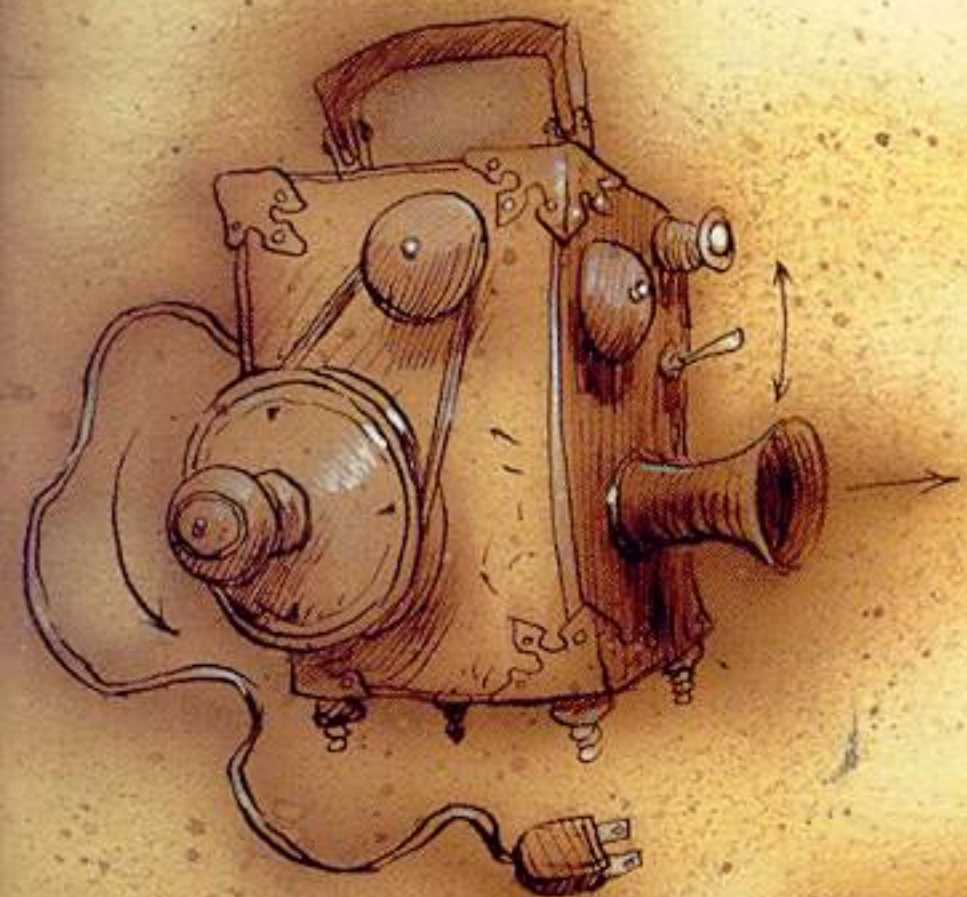


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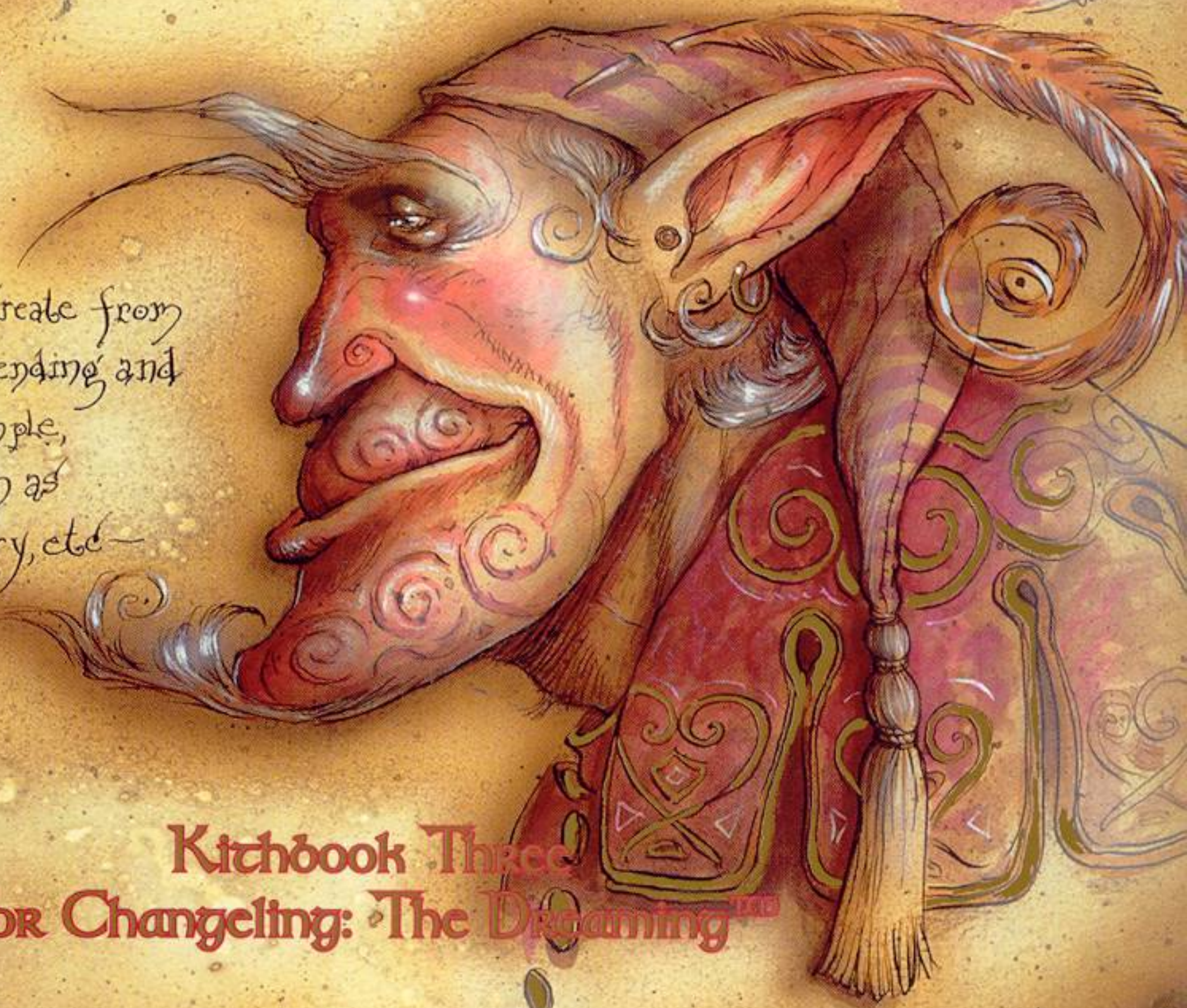
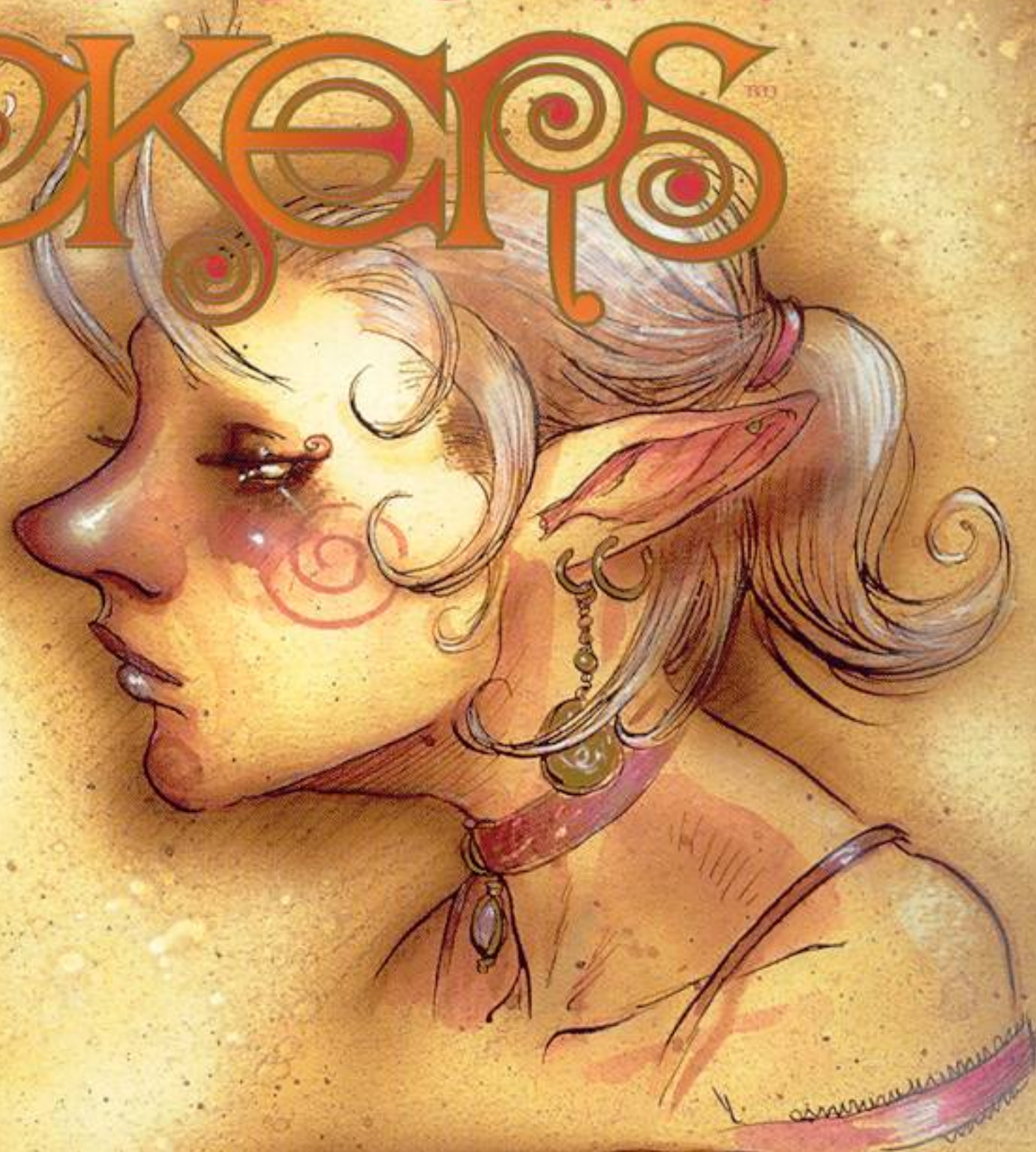
fig 10 - Nocker -

Comparison showing a young
"wilder" & older "grump" -



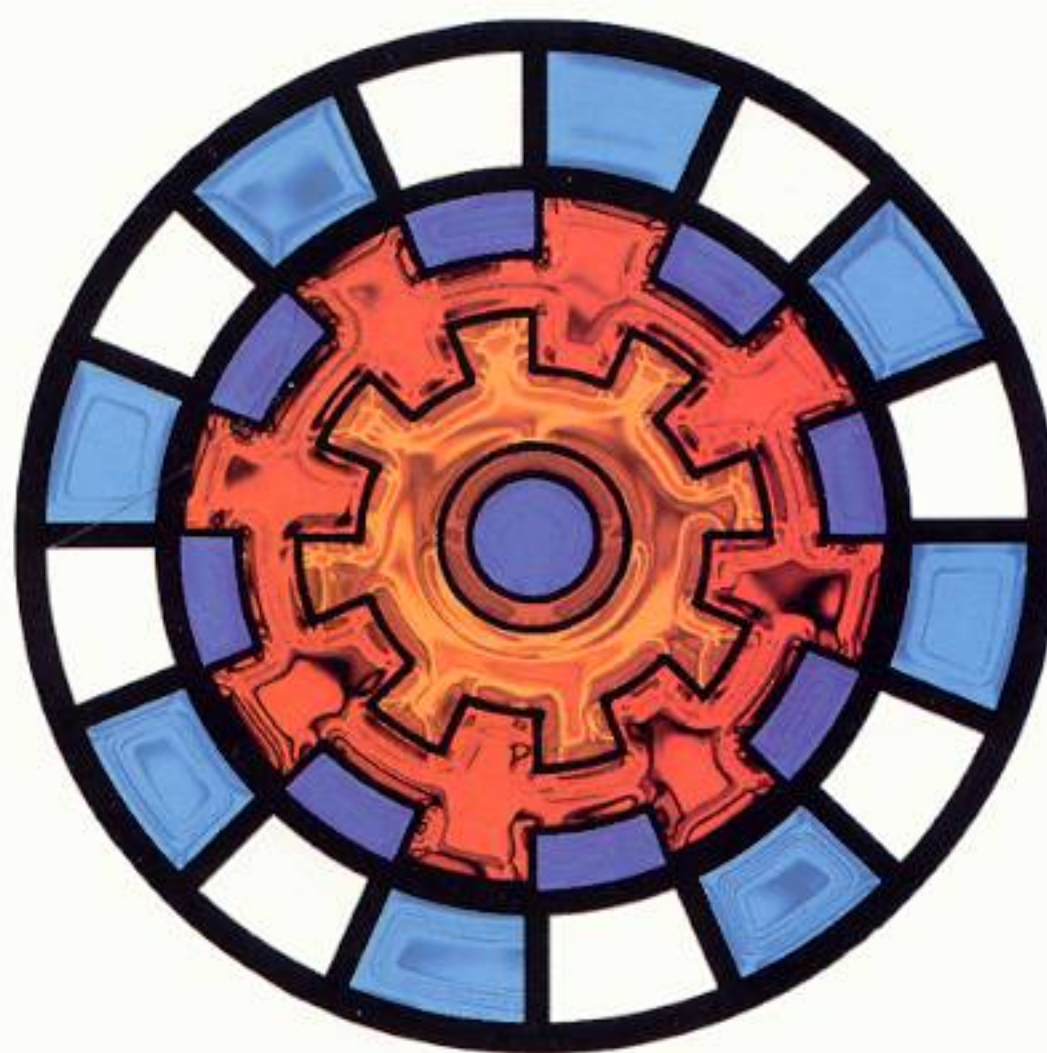
Nockers are able to create from
the stuff of dreams, bending and
twisting it to create simple,
non-living chimera such as
swords, armour, machinery, etc -

Kithbook Three
For Changeling: The Dreaming



K I T H B O O K :

POOKIES™



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K I T H B O O K :

KnockersTM

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Ja

A Faerie Tale: Blister Tongue Jill's Oath

(Or, Why Nockers Always Speak Their Minds)

It's said that never was a nocker born who didn't have something bad to say about something or someone. Well, it's true. Spite gathers in a nocker's throat like dew in a rusty can, and the best thing for her to do is spit it out before she chokes. But this wasn't always the way of things.

Back in the old times, nockers and goblins were one and the same. Their separation is another tale entirely, but split they did. This caused all sorts of trouble. Nockers had to get used to being nockers in their own right, and in many cases this meant dealing with courtly politics as a proper kith should, even though their hearts still simmered with bitterness.

You see, back then nockers were so spite-filled that their venom would sometimes leak out and hurt things. Love wasn't alien to them — many a nocker fell in love, or willingly lent a hand to a stranger in trouble. But the old goblin practices were hard to break. And while the nockers eventually broke most of their habits, one got worse.

There's never been a human or fae who could outswear a nocker. Natural talent, nockers call it. And back in the old times, they were much better at it. A nocker would get all frustrated, let loose a string of profanity, and something nearby would break or die. Their bile was that potent.

Naturally, this led to all sorts of problems with their work. They were still the best at fashioning things, be it

toys, weapons or castles. But one slip of the hammer onto a nocker's thumb, the artisan would let a curse fly, and his work would fall apart on the spot, unable to withstand the poisonous word. So nockers tried to not to swear around their work. They'd bottle up their frustrations until they couldn't take it anymore, and then they'd run out in the backyard and vent. This was hardly the solution, though; sometimes an expletive would kill a passing songbird or peel the paint from a neighbor's house.

Then the wisest artisan, Byzamedas, devised a plan. He traveled to Kayver Cliff, where he labored in secret for a full year. When his work was finished, he sent out a summons to all of his kith, bidding every nocker in the land to come to the cliff and hear what he had to say.

They all came, every nocker from the Shimmering Hills to the Fallowisles. All wondered and guessed at what Byzamedas had made, what lay beneath the tarpaulin at the base of the cliff. When the last among them had arrived, Byzamedas drew aside the cloth and revealed an ivory-hued stone, carved smooth as an egg.

"Behold the Basilisk Stone!" he cried. "I have made this thing as a vessel into which you may pour your venom. If you have something foul to scream, scream it to the stone, which will bear it. Tell it your curses, your black-hearted wishes, your blasphemies. Give your foul words up to the stone, and injure your work

and neighbors no longer!" With that, Byzamedas spat a terrible curse at the stone, and it drank the epithet up entirely — and nothing happened!

Every nocker present then swore an oath (not the profane sort, but the binding pledge) that they would voice their spite not into the air, but into the Basilisk Stone. And when they'd finished, they all journeyed back to their homes and workplaces, confident that Byzamedas' solution was a good one.

So nockers built and crafted again, but they kept their foulest words to themselves. It wasn't easy at first, but the thought of the waiting Basilisk Stone gave them strength. Once a week at first, then once every two weeks, and then once a month, each would journey to Kayver Cliff and let loose all the invectives she had corked up. The stone drank all their curses greedily, one by one. Byzamedas even set balefire lanterns burning on either side of the stone, so nockers could find their way to it as easily at night as in day.

As the Basilisk Stone collected poisonous words over the years, it gradually darkened in hue to a soft pink. This worried no one — after all, it was a wonder that the stone could hold all the nockers' venom at all. If the only side effect was a slight change of color, it was quite a miraculous work indeed.

Before long, the stone was hardly the only wondrous work of nocker ingenuity. Without the baneful influence of their destructive outbursts, nockers created objects far more splendid than any they had made before. Glittering clockwork birds danced between elegantly fluted minarets, while gleaming ships raced one another under silver bridges.

Of course, not all of these creations were peaceful in nature. Swords were now sharper, bows more powerful and shields sturdier. Nockers crafted great engines to hurl boulders, massive ballistas to fire gigantic arrows, and impossibly hard battering rams to be used against the magnificent castles that other nockers had built. War machines rolled across battlefields with the sound of grinding wood and steel. And if the nockers building these clockwork monstrosities had to pause construction to make an "urgent" journey every now and then, mighty lords granted the engineers leave. The nobility coveted the nockers' creations more than anything else, and were loath to anger the creators.

Of the lords of the age, one of the proudest and richest was Duke Nalath Owlsbane, Lord of the Brass Tor. Few could best him in personal combat, and his were the fiercest wyvern hounds in the realm, but he wasn't satisfied with that. As he watched great copper clockworks do battle on field after field, a desire festered within him. "If lesser lordlings can have such machines at their disposal," he mused, "then why should I not have something even more grand?" And so he swore that he would have the greatest, strongest, most terrifying war machine of all.

Naturally, such a thing couldn't be devised by just any engineer. Thus he sought out the greatest Unseelie artisan in the lands. No matter whom he referred to, all nockers gave him the same answer. Only one of their kind fit the description.

Brimstone Jill they called her, for her temper was as hot as a hell-furnace, and her creations were so wickedly sharp that they seemed to be the Devil's own handiwork. When Duke Owlsbane found her, she was hard at work fashioning war-armor for the dragons of Foulrook. Owlsbane promised Jill fine gold and pure steel, all if she'd build him the greatest war machine of all. Out of pride, Jill agreed. She spat on her palm and shook his hand, grinning to see the haughty sidhe squirm.

Duke Owlsbane gave Jill use of a workshop in Brass Tor, and he set her to work. Her workplace was a grim lair of fire and metal that suited Brimstone Jill just fine. She drew up plans in a mere week, and then set to the forges and scaffolding. She was able to work for two months before her ill will got the better of her, and she asked Duke Owlsbane to let her leave for a time. He denied her that freedom.

"Only when your task is completed," he said coldly. With that, he called for soldiers to guard the workshop, and left. Jill nearly blistered the walls with a curse blurted out right then and there, but she caught herself in time. With no other recourse, and with her pride at stake, she returned to work on the war machine.

She worked for two more months, and asked to be allowed to leave again so that she could visit the Basilisk Stone. Owlsbane refused again. "Only when your task is completed," he repeated. So Jill worked until a year had passed, and asked to be released once more. As before, Owlsbane's answer was, "Only when your task is completed." And so it went, with Brimstone Jill choking back her venom for five full years.

Finally, the machine was done. Brimstone Jill named it the Great Jaganath, and the name suited it. It stood fully 70 feet tall, with massive sweeping scythe-arms that could slice through great oaks like barley. Fire belched from its belly, and wicked dart-throwers lined its back. At its very center rested a massive brass-shod battering ram shaped in the likeness of a mailed fist. She brought it before Duke Owlsbane's armies and unveiled it. When the duke saw it, his very breath was stolen away by fear.

Ashamed for being frightened, he turned his anger on Brimstone Jill. "It will suffice, engineer," he said coldly. "You were certainly long enough about it. You may go. I will send your payment along presently." With that, he waved her away, not even concerned that the furious nocker choked on her hatred.

So Duke Owlsbane commanded his armies to the neighboring Orange Hills, and set the Great Jaganath at the head of his column. As he marched away, head swimming with pride, Brimstone Jill ran with all her speed to Kayver Cliff. Some say she was so filled with venom that her footprints smoldered, and that travelers fought to get out of her way. Only a foolish manticora dared to cross her path, and she struck it dead with the tiniest hiss from her clenched teeth.

She reached the stone at sunset. No one was there when she arrived, which proved to be a good thing. Brimstone Jill threw her hands to the Basilisk Stone, and pressed her lips close to it. Then she began to swear.

Seelie nor Unseelie, nocker, goblin nor redcap — none has ever uttered an curse like the one Brimstone Jill voiced that evening. The first few syllables that slithered off her tongue were blasphemous and profane beyond imagining, and would have brought tears to the eyes of the foulest mucus-fanged horror in the Witherthroat Pits. Her first sentence would have cracked the cornerstone of Caer Nithayin and melted the sword of the High King. Had Jill voiced her first breath anywhere else, she would have shriveled trees for as far as a mountain's shadow could reach. But five years of toil and five years of Owlsbane's abuses couldn't be absolved in a few breaths. That evening, Brimstone Jill uttered the foulest oath ever spoken. All her hateful wishes for Duke Owlsbane, and everything he'd ever touched, coiled into a poisonous stream of fury and loathing that wouldn't die.





As sunset turned into twilight, the Basilisk Stone deepened in color from pink to crimson. But Jill's eyes were clouded with tears of hatred, and she never saw the change. At moonrise, the stone was a rich crimson where light from the guide-lanterns bathed it. But still the oath was unfinished. At midnight, the stone was deep scarlet. In the hours that followed, its color curdled to that of wine. And still Jill's oath was unfinished. Only when the sky lightened in the east, and the stone was almost black, did Jill near the end of her curse.

Just as the sun peered over the mountaintops, Brimstone Jill spoke her final passionate words. She lifted her head, her face slick with sweat and tears, and sighed with fatigue. Her heart ached from carrying the great curse for so long, and she was as weak as a still-blind kitten.

When the first rays of sunlight touched the now-black-as-pitch Basilisk Stone, it cracked with a sound like a thunderclap. Jill was nobody's fool, not even Owlsbane's, and leapt back. As she watched open-mouthed, the seam lengthened. A breeze arose, and where it caressed the exposed meat of the stone, it carried away faint voices. The voices grew louder, and the crack grew longer.

And then the Basilisk Stone exploded.

The stone blew to bits with a rush and a roar, letting loose a storm of spite. Every nocker's curse that had been whispered into it was caught up by the wind and carried to the far corners of the land. And wherever the storm wind touched down, things fell to bits.

Now, the storm didn't destroy *everything* it touched. It slew many a small bird or creature luckless enough to be caught in its path. It melted a small rock or blasted a tree black here and there. But the devices thatnockers had built were like lightning rods for the storm; their carefully sculpted forms attracted the rancorous winds. Everything crafted bynockers since the unveiling of the Basilisk Stone, and even many objects made before then, were marred or shattered. Troll axes splintered in meadhalls. Sidhe castles moaned and toppled. Redcap pain-toys pitted and split. The vulgar winds even reached down into the worm-tunnels of the sluagh and into the sea-palaces of the selkies, poisoning and mangling nocker-forged gewgaws.

But the most horrific black wind whipped across the battlefields of the Orange Hills, disintegrating weapons and armor in its wake. It flew to the heart of Brimstone Jill's finest creation, the Great Jaganath, and dashed it to pieces. Cogs landed leagues away. The massive scythe blades slashed through whole armies before crashing to the ground. And the brazen fist of a battering ram collapsed, crushing Owlsbane flat.

The storm died out quickly after that, but nockers' troubles had only begun. Every fae, from the loftiest sidhe lord to the humblest boggan stablehand, issued a great hue-and-cry and demanded an explanation. Why was everything cast in ruin? What had happened? But the confused nockers couldn't answer them. Making their hurried excuses and apologies, the artisans flocked to Kayver Cliff to vent their spleen.

When they arrived, they were horrified to see the black shards of the Basilisk Stone. They gestured furiously and mouthed questions to each other in a panic, but no one dared voice a profanity for fear of what might happen. Nary a one noticed Brimstone Jill, sitting still to the side of the shattered stone.

Then Byzamedas himself, now bent and weak with age, clambered up onto one of the shards of the stone, and sat down. He thought for a bit, and then looked out at his gathered kith. "Don't keep your words to yourselves," he said, finally. "Get them off your chests, and we'll see what's what."

With that, every nocker who had journeyed to the stone flew into a rage, shouting at their neighbors, the broken bits of stone, the sky — whatever was handy. The obscenities rattled the clouds, and killed every bug within a mile. The nockers screamed and ranted for hours at the tops of their lungs. But even this seemed as nothing in the wake of the great storm of vulgarity unleashed by the stone.

Of all those assembled, only two had nothing to say. Byzamedas himself had grown too old to shout, and what was the point of swearing if you couldn't hear yourself over the din? And as for Jill, her curse had been so potent that it had blistered her tongue. Besides, with all her bitterness spent and all the waste around her, she had nothing left to say.

When all of the nockers' venom and spite was exhausted, they fell silent one by one. As the last slumped to the grass, hoarse and weary, Jill stood up. Speaking

slowly and carefully to nurse her tender tongue, she admitted to breaking the stone. She told her kithmates why such a thing had happened. She spoke of Duke Nalath Owlsbane, and of the Great Jaganath, and of the insults she'd borne. Finally, she spoke shamefaced of the crack in the Basilisk Stone, and how the nockers' spite was loosed on the lands.

As she finished her tale, some nockers muttered among themselves, arguing what they would and wouldn't have done in Jill's place. But most kept quiet, unwilling to let their vulgarities fly once again.

Byzamedas shook his head and looked at them all. "There won't be a second Basilisk Stone," he decreed. "I thought the stone would have worked, but I didn't counted on some young girl being even more nocker than me."

He tapped his hammer on the stone in prelude to a formal announcement. "Blistertongue Jill—" (and so she was known ever after) "—has proved that we couldn't hold our voices forever. The consequences were all the worse for the trying. The more we bottled ourselves up, the worse the flood when it broke loose. It didn't go away! And if the stone couldn't hold it, nothing ever will!

"So speak your own damn minds as quick as the urge takes you! Perfection for a few years isn't perfection at all if it's bought at the expense of our natures. If your work turns out sullied because you keep cursing — don't stop! Who else is going to get it right? It may take a hundred Springtimes, but we'll hold something flawless in our hands yet!"

With that, Byzamedas fell silent and clambered to the ground. As he did so, the assembled nockers grumbled. In fact, they grumbled all the way home, and even after they began work again. Indeed, as they worked to repair all the damage the storm had wrought (and it took them many years to learn the secrets of all their machines again), they swore and complained.

