conflict, or an amazing source of aid and information. Changelings are certain to run into many fae-touched in their lifetimes, and the fae-touched may be responsible for helping someone out of the Hedge at a critical moment.

The Promise Collector

Stevie is an Avowed member of the freehold. She's a bit of a legend in her own right. Some say she showed up one day out of the Hedge and went straight away to the courts to pledge herself to the freehold. No one

knows if she came fresh out of the Hedge or if she had somehow found her way to the freehold from elsewhere, but she's been a fixture ever since. She doesn't belong to a court, and she wields very little influence over the changelings, but she commands a great deal of respect. Everyone seems to have some kind of deal with her, even if it's something as simple as a polite agreement to leave each other alone. She's notorious for sealing statements on all of her agreements, no matter how large or small.

The characters have met Stevie at least once, but they don't have any active deals with her. When she goes missing, they don't really think anything of it. Rumors crop up that she's disappeared into the Hedge, but no one seems to know where she's gone. Days later, everyone in the court is struck by terrible nightmares and phantom pains. Something happened to Stevie, and the Wyrd somehow connected everyone in the freehold to her pain through her pledges to them. Almost everyone in the freehold is debilitated by the pain. The characters must race to rescue Stevie before something worse happens to her, and through her bonds, the rest of the freehold.

Dark Dreams

A newly escaped changeling, Pedro, has taken shelter within the freehold. He complains of terrible nightmares each night. He is being chased down in the Hedge by foul creatures made up of the brambles. Each morning he awakens in sweats. At first, everyone believes he is experiencing trauma from his recent escape, but as the nightmares get more intense each night, he seeks assistance.

Pedro asks the characters to help him quiet his dreams. The first night, they enter his dreams in dream form, simply riding the dream and watching what happens. The first half of the dream is mundane and normal, but at some point in the night the dreams take a stark turn, completely dissolving from Pedro's dreamscape into an even more twisted and dark version of the Hedge. As they watch, hobgoblins chase a man onto Pedro's path. The man begs Pedro to help him, but Pedro seems completely distressed by his presence. Pedro tries to fend him off, but cannot. When the dream ends, Pedro explains that the dream is the same every night. He reveals that he recognizes the man: His name is Walter and they were best friends before he was taken. Pedro says he's felt a strange connection to Walter ever since his durance, and it's only gotten stronger since he's escaped. In fact, it was the memory of Walter that gave him the strength to free himself.

Pedro is bound to a fae-touched human who entered the Hedge on the same day that he escaped. Pedro found his own way out, but Walter was trapped there. Through their bond, Pedro witnesses Walter's struggle through the Hedge each night while dreaming. The only way to truly help Walter is to enter the Hedge to help Pedro find him and bring him back out.

Playing a Fae-Touched

The Avowed have an important place within changeling society. The portrayal of fae-touched members of the freehold is more than simply playing the lackey or following orders. Avowed have a connection to the Wyrd and are complex individuals. The decision to play a fae-touched character in a changeling campaign should be discussed not only with the Storyteller, but also with the other players. Those players should consider how their characters view and interact with the fae-touched, and which one of them, if any, the Avowed is bound to. A fae-touched character's story can serve to bring a cohesive element to an otherwise-disparate group.

Creating a Fae-Touched

A character becomes fae-touched when she enters the Hedge in search of someone with whom she shares a promise. At that time, she is invested with the Glamour of Faerie and takes a little piece of the Wyrd with her when she leaves.

To create a fae-touched character, use the same guidelines for creating a character found on p. 89, but don't add the Lost template, and use Integrity instead of Clarity. Afterward, make the following modifications to the character. Be sure to look at the fae-touched Merits presented later in this chapter.

Note that the Avowed share many traits with changelings, but they are not changelings. Some traits are completely unique to changelings. If an advantage or trait is not listed below, do not assume fae-touched characters gain it.

Add Fae-Touched Traits

Promise: All fae-touched have a promise that either they, or someone in their family from whom they inherited it, made to a changeling. This promise shapes how the character views and interacts with the world. Whenever the Avowed takes actions that fortify her promise, she gains a one-die bonus to perform those actions. Some Merits may add additional benefits based on the type of promise she's made.

Wyrd: Wyrd reflects the small amount of Faerie the character can channel into the world. Fae-touched characters have an effective Wyrd rating of 0, though

they are capable of utilizing some of its benefits. A fae-touched cannot increase her Wyrd rating above 0.

Contracts: Select a favored Regalia for the character and two Common Contracts within it. The character cannot start with Royal Contracts, but you can spend Experiences to purchase them in play at the same rate as a changeling.

Advantages

Glamour: A fae-touched character can utilize Glamour much like changelings can. She can bank up to 10 Glamour inside her and spend one point of Glamour each turn. She can only harvest Glamour from people's emotions or through Hedge bounty, as she is normally incapable of entering other people's dreams. Other fae creatures can harvest Glamour from a fae-touched. When this happens, she loses Glamour from her own pool to the being who harvested from her.

Pledges: The Avowed are capable of using their Wyrd to witness sealings. They are still subject to sealings from changeling characters, and they cannot attempt to use sealings on changelings or other fae creatures. Additionally, changelings and Fae can forge oaths with fae-touched characters, carrying all the benefits and drawbacks associated with these. Fae-touched characters cannot initiate oaths with anyone other than a changeling, including other fae-touched characters or Huntsmen. If a changeling creates a bargain with a fae-touched character, he does not gain the benefit of additional concealment that he would with an ordinary mortal.

Oneiromancy: Fae-touched characters normally cannot engage in oneiromancy on their own. They do not share a changeling's innate ability to pass through the Gate of Ivory into their own dreams, nor can they take dreamweaving actions. Some do have latent talents to enter and affect dreams, though, represented as Merits, and some can enter the dreams of others with the Dreamsteps Contract (p. 144).



Contracts

Fae-touched can learn and use any Contracts, including Court Contracts, with a few restrictions.

- A fae-touched must be taught new Contracts, and cannot learn them on her own. She follows the same restrictions for Court Contracts as a normal changeling, and must have enough dots of Court Goodwill to purchase any (p. 150).
- Fae-touched do not automatically gain access to a Contract's seeming benefits. She must spend Experiences to learn any seeming benefit, and a changeling must teach it to her via Pupil's Devotion (p. 129).
- Fae-touched characters do not understand enough about the nature of Faerie to use Loopholes in Contracts.

Drawbacks

Being fae-touched carries its own dangers and drawbacks, uniquely separate from those changelings suffer.

Susceptible to Delirium: Her time in the Hedge left the character somewhat disturbed. All fae-touched characters suffer from the Madness Condition (p. 343) at character creation. If an Avowed enters the Hedge after resolving the Condition, she immediately regains it.

Additionally, the character suffers from the Arcadian Dreams and Hedge Addiction Conditions (p. 333 and p. 340, respectively).

Fae-Touched Merits

The following Merits are available for fae-touched characters. Changelings and mundane humans should not purchase these Merits without approval from the Storyteller. Fae-touched may also possess dots in Court Goodwill, Glamour Fasting, and Hollow (though she must always purchase this as part of a motley), as well as any human Merits.

Dream Shaper (••)

Prerequisites: Fae-touched, Lucid Dreamer

Effect: Your character is not only capable of lucid dreaming, but can make changes. She may take dreamweaving actions (p. 217), but only within her own dreams.

Expressive (•)

Prerequisite: Non-changeling

Effect: Your character was always more expressive than the people around him, and his time in the Hedge gave him a deeper understanding of his own emotions, which are particularly nourishing to fae creatures. When harvesting Glamour from your character through his emotions, a fae being gains two Glamour points per success instead of one.

Find the Oathbreaker (••)

Prerequisites: Fae-touched, Sense Vows

Effect: Your character's devotion to her own promise makes her sensitive to other people's vows. She can tell whether someone has broken their word, even if it is something as simple as a verbal promise. She counts as a changeling for purposes of the Oathbreaker Condition (p. 343). Additionally, if the character touches a target, she can measure the depths of his dishonesty. Her player rolls Wits + Empathy to determine whether the target has broken any promises or reneged on any deals in the recent past. The character senses one promise the target has broken per success rolled within the last 24 hours, or within the last week if it was a pledge bound with Glamour. She knows in general what the oath was about and how the target broke it.

Hedge Delver (•••)

Prerequisites: Fae-touched, Survival ••

Effect: Your character's desire to return to the Hedge is tempered by her understanding of the dangers. She gains two bonus dice to teamwork rolls she makes to aid a changeling in navigating the Hedge. Additionally, she is capable of Hedgespinning actions (p. 204), but only to make subtle shifts.

Oathkeeper (•••)

Prerequisites: Fae-touched, Resolve •••

Effect: The Wyrd has bolstered your character's desire to keep her promises beyond her own strength of will. Whenever you spend a Willpower point on a roll to contest any mundane or supernatural attempt to convince her to do something that would make her break her sworn word, either from a sealing or an oath, gain four dice instead of three, and you achieve exceptional success on three successes.

Promise of Debt (• to •••)

Prerequisite: Fae-touched

Effect: A debt lies between your character and another, and he aims to see it resolved. The debt is not necessarily monetary, though that is the most common kind; it may instead be a service debt or a life debt. Whenever the character attempts to resolve a debt, whether his own or someone else's, gain a dice bonus equal to his dots in this Merit to all rolls made in service to the resolution.

Promise of Love (• to •••)

Prerequisite: Fae-touched

Effect: Your character promised to always love another. When he disappeared, she knew immediately that his fetch was wrong somehow and she went in search of him. Her devotion drives and supports her. Gain a dice bonus equal to her dots in this Merit to rolls to contest mundane or supernatural attempts to manipulate her emotions toward another person.

Promise of Loyalty (•••)

Prerequisite: Fae-touched

Effect: Your character would do anything for another, and she for him. They have no secrets from one another, and he could never lie to her. When she forgot simple truths about their relationship, he knew something was wrong. He never questioned his friend; instead, he went searching for answers and found she was missing. He values honesty and loyalty above all else and it shows in everything he does. Reduce the number of Doors his opponents have in Social maneuvering by one whenever he's banking on their previous relationship or shared history.

Promise of Protection (• to •••••)

Prerequisite: Fae-touched

Effect: Your character told him she would always be there for him and make sure he was safe. She didn't even know he had been taken when she started looking for him, her protective nature guiding her. She knows deep down that everyone is vulnerable and needs a little protection. Whenever she protects someone other than herself, gain a bonus to your Initiative modifier equal to her dots in this Merit, and reduce any Defense penalties from multiple attacks in a turn by one.

Promise to Provide (•••)

Prerequisite: Fae-touched

Effect: Your character promised he would always have room in his home for her, no matter when she needed

it. He kept a guest room always available, even when he could barely afford a two-room apartment. He keeps her things in there, just the way she likes them. He prides himself on his hospitality, and the Wyrd has strengthened his resolve to ensure he always has an open home and hearth. Whenever he offers hospitality to someone, he may spend a point of Glamour to enforce it for the rest of the chapter. Anyone who accepts must then spend a Willpower point to break his hospitality by harming him, his allies, or his home. Anyone who accepts and *doesn't* try to break his hospitality instead regains a point of Willpower at the end of the chapter.

