

# k i t h b o o k TROLLS



Fae  
Brooch of  
Honors

TOR



Kithbook One  
For Changeling: The Dreaming™





k i T h B O O k

# TRILLS

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By Allen Tower

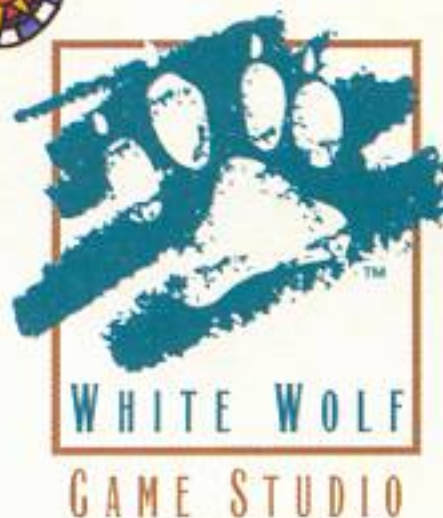


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Richard "Where no man has gone before" Dansky, for fighting against Jabba the Hutt.  
Ethan "Wild, wild, west" Skemp, for strapping on his six-guns.  
Rob "Unspeakable" Hatch, for why we don't eat lunch at lunch meetings anymore.  
Cynthia "Siren" Summers, for her beautiful song and the way she attracts men at NERO.  
Ronni "Web Browser" Radner, for the *interesting* things she finds on the web.  
Ian "Washed Out" Lemke, for what hurricane Bertha did to his vacation.  
Phil "Coherent" Brucato, for finally coming up with Special Thanks that we can understand.



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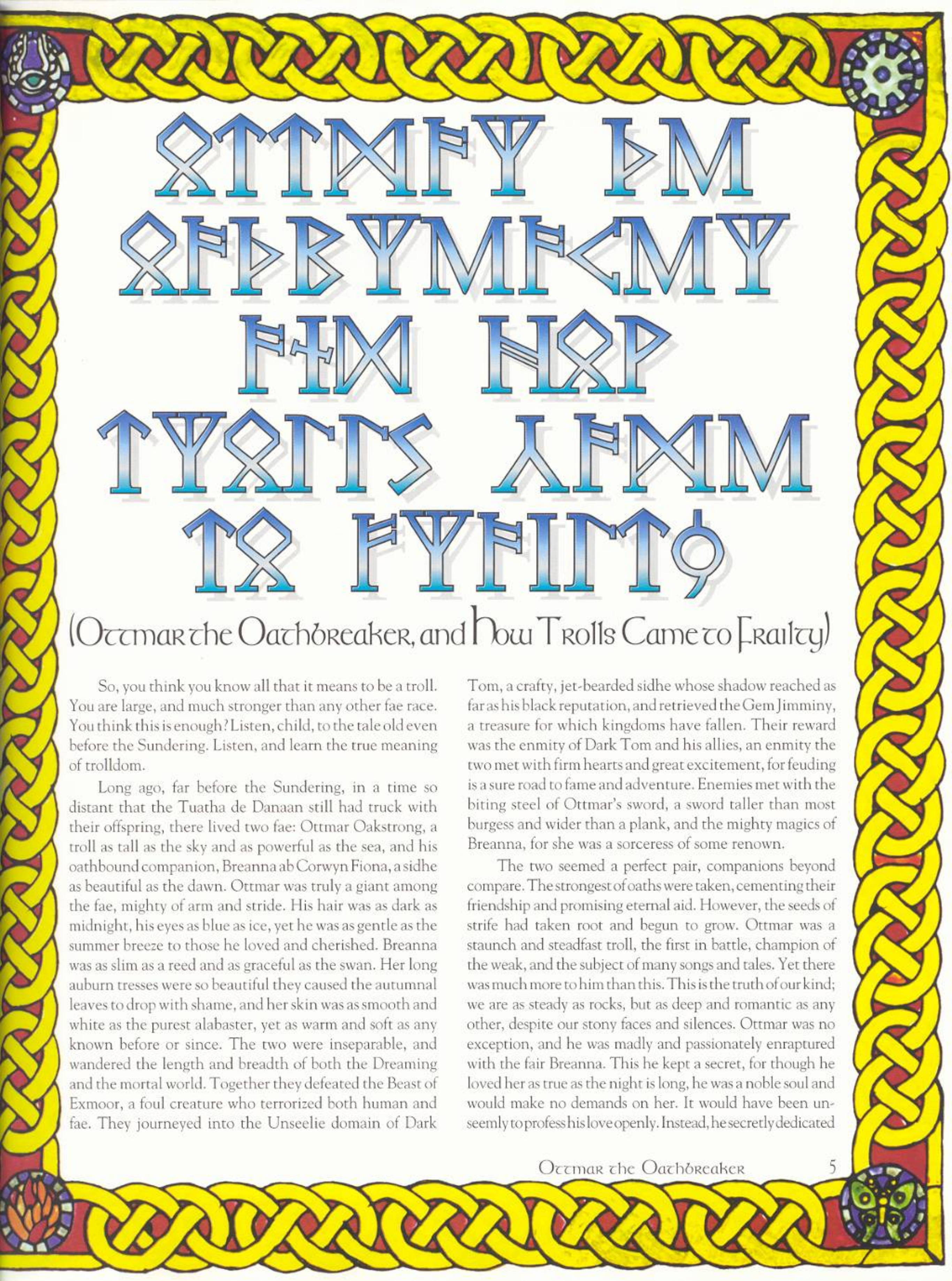
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OTT MAR THE OATHBREAKER  
 AND HOW TROLLS CAME TO FRAILTY  
 A FAIRY TALE

## (Ottmar the Oathbreaker, and how Trolls Came to Frailty)

So, you think you know all that it means to be a troll. You are large, and much stronger than any other fae race. You think this is enough? Listen, child, to the tale old even before the Sundering. Listen, and learn the true meaning of trolldom.

Long ago, far before the Sundering, in a time so distant that the Tuatha de Danaan still had truck with their offspring, there lived two fae: Ottmar Oakstrong, a troll as tall as the sky and as powerful as the sea, and his oathbound companion, Breanna ab Corwyn Fiona, a sidhe as beautiful as the dawn. Ottmar was truly a giant among the fae, mighty of arm and stride. His hair was as dark as midnight, his eyes as blue as ice, yet he was as gentle as the summer breeze to those he loved and cherished. Breanna was as slim as a reed and as graceful as the swan. Her long auburn tresses were so beautiful they caused the autumnal leaves to drop with shame, and her skin was as smooth and white as the purest alabaster, yet as warm and soft as any known before or since. The two were inseparable, and wandered the length and breadth of both the Dreaming and the mortal world. Together they defeated the Beast of Exmoor, a foul creature who terrorized both human and fae. They journeyed into the Unseelie domain of Dark

Tom, a crafty, jet-bearded sidhe whose shadow reached as far as his black reputation, and retrieved the Gem Jimminy, a treasure for which kingdoms have fallen. Their reward was the enmity of Dark Tom and his allies, an enmity the two met with firm hearts and great excitement, for feuding is a sure road to fame and adventure. Enemies met with the biting steel of Ottmar's sword, a sword taller than most burgess and wider than a plank, and the mighty magics of Breanna, for she was a sorceress of some renown.