Although nockers' work has improved over the centuries, despite their cursing, it still doesn't match the glorious perfection it once had. But each nocker remembers, and each works doubly hard to achieve such again. And if their blasphemies still afflict their work with flaws and weaknesses, at least there has never been another curse voiced like that of Blistertongue Jill.



Chapter One: Just Us and the Mechanical Egg (History)

*We must not look at goblin men,
We must not buy their fruits:
Who knows upon what soil they fed
Their hungry thirsty roots?*
— Christina Rossetti, "Goblin Market"

The Ancient World

Let the sidhe, trolls and redcaps whine about who was first among the Kithain; we were fifth, sixth or more probably ninth in the line-up. Who *murbinfurbin* cares? We're thoroughly modern, and proud of it! Far as most of the stories go, the first nockers came from mountain roots in the middle-late season of the First Times, when many of the great stories had already been written. We might not know our true origin, but at least we don't make up lies about it.

Some say we're the friggin' bastard children of redcaps and sluagh. Others say we grew from the cast-off shavings of the first great troll when his "mommy," Dana, carved him from the mountains. Some of our legends say we hatched from a giant mechanical egg from another dimension. Laugh if you want; that's no more dumb than any other creation myth I've heard. The pooka tell a story about how we came from a giant dragon turd. I like that one best!

The first nockers were five pounds of shit in a 10-pound bag, and no match for the other kith. We were the new kids on the block, and the old kith "took us under their wing." Translation: They beat the *cuck* out of us "for our own good." The sidhe and trolls stomped on our heads when we were "bad", which was

often according to them. The whuppings weren't so bad, in comparison to the lectures and those damn "very disappointed with you" looks. The redcaps were like mean older brothers — you know, the ones that smacks you the minute Mom's back is turned, etc. Lucky for us they learned early on that we taste like *mung*, though I don't know how many fits of *cacafuego* it took to get that through their heads (and other parts). They kicked us around, but we still hung out with them, which only got us into more trouble with the sidhe and trolls (gee, and they wonder why we cuss!). The other Kithain lorded it over us because we were young and didn't have teeth, then. They bullied us because they could, and got away with it. Why? Beats the *cuck* outta me. Probably because they figured we weren't worth anything except as punching bags.

Well, we might've been young, but we weren't stupid. We hit the dirt and kept on going, right into the underground. As the seasons passed and the rest of the Kithain were whooping it up topside, we looked for something that would make us valuable and strong. We wandered through caves, learning lessons from the spirits of stone and metal. We studied strange subterranean plants and animals. We learned the resilience of rock, the versatility and beauty of precious metals, the glitter of gems, and the sting of iron.

Lexicon

Nocker dialogue is a strange combination of 1940s Bowery slang, Yiddish, Medieval English and Irish, Army dialogue, technical jargon and incomprehensible cursing. When nockers get going, they're almost unintelligible. Sometimes nocker conversations deteriorate into the worst sort of juvenile bathroom humor. In fact, this penchant for low-brow comedy is one thing that nockers seem to have in common with redcaps and pooka.

First impressions of nocker lingo can be deceptive, though. Buried under the kith's pungent verbal compost are passionate discussions of alchemy, invention and craft. Unfortunately, nocker cant is so harsh-sounding that even pleasantries have a vicious or lascivious timbre. One nocker might understand that another means no harm when she calls him a "gebentsht balmalocha," but other Kithain rarely bother to learn the true meaning of such statements. Nockers sound as if they are cursing, even when they're not.

Alter Kocker: A crotchety, fussy, ineffectual old man.

Badchen: Professional fun-maker, a jester; a semi-respectful term for pooka.

Balmalocha: Craftsperson, expert; the highest compliment among nockers.

Batlan: A person who does nothing, a wastrel; a derogatory term often reserved for pooka, eshu and satyrs.

Bes Din: A combination courthouse and patent office; the highest nocker authority.

Bogey: The posterior. Synonyms include: Bom, botty, bucket, bumbo, bummy, chuff, corybungus, crupper, dokus, droddum, duff, fife and drum, fud, gluteus maximus, hunkers, labonza, mottob, pod, pooper, prats, quoit, rumdadum, rumpus, toby, tocks, tokus and over 200 other terms.

Bubkes: A scornful way of describing something foolish or nonsensical.

Cacafuego: Literally "shit-fire," a very difficult or devilish person. Also, the very nasty cramps or diarrhea a redcap gets if he eats a nocker.

Cuek: Excrement. Also: Alley apples, ca-ca, cack, cacky, clart, cradle custard, cut, danna, dejecta, excrementum, feculence, fiants, fuants, gong, grunt, hockey, jank, job, jobber, merd, mollock, muck, night-soil, ordure, orts, recrement, residuum, scharn, scumber, sirreverence, sozzle, spraints, stercus, tad, taunty, yackum and over 100 other terms.

Dayan: Judge of the Bes Din.

Dreck: Literally translated, "sheep shit"; trash, junk; a serious insult to a nocker's craft.

Farbissen: Embittered, dour, mean. When nockers describe someone with this term, she is *really* bad news.

Farblunjet Mixed up.

Figgerfurbingurburbibmurbimurbin! The curse word that even nockers have trouble saying. Legend holds that a sidhe duke's head melted upon hearing it.

Flavor: The different types of monads (see Chapter Two). Flavors include: up, down, strange, Wyrd, charm, ana and kata.

FUBAR: Fucked Up Beyond All Recognition; a bad mistake. Also, a will o' the wisp (an electricity or fire chimera) used to power nockers' chimerical inventions. See also *Glitch*.

Furk: Literally, to copulate; also, to cheat or swindle.

Gebentsht: Blessed with exceptional gifts, a high compliment.

Gematria: The use of letters as numbers. Originally Kabbalistic numerology, now used as a mathematical language central to nocker craft.

Glitch: A risky undertaking or venture, or an unexpected problem. Glitches are "Unseelie" FUBARs or will o' the wisps, and may be responsible for the flaws inherent to all nocker inventions.

Goblins: The Thallain race related to nockers.

Golem: A chimerical robot or animated creation.

Gridzheh: To complain, carp, nag.

Gurk: An audible release of intestinal gas. Also: Backfire, blast, blow off, borborygmus, botch, breeze, buster, butler's revenge, buzz, carminate, cheezer, crepitate, drop a rose, fart, fizzle, flatus, hinder-blast, honk, make wind, nose closer, pass gas, pocket thunder, poot, rasper, rouser, scape, shoot rabbits (farting at pooka), sneeze, tail-shot, trump, vent, wet-one, whiffer, wind and approximately 350 other words.

Heebie-Jeebies: Fright, nerves. Sluagh.

Kibble: "Stuff" accumulated over a nocker's lifetime.

K'nocker: Arrogant big shot. A term of respect when applied to another nocker.

Krechtz: To complain or whine.

Mazuma: Money, dross; a just payment for hard work.

Mishegoss: Insanity, madness. Especially insanity resulting from Bedlam.

Momzer: Bastard, both in the literal and the colloquial sense.

Monad: The nocker's concept of a fundamental particle of Glamour, similar to quarks in human physics.

Naar: Fool, buffoon; a derogatory term for pooka.

Newton: A plagiarist or idea-stealer, applies to any banal scientist. Named after Isaac Newton.

Nice Nellies: Prudes who object to nockers' cursing (almost all other Kithain).

Ongepotchket: Slapped together; constructed without any sense of aesthetics or planning. Also, a scornful way of describing boggan work. It is a supreme insult to call a nocker's craft ongepotchket.

Pisher: A young, inexperienced and often inconsequential person; a bed-wetter. Semi-affectionate when applied to young nockers, an insult when used in regard to boggans.

Schlock: A shoddy, cheaply made article (the best that boggan work can be); only one step above ongepotchket.

Shtunk: A stinker, an unpleasant person; any redcap.

Tsatske: A chimerical toy, plaything, gewgaw. A useful treasure of some sort, and often a weapon.



I should probably add that this was all before there were chimera like we know them today. The fantastic critters of the First Times were real, no matter what the *blurbinmurgin* science books and fossil records say. It was way later, after the Shattering, that these beings faded into the Dreaming. How critters like dragons and rock beasts disappeared into the Dreaming as chimera, while unlikely crap like the dinosaurs became fossil records is beyond me. Have you seen a Brontosaurus? Brain the size of a friggin' walnut in a 50-ton body!

Something obviously set the dragons and other creatures apart, though. Some folks believe the fae committed atrocities against humankind, and all human minds ever after blotted us out as a defense mechanism. Considering some of the old stories about how scary some of the early goblins were, I wouldn't say no to that. All that's left of these old beings are chimera, like echoes or ghosts — or gravity waves left by the Big Bang if you want your scientific analogy.

Ours is the history of invention. Fire, the wheel, tools, the plow — we were there to watch it go. Sometimes we followed humans' lead, sometimes they followed ours. Being able to talk to spirits of stone and metal helped a lot. Naturally, after the other kith said "Good-bye and good riddance," we were a little slow about getting back to show off what all we knew. We took our time perfecting our knowledge before trying it out on — er, sharing it with — the other Kithain.

Being underground so much gave us a talent for mining, not to mention plenty of chances to practice, and we riddled entire mountain ranges with our tunnels. We discovered great secrets

and treasures along the way. Sometimes one of our tunnels would intersect with a redcap's, and our meetings resulted in ugly fights or even uglier parties. Even today, we're most comfortable below ground.

We also learned to craft, and soon beautiful things of gold and other precious materials became our trade. Our grottos gained a reputation for their treasures, and the other Kithain were soon coming to us to buy our goods. By the time of the "metal ages" (Silver, Bronze, Iron), we were kicking ass and taking names. I won't go into too many details — let's just say that payback was a bitch for some of our *gorbinmourbin* siblings. But you ask anyone (any nocker, that is), and he'll tell you we aren't ones to hold a grudge. When the other Kithain needed our help to fend off the fomorians and all the other big critters, we were there.

Our founding fathers (and mothers) — Dana, the Dagda and the Tuatha de Danaan — had fought the fomorians before, and kicked them enough to convince them to stay down for a bit. Then they took off for greener pastures, the fomorians got frisky, and we had to pick up their *blabbinfabbin* mess. Now, if you buy that crap about the fae's war against the fo-morons as an allegory for the earliest tribal clashes in Ireland (and who doesn't?), then we're talking as long as 9,000 years ago. The timeline gets a little fuzzy here. When you're dealing with the Tuatha and the sidhe, time has a way of getting all *farblunjet*. The sidhe and the trolls led the war against the fomors, with some help from the few remaining Tuatha de Danaan. We supplied the weapons.



If you listen to the other kith's stories about the time, trolls were as big as mountains, the sidhe were gods, and the pooka could actually turn into something useful. (Well, *fuck* me! I guess our myths aren't so farfetched after all!) We learned a lot; thousands of years of warfare does wonders for weapons technology. We stuck to our subterranean freeholds where we could hold off almost any enemy. The redcaps (many of them, anyway) fought on the other side. They had some connection with the fomorians and other dark powers from before our time, something about bringing back "the eternal night of Fimbulwinter" and all that *stercus*. Some Unseelie nockers played both sides, selling weapons to the highest bidder.

The war got bigger the longer it went, with some folks lobbing mountains at each other near the end, or so I've heard. One of our stories tells about a nocker battlewagon the size of a castle. Who am I to say it didn't happen? According to our history, *The Chronicle of the Black Mountain*, the fae finally beat the fomorians at the second Battle of Moytura. The fomorians flooded our caves in the final days of the war. They were as good at mine-fighting as we were, but we collapsed a few of our tunnels and sealed them off for good. As far as I know, they're still there, may they rot in peace.

When things got too hot near the end of the war, many of us decided to make ourselves scarce. With skills like ours, we could write our own ticket in almost any part of the world. A lot of us have been itinerant since the Fomorian War. The eshu travel more than we do, I'll grant that, but we have a lot of dust on our boots, too. I don't know if we can lay claim to the Great Pyramids of Egypt, but *The Chronicle of the Black Mountain* tells how we helped to inspire the earliest irrigation systems.

Many of us also settled in Canaan, in the Middle East, and we've been hanging around with the Jews since 1200 B.C. Funny, that's one piece of history that's stuck with us. Buy one of those new, big, fancy books on faerie lore. Look up nockers; it'll tell you that we're the ghosts of Jewish miners who died in the tin mines of Cornwall.

Sunder and Shatter

The Sundering didn't hurt us nearly as bad as it did the other kith. It wasn't easy to take, but we're used to suffering. Other Kithain — especially the sidhe and the trolls — were talking about punishing us for "bringing Autumn to the world," and all that crap. Seems they thought our use of technology was spreading Banality. The whole thing was bullshit, of course, but it wasn't the first time we'd heard that tune. The sidhe passed a *figgermurbin* edict, called the "Doctrine of Joy," against us during the final days of the Shattering. That's what the sidhe always do if they think another kith's getting too powerful — hand down some imperious law and claim special wisdom from Dana, the Dagda or the Tuatha de Danaan. Don't believe me? They're pulling the same shit on the trolls right now in the Parliament of Dreams with their "Troll Assimilation Proclamation." Still, the trolls backed up the sidhe when they were tightening the screws on us, so piss on the trolls now.

Anyway, the Doctrine of Joy claimed that Glamour was fading because the fae (especially us) weren't following the old ways from the Time of Legends. The sidhe wanted us to dance naked in the fields and kowtow to them, like in the good old days, or some *karborborin* crap. Translation: Bend over, grab those ankles and take it up the ass, boys and girls!

Sorry, Charlie! We had plans, and they depended a helluva a lot more on human progress (pitiful as that was during the 14th century) than on sidhe nostalgia. We told the sidhe and trolls to *furk* off, and, well, they didn't take it too good. Much as I hate to say it, they kicked our *goolies* all over the place. When those two old kith got pissed, a young one like us wouldn't last long. (Things might be a little different now....)

Fortunately, the sidhe and trolls fought among themselves when the shit hit the fan with the Shattering, and gave us time to sneak away. But believe you me, we got our licks in when the sidhe ran for their Arcadian hidey-hole. Even redcaps give us our due when we're pissed.

The Interregnum

Unfortunately, losing the sidhe seemed to diminish our fae souls, not to mention our coffers. They may have been arrogant, self-righteous bastards, but they were our best customers! But pay was the least of our worries. After the sidhe ran off, Glamour became scarcer than a pooka with half a brain, and for us commoners it became all for one and one for... ah, fuggedaboutit. I think this is when we all introduced ourselves into human bloodlines with the Changeling Way ritual. Good-bye to the old, hello to the new. Of course, we didn't have much trouble making this transition. We'd been close to humans since the First Times. We're a pragmatic lot; we did what we had to to survive.

The *grabinbabb*in shortage of Glamour forced us to scale down the scope of our projects. No more flying castles or mountain-sized golems — damn. Most of us resorted to simple crafts to keep busy and not lose our minds. Our inventions made good fodder to inspire human artists and inventors, and occasionally one of them would cough up some fresh Glamour. Here a nudge, there a nudge, and the humans gradually started to pick up steam. I won't brag like a satyr and exaggerate our role in human advancement, but we were often in the right place at the right time. We were one of the few folks to welcome the "Age of Enlightenment," even with all that damn whiny philosophy.

While Enlightenment stifled all the old superstitious dreams we were all used to feeding on, it opened up a whole new *furking* paradigm of science for people (and us) to explore. The other kith were shaking in their blue boots, but we'd been waiting for it for centuries. The world was *finally* catching up with us!

Of course, the Enlightenment was just setting us up for things to come.



Gottfried Wilhelm von Leibniz

You didn't think you'd go without hearing about at least one famous nocker (or nocker kinain to be exact), did you? Dumbass!

Gottfried Wilhelm von Leibniz was a scientist, theologian, mathematician and philosopher. He was also the model for Professor Pangloss in *Candide*, if you're up on your *mabergabstin* literature. Unlike most of our kinain, he hobnobbed with high society and knew how and when to shut up. He proposed building the Suez Canal in 1673, helped found the Berlin and St. Petersburg Academies of Science, and invented calculus.

That evil, *cuck*-sucking bastard Isaac Newton stole credit for that last item, though. The two went to the Royal Academy of Science for judgment, but the Newt screwed Leibniz, stacking the academy with his buddies and ruining Leibniz's name. Newton's science was fundamentally banal, clinching his place on our most-hated list. Every nocker worth his hammer pisses on Newton's grave (literally — it's a pilgrimage for us). You can't insult a nocker worse than by calling him a "Newton."

Still, in his final arguments against Newton and his cronies at the Royal Academy, Leibniz argued that space and time were relative, predating Einstein by 200 years, and trumping Newton! Yup, he's one of ours!

What's most important to us is Leibniz's discovery of monadology. He described monads as the fundamental building blocks of the universe — like atoms or quarks — but that they also had a metaphysical aspect. He described them as "windowless," meaning they couldn't be affected. What he really meant was that mundane people and forces couldn't affect them. Even though monads aren't in vogue among human scientists these days, Leibniz's work allowed us nockers to experiment with Glamour on a fundamental level. Let the rat-bastard Newton beat that!

The Industrial Revolution

We *finally* came into our own during humans' Industrial Revolution. While the other kith whined about how "iron and steam rode over sylvan glades," we were having the freakin' time of our lives! There was Charles Babbage and the first computer, electric lighting, chemistry, mass production, new metal alloys that allowed us to create "real-world" structures without iron — I could go on for hours. Some of us became immensely wealthy, though we usually had to stay in the background; our profanity sometimes upset people's delicate Victorian sensibilities. A-hem — *merzinferbin nebbishem* prudes. But all in all, it was a good time to be a nocker.

It was at this time that we started hearing about a group of wizard-scientists called the Brethren of Æther, who were trying to jump ship from a group of Banality monkeys. I've heard them called Hidden Ones, but I'm told they're also something called the Technocracy. The Æther wizards didn't fall into that Banality trap, and we did what little we could to help them out without dropping ourselves in the same mess. I guess we weren't subtle enough. Some of those Newtonian *cuck*-whackers among the Hidden Ones caught on to us. They've been snooping around us ever since.

The 20th Century

Banality really started to prove a problem for us in this century (but we were still doing better than most kith). We remained at the forefront of the Industrial Revolution, making a lotta noise and a lotta coin and doing fine by us. Then the world went to war, and they came looking for the best weapons. The things that were created during World War I horrified the Seelie among us, but that didn't stop the Unseelie from making a pretty penny on 'em.

The 1920s were boom times for us; the Depression slowed us down only slightly. There's always work for inventors, and our skills have gotten us through some lean times. Demand for our creativity during World War II is proof of that. And I don't know about you, but seeing technology just being used to make a better killing machine gets under my skin after a while. Two words — Manhattan Project. Opportunity knocking, my ass!

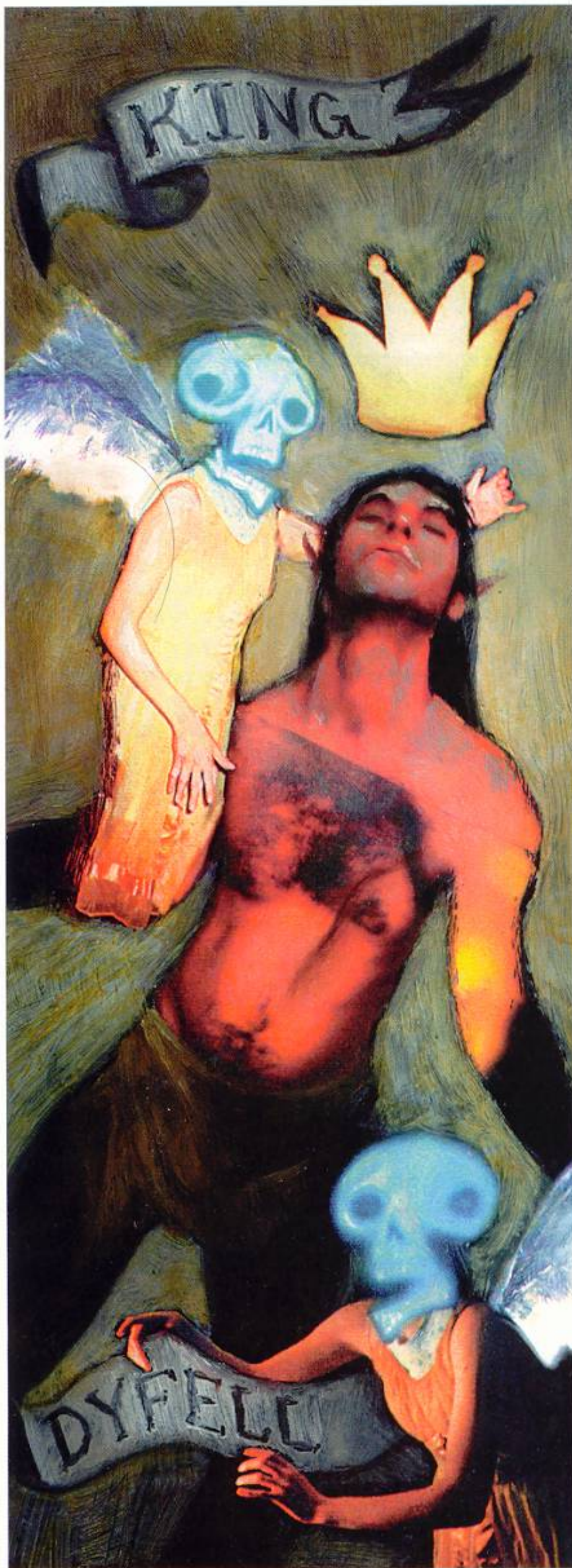
The Resurgence

Many of us capitalized on our positions in government science agencies after World War II. We inspired the space programs on both sides of the Iron Curtain. The mundanes wanted the stars. Who were we to say no?

I'm going to crow a bit. If the other kith don't like it, they can bite me. They call our science "banal," but if it wasn't for *our* contributions to the space program, the moon launch might never have happened. Apollo 11 created the greatest influx of Glamour since before the Sundering. The sidhe bastards rode the wave *we* created, or they wouldn't have gotten here. And now some of 'em are saying that they had a hand in all this? Yeah, right — *furk* me. *We* know the truth, and that's all that matters.

The Accordance War

If we'd known the *furbin* sidhe were going to show up on the doorstep, we might've thought twice about pushing the space program. The sidhe swarmed to Earthbound Kithain like flies to a turd. We were all stunned by their return (except for the sluagh, and then why didn't they say something? *Mizzermurbinfurbin*...). The sidhe pulled this amnesiac business, claiming they didn't know what was what, but looky here — within a year they had an army and pulled the



ultimate “Bite Me” invitation with the Night of Long Knives. Then Dafyll kicked our asses all along the seaboard before showing up dead at the Goblin Town freehold.

I’ll leave it to the other kith to give all the ins and outs of the war, except to say that some commoners are still pissing in our stew pot because we sold weapons to the sidhe. Piss-ant liars! Sure, some of that went on; we’re businesspeople, after all. The sidhe didn’t need our help, though. Bullshit on that talk about coming through the breach “as innocent as newborn children.” A few Arcadian nockers came through with them, and they had more than enough chimerical weapons to kick our asses. What difference did a few more swords and knives make?

Anyway, we dug in like the rest of the Earthbound, taking sides as we deemed necessary. The whole thing hinged on the trolls anyway, so we made dross while the sun shone. The only thing that pisses me off is that the trolls are still trying to put the blame for Dafyll’s death on the nockers of Goblin Town. The trolls *furkin’* killed him. They’re only griping now because Dray and those Parliament of Dreams pea-brains are breathing down their necks. Everyone knows the trolls and the sidhe are two peas in a pod. It mashes my nads when they try to deny it!

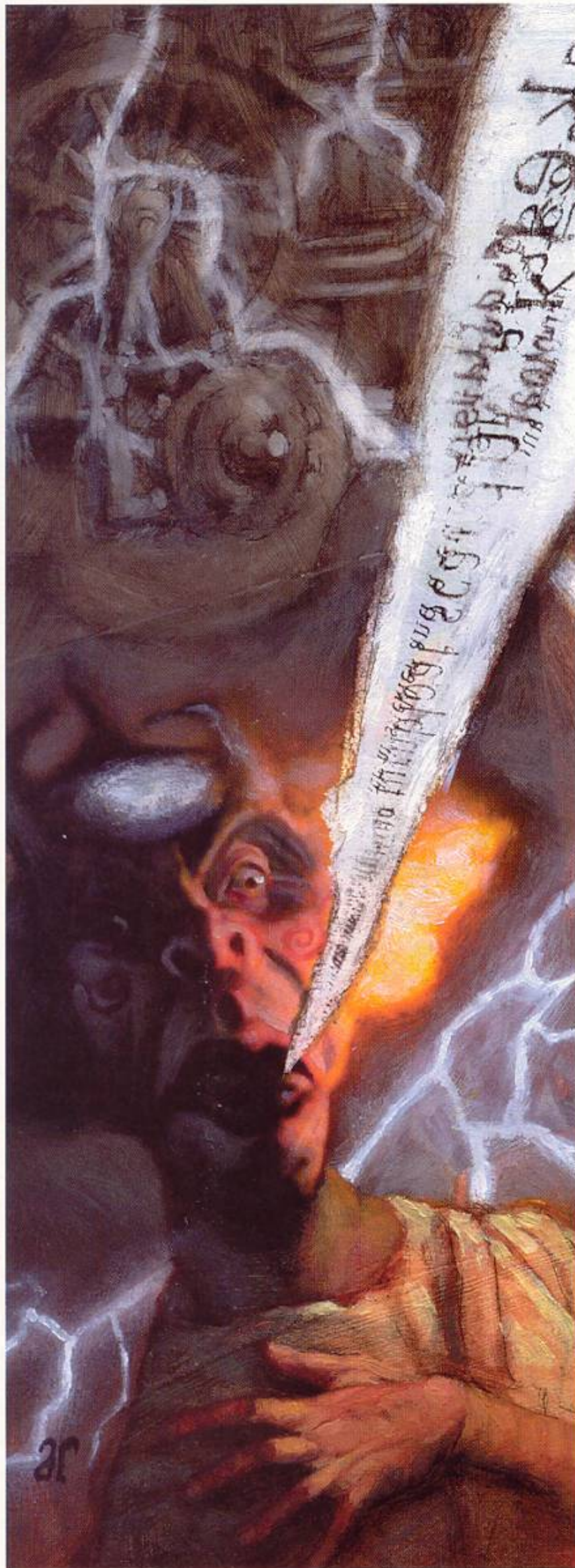
Overseas, the sidhe tried to carve up the British Isles into little kingdoms during the War of Ivy. This time, things went a little differently, we fared a bit better, and now that the smoke’s cleared, nockers’re sitting on thrones in two kingdoms! There’s Lord Davey in the Kingdom of Smoke, and King Morwyd rules the Mistlands during the winter. Hot damn — some respect for once!

As for the Arcadian nockers who arrived with the sidhe, they went underground after the war — fast. They’ve sent only a few samples of their work to our Bes Din patent offices. I’ve seen some of it, and I will admit that they’ve improved on their admirable crafting abilities, and I will leave it at that. You need them ears, friend, and what I could say might not do ‘em much good.

The Present

The other *blarzinfarbin* kith still blame us for the whole Banality mess. We’re used to it at this point, and it’s all water off the duck’s back. Technology doesn’t equal Banality — it’s that simple. Only misused technology causes problems. If you sit on a couch and offer up your brain to the boob-tube all day, you’ll have cottage cheese for brains. Is that the TV’s fault? We talk it till we’re blue in the face, and we might as well be talking to ourselves. The other kith are so damned ingrained with this “technology is banal” crap that it would take blasting caps to dislodge it. Hmmm, that could be fun....

There’s no doubt that we’ve had the shit kicked out of us in the last few decades, but we’ve survived worse. The way I look at it, thanks to the Glamour influx of the Resurgence, we’ve topped off our tank and are ready to roll. We didn’t



waste our resources during the Accordance War like others did, and we could be in worse shape as Winter approaches. We've kept our mines operating all these centuries, so we'll always have places to retreat to (even though there are all sorts of weird critters underground). Hell, we just want to be left alone. Anyone who sticks his nose into our business is going to lose a nostril. It's no secret: All the Prodigals out there know Winter is coming, too, and some will fare better than others. We've been watching and waiting, careful not to pick sides too *murvin* soon.