Promise to Serve (• to •••)

Prerequisite: Fae-touched

Effect: Maybe your character agreed to name her firstborn child after her brother, or promised that she would take his children in as her own if he ever died. No matter what the agreement, after she lost touch she stayed true to her word and followed through. She needs something to do with herself, something to give her life direction and purpose. Whenever she is part of a teamwork action, she adds her dots in this Merit as bonus dice in addition to those generated by her rolled successes to the primary actor's roll.

Punish the Oathbreaker (••)

Prerequisites: Fae-touched, Find the Oathbreaker

Effect: Your character takes his own promises seriously, and the idea that someone else might not offends him to his core. He may use Loopholes to activate Contracts that would impact an oathbreaker negatively and directly, as long as he reads their broken promises with Find the Oathbreaker first. Contracts that affect a group of people or the environment do not gain this benefit.

Sense Vows (•)

Prerequisite: Fae-touched

Effect: Your character's dedication to her promises allows her to sense when the Wyrd was invoked to seal one. By spending a point of Glamour while interacting with someone, she can determine whether that person made any promises through sealings, oaths, or bargains within the current story. She cannot tell the details of the promise, though she knows what kind of pledge the character is sworn to, and the general idea of what was promised.



Appendix Two
Equipment

Armor

Type	Rating	Strength	Defense	Speed	Availability	Coverage
			Modern			
Reinforced clothing*	1/0	1	0	0	•	Torso, arms, legs
Kevlar vest*	1/3	1	0	0	•	Torso
Flak jacket	2/4	1	−1	0	••	Torso, arms
Full riot gear	3/5	2	−2	−1	•••	Torso, arms, legs
			Archaic			
Leather (hard)	2/0	2	−1	0	•	Torso, arms
Chainmail	3/1	3	−2	−2	••	Torso, arms
Plate	4/2	3	−2	−3	••••	Torso, arms, legs

Rating: Armor provides protection against normal attacks and firearms attacks. The number before the slash is for general armor, while the number after the slash is for ballistic armor.

Strength: If a character's Strength is lower than that required for her armor, reduce her Brawl and Weaponry dice pools by one.

Defense: The penalty imposed on a character's Defense when wearing the armor.

Speed: The penalty to a character's Speed when wearing the armor.

Availability: The cost in Resources dots or the level of Social Merit needed to acquire the armor.

Coverage: The areas of a character protected by the armor. Unless an attacker targets a specific unarmored location (see "Specified Targets," p. 184), the armor's protection applies. Wearing a helmet increases the armor's coverage to include a character's head.

* This armor is concealed, either as normal clothing (e.g. biker leathers) or from being worn under a jacket or baggy shirt. Attackers have no idea the target is wearing armor until after they land a successful hit.

Weapons

Melee Weapons Chart

Type	Damage	Initiative	Strength	Size	Availability	Special
Sap	0	−1	1	1	•	Stun
Brass Knuckles	0	0	1	1	•	Uses Brawl to attack
Baton	1	−1	2	2	n/a	
Crowbar	2	−2	2	2	•	
Tire Iron	1	−3	2	2	••	+1 Defense
Chain	1	−3	2	2	•	Grapple
Shield (small)	0	−2	2	2	••	Concealed
Shield (large)	2	−4	3	3	••	Concealed
Knife	0	−1	1	1	•	
Rapier	1	−2	1	2	••	Armor piercing 1
Machete	2	−2	2	2	••	
Hatchet	1	−2	1	1	•	
Fire Axe	3	−4	3	3	••	9-again, two-handed
Chainsaw	5	−6	4	3	•••	9-again, two-handed
Stake*	0	−4	1	1	n/a	
Spear**	2	−2	2	4	•	+1 Defense, two-handed
Stun gun (melee)	1	1	1	1	•	Stun; bonus successes don't add to modifier for damage

Type: A weapon's type is a general classification that can apply to anything your character picks up. A tire iron might be any metal club, such as an antique mace, a metal baseball bat, or a hammer, while a hatchet might be a meat cleaver or an antique handaxe.

Damage: Indicates the number of bonus successes added to a successful attack. Weapons always deal lethal damage against ordinary people. The type of damage may vary against supernatural opponents.

Initiative: The penalty taken to Initiative when wielding the weapon. If using more than one weapon, take the higher penalty and increase by 1.

Strength: The minimum Strength needed to use a weapon effectively. A wielder with a lower Strength suffers a −1 penalty on attack rolls.

Size: Size 1 items can be hidden in a hand; two Size 2 items can be hidden in a coat; Size 3+ items cannot be hidden.

Availability: The cost in Resources dots or the level of Social Merit needed to acquire the weapon.

Concealed: A character that wields a shield but doesn't use it to attack can add its Size to his Defense, and uses its Size as a concealment modifier against ranged attacks.

Grapple: Add the chain's weapon modifier to grappling dice pools.

Stun: Halve the victim's Size when aiming for the head with intent to stun.

Two-handed: This weapon requires two hands. It can be used one-handed, but doing so increases the Strength requirement by 1.

* To pierce the heart, a stake must target it specifically (−3 to attack rolls) and must deal at least five damage in one attack.

** The reach of a spear gives +1 to Defense against opponents who are unarmed or wield weapons of Size 1.

Ranged Weapons Chart

Type	Damage	Range	Clip	Initiative	Strength	Size	Availability	Example	Special
Revolver, light	1	20/40/80	6	0	2	1	••	SW M640 (.38 Special)	
Revolver, heavy	2	35/70/140	6	−2	3	1	••	SW M29 (.44 Magnum)	
Pistol, light	1	20/40/80	17+1	0	2	1	•••	Glock 17 (9mm)	
Pistol, heavy	2	30/60/120	7+1	−2	3	1	•••	Colt M1911A1 (.45 ACP)	
SMG, small*	1	25/50/100	30+1	−2	2	1	•••	Ingram Mac-10 (9mm)	
SMG, large*	2	50/100/200	30+1	−3	3	2	•••	HK MP-5 (9mm)	
Rifle	4	200/400/800	5+1	−5	2	3	••	Remington M-700 (30.06)	
Assault Rifle*	3	150/300/600	42+1	−3	3	3	•••	Steyr AUG (5.56mm)	
Shotgun**	3	20/40/80	5+1	−4	3	2	••	Remington M870 (12-gauge)	
Crossbow***	2	40/80/160	1	−5	3	3	•••		
Stun gun (ranged)***	1	5	1	0	1	1	•	Taser	Stun; bonus successes don't add to the modifier for damage
Pepper spray	0	1/2/3	n/a	0	1	1	•		Stun; Penalty, deals no damage
Javelin	2	Thrown	n/a	−2	2	2	•••		

Damage: Indicates the number of bonus successes added to a successful attack. Weapons always deal lethal damage against ordinary people. The type of damage may vary against supernatural opponents.

Ranges: The listed numbers are short/medium/long ranges in yards/meters. Attacks at medium range suffer a −1 penalty. Attacks at long range suffer a −2 penalty.

Clip: The number of rounds a gun can hold. A +1 indicates that a bullet can be held in the chamber, ready to fire.

Initiative: The penalty taken to Initiative when wielding the weapon. If using more than one weapon, take the higher penalty and increase it by 1.

Strength: The minimum Strength needed to use a weapon effectively. A wielder with a lower Strength suffers a −1 on attack rolls.

Size: Weapons of Size 1 can be fired one-handed; Size 2 weapons must be fired two-handed and can be hidden in a coat; Size 3 weapons can be fired two-handed, but not hidden on one's person.

Availability: The cost in Resources dots or the level of Social Merit needed to acquire the weapon.

Stun: Halve the victim's Size when aiming for the head with intent to stun.

Penalty: Pepper spray inflicts a −5 to all actions, reduced by one for every turn the victim spends rinsing his eyes.

* The weapon is capable of autofire, including short bursts, medium bursts, and long bursts.

** Attack rolls gain the 9-again quality.

*** Crossbows and ranged stun guns take three turns to reload between shots (stun guns must replace the compressed air cartridge). A crossbow can also be used to deliver a stake through the heart (−3 to attack rolls; must deal at least five damage in one attack).

Services

Service	Availability	Die Bonus
Academics		
Historical specialist consulting	•••	+3
Research assistance from grad students	••	+2
Translation of a dead language	•••	+2
Computer		
Custom phone application	•••	+2
Digital image enhancement	••	+3
Graphic design/forgery	••	+2
Crafts		
Antiquities restoration	•••	+2
Auto repair	••	+3
Custom equipment modifications	•••	+2
Investigation		
Consultation on evidence	•••	+3
Investigative photography	•••	+2
Private investigation/ background check	••	+2
Medicine		
Black-market surgeon	••••	+3
Expert medical witness	••••	+2
Rush plastic surgery	••••	+2
Occult		
Esoteric consultant/sage	••••	+3
Exorcist	•••	+2
Protective amulets or wards	••••	+1
Politics		
Campaign assistant	•••	+3
Cutting red tape (read: bribe)	•••	+2
Spin doctor	•••	+2
Science		
Fact checking	••	+3
Falsifying research/coverup	•••	+2
Lab access	••	+2
Athletics		
Meditative assistance	•••	+2
Personal trainer	•••	+3
Throwing an athletic competition	••••	+4
Brawl		
Arrange underground boxing ring	•••	+2
Bodyguard service	•••	+3
Self-defense classes	•	+1
Drive		
Chauffer	••	+2
Stunt performance/mock crash	•••	+3
Tour bus rental	••••	+2
Firearms		
Antique gun repair	•••	+2
Cover fire from gangs	•••	+3
Procuring smuggled military arms	••••	+2
Larceny		
Breaking and entering	•••	+2
Security consulting	•••	+2
Stealing a protected relic	••••	+3
Stealth		
Strategic distraction	•••	+3
Tailing a suspect	•••	+2
Targeted vandalism	••	+2
Survival		
Field dress and preserve an animal	•••	+1
Trail guide	••	+3
Weatherproof a shelter	••	+2
Weaponry		
Properly forged sword	•••	+2
Identify wound from obscure weapon	•••	+2
Training in archaic warfare	•••	+2
Animal Ken		
Buy a trained animal	•••	+2
Identify animal droppings	••	+1
Rule out natural causes of death	•••	+2

Service	Availability	Die Bonus
Empathy		
"Good cop" interrogator	•••	+2
Neutral arbitrator	•••	+2
Therapy session	••	+1
Expression		
Document forgery	•••	+3
Ghostwriting	••	+2
Motivational speech	•••	+1
Intimidation		
Anti-interrogation training	••••	+3
"Bad cop" interrogator	•••	+2
Deprogramming therapy	•••	+2
Persuasion		
Defense attorney	•••	+3
Hostage negotiator	••••	+3
Pickup artist	•••	+2
Socialize		
Catering	••• or ••••	+1 or +2
Elocution consulting	•••	+1
Escort	•••	+2
Streetwise		
Arrange a rave or block party	•••	+2
Black market access	••	+2
Find crash space	••	+1
Smuggling contraband	•••	+1
Subterfuge		
Amateur actor/actress	••	+2
Con artistry	•••	+2
Gambling ringer	•••	+2



Appendix Three
Tilts

Tilts come in two forms: Personal and Environmental. Personal Tilts only apply to one character, and include ways in which that character can overcome the effect. Environmental Tilts affect the whole scene, and offer ways for individual characters to mitigate their effects.