The two seemed a perfect pair, companions beyond compare. The strongest of oaths were taken, cementing their friendship and promising eternal aid. However, the seeds of strife had taken root and begun to grow. Ottmar was a staunch and steadfast troll, the first in battle, champion of the weak, and the subject of many songs and tales. Yet there was much more to him than this. This is the truth of our kind; we are as steady as rocks, but as deep and romantic as any other, despite our stony faces and silences. Ottmar was no exception, and he was madly and passionately enraptured with the fair Breanna. This he kept a secret, for though he loved her as true as the night is long, he was a noble soul and would make no demands on her. It would have been unseemly to profess his love openly. Instead, he secretly dedicated





each deed, each daring victory to her in his heart, and this dedication served him well, for it drove him to greater and greater triumphs. Other fae began to look upon him with awe, even the fair Breanna.

Ottmar took pleasure in each accomplishment, yet not so much as he took from the words of praise from Breanna. No matter his injuries or the dangers involved, he would have gladly repeated each nigh-impossible task for the reward of her words. This is no simple thing, but a truth that all should know, for riches wither, treasures cease to amuse, but love lasts as long as memory, and is worthy of any deed, even death. This lesson Ottmar knew well, and he cherished each of her words as the gift it was. He was not hasty or impatient, for he felt that each spoken word, each smile, each gesture brought Breanna ever closer to true love, and it was a treasure for which he was willing to wait. In those days we were truly immortal, and had little need to hide from Banality. Ottmar could have waited decades for Breanna to return his love, and would have, if not for Sean the Silver.


Sean the Silver was a Seelie sidhe of House Gwydion, and known for his bright silver coat of mail and shining helm. Truly beautiful and fierce beyond common ken, he was also a hero of merit, and a worthy equal to the pair. As many had fallen before his silver tongue and violet eyes as to his needle-

thin sword. Alas, he was to prove their undoing. For Sean the Silver was a dashing figure, full of grace and courtly ways. Honeyed words flowed from his lips as easily as song. Breanna was not immune to him, a fact which began to come to the attention of her steadfast companion.

At first, Ottmar welcomed Sean as a kindred spirit and fellow adventurer. Sean was an equal in his eyes, and Ottmar treated him as a brother. This changed, however, when Breanna began to seek Sean's company more and more, and began to invite him along on their adventures. Even this could have been overlooked, for treacherous terrain and dangerous encounters were Ottmar's strong suit, and he was certain that Sean could never surpass him in this area. Unfortunately, Sean wielded his needle-thin sword as skillfully as he wielded words, a fact that did not go unnoticed by the fair Breanna. She began to praise him as she praised Ottmar, giving Sean freely the words that Ottmar willingly risked death to hear. This realization only spurred Ottmar to greater and greater acts of daring, which won him good words from both Breanna and Sean, yet did not diminish what she bestowed upon Sean.

Oh how Ottmar wished that Sean were Unseelie or a beast! Either could he have dispatched with ease. Yet Sean was a noble and honorable sidhe, one who had not





transgressed any law or hospitality other than those written in Ottmar's heart. The giant suffered bouts of self-doubt and moodiness. Less and less did the golden rays of his previous demeanor shine forth. Only when facing a dangerous adversary or when caught up by the excitement of a quest did Ottmar's former light return. Both his companions (for by this time Sean was a constant member of their party) expressed growing concern, but they were met with a stolid silence that grew into churlishness. No matter how hard she tried, Breanna was unable to pierce his mysterious dark moods — in fact her attentions would often drive him into an even worse mood. How could she know that it was love that caused him such pain?

Now Dark Tom had not forgotten the theft of the Gem Jimminy, and was immune to feelings of sympathy for either of the daring pair. Of Sean the Silver he knew little, yet he was all too well acquainted with the noble giant and the sorceress. Dark Tom was craftier than most, and had eyes and ears everywhere. By way of a satyr, who heard from a boggan, who paid dearly for the information from a sluagh, he learned of the silent tears Ottmar had been seen shedding when he thought he was alone. Dark Tom had heard that the troublesome duo had become a trio, and all the pieces fell into place. Of course — the rock-headed, moody sap was pining for Breanna! Armed with that knowledge, he began laying a very subtle plan that would destroy Ottmar and leave Breanna to his clutches.

The concern Ottmar's companions showed him only deepened his suffering, for he could see that love was beginning to blossom, not to he who had tended it as a diligent gardener, but to the lucky traveler who stumbled upon a prize beyond words. His silent despair grew to such a degree that he considered abandoning Breanna and the oaths that bound him to her. Still, he was a troll, and he would not cheapen the might given to him so that he could fulfill his oaths, just because it felt as though his heart would burst. He resigned himself to the situation, and began thinking of a way to reclaim what had been slowly becoming his: the love of Breanna.

While on retreat from their adventuring, the trio had taken refuge in the Verdure Vale, the lush and fertile freehold of Lady Rona, a minor noblewoman known for her hospitality and generosity. Sean the Silver and Breanna delighted in the relaxed, pastoral atmosphere, while Ottmar only slipped deeper into brooding. The pair noticed his mood darken, yet knew from their travels with him that it would eventually right itself with no interference from them. In truth, it seemed as if any attempt on their part only worsened things, so they left him to his silence, concerned nonetheless. If only Ottmar had known that their conspiratorial whispers were about him, it might

have lightened the load on his heart, but he saw with the eyes of the forlorn, and heard in his mind the words said to Sean that he so dearly wished to hear himself from his beloved Breanna. Dejectedly, the somber giant retreated to his quarters and sought the oblivion of sleep.

Later that evening, Sean the Silver was roused from his sleep by stealthy sounds from outside his door. With the grace of a cat, he leaped to his feet, his needle-thin sword ready in his hand for whatever awaited without. Much to his surprise, and then his delight, all that awaited him was a letter written in a delicate feminine hand. It was unsigned, but carried the scent of roses, and Sean needed no further hints. He hastily dressed and went to the assignation, in the garden under the stars.

Breanna, too, had received a missive, written in an artistic yet bold hand that could only belong to one of noble birth. In words so sweet that they melted from the page, she was courted and enjoined to meet her suitor in the garden as soon as she was able. Her heart sang with joy, for finally she was to hear openly the words from Sean the Silver that she had longed to hear. Quickly, yet with great care, she dressed and readied herself.

Of course, this was nothing more than the scheme hatched from the depths of the black heart of Dark Tom, for whom feelings of love were nothing more than weaknesses to be exploited. With the passing of only a few silver, he had arranged for three letters to be delivered. Ottmar, too, had received a rose-scented letter, written in what could only be the hand of Breanna. It asked him, quite directly, to come into the garden this night and share in her joy and love. Overcome with emotion he felt he would never be able to express, Ottmar quickly made ready and stepped out into the garden.

Though Dark Tom laid the stage, it was Candle Jack that set the players in motion. An Unseelie sluagh known for his treachery and odd magic, Candle Jack had prepared the scene in detail. He knew many secrets, among them that Breanna loved roses. Armed with this knowledge, as well as potent magic of his own, Candle Jack set his bait and waited. It was with an eerie chuckle that he watched the unfolding of his nefarious plot, for such an evil one could not reap satisfaction from a distance.