Profanity

*"When you're lying awake with a dismal headache,
and repose is tabooed by anxiety,
I conceive you may use any language you choose,
to indulge in without impropriety."*

— Gilbert and Sullivan, "Iolanthe"

No discussion of nockers would be complete without a frank and healthy dialogue on cussing, or to put it another way: "Why do you nockers talk like you have *furbing* Tourette's Syndrome?" You want the truth? I don't know why. You might as well ask a *bladnabit* troll why he's honorable. We're weird little wonders, and we make no apologies for it. Half of our profanity is habitual; we have diarrhea of the mouth — it's just the way we talk. Dana knows we have the right to cuss.

Maybe we cuss because it's the only way to keep our freakin' heads from exploding when we're trying to figure out the mumbo-jumbo of our lives and craft. We're products of dreams of creativity and frustration, remember? We're ranters, plain and simple. Half the time we don't mean half of what we say. The other half of the time we don't say half of what we mean. And the rest of the time, a lot of what we say we mean as a *compliment*. If the rest of the damn Kithain would only realize that, we would probably have a lot more friends. A few thousand years of bad blood and social predisposition are hard to get over, though, y'know? Whatever! Swearing is part of us, like your elbow is part of you — got it? Love us or leave us.

Figgerfurbingurbinburbibmurbinnitzzermurbird

Nockers are capable of cursing clearly in contemporary language, and the other Kithain certainly know it. Frustrations can run so high, however, that known languages fall short of allowingnockers to express their piss and vinegar fully. That's whennockers break into what sounds like gibberish to other kith and mortals, but is actually a complex language that evolved strictly for the purpose of allowingnockers to vent their spleen to the fullest. Not evennockers understand the letter of this language, but the inflections and combinations of its sounds allow them an intuitive comprehension of what othernockers are cursing, even if those curses can't be translated into English or even the most guttural modern language. Examples of this nonsensical language of expletives pervade this book; why should written record aboutnockers deny one of the most colorful aspects of their nature?

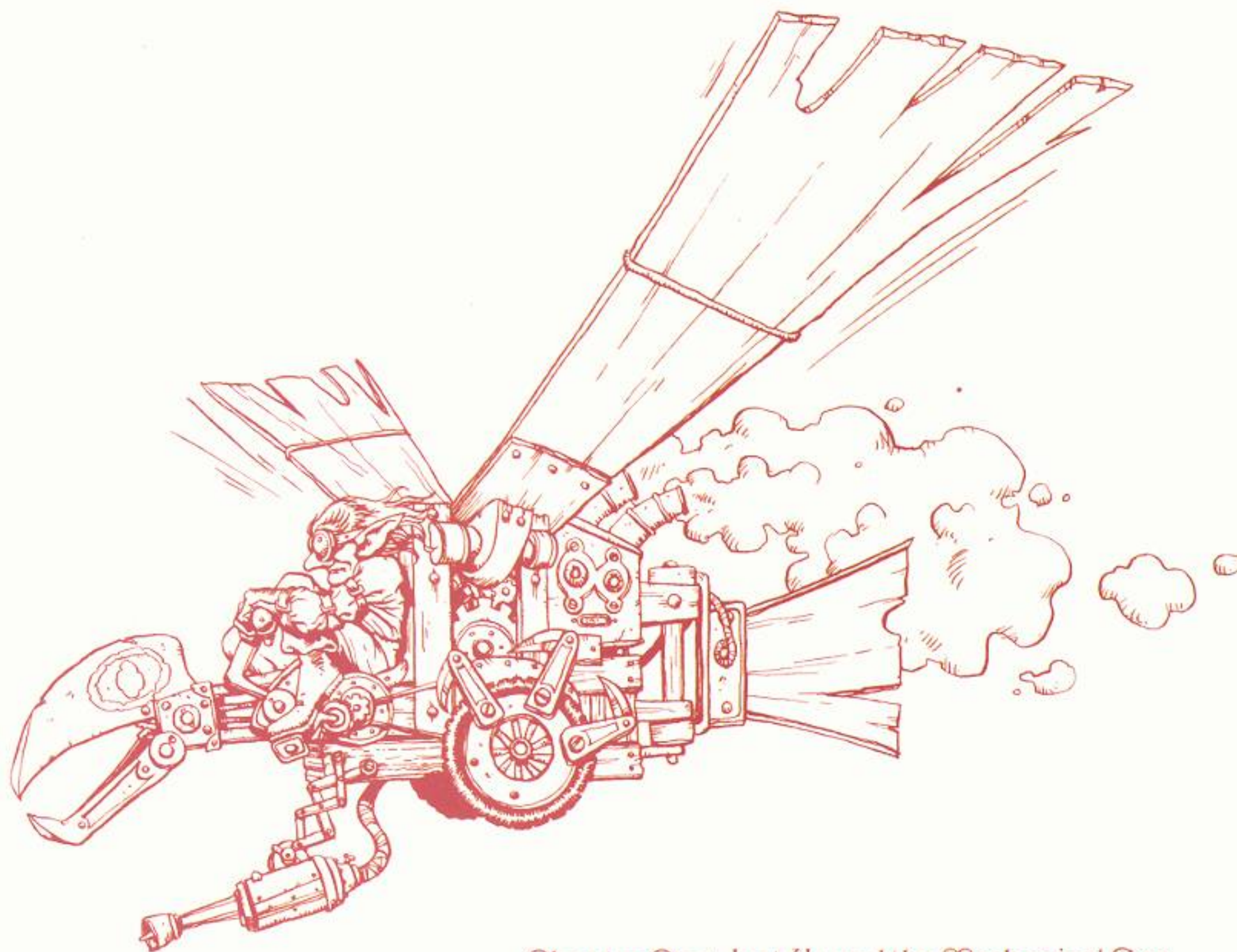
Amazingly, there is a limit to nocker-speak, when not even its nonsensical language can express the kith's emotional bile. Fortunately few ever grow so frustrated that they tax the limits of their language; regular outbursts keep them from hitting the boiling point.

One infamous curse was uttered in nocker history, however, and it became a word of power. More a string of heart-stopping insults than an invocation, this profanity escaped from the original Basilisk Stone when it shattered, and the curse penetrated like a 10-penny nail into every nocker's subconscious. The word is not accessible to the conscious mind; it can neither be remembered (bynockers or any who hear it) nor uttered on command. Rather, it is more likely to be blurted out when a nocker is under extreme stress (such as when an invention that's been under construction for years suddenly falls apart, or when a redcap decides to eat her despite the taste).

In game terms, the Storyteller decides when a nocker utters this invocation. The nocker's player spends a point of Glamour when it is spoken. Every non-nocker hearing it suffers an amount of chimerical damage equal to the nocker's current Glamour pool (before the point is spent). Armor does not protect against this damage, and it cannot be soaked.

An interesting side effect of this mother of all curses is that everyone who hears it swears like a nocker for hours to follow. No effort short of spending a Willpower point allows a victim to refrain from swearing, unless she is stricken mute.

Fornockers, the major drawback of howling this ultimate curse is that the word turns FUBARs in the region into glitches. (See Chapter Five for more information.)





Chapter Two: Axles, Gears and Grease (Society)

*Ma's out. Pa's out. Let's talk rude! Pee! Po! Belly! Bum! Drawers!
Dance in the garden in the nude! Pee! Po! Belly! Bum! Drawers!
Let's write rude words all down the street;
Stick out our tongues at the people we meet.
Let's have an intellectual treat! Pee! Po! Belly! Bum! Drawers!
— Flanders and Swann, "P**! P*! B*****! B**! D*****!"*

Nocker Society

Nockers are a conundrum to the other Kithain because they defy investigation. Their vile manners make careful scrutiny discomfiting, much like poking a cow-patty with a stick in July brings its own unpleasantness. A venerable pooka once observed that under the venom and bile of the nockers was a much kinder, gentler venom and bile just waiting to ooze out onto your shoes.

The nocker perspective is unique among Kithain. Born half from the incandescent joy of creation and half from the dark depths of frustration, nockers spend their existence in a manic state. They wrestle with the forces of absolute artistic abandon and the inability to accomplish anything "just right." They are, by necessity, a little mad.

The Courts

Nockers value their autonomy above all other things and subordinate it to nothing. Their position in the two Courts, then — in so far as the Courts are political structures — is one of crafted neutrality. A nocker may be Seelie or Unseelie, but the demands of Court are secondary to the kith's security. This is not to say that nockers agree on most issues. Outside observers

have monitored vicious infighting between individual nockers for years. These struggles are rarely about ideological positions, but are more reminiscent of the pitched (and sometimes ruthless) battles fought over intellectual properties and technological progress.

Nockers are a largely Unseelie kith, with Unseelie members outnumbering Seelie by a three-to-two ratio. Nockers may be split between the two Courts, but when push comes to shove, they are nockers first and last.

The Seelie Code

Like all Seelie Kithain, nockers of this Court respect the Seelie code, though their biting addenda and corollaries often sound less than devoted.

Death Before Dishonor

Seelie nockers believe in acting honorably, though much of their behavior in this regard seems highly subjective, with little in the way of an official code. This perception is only partially true. Seelie nockers are painstakingly honest in matters of their craft. Indeed, an outright lie about an invention's capabilities (as opposed to sales hyperbole) is grounds for being disbarred from the Bes Din, the highest nocker governing body.

Nockers subscribe to a very different standard in other matters; they do whatever it takes to preserve their freedom and complete their projects. Indeed, Seelie nockers' use of technology in warfare gives them an edge in combat that they are loath to surrender. Even the most Seelie nocker fights dirty.

Love Conquers All

Romantics of other kith often spin tales of how dour nockers are mushy at heart, that they simply await release from their inhibitions. While any nocker worth her hammer spits on such a suggestion, it holds some truth. A nocker in love often finds her worldly cynicism and propensity for vulgarity greatly diminished. This is rarely a permanent state, though. Kithain who seek to tame a nocker's tongue through love are usually on a fool's errand.

Beauty Is Life

No matter how sour nockers' demeanor is, no one doubts that they value beauty in its truest and highest sense. Few can help recognizing the inherent contrast between grotesque nockers and the unparalleled beauty of their craft. This apparent contradiction is also true for Unseelie nockers, though their creations often have a sinister cast.

Never Forget a Debt

Nockers are rarely blessed with genuine or unsolicited favors from others, given their repulsive natures. If a Seelie nocker believes himself the recipient of such a favor, he scrutinizes it three times to make sure it is sincere (and was not done in the hopes of gaining a reward). Once convinced of the benevolence of a favor, the nocker quietly does everything in his power to repay the debt exactly twofold. Nockers seem to have their own mathematical system related to their practice of Gematria to determine how much return payment is appropriate.

Unseelie nockers subscribe to this as well, and nockers of both Courts apply this method of accounting to *wrongs* done to them. Nockers keep this tradition secret for fear that others may use it to gain unfair advantage of them.

The Unseelie Code

More numerous than their Seelie counterparts, Unseelie nockers can be bloody and brutal to a degree that can make even redcaps wince. Yet Unseelie nockers can also epitomize the highest aspirations of the Court (freedom, passion, progress).

Change Is Good

The foundation of progress, this adage is a clarion cry among nockers of both Courts. A nocker satisfied with the status quo is not a nocker, though few bother to foment political or social change. Nockers are perceived to raise their voices out of spite or simply to hear themselves bitch; they complain constantly, and often about what other kith consider unimportant.

Glamour Is Free

Glamour is the source from which all nocker creativity derives. That Seelie nockers believe Glamour should be measured and doled out, and Unseelie nockers believe it should be available to all, results in heated dialogue and colorful expletives (more so than usual). Indeed, if there is one thing that sparks a Seelie nocker's temper, it is to see an Unseelie change-



ling “waste” precious Glamour through Ravaging. Unseelie nockers consider their brethren to be unnecessarily cautious on this issue. The Unseelie believe Winter will not necessarily be a period of Banality. Some believe that all passions will run free, and Glamour will flow into the nockers’ chimerical constructs, making the energy free for the taking.

Honor Is a Lie

All nockers stand behind their craft, but because every nocker creation — no matter how well-wrought — has some inherent imperfection, they must sometimes answer for these shortcomings. Seelie artisans usually deal with this by mumbling a few obscenities and providing a replacement (which may or may not suffer the same flaw as the original, but will almost always have some flaw).

Unseelie nockers, being painfully aware of their supernaturally imposed failing, write out performance contracts that would grind world governments to a halt, and demand that patrons sign them before making any major purchases or before agreeing to freelance commissions. If an aggrieved customer can somehow negotiate around the thousand-and-one clauses of a nocker contract, even the most Unseelie nocker will make good on a replacement, largely out of respect for the keen eye of the customer (although it is not unknown for Unseelie nockers to curse projects as punishment for perceived slights from patrons).

Passion Before Duty

Duty is passion to workaholic nockers.

Appearance

He was an ugly man with an ugly face. An also-ran in the human race.

And even God got sad just looking at him.

And at his funeral all his friends stood around looking sad, but they were really thinking of the ham and cheese sandwiches in the next room.

And everyone used to hang around him, and I know why.

They said: “There but for the grace of the angels, go I.”

— Laurie Anderson, “Gravity’s Angel”

Most nockers are fastidiously clean, in glaring contrast to their verbal manners. They may tolerate almost any mess in their workshops or mines, but they are fashion trend-setters in public. More is better according to most nockers’ fashion sense. Their voile is bedecked with every type of ingenious fastener, eyelet, lace, truss and type of stitching known to fashion designers. Most nocker clothing utilizes starkly defined lines and a geometric, almost sculptured look. Nocker fashions borrow from every age, combining the elegance of high sidhe voile with the decadence of the 17th century French court, and the quirkiness of the Mod and New Wave movements.

Those who admire nockers’ mechanical devices also acknowledge they know their way around a sewing room, though, as a satyr once less than kindly observed, many look as if they wear their underwear outside their clothing. Nockers aren’t embarrassed by their unique fashion styles, arguing that their

clothes only accentuate their superior features. Even in their human mien, most nockers tend to dress eccentrically.

Physically, nockers are gnarled and often grotesque in appearance. Most of them tend toward either pale fish-white or red and ruddy complexions. In their fae mien, their faces look like masks of overdone stage makeup. They have tapered ears, and their translucent white or coal black hair frames their prominent brows and beady, ratlike eyes. Their skin can also be translucent; those who look carefully may see a smoldering orange glow within, like embers burning under ashes or molten iron.

Perspectives on Other Kith

Nockers have derogatory names for many of the other kith, who admittedly have a few choice epithets in return. Nocker slang for other kith is listed in parentheses after each entry below.

The seeming torrent of bile that nockers spew at other kith astonishes many changelings. Boggans, in particular, are mystified by their treatment, and most do not deserve the enmity that nockers feel for them. But nockers can best speak for themselves, as always.

Boggans (Pishers, Vermin, Twerps)

These little pips are the only kith shorter than us, so we may as well stick it to them like the rest of ‘em have been doing to us all these years. Besides, they *frigging* deserve it for trying to cut in on our racket with their second-rate, *schlock* merchandise. These pernicious little toads try to undercut our market by cramming out their crummy wares at cut-rate prices. I guess you can’t blame the bastards for trying, but they sure as hell don’t have it where quality is concerned. They recognize this; that’s why they spend all their time in court slanderer our goods.

Boggans also give aid and comfort to their bastard little boggart cousins, who try to steal our technology even if neither understands it. But let us get mad and blow off some steam at the little buggers, and everyone runs to their defense. “Oh, the boggans are harmless. Why spit at them, you mean ol’ nocker?” And the whole time the little *clart* smirks from behind the duchess’ skirts like a naughty kid-brother! I hate that!

And, yeah, their *tsatskes* are impressive, if a singing mushroom that can turn itself into a singing banana is your idea of a miracle. Amazingly, this is impressive to some changelings; the little vermin are making inroads into *our* toy industry. Just put some sickly sweet bunny-face on something, and make a killing in the next mindless consumer feeding frenzy. “We don’t sell flash. We sell good *wholesome* toys. Good, simple *boggan* fare,” they claim. It doesn’t matter that the *ongepotchket* stuffing comes out a week later — it’s cute! *Figgerburminnermin...*

At least they’re no competition in the weapons department.

Eshu (Skulkers, Layabouts)

Call them mysterious vagabonds of a thousand lands, nobles of the road, or whatever the hell you want. They’re really a group of hedonistic lounge lizards with no sense of responsibility.

Well, some of them learn useful stuff on the road, and they are civil enough. Truth is, they haven't done anything big to torque us off, so we don't go far out of our way to *furk* with 'em. Besides, some of them have some scary old secrets. We don't piss in their porridge, and they leave us alone. That's as much as I can ask of anyone.

Pooka (*Badchen, Naars*)

These teddy bears are too damned sociable and annoying. Every *mutherfergin* one of them thinks it's his mission in life to "prank us out of our shells." What they consider funny is just bad taste. Now, a pooka slipping on a banana peel and gouging his eyes out on scraps of rusty iron — that's comedy!

Redcaps (*Shtunks*)

Let's hear it for the redcaps (loud fart)! They're the one kith that beats us out as the most despised of all Kithain. We may be antisocial, but these *chuff* chompers are four-on-the-floor socio-paths. Yeah, we know the truth about these organic recycling bins — comes with the territory, from living underground to all the weapons we sell 'em. Seems they have some *farpotshket* holy war going on with the sidhe, bad blood from way back. That's just fine for business. If the *shtunks* want to buy a few rusty razor claws and pop off a few nobles, I don't give a shit.

Problem is, when you sell one of them a weapon you have to listen about how they were once "lairds of Fimbulwinter country" and all that *clart*. Hell, they tell their weapons broker things that they don't tell their wives, their mistresses or even their bartender. They can get downright talkative about all their "big plans" for the other kith; let's just say it ends with all of us on a plate with a side of fries. We're their buddies, though (or so they say). I guess that means they plan to leave a few of us alive to make weapons.

Fortunately they'd rather eat sluagh than chomp into one of our nasty butts. Still, a phrase to avoid: "Bite me, you *blasterfurbin* redcap!" Some of them will choke you down out of spite and worry about the inevitable *cacafuego* later. If you're going to meet with redcaps, make sure you're well-armed.

Two more things: One, they claim they once ruled Fimbulwinter. Bollocks! Few of them are smart enough to inflate a tire. Who are they working for? Two, just let them try to use our weapons against us. I've got something to show them....

Satyrs (*Perverts, Sluts*)

Yeah, here's another bad *vitz* the Dreaming's played on us — guys with goat legs. Real attractive, Dana. Actually some of them are pretty smart when it comes to things like poetry and philosophy, so they're one cut of usefulness above pooka, if that means anything. (We like poetry, even if — apart from dirty limericks — we can't write it for shit.)

If you're going to have an affair outside the kith, you might as well do it with a satyr. They're porking almost everyone else, and they're one of the few who will give us a second glance. Hell, everyone will just be happy you got laid and hope it shuts you up

for a while. Still, they're some of our best customers, and they pay big bucks for our *Unseelie Nights* line of patented sex toys. Whiiiiirrrrr!

Sidhe

Quick, what's slick as snot and twice as runny? Yeah, yeah, that's an old one. These smooth bastards ran out on us during the Shattering, and now they expect us to kneel and throw up our hands in joy because they're back? *Furk* me! Their return did coincide with our greatest upswing in business since the Shattering, though, you've got to give them that. The *shtunks* are buying new weapons hand over fist, and the trolls are re-arming; hell, even the *pishers* are sporting blades these days.

They're our best customers of all. Not quantity, mind you, but they want high-end goods. Much as I hate to admit it, they have a better eye for quality than most, so be careful when you try to trick them.

The sidhe are fascinating from a Dreaming standpoint. Did you know they live in the time stream differently than the rest of us? The sidhe say they're "impressed by all we've learned" since they left us during the Shattering. They act like they purposely pushed us younger kith out of the nest so we could learn to fly. Eat me, bitch! They're still nursing a grudge against us for the licks we got in before they got back to Arcadia, but they're too damn slick to let it show.

Sluagh (*Heebie-Jeebies*)

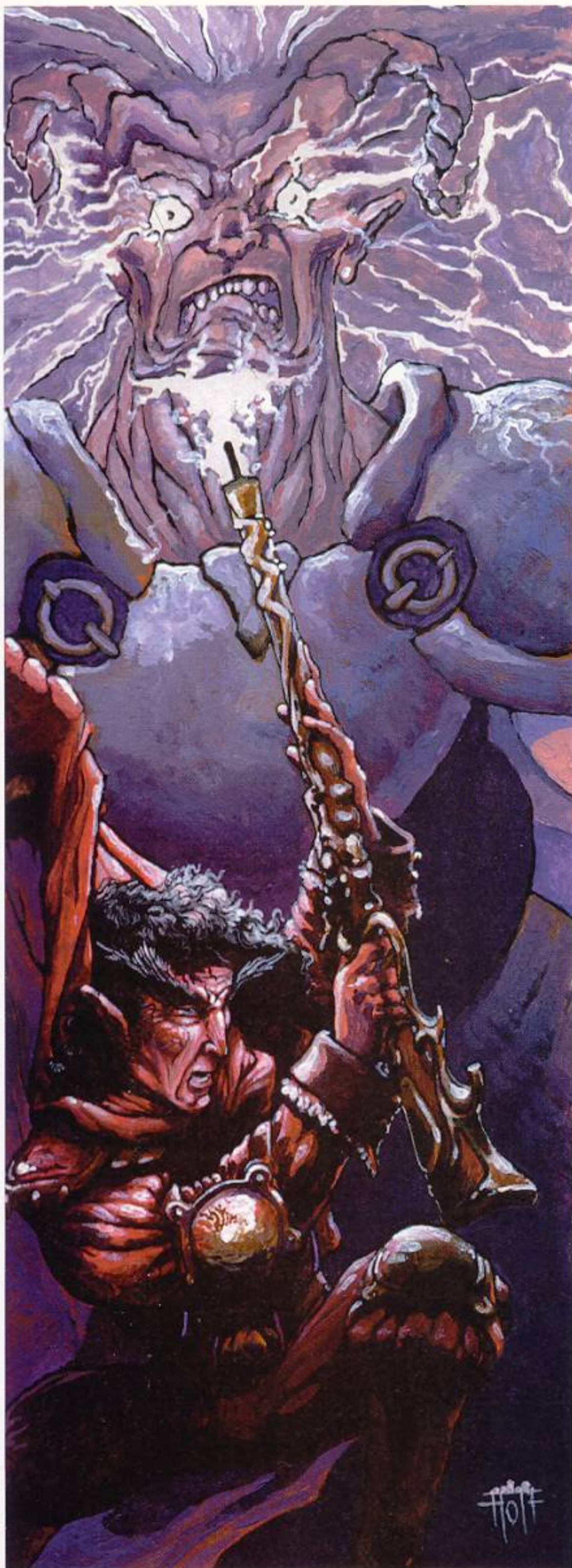
Heebie-jeebies. The name kind of says it all, doesn't it? Look, if playing with the local ghosts is your idea of a good time, more power to you. These guys have my respect, but only because they scare the shit out of me and because they take our abuse so completely in stride. We shoot some of our best lines at them, and they just smile as if they know something we don't, which is a safe bet. Goddammit, I hate that!

Some say that sluagh have more tunnels than we do, but we barely ever run into them underground. I'd pay a month's dross to know how they hide the damn things if they have them. These *furkers* are spies, but I don't think they've compromised our security in any real way. Still, you never know. Sluagh have a lot of lovely treasures, and have even let us take a peek at them. I think they're just humoring us. Don't *furk* with 'em.

Trolls (*Bulbeniks, Ironheads, Golmers*)

You want the ultimate battle tank exoskeleton? You can't do better than building it around a troll. Unfortunately most of them don't want any part of our more ingenious devices (though I sold a nasty hold-out blade to an ogre last week). Supposedly our best works insult their muscle-bound sense of honor. "We am strong! What need we of goblin trickery?" *Biggerfigernurbins*....

If some of the old legends are true, we may be relatives of these throwbacks, if you can stomach the idea. We've always maintained some kind of deal wherein they kind of look out for us in return for our services. *Kind of*. Look, trolls keep their word,



but they can also break us between their fingers like matchsticks. You never know when our “cheerful” discussions with them will end with a punch in the face. The best promise you can get from a troll isn’t “protect me,” but “not to hit me.”

Remember, if you push ironheads too far, they explode. When that happens, your best bet is to run like hell or crumble into a fetal ball and recite these goblin words of power: “Please don’t hit me, I’m only a weak worthless sniveling slimy toad of a nocker not fit to lick your boots, mister troll, sir!” Most of the time they’ll get so disgusted that they’ll leave you to wallow in their scorn and pity. What the *furk*, it’s better than a broken neck.

Gallain and Others

Goblins

These little psychos make us look staid and steady, and they’re everywhere lately. They get into the works and like to play games with real-world stuffs in ways that not even we do. They’re more destructive than creative, and have a way of screwing up any delicate experiments you’re working on. Oh, yeah, and they have absolutely no social skills.

Still, we’re family — I guess that’s supposed to count for something. They make great enforcers for the Bes Din, and are invaluable when putting the kibosh on those oily little boggart tech-thieves. Just introduce them as your dumb cousins from out of town, and hope they don’t embarrass you too much. Besides, when it comes to destruction, they have some interesting insights you can steal, and what’s family for?

Will o’ the Wisps

(a.k.a. *Ignis Fatuus*, FUBARs, Foobars)

Roll all the other Kithain into one critter, double its IQ and maybe you’ll get something one-tenth as useful as the common will o’ the wisp. FUBARs, as we call ‘em, *Ignis Fatuus* to the sidhe, are the best thing this side of a good Glamo-meter (more on them later). I get all mushy when I think of FUBARs. They’re energy fields, pure Glamour, and more flexible than any mundane energy source; they can break the *murbinfurbin* laws of physics! Get this: A magnet in the real world has to have two poles — one negative, one positive. FUBARs can have a single pole, positive or negative. You’d be surprised how useful that is. Yeah, they’re *down*, Wyrd and *strange*. Sorry, little physics joke there! Heh. Hmmp.

They even have a real-world Wyrd component to them. That’s why humans can sometimes see them, though scientists like to explain them as a spontaneous combustion of methane. (So I guess that makes ‘em flaming little farts!)

We use wisps to power our experiments; some of our cutting-edge guys have done some high energy physics experiments with them that would scare the shit out of the Hidden Ones. Unfortunately, since we’re talking Dream energies here, we can’t exactly publish the results in science journals. Crap.

Be careful with FUBARs. If they turn into glitches, you can kiss your experiment good-bye!



Golems

To make a golem (not to be confused with the Inanimae race of the same name, moron) you need a special helmet to impress your brain waves on it. Rabbi Loew somehow created a golem during the Middle Ages without a helmet, but then I'm not so sure that he was a nocker.

So, anyway, you've made a golem. Now what? Golems are like kids. If you create one, know your responsibilities. Golems — the sentient ones, I mean — aren't instant bodyguards, slaves or playthings. Our kith has put up with enough *scharm* from the others, so we're not about to put our kids through the same. (Most of the other kith seem to like our golems more than they like us, the *famerbammers*!)

Golems can be protectors, sure, but only after you've trained them and given them the moral choice to work for you or not. If you treat a golem fairly, you'll usually find it's more loyal than a pack of trolls. If, however, after its fosterage and Saining (after one year, according to Bes Din law), it wants to go on its way, you have to let it. There's nothing that pisses off good nockers (Seelie and Unseelie) more than another nocker who takes this responsibility lightly. If you create life, you have to look after it and respect it. Now if you want to create an army of giant nonsentient spider mech-warriors to wreak havoc on the local *pishers*, be my guest.