Arm Wrack

Personal

Description: The character's arm is painfully (and debilitatingly) injured.

Effect: The affected character drops whatever they're holding in that arm and can't use it to attack opponents. If this effect spreads to both limbs, roll only a chance die on any rolls that require manual dexterity, and take −3 to all other Physical actions.

Causing the Tilt: Supernatural power or targeted blow (−2).

Ending the Tilt: Mark an X under the leftmost Health box affected by the attack. The Tilt ends when the damage that caused it has healed..

Beaten Down

Personal

Description: The character has had the fight knocked out of him.

Effect: The character cannot take active part in the fight without extra effort. The player must spend a point of Willpower *each time* he wants the character to take a violent action in the fight. He can still run, Dodge, and apply Defense.

Causing the Tilt: The character suffers bashing damage in excess of his Stamina *or* any amount of lethal damage.

Ending the Tilt: The character surrenders and gives the aggressor what he wants. At this point, the character regains a point of Willpower and takes a Beat, but can take no further action in the fight.

Blinded

Personal

Description: The character's eyes are damaged or removed.

Effect: The character suffers a −3 penalty to any rolls that rely on vision. Increase to −5 and loss of all Defense if both eyes are affected.

Causing the Tilt: The normal way to inflict the Tilt is to deal damage to the target's eyes, a specified attack with a −5 penalty (see Specified Targets, p. 184). An attacker can inflict temporary blindness by slashing at her opponent's brow, throwing sand into his eyes, or kicking up dirt. This requires an attack roll of Dexterity + Athletics with a −3 penalty. (Defense applies.) If the attack succeeds, the target is Blinded for the next turn.

Ending the Tilt: Mark an X under the leftmost Health box affected by the attack. The Tilt ends when the damage that caused it is healed.

BLIZZARD

Environmental

Description: Heavy snowfall carpets the ground and is whipped up by howling winds into a barrage of whirling white.

Effect: Rolls to see things close to the character's person suffer a −1 penalty. Each additional 10 yards/meters inflicts an additional −1 penalty (cumulative) on all visual Perception rolls. This penalty also applies to ranged attacks.

Every four inches of snow applies a −1 penalty to appropriate Physical rolls, including combat rolls.

Causing the Tilt: For the most part, the weather is out of the characters' control.

Ending the Tilt: Without supernatural powers, characters can't end a blizzard. Proper equipment (such as goggles and snow boots) can add +1 to +3 to a roll, offsetting some of the penalties.

DEAFENED

Personal

Description: The character can't hear.

Effect: If the character is deaf in one ear, he suffers a −3 penalty to hearing-based Perception rolls. A character struck deaf in both ears only gets a chance die on such rolls, and suffers a −2 penalty to all combat-related dice rolls.

Causing the Tilt: A particularly loud noise within 10 feet of the character may cause temporary hearing loss, as though the character were deaf in both ears. Alternatively, a targeted attack on the ear — at a −4 penalty — can deafen a character.

Ending the Tilt: Deafness caused by loud noises fades after (10 − the victim's Stamina + Resolve) turns. Mark an X under the leftmost Health box affected by the attack. The Tilt ends when the damage that caused it is healed.

DRUGGED

Personal

Description: The character's mind is addled by mind-altering substances.

Effect: A generic narcotic can be represented with one set of modifiers; the character suffers a −2 modifier to Speed (and static Defense, if used) and a −3 penalty to all rolls in combat. The character ignores wound penalties.

Causing the Tilt: If the character has chosen to take drugs, he suffers their effects. To administer drugs to another character is a Dexterity + Weaponry attack, suffering a −1 modifier for the improvised weapon.

Ending the Tilt: A generic narcotic lasts for (10 – the victim's Stamina + Resolve) hours. Medical help halves this time.

EARTHQUAKE

Environmental

Description: Everything shudders and shakes, and rents tear the ground wide open.

Effect: When the earthquake's actually occurring, all Dexterity-based dice pools (and Defense) suffer a −1 to −5 penalty. Characters take between 1 and 3 points of lethal damage per turn of the earthquake's duration. A reflexive Stamina + Athletics roll downgrades that damage to bashing — or cancels it on an exceptional success.

Causing the Tilt: Without tremendous supernatural power, it's almost impossible to cause an earthquake. A powerful explosion could create the same effect.

Ending the Tilt: Earthquakes are quick events. It's very rare for one to last more than a minute (20 turns).

EXTREME COLD

Environmental (sometimes Personal)

Description: Bone-chilling winds bite through the character, or trudging through knee-deep snow takes all of the sensation from his limbs.

Effect: When the temperature is below freezing, characters can't heal bashing damage. Supernatural beings and characters who heal faster than normal halve their normal healing rate. For every hour that a character is affected, he accrues a −1 penalty to all rolls. When that penalty hits −5, he instead suffers a point of lethal damage per hour.

Causing the Tilt: A frozen environment, a walk-in freezer, etc.

Ending the Tilt: Find a source of warmth or warm clothing. A character who has hypothermia requires medical attention.

EXTREME HEAT

Environmental (sometimes Personal)

Description: The character might be stumbling through the desert with the sun beating down on him, or running through the steam tunnels surrounding an old boiler room. This Tilt can also be the result of a debilitating fever.

Effect: Characters can't heal bashing damage. Supernatural beings and characters who heal faster than normal instead halve their normal healing rate. For every hour that a character is continuously affected by this Tilt, he accrues a −1 penalty to all rolls. When that penalty hits −5, he instead suffers a point of lethal damage per hour.

Causing the Tilt: This Tilt is usually caused by environmental factors — being out at noon in the desert, or spending too long in a sauna or forge.

Ending the Tilt: Get out of the heat. In a desert or similar environment, finding shade is paramount.

FLESH TOO SOLID

Personal

Description: The character becomes too immersed in dreams. Physical sensations are even more vivid than in the waking world, but dream wounds leave real scars.

Effect: Whenever the character would suffer Dream Health damage, she suffers equivalent physical Health damage instead.

Causing the Tilt: Suffering a dramatic failure on oneiromantic actions and Contracts.

Ending the Tilt: The Tilt normally lasts until the end of the scene.

FLOODED

Environmental

Description: Some liquid has risen enough to impede the character's progress.

Effect: Each foot of liquid inflicts a −2 penalty to all Physical dice pools. If the water goes up over her head, the character has to swim (Dexterity + Athletics). Alternatively, she can try to hold her breath (Stamina + Composure).

Causing the Tilt: Normally, this Tilt is the result of heavy rain, sudden snowmelt, or a broken water main.

Ending the Tilt: Characters can escape flooding by getting to high ground, which is enough to mitigate this Tilt.

HEAVY RAIN

Environmental

Description: Torrential rain lashes down in knives.

Effect: Heavy rains cause a Perception penalty of −3 dice to Perception rolls.

Causing the Tilt: Short of a supernatural power or a fleet of cloud-seeding aircraft, Heavy Rain is the result of natural weather patterns.

Ending the Tilt: The best way out of the rain is to get indoors.

HEAVY WINDS

Environmental

Description: Howling winds buffet at the characters.

Effect: Heavy winds are loud, so characters suffer a −3 modifier to aural Perception rolls. Also, the wind inflicts a penalty to all Physical rolls. Grade the wind from one to five; one is tropical-storm level (around 40 MPH), three is hurricane level (around 80 MPH), and five is tornado level (150+ MPH). The wind's grade represents the penalty applied to Physical dice rolls. Characters outside take bashing damage each turn equal to the wind's rating. Characters can make a reflexive Dexterity + Athletics roll to avoid damage.

Causing the Tilt: Heavy winds are a fact of life, from siroccos in the desert, to tornados in the Midwest US, to wind shears everywhere.

Ending the Tilt: Getting out of the wind is the best way to end this Tilt.

ICE

Environmental

Description: The ground's covered in a layer of ice that sends wheels spinning and people's feet flying out from under them.

Effect: Divide the character's Speed in half. All Physical rolls (and Defense) suffer a −2 penalty. Attempting to move at full Speed increases the Physical penalty to −4. Any dramatic failure on a Physical roll inflicts the Knocked Down Tilt. When driving halve Acceleration, and take a −5 penalty to Drive rolls.

Causing the Tilt: This Tilt applies to any surface that's slick and slippery, including a spill of industrial lubricant or just a well-polished wooden or linoleum floor.

Ending the Tilt: "Get off the ice" is good advice, but that can take work. Characters can use heat or fire to melt ice, or throw down copious quantities of salt or grit to increase traction.

IMMOBILIZED

Personal

Description: Something holds the character fast, preventing him from moving.

Effect: The character can't do anything. He can't apply Defense against incoming attacks, and can't take combat-related actions. If someone's holding him down, he can spend a point of Willpower to deliver a head butt or similar attack.

Causing the Tilt: The usual way to inflict this Tilt is through the Restrain grappling move.

Ending the Tilt: An Immobilized target can break free by escaping from a grapple or snapping whatever binds her. If held by an item, the character must make a Strength + Athletics roll penalized by the item's Durability. Take a −2 penalty for restrained limbs; increase to −4 if hogtied. A success breaks free. Each roll, successful or not, deals a point of bashing damage.

INFERNO

Environmental

Description: The area is on fire. Anything flammable is either already burning or will be soon.

Effect: All characters suffer a −2 to all rolls due to smoke and heat. After two turns, any character that breathes also suffers 2B per turn due to smoke inhalation. After three turns, the character also suffers 1L per turn from burns and must succeed on a Dexterity + Stamina roll each turn to avoid catching fire (see p. 190).

Causing the Tilt: Objects or people catching fire and letting it spread can cause this Tilt, as well as supernatural powers or particularly volatile explosions.

Ending the Tilt: Different types of fire require different methods to extinguish; in general, cutting off the fire from its fuel sources does the trick. Water, carbon dioxide, sand, and baking soda can be useful, depending on the size and type of the fire. Eventually all fires burn themselves out, but that can be cold comfort in the aftermath of a destructive blaze.

INSANE

Personal

Description: The character suffers from a panic attack, sudden imbalance, or a full-on psychotic break.

Effect: The character gains a +1 bonus to all combat rolls, but takes actions after everyone else. A character suffering from this Tilt cannot spend Willpower in combat, and suffers a −3 penalty to all Social rolls.

Causing the Tilt: Any character with an appropriate Condition may acquire the Insane Tilt. The Storyteller can call for a Resolve + Composure roll to resist a general anxiety that gnaws at the character's mind.