The crowning glory of the garden was a blasted oak, its twisted form brought to beauty by the emerald vines and crimson flowers of the roses that encircled it. With wordless joy, the fair Breanna and Sean the Silver flew into one another's arms, speaking of their love in countless silent ways. The lingering passion that each had felt was fanned into a flame, a bonfire so bright as to leave no doubt of the intentions of the other. There, in the cloudless night, in the famed garden of the Verdure Vale, the two sidhe found love





in one another without a word spoken. How fitting, thought Sean, that the fairest of all creatures should become his in the shadow of such beauty. As a testament to his burgeoning love, he plucked one perfect rose for his beloved. The blossom was indeed perfect, but enchanted. No sooner did Sean break the stem than all released a mystical perfume, quickly rendering both sidhe unconscious.

Just as Candle Jack had planned, Ottmar arrived only moments later than the others, yet it may have well been an eternity. What he — the truest friend and most ardent lover of Breanna — beheld was nothing other than she and Sean lying in one another's arms in the heart of the garden. Had not his eyes been blinded by grief, Ottmar certainly would have noticed that the two were in fact helpless. His reward for years of dedication and devotion were paid in the bitterest of draughts. The cruel jest of the words became clear to Ottmar. "Share in her love and joy" — how could he have ever thought she meant him, when it was all too clearly Sean? Tearing his eyes from the scene of his heartbreak, he beheld what seemed like scores of dark, shadowy figures advancing through the garden, apparently intent on doing the two lovers harm. In the depths of his rage and pain, Ottmar left them to their fate. Either they would prevail, or they would not; in any event he would not stand and aid those who had wounded him worse than any before. Forsaking his oathbound beloved, he abandoned Breanna and Sean to the clutches of Candle Jack and his henchmen, silently taking his leave of the Verdure Vale and honor.

Now Dark Tom had the hated Breanna in his grasp, yet Ottmar eluded him. His two "guests" he relegated to Candle Jack's underground labyrinth, where they were stripped of their treasures and dignity and shackled together in a mockery of passion's embrace. Yet his revenge was incomplete without Ottmar. The agents he sent after the reclusive giant returned, unable to discover his whereabouts. Failing to ferret out Ottmar, he decided to bring the lovelorn giant to him. Now his agents spread stories of the fate of Breanna and Sean quietly, with a whispered word here, a rumor passed there. Dark Tom felt certain that the noble giant could not refuse such a call to action, but he was unaware of the changes pain and betrayal had wrought on Ottmar.

With the spreading of the rumors, word of Ottmar's oathbreaking came to be known. Members of his kith sought him out. Some went to entreat him to return, others to punish him for his transgressions which cast all of trolldom into ill repute, but none met with success. Those armed with words were met with stony silence and a gaze of simmering anger and despair, while those armed with weapons met their match with a ferocity and savagery rarely matched before or since. Neither side could achieve their ends, and so eventually stopped seeking him. Ottmar wore his pain like a cloak, and kept to himself.



One visitor, however, did rouse him from his solitude, if only slightly. A young wilder who still remembered the stories of his honor and deeds sought him out, and found the ill-tempered giant lurking in a cave far from civilized lands. He did not heed Ottmar's warnings to leave him in peace, but instead spoke the name that caused Ottmar to react as if struck. He bore news of Breanna, and of her capture at the hands of Candle Jack. Ottmar was almost stirred to action, for though she had broken his heart, he loved her still. Just as he prepared to set out and secure her rescue, though, the chance sighting of a rosebush caused an image to come unbidden into his mind. Again, as he had each sleepless night since his betrayal, he saw the fair Breanna locked in passionate embrace with Sean the Silver. Pain, clad as rage, twisted his face. With a bestial snarl, he commanded the wilder to leave him in peace in a voice that brooked no disobedience.

Ottmar wandered the wild, barren areas, alone with his pain, or so he thought. Unknown to him, however, the Tuatha de Danaan were watching him, and were aware of his plight. Though the creators of our hearts, their concern was more with the law, the breaking of the strongest of oaths, than with unrequited love. One of their number approached Ottmar one day in the forest, and spoke to him of his oaths. Ottmar was terrified by the presence of the Tuatha, for even the stoutest of hearts would quail at their beauty and majesty. They were power made flesh, and nothing was beyond their ken. Yet he found the courage to speak, to tell of his love and the care he took to nurture it. He grew bolder, and spoke of the trials he subjected himself to for Breanna, and of the regard in which he held her. He even spoke of Sean the Silver, one he would have been glad to call brother had it not been for his love for Breanna.

Normally a quiet soul, pain lent Ottmar the courage to speak, and that courage lent his words an eloquence far beyond his standard. So moving was his speech that the trees bent nearer, the birds stilled their songs, and even the rocks wept. Yet the Tuatha was not moved. Ottmar had taken an oath in good times, and abandoned it in difficulty. Even knowledge of the direst peril to his oathfriend did not move him. Every sad moment, every heartbreaking instance of injustice was met with these same words, driving Ottmar closer and closer to the brink of anger. At the last repetition of the meaning of oaths, his temper, so long held in check, erupted into full fury. Where before he was moved by compassion to speak to the Tuatha, now he was moved by anger. He cursed the day he had given his word, and cursed the oaths he had taken. He cursed love, he cursed Sean the Silver, and he cursed the fickle heart of Breanna.

The Tuatha de Danaan spoke of justice and of punishment. Ottmar showed no remorse, for he was far beyond that, goaded by the seemingly unfeeling Tuatha to greater and





greater anger. There, in the forest, judgment was passed upon Ottmar. As he had given his word and broken it, as he had cursed the innocent, so too was he to be cursed. For so long as he kept his oath unfulfilled, he would truly be no troll, and have his might taken from him. This harsh sentence drove Ottmar beyond the bounds of reason, and he erupted into a rage greater than had ever before possessed him. No more did he curse Breanna and Sean the Silver. He cursed the Tuatha de Danaan, for were not they the ones who created his heart, a heart as romantic as any other? Did not they place it in a form so large and mighty as to seem rough and oafish next to the beautiful and stately sidhe? Were not they to blame for his misery and suffering?

Ottmar raged against the injustice he felt was done to him, and the mighty anger burned the resentment from him. His rage vented, reason returned to Ottmar, but the damage had been done. With growing apprehension, he awaited the outcome of his ranting. He was not denied. The awesome countenance of the Tuatha de Danaan clouded with anger, causing the stout warrior to tremble with fear. He accepted Ottmar's words, for they contained truth. As a troll, he was both mighty and passionate, yet both must be tempered. As Ottmar had broken his oaths out of passion, he was punished with weakness. Yet it was true that he was as he was made, an exemplary member of his kith. With a grim smile, the Tuatha thanked Ottmar for bringing to his attention the weakness of all trolls. Ottmar quaked with fear at that pronouncement, yet knew the worst was still to come. As passion brought him to act ignobly, so too might all trolls be led astray. Therefore, the punishment that Ottmar suffered was broadened, so that all trolls would be cast out should they break their word. Honor was the core of their kind, honor and strength. Should they lose one half, the Tuatha decreed, then the other would be taken from them. With that, the Tuatha de Danaan disappeared, leaving Ottmar in despair greater than he had known before. Instead of bringing punishment only upon himself, his actions cursed his entire kith. Moved by a sense of shame greater than his personal pain, Ottmar shouldered his mighty blade, girded himself in his armor, and set out to make amends for his oathbreaking. Though no action of his could release his kith from the curse he had brought upon them, he could at the very least save the sidhe lovers. The pain of seeing them again would begin to be suitable punishment for the injustice he had done to his true family, for he was undeserving of death, and felt he had to suffer much to even begin to atone.