The Prodigals

The Prodigals are lost changeling races that have forgotten they have fae blood. The term "Prodigal" is a line from the Bible

about the prodigal son. It means "lost" to most people. The word really means "wasteful," which makes some sense, too.

Vampires

Why the *furk* are you asking me about vampires? I have pasty white skin and pointy teeth, so you just assume? Frankly, we don't know much about them, and that's a more than we want to know. They seem to be a stale, backassward-looking breed with no interest in technology, so why bother? The only group we know anything about is the Nosferatu, and only because we occasionally run into them while mining. Fortunately we've come to an arrangement: We don't bother them, and they don't bother us.

Other kith are interested in vampires for some reason. I personally don't buy all that "Caine was a redcap" *dreck*, but the *sidhe's* Tuatha/Lilith theory seems pretty shaky to me, too. Let's compromise — they're all idiots.

Here's what you need to know about vampires: They're mean old brutal bastards, and they have a shitload of Banality. Avoid them. Thankfully they don't like the taste of our greasy blood any more than redcaps do.

Werewolves

Howwoooo! These walking rugs may be pooka kin, which is as good a reason to manufacture silver bullets as any. Only three werewolf tribes concern us. The first are those old bugaboos the Fianna. They mix mostly with the other kith and don't say squat to us because all the other changelings have told them we're poison. Fine. Strike one.

The next tribe is those psycho Black Spiral Dancers who've been lurking around the Shadow Court recently. They don't have our kith's best interests at heart, no matter what they say. Don't trust 'em. Strike two.

Third are the Glass Walkers, who seem to have an awful lot in common with us. Bunt. You can just sense the electricity running through their fur, and it's anything but static. There have been some promising starts here, and they've even allowed some of us into their meetings. Word o' warning — they aren't as familiar with our charms as our fellow fae are, and they may take our style the wrong way. If you get invited, pack a Basilisk Stone and some good running shoes in case it fails.

Wizards

As far as I can tell, every last one of these guys is round the bend in some way or another. Of course, look who our number-one contact is — the Brethren of Æther. These techno-whizzes are just plain cracked, but in a lovable kind of way, and their scientific journals are a hoot! They think we fae are from Atlantis, or that Arcadia is on the Moon or is a planet somewhere between Neptune and Pluto. Just watch out for those "enigma traps," boys! It's a harmless delusion and one we probably don't want to debunk.

Their technology seems similar to ours in many ways, at least superficially. They have this very cool satellite called Victoria Station — now that's my idea of heaven! We've even buzzed them a few times in balloons (Dream-time, on moon trods, of course).

These *balmalocha* are about as good as humans get, with some imagination and a decent work ethic. Hell, they're one of the few groups I'll even try to shut up around.

While I'm on the subject of wizards and technology, I'd be remiss if I didn't mention that we have some insight into the whole "Hidden Ones" scare that the *bliggerburbin* sidhe are blaming us for. The Hidden Ones have been burying the Earth in Banality, trying to turn the world of the fae from color to black and white. They're like circuit breakers on a Bedlam-trip, if you follow the analogy. I don't think they're going to be a problem much longer, though. Their whole *shtick* seems to be order and rationality, but if you've looked out the window in the past few decades you've noticed that's not exactly the direction the world is heading. If what's coming down the pike is what I think it is, Banality is going to be the least of our worries. There will be friggin' Dream energies for all, if a diet of sheer unadulterated nightmares is your idea of a picnic. Personally, I just ate.

Ghosts

Just because some fool tin miners in Cornwall started a rumor thatnockers are the ghosts of dead Jews doesn't give us any particular insight into the dead. Wraiths show up more on Samhain than on any other day of the year (if you listen to the *sluagh*), and are usually bad news. Here endeth the lesson.

Inside Nocker Society

Applied science is a conjurer, whose bottomless hat yields impartially the softest of angora rabbits and the most petrifying of medusas.

— Aldous Huxley, *Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow*

Nockers define themselves almost completely by their science and craft (and in no pleasant terms). The remainder of this chapter details their rich and eclectic views on science and magic.

Nocker Craft

Part pseudoscience, part Kabbalistic tradition and a whole lot of ingenious tinkering, nocker craft quite simply should not work. Whethernockers are building weapons, toys or more esoteric inventions, they never let a little thing like scientific plausibility get in their way. Things that could never work in the real world are possible in the Dreaming. The normal laws of science do not apply, andnockers are the best at stretching the limits of even limitless possibilities.

Somenockers are "merely" highly adept tinkerers who play with ever more complex series of pulleys, levers and gears to fulfill their engineering visions. Others, however, stretch the boundaries of scientific inquiry, opening up new technological vistas for humans andnockers alike. Unbound by human linear perspectives,nockers are capable of making truly astounding intuitive leaps when it comes to invention.

Nocker science derives its mathematical language from the ancient Kabbalistic discipline of Gematria. Dating back as far as the reign of Sargon II (727 to 707 B.C.), Gematria was originally a mystic language that converted names to a numerical value for mystical purposes. The system was used by the ancient Babylonians and Greeks, and magick Traditions such as the Order of Hermes still use it today. Nockers have added more practical mathematics, such as Pythagorean theory, to the mix, however. Their Gematria now bears few similarities to the original craft and its applications. Indeed,nockers sometimes use Gematria as a logical framework for their moral decisions, though its efficacy in such matters is debatable. Only a fewnockers who observe the Jewish faith use traditional Gematria as a device for interpreting the Torah, as human Kabbalists do.

Nockers draw much of their philosophy from Plato's *Doctrine of Forms*. It postulates that a realm of pure ideas or essences exists above and beyond the sensory world. Manynockers interpret this realm to be the Dreaming, and more specifically a realm of pure invention. Nockers call this realm the Hieronymus Continuum, and some claim it is the kith's original birthplace.

Beyond drawing from Plato and Pythagoras,nockers derive many of their ancient scientific methods from the engineers of Egypt, Greece and Rome, and from the pure geometry of Euclid.

The Western world's adoption of Aristotle's systematic deductive (and banal) methods motivatednockers to investigate other methods of scientific inquiry. As a result,nockers benefited from scientific progress in China, the Byzantine

Piss on Newton (Nocker Physics)

Psst! Hey, kid! Wanna buy some pseudoscience? I'll share a dirty little secret with you: We nockers use Newtonian (or Autumn) physics in our work when it's necessary. Newtonian physics are mostly applicable to building stuff in the Autumn world because — let's face it — it's a hell of a lot easier than relativistic physics in most situations. We may be bitter, but we're not stupid. Newton's three laws of motion (you remember these from high school, so sing along!) are:

- 1) Objects in motion (or at rest) remain that way until an external force acts on them;
- 2) Any external force (F) will produce an acceleration (a) of a body of mass (m) according to: $F = ma$. (So always wear a seat belt!); and
- 3) Every action has an opposite and equal reaction.

Well, that's all well and good most of the time — even in the Dreaming — because most people still buy that banal Newtonian/Euclidean vision of a flat space-time continuum, instead Einstein's curved space-time. Yet when it comes to making machines work in the Dreaming on a reliable basis, Newtonian physics means *bubkes*. I mean, pick up a kid's balloon in your dreams and you might fly off, right? Well, eat my monads, Newton; that doesn't sound like "opposite and equal reaction" to me! The laws of thermodynamics (useful for chemistry and electronics) don't mean shit either, unless you consider Banality equal to entropy, and there are some interesting corollaries to that. *Furk*, if not for FUBARs, we wouldn't even have a consistent source of electricity or laws of magnetism. And then where would we be, I ask ya? (FUBARs break traditional rules of physics all over the place, but we can predict the little shits pretty well.)

If you want anything much more complicated than a crossbow to work in the Dreaming on a reliable basis, you have to come at things from a very unique angle. Nocker physics are an approximate framework. They're a combination of Autumn physics, a heaping spoonful of Einstein's relativity, and a pinch of good ol' fashioned Gematria. Stir well and you have a model that can be used to guess at the Dreaming's physics in all but a few weird situations. (Things get really dicey in the Deep Dreaming.)

If you want to apply nocker physics to things like monad theory, space-time and the like, there's a formula that sits somewhere between Einstein's theories of Special and General Relativity. Special Relativity deals with the world of microscopic physics (atoms, electrons, quarks). General Relativity is about the realms of astrophysics and cosmology. The two contradict each other in many ways, but that's physics for ya. We usually start chewing on both ends and meet somewhere in the middle — spaghetti physics!

Empire, India and the Islamic world; they furthered their knowledge of applied and theoretical mathematics, astronomy and alchemy.

Nockers created some truly grandiose and improbable devices before the Shattering. Flying castles ranged the skies of the Near Dreaming (and a few such wonders still exist in the far-flung Dreamrealms). During the Interregnum, however, most nockers had to scale down their projects because of the lack of Glamour. They now concentrate on more "mundane" and introspective crafts such as mining, weaponry and toy-making. Unlike some technological groups, nockers don't merely improve upon old conventions. Born from the dreams of creation, they innovate and invent; even the Shattering's lean times did not stop nockers' scientific advances.

Nocker invention comes at a price. Despite their claims to the contrary, nockers realize that there is a danger to applying rational thought processes (even a rationality as erratic as their Gematria) to the Dreaming. More than other kith, nockers succumb to Banality. Additionally, many throw themselves so passionately into their work that they become oblivious to the need for sleep or safety precautions. Any nocker worth her craft is recognizable by hollow eyes, burn marks, cuts and abrasions. Since nockers work mostly with chimerical materials, fatalities are rare but do occur. Nockers also tend to use themselves as guinea pigs when testing new inventions; some have died or disappeared as a result of such impulsive behavior.

Nocker Astronomy

Since their origins, nockers have had a fascination with the heavens. The kith has always considered the stars the ultimate challenge to its scientific ambitions. Nockers have calculated the movements of the heavens on intricate calendars, using their talents for such practical ends as navigation, both in the Dreaming and the mundane world. Before the Shattering, nockers charted the sun and moon trods, sometimes traveling into the Far and Deep Dreaming in their first flying machines. Astronomy and astrology were often the same to these early investigators; the Dreaming's heavens swam with great celestial leviathans.

The publication of Nicolaus Copernicus' *De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium* (*On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Spheres*) in 1543, and consequent works by Johannes Kepler and Galileo Galilei radically changed humanity's place in the universe. Copernicus refuted the belief that the universe circled the Earth, and introduced the idea of a heliocentric cosmology, according to which the Earth orbited the sun. This revolution did far more than change perceived reality for nockers who had long charted the aerial sun and moon trods.

Human belief forms the foundations of reality in the Dreaming. When belief in a geocentric universe gave way to belief in a heliocentric one, long-established trods warped and changed. This perception shift effectively turned the Dreaming inside out, though the change was not total. (Even though most people

Steam-Tech

Don't blame us for this one, folks; some dick in the Brethren of Æther coined the term. Nevertheless, it's applicable to a lot of our creations. Steam is the easiest power source to create in the Dreaming! Humans have been mucking about with steam power for centuries. Did you know the Romans had plans for railroads? Thing is, they had horses and plenty of slave labor, so who needed steam, right? (Besides, it's doubtful that they could have made the heat transfer efficient enough to make it practical.)

We saw the applications of steam immediately. While humanity forgot about it until the late 17th century, we just kept advancing. Hell, we could teach major energy conglomerates a thing or two about energy conservation (let alone alternative energy sources). Not surprisingly, *murbinfervin* energy companies have shut down any attempts we've made to get our technologies on the market.

Anyway, steam drives most of our powered inventions. There's only so much you can do with a gerbil on a treadmill — and don't get any ideas. The old brick walls of Banality and thermodynamics won't let most chemical reactions work in the Dreaming. It's damn hard to make a camera work there, but we've done it! Steam, on the other hand, is easy. A little balefire, a little chimerical water, and you're cooking. We've built steam ships, and even our balloons and rocket-shell ships are steam-driven. Just think Jules Verne — *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* or *Master of the Earth*. That'll give you a good idea of our high-end stuff, at least as far as a mortal could comprehend it. It probably doesn't hurt that we're inveterate science-fiction fans.

intellectually understand that Earth is an insignificant cosmic speck, they still instinctively perceive Earth as the center of all creation.)

Most nockers, trapped in the mundane sphere during the Interregnum, could observe changes to the Dreaming only from afar, and could do little to explore the new Dreaming until the sidhe's return in 1969. Nockers have renewed their old studies since the Resurgence, sending various probes and manned ships (usually steam-driven balloons) along aerial trods and deep into the Dreaming. These missions are incredibly dangerous, and some nockers have never returned.

Wyrd Science

Particle man, particle man / Doing the things a particle can /
What's he like? / It's not important / Particle man / Is he a dot or is
he a speck? / When he's under water does he get wet? / Or does the
water get him instead? / Nobody knows / Particle man.

— They Might Be Giants, "Particle Man"

While nockers believe strongly in a variety of scientific and psuedoscientific theories, their beliefs are still based on theories.



The laws that they base their creations on do not apply to all areas of the Dreaming, and powers based on these theories are not always reliable.

The Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle, Glamour and Dodging the Hidden Ones

The Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle states that when studying particles on a quantum (atomic and subatomic) level, it is impossible to accurately determine a particle's position and momentum.

An analogy of light and billiard balls sums up this principle in its simplest form. People can see because photons of light hit objects, reflecting images to the human eye. The light particles do not move the object they illuminate, however. Their energy is infinitesimal in comparison with the energy needed to move an object of any size.

When considering things on a quantum scale, however, matters change significantly. The only way to study a quantum particle is by bouncing other quantum particles off it (e.g., with an electron microscope that uses a tunneling beam of electrons). Since the object under study is similar to the particle the observer uses to study it, bouncing one quantum particle into the other changes the subject's position and momentum. It's as if the only way you can determine the position of a billiard ball is by bouncing another ball against it — the very act of studying a ball alters its position.

Nockers have adapted the Uncertainty Principle to their study of Glamour. They believe it explains why the rationality of banal science can never unlock the secrets of Glamour, but can only destroy it; banal science is used to approach Glamour and destroys Glamour in doing so.

Nockers think this is why groups like the Hidden Ones — who are Banality personified — have such trouble believing in the existence of the fae, let alone learning anything useful about them. This has not prevented Hidden Ones from capturing a few changelings, but the victims inevitably escape or revert to their human seemings shortly after capture. Similarly, chimera melt like the morning fog when they are put under the Hidden Ones' microscopes.

Ironically,nockers' relative rationality has caused problems with their investigations and uses of Glamour. Changeling magic resists formulaic scrutiny, even by changelings. Nevertheless,nockers' limited advances in Glamour research have rendered some very practical results. Their invention of the Glamo-meter and the Glamour Battery (see "Tsatskes," in Chapter Five) are but two examples of the value of these theoretical studies.

Monads

When other kith hear nockers use the word "monad" reverently, they assume it to be just another cherished profanity. Many nockers certainly pronounce it with a lascivious look in their eyes. The first nocker (more accurately, nocker kinain) to advance the theory of the monad or fundamental "Dream-particle" was the philosopher Gottfried Leibniz. Monads are

The Six Monads

Nockers have broken the six flavors of monads into three pairs. The first pair (*up* and *down*) is the most common and has to do with the Dreaming's physical aspects. *Wyrd* and *strange* monads are believed to power ephemeral aspects of the Dreaming. Finally, the *ana* and *kata* monads may actually be extra-dimensional dream entities that originate from the Deep Dreaming.

Up: These monads are considered responsible for the existence of "material" items in the Dreaming. Anything material, including chimerical metal, flesh and most voile consists primarily of *up* monads.

Down: *Down* monads are energy in its purest form. They are believed to form such energy beings and effects as FUBARs, balefire and even most Legerdemain cantrips.

Wyrd (Truth): *Wyrd* is at once the most material and esoteric of the monads. *Wyrd* monads are the only ones that have real-world properties, such as mass and charge. Some nockers believe this may be the elusive "truth" quark long sought by human physicists. Nockers believe *Wyrd* monads are the force responsible for chimerical *Wyrd* effects, thus allowing changelings to effect the Autumn world in a "real" way.

However, *Wyrd* monads also affect such esoteric aspects of the Dreaming as the forces of fate. Many believe that *Wyrd* monads are the main force at work in such Arts as Soothsay.

Strange (Gilgul): A few nockers specialize in studying these monads and believe they are responsible for the occasional occurrence of sentience in chimera (including golems), and also cause many of Glamour's "spiritual" aspects. These nockers theorize that *strange* monads may be behind such Arts as Chicanery and Sovereign.

Ana (Over): Nocker scientists such as the Æthernauts are racing to isolate and study this rare and evasive monad. They believe it may be responsible for the existence of trods and raths, and the means for such traveling powers as the Wayfare Art. *Ana* monads are also believed to affect the time stream in bizarre ways, and Æthernauts have noted their strange relationship with the *sidhe*. Æthernauts believe they can transport themselves along streams of *ana* monads to anywhere in the Dreaming, though experimental travel has all led to one place — what is believed to be the Hieronymus Continuum (see below).

Kata (Under): No experimental evidence confirms the existence of these monads. The most promising leads all seem to indicate their existence along nightmare trods and in relation to chimera from such regions. The Æthernaut Dr. Tourette claimed he detected a great gathering of *kata* monads emanating from nightmare trods into the Near Dreaming. He set out to prove his theory by traveling such forbidden roads. He hasn't been seen since.

considered to be the basis of chimerical power, like quarks are believed the basis for energy physics.

Nockers study Glamour in much the same way that human scientists use massive super colliders to search deeper and deeper into the quantum universe. Nockers do not smash monads together to discover their nature, though. Instead, they have created powerful delta-wave-inducing dream machines that allow them to send their conscious minds further into concentrated Glamour fields.

Unlike quarks — which have qualities such as mass and electrical charge — monads are spiritual energy, and they resist measurement by any mundane sense or instrument. (The only exceptions are Wyrd monads, which have a real-world aspect.) Given the dearth of Glamour, and insufficient technologies to study it during the Interregnum, monad theory remained largely theoretical until the Resurgence in 1969. Since then, advancements in isolating these elementary particles have continued apace. Whilenockers have not observed monads directly (and believe that monads may have inherent properties that render them unobservable), many can detect the effects they cause.

Many changelings, at least those who know of nockers' research in this area, fear it. They worry that the Banality inherent to gaining an intellectual understanding of the Dreaming may destroy it forever. Nockers sneer at such concerns, confident that their chimerical scientific methods are safe.

Nockers believe that there are six types or "flavors" of monads, which travel in specific pairs. Taking a cue from human studies of quarks, nockers have assigned these monads names: *up*, *down*, *Wyrd*, *strange*, *ana* and *kata*. Some have alternate names as well.

Nockers also believe that there are six "anti-monads," which explain the forces of Banality.

Nocker Freeholds

Nockers tend to be solitary creatures, and their freeholds are often unfriendly places that are designed to discourage competitors, intruders and small children. Traps are commonplace.

Given their subterranean origins, most nockers prefer to make their freeholds in underground grottos. Nockers have

Goblin Town

This Unseelie freehold, located in New York, is the creation of the mad nocker genius Dr. Tapp (see Chapter Three). It is without a doubt the most notorious nocker freehold in Concordia. Goblin Town is an M.C. Escher drawing come to life. Stairs that seem to lead upward are on such an angle that they actually lead downward. Doors open onto brick walls or sheer 100-foot drops. Hallways, stairs, rooms and even entire floors dance in a precise ballet on a hidden (and completely silent) system of rollers, tracks, pulleys and switching stations. The hall that leads to the library one day leads to the kitchen the next, and to a subway tunnel the day after that. Parts of the complex have thick plate-glass flooring, allowing one to see other floors, and some of the machinery behind the scenes. As the various rooms move, stained glass windows cast a constantly shifting kaleidoscope of colors across the freehold's walls. Some of these patterns form arcane and mysterious symbols that may grant deeper insight into the freehold's inner workings.

The decor of Goblin Town is a combination of Baroque and Victorian excess, and is opulent even by nocker standards. Polished wood and brass abound. Muted amber lighting cast by ingenious oil lamps glitters on a dazzling array of gold, mirrors and great works of art. Even the freehold's secret passages are luxuriously appointed affairs of dark mahogany paneling decorated with minor treasures. The freehold's floors are fine wood parquet, adorned with Oriental rugs. Hundreds of clockwork golems wander the halls. They come in every description (brass storks, jade alligators, silver dragonflies and gold leopards with onyx inset spots), and outnumber the freehold's changeling inhabitants by 10 to one.

Freehold members made many enemies among the commoners when they allied with the returning sidhe during the Accordance War. Indeed, Lord Dafyll used the freehold as a base of operations during his famous campaign against the 4th Troll Commons Infantry. It was also just outside this freehold where the warlord met his untimely demise on the point of an iron dagger. Many changelings erroneously praise or damn the nockers of Goblin Town for his death.

The freehold has come perilously close to destruction in recent months. Its long-time ruler, the Baroness Cadmium Redd, secretly experimented with Banality. She destroyed age-old defenses in the pursuit of her forbidden studies, releasing hordes of nightmarish chimera into the freehold and the surrounding Dreaming. Worse still, the freehold was made to turn inward upon itself, slowly tearing itself apart.

Resident nockers, learning of the baroness' perfidy, revolted. They managed to overwhelm her redcap guards, but the baroness escaped. Cadmium Redd has since become a dangerous Dauntain and seeks to destroy her old domain.

The once-proud freehold now teeters on the brink of ruin and has become a true house of horrors. Nightmare chimera have warped and distorted the freehold's interior, turning many of the nockers' golems against them. Many consider Goblin Town's situation to be similar to that of the Black Jewel freehold before it disappeared.

Goblin Town's new leader is its master builder, a Unseelie nocker named Isaac Glass. Glass and the other nockers are trying desperately to reverse the damage done, while at the same time battling the freehold's invading chimera. They fear that something ghastly has awakened in the complex's depths, and seek outside aid for the first time in the freehold's history.

mined thousands of miles of tunnels throughout both the Dreaming and the Autumn world. Many of the old passages through the Dreaming were lost during the Interregnum. Arcadian nockers setting out to reclaim these lost passages have discovered that dangerous chimera have taken up residence. Furthermore, Earthbound nockers suspect that some of their recently returned brethren have claimed old Earthly haunts. Since the Resurgence, many nockers have found it easier to dig new tunnels than wage war for old ones. Nevertheless, tales still circulate about old treasures forgotten at mountain roots.

A bizarre clash of aesthetics characterizes most nocker freeholds. Many look like the works of the architect Antoni Gaudi. In contrast to their architectural magnificence, many work areas are cluttered with half-finished experiments, oily rags, dirty magazines and bizarre gewgaws of every description. Nocker living areas, however, are extremely clean.

Most nocker freeholds are relatively small, mainly because nockers are solitary; they get along with each other only nominally better than they do with other kith. Nevertheless some nockers do work together to create truly impressive freeholds of endless mechanical and visual marvels.

The vast majority of nocker freeholds are motleys, though the Goblin Town freehold of New York is a barony. There are other important nocker freeholds in Halifax (Nova Scotia), Silicon Valley, London, Tel-Aviv and in the Black Forest in Germany and Prague. The Chaw Gully Mine in Dartmoor, England, is perhaps the most famous nocker freehold. Welsh nockers recently lost their Black Jewel freehold to Banality.

The Dreaming

Nocker exploration of the Dreaming has led them to two interesting realms: the Hieronymus Continuum and the Hollow Earth.

The Hieronymus Continuum

The Hieronymus Continuum is a realm in the Far or Deep Dreaming. Some say the realm takes its name from Hieronymus J. Continuum, the first and greatest of the nocker Æthernauts. Others say it has been branded such because the realm looks much like a Hieronymus Bosch painting. In either case, it is an indisputably dangerous place. It is a realm of pure mechanical invention, and the Æthernauts believe it may be Plato's realm of ideal forms.

The realm's actual appearance and dimensions are a subject of heated debate among nocker physicists. Some legends hold that the first nockers came from this Dreamrealm, and traveled to Earth in a giant mechanical egg. Few nockers support this story, privately recognizing Arcadia as their true home. Nevertheless, almost all whip out this legend like a switchblade in an argument as "proof" of their superiority to other kith. Some nockers claim the continuum is more than just another Dreamrealm, but part of an altogether different dimension that exists outside the Dreaming, in a fold of the space-time continuum. Nockers who have reached this continuum and re-



turned always do so with profound insights into invention. The only known way to reach the continuum is through rift anomalies in the Far Dreaming, and with a delta-wave helmet.

The Hollow Earth

This very old Dreamrealm is the result of what was once a popular belief in the Dreaming. Accessible only through a fading portal (a giant chasm many miles across) at the North Pole, the realm is a world inside a world. The Hollow Earth abounds with life — from dinosaurs and ancient mammals to legendary beasts and zoological wonders. The Hollow Earth plays host to a variety of lost tribes and civilizations, ranging from naked savages to the enlightened Golo monks to lost Atlanteans to Nazi saucer people.

Nockers have traveled to this realm for years, making the journey in chimerical airships. It is heralded as one of the most adventurous lands known to the kith, and they try to keep its existence secret as a scientific wonder and private playground.

Social Structure

Nocker social structure is surprisingly simple, though outsiders and observers insist that it is baffling. There is only one official political structure that allnockers recognize: the Bes Din.

Bes Din

There are Bes Dins local to most major nocker freeholds, with the Grand Bes Din located in Halifax, Nova Scotia. More of a patent office than a governing body, the Bes Din exists to recognize ownership and patent of Kithain inventions. Local Bes Dins receive applications and submissions, and determine whether they are worthy of review by the Grand Bes Din.

The Grand Bes Din consists of sixnockers (three Seelie and three Unseelie). These judges (called *Dayan*) record invention specifications on a special form of retrievable goblin parchment and file the sheets in a massive iron vault. They then give out trademarks for original inventions. Any nocker who invents something has sole proprietorship of that item for three years, and no one else may profit from his work without permission.

Nockers of both Courts obey these rules. Even recently returned Arcadiannockers seem to abide by these traditions, though their submissions to the committee have been few. Other Kithain who contravene nocker patents (most notably Thallain boggarts) are often victims of unexpected and often lethal goblin raids.

The Grand Bes Din has an official voice in the Parliament of Dreams.

Nocker Guilds

Nockers are members of several small-scale guilds and societies, beyond the Bes Din.

Æthernauts: These intrepid scientists and explorers form a small cabal ofnockers' greatest minds. They are among the few Kithain who wandered far in the Dreaming during the Interreg-

num, and have charted maps of the Near Dreaming. They retain cordial if somewhat distant relationships with the sidhe of the Crystal Circle, and arenockers' primary contacts with the wizards of the Brethren of Æther.

The Builders Guild: This guild manufactures most fae structures, and itsnockers maintain a civil relationship with the boggans who do most of the actual construction work. Indeed, the Builders Guild seems to be the one place where the two kith get along. (The boggans have agreed to keep boggarts out, and thenockers don't employ goblin designers, though thenockers do make harsh foremen.) The Builders Guild is the fae's only reliable manufacturer of flying craft (dirigibles and ornithopters) and ocean-going vessels.

The Toymakers Guild: The Toymakers Guild manufactures nocker toys and some of the most ingenious precision clockwork devices in the world. Nocker toys are all custom made, and are far more expensive than those of their boggan competitors. Indeed, the two kith wage a fierce war for control of the changeling toy market. The Toymakers Guild also makes many components for nocker golems, and holds patents for these parts in perpetuity. Unseelie nocker toys can have a nightmarish quality about them, and many are illegal under Seelie sidhe law. The Toymakers Guild also mass-produces ingenious Glamour-inducing toys for children in the Autumn world. This has brought the group into direct conflict with the company Avalon Incorporated.

The Weapons Guild: Nocker weapons are without a doubt the best crafted in the Dreaming, exceeding even eshu, boggan and House Dougal creations in quality. The guild makes primarily medieval-style armor and weapons, though more advanced weaponry is available for high prices. The Bes Din has placed much of the guild's advanced weapons technology, such as its mobile battle fortress, under a special security act. The Bes Din strictly forbids sale of these technologies to other kith. The nocker weapons build-up concerns many Kithain, but there is little that can be done about it sincenockers appear to have done nothing overt with their creations.