Ending the Tilt: The specific effects of this Tilt don't normally last beyond the end of the scene. To end earlier, roll Resolve + Composure as an instant action, contested by a dice pool of (10 − her Willpower). Take no other actions this turn, and don't apply Defense to attacks.

INSENSATE

Personal

Description: The character shuts down, either due to extreme fear or sudden pleasure.

Effect: The character can't take any actions until the Tilt is resolved. He can apply Defense to incoming attacks, and if he takes any damage from an attack, the Tilt ends.

Causing the Tilt: Several supernatural powers can leave their victim in a trance-like state of heightened emotion. A hallucinogenic drug might have similar effects; administering such a drug is a Dexterity + Weaponry attack, which suffers a −1 modifier.

Ending the Tilt: The Tilt wears off at the end of the scene. The victim can spend a point of Willpower before then to act normally for one turn. A successful attack will also end the Tilt. If a character has been knocked insensible by drugs, then when this Tilt ends it is replaced with the Drugged Tilt.

KNOCKED DOWN

Personal

Description: Something knocks the character to the floor.

Effect: The character is knocked off her feet. If she hasn't already acted this turn, she loses her action. Once she's on the ground, a character is considered prone. The

character can still apply Defense against incoming attacks, and can attempt to attack from the ground at a −2 penalty.

Causing the Tilt: A melee weapon (damage modifier +2 or greater), or a firearm (damage modifier of +3 or greater) can knock a character down. A close combat attack with a targeted attack against the legs (−2 modifier) can knock someone down. If successful, the target is knocked down, but takes only half damage.

Ending the Tilt: Standing up takes an action. A character who hasn't yet acted can make a Dexterity + Athletics roll, minus weapon modifier. If successful, she avoids the effects of this Tilt.

LEG WRACK

Personal

Description: Pain or numbness in the leg

Effect: If their leg is broken, sprained, or dislocated, halve the character's Speed and suffer a −2 penalty on Physical rolls that require movement (and Defense). If both legs are wracked, the character falls over — taking the Knocked Down Tilt. Speed is reduced to 1; moving precludes other actions. Physical rolls that require movement are reduced to a chance die.

Causing the Tilt: A character can have their leg knocked out by a targeted blow to the leg (−2 penalty) that deals more damage than their Stamina.

Ending the Tilt: If the Tilt is inflicted as a result of an attack, mark an X under the leftmost Health box affected by that attack. The Tilt ends when that damage that caused it has healed.

POISONED

Personal

Description: Poison is tearing the character apart from the inside.

Effect: A poison is either "moderate" or "grave." A moderate poison causes 1 point of bashing damage per turn. A grave poison deals 1 point of lethal damage per turn.

Causing the Tilt: Ingesting a poison inflicts this Tilt. Injecting an opponent with a poison counts as a Dexterity + Weaponry attack, and suffers a −1 modifier.

Ending the Tilt: Immediate medical attention. Roll Stamina + Resolve as a reflexive action each turn. If the character intends to act, the roll suffers a −3 penalty. Success counteracts the damage for one turn.

SICK

Personal

Description: The character suffers from nausea, fever, or related symptoms.

Effect: A sickness is either "moderate" or "grave." A moderate sickness causes a −1 penalty to all actions during combat. That penalty increases by 1 every two turns. A grave sickness inflicts the same dice penalties as a mild sickness, plus 1 point of bashing damage per turn.

Causing the Tilt: Exposure to disease either from living sources or sample.

Ending the Tilt: Penalties fade at a rate of one point per turn once the character has a chance to rest. Any damage remains until the character can heal.

STUNNED

Personal

Description: The character is dazed and unable to think straight.

Effect: The character loses her next action, and halves her Defense until she can next act.

Causing the Tilt: A character can be stunned by any attack that does at least as much damage as their Size in a single hit. Some weapons have a "stun" special ability. These double the weapon modifier only for the purposes of working out whether the attacker inflicts the Stunned Tilt. Attacks against the target's head count the character's Size as 1 lower.

Ending the Tilt: The effects of this Tilt last one turn. The character can end the Tilt during their own action by reflexively spending a point of Willpower, a but −3 modifier applies to any actions they take that turn.

Personal Tilts

Tilt	Effects
Arm Wrack	One arm: Drop anything held, suffer off-hand penalties for most rolls. Both arms: Chance die on rolls requiring manual dexterity, −3 to other Physical actions.
Beaten Down	Cannot take violent action in combat without spending Willpower.
Blinded	One eye: −3 to vision-related rolls. Both eyes: −5 to vision-related rolls, lose all Defense.
Deafened	One ear: −3 to Perception rolls. Both ears: Chance die on Perception rolls, −2 to combat rolls.
Drugged	−2 Speed, −3 to combat rolls (including Defense and Perception). Ignore wound penalties.
Flesh Too Solid	Take physical Health damage instead of Dream Health damage.
Immobilized	No combat actions. Can't move or apply Defense.
Insane	+1 to combat rolls, act after everyone else, −3 to Social rolls, can't spend Willpower.
Insensate	No combat actions. Can move and apply Defense. Taking damage ends the Tilt.
Knocked Down	Lose action this turn (if it hasn't been taken), knocked prone. Can apply Defense, attack from ground at −2.
Leg Wrack	One leg: half Speed, −2 penalty on Physical rolls for movement. Both legs: Knocked Down, give up action to move at Speed 1, movement-based Physical rolls reduced to chance die.
Poisoned	Moderate: One point of bashing damage per turn. Grave: One point of lethal damage per turn.
Sick	Moderate: −1 to all actions. Penalty increases by 1 every two turns. Grave: As moderate, but also inflicts one point of bashing damage per turn.
Stunned	Lose next action. Half Defense until the characters next acts.

Environmental Tilts

Tilt	Effects
Blizzard	−1 penalty to visual Perception and ranged attack rolls, increased by 1 per 10 yards/meters. −1 penalty to Physical rolls per four inches of snow.
Earthquake	Penalty to Dexterity rolls depending on severity. Take one to three lethal damage per turn, Stamina + Athletics downgrades to bashing.
Extreme Cold	Bashing damage doesn't heal. −1 penalty to all rolls, increasing by 1 per hour. At −5, further hours deal one point of lethal damage.
Extreme Heat	Bashing damage doesn't heal. −1 penalty to all rolls, increasing by 1 per hour. At −5, further hours deal one point of lethal damage.
Flooded	−2 to Physical dice pools per foot of flooding. Once water is over head, character must swim or hold breath.
Heavy Rain	−3 to aural and visual Perception rolls.
Heavy Winds	−3 modifier to aural Perception rolls. Winds rated between 1 and 5, severity acts as penalty to Physical rolls and deals that much bashing damage per turn, Dexterity + Athletics to avoid.
Ice	−2 Speed, −2 to Physical actions. Can move at normal speed but −4 Physical actions. Dramatic Failure causes Knocked Down; Drive rolls are at −5 and half Acceleration.
Inferno	−2 to rolls. After 2 turns, 2B damage per turn. After 3 turns, 1L per turn and may catch fire.



Appendix Four
Conditions

The list below provides some common Conditions that you can apply to characters throughout the chronicle.

Addicted (Persistent)

Your character is addicted to something, whether it's drugs, gambling, or other destructive behaviors. She needs to indulge her addiction regularly to keep it under control, and it takes over her life. Choose a specific addiction upon taking this Condition; characters can take this Condition multiple times for different addictions. Being unable to feed the addiction results in the Deprived Condition.

Possible Sources: Alcoholism, substance abuse.

Resolution: Gain or lose a dot of Integrity, or achieve exceptional success on a breaking point; for changelings, increase maximum Clarity, or achieve exceptional success on a roll to contest a fae power.

Beat: Your character chooses to get a fix rather than fulfill an obligation, or causes significant complications for her motley by indulging her addiction.

Amnesia (Persistent)

Your character is missing a portion of her memory. An entire period of her life is just gone. This causes massive difficulties with friends and loved ones.

Changelings with this Condition add two dice to Clarity damage rolls.

Resolution: You regain your memory and learn the truth. Depending on the circumstances, this may constitute a breaking point.

Beat: Something problematic arises, such as a forgotten arrest warrant or old enemy.

Arcadian Dreams (Persistent)

Until her promise-bound is safely out of Arcadia, the fae-touched is plagued with dreams and visions of him. She always has an awareness of him in the back of her mind. If she is in the Hedge, she has a general knowledge of what direction to travel in to reach him and gains a one-die bonus to navigate the Hedge toward him. She can feel his pain as though it were her own.

Beat: The player chooses to fail any roll. These failures occur due to sudden, distracting suffering by proxy, or due to a poignant reminder of one of her visions in the current situation, which the player can come up with on the fly.

Resolution: The Avowed reunites with her promise-bound, or he dies before that can happen, in which case she knows about it immediately. The latter constitutes a breaking point for the fae-touched character.

Awestruck (Persistent)

Your character sees before her a glorious and terrifying figure, and something in her brain kicks her to

kneel and grovel. She suffers a –2 to attack rolls against the Condition's source. She also suffers a –3 to contested rolls against Social actions from the source, and a –3 to her Composure or Resolve against actions and powers the Condition's source uses against her.

Changelings with this Condition add two dice to Clarity damage rolls.

Possible Sources: Compulsion from supernatural powers, oneiromancy.

Resolution: Your character has no contact with the Condition's source, whether face-to-face, over the phone or text, or via Bastion, for one full scene.

Beat: Your character takes an action that serves the demands of the Condition's source.

BERSERK

Your character has a spark of berserk rage lit within her. The fury inside demands that she lash out, and the descending red mist makes it hard to tell friend from foe. Each turn, she must succeed at a Resolve + Composure roll or attack the nearest target with whatever weapons she has to hand. Even if she succeeds, she suffers a −3 penalty on all actions other than attacking the nearest target.

Changelings with this Condition add one die to Clarity damage rolls.

Possible Sources: Some supernatural powers.

Resolution: The character becomes unconscious or there are no targets left to attack.

BESTIAL

Your character acts on primal, physical impulses. Frightening things make him run. He meets aggressive threats with violence and anger. Take a –2 to all rolls to resist physical impulse. As well, take a –2 to Defense due to impulsive action. Any rolls to compel your character to impulsive, aggressive action or escape achieve exceptional success on three successes instead of five.

Possible Sources: Some supernatural powers.

Resolution: Cause damage in someone's last three Health boxes.

BLIND (PERSISTENT)

Your character cannot see. Any rolls requiring sight may only use a chance die. If she could reasonably substitute another sense, make the roll at −3 instead. In an action scene, she suffers the drawbacks of the Blinded Tilt (p. 327). This Condition may be temporary, but if that's the result of a combat effect, the Blindness Tilt would apply instead.

Resolution: Your character regains her sight.

Beat: Your character encounters a limitation or difficulty that inconveniences her.

BONDED

Your character has established an extensive bond with an animal. She gains +2 on any rolls to influence or persuade the animal once per scene. The animal may add your Animal Ken to any rolls to resist coercion or fear when in your character's presence. The animal may add your character's Animal Ken to any one die roll.