Now this was exactly how Candle Jack had planned it. Dark Tom wanted to take revenge on both Ottmar and Breanna, and had paid well for it. Since Ottmar could not be found by his lackeys, he would be drawn out from his hiding by the fair Breanna. Candle Jack suspected that she

was a bait irresistible to the mighty giant, and he was correct, though he had not expected to be kept so long waiting for Ottmar to come to the rescue. Candle Jack was near the point of despair, and feared he would have to inform Dark Tom that their plan had failed when the first rumors of the resurfacing of the roused troll reached his ears. Many traps, both mundane and magical, lay in wait for Ottmar, and Candle Jack was certain of his success. Unfortunately for him, however, he did not count on the determination and righteous anger of the troll.

Ottmar found the entrance to Candle Jack's underground maze, and fought his way into the depths, just as planned. Yet the traps did not weaken him. Walls designed to topple and crush him were shrugged off as if they were no more than a light dusting of snow. Chasms that were meant to swallow him up were crossed with a single bound of his mighty legs. Traps of magical nature were overcome with his great cunning, for he had a destination that nothing would keep him from, that of Breanna herself.

When at last he had breached the heart of the maze, Ottmar found both Sean the Silver and Breanna, chained to one another in an iron embrace. This was a clever taunt on the part of Candle Jack, meant to drive Ottmar mad with grief. It was only partly successful, however, for it did anger the giant, who ripped the shackles apart with his bare hands. Both sidhe were amazed at the raw power of their onetime companion, yet both were overcome with joy to see him. Their words of thanks were met with only a grunt, as Ottmar again shouldered his blade and prepared to fight his way out.

Now Candle Jack had been watching all from a secret chamber near the heart of the maze, gazing upon them from a distance with the aid of a farseeing mirror. Ottmar had impressed him, yet he was not undone, for the heart of his plan was now ready to unfold. With a whispery chuckle, he set it in motion. Walls of raw granite fell into place, blocking all exits from the cell. Other walls lifted, revealing a motley horde of evil creatures and Unseelie fae, armed and armored and with murder in their eyes. Candle Jack stepped from his hiding place, for he could not miss an opportunity to gloat over his success. He told Breanna and Ottmar the reasons for this trap, and gave them Dark Tom's regards. Then he signaled, and the horde descended upon Ottmar and the unarmed sidhe.

The maelstrom of blood and steel was greater than any of legend. Sean the Silver and Breanna fended for themselves, with only their magics to protect them. The heart of the sea of violence, however, was Ottmar Oakstrong. If he had been angry when confronting the Tuatha de Danaan, if he was furious when he clawed his way into the maze, he was beyond rage now. Hate and anger rolled off him like waves of white heat, and his breastplate turned redder than the cap





of even the worst redcap with the blood of his enemies. Again and again his mighty blade bit, cleaving fae and monster alike in two. Ogres fell to their Seelie cousin, griffins were split apart, and even Candle Jack himself was slain, his head chopped from his body by the deadly troll. More than 20 fae and countless monsters met their ends that dark day, the majority at the hands of Ottmar. When the final foe had been vanquished, only three remained standing: Ottmar, Breanna and Sean the Silver. The two sidhe had long since stopped fighting, for no foe could approach them without falling beneath the arc of Ottmar's blade. Even Sean the Silver, who was as glib as any and more eloquent than most, was at a loss for words. They silently followed Ottmar as he retraced his steps, leading them again into the sunlight.

Word of the melee quickly spread, and reached even the incredulous ears of Dark Tom, who withdrew his enmity and formally apologized, taking stern vows never again to oppose Ottmar and his companions. Fame became as a shadow to Ottmar, once known as Oakstrong, then as Oathbreaker, and finally as Oceanheart, for one could as easily overcome him as one could hold back the sea. His own kith forgave him, and sang his praises as loudly as the others. Ottmar took

it all nobly, in a manner that most considered humility and modesty. In truth, it was shame and regret, for through his actions his own kith had been cursed, and more importantly, his beloved was brought into grave danger. He renewed his oaths to Breanna ab Corwyn Fiona, even expanding them to include Sean the Silver, for this innocent, too, had suffered as a result of his actions. Both sidhe greeted this kindly, and swore similar oaths to Ottmar. Ottmar also took a silent oath to never again let his emotions blind him to duty and friends, even should the pain become unbearable. To his credit, he never broke either oath, and served as an honored guest at the wedding of his oathbound companions. At the births of each of their children, he swore to protect each with his life, and was renowned for his duty and kindness ever after. He never took a lover, nor even another companion.

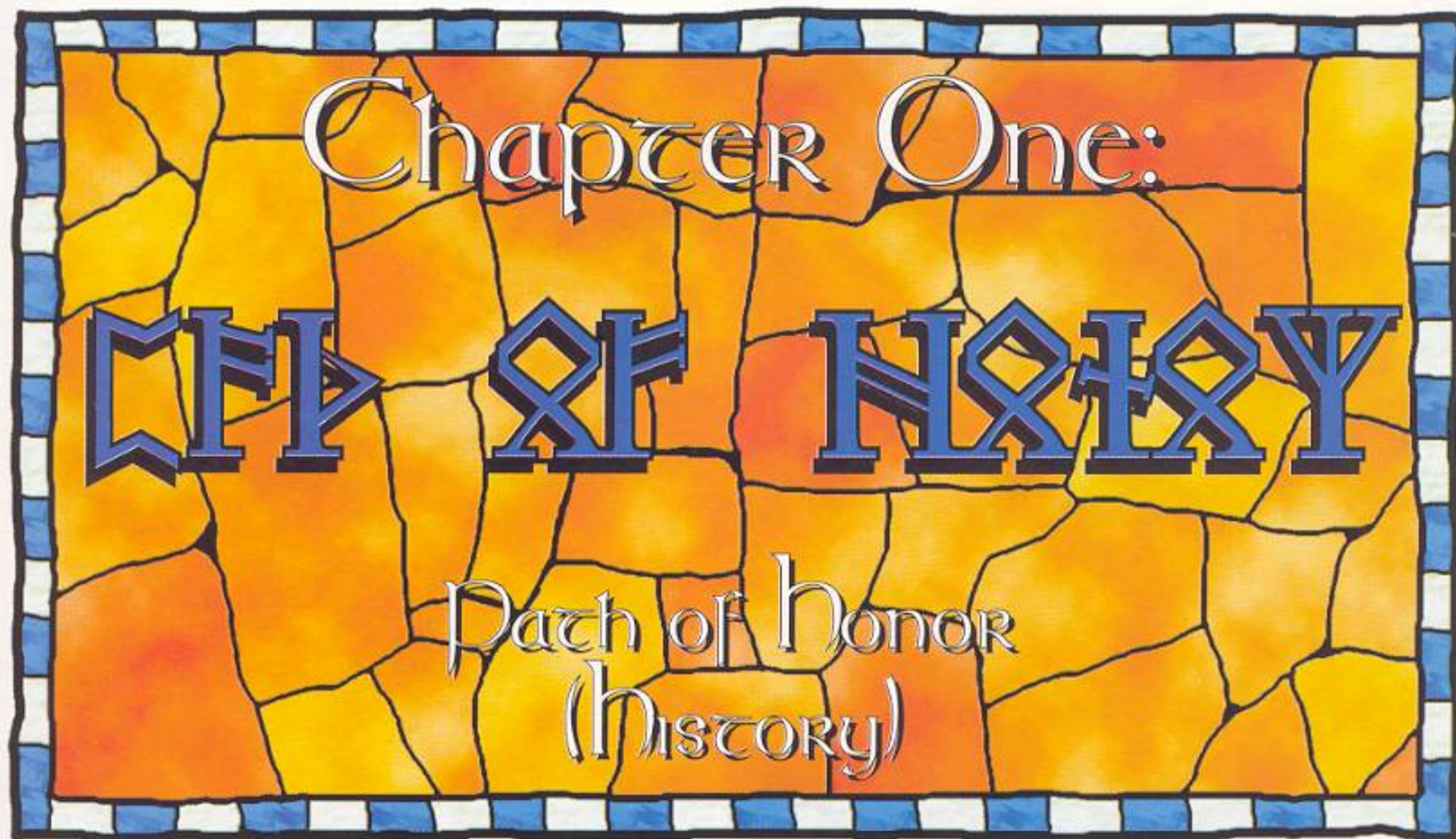
So this is what it means to be a troll, childlings. Duty is what we are, what makes us strong. Though Ottmar Oceanheart brought our Frailty upon us, we should be thankful, for he reminds us that duty comes before all else, even if it should break our hearts. Remember this, and perhaps one day tales will be told of you as well.