The Weapons Guild fields its own tactical squads that oversee nocker security, under the aegis of the Bes Din.

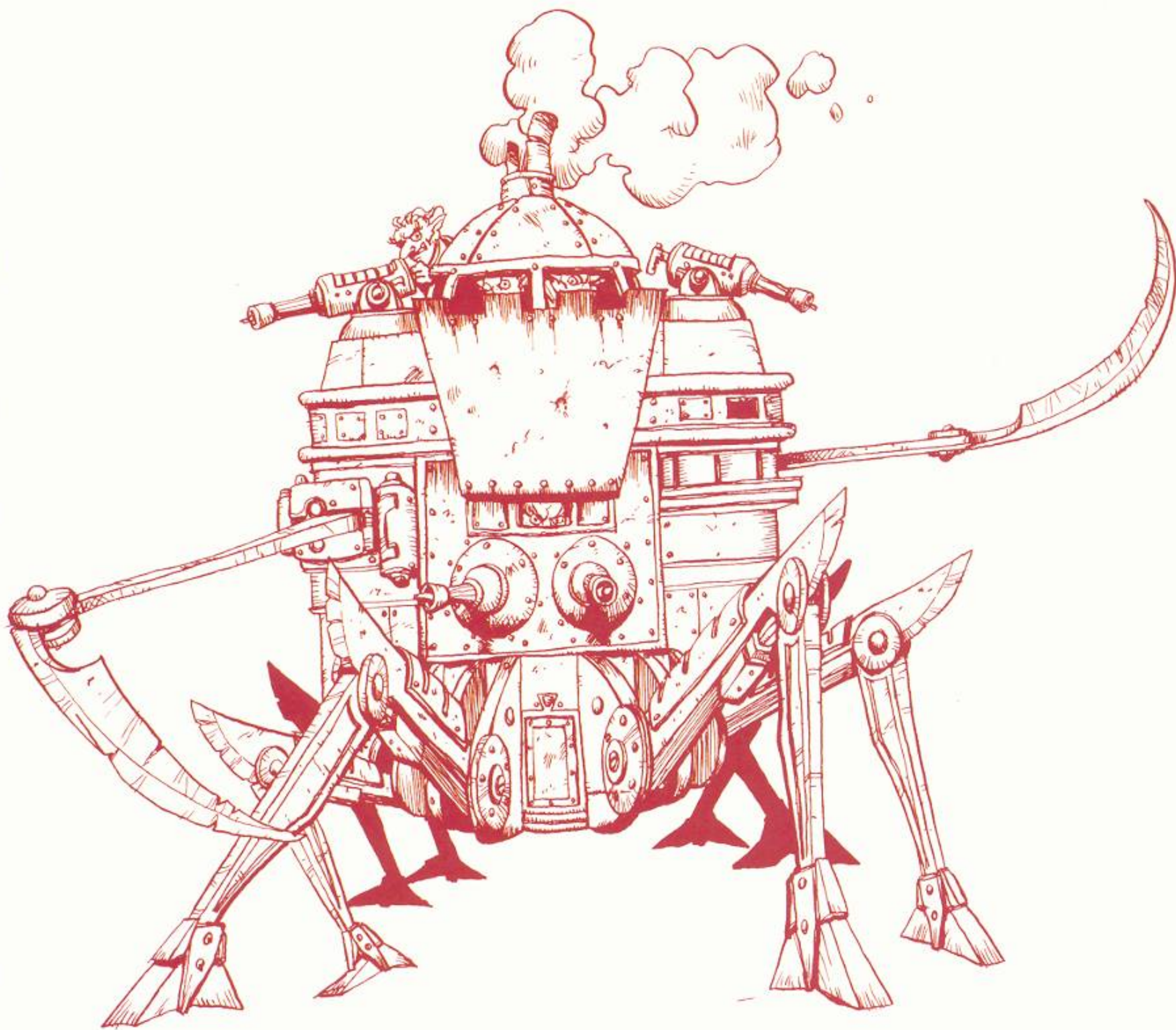
Mining Guilds: Despite the importance thatnockers ascribe to their mining, they have never formed a truly universal guild to represent their interests. Most of the major freehold mines are in the hands of a few wealthy owners, and these owners have worked hard to prevent their workers from organizing. This has not preventednockers in several mines from creating their own guilds. These guilds, which were powerful before the Shattering, are reclaiming some of their former influence only now.

Disrupters: The Disrupters are a band of dangerous Unseelienockers who despise the new laws of the sidhe, the edicts of the Shadow Court and the technological restrictions of the Bes Din. Among their crimes are the sale of proscribed technologies and overt acts of terrorism against fae and nonfae alike. They expose nonfae to frightening chimera in order to weaken the veil between the Dreaming and the mundane world. No one knows

what the Disrupters' motives are, though those who hunt them (predominantly the Red Branch knights) note that Glamour springs up in their wake. Unfortunately nightmare energies taint this Glamour, and some have reported seeing the Disrupters in the company of twisted Garou.

Leaders of both Courts feel the Disrupters may represent the encroachment of powers related to the Prodigals into fae society. Nockers of both Courts deplore this small group, and have gone so far as to ask for outside help against it.

The Monkey's Paw: The Monkey's Paw is a secret society of Kithain assassins that dates back to the early days of the Shattering. These changelings hire themselves out to the highest bidder, but are suspected of having a hidden agenda. The group's leadership consists of sidhe who stayed on Earth throughout the Interregnum, and includes renegade members of House Scathach. The Monkey's Paw is almost exclusively Unseelie in nature, but occasionally serves such "respectable" Seelie masters as the Beltaine Blade. One of the Paw's star operatives is a shadowy nocker assassin nicknamed "the Wire Man."



Courtly Furking Love

Pinch him, pinch him, blacke and blue,
Sawcie mortals must not view
What the Queene of Stars is doing,
Nor pry into our Fairy woing.
— John Lyly, *Endimion*

Wake up, kid! You've slept through all the boring stuff on politics and how the *frigginferbin* universe works. Now we can get on to the stuff that's really interesting — sex!

So you want to know what we're like when we do the Big Nasty, eh? You want to turn our staid, respectable lives of scholarly introspection into a steamy pornographic picture show, right? Sounds good to me; just so we're on the same page.

It comes down to this — Nocker men look like a cross between H. Ross Perot and a shaved goat. Nocker women have a gawky, Shelly-Duvall's-kid-sister thing going for them. Our phones aren't exactly ringing off the hook on Friday nights. Frankly, it's a wonder we've been able to propagate the species at all. Fortunately there's nothing more tenacious than the nocker reproductive system. As the saying goes: Nockers don't make love, they spawn.

I'm more degenerate than most, and even the worst of us buys into the Seelie blather about love conquering all, at least to some extent. But let's face it, when the closest thing you have to a lover is a sock-puppet, your ideas about love tend to get a little perverse. Still, we have to get lucky sometimes, so here's the rundown.

Like most other fae, we have intercourse — that's *social* intercourse, you hard-on! — with three groups: humans,nockers and other changelings. We've been interacting with humans longer than almost any other kith, so you'd think we would have it down by now. If we want to settle down with a human, we usually pick one who is world-weary and who doesn't give a *furk* about anything anymore, but is afraid of dying alone. Cynical? Us? Well, yeah, but that kind of relationship doesn't guarantee a litter of mewling nocker brats. Humans usually make good second or third spouses.

Most *herbinmergin* humans can't handle the nonstop verbal haranguing of a healthy nocker relationship. Go figure. That's why most of our long-term relationships involve other nockers. You ever see those couples who snipe at each other for years without ever breaking up? Ten-to-one they're nockers. If you have kids, the rant about golems applies, with the caveat that we are a hell of a lot more emotionally resilient than the average golem. Most nocker parents look at a little benign neglect as not altogether bad. There's a lot of bullshit that goes on in a nocker relationship, but at least with another nocker you know to give your partner space. Besides, if you're married, the Bes Din allows you to corporatize all your dross earnings. Tax shelter!

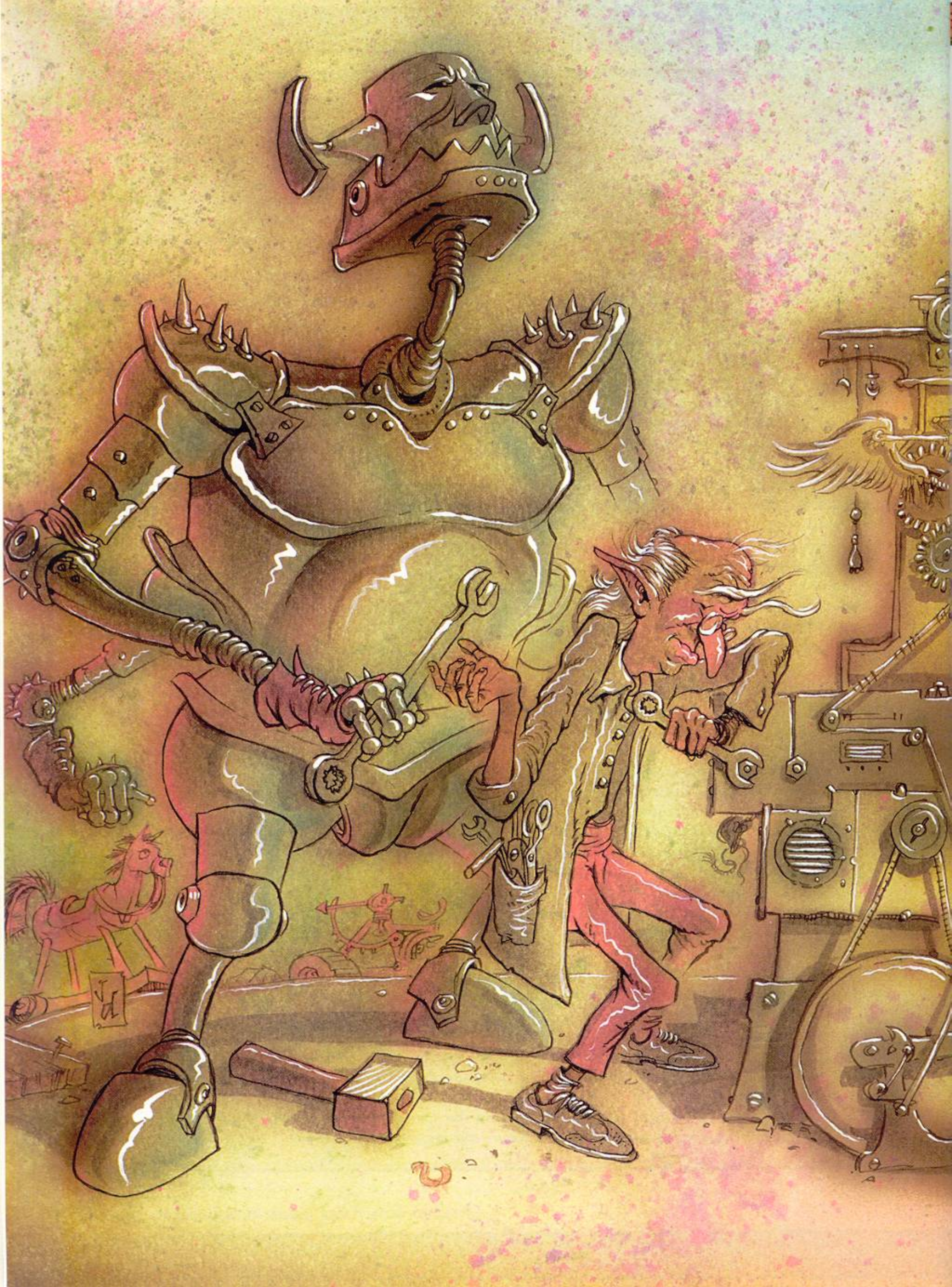
The rarest nocker relationships are with other kith. Most of them are a lot better at this courtly love bit than we are — wankers. Still, a few of them occasionally find us compelling in a weird, sticky, perverse sort of way. We are something of an enigma to them, and there's no denying that we dress well. What's more, we never underestimate the power of dirty talk for heating up the bed sheets.

Our main non-nocker liaisons are with satyrs, but then they're on the top of everybody's dance card — sluts. Still, they're good to commiserate with on unvarnished sex, and a lot of them are real connoisseurs of Kithain pornography. Since we're the only ones who can get a movie camera working in the Dreaming, we've cut a deal with the perverts. We film their exploits, then split the proceeds. You'd be surprised how lucrative this is, if you can get around the sidhe and boggan morality statutes.

If you want sex with a sidhe, you really have to plan. We repel them for some reason. The best way to get something out of a sidhe is to demand sex as payment for an invention. They will typically balk, "No, anything but... that!" That's when you haggle and get what you *really* want. This is *very* dangerous, though. Pissing off the sidhe isn't a good thing — and they might agree to your original price! For nockers, having sex with a sidhe is like putting your brain and your libido in a blender and pressing "frappe." Expect to follow the sidhe around for the next few months like a drooling, moon-struck calf.

Let's see, who else? Trolls are too big, if you know what I mean. Sluagh are too weird, unless you're into that spooky Goth stuff (yeah, I guess I can see the appeal). Redcaps are good if you want rough and unusual. Just make sure everything's still there when you're done. Eshu? Very rare; it's hard to put the moves on people who aren't there. Boggans? Get serious. The Lollipop Kids from *The Wizard of Oz* aren't my idea of sexy.

The real surprise is pooka. They may be annoying, but God! What nocker could resist them when they make passes? I mean, those little bunny ears and kitty tails.... Come here and spank me, bunny — I've been a very, very naughty nocker! Hell, even a skunk pooka's worth the logistical problems. I don't know about you, but Mam'selle Hepzibah (the French skunk from the *Pogo* comic) and Pepé le Pew are my idea of real sex symbols! Unfortunately, pooka rarely think of us in "that way." Most of them want to be "just friends" — sigh. Still, some of the more adventurous ones are stars in our satyr-nocker productions, and they're generally more available than the status-conscious sidhe. Roll 'em!



Chapter Three: Rocker K'nockers (Ingenious Individuals)



Cadmium Redd

Cadmium Redd was the ruler of the Goblin Town freehold, and was a populist commoner leader. She served the freehold as captain of the guard in her early years. She used her influence to swing the freehold's support to the royalist cause during the Accordance War, and served under Lord Dafyll. She rose swiftly through the ranks as the war progressed, and gained possession of the freehold through guile and force when the fighting was over.

This combination of tactics served her well, but as the years passed, she became increasingly authoritarian and erratic in rule. The change didn't sit well with her subjects, most of whom were intellectuals. To silence any dissent, she formed a private Red Guard, which consisted of redcap enforcers.

Growing increasingly unbalanced, she eventually conducted forbidden research into Banality. Her mad experiments went out of control, threatening to destroy the freehold and endangering changelings in the surrounding area. Cadmium Redd's infuriated subjects finally rebelled, overwhelming her guards, and the baroness fled. Rumor has it that she has joined a powerful circle of Dauntain. Many believe she seeks revenge on her former subjects and all the other Kithain of New York, whom she blames for her exile.

Doctor Tapp

Dr. Tapp was the founder of Goblin Town, and may be the greatest inventor of all the Earthbound nockers.

He had been dedicated to his brilliant architectural career, but his reputation was ruined when a job for a London vampire lord went horribly awry. Unaware of his employer's true nature, Tapp decided to surprise him with an example of the patented moving architecture he had integrated into the mansion he was commissioned to design. The ceiling of the ballroom rolled back to expose a second ceiling of iron scaffolding and colored glass. The result was to be a delightful dappling effect as tinted sunlight sparkled off the rich marble of the walls and floor. The actual result was distressingly different. The mansion's lord and a visiting delegation of French vampires suffered a lethal sunburn.



After barely escaping an assassination attempt, Tapp left London and no one has seen him since. Some suspect he is still alive, living in isolation somewhere in the British Isles.

Dr. Tapp's story does not end there. While Goblin Town teetered on the brink of destruction, a secret compartment was discovered in the palace's throne room. It contained a silver box, within which were long-hidden plans written in Tapp's unmistakable, spidery scrawl. The papers detailed a jeweled emergency key, supposedly still carried by Dr. Tapp before he disappeared. The nockers of Goblin Town have offered fantastic riches to any changeling who can travel to the Isle of the Mighty and return with the key — or, even better, Dr. Tapp himself — before the freehold is lost forever.

The Wire Man

This shadowy assassin and member of the Monkey's Paw employs wires (both chimerical and iron) to kill his targets. Ruthless and crazed, he has eluded the best attempts of both Courts to bring him to justice. No one knows his true appearance, but it is known that he insinuates himself into his victim's confidence before striking.

His primary targets are Seelie nobles (especially sidhe and trolls), but he has apparently accepted at least one assignment against the Shadow Court. His methods usually involve subtle traps; instilling terror in his victims seems to be especially important. Many believe that he was the mastermind behind the recent assassination attempt on Queen Laurel.

Some fear that the Wire Man serves older and more dangerous masters than the Monkey's Paw. Indeed, the growing consensus is that he is not a changeling at all, but one of the original Arcadian nockers.



Maxwell Silver Hammer

The London newspapers dubbed him the “Camden Town Cudgeler.” His victims — seven total, all bludgeoned to death, all scientists and antique- and toy-store owners. His calling card — a small silver hammer left at each murder scene, and various valuable items missing. After a spree lasting from 1966 to 1969, the crimes came to a sudden end in the winter of 1969, to the relief of the public and the embarrassment of Scotland Yard.

With only a puzzling set of clues to work with, the detectives of the Yard were left frustrated, unaware that their quarry was an Unseelie nocker who sought to eliminate his competition (both fae and mortal). His murderous joy-ride ended with the return of the sidhe. The nobility captured the marauding goblin, and “imprisoned him forever in a place of eternal darkness” as an example of their power.

Maxwell Silver Hammer’s reign of terror was believed ended with his imprisonment, until very recently. In the spring of ‘97, a sidhe noble was found bludgeoned to death in his palace freehold. The noble’s retainers found a small silver hammer next to his shattered skull.

The Black Dwarf

A Jewish toymaker in the Schwarzwald region of Germany, this nocker endured the indignities suffered by all Jews as the Nazi noose tightened, culminating in 1938 with the burning of her shop on *Kristallnacht* (“the night of broken glass”). She escaped to Poland in the hopes of leaving behind the persecu-

tion, only to be confined in Gross Rosen. She was briefly blinded during her escape from the concentration camp, though she managed to kill several Nazis with her devastating “White Star” traps. She was recaptured soon afterward and deported to the Buna work camp beside Auschwitz, where her skills were turned to production for the Nazi war machine.

Being so close a witness and victim to the atrocities committed by the Nazis might have Undone most fae, but it only incensed her into taking a chance to escape when a guard’s attention lapsed just long enough for her to work a cantrip. Once outside, she joined the resistance movement, where she met others equally determined to strike fast and hard at their oppressors. She became known as “the Black Dwarf” among those fae in the resistance, now putting her trap-making skills to work hounding the Nazis and assisting Jews in escaping the ghettos and work camps. One legend ascribed to her is the misdirection of a rail car filled with prisoners headed for Teresin, which was somehow switched with a load of chickens.

With the liberation of the camps and the end of the war, the nocker known as the Black Dwarf returned to her quiet life in the Schwarzwald, rebuilding her shop and going back to work. The shop, and its owner, can still be found there today.





Chapter Four: Young Cusses

(Character Templates)

Any man who hates dogs and babies can't be all bad.
— Leo Rosten, on W.C. Fields



Toy maker

Quote: And this magnificent flying steed can be yours for the merest thimbleful of dross, Yer Most Worshipful Majesty, ma'am.

Background: You learned at an early age that you could build better toys—

blindfolded, no less — than any toy company could ever hope to produce. Your creations amused your friends for hours, even though their parents disapproved of you as that “foul-mouthed neighbor boy.” The other kids would sneak out to meet you and play with your latest inventions, and you would teach them choice cuss words. A nonstop profanity machine in school, you nevertheless excelled in math and science. No wonder your counselors were confused. Then there was wood shop, where whirling bandsaws and lathes emitted that sweet smell of friction-burnt wood, and you worked on private projects when the teacher's back was turned.

Unfortunately you went a little too far one day and burned down half the shop. (The fire didn't smell quite so sweet.) The school finally had enough of your pranks, and you were expelled. Your parents had little recourse but to send you to reform school. You were the youngest kid there, an easy target for the older boys.

None of this put a stop to your old ways, though. There was a shop there, too, and you continued to practice your craft. The other boys left you alone after you set a floor-trap for one of them, and you taught them how to get free cable on the school television.

Before long, your personal projects and pranks proved boring. You sought a real challenge, to create something that no one had seen before, something only your imagination could conjure up. That's when life — the world — changed forever. You were staring distractedly into a toyshop window when the toys suddenly moved with a life of their own. You walked into the store in a trance, and the owner, a nocker greybeard, introduced you to your new existence, one of boundless creation.

Concept: You are a rising star in the Toymakers Guild, and are attached to the court of Queen Mary Elizabeth of House Dougal. The old lady doesn't tolerate any nonsense, but that's all right, because she loves nocker technology and has accorded you some of the respect that you have sought all your life.

You enjoy building beautiful things more than anything else in the world; many say you have the *gebensht* to be a real *balmalocha*. Isn't that what every kid wants? You try to behave and act “adult” these days, but still like to gross people out from time to time (your “booger gun” didn't amuse that visiting troll baroness).

You enjoy working with other Kithain, even though they don't always appreciate what you have to say.

Roleplaying Hints: People would find life a lot more interesting if they just listened to you. Don't be down in the dumps, grumps. Here's a shiny new toy — just the thing to bring those grandchildren around. And isn't that what every greybeard wants, to hear the laughter of children playing?

Come on, don't be shy! You've heard some scary stories about nocker craft, too, and they're hard to ignore, but your toys are harmless. Really!

Equipment: Slingshot, Basilisk Stone, Pegasus ornithopter, golem buddy



K I T H B O O K : nocker

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Court: *Seelie*
Legacies: *Crafter/Grotesque*
Title:

Seeming: *Childling*
Society: *Toymakers Guild*
Motley:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Dexterity ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Stamina ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Social

Charisma ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Manipulation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Appearance ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Mental

Perception ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Intelligence ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Wits ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Athletics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Brawl ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Dodge ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Empathy ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Intimidation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Kenning ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Persuasion ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Streetwise ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Subterfuge ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Skills

Crafts ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Drive ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Etiquette ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Firearms ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Leadership ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Melee ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Mining ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Security ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Stealth ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Survival ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Knowledges

Chimerical Alchemy ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Computer ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Enigmas ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Gematria ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Gremayre ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Investigation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Lore *Fae* ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Medicine ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Politics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Science ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Advantages

Backgrounds

Chimera (Golem) ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Treasures (Basilisk Stone, Ornithopter) ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Arts

Chicanery ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Infusion ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Realms

Actor ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Nature ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Prop ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Other Traits

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Glamour

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Willpower

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Banalities

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Health

	Real	Chimerical
Bruised	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt -1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured -1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded -2	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled -2	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled -5	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

= Ravaging/Using Threshold =

Experience:

= Birthrights/Frailties =

Chimera Creation: Intelligence + Crafts roll to create simple chimera without the use of electricity, radiation or active chemical reactions.
Fix-It-All: Intelligence + Crafts roll.
Flaw: Every nocker invention has an intrinsic flaw.

Master Thief

Quote: *I love robbing boggans; they make second-story work so easy.*

Background: You grew up surrounded by nockers, so learning the ropes was easy. You cut your teeth as a lab assistant to a kindly old nocker grump, doing mostly finish-up work on his minor projects. Your master made toys for the richest fae in the kingdom and never seemed to be short of dross. You enjoyed the work, but always felt that something was missing.

One day you tinkered with the mechanical Cheshire cat in the corner, the one that your master told you not to touch. It gave a wide mechanized grin before disgorging the contents of a hidden cavity in its chest. They were secret plans for a series of great and intricate robberies. You recognized your master's neat handwriting describing the details of a recent robbery that was still on the lips of court gossips everywhere — the theft of the duchess' emerald necklace. It would seem your master was not such a pillar of the community after all.

Of course, nothing in the shop happened without your master's knowledge, and your "discovery" of his secret was his way of introducing you to the business. He let you sweat for a week before he confronted you. He told you he had amassed a fortune greater than many nobles through theft and his craft, but that he had no one to whom he could leave the "family business." He asked if you were interested, and you gave a Cheshire cat grin.

Concept: Your former master cashed in his chips and retired to the Fiefs of Bright Paradise with some pooka girl. Before he left, he trained you in the rudiments of his secret trade, pulling off one last heist and giving half the meager proceeds to you. That was the sum of your financial inheritance. You don't resent him for that; indeed, you appreciate the work ethic involved. If a young nocker doesn't do a little planning, life will be spent in drudgery, like the lives of the clueless nine-to-fivers in the Autumn world. Not for you, thank you very much.

Your crimes thus far have been small potatoes. The theft of a sluagh's forget-me-not stone is your greatest accomplishment thus far. Now if you could just remember where you put the damn thing....

Roleplaying Hints: No one is going to give a nocker anything, so you have to take what you can get. At least, that's your excuse. In truth, it's the excitement of a plan — one well-conceived and well-executed, like intricate clockwork — that gets your blood going.

You plan every detail painstakingly, just like any nocker would design a blueprint, but there's always that random element that can throw the whole thing on the scrap pile. Maybe it's the troll security guard who double-checks that door he "knew" was locked. Maybe the prince is a light sleeper. There is no such thing as the perfect crime, but you can certainly keep trying.

Equipment: Thief's tools, rope, pendulum



K I T H B O O K : nocker

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Court: *Uneelie*
Legacies: *Outlaw/Prankster*
Title:

Seeming: *Wilden*
Society:
Motley:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ☐☐☐☐☐
Dexterity ☐☐☐☐☐
Stamina ☐☐☐☐☐

Social

Charisma ☐☐☐☐☐
Manipulation ☐☐☐☐☐
Appearance ☐☐☐☐☐

Mental

Perception ☐☐☐☐☐
Intelligence ☐☐☐☐☐
Wits ☐☐☐☐☐

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ☐☐☐☐☐
Athletics ☐☐☐☐☐
Brawl ☐☐☐☐☐
Dodge ☐☐☐☐☐
Empathy ☐☐☐☐☐
Intimidation ☐☐☐☐☐
Kenning ☐☐☐☐☐
Persuasion ☐☐☐☐☐
Streetwise ☐☐☐☐☐
Subterfuge ☐☐☐☐☐

Skills

Crafts ☐☐☐☐☐
Drive ☐☐☐☐☐
Etiquette ☐☐☐☐☐
Firearms ☐☐☐☐☐
Leadership ☐☐☐☐☐
Melee ☐☐☐☐☐
Mining ☐☐☐☐☐
Security ☐☐☐☐☐
Stealth ☐☐☐☐☐
Survival ☐☐☐☐☐

Knowledges

Chimerical Alchemy ☐☐☐☐☐
Computer ☐☐☐☐☐
Enigmas ☐☐☐☐☐
Gematria ☐☐☐☐☐
Gremayre ☐☐☐☐☐
Investigation ☐☐☐☐☐
Lore ☐☐☐☐☐
Medicine ☐☐☐☐☐
Politics ☐☐☐☐☐
Science ☐☐☐☐☐

Advantages

Backgrounds

Dreamers ☐☐☐☐☐
Resources ☐☐☐☐☐
Treasures ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Arts

Chicanery ☐☐☐☐☐
Infusion ☐☐☐☐☐
Wayfare ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Realms

Fae ☐☐☐☐☐
Prop ☐☐☐☐☐
Scene ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Other Traits

☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Glamour

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Willpower

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Banality

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Health

	Real	Chimerical
Bruised	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt	-1 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured	-1 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded	-2 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled	-2 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled	-5 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Ravaging/Using Threshold

Experience:

Birthrights/Frailties

Chimera Creation: Intelligence + Crafts roll to create simple chimera without the use of electricity, radiation or active chemical reactions.
Fix-It-All: Intelligence + Crafts roll.
Flaw: Every nocker invention has an intrinsic flaw.