Example Skills: Animal Ken

Resolution: The bonded animal dies.

BROKEN (PERSISTENT)

Whatever your character did or saw, something inside him snapped. He can barely muster up the will to do his job anymore, and anything more emotionally intense than a raised voice makes him flinch and back down. Apply a −2 to all Social rolls and rolls involving Resolve, and a −5 to all use of the Intimidation Skill.

Possible Sources: Severe Clarity damage in any of your three rightmost boxes.

Resolution: Regain a dot of Integrity, lose *another* dot of Integrity, or achieve an exceptional success on a breaking point; for changelings, increase maximum Clarity, or achieve exceptional success on a roll to contest a fae power.

Beat: Your character backs down from a confrontation or you fail a roll due to this Condition.

COMATOSE

Your character has reached rock bottom. She has lost any ability to distinguish reality from fantasy, and has gone into a deep dream. She believes she is awake, living her life perfectly normally, but is instead lying in a coma. She cannot roll to enter the Gate of Ivory (p. 215) and dream lucidly without help. If this Condition came about through mild Clarity damage, events in her dream may lead her to resolve another Clarity Condition even though she doesn't realize she's dreaming, allowing her to wake up. If it came about through severe Clarity damage, even this doesn't wake her. If someone can convince

her that she's actually dreaming, through oneiromancy or some other method, she can claw her way back to wakefulness.

Possible Sources: Reaching Clarity 0.

Resolution: The character regains Clarity, or she realizes she is in a dream and awakens, regaining a point of Clarity as normal. In the case of severe damage, the *only* way to resolve this Condition is for the changeling to realize her dreaming state, which requires someone to come and rescue her. Any other Clarity Conditions she may have resolved during this time increase her Clarity as normal, but do not resolve this Condition.

COMPETITIVE

Your character must assert dominance and superiority. Either she gives it her all, or she falters. Any time she's in direct competition with another character, she suffers a –2 die penalty on any rolls where she doesn't spend Willpower. This includes contested and extended rolls. As well, any rolls to tempt or coerce her into competition achieve exceptional success on three successes instead of five.

Possible Sources: Bedlam.

Resolution: Win or lose a competition where someone reaches a breaking point.

CONFUSED

Your character cannot think straight, either because of some mental power or good old-fashioned cranial trauma. You take a –2 die penalty on all Intelligence and Wits rolls.

Possible Sources: A blow to the head, some dramatic failures, mild Clarity damage in any of your three rightmost boxes.

Resolution: Take half an hour to focus and clear your mind, or take any amount of lethal damage.

CONNECTED (PERSISTENT)

Your character has made inroads with a specified group. While she has this Condition, she gets a +2 to all rolls relating to that group. Alternately, she can shed this Condition to gain a one-time automatic exceptional success on the next roll to influence or otherwise take advantage of the group. Once Connected is resolved, the character is considered to have burned her bridges and is no longer an accepted member. The character may be able to regain Connected with the specified group per Storyteller approval.

Example Skills: Politics, Socialize

Resolution: The character loses her membership or otherwise loses her standing with the group.

Beat: The character is asked to perform a favor for the group that inconveniences her.

COWED

Your character has been put in her place through the violence and dominance of another. She suffers a –2 penalty on any Physical and Social rolls to oppose the character who inflicted this Condition if she does not spend Willpower.

Changelings with this Condition add one die to Clarity damage rolls.

Possible Sources: Having another character demonstrate her superiority to you, some supernatural powers.

Resolution: The character successfully injures or intimidates the character who inflicted the Condition, or the character regains Willpower through her Needle.

DELUSIONAL (PERSISTENT)

Your character believes something that isn't actually true — maybe he thinks that someone is poisoning his food, that a fetch has replaced his daughter, or that something lives in the shadows of his apartment. He doesn't actually hallucinate images that reinforce his delusion; he may believe that he's covered in spiders, but just looking at himself is enough to clarify matters. Germs, on the other hand…

He can't truly repress his belief, but spending a point of Willpower lets him come up with an explanation (albeit one that sounds psychotic when he explains it to someone else) as to why his delusion does not apply to a specific situation.

Possible Sources: Losing your last Touchstone, severe Clarity damage in any of your three rightmost boxes.

Resolution: The character completely disproves his delusion, or gains a new Touchstone.

Beat: The character adheres to his paranoid belief despite evidence to the contrary.

DEMORALIZED

Your character is demoralized and hesitant in the face of the enemy. Spending a Willpower point only adds

one die to her pool for attacks instead of the usual three. She also suffers a −4 penalty to her Initiative, and a −2 penalty to her Resolve and Composure whenever used to resist or contest a dice pool.

If this Condition doesn't resolve within a week, it fades.

Changelings with this Condition add one die to Clarity damage rolls.

Possible Sources: Dramatic failure.

Resolution: Achieve exceptional success on an attack roll, win a fight, or survive a fight unharmed.

DEPRIVED

Your character suffers from an addiction. Because your character is without it, she's unable to focus and contain herself. Remove one die from her Stamina, Resolve, and Composure dice pools. This does not influence derived traits; it simply influences dice pools that use these Attributes.

Possible Sources: Failing to feed an addiction, running out of Glamour.

Resolution: Your character indulges her addiction or, if she gained this Condition by reaching Glamour 0, gaining any Glamour.

DISABLED (PERSISTENT)

Your character has limited or no ability to walk. Her Speed trait is effectively 1. She must rely on a wheelchair or other device to travel. A manual wheelchair's Speed is equal to your character's Strength and requires use of her hands. Electric wheelchairs have a Speed of 3, but allow the free use of the character's hands. An injury can cause this Condition temporarily, in which case it is resolved when the injury heals and the character regains mobility.

Resolution: Mundane or supernatural means cure the character's disability.

Beat: Your character's limited mobility inconveniences your character and makes her slow to respond.

DISORIENTED

Your character cannot get her bearings and dealing with simple tasks is daunting. The character is at a −2 penalty to any Physical action. She can defend herself normally, but her disorientation prevents her from making ranged attacks at all.

Changelings with this Condition add one die to Clarity damage rolls.

Resolution: The character finds something to help her orient herself to her surroundings, such as a familiar landmark or a friend. If a supernatural power caused this Condition, then it resolves when the power ends.

DISSOCIATION

Your character questions whether she is even real. She experiences episodes where she feels like a passenger in someone else's body, unable to control her own thoughts or actions. Sometimes she goes long hours simply watching herself, wondering how much of what she sees is real, and how much is memory of her time in Arcadia. Any time the character has a chance to break with the mundane, such as using a Contract, you can opt to fail the roll to affirm that she's in the real world and resolve this Condition.

Possible Sources: Mild Clarity damage in any of your three rightmost boxes, some dramatic failures.

Resolution: The player chooses to fail a roll as described above.

DISTRACTED

Constant confusion and distractions buffet your character from all sides. She cannot take extended actions, and suffers a –2 die penalty to all rolls involving perception, concentration, and precision.

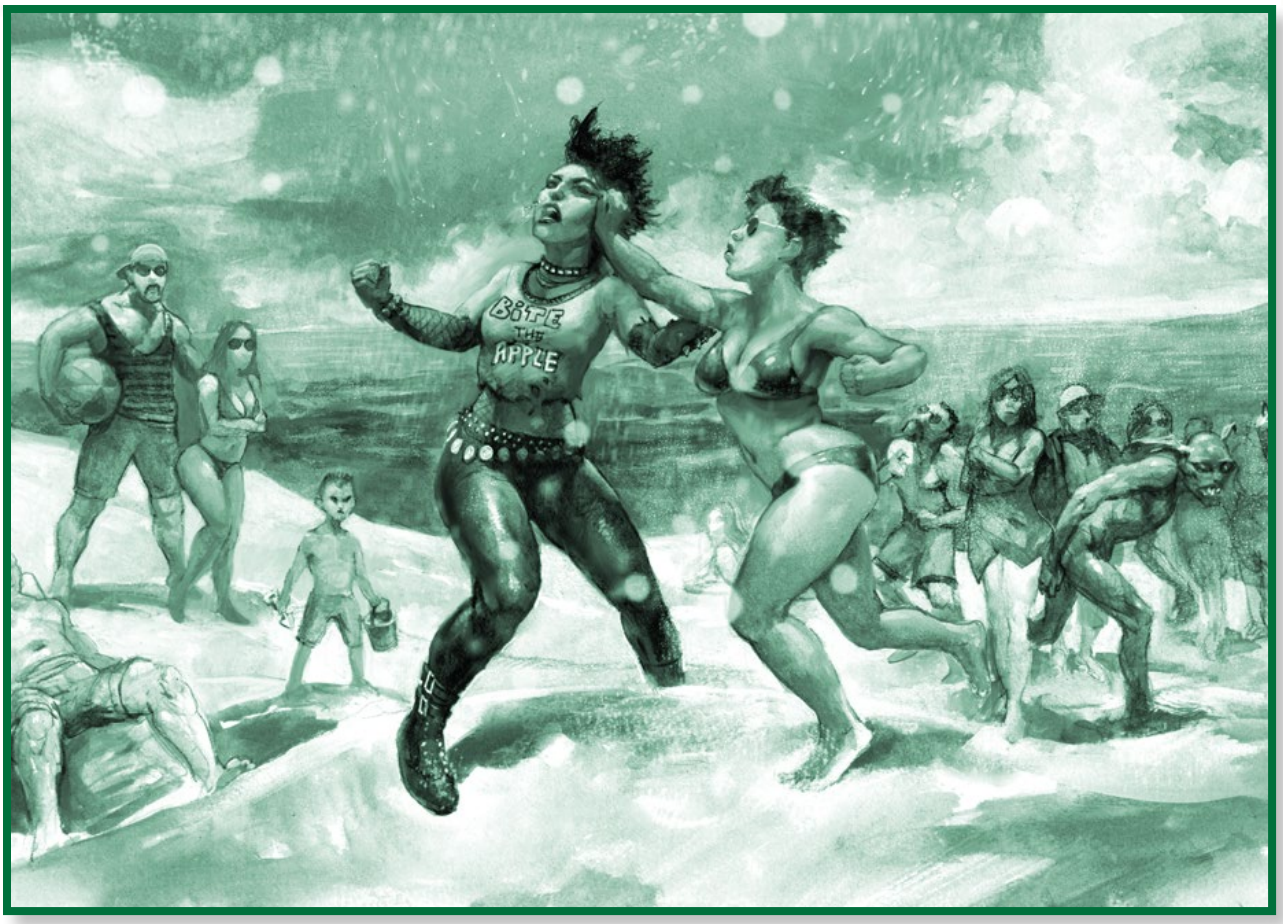
Possible Sources: Being in a highly confusing environment, mild Clarity damage in any of your three rightmost boxes.

Resolution: Leaving the environment; if inflicted by Clarity damage, regaining all Willpower.

DREAM ASSAILANT

Your character has caused too many significant shifts to the dreamscape, and the eidolons are now actively hostile to you. You take a −5 to any roll to interact with them peacefully or do anything unnoticed, and all failures that involve eidolons your character isn't fighting are dramatic failures. Reduce all eidolon impressions of you to Hostile for Social maneuvering. All paradigm shifts cost two additional successes to enact, and you can't enact subtle shifts at all.