Styl.





*Anyone who is not living with the benefit of 2000  
years of history behind them is impoverished.*  
— Goethe

## History of Trolldom as told by Oranthus, graybeard scribe

As long as there have been mountains, there have been trolls. Known as giants, titans and a myriad other names, no culture is without mention of us. Mortal oral tradition recorded us as both benefactor and enemy, and both are correct. The earliest oral traditions of our kind came to be known as *The Chronicles of Leander*, so named after he who first committed this epic to written form. It is from this work that the earliest myths and legends are told. There are, however, many versions of this song, with none accepted as the definitive, even by the few rare fae who have memories of Leander himself. Nevertheless, it is from Leander that all histories of our kind must begin. It is my sincerest hope that a firm knowledge of the past can aid in the forestalling of the coming Winter. I have drawn from the works of others, where possible, and I add my own experiences and opinions without apology. Read, if you will; learn of our past, and carry that knowledge into the future.

## Origins of Trolls

There are many differing beliefs on this matter. This would come of no surprise were one discussing any other kith, but many are surprised that trolls may have deep and strong differences of opinion as to their origins. It is perhaps a testament to the generally patient nature of trolls that such deep divisions could go unnoticed to other kith. Though there are many subdivisions, there are four primary theories: the traditional, the Danaist, the egalitarian and the Athenian.

### The Traditional

The sidhe assert that the Tuatha de Danaan created all fae, and created the sidhe first and foremost. Furthermore, they claim that they alone were created to rule, and that to accept anything less would go against their birthright. Trolls that follow the traditional belief basically agree with the sidhe. Basically.

Traditional trolls, both Seelie and Unseelie, are firm believers that all fae should know their place and act accordingly. This does not mean that they meekly accept





all the sidhe do or say. The sidhe, too, have a responsibility to all others, and must act accordingly. Though traditional trolls have no desire to rule, they have few qualms about removing a noble from power and replacing her with another who will act according to the accepted standards. Though it would seem that the traditional perspective would be welcomed by the sidhe, it is not without its drawbacks. Should anything go amiss in the kingdom, troll traditionalists will turn to the sidhe to see that things are corrected, and the sidhe are hard-pressed to refuse. Similarly, in battle, traditional trolls will invariably seek out sidhe opponents (after fellow trolls, of course), assuming that the remaining forces will fall into chaos without their leaders.

## The Danaist

Those who hold that trolls were created by the mother of the Tuatha De Danaan herself, Dana, are called the Danaists. It is said that Dana saw the need for a strong protector for all of her children, the Tuatha De Danaan and the fae alike, and created trolls to that end. Born with the strength of the mountains and the patience of the earth itself, the safety and continuation of all fae falls to the trolls. This is quite a heavy burden indeed. Whereas the sidhe claim their primacy in society based on their belief of primacy in creation, most trolls allow them this conceit. It is truly a small thing when compared to the greater responsibility of the guardianship of the entire race, and the sidhe can be irrational when challenged on this matter. Better to let them believe as they wish, so long as it does not interfere with the larger duty, as entrusted by Dana. Most Danaists are strict adherents to the Code of Dagda.

Though a noble belief system, implementation of the Code varies from one principality to another, and often along Seelie and Unseelie lines. The most liberal adherents do their absolute best to see that each and every child of the Dreaming survives. To that end, they will fight unarmed rather than with cold iron, and will only enter into combat when any and all other options are exhausted. Note that this protectorate extends to humanity, the source of all dreams. Obviously, not all trolls follow, or even attempt to follow, this interpretation. I would venture to say that almost none do these days, or succeed if they try. Still, heroes are made from the pursuit of impossible goals.

At the other extreme is the belief that only the existence of the race itself, and not individuals, is of paramount importance. Followers of this view have little qualms about thrashing those who need it, whether for personal or political reasons, so long as it does not interfere



## On the Code of Dagda

From the writings of Nestra, ca. 1580

The Code of Dagda is the code of honor for all trolls. It sets forth a set of ideals and proscriptions that speak to the romantic and dutiful hearts of us all, whether we be Seelie or Unseelie. Allegedly handed down from the goddess Dana herself, they set a high and noble position for all trolls, and by implication, all who follow it as well. Listed below are some of the precepts from this piece of our history.

### Protect the Dreaming

This seemingly simple command has been the source of much debate over the centuries. In its most basic terms, it covers all fae. Particular interpretations have included chimera, the Prodigal and humans. Where any one troll draws this line varies from Court to Court and freehold to freehold. All that is certain, however, is that a line does exist for each and every troll, and woe to all who cross it.

### Respect Those of Higher Station

This is usually interpreted as spoken, with one provision. The respect associated with higher social standing is something that must be continually earned. This often comes as a shock to many nobles, who expect us to bow and scrape simply because they are titled. It is not enough to have rank bestowed by decree; you must constantly attend to your duties should you wish the deference of trolls beneath you and the respect of those above you. This is true for both Courts.

### Never Abuse Your Strength

In practical terms, this means that we seek our own kind in battle first. It may be clad in terms of nobility, benevolence or simply searching for a suitable opponent by which to increase one's glory, but it all can be traced back to the Code of Dagda. This proscription is also responsible for the high proportion of itinerant warriors among our race; they roam the world in search of worthy opponents and to ensure that no other abuses her power.