Aging Æthernaut

Quote: No barrier, no mystery, can long withstand the irresistible will of science!

Background: Ever since your childhood as a starry-eyed brat in knee-britches, you have used your love of invention to speed you on your way from one vivid vista to the next. You have been up and down the ladder so many times, it should all seem old hat to you by now, but it isn't.

If a changeling lives his life in constant contact with the Dreaming and its environs, he can live for centuries and still end up on his tocks at the bottom of fae society. That's where you are now, but it wasn't always that way. You have climbed the greatest peaks of Mount Everest. You followed the crazed æther-wizard Lord Waldo Thatcher and his infernal mole contraption into the bowels of the Hollow Earth. You have debated physics with Einstein and Planck, and discussed invention with Tesla. You liberated — for study, of course — the great star-diamond from the Emir of the Blue Sands Eshu. You have hunted great uzar veldt beasts on the plains of Venus, and have sipped sweet nectar from the navel of the grand half-sidhe of Tibet (and was she mad when she awoke!). You have been both a rich man and a starving beaten vagrant. After that last unpleasant business with the mannequin people, you lost everything except your faithful blunderbuss (Victoria) and your intrepid boggan sidekick (Giotto).

Concept: You have plans to get back on your feet. You recently acquired a newly drawn astronomical map. You have scabbled together enough dross to buy an æther-balloon and to outfit it with some secondhand astronomical gear. You know of a moon trod opening on Samhain above Trillium Vale. Now you and Giotto seek an intrepid band of wayfarers. You're looking for adventurers like those plucky young kids whom you lost over the North Pole while tracking the wild Wendigo (a case you would rather not talk about). Giotto lost his toes to frostbite, but continues on in manly fashion. You hold him as a better fae than you, by God.

Perhaps you will never dig so deeply into the Dreaming's fundamental nature as those chappies who perform all the serious lab research do. But can they say they've done all that you have, or seen all that you have? Not bloody likely.

Roleplaying Hints: Hrumph! Never let anyone see you lose your cool. No matter how high the obscenities well up in your mouth, don't let them loose. Bite your tongue, grit your teeth, and puff on your pipe when your careening dirigible slams into the cliff face, hurling you headlong into the ravening Middlemarch redcaps who gnash their teeth below you! Hrumph! Quite.

Equipment: Blunderbuss, balloon (The *Icarus VII*), pocketwatch, pipe, Victoria Cross medal



K I T H B O O K : ROCKERS™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Court: *Seelie*
Legacies: *Wayfarer/Sophist*
Title:

Seeming: *Grump*
Society: *Aethernauts*
Motley:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ☐☐☐☐☐
Dexterity ☐☐☐☐☐
Stamina ☐☐☐☐☐

Social

Charisma ☐☐☐☐☐
Manipulation ☐☐☐☐☐
Appearance ☐☐☐☐☐

Mental

Perception ☐☐☐☐☐
Intelligence ☐☐☐☐☐
Wits ☐☐☐☐☐

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ☐☐☐☐☐
Athletics ☐☐☐☐☐
Brawl ☐☐☐☐☐
Dodge ☐☐☐☐☐
Empathy ☐☐☐☐☐
Intimidation ☐☐☐☐☐
Kenning ☐☐☐☐☐
Persuasion ☐☐☐☐☐
Streetwise ☐☐☐☐☐
Subterfuge ☐☐☐☐☐

Skills

Crafts ☐☐☐☐☐
Drive ☐☐☐☐☐
Etiquette ☐☐☐☐☐
Firearms ☐☐☐☐☐
Leadership ☐☐☐☐☐
Melee ☐☐☐☐☐
Mining ☐☐☐☐☐
Security ☐☐☐☐☐
Stealth ☐☐☐☐☐
Survival ☐☐☐☐☐

Knowledges

Chimerical Alchemy ☐☐☐☐☐
Computer ☐☐☐☐☐
Enigmas ☐☐☐☐☐
Gematria ☐☐☐☐☐
Gremayre ☐☐☐☐☐
Investigation ☐☐☐☐☐
Lore *Near Dreaming* ☐☐☐☐☐
Medicine ☐☐☐☐☐
Politics ☐☐☐☐☐
Science ☐☐☐☐☐

Advantages

Backgrounds

Contacts ☐☐☐☐☐
Remembrance ☐☐☐☐☐
Retinue ☐☐☐☐☐
Treasures (gun and balloon) ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Arts

Infusion ☐☐☐☐☐
Primal ☐☐☐☐☐
Wayfare ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Realms

Fae ☐☐☐☐☐
Prop ☐☐☐☐☐
Scene ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Other Traits

☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Glamour

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Willpower

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Banality

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Health

	Real	Chimerical
Bruised	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt -1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured -1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded -2	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled -2	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled -5	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Ravaging/Using Threshold

Experience:

Birthrights/Frailties

Chimera Creation: Intelligence + Crafts roll to create simple chimera without the use of electricity, radiation or active chemical reactions.
Fix-It-All: Intelligence + Crafts roll.
Flaw: Every nocker invention has an intrinsic flaw.

Leashed Disrupter

Quote: “Adapt or die and decrease the surplus population, ya bovine, cud-chewing, mammy-jamming Luddite!”

Background: You grew up in a hippie commune. “Peace, love and phase out technology lest the evil pigs in power wipe us all out in a final mushroom cloud of atomic annihilation, man.”

Groovy.

Frankly, you can't think of a better way of going out if it means taking those herd-grazers with you. Addle-brained crystal-waving dumb-fucks! You dumped those losers at an early age, only to discover that the rest of the fae were no great shakes either.

The world is going in one direction, but most want to go in another — backward-looking bogey-biters. You discovered all this when you brought a brand-new video game into the freehold. You got the other kids (and even a few of the grumps) hooked. That's when the baron and his troll lackeys decided the game was having “bad effects” on people. There wasn't a decrease in Glamour, so why the *furk* was he so mad? He threw you out and smashed your machines. No sense of humor, that one — and he was Unseelie!

You were down and out for a while. Hell, even the frigginburbin skinheads wouldn't hang with you. Then one night you were sitting in the rain, feeling like something that dropped out of a sluagh's butt, when this cute nocker chick picked you up and took you home. She fed you and told you about some “worm,” and you suddenly felt as if you had every bastard in the world by the short and curlies. That's when she introduced you to her Prodigal friends, and showed you how to crash the system. Seelie Court, Shadow Court, Bes Din — the bastards wouldn't give you a shot, so you took your own. You sent the baron one of your new, more unpleasant toys. You hear that he wakes up screaming every night since.

Concept: You got a bad break in life, and are considered one cut above irredeemable. The Red Branch Knights caught you in one of your early Disrupter raids and handed you over to a Seelie duke to dispense some “low justice.” The duke said there was *something* in you “worth the trouble.” He wasn't like the baron, but a creature of real power. He put you under one of his damned sidhe spells. You know, the kind that makes you feel as if you're an insignificant fly and they're gods. Hell, his mumbo-jumbo even put the kibosh on your “worm.” Your Disrupter pals have abandoned you, leaving you uncertain of your next move.

The duke has handed you over to a group of changelings with instructions that you help the others track down your Disrupter associates (they must have done something to really piss him off). Some of your new “gang” have been nice to you, but the group's troll is interested in teaching only lessons of hard knocks. You're not sure how to deal with these folks. You want to kill them all, especially the troll, but that damned sidhe spell still rings in your ears and forces you to play nice.

Roleplaying Hints: You're sullen and defensive. That troll bastard beat the crap out of you when you tried to run. He had

Wayfare and you didn't get very far. That annoying grump boggan brought you some salve for your busted lip and black eye. You told her to sod off, that you didn't need her *furking* pity, but she just tutted and kept dabbing.

Your mission is futile. The Disrupters travel in small bands, and you don't know enough to find your old gang. Yet you have a feeling in your gut that it will find you soon enough. You like to imagine that nocker chick and her werewolf buddies chewing through your “boon companions” like a redcap through an all-you-can-eat buffet. Thing is, after the sidhe took a Brillo pad to your brain, you wonder if your “true” friends will turn on you, too. You have nightmares of crashing machines, red eyes and gnashing teeth.

Maybe you deserve it all.



Equipment:

The clothes on your back and the pair of real virtuality goggles that the duke let you keep. You're not allowed to carry a weapon.

K I T H B O O K : Nocker

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Court: *Unseelie (Seelie influenced)*
Legacies: *Schismatic/Gadfly*
Title:

Seeming: *Wilder*
Society: *Disrupter*
Motley:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ☐☐☐☐☐
Dexterity ☐☐☐☐☐
Stamina ☐☐☐☐☐

Social

Charisma ☐☐☐☐☐
Manipulation ☐☐☐☐☐
Appearance ☐☐☐☐☐

Mental

Perception ☐☐☐☐☐
Intelligence ☐☐☐☐☐
Wits ☐☐☐☐☐

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ☐☐☐☐☐
Athletics ☐☐☐☐☐
Brawl ☐☐☐☐☐
Dodge ☐☐☐☐☐
Empathy ☐☐☐☐☐
Intimidation ☐☐☐☐☐
Kenning ☐☐☐☐☐
Persuasion ☐☐☐☐☐
Streetwise ☐☐☐☐☐
Subterfuge ☐☐☐☐☐

Skills

Crafts ☐☐☐☐☐
Drive ☐☐☐☐☐
Etiquette ☐☐☐☐☐
Firearms ☐☐☐☐☐
Leadership ☐☐☐☐☐
Melee ☐☐☐☐☐
Mining ☐☐☐☐☐
Security ☐☐☐☐☐
Stealth ☐☐☐☐☐
Survival ☐☐☐☐☐

Knowledges

Chimerical Alchemy ☐☐☐☐☐
Computer ☐☐☐☐☐
Enigmas ☐☐☐☐☐
Gematria ☐☐☐☐☐
Gremayre ☐☐☐☐☐
Investigation ☐☐☐☐☐
Lore ☐☐☐☐☐
Medicine ☐☐☐☐☐
Politics ☐☐☐☐☐
Science ☐☐☐☐☐

Advantages

Backgrounds

Contacts ☐☐☐☐☐
Dreamers ☐☐☐☐☐
Treasure (Real Virtuality Goggles) ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Arts

Chicanery ☐☐☐☐☐
Infusion ☐☐☐☐☐
Legendmain ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Realms

Fae ☐☐☐☐☐
Prop ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Other Traits

Disbarred (2 point Flaw)
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Glamour

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Willpower

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Banality

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Health

	Real	Chimerical
Bruised	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt -1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured -1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded -2	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled -2	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled -5	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

=Ravaging/Using Threshold=

=Birthrights/Frailties=

Experience:

Chimera Creation: Intelligence + Crafts roll to create simple chimera without the use of electricity, radiation or active chemical reactions.
Fix-It-All: Intelligence + Crafts roll.
Flaw: Every nocker invention has an intrinsic flaw.

Adventurous Miner

Quote: *You want me to sneak into the dragon's cave and set a trap? Good thing I have a day job!*

Background: Life as a miner wasn't easy at the Black Jewel freehold. No matter how hard your family worked, that bastard Morgenstern bled it dry.

Your parents pushed you to learn something besides mining so you wouldn't have to struggle like them. That's when you discovered that you had an aptitude for mechanics.

After you graduated high school, your father became sick and you had to support the family. However, Morgenstern ensured that nockers couldn't find work anywhere in town except at his mine. You did your job and learned a few things from the other nockers in hopes of finding a new life. You set aside enough money over time to buy yourself a garage. You began fixing people's cars in your free time, and finally quit your job at the mine when your mechanic business could support you and your family. That pissed Morgenstern off, big time. "No one quits on me," he raged.

You were working in your garage late one night when you heard a strange clanking sound. A red-clad sidhe knight on a mechanical horse approached your shop from the direction of the mine. The knight was injured, and his horse had a broken leg. You led them inside and riveted the horse's leg back into place, while the knight drank bad gas station coffee. The knight's pursuers, a gang of banal coal chimera, burst through your freehold doors minutes later. You and the knight fought them off, and you suddenly realized the direction your life *had* to take.

Concept: Everyone is down on the sidhe, but you don't think you have ever met anyone as decent or honest as your friend, the Red Branch Knight. After you helped him, he asked you to join him on his adventures.

Your life has been a nonstop roller coaster ride ever since, at least until lately. Morgenstern went insane and endangered even his own mine to hunt the knight down. The maniac's coal-men surrounded you and your companion — there were too many of them to fight. Adventures were suddenly frightening, not exciting. That's when you did something you had never done before — you ran, leaving your friend behind.

You escaped, but are ashamed of yourself. Sidhe are more vulnerable to Banality than most, and you're afraid that your companion has been lost to the fae world. You are determined to find him and seek other changelings to help you. Nothing else matters anymore.

Roleplaying Hints: Unlike most nockers, you genuinely enjoy the company of other changelings. You can be sweet and demure, and try to moderate your profanity — a curse is so much more effective if people don't expect it from you. You blame your Unseelie Legacy for your cowardice and the loss of your friend, and actively reject that side of your persona. Despite your rebellion against the conventions of your town, you are highly traditional in much of your outlook. You always strive to do the right thing.

Equipment: Various tools, Basilisk Stone, used Volvo in excellent shape, big hammer



K I T H B O O K : Nocker

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Court: *Seelie*
Legacies: *Comrade/Craven*
Title:

Seeming: *Wilden*
Society:
Motley:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ☐☐☐☐☐
Dexterity ☐☐☐☐☐
Stamina ☐☐☐☐☐

Social

Charisma ☐☐☐☐☐
Manipulation ☐☐☐☐☐
Appearance ☐☐☐☐☐

Mental

Perception ☐☐☐☐☐
Intelligence ☐☐☐☐☐
Wits ☐☐☐☐☐

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ☐☐☐☐☐
Athletics ☐☐☐☐☐
Brawl ☐☐☐☐☐
Dodge ☐☐☐☐☐
Empathy ☐☐☐☐☐
Intimidation ☐☐☐☐☐
Kenning ☐☐☐☐☐
Persuasion ☐☐☐☐☐
Streetwise ☐☐☐☐☐
Subterfuge ☐☐☐☐☐

Skills

Crafts ☐☐☐☐☐
Drive ☐☐☐☐☐
Etiquette ☐☐☐☐☐
Firearms ☐☐☐☐☐
Leadership ☐☐☐☐☐
Melee ☐☐☐☐☐
Mining ☐☐☐☐☐
Security ☐☐☐☐☐
Stealth ☐☐☐☐☐
Survival ☐☐☐☐☐

Knowledges

Chimerical Alchemy ☐☐☐☐☐
Computer ☐☐☐☐☐
Enigmas ☐☐☐☐☐
Gematria ☐☐☐☐☐
Gremayre ☐☐☐☐☐
Investigation ☐☐☐☐☐
Lore *Fae* ☐☐☐☐☐
Medicine ☐☐☐☐☐
Politics ☐☐☐☐☐
Science ☐☐☐☐☐

Advantages

Backgrounds

Dreamers (Elderly mechanics) ☐☐☐☐☐
Holdings (Garage) ☐☐☐☐☐
Resources ☐☐☐☐☐
Treasures (Basilisk Stone) ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Arts

Infusion ☐☐☐☐☐
Primal ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Realms

Actor ☐☐☐☐☐
Fae ☐☐☐☐☐
Prop ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Other Traits

Speedy Hammer (3 point Merit) ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Glamour

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Willpower

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Banalities

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Health

	Real	Chimerical
Bruised	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt -1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured -1	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded -2	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled -2	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled -5	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Ravaging/Using Threshold

Experience:

Birthrights/Frailties

Chimera Creation: Intelligence + Crafts roll to create simple chimera without the use of electricity, radiation or active chemical reactions.
Fix-It-All: Intelligence + Crafts roll.
Flaw: Every nocker invention has an intrinsic flaw.



Chapter Five: Experiments and Secrets

(New Traits and Treasures)

Also, more importantly, almost all the recipes are dangerous, especially to the individual who plays around with them without knowing what he is doing. Use care, caution and common sense. This book is not for children or morons.

— William Powell, *The Anarchist Cookbook*

Merits & Flaws

Centuries of working crafts, cursing, and living underground have givennockers certain advantages over and disadvantages against other kith. These qualities typically apply whennockers are in their own element — or so far out of it that they're vulnerable.

Tunnel Vision: (2 point Merit)

Mostnockers are adept at working under low light and in poor visibility conditions, but you have inherited a gift from the original goblin miners. You can see in absolute darkness as though it was daylight; you suffer no vision penalties under such conditions. You can also see better than most in fog, mist and in other situations where visibility is obscured. The difficulties of your Perception rolls are never increased by more than one when vision is obscured by fog or mist.

Speedy Hammer: (3 point Merit)

You are a fast and talented worker, even for your kith. When building or repairing something, the difficulty of your craft roll is reduced by one. Additionally, you require one to

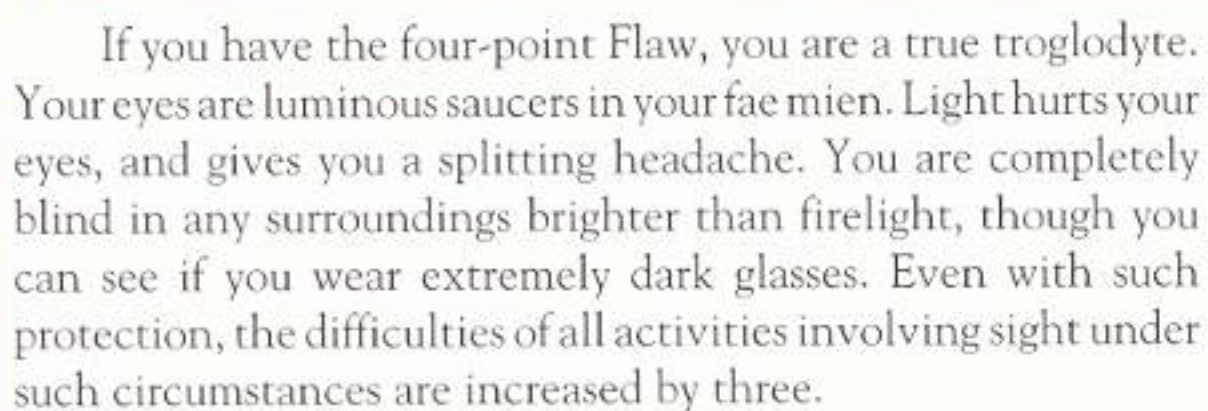
three fewer successes on any extended rolls required when working on large or complex projects. This Merit also reduces the difficulties of all mining rolls by two.

Work with Iron: (5 point Merit)

Mostnockers cannot abide the touch of iron in any way, but your skin is resistant to its bite for some reason. This ability allows you to work in many real-world situations, and othernockers envy you, though they also consider your condition somewhat suspect. This Merit is essentially the same as Iron Resistance (see *Changeling: The Dreaming* second edition); however, not only are you immune to iron, but your chimerical works are similarly resistant.

Troglodyte: (1-4 point Flaw)

You are a throwback to the original goblins and are used to life underground. Bright lights bother you, and it's difficult for you to see in situations involving anything brighter than fire-light. If you have the one-point Flaw, you are merely sensitive to bright lights; the difficulties of all Perception rolls based on sight are increased by two in situations involving sunlight. This difficulty is lowered by one if you wear dark glasses.



All nockers cuss, but your use of profanity puts others to shame. Your mouth spews forth a never-ending torrent of obscenities. Even other nockers find you tiresome. They know when to shut up in court, and when enough is enough. You just keep going. You even have a hard time with short conversations on the telephone. Basilisk Stones shatter overnight in your hands. This Flaw precludes you from ever holding a respectable job of any kind in human society.

Goblins really like you and want to be your pal. They show up late at night and get into your tools while you're trying to work. They think it's uproariously funny when they tell the duchess that you think she has a face like a horse. (Well, she does!) Things tend to explode around you. No matter how much you tell the goblins to *furk* off, they just laugh and want to hang out with you all the more. On the bright side, almost everyone else leaves you alone.

You have broken nocker prohibitions. Maybe you sold proscribed technology, failed to live up to a contract or mistreated one of your golems. In any event, your actions reflected badly on other nockers, and the Bes Din took your inventor license away. You may no longer practice your craft legally.

The player and Storyteller should decide together what the character did and how serious the infraction was. If it was minor, you are only on probation; the Bes Din may eventually reinstate your license pending good behavior and special services on your part. You may be working off your debt currently. The Storyteller decides when it has been paid off. This is a two-point Flaw.

Nockers who have committed particularly heinous crimes may lose their inventor licenses forever. This is a five-point Flaw.

Crafting, bargaining and contracting have acquired nockers a variety of influences, contacts and backgrounds. You are invited to create as many of these Traits as suits a nocker's origins. Perhaps the most important is detailed here.

Mining

Nockers are perhaps the most skilled miners in the world, and have built massive tunnel complexes. They are equally adept at tunneling through the Dreaming and mundane earth. Allnockers feel at home underground, and can travel with ease, often squeezing through the most narrow of tunnels. Difficulties never increase by more than two when they move in tight quarters underground, though some places are just too narrow for even them to pass.

Nockers are also fearsome subterranean fighters; a die is added to all combat rolls when mine-fighting. This is fortunate sincenockers have run into trouble while expanding their mines. They have come into competition with redcaps and various strains of chimera in the Dreaming. Some rock chimera are traditional enemies ofnockers, though others are allies or are neutral toward them. Nockers have also come across the Aslynth, a race of nightmarish spider chimera, while trying to reclaim their old tunnels after the Resurgence.

Golem

You command the services of a loyal golem. Unless you have the Infusion cantrips (Animantis and Gilgul), you most likely did not create the golem yourself, but inherited it (probably as a family heirloom). You must determine the specifics of the golem, such as its appearance and personality. Golems usually look like '50s science-fiction movie and pulp-fiction robots, suits of armor, mechanical animals or "traditional" clay humanoids. Some childlings have experimented with streamlined models, patterned after robots found in Japanese animé.

A loyal golem is a close ally that will aid you whenever you call on it. The power of the creature relates to the level of the Background—a small, wind-up toy with no offensive capabilities is a minor chimera. A fully outfitted battle golem is a very powerful chimera for a beginning character to command. (For full details on golem creation, see "Building Chimerical Creatures" in *Changeling: The Dreaming* second edition.) Very powerful golems may exceed even this scale.

- A conversation piece (8 Attribute points)
- A minor golem (15 Attribute points)
- A useful golem (22 Attribute points)
- A golem of significant power (29 Attribute points)
- A very powerful golem (36 Attribute points)

For information on golem Attributes, see the Infusion Art, pp. 56-58.

Sentient golems are highly valued amongnockers, so much so that abusing them is a violation of the kith's ethics. Instances of golem mistreatment are punishable by the local Bes Din, and truly horrific crimes may go before the Grand Bes Din as an example tonockers everywhere.

New Abilities

Nockers are masters of mechanical design and creation, possess knowledge of scientific theories and truths that would baffle the greatest human scientific minds, and are unrivaled miners and crafters. These capabilities can be done justice by Abilities available only to nocker characters.

Skills

Mining

Nockers have made their living beneath the earth since time immemorial. With a hammer and pick-axe in hand, you can tunnel through mundane or chimerical rock at an amazing speed. You can cut a nocker-sized tunnel through almost any substance (at the rate of one meter per hour for each success achieved on a Dexterity + Mining roll). The difficulty of mining varies depending on the substance's hardness (anything from 4 for clay to 10 for the hardest rock). You also know how to buttress your tunnels to prevent them from collapsing, and how to extract precious metals and gems from rock without damaging them. You are also highly adept at moving through low tunnels, and can use this Skill to determine direction underground. Nockers with this Skill are even familiar with the kith's rich reserves of mining lore.

Mostnockers have at least some familiarity with mining, even if they don't possess this Skill, and look askance at their fellows who have never dirtied their hands in a mine.

Possessed by: Nockers, Redcaps, Miners

Specialties: Precious Metals, Precious Stones, Mine Lore, Hard Rock

- **Apprentice:** You can find your way around your own freehold.
- **Miner:** You are learning, but still become lost in strange tunnels.
- **Mole:** You are well-trained and capable of making your own way underground.
- **Master:** There is rock dust in your veins. You can dig a tunnel through anything, given time.
- **Balmalocha:** One of the greatest practitioners of the craft. You believe you could tunnel your way back to Arcadia.

Knowledges

Chimerical Alchemy

The Birthright: Chimera Creation has certain limitations (a nocker may not create items that involve or require radiation, electricity or active chemical reactions). Nockers have sought to compensate for this by developing a highly specialized branch of science that deals with chemical reactions, which are difficult to replicate in the Dreaming.

You have gained some mastery of this elusive craft. Familiarity with Chimerical Alchemy allows you to transcend the

limits of what most nockers can create in the Dreaming. No longer are you restricted to creating mechanical devices and simple tools. Now you can invent chimerical batteries to power devices, and can change one thing into another — perhaps even turn chimerical lead into gold (or is that fool's gold?)!

Unlike mundane chemistry, which is an exact science, Chimerical Alchemy requires a considerable amount of intuition. An alchemical reaction created one day in the Dreaming may cause a different effect the next day. You are learning how to predict these strange variations. The deeper you go into the Dreaming, however, the more difficult it is to anticipate how a chimerical chemical reaction will turn out.

Chimerical Alchemy, as opposed to the Alchemy Knowledge detailed in the *Changeling Players Guide*, deals solely with the materials of the Dreaming. If your character already has the Alchemy Knowledge, you may transfer the points to Chimerical Alchemy if it suits your character, and with the Storyteller's permission.

Possessed by: Nockers

Specialties: Explosives, Transmutation, Near Dreaming, Deep Dreaming

- **Apprentice:** You haven't blown yourself up — yet.
- **Journeyman:** You're learning, but still highly dependent on your master for instruction. You could probably make goblin parchment.
- **Craftsperson:** You are well-trained and capable of making your own way. You could probably make chimerical gunpowder.
- **Master:** You're an experienced alchemist, within reach of the greatest of secrets. You could probably make a chimerical camera.
- **Balmalocha:** You're one of the true practitioners of the craft.

Gematria

Like Chimerical Alchemy, Gematria is a nocker science developed to compensate for the limitations of the Birthright: Chimera Creation. This chimerical science helps nockers harness energy effects in the Dreaming. This quasi-science derives its mathematical language from the ancient Kabbalistic discipline of the same name. Traditional Gematria was a Kabbalistic language that converted names to numerical value for mystical purposes. Nocker Gematria creates a flexible mathematical framework for predicting the “randomness” of chimerical energies. The discipline is particularly useful when dealing with Dreaming physics, electrical phenomenon and the behavior of FUBARs.

Possession of this Knowledge is essential to create chimerical objects and inventions that are more than simple tools, and that can operate with their own energy reserves.

Possessed by: Nockers, Talmudic Scholars

Specialties: FUBARs, Physics (Near Dreaming or Far Dreaming), Golems

- **Apprentice:** A novice.
- **Journeyman:** You are learning, but are still highly dependent on your master for instruction.
- **Craftsperson:** You are well-trained and capable of making your own way.
- **Master:** You are highly experienced, within reach of the greatest secrets.
- **Balmalocha:** One of the true practitioners of the craft.

New Art

The nocker ability to create fantastic inventions goes beyond working with tools, mechanics and science — magic is involved. Indeed, nockers couldn't create the things they do without the specialized cantrips that they have developed.

Infusion

This is the fundamental Art of nocker craft, and most nockers are conversant with its principles. At its lowest levels, Infusion strengthens and alters chimerical materials, making them easier for nockers to manipulate and work with. At its highest levels, this Art is an act of creation in the truest sense.