If you resolve this Condition by interacting with an important eidolon or prop, choose one of the following effects to impose on the dreamer or any effect from a milder Shift Condition, which persists after he wakes:



- Deliver a subliminal command; he will perform any one specific action of your choice within 24 hours of waking.
- Leave subliminal Manipulation clues as Dream Infiltrator, but roll Wits + Empathy + Wyrd instead.
- Grant or remove one dot of any Mental or Supernatural Merit for the rest of the story, as long as the subject meets the prerequisites.
- Inflict the Ravaged Condition (p. 344).
- Change one of the subject's anchors or Aspirations for the rest of the story, or add an additional one of your choice.
- Inflict the Flesh Too Solid Tilt (p. 329) on the dreamer's dream form.

Possible Sources: Enact a paradigm shift in a dream.

Resolution: Exit the dream and don't return for one week; reintegrate yourself into the dream by taking a number of meaningful actions equal to the dreamer's Resolve without making any shifts to downgrade this Condition to Dream Intruder; or succeed at a meaningful action to influence an important eidolon (or the subject's dream self) or use an important prop in a way that's directly related to the waking change you want to make. Only relevant eidolons and props count, subject to Storyteller discretion.

DREAM INFILTRATOR

Your character has caused a significant shift to the dreamscape, and the eidolons are now suspicious of you. You take a −2 to any roll to interact with them peacefully, or a −3 to do anything unnoticed. Reduce all eidolon impressions of you by one for Social maneuvering. All subtle shifts cost one additional success to enact.

If you resolve this Condition by interacting with an important eidolon or prop, choose one of the following effects to impose on the dreamer, which persists after he wakes:

- Deliver a subliminal message; he will remember the information but not where it came from.
- Make a Wits roll and "store" successes as dice in the subject's mind, for use as bonus dice on Manipulation-based rolls you make against him within the next chapter as you take advantage of subliminal clues you left behind.

- Impose or remove a Condition that changes the dreamer's attitude toward your character or another, or behavior in general: e.g. Swooned, Leveraged, Competitive, Paranoid, etc.; resolving a Condition this way grants Beats as normal.
- Increase or decrease the Fortification rating of the dreamer's Bastion by 1 for the rest of the story.
- Increase or decrease the dreamer's impression of you or another character by two levels on the chart for Social maneuvering (p. 192)
- Open Doors equal to your character's Empathy for Social maneuvering against the dreamer toward a particular goal.
- Stop the dreamer from recovering Willpower during this night's rest.

Possible Sources: Enact a paradigm shift in a dream.

Resolution: Upgrade this Condition to another Shift Condition; exit the dream and don't return until the dreamer wakes and sleeps again; reintegrate yourself into the dream by taking a number of meaningful actions equal to the dreamer's Resolve without making any shifts; or succeed at a meaningful action to influence an important eidolon (or the subject's dream self) or use an important prop in a way that's directly related to the waking change you want to make. Only relevant eidolons and props count, subject to Storyteller discretion.

DREAM INTRUDER

Your character has caused multiple significant shifts to the dreamscape, and the eidolons are now uncomfortable with your presence. You take a −3 to any roll to interact with them peacefully, or a −4 to do anything unnoticed, and all failures that involve eidolons your character isn't fighting are dramatic failures. Reduce all eidolon impressions of you by two for Social maneuvering. All subtle shifts and paradigm shifts cost one additional success to enact.

If you resolve this Condition by interacting with an important eidolon or prop, choose one of the following effects to impose on the dreamer or any effect from Dream Infiltrator, which persists after he wakes:

- Deliver a subliminal suggestion; he will perform one specific action of your choice within 24 hours of waking, as long as it wouldn't cause him to suffer a breaking point.
- Leave subliminal Manipulation clues as Dream Infiltrator, but roll Wits + Empathy instead.
- Impose or remove one Persistent Condition that changes the dreamer's mental state, behavior, or attitude toward someone or something: e.g. Obsession, Awestruck, Amnesia, Madness, etc.; resolving a Condition this way grant Beats as normal.
- Make a Clarity attack against a changeling subject with a dice pool equal to your character's Presence.
- Reduce the subject's current Willpower or Glamour points by (your Presence + Wyrd) and gain that many points yourself, up to your usual maximum.
- Increase or decrease one of the subject's Mental or Social Attributes or Skills by 1 for the rest of the story.

Possible Sources: Enact a paradigm shift in a dream.

Resolution: Upgrade this Condition to another Shift Condition; exit the dream and don't return until the dreamer wakes and sleeps again twice; reintegrate yourself into the dream by taking a number of meaningful actions equal to the dreamer's Resolve without making any shifts to downgrade this Condition to Dream Infiltrator; or succeed at a meaningful action to influence an important eidolon (or the subject's dream self) or use an important prop in a way that's directly related to the waking change you want to make. Only relevant eidolons and props count, subject to Storyteller discretion.

EMBARRASSING SECRET

Your character has a secret from his past that could come back to haunt him. If this secret gets out, he could be ostracized or maybe even arrested. If it becomes known, resolve this Condition and replace it with Notoriety (p. 343).

Resolution: The character's secret is made public, or the character does whatever is necessary to make sure it never comes to light.

FATIGUED

Your character has never been so tired in all her life. Her eyelids are like millstones, her brain a cobwebbed mass of exhaustion. She's reached that point where fatigue becomes a physical thing, and all she can think to do is close her eyes and rest, just for a moment. Every six hours, you must make a reflexive Resolve + Stamina roll to remain awake. If you fail, your character passes out. Even if you succeed, you suffer a cumulative −1 penalty

to all dice pools (including rolls to stay awake). Long periods of strenuous activity, like cross-country hiking, fighting, or heavy labor increase the penalty to −2 or −3. Even then, a normal person can only go a number of days without sleep equal to the lower of her Resolve or Stamina, at which point she passes out. Once a Fatigued character passes out, she remains asleep for eight hours plus one additional hour for every six-hour period she stayed awake. Attempts to rouse her during this period suffer a penalty equal to the highest penalty the Fatigued character suffered before passing out.

Possible Sources: Staying awake for 24 hours, being dosed with a sedative or anesthetic, some supernatural powers.

Resolution: Sleeping, as described above, or the power ends.

FRAGILE

The equipment the character is using to aid his action won't last long for some reason, whether because it's an object put together with duct tape and bubble gum, or because his relationship with the people involved sours, or because his computer ends up suffering a blue screen of death and the data is corrupted. A plan may be Fragile because of disrupted communication between the characters, or because of an unexpected hurdle, etc. The equipment ceases to exist in any usable form after a number of uses equal to its creator's dots in the Skill used to build it.

Possible Sources: Achieving a failure on a Build Equipment roll.

Resolution: The equipment falls apart one way or another. Plans grant one Beat to each player whose character is involved when this Condition resolves.

FRIGHTENED

Something's scared your character to the point where he loses rational thought. Maybe he's just looked down at a 100-story drop, or seen a tarantula the size of his fist crawling up his leg. Whatever the case, he needs to leave right now. His only priority is getting the fuck away from the thing that's frightened him — to hell with his stuff, his friends, and his allies. If someone tries to stop him from escaping, he'll fight his way past them. He can't approach the source of his fear or act against it — and if the only way out involves going near the source of his fear, he'll collapse on the ground in terror. Supernatural creatures prone to loss of control must roll to avoid doing so. This Condition lasts until the end of the scene; suppressing its effects for a turn costs a point of Willpower.

Changelings with this Condition add one die to Clarity damage rolls.

Possible Sources: Bedlam, some supernatural powers, coming face to face with a phobia.

Resolution: The character escapes from the source of his fear.

FUGUE (PERSISTENT)

Something terrible happened. Rather than deal with it or let it break her, your character's mind shuts it out. She is prone to blackouts and lost time. Whenever circumstances become too similar to the situation that led to her gaining this Condition, roll Resolve + Composure. If you fail the roll, the Storyteller controls your character for the next scene; your character, left to her own devices, seeks to avoid the conflict and get away from the area.

Possible Sources: Severe Clarity damage in any of your three rightmost boxes.

Resolution: Regain a dot of Integrity, lose *another* dot of Integrity, or achieve an exceptional success on a breaking point; for changelings, increase maximum Clarity, or achieve exceptional success on a roll to contest a fae power.

Beat: Your character enters a fugue state as described above.

GLAMOUR ADDICTED (PERSISTENT)

Your character is addicted to Glamour. This slowly takes over her life, and impedes functionality. She can go a number of days equal to her Resolve before needing to obtain Glamour again. She must harvest or reap a number of Glamour points equal to half her Wyrd (rounded up) during that period, or suffer one lethal damage every day until she does and gain the Deprived Condition (p. 336). This is incredibly painful as her body consumes its own magical energy to satisfy the hunger for Glamour. The mask cracks, like a fractured mirror in which each piece shows a different reflection of the fae underneath. This special type of damage cannot be prevented or healed by any means, nor can the character resolve the Deprived Condition, until the changeling has supped upon Glamour once more.

Add one die to Clarity damage rolls.

Possible Sources: Harvesting Glamour every day for a week at Wyrd 6+

Resolution: Achieve an exceptional success on a roll to harvest Glamour.

Beat: Your character takes damage from not being able to harvest Glamour.

GOBLIN QUEEN (PERSISTENT)

The character has risen far beyond ordinary goblins, and they scrape and bow before her. This Condition functions as Hedge Denizen (p. 340), except as follows:

- The character's Mantle rejects her. She cannot invoke her current Court Contracts, nor purchase new ones.
- She gains the Status (Goblins) Merit at four dots. If the local Hedge holds any creatures who outrank her, she immediately knows their assumed names and titles.
- The character's identity has so profoundly changed that fae beings no longer add her Wyrd as bonus dice to track or find her. If she recovers her Icon while she's a Goblin Queen, she can't reintegrate it into herself.
- The Goblin Queen cannot leave the Hedge, except by wrapping pieces of it as a mantle around her, to travel into the mortal realm or Arcadia for up to a number of hours per day equal to her Wyrd. She still suffers the Deprived Condition in the real world.
- The Queen gains the Retainer Merit (p. 125) with dots equal to her Wyrd, spread across as many individual Retainers as she likes up to a maximum of five dots per Retainer. These retainers are all hobgoblins; see p. 257 for examples. The retainers are unquestioningly loyal and devoted to her.
- Changelings with this Condition add *two* dice to Clarity damage rolls instead of one.

Resolution: The Queen finds a human child and leaves him to take her place. The child immediately gains the Goblin Queen Condition and all of her Retainers, who protect him until he comes of age to ascend the throne. The child remembers who abandoned him.

The character becomes what she once was again, whether a changeling or otherwise. She takes on her old seeming, kith, and identity — also setting the Fae back on her trail. If the character was mortal previously, her player selects three dots of supernatural Merits for her, as she is irrevocably changed. The newly abandoned queen can use the same process to become human again as well. This resolution constitutes a Clarity attack with two dice for changelings, or a breaking point for others.