### Accept an Honorable Surrender

This is not about Seelie or Unseelie, but about capability. We can defeat nearly any foe on the battlefield; this is simple fact. Yet in our strength, we have a responsibility to the weak, so that they might learn. In the past, scoundrels have attempted to take advantage of our ways, feigning surrender so they might gain one treacherous blow. Note that this is rare now, and growing rarer yet. Perhaps it is due to the stories told of dishonorable villains who attempted just that maneuver, only to meet harsh justice at the hands of a trollish victor. Over the ages, other fae have generally learned to listen to these stories.

**Note:** Should any doubt the modern importance of this precept, one need only remember the Beltaine Massacre and the response of the 4th Troll Commons.

— Oranthus

with the survivability of the fae as a whole. Traditionally an Unseelie perspective, it has grown to wider acceptance in modern times, much to the chagrin of many grumps, myself included. This is not the prattling of an aged troll, reflecting on the glory days of youth, but a seasoned perspective from one who has seen much more than any who would read this book. Nevertheless, all Danaists will close ranks in the face of sufficient outside threat. In one form or another, Danaism is the most popular of all origin myths.

## Egalitarian

Despite the name assigned to this faction, they are not all democratic advocates. In truth, they differ from the traditionalists in only one pervasive point. Specifically, they believe the Tuatha De Danaan were the progenitors of all fae, but that they created both the sidhe and the trolls

at the same time, and intended them to be complementary. The Escheat is of particular importance to them, more so than with most, for it is the code that gives both the positions of the lord and the commoner meaning. Also known as Leandreans, they take great support from *The Chronicles of Leander*, which clearly supports this perspective, and is seen as the first proponent of it. This belief is quite popular, definitively second only to Danaism. There is danger, however, in the way this belief is implemented. Some trolls take it to mean that, of all the races of the fae, only the sidhe are our equals; everyone else is beneath us. Following this belief to its end, we end up no better than the most haughty of the sidhe, who look down their thin noses at every other kith. We have a reputation among, and an obligation to, the other kith for fairness. We would be foolish to throw that away merely to be closer to the sidhe.



...yet all fae are of the Dreaming, creatures of imagination. Before us all, there was only the Tuatha de Danaan, the fathers of us all. They were as all of the Kithain combined, and more. It was they who shaped the dreams of the burgess into solid form, and they who gave these forms names.

Let not the sidhe mislead you, for they were neither created first, nor last. Sidhe and troll were created together, and are two sides of the same coin. We are balanced together, and weak alone. This is the truth of our two kith, a truth that must be remembered. To the sidhe fall the duty of courtly ways, to us falls the duty of honesty and honor. The sidhe are beautiful, as the dreams of nature. We are strong, as nature itself. For all of their glory, the sidhe are nothing more than airy castles, and we are nothing more than the sturdiest of foundations. Each requires the other to know greatness, and each is lessened by the absence of the other.

— Excerpt from *The Chronicles of Leander*

It is worth noting that there are sub-factions in this belief that believe all fae were created whole, and that no one kith is inherently superior to another. Similarly, some believe that different Tuatha De Danaan created the various kith almost at random, but not as a part of a specific plan. These chaoticians are usually quite modern in other aspects of belief and behavior as well. As such, they are viewed with suspicion by many of their contemporaries.

## Athenian

This faction is so named after the myth of the creation of Athena. According to legend, one day Zeus came down with a terrible headache. Unable to rid himself of it, he grasped his axe and split his forehead open. From the gap sprang the goddess Athena, fully grown and clothed. This myth is quite similar to the view these trolls have on the origin of the fae. According to their beliefs, all fae arose spontaneously from the dreams of humanity. Those who accept that the Tuatha de Danaan existed posit that they were merely the first of all kith to appear, and that they were less distinct in their representation of dreams than later fae. Others even go so far as to suggest that Prodigals such as werewolves and vampires are merely more modern examples of the creative aspect of the dreams of humanity. Instances of violent subterranean creatures and twisted chimera emerging from blasted lands are taken as a sure sign that Autumn is upon the world and Winter cannot be far behind. If the dreams of humans have turned so dark as





to spawn such monsters, it is indeed a grim omen. Needless to say, the Athenians are by far the most radical of the origin factions, and are consequently the smallest.

## The Age of Legends

In the ages when fae and human walked among one another, the world was indeed a different place. Some will tell you times were better then, yet I can assure you that ambition and hatred caused as many ills then as now. There were many wild places, and the lands tamed by human or fae were rarer by far. In these times trolls traveled the length and breadth of much of the world, and left their mark in the legends of many cultures. The *Odyssey* speaks of the Cyclops and Laistrygonians, races of giants that dwelt in the Mediterranean. In the icy wilds of the Norsemen, historically home to a large Unseelie presence, giants and trolls were rivals and foes for the meager sustenance the lands offered. Jewish lore speaks of a race of giants living beside to the fledgling human race, as do the stories and legends of the Indian peninsula, and ogres were mainstays of Germanic folk tales up until their documentation by the Grimms. In the Age of Legends, we called more of the earth home than was unknown to us.

It was during this age that events occurred which lead many to believe that trolls were the first nobility. As products of the dreaming minds of humans, trolls and other kith lived in large holdings built around clan and service. As each kith bred true in those days, it was practically a given that each holding would have been clan specific. Because of their might as well as their size, troll halls were huge, awesome affairs, with walls as thick as a man's chest and higher than twice his height. Whether in the forests, the mountains or the shore, trolls claimed and held large areas. Life was not idyllic, for there were rampaging creatures and inter-fae skirmishes to deal with, but in comparative terms this could easily be called a golden age.

However, the age was coming to a close. Humans began to gather into larger and larger enclaves, pushing at the boundaries of trollish holdings. Skirmishes were fought, at times to the bloody end, but generally the trolls removed themselves to more distant lands. The world seemed a much larger place in that time. No matter that humans took the choice terrain for themselves; trolls were built for hardship and difficult climes. Many a time terrible monsters had to be bested ere the trolls could claim new lands, yet that alone was reason enough for adventuresome giants to accept the necessity of relocation.

Perhaps through some instinctual pack mentality, perhaps mass insanity, humans began to cluster into larger groups. What with the ill-considered introduction of agriculture and bronze-working into their midst, those unthinking benefactors to humanity laid the foundation for the cold, sterile world that confronts us today. Never has there been a better case of absolute noble rule, for it is certain knowledge that lowly commoners passed these secrets to the weaker humans. Banality is a direct result of the ungrateful nature of humanity. Had we given them nothing, as many sidhe suggested, we would be free of the need to hide our true forms and would again rule both our own kind and the troublesome humans.

— From *Blind History: Humans to the Present Day* by Lord Maldur

As humans gathered into more ordered living, however, they also began to organize themselves into new forms of government. Monarchies began to appear, and quickly spread. The fae followed suit, and the first to successfully mimic the leaders of the humans were the sidhe. Many will tell you otherwise, that the humans followed the example of the sidhe. These are ignorant fools at best, and bigoted liars at worst. All sources seem clear on this; there were no kings among the fae before there were among humans. A series of conflicts began, from small skirmishes to outright wars, as the sidhe expanded their principalities. Though expansionism was the rule, even the sidhe were not so blind as to immediately assault the most powerful of the holdings, those of the trolls. The point of honor was lost on them; they turned instead to the communities and freeholds that were easier prey, ignobly consuming the lands of the other fae. Some fell easily, others fought long and hard, yet the growing might of the sidhe was difficult to oppose. Though some trolls entered the conflict due to allegiance and obligation, the troll holdings themselves were not assaulted until the sidhe had grown to such a size as to be able to challenge the giants on their own ground.