Infusion is based in part on the premise that there are four basic types of chimera: Incidental, Dreamed, crafted and forged. Incidental chimera are flimsy and difficult to work with in their native forms. Dreamed chimera are somewhat harder, but still do not stand up to most daily abuses. Crafted chimera are shaped through traditional handiwork (with the Crafts Skill), and the changeling must spend a point of Glamour to manipulate a crafted chimera. Only nockers, boggans and some eshu have much skill in the crafting aspect of Infusion. Forged chimera are the most resilient of chimerical items, and only nockers (and some sidhe of House Dougal) with this Art may create them.

Nockers guard this Art jealously, though a few boggans practice it at its lower levels. Nockers claim that boggans stole their knowledge, which may explain something of their enmity toward boggans. Some sidhe of House Dougal have also gained some learning of this Art.

(For further information on the types of chimera, rules on crafting chimera, and the creation of chimerical creatures, see pg. 217 in *Changeling: The Dreaming* second edition.)

Attribute: Intelligence

☞ Harden

This cantrip allows a nocker to “harden” inanimate, Incidental chimera into a form that can be forged or crafted. (Further details on Incidental chimera can be found in *Changeling: The Dreaming* second edition, pg. 218.)

System: This cantrip costs one point of Glamour (in addition to any other Glamour needed for casting) to use.

The chimerical object to be affected determines the nature of the Realm. Fae ••••• (Dweomer of Glamour) can be used as a secondary Realm but not as the solitary Realm.



An Incidental chimera that has had this cantrip successfully cast upon it can be crafted or forged as if were a Dreamed chimera.

The number of successes determines the duration of the cantrip. Obviously at least two successes are needed for this cantrip to be of much use.

1 success — One hour

2 successes — One day

3 successes — One week

4 successes — One month

5 successes — Permanent

Type: Chimerical

☼☼ Toughen

This allows a nocker to toughen any chimerical material (even a changeling's fae mien), making it more resistant to damage and Banality.

System: The nature of the chimerical object to be affected determines the Realm needed for casting this cantrip.

Any chimerical substance affected by this cantrip gains an additional Health Level for every two successes earned by the casting of the cantrip. In addition, all rolls for resisting Banality are reduced by one for every two successes gained.

Multiple castings of this cantrip do not have cumulative effects.

Type: Chimerical

☼☼☼ FUBAR Generation

This cantrip allows a nocker to spontaneously create FUBARs and bend them to his will. FUBARs are a necessity for any nocker experiments that are created with or powered by electricity or magnetism. It is unknown whether the FUBARs are actually created by the use of this cantrip or if they are summoned by its casting.

System: The Realm Fae ••••• (Dweomer of Glamour) must always be used when casting this cantrip.

A nocker can trap a generated FUBAR in a metal hoop with an Intelligence + Gematria roll, difficulty of the FUBAR's Glamour rating.

The number of successes determines the number of Glamour points the FUBAR has.

Type: Chimerical

☼☼☼☼ Animantis

Golems are the automated servitors of nockers, and most serve and accompany their creators willingly. Like all chimera, golems may range widely in power, size and appearance. The only constraints on a golem's features or capabilities are a nocker's talent, materials and imagination. Most golems have a mechanical appearance, though a nocker may use Phantom Shadows (Legerdemain •••••) to make a golem more natural in appearance.

System: The Realm Fae ••••• (Dweomer of Glamour) must always be used when casting this cantrip.

Capturing Wild FUBARs

FUBARs are useful for a host of experimental applications. They need to be invested with a point of Glamour each week to survive. The FUBAR is a prisoner for one day per success. The nocker may similarly imprison "wild" FUBARs, though this involves creating a generator and containment unit.

Although FUBARs exist in nature, a nocker needs to construct a (usually steam-powered) electrical generator to capture a FUBAR in the lab. (Extended Intelligence + Craft, Gematria and Science rolls, difficulty 7, are required. Five successes are needed on each extended roll before the construct is complete.)

Golem creation is an arduous process. (Extended Intelligence + Gematria and Craft rolls, difficulty 7, 10 successes required in each.) Once a nocker has built her golem's body, she must hook it up to a FUBAR-powered generator. Such a golem is essentially mindless, and follows only basic commands. However, if the nocker later casts the Gilgul cantrip (see below) on the golem to give it true sentience, it gains a measure of intelligence.

A botched cantrip roll means the animation process causes physical damage to the golem, and the nocker must repair it before the cantrip roll is repeated.

Seven points may be spent on the golem's Physical and Social Attributes, Skills and Redes for each success rolled. (See the Golem Background, above.)

Type: Chimerical

●●●●● Gilgul

Gilgul is the Hebrew term for "transmigration of souls," "reincarnation" or "metempsychosis." For nockers, it is the ultimate act of creation, for it is the process by which sentient life is created. Bestowing the breath of life involves properties of the *strange* monad and demands a great deal of time and equipment. This cantrip is typically used to make non-sentient chimera sentient, and is often used to bring golems to life. Nockers who wish to practice this cantrip legally must obtain permission from the Grand Bes Din.

System: When granting sentience to a golem, the Realm Fae ●●●●● (Dweomer of Glamour) must always be used. When using this cantrip on chimera, the nature of the chimera determines the Realm used, though Fae ●●●●● can be used as a secondary Realm.

Among the chimerical tools needed to bestow chimerical life is a rod of true silver and a delta-wave helmet. Both are used to collect *strange* monads, and to imprint the nocker's brain patterns on his creation. If the cantrip is successful, the player makes an Intelligence + Gematria roll (difficulty 7). If both rolls succeed, congratulations — it's a living, *thinking* chimera. Cigars for everyone!

Sentient golems are typically dimwitted, but some are remarkably intelligent. For each success achieved on the Gematria roll, the golem gains one Attribute point, assigned to Perception, Intelligence or Wits by the nocker's player. The creature is friendly and loyal to its creator, and learns fundamental skills quickly.

If the cantrip roll succeeds, but the Intelligence + Gematria roll fails, no points are allocated to the golem's Mental Attributes. The creature is a blithering idiot. It may be less useful than it was before, if it was animated previously. The chimera can't even follow simple instructions, but is still alive and aware, and loves its master like a half-witted dog would. Creating a fool is one of the risks of creating life, and puts the nocker in the moral dilemma of caring for his child or extinguishing its life (and hoping that the Bes Din never gets word of it).

If the player botches one or both rolls, the golem gains sentience, but the Gilgul goes horribly awry; the golem is mentally unstable and antisocial. (The Storyteller rolls the character's Intelligence + Gematria secretly, and assigns points to the golem's Mental Attributes. If the Storyteller rolls no successes for Attributes, the creature is a mindless animal.) The creator of a rebellious or out-of-control golem may have to destroy her child to prevent a bloody rampage.

Type: Chimerical

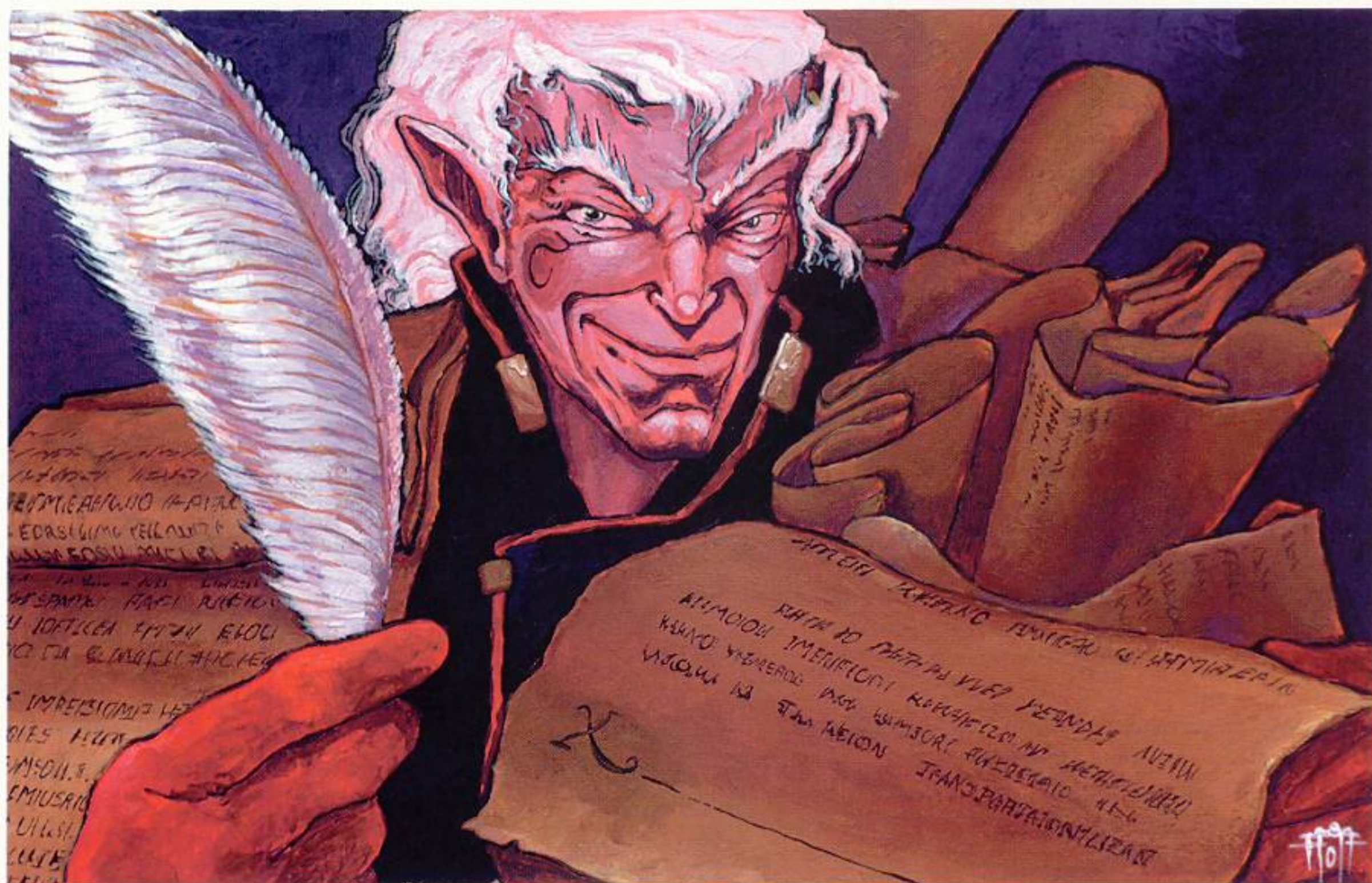
Ṣatskes (Ṣeasures)

Nockers define themselves in terms of the treasures they create, and their list of inventions is long and strange. Unless otherwise noted, all nocker treasures are forged, and are thus resistant to Banality (difficulty is reduced by two on all rolls to resist Banality). Forged items are generally more durable than their crafted counterparts (forged blades hold an edge longer, forged armor dents less easily). Nockers sell many of their treasures, so another Kithain may buy a forged item rather than a crafted one (this costs an extra Background point during character creation). However, the Bes Din or nobility may proscribe the sale of certain technology for security reasons. Only nockers (or in some cases nobles of other kith) may possess proscribed technologies.

Basilisk Stone (Level 1 Ṣeasure)

Sadly, most people do not appreciate nocker speech habits. Nockers may rail against such harsh judgment, but even they understand that there are times when they need to shut up, and that can be difficult to do. A Basilisk Stone is therefore invaluable while at court or when trying to hold down a job in the mundane world. Although Blistertongue Jill shattered the first and greatest of these stones, the shards of the original still contain some of Byzamedas' old magic.

A nocker can curse into a stone, and the player makes a Willpower roll (difficulty 5). The nocker then feels no desire to curse for one hour for each success rolled, but may not use the stone again until it digests the obscenities uttered (which takes the same number of hours as the nocker may go without cursing



again). If the Willpower roll fails, the character fails to produce or reach his stone in time before a curse blurts out of his mouth — “Shit! Oh shit, I missed! Shit, I said shit! Oh... shit.”

Nockers without a Basilisk Stone may stop themselves from cursing with the expenditure of a Willpower point, and a successful Willpower roll (difficulty 6). They stop cursing for six hours per success rolled.

A nocker with the Flaw *Foul Mouth* uses a stone at difficulty 7. If her Willpower roll to curse into it botches, she gets to the stone in time, but overcomes its absorptive powers — the stone shatters into fine powder and is useless.

Burst Tapes (Level 1 Treasure)

Burst tapes are bands of metal used for the storage and instantaneous transfer of data from an analytical engine. Nockers often fashion these bands into jewelry. A nocker wearing one of these can send and receive data from a similarly equipped nocker on contact, say with the mere shake of her hand. The owner of the bracelet can, of course, preprogram exactly what information she wants to transmit.

Goblin Lantern (Level 1 Treasure)

This kind of lantern is common in most nocker mines, and casts two types of light. The first is visible to all Kithain, but a nocker can make the light visible to only other nockers with the turn of a knob. Goblin lanterns can project beams up to 200 feet, or can cast light over a 20-foot radius.

Goblin Parchment (Level 1 Treasure, proscribed)

Goblin parchment is the favorite medium of nobles and nockers for sending secret messages, especially threats. Writing on goblin parchment is only visible to the intended recipient, and the paper burns up immediately after it is read. The parchment resists *all* attempts to copy the information on it, even by other nockers or sluagh Wordspiders. The sidhe nobility has recently instated laws limiting the sale of the parchment to other kith, so the material is now a valuable black-market commodity. Goblin parchment is usually acquired in 10-sheet bundles.

Goblin Shoes (Level 1 Treasure)

Nockers make goblin shoes from the skin of a white subterranean worm chimera. These shoes can stretch over almost any size foot, and render the user's footsteps almost completely inaudible. The difficulties of Stealth rolls involving sound while moving are reduced by two.

Prundane Weapons (Level 1 Treasure for other Kithain)

Nocker weapons come in every possible variety and are of high quality. Almost all come with a replacement guarantee if they should be damaged in battle against a non-nocker weapon. Any weapon bought through this Treasure Background is a

forged item, while those weapons bought through another Background are crafted. Nockers may possess mundane weapons without buying them as Treasure Backgrounds. All other kith must buy such weapons as level-one treasures.

Razor Claws (Level 1 Treasure)

A perennial bestseller among redcaps, these are small, cruelly curved blades that extend beyond the knuckles of a special glove. The wearer may extend and retract the blades by pressing a stud hidden in the palm of the glove.

Difficulty: 4

Damage: Strength + 2

Concealability: P (Inside Glove)

Astronomical and Mining Charts (Level 1/2 Treasure)

Whilenockers aren't the great explorers of land and sea that the eshu are, they have ranged far in their flying machines and have mined deep into the Earth and Dreaming. They charted many sun, moon and tunnel trods before the Shattering occurred, and still retain many of these maps.

Many astronomical trods changed shape and course upon Copernicus' pronouncement that the Earth was not the center of the universe. This transformation continued throughout the Interregnum, and somenockers' maps are now useless.

Possession of this treasure means that the character has several charts. They are partially accurate, but even the best of them is not completely reliable (and none are complete).

A nocker has maps of the Near Dreaming for one Background point, or maps of both the Near and Far Dreaming for two. (There are few known maps of the Deep Dreaming, and most of these are outdated or flatly inaccurate.) Players must choose whether their characters have astronomical or mining charts.

Chimerical Exoskeleton (Level 1-5 Treasure)

Chimerical exoskeletons are large suits of automated metal armor that provide a wearer with protection, and impose fewer Dexterity penalties than conventional armor does. An advanced or large suit can also increase its wearer's Strength. Chimerical exoskeletons are typically powered by FUBARs and steam-driven hydraulics, as well as by ingenious systems of gears, pulleys and counterweights. An exoskeleton is custom made for the client, who may specify the armor's general appearance and any additional features that he would like to add (razor claws, for example).

A suit must be activated with one point of Glamour to function for a scene, no matter how many features are built into it.

The sizes of different kith determine the ratings and penalties of their exoskeleton armor. The size of the armor sought also determines its Background point cost, although the Storyteller

may modify that cost based on the number of additional features a suit has, or by how elaborate it is.

- Nocker: Armor 3, Dexterity penalty 0
- Pooka: Armor 4, Dexterity penalty 0
- Satyr: Armor 5, Dexterity penalty 0
- Redcap: Armor 6, Strength + 1, Dexterity penalty one
- Troll: Armor 7, Strength + 2, Dexterity penalty one

Glamour Battery (Level 1-5 Treasure)

Nocker research into Glamour at its fundamental levels has resulted in several practical discoveries, including the invention of this device for storing Glamour in battery form. The Glamour Battery is a metal antenna that channels ambient Glamour into a silver headband that is connected to a battery by two wires. The battery is essentially a portable freehold. Its owner must invest an amount of permanent Glamour equal to the level of the battery to activate it (as he would do with a freehold acquired during play). If the player buys the



battery with Background points during character generation, it is assumed that the nocker has already invested the appropriate Glamour points to activate it.

If the battery is destroyed, the owner gains a number of temporary Banality points equal to the level of the treasure (though she also regains any Glamour or Background points invested).

Other changelings may use the Glamour Battery, but only if the owner attunes it to them. To obtain energy from a Glamour Battery, the user must place the silver band around her head and sleep. Upon awakening, she recovers a number of Glamour points equal to the amount she initially invested. Of course, the changeling may never gain Glamour above her permanent Glamour rating.

Goblin Bow (Level 1/2 Treasure)

This is a multishot crossbow that carries six bolts in a metal clip. The bow advances the clip with each shot, allowing the user to fire multiple shots without reloading (use normal multiple action rules). Goblin bows may be light crossbows (one Background point) or heavy crossbows (two Background points). Each bow comes with five clips.

Difficulty: 7

Damage: 4 light/5 heavy

Concealability: T

Æther Radio (Level 2 Treasure)

This special radio broadcasts only to those who can detect the Dreaming, and to those who have another æther radio. Æther sub-band radios have an effective range of anywhere from one to 50 miles, depending on the degree of Banality in the vicinity of sender or receiver. This treasure consists of a set of two radios. Players of any kith may buy additional radios at the cost of one Background point each.

Goblin Cloak (Level 2 Treasure)

Black crystals are woven into goblin cloaks, and bend light around the wearer. The difficulty for anyone to see a nocker

wearing one of these cloaks in bright light is 7. This increases to 9 in the dark.

Pendulum (Level 2 Treasure)

This treasure is a small, hollow metal ball connected to a silver chain. The user can put a piece of any kind of material inside the ball, and the pendulum will lead him to the nearest deposit of that material. If there is none of that substance in the area, the character can dowse over a map and the pendulum will circle over the nearest deposit's general vicinity. The pendulum costs one point of Glamour to activate per scene.

Chimerical Firearms (Level 2/3/4 Treasure)

Due to the difficulty of causing chemical reactions in the Dreaming, chimerical firearms are not common. Nevertheless, the Weapons Guild has created an assortment of custom-made firearms that are every bit as accurate and powerful as their mundane counterparts.

Most nocker firearms are extremely ornate and look like old dueling pistols and flintlocks, but possess the firepower of modern weapons.

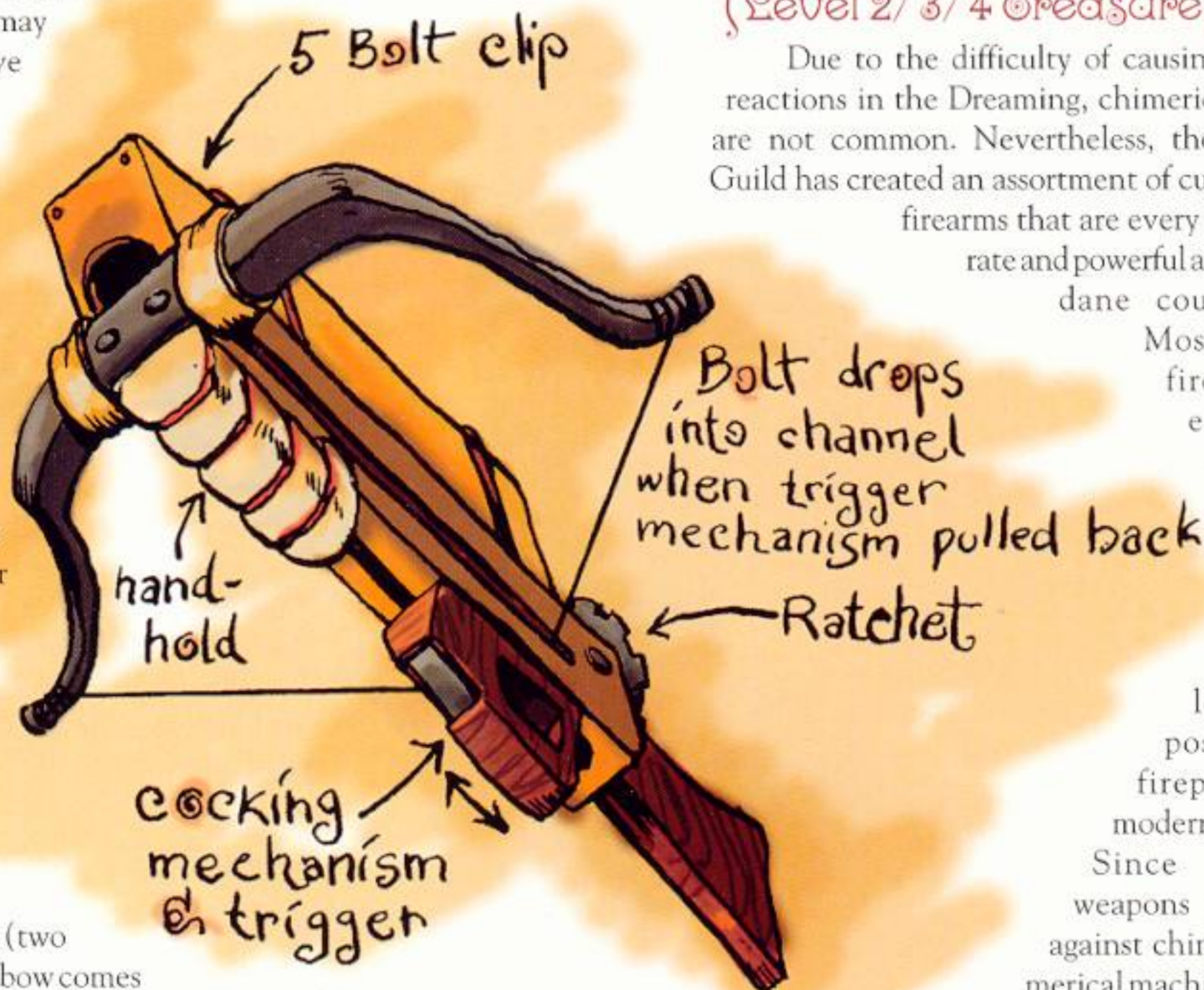
Since mundane weapons are useless against chimera, a chimerical machine gun may be just the thing for taking

down the dragon that's been terrorizing the land. A changeling can also use a chimerical gun against an enchanted human or fellow faeries without causing them permanent physical damage, although the rules regarding chimerical damage still apply.

Possession of light pistols or revolvers is a two-point Background; heavy pistols and rifles cost three points. A player must spend five points for a machine gun, assault rifle, automatic shotgun or the like. Each gun comes with 10 rounds of ammunition per Background point invested (thus a machine gun comes with 40 bullets). Characters of any kith may acquire 20 more rounds for each additional Background point spent.

Magic Mirror Box (Level 2/3 Treasure)

A chimerical camera is one of the most difficult items to create in the Dreaming, and is a useful but correspondingly expensive item. (Film is particularly difficult to duplicate be-



cause it functions through chemical reactions.) A still camera costs two Background points, and can usually take up to 23 photographs per roll of film. A portable movie camera costs three Background points and can film up to two hours with a single roll of film. Each camera comes with two rolls of film (development included). Two additional rolls of film can be purchased with a single Background point.

Analytical Engine (Level 3 Treasure)

Professor Charles Babbage's Analytical Engine, proposed in the wake of his Difference Engine, was the first computer ever designed (though it was never completed due to lack of funds). Nockers have elaborated on this early design, adding many of their own innovations. This development, along with advances in chimerical electrical sources, allowsnockers to build computers in the Dreaming.

These instruments are invaluable tools for nocker scientists and are programmed with, among other things, Gematria software. (Gematria programs do not run on mundane computers, and may even cause them to crash.) A nocker with an Analytical Engine may perform all mathematical tasks and those involving Gematria with difficulties reduced by three. Analytical Engines are wonders of clockwork engineering, and are composed predominantly of wood and brass. They are operated with a keyboard, record data on magnetic plates, and project their calculations into a glass ball that is filled with an incandescent gas.

Delta-Wave Helmet (Level 3 Treasure)

Most delta-wave helmets look like colanders with magnets and wires attached to them. Nockers frequently line them with rubber strips and metal foil. Delta-wave helmets are used to collect various Dream energies, especially *anamnads*, to attempt to travel into various Dreamrealms. The helmets also collect *strange monads* for the casting of the Gilgul cantrip. A nocker can attune a helmet to collect other energies as well (Intelligence + Gematria, difficulty 9, to do so).

Wearing this helmet also reduces the difficulty of using Dream-Craft, Infusion and Wayfare Arts by one.

Delta-wave helmets work by projecting a nocker's mind into powerful Glamour fields. A nocker is unaware of what occurs around her body, and is physically defenseless while projecting her mind.

Glamo-meter (Level 3 Treasure)

This highly useful device looks and sounds like a Geiger counter. It measures the ambient level of Glamour or Banality in an object, reporting the object's rating on a one-to-10 scale (essentially corresponding to the subject's rating in game terms.) A player must spend a point of Glamour per scene to activate a meter, and an Intelligence + Gematria roll (difficulty 7) is required to calibrate the device properly. If one success is achieved, the Glamo-meter gives readings on a subject's Glamour rating to within one-point accuracy. Two successes are required to measure a subject's Banality to within one point. Glamo-meters are delicate instruments (parts of them are not forged, by necessity), and can be damaged easily in the field.

Lightning Gun (Level 3 Treasure)

Despite their fearsome high-tech appearance, lightning guns are relatively easy to build in the Dreaming. All that is required is a FUBAR and a specially carved metal rod to amplify and direct its energies. Most nocker lightning guns look like archaic dueling pistols or something out of *Flash Gordon*.

A weapon must be invested with one point of Glamour to have 10 charges, and can fire once a turn. (It can contain no more than 10 charges at any one time.) The weapon's attacks have the advantage (or perhaps disadvantage) of causing half-damage to objects and people that are adjacent to targets, if those secondary targets are in contact with a conductive material (water or metal).

Difficulty: 6

Damage: 5

Concealability: J

Real Virtuality Goggles (Level 3 Treasure)

This useful treasure is a large and bulky pair of goggles with smoked-glass lenses and a red light inside. The wearer can "peek" from the Near Dreaming into the adjoining area of the mundane world. The goggles render changeling spies all but invisible to those without *fae* sight. One point of Glamour activates this treasure for a scene.

Universal Solvent (Level 4 Treasure, proscribed)

Universal Solvent is a result of nockers' investigation into chimerical alchemy, and is the greatest (and among the rarest) product of this science. The solvent is a binary compound; the alchemist must keep its parts in two separate bottles (one black and one white, usually). When the nocker mixes the two components, a dense cloud of pure Banality pours forth, dissolving every chimerical object in its path, including changelings in



their fae mien (six points of damage per turn; armor is ineffective). Since this solution is banal, it can never have a Wyrd effect.

This treasure's bottles contain enough solution to create one large cloud (30-foot radius) or a few smaller clouds. Obviously the nocker should check wind speed and direction before using this concoction. Since this treasure introduces Banality into the world, nockers allow its use only in absolute emergencies.

Energy Cannon (Level 5 Treasure, proscribed)

This powerful field weapon is a large version of the lightning gun. It's the primary weapon of nocker security forces, who put it to good effect during the Accordance War. Variations on the energy cannon include a flamethrower and a prismatic light weapon. Some nockers have mounted these guns on large ornithopters (see below) to create the illusion of dragon's breath. The weapon requires the investiture of one point of Glamour per discharge. The energy cannon is an artillery piece and requires transportation to move it from place to place.