Alternatively, if the character works off five points of Goblin Debt, she resolves this Condition and regains the Hedge Denizen Condition instead.

Beat: The character collects Goblin Debt from another character, selling a Contract or making another kind of hobgoblin deal.

GUILTY

Your character is experiencing deep-seated feelings of guilt and remorse. This Condition is commonly the result of a successful breaking-point roll for mortals. While the character is under the effects of this Condition, he receives a −2 to any Resolve or Composure rolls to defend against Subterfuge, Empathy, or Intimidation rolls.

Resolution: The character confesses his crimes and makes restitution for whatever he did.

HEDGE ADDICTION (PERSISTENT)

The Hedge draws the fae-touched character. If she is presented with an opportunity to enter the Hedge, her player must succeed on a Resolve + Composure roll to resist the temptation. This roll suffers a cumulative −1 penalty for each previous time the character has entered the Hedge during this story, to a maximum of −5.

Beat: The Avowed enters the Hedge, either because he failed to resist the pull, or because he went willingly.

Resolution: The character refrains from entering the Hedge for a full story. However, he regains this Condition if he ever does enter the Hedge again in the future.

HEDGE DENIZEN (PERSISTENT)

Having relied on Goblin Contracts too much or become too reliant on hobgoblin deals, the character becomes a goblin herself. She retains her normal changeling benefits and weaknesses, except in these cases:

- The changeling's mien warps, growing closer to the appearance she had during her servitude in Arcadia. She has one tell of the player's choice, by which former friends and enemies might recognize her.
- The Storyteller can no longer spend her Goblin Debt points. The character must work off her debt, per the resolution below.
- Arcadian Contracts are the birthright of all denizens of *Faerie*, but the Hedge is its own in-between



place. The character can still buy and use Arcadian Contracts, but pays for all of them as if they were in non-favored Regalia and may not circumvent this via Pupil's Devotion.

- Courts are changeling affairs, and the character no longer is one. The character keeps and can use her old Court Contracts, but cannot purchase new ones. She loses all other benefits of her Court Mantle.
- Whenever the sun rises over the Hedge, the character can redistribute the set of Goblin Contracts she knows across any Goblin Contracts she wants. If she had three Contracts as a changeling, she can pick any three every morning. Purchasing new Goblin Contracts still costs 2 Experiences each.
- Invoking Goblin Contracts as a Hedge Denizen does not incur Debt.
- The character can leave the Hedge, but suffers the Deprived Condition until she returns to the Hedge or Arcadia.
- If the character was mortal, or another non-changeling unlucky enough to fall in with hobgoblins, she immediately learns three Goblin Contracts of the player's choice. If she is a Storyteller character, the Storyteller may substitute Dread Powers for any of these (p. 253). She can switch them out each dawn as above.
- The character can make deals, sell Contracts, and collect Debt as a hobgoblin. See p. 256 for details on goblin deals.
- Changelings with this Condition add one die to Clarity damage rolls.

Resolution: The character becomes what she was again, or she embraces her new self to become a Goblin Queen (p. 340).

- Returning to What Was: The character pays off at least one Goblin Debt point. She cannot simply accept a disadvantage from the Storyteller, or use tokens or other shortcuts to lose Debt points — she's a goblin now, and must pay her Debt by seeking out the goblin with whom she entered into the Contract, or any third party involved if that goblin is dead or otherwise gone, and perform a task at his request. After that, she must heal a point of Clarity damage; non-changelings must gain or lose a dot of Integrity or an equivalent trait. She then becomes her old self again.

Any Debt she hasn't worked off yet remains, as do any new Goblin Contracts she learned. If she returns to being mortal, she keeps one Goblin Contract of the player's choice, which she can invoke by taking one point of bashing damage to substitute for each point of Glamour in its cost. Using Goblin Contracts racks up Goblin Debt again.

- Embracing What Might Be: The changeling suffers two or more Clarity attacks, and takes Clarity damage (or loses an equivalent trait) from at least one. She must also lose one Touchstone, which she can do by simply willing herself to forget it, although losing one in the usual ways counts also. She now resolves the Hedge Denizen Condition, and takes the Goblin Queen Condition instead. Since mortals have no Touchstones, they can't become Goblin Queens.

Beat: The character works off a point of Goblin Debt but can't, or chooses not to, resolve this Condition via Returning to What Was.

HUNTED (PERSISTENT)

Someone who poses a serious threat to the character's safety and well-being, physically or emotionally (or both), is after her. For changelings, it's usually an agent of the True Fae, like a Huntsman or loyalist, or perhaps their fetch. Whoever it is might be intent on direct violence, or simply wish to torment her.

Changelings with this Condition add one die to Clarity damage rolls.

Beat: The character's persecutors find her.

Resolution: The character stops her persecutors, either through direct means like violence, or indirect means like changes in lifestyle that deny them access to her or freeing a Huntsman from the True Fae's service.

INFORMED

Your character has a breadth of research information based on the topic she investigated. When you make a roll relating to the topic, you may choose to resolve this Condition. If you resolve it and the roll fails, consider it to have a single success. If it succeeds, consider it an exceptional success.

The roll that benefits from the Informed Condition can be any relevant Skill roll. For example, a character with Informed (Werewolves) might gain its benefits when using researched information to build a silver bear trap with the Crafts Skill. Combat rolls cannot benefit from this Condition.

Example Skills: Academics, Investigation, Occult, Science

Resolution: Your character uses her research to gain information; you resolve the Condition as described above.

INSPIRED

Your character is deeply inspired. When your character takes an action pertaining to that inspiration, you may resolve this Condition. An exceptional success on that roll requires only three successes instead of five, and you gain a point of Willpower.

Example Skills: Crafts, Expression

Resolution: You spend inspiration to spur yourself to greater success, resolving the Condition as described above.

LETHARGIC

Your character is drained and lethargic, feeling the weight of sleeplessness. With this Condition, your character cannot spend Willpower. As well, for every six hours he goes without sleeping, take a cumulative –1 to all actions. At every six-hour interval, make a Stamina + Resolve roll (with the penalty) to resist falling asleep until the sun next rises.

Possible Sources: Bedlam, extreme fatigue, "dying" in dream form, escaping a crumbling Bastion.

Resolution: Sleeping a full night.

LEVERAGED

Another character has blackmailed, tricked, convinced, or otherwise leveraged yours into doing what they wish. You may have the Leveraged Condition multiple times for different characters. Any time the specified character requests something of yours, resolve this Condition if your character does as requested without rolling to resist.

Example Skills: Empathy, Persuasion, Subterfuge

Resolution: Your character may either resolve the Condition by complying with a request as above, or if you apply the Leveraged Condition to the specified character.

LOST

Your character has no idea where she is, or how to reach her target. She cannot make any headway toward her goal without first navigating and finding out where she is. This requires a successful Wits + Streetwise action (in the city) or Wits + Survival action (in the

wilderness). In the Hedge, it requires a successful navigation chase (p. 200).

Changelings with this Condition add one die to Clarity damage rolls.

Resolution: Abandoning the goal, successfully navigating.

MADNESS (PERSISTENT)

Your character saw or did something that jarred her loose from reality. This isn't a mental illness born of brain chemistry — that, at least, might be treatable. This madness is the product of supernatural tampering or witnessing something that humanity was never meant to comprehend. The Storyteller has a pool of dice equal to 10 − (character's Integrity or current Clarity). Once per chapter, the Storyteller can apply those dice as a negative modifier to any Mental or Social roll made for the character.

Resolution: Regain a dot of Integrity, lose *another* dot of Integrity, or achieve an exceptional success on a breaking point; for changelings, increase maximum Clarity, or achieve exceptional success on a roll to contest a fae power.

Beat: You fail a roll because of this Condition.

MUTE (PERSISTENT)

Your character cannot speak. Any communication must be done through writing, gestures, or hand signs. Illness, injury, or supernatural powers can inflict this Condition on a temporary basis.

Resolution: The character regains her voice through mundane or supernatural means.

Beat: Your character suffers a limitation or communication difficulty that heightens immediate danger.

NOTORIETY

Whether or not your character actually did something heinous in the past, the wrong people think he did and now he's ostracized by the general public. Suffer a −2 on any Social rolls against those who know of his notoriety. If using Social maneuvering (p. 191), the character must open one extra Door if his target knows of his notoriety.

Example Skills: Socialize, Subterfuge

Resolution: The story is debunked or the character's name is cleared.

NUMB (PERSISTENT)

The trauma your character suffered left her numb to the mundane world. Not on an emotional level; in fact, it might be nice if it were an emotional numbness. Instead, she feels slight numbness in her limbs. Sometimes it's only pins and needles, and sometimes she can't even hold her cup of coffee. It only seems to go away when she immerses herself in magic, and she craves the feeling it brings. The character suffers a two-die penalty to all mundane physical actions.

Possible Sources: Severe Clarity damage in any of your three rightmost boxes.

Resolution: Achieve an exceptional success on a mundane physical action, spend a week without any magical contact, or regain all Willpower points using your Needle.

Beat: Fail a roll on a mundane physical action.

OATHBREAKER (PERSISTENT)

The character has violated an oath, and receives this Condition in addition to any other effects breaking the oath carries. Changelings instinctively distrust the character. He suffers a −1 on all Social actions with other changelings, and cannot use Glamour to seal their statements. As a known liar, however, he is also immune to having his own statements sealed.

Changelings with this Condition add one die to Clarity damage rolls.

Beat: Once per session, the player can choose to automatically dramatically fail a Contract roll, or a Social action with a changeling, and take a Beat. Make the choice before rolling.

Resolution: The character undertakes a sincere attempt to make restitution for his betrayal. This includes finding all other participants involved in the oath and undertaking whatever task they assign. It also includes receiving forgiveness from the Wyrd itself; this is sure to be the focus of a story, and the particulars are up to the Storyteller.

OBLIGED (PERSISTENT)

Your character swore a bargain — not an oath — with a human being. The obligation on her part is probably minor, but she can't let it lapse! Not only would that disappoint the person to whom she gave her word, but it would expose her to the Huntsmen and their Gentry masters.

While under a bargain, the changeling is more difficult to find. Huntsmen must win a Clash of Wills to use their Hunter's Senses power (p. 266) when tracking the changeling, and fae beings no longer add the changeling's Wyrd in dice to do so when she drops her Mask. In addition, once per chapter, when the changeling is at the site of her obligation (the human's home that she must clean, for example, or in the garden she agreed to tend), she may hide without fear of discovery for the rest of the scene. This benefit applies to any pursuer touched by the Wyrd, be it Huntsman, Gentry, hobgoblin, or even another changeling.

Beat: Once per story, gain a Beat when you take a great risk or suffer harm while fulfilling your obligation. You can have help from other characters, but you must be directly involved — no subcontracting out.

Resolution: Break the bargain by failing to live up to its terms, or the other party breaks *her* part of the agreement. Either way, you lose any protections the bargain provided.