At long last, the armies of the sidhe and their impressed subjects turned their attention to our race. They had by no means conquered the entirety of the fae by this point, merely enough so as to feel capable of this major assault. The troll holdings were seen as the largest stumbling block to imminent expansion, and the most difficult of foes. These expectations were met, and more, as trolls fought to defend



their homes from the sidhe. Battles raged, so great and so long that they gave rise to stories of a war between the gods in human mythologies, and this was not far from the truth. Mighty magics, fantastic allies and the full forces of each side were brought to bear on the other. The trolls held for much longer than expected, and achieved amazing victories. However, as the myths of humanity attest, the race of giants was eventually usurped by the new order, and incorporated into it. Where these tales fail in accuracy is that the victory was not entirely military in nature.

... and then a dark time fell upon the fae, where the two were truly as two, and not as children of the same parents. The sidhe, moved by dreams of power and majesty, consumed all they were able and hungered for yet more. For ages, they fought beside the trolls, their brothers in arms, and depended upon their strength where the sidhe alone could not prevail. Now, they turned a covetous eye to all that was of the trolls — giants and ogres alike.

The sidhe were wrong, it cannot be denied, yet trolls too erred. As the hungry dreams of the frail fae began to take root, the mighty trolls were unconcerned. What matter to them if the boggans and pooka were overcome? No, the sidhe would not be so foolish as to turn upon their allies, and should they, they would be crushed like a twig underfoot. The trolls were unconcerned and complacent, and reveled in the peace their strength afforded them.

The hunger could not be denied. The sidhe gained in strength with every holding they took, adding to their ranks those they had conquered. Most oft, these were not slaves, for the sidhe could be gracious once they had their due. Still, the trolls would not think of defense. Yet the time came when the sidhe army had grown so large as to consider trolls a target. The first blow came, and rivers of blood flowed from it. As many perished on either side as staggered home. It was indeed a dark time, worthy of celebration only among the carrion eaters.

— From *The Chronicles of Leander*

As trollish holdings began to fall, the remaining trolls met in council. Though the exact words have been lost, the results are known. The trolls approached the sidhe and spoke of arbitration. War had cost both sides a great deal, and the sidhe were all too ready to parley. Although they were winning, the victories were costly, and in truth they could ill afford many more of such. The Tuatha de Danaan were still in the world at this time, though they had begun

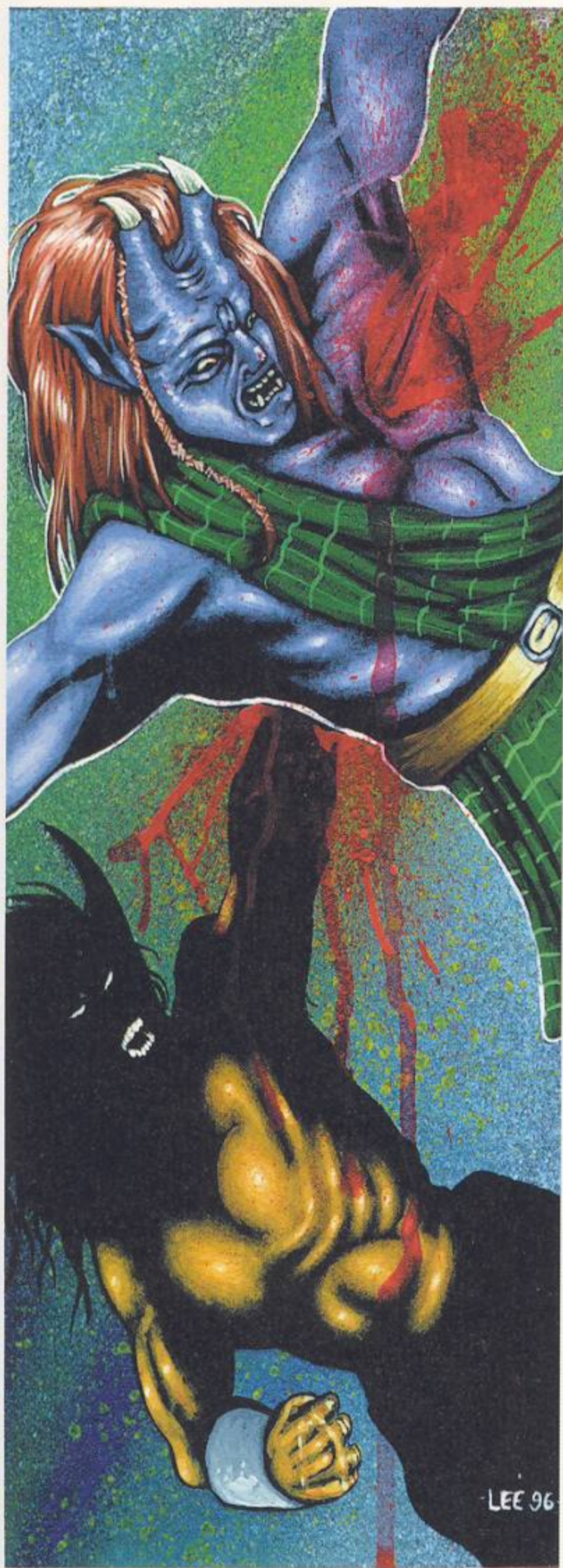
to withdraw, and no other was even considered as judge in these matters. A reune was called, and the nobles and remaining free trolls met to discuss terms before a panel of the Tuatha de Danaan. Secrecy was paramount, and so great that no other commoner was allowed entrance, nor could even the most cunning sluagh pierce the mystical and physical impediments to eavesdropping.

Though in a position of eventual loss, the trolls set the agenda. They confessed no small admiration of the sidhe armies, for never before had they been consistently bested. They also granted that eventually they would fall, but possessed the capacity to make each victory more painful for the sidhe than the last. Surrender was never an option. They were willing to fight to the last, if necessary, for our kith does not reject a conflict based on the likelihood of loss. Although some sidhe welcomed such an opportunity to fully remove this impediment to their supremacy, cooler heads prevailed.

The trolls demanded to know more of the sidhe structure and plans. Once expansion was no longer an issue, what then? With gruff patience and a growing respect, they listened to the sidhe spin tales of a stable society ruled by benevolent nobles. The trolls pressed the sidhe on the positions of the conquered fae, and individuals of other assimilated kith were brought in for questioning. The trolls listened to these accounts, and learned that subjugation was neither the goal, nor in all cases, the result. The words of the majority of the kith supported the benevolent goals stated by the sidhe, though there were glaring exceptions. It is a matter of oral history that certain sidhe rulers were deposed following the reune; it seems clear that our kind took note of what was said in these interviews.