Difficulty: 7

Damage: 10

Concealability: N

Vehicles

Nockers don't limit their creations to hand-held devices and tools. The driven and imaginative among them (which is most of them) also create vehicles to carry them across the Dreaming. Indeed, some of these vehicles can carry many people, but they take months or even years to construct, and demand enormous funds.

Nocker Airships

Nockers built the first flying machines centuries before the Montgolfier brothers flew the first balloon in 1783. Nocker airships are usually of one of two forms: balloons or ornithopters. The kith uses these crafts to explore the sun and moon trods that snake through the Near Dreaming, though some have gone farther afield.

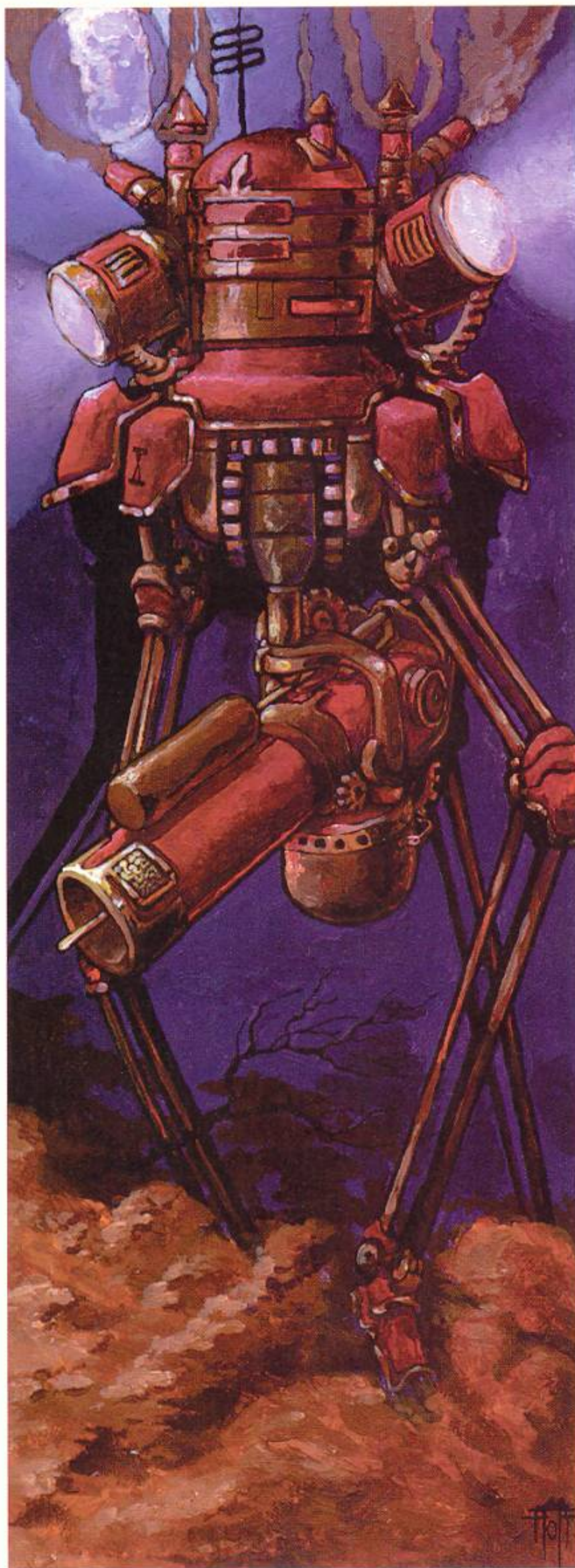
The examples of chimerical vehicles provided below are just that; feel free to customize them to your particular nocker's needs. The Storyteller is the final authority on what is permissible. The information and stats provided here can also be adapted to ocean-going vessels.

Almost all nocker chimerical vehicles must be invested with Glamour in order to function.

Airships have the following Traits:

Stall: The minimum speed that an aircraft can travel without crashing. Balloons have a stall speed of zero; they can hover in place without crashing. Neither balloons nor ornithopters need much in the way of a runway.

Cruise: The vehicle's standard cruising speed.



Maximum: The vehicle's maximum speed.

Range: The distance in miles that the vehicle can cover at cruising speed on a single point of Glamour. Reduce that distance by one-half if traveling at maximum speed, unless the vehicle is wind-propelled. If no Glamour is available to invest in an airship, and it's already aloft, it heads for land. A balloon or dirigible

drifts downward, and a Pilot roll is required to make a safe landing. Any vehicle that runs on its own power "runs out of gas" when there's no more Glamour to invest into it, and crashes unless an emergency landing can be performed, again with a Pilot roll.

Maneuver: The vehicle's aerial maneuverability on a scale of one to 10 (the difficulty to perform any maneuvers).

Passengers: The maximum number of people that the vehicle can carry. It's assumed that passengers are of average human size. An ornithopter that can carry three human-sized sidhe might carry one sidhe, one troll and a boggan, instead.

Armor: Points of armor, if applicable.

Health Levels: The amount of damage that the vehicle can suffer before becoming inoperable. Penalties listed modify rolls to perform maneuvers after damage has been sustained.

Æther Balloons

Nocker æther balloons come in many forms, from single-passenger, hot-air balloons to large, rigid dirigibles. A two-passenger balloon might cost two or three Background points,

while a rigid-framed (zeppelin) or non-rigid (blimp) passenger ship could cost five Background points.

Balloons may contain hot air or lighter-than-air gases to gain altitude. Large dirigibles are equipped with engines, rudders and elevators. Dirigibles may also have luxuriously appointed gondolas used for entertainment, or as well-stocked, airborne laboratories. Dirigibles' condenser units collect water for steam power and ballast.

Balloons and dirigibles can stay aloft longer than ornithopters can, and can carry more passengers comfortably, but balloons are highly vulnerable to attack. Balloons and dirigibles have no attack capabilities, unless those features are purchased separately.

Dexterity + Pilot rolls are made when a balloon or dirigible pilot performs maneuvers.

•• A small hot-air balloon with a suspended gondola.

Stall: 0 mph

Cruise: Wind speed

Maximum: Wind speed

Range: 80

Maneuver: 8

Passengers: 2

Armor: Balloon 0, Gondola 2

Health Levels: Balloon OK, -5; Gondola OK, OK, -1, -1, -2, -5

••• A small gas or hot-air balloon with a suspended gondola and a steam engine.

Stall: 0 mph

Cruise: Wind speed or 30 mph

Maximum: Wind speed or 40 mph

Range: 200

Maneuver: 7

Passengers: 5

Armor: Balloon 0, Gondola 2

Health Levels: Balloon OK, -2, -5; Gondola OK, OK, -1, -1, -2, -2, -5

•••• A small non-rigid airship (blimp) with an enclosed gondola, multiple internal ballonets and a steering system. Size: 100 feet long and 35 feet in diameter.

Stall: 0 mph

Cruise: 40 mph

Maximum: 55 mph

Range: 250

Maneuver: 6

Passengers: 8

Armor: Balloon 1, Gondola 3

Health Levels: Balloon OK, -1, -2, -5; Gondola OK, OK, OK, -1, -1, -2, -2, -5

••••• A medium-sized, semi-rigid airship with an enclosed gondola, multiple internal gas cells, a partial aluminum frame and a steering system. Size: 253 feet long and 55 feet in diameter (about the size of a U.S. Navy K-type blimp).

Stall: 0 mph

Cruise: 45 mph

Maximum: 70 mph

Range: 500

Maneuver: 7

Passengers: 20

Armor: Balloon 2, Gondola 4

Health Levels: Balloon OK, OK, -1, -2, -5; Gondola OK, OK, OK, OK, -1, -1, -2, -2, -5

•••••• A large airship (zeppelin) with an enclosed gondola, multiple internal gas cells, a rigid aluminum-cage frame and a steering system. Size: 430 feet long and 50 feet in diameter (about half the size of the *Hindenburg*).

Stall: 0 mph

Cruise: 60 mph

Maximum: 80 mph

Range: 900

Maneuver: 8

Passengers: 40

Armor: Balloon 3, Gondola 5

Health Levels: Balloon OK, OK, OK, -1, -1, -2, -2, -5; Gondola OK, OK, OK, OK, OK, -1, -1, -1, -2, -2, -5

Ornithopters

Ornithopters are aircraft that fly by the flapping motion of their wings. They often look like mechanical birds or more exotic creatures. A one-point ornithopter may

be a small tricycle with a pair of flapping wings or a small propeller. Many nocker ornithopters look like great jeweled birds, butterflies, praying mantises or even pegasi, griffins or dragons.

All ornithopters look mechanical, despite any creature imagery, unless the creator uses Chicanery or other means to obscure a craft's true nature. Most ornithopters expose passengers to the elements to some degree, but some large ones have enclosed canopies.

Unlike balloons, ornithopters have built-in offensive capabilities. These are not usually ranged attacks, but features built onto the vessels that allow them to do damage to targets. An ornithopter's pilot may maneuver and employ these attack features by making a Dexterity + Ride (in the case of an animal-shaped craft) or Pilot roll.

The examples provided below are not necessarily indicative of a particular vessel's appearance. The level-five "dragon" may look like a giant duck if a nocker so desires.

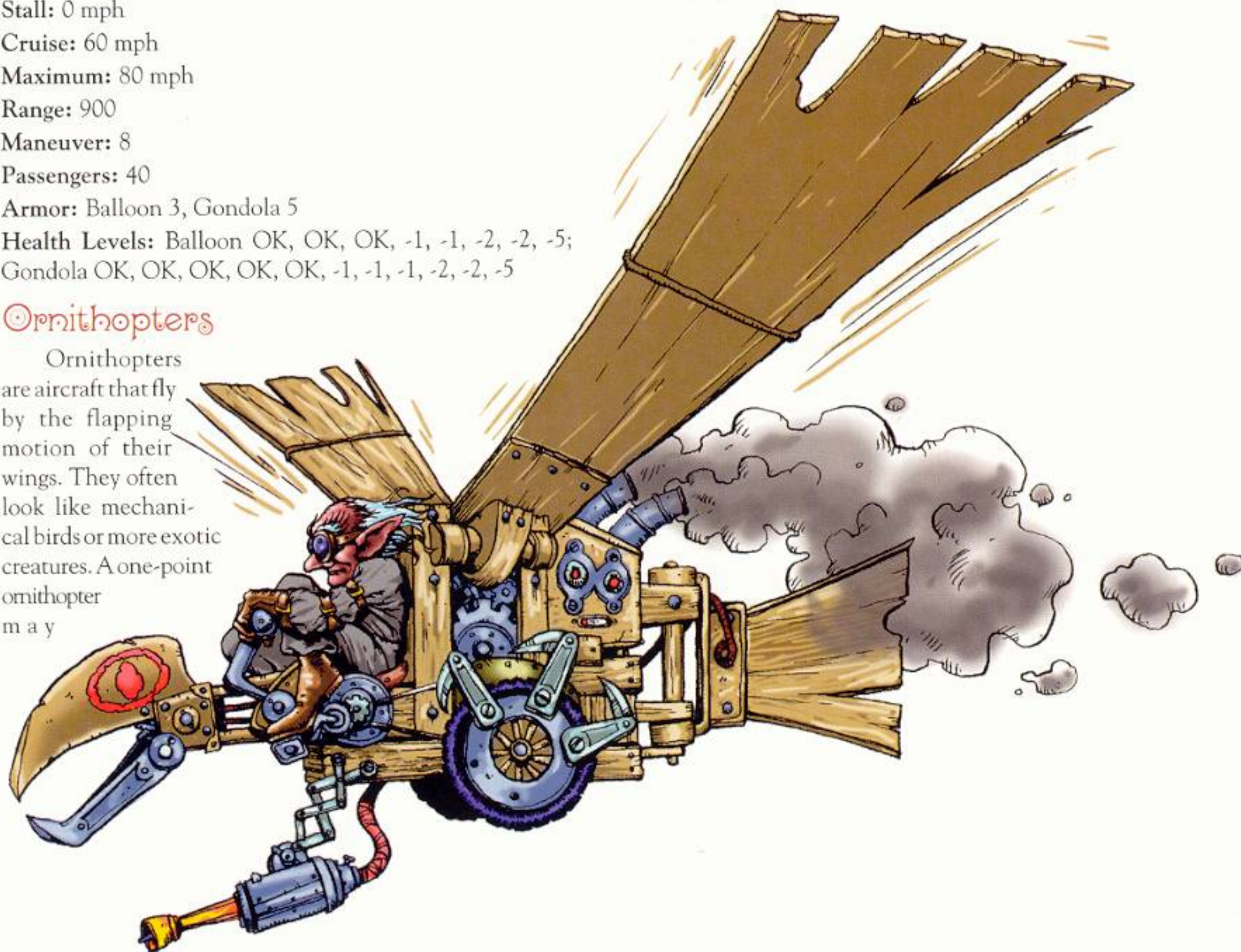
•• A large eagle

Stall: 30 mph

Cruise: 60 mph

Maximum: 70 mph

Range: 45



Maneuver: 5
Passengers: 1
Armor: 1
Health Levels: OK, OK, -1, -2, -2, -5
Attack: Talons — two dice; Bite — one die

••• A pegasus

Stall: 45 mph
Cruise: 55 mph
Maximum: 65 mph
Range: 85
Maneuver: 6
Passengers: 2
Armor: 3
Health Levels: OK, OK, OK, -1, -2, -2, -5

Attack: Kick — six dice

•••• A griffin

Stall: 45 mph
Cruise: 55 mph
Maximum: 75 mph
Range: 100
Maneuver: 7
Passengers: 3
Armor: 4

Health Levels: OK, OK, OK, -1, -1, -2, -2, -5

Attack: Claw — four dice; Bite — five dice

••••• A roc

Stall: 40 mph
Cruise: 65 mph
Maximum: 100 mph
Range: 200
Maneuver: 7
Passengers: 4

Armor: 4

Health Levels: OK, OK, OK, OK, -1, -1, -1, -2, -2, -5

Attack: Talons — five dice; Bite — four dice

••••• A small dragon

Stall: 90 mph

Cruise: 180 mph

Maximum: 230 mph

Range: 240

Maneuver: 8

Passengers: 5

Armor: 6

Health Levels: OK, OK, OK, OK, OK, -1, -1, -1, -2, -2, -2, -5

Attack: Claws five dice; Bite eight dice

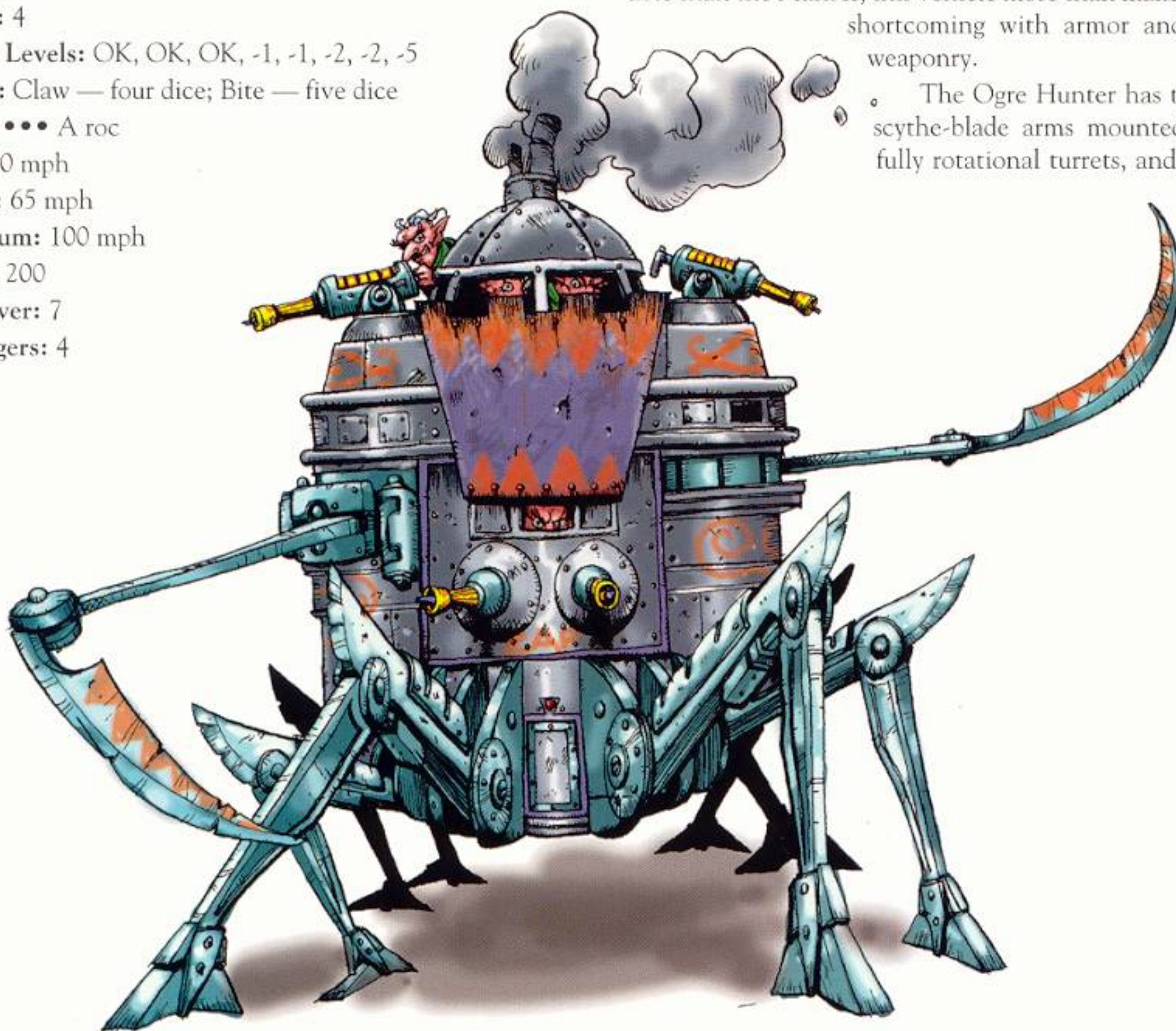
Ogre Hunter Mark III

Proscribed (and unavailable to beginning characters), a nocker must be a member of the Weapons Guild to gain access to an Ogre Hunter.

The Ogre Hunter Mark III is the most advanced battle fortress, and models roll off the Weapons Guild assembly lines at the rate of four a year. The mobile fort can traverse most types of terrain on its eight spiderlike legs. Larger and less maneuverable than the Mark II, this vehicle more than makes up for this

shortcoming with armor and advanced weaponry.

• The Ogre Hunter has two massive scythe-blade arms mounted onto two fully rotational turrets, and each blade





has an effective reach of 45 feet in an 180-degree arc. The standard model carries four heavy, fast-loading anti-personnel goblin bows. Some of the newest units are armed with energy cannons.

The interior of the vehicle contains smoke dispersing fans, and can be sealed against outside contamination.

Nockers may refit a fortress (Dexterity + Craft, difficulty 7, extended roll, eight successes required) to travel through deep water.

Weapons: Scythe blades — eight dice; four heavy goblin bows — five dice; energy cannon — 10 dice (new units only)

Weight: 40 tons

Crew: 7

Range: 400

Safe Speed: 20 mph

Maximum Speed: 30 mph (on road)

Maneuverability: 2

Armor: 7 on front; 5 on sides, top and bottom

Health Levels: OK, OK, OK, OK, OK, OK, OK, OK, OK, -1, -1, -1, -2, -2, -2, -5

For more information on vehicle statistics, refer to the Vehicles Chart in *Changeling: The Dreaming* second edition.

FUBARs

Nockers delight in the generation and use of FUBARs more than almost any other activity. Most changelings do not know what to make of these creatures of “foolish fire” (more commonly called will o’ the wisps, or *Ignis Fatuus* to the sidhe). Nockers gave FUBARs this vulgar appellation (from the old Army slang “Fucked/Fouled Up Beyond All Recognition”), and seem to like the creatures more than they do most other Kithain.

FUBARs are Glamour energy fields, and have more applications than any mundane energy source. Nockers use FUBARs to light their labs, animate golems and to power energy weapons. FUBARs may appear in the wild — as in the will o’ the wisp legend — but these are very difficult to “train.”

The major drawback to FUBARs is that they can turn into glitches (essentially “Unseelie” FUBARs) under certain circumstances, such as when they are overtaxed for too long or are used carelessly. Glitches destroy nockers’ experiments, sometimes turning on their tormentors physically.

Attributes: Dexterity 7, Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 3, Dodge 2, Kenning 3 (nockers will often train FUBARs in various Science and Craft Knowledges, as well)

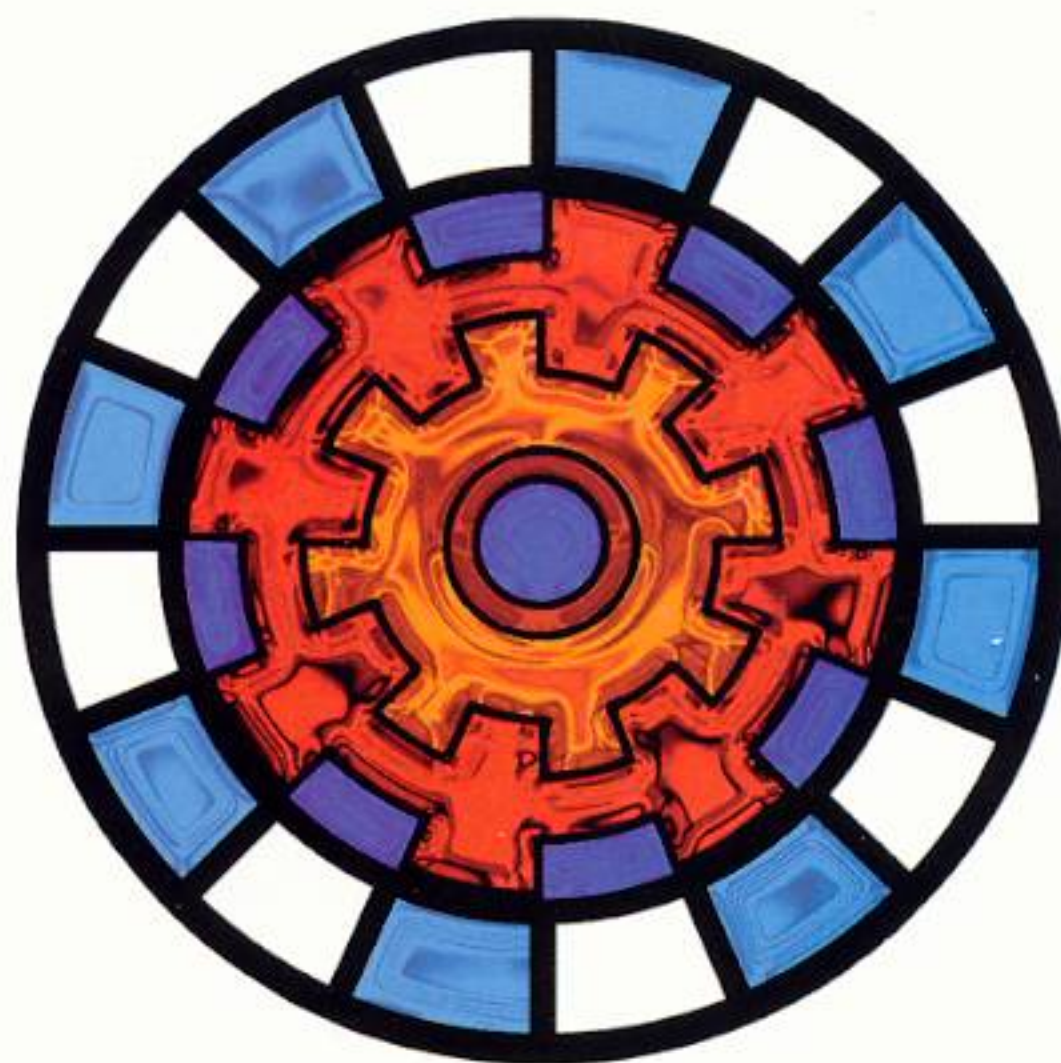
Glamour: 7, Willpower: 4

Health Levels: OK, OK, OK, OK, OK, OK, -1, -5

Redes: Damage Absorption, Enchantment, Flight, Shock, Traverse Dreaming, Wyrð

Damage Absorption — FUBARs are semi-material plas-mic entities. They may take damage from physical chimerical attacks, but such attacks do half damage (rounded up).

Shock — A FUBAR can create an electrical field that causes damage to anyone with whom the creature comes in contact. This Rede causes one point of chimerical damage for every point *currently* in the FUBAR's Glamour pool. This Rede costs one Glamour per use (and damage done is determined *before* the point is spent).



K I T H B O O K : ROCKERS

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Court:
Legacies:
Title:

Seeming:
Society:
Motley:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Dexterity ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Stamina ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Social

Charisma ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Manipulation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Appearance ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Mental

Perception ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Intelligence ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Wits ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Athletics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Brawl ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Dodge ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Empathy ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Intimidation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Kenning ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Persuasion ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Streetwise ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Subterfuge ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Skills

Crafts ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Drive ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Etiquette ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Firearms ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Leadership ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Melee ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Mining ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Security ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Stealth ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Survival ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Knowledges

Chimerical Alchemy ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Computer ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Enigmas ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Gematria ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Gremayre ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Investigation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Lore ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Medicine ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Politics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Science ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Advantages

Backgrounds

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
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Arts

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
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Realms

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
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Other Traits

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
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☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Glamour

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Willpower

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Banalities

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Health

	Real	Chimerical
Bruised	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt	-1 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured	-1 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded	-2 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled	-2 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled	-5 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Ravaging/Using Threshold

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Birthrights/Frailties

Chimera Creation: Intelligence + Crafts roll to create simple chimera without the use of electricity, radiation or active chemical reactions.
Fix-It-All: Intelligence + Crafts roll.
Flaw: Every nocker invention has an intrinsic flaw.

Experience:

K I T H B O O K : R O C K E R S

Fellowship/Household: _____
Master/Leige Lord: _____

Societies/Guilds: _____
Sain Day: _____

Merits & Flaws

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

Experience

Total: _____
Gained From: _____

Total Spent: _____
Spent On: _____

Combat

Weapon	Difficulty	Damage	Conceal	Range	Rate	Clip

Brawling Chart			
Maneuver	Roll/Difficulty	Damage	Actions
Body Slam	Dex+Brawl/7	Special	1
Grapple	Dex+ Brawl/6	Strength	1
Kick	Dex+Brawl/7	Strength+1	1
Punch	Dex+Brawl/6	Strength	1

Armor

Class: _____ Rating: _____ Penalty: _____ Description: _____

K I T H B O O K : R O C K E R S

Expanded Background

Contacts

Holdings

Dreamers

Mentor

Vassals

Retinue

Possessions

Gear (Carried)

Chimerical Items

Treasures

Chimerical Companions

Freeholds

Location

Description

K I T H B O O K : ROCKERS

History

Prelude

Date Ennobled:

Secret Societies:

Appearance

Chronological Age:

Mortal:

Apparent Age:

Date of Birth:

Hair:

Eyes:

Fae:

Race:

Nationality:

Height:

Weight:

Visuals

Oath Bonds Chart

Character Sketch

K I T H B O O K : N O C K E R S



Broken Dreams... Undiscovered Treasures

Although nocker creations are highly prized among the kingdoms of the Kithain, most changelings bear little love for these dour and foul-mouthed tinkers. So brusque is nocker personality that few take the time to get to know them. Yet, those who are willing to do so discover that underneath all the hurumphing is a soul as passionate as a satyr's and a heart as stout as a troll's.

Kithbook: Nockers features

- ☺ A complete look at nockers from their ancient origins to the modern day;
- ☺ An inside look at the culture and behavior of nockers;
- ☺ New Merits and Flaws for nocker characters, as well as detailed rules for creating inanimate chimera.



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