OBSESSION (PERSISTENT)

Something's on your character's mind and she just can't shake it. She gains the 9-again quality on all rolls related to pursuing her obsession. On rolls that are unrelated to her obsession, she loses the 10-again quality. Obsession can be a temporary Condition per Storyteller approval.

Resolution: The character sheds or purges her fixation.

Beat: Character fails to fulfill an obligation due to pursuing her Obsession.

PARANOID

Your character has been reduced to a state of rampant paranoia. She jumps at shadows, sees threats everywhere, and finds it hard to trust. She suffers a two-die penalty to perception rolls, Social actions, and dice pools to draw upon the Allies, Contacts, Mentor, Retainer, Staff, and Status Merits.

Changelings with this Condition add one die to Clarity damage rolls.

Possible Sources: Some supernatural powers, some dramatic failures.

Resolution: A week without any fae threat actually manifesting; a friend or ally achieving exceptional success on a Social action to convince you of their trustworthiness.

RAVAGED

A fae creature sundered your character's dreams, leaving her with sleep but no rest, or ripped her emotions away as Glamour. She becomes a shell of her former self, and you take a two-die penalty on all rolls. Your character cannot recover Willpower through sleep.

Changelings with this Condition add one die to Clarity damage rolls.

Possible Sources: Oneiromancy, reaping Glamour.

Resolution: Regaining full Willpower.

RECKLESS

The character is incapable of considering the consequences of her actions and is driven to do incautious things for the sheer thrill of it. The player takes a −2 to Perception rolls and other Composure rolls made to notice something (such as to contest sleight of hand or a stealth-related supernatural power).

Resolution: The character or one of her allies suffers harm or a major setback due to an ill-considered risk or reckless action she takes.

SHAKEN

Something has severely frightened your character. Any time your character is taking an action where that fear might hinder her, you may opt to fail the roll and resolve this Condition.

Example Skills: Brawl, Firearms, Intimidation, Weaponry

Possible Sources: Mild Clarity damage in any of your three rightmost boxes; breaking points (human characters).

Resolution: The character gives into her fear and fails a roll as described above.

SLEEPWALKING (PERSISTENT)

The lines between waking and sleeping blur to the point where your character doesn't know which he's doing. Sometimes he thinks he did something he didn't do; he remembers doing it, but maybe he was dreaming. Other times, he finds out later that he spent hours on a task he has no memory of doing. You character loses time, may not actually complete objectives he thinks he did, and generally has a harder time maintaining relationships and obligations.

Possible Sources: Severe Clarity damage in any of your three rightmost boxes.

Resolution: Achieve an exceptional success on an oneiromancy roll or during an extended action.

Beat: Fail to complete an obligation because you thought you already did.

SOUL SHOCKED

Your character died because of fae magic while on a sojourn in dreams, or in a reality that no longer exists, but she still remembers it and suffers a shocked sense of self. Upon gaining this Condition, roll her current Willpower points (not dots) as a dice pool. Ignore 10-again on this roll, and do not roll a chance die if she has no Willpower left. She keeps one Willpower per success, and immediately loses the remainder. While this Condition is in effect, your character does not regain Willpower from Needle, Thread, or equivalent traits. She still regains Willpower from rest, surrender, and other means.

Possible Sources: Being "killed" in dream form by fae magic, escaping a Bastion crumbling due to oneiromancy.

Resolution: Regain full Willpower.

SPOOKED

Your character has seen something supernatural — not overt enough to terrify her, but unmistakably otherworldly. How your character responds to this is up to you, but it captivates her and dominates her focus.

Possible Sources: Mild Clarity damage in any of your three rightmost boxes.

Resolution: Resolve this Condition when your character's fear and fascination causes her to do something that hinders the group or complicates things (she goes off alone to investigate a strange noise, stays up all night researching, runs away instead of holding her ground, etc.).

STEADFAST

Your character is confident and resolved. When you've failed a roll, you may choose to resolve this Condition to instead treat the action as if you'd rolled a single success. If the roll is a chance die, you may choose to resolve this Condition and roll a single regular die instead.

Resolution: Your character's confidence carries him through and the worst is avoided; the Condition is resolved as described above.

STOIC

Your character has shut down the parts of herself that care. She won't open up to anyone and pretends she's fine when she isn't. Gain a two-die bonus to Subterfuge rolls to hide her emotions or avoid talking about a traumatic experience. She doesn't suffer the untrained penalty for any Subterfuge roll. Take a two-die penalty to Hedgespinning rolls. Until she resolves this Condition, she can't heal Clarity damage, and she can't spend Willpower on actions that would reveal her true feelings.

Resolution: Opt to fail a roll to resist Empathy or a supernatural effect that would read your character's emotions or mental state; enact a paradigm shift while Hedgespinning.

SWOONED

Your character is attracted to someone and is vulnerable where they are concerned. He may have the proverbial "butterflies in his stomach" or just be constantly aware of the object of his affection. A character may have multiple instances of this Condition, reflecting affection for multiple characters. He suffers a −2 to any rolls that would adversely affect the specified character, who also gains +2 on any Social rolls against him. If the specified character is attempting Social maneuvering on the Swooned character, the impression level is considered one higher (maximum of perfect; see p. 192).

Example Skills: Persuasion, Subterfuge

Resolution: Your character does something for his love interest that puts him in danger, or he opts to fail a roll to resist a Social action by the specified character.

VOLATILE

The equipment the character is using to aid his action is ready to blow at any moment, figuratively or literally. One wrong word, one badly placed rune, and it's time to duck and cover. A plan may be Volatile because it backfires terribly, or because a Storyteller character betrays the group, etc. Any failure achieved while benefiting from the equipment is automatically a dramatic failure. The equipment may continue to exist after this Condition is resolved, but if so, reduce its equipment bonus by two dice. This can create equipment *penalties* if the original bonus was fewer than two dice.

Possible Sources: Achieving a failure on a Build Equipment roll.

Resolution: The character suffers a dramatic failure while using the equipment. Plans grant one Beat to each player whose character is involved when this Condition resolves.

WANTON

Your character wants for the sake of wanting. He's distracted with temptations of excess and indulgence. Any Composure or Resolve rolls to resist temptation suffer a –2 die penalty. As well, the character that brought forth this Condition achieves exceptional success on three successes instead of five when making any rolls to tempt your character.

Possible Sources: Bedlam.

Resolution: Indulge in something that constitutes a breaking point.

WITHDRAWN

Your character doesn't know what to trust anymore, so has decided to withdraw into herself. She finds it hard to motivate herself to action, preferring to remain alone and safe. The character suffers a two-die penalty to all rolls that require her to interact with others in any way.

Possible Sources: Mild Clarity damage in any of your three rightmost boxes.

Resolution: The character regains Willpower using her Thread.

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Changeling: The Lost Second Edition™

NAME: | NEEDLE: | SEEMING:

PLAYER: | THREAD: | KITH:

CHRONICLE: | CONCEPT: | COURT:

Attributes

POWER	Intelligence	●OOOO		Strength	●OOOO		Presence	●OOOO
FINESSE	Wits	●OOOO		Dexterity	●OOOO		Manipulation	●OOOO
RESISTANCE	Resolve	●OOOO		Stamina	●OOOO		Composure	●OOOO

Skills

Mental
(-3 unskilled)

Academics _____ OOOOO
Computer _____ OOOOO
Crafts _____ OOOOO
Investigation _____ OOOOO
Medicine _____ OOOOO
Occult _____ OOOOO
Politics _____ OOOOO
Science _____ OOOOO

Physical
(-1 unskilled)

Athletics _____ OOOOO
Brawl _____ OOOOO
Drive _____ OOOOO
Firearms _____ OOOOO
Larceny _____ OOOOO
Stealth _____ OOOOO
Survival _____ OOOOO
Weaponry _____ OOOOO

Social
(-1 unskilled)

Animal Ken _____ OOOOO
Empathy _____ OOOOO
Expression _____ OOOOO
Intimidation _____ OOOOO
Persuasion _____ OOOOO
Socialize _____ OOOOO
Streetwise _____ OOOOO
Subterfuge _____ OOOOO

Other Traits

Merits

_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO

Favored Regalia

_____
_____

Frailties

_____
_____
_____
_____

Aspirations

_____
_____
_____

Conditions

Clarity

☐ _____
☐ _____
☐ _____
☐ _____
☐ _____
☐ _____
☐ _____

Health

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Willpower

OOOOOOOOOO
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Wyrd

●OOOOOOOOO

Glamour

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Clarity

OOOOOOOOOOOO
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

Touchstones

_____ 1
_____ 2
_____ 3
_____ 4
_____ 5
_____ 6
_____ 7
_____ 8
_____ 9
_____ 10
_____ 11

Size: _____ Speed: _____
Defense: _____ Armor: _____
Initiative Mod: _____
Beats: ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Experiences: _____

Attributes 5/4/3 • Skills 11/7/4 (+3 Specialties) • Seeming: +1 to one favored Attribute; record Blessing, Curse, favored Regalia • Kith: Record Blessing, if applicable • 1 Touchstone • Minor frailty if Wyrd 2 Contracts: Second favored Regalia, 4 Common (Regalia, Court, or Goblin; 2 must come from favored Regalia) + 2 Royal (Court or favored Regalia) • Merits 10 + Mantle 1 if courtier • Health = Stamina + Size Willpower = Resolve + Composure • Size = 5 • Defense = (Lower of Dexterity or Wits) + Athletics • Initiative Mod = Dexterity + Composure • Speed = Strength + Dexterity + 5 • Max Clarity = Wits + Composure Starting Wyrd = 1 • Starting Glamour = 10

Changeling: The Lost Second Edition™

Contracts

Name	Coblin?	Cost	Dice	Action	Duration	Loophole	Seeming Benefit
	☐						
	☐						
	☐						
	☐						
	☐						
	☐						
	☐						
	☐						
	☐						

Other Traits

Seeming Blessing

Seeming Curse

Kith Blessing

Coblin Debt

Notes
☐
☐
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☐
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☐
☐
☐
☐

Pledges

Type	Notes

Expanded Merits

Fae Mount

Mantle

Hollow

Token

Combat

Weapon/Attack	Dice Pool	Damage	Range	Initiative	Size



Once upon a time, they took you from your home.

They promised you a place at their side, and meaning in your life, and they surrounded you with beautiful things.

But the beautiful things were oh so sharp, and they laughed when you bled.

Day by day, they changed you. But day by day, your will grew stronger.

On the last day, you smashed your way through the beautiful things and ran, not noticing as you bled or feeling as you cried.

You fought with courage and cleverness and took yourself home.

Now the beauty and the horror are yours, to have and to hold and to live.

Welcome to once upon right fucking now.

Changeling: The Lost Second Edition includes

- Everything you need to create and play your own changeling, a human abducted by the fae and transformed by the experience.
- A complete setting of faerie wonder and macabre horror for the Chronicles of Darkness.
- A guide to changeling society, caught between the twin poles of human hearts and the vast fantastic.
- Supernatural powers, mystical oaths, and creatures out of legend.

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