Once assured of the good intentions of the sidhe, the trolls were ready to discuss terms. All nonessential fae were excluded, even the servants. For nine days, the trolls and the sidhe were in close conference. If security had been tight before, it was impenetrable now. All that could be discerned was that strange and powerful magics came to be more and more involved as the talks went on. Within, powerful oaths were being taken on all sides, enabled by the power of the Tuatha de Danaan. Finally, on the 10th day, the doors were opened. The trolls and sidhe emerged, and spoke of an end to all hostilities. Trolls offered full support for the monarchical ideal so long as the sidhe followed a code of behavior that became the Escheat. In return, the sidhe granted many trolls special places within the aristocracy, and vowed to strive to be as noble as their examples. The exact nature of the oaths empowered by the Tuatha De Danaan is known only by select trolls and sidhe, and neither side has divulged this information, nor seems willing (or able) to do so.





The recorded history of trolls begins with Leander, a figure not unlike Homer in his importance. However, there are a rare few who claim to possess distinct memories of him. According to all accounts, he was not a tall troll, though he made up in girth what he lacked in height. All agree that he was a well-scarred graybeard, though none can remember him as a youth, or even stories of such. Similarly, there are no memories or records of his death, and Leander sightings are almost as popular among trolls as the sightings of deceased human entertainers at gas stations and K-Marts. The earliest copies of his song date from the late Bronze Age. Curiously, the majority of versions do not concern themselves with the alleged war among the Tuatha de Danaan. The only record of this war exists in the annals of the sidhe. More venturesome troll scholars suggest that this is merely an attempt by the sidhe to justify their own warring ways, but such ideas are not among the mainstream.

— From *A Sequential History of the Kithain* by Sir Grayson

## The Bronze Age

Of course, things did not go as well as expected. The humans continued to expand, pushing all fae further and further into the wilds and the Dreaming. At the same time, many struggles arose within the fae community. Many clustered under the banners of various kings, yet here were many others who saw the crown as a prize to be won, whether by guile or force. The struggles of recent times are nothing compared to the wars and skirmishes of this age. Imagine the Accordance War on multiple fronts, with multiple rivals, and you may begin to understand. Still, it seems less terrible because one half of our kind was not intent on destroying the other. The wars were driven by personality, not issue.

As the age progressed, this only worsened. Perhaps it was due to the strife within our own society, perhaps it was a result of the civilizing of humanity, but trolls and the other kith began to have less and less traffic with the mortal world. This was to be the beginning of a dangerous trend, for both humans and fae turned their attention inward. Of course, there were exceptions — children were stolen, artists inspired, and the like — but the open communication between the two societies slowed to a trickle before it stopped altogether.

Perhaps as a result of the distance between humanity and the fae, or perhaps as a result of natural forces,



Arcadia grew ever more distant in this age. With the clarity of hindsight, it is easy to see the disappearance of trods and the withering of freeholds as clear warning signs of the coming Shattering. Unfortunately, all eyes were turned to the machinations of the Courts. Seelie and Unseelie warred openly, only worsening an already chaotic time. Those of our kind were as involved as any other, for in the mad rush for power oaths of fealty dragged even the closest of friends to face one another in battle.

The most famous of these were the brothers Torvald and Bohr. Each was in the service of a lord with steep ambitions. Politicking led to the marshaling of forces, and both knew that they would have to face the other on the field of battle. When the telling moment arrived, and the armies gathered on opposing sides of the Glade of Tears, Torvald and Bohr challenged one another. All knew of the love these two felt for one another, and were aware of the oaths that bound them into service, oaths that held unto death. A hush fell over both armies as the giants battled one another. Minutes became hours, and still the two fought on. Each was unsurpassed in the arts of war, and knew that they could not best one another. Left in this difficult position, both decided to sacrifice their lives for the other. With a final cry in the service of their respective lords, both lunged at exactly the same moment, mortally skewering the other. As the lifeblood of these brothers spilled out upon the ground, both armies withdrew, for they were reminded of the kinship of the fae, and each lord regretted his actions that led to the noble deaths of these two heroes. Do not let a cynic tell you that theirs was a futile gesture; such actions are at the very heart of what separates out kith from others.

Such actions held all fae, trolls included, in rapt attention, so that the disappearance of a freehold here, the closing of a trod there, was seen as little more than an inconvenience or a mystery. At worst, the new scarcity of both merely added fuel to the flames of strife. It was not until much of the Glamour had begun to dissipate and be replaced with the coldness of Banality that the Shattering was recognized.

None can say for certain to whom the blame falls for the Shattering, if indeed it falls to anyone. The reactionaries blame humanity, for they withdrew from all things fantastical and magical and turned instead to war and subjugation. Other voices point to the similar actions of the fae at that time, and of the wars in the name of the crown. Whether it is a matter of our indifference to the world of humans, or merely that the fae reflected the coarsening dreams of humanity, history is irrefutable. Trods withered and disappeared, and those that remained became increasingly dangerous. As Arcadia began slipping further from the Earth-bound fae, those that remained struggled all the harder to claim as much of what remained as possible.

It was a losing battle, despite the actions of valiant trolls. It was not a military enemy, leaving the greatest protectors of the fae with a foe that could not be faced. Steel and muscle could avail naught in the face of Banality and the withering of the Glamour. Nevertheless, they did what they could to lessen the blows. Unfortunately, oaths of fealty often interfered with the greater duty to the fae at large, and many trolls met their ends in petty squabbles over the remaining resources and Glamour.

## The Legend of Red Rory and Moira the Mountain

In the rugged northern reaches of what is now known as Scotland there once lived a troll by the name of Red Rory. Not as tall as the rest of his kith, he was easily as mighty, and was known as much for his irascible temper and battle prowess as for his flaming red hair and beard. (It was also common knowledge that Rory was not as gruff and coarse as he would have liked to have been, but that is the subject of another tale.) Times had been difficult, and Red Rory had taken to patrolling the rocky wastes between freeholds, for in truth there were few foes, whether they be human, fae or fantastical, who could stand long against the notched claymore of this giant. Indeed, it is said (and who can say it is not true?) that Red Rory alone held a mountain pass against a human army intent on plundering fae lands, sending the heads of all who came before him on that narrow pass back to their companions below. Whether fact or fiction, the bellowed challenge of, "I'm Red Rory o' the mount! Send your best, an' I'll send back their heads!" was usually enough to cause even the most arrogant of warriors to consider an alternate route.

Now it so happened that one gray, misty morning a fair troll by the name of Moira the Mountain came upon Blood Pass (as it had come to be known). Red Rory let loose with his standard challenge, forbidding her passage. Whether she had pressing business that could not wait, or whether it was her obstinate nature, Moira refused to make the long and laborious hike around the mountains, and accepted Rory's challenge in a voice nearly as loud and booming as his. She shouldered her hill axe and went to meet this impediment to her travel.

When Red Rory looked upon the Lowland ogress, a smile split his craggy face, for he liked what he saw a great deal. "Give me a kiss, an' I'll let you



pass," he said, leering at the mighty Moira. Moira just snarled, and the fray was enjoined. As adept as Rory was with his claymore, Moira was his match with her axe. The battle raged back and forth, favoring Rory at one moment and Moira the next. Each was a match for the other, and neither could gain the upper hand. Travel was stopped for days as the two trolls battled in the pass, refusing to surrender, or even pause to let travelers by. News traveled to the nearby freeholds, and a crowd of curious fae gathered to watch this mighty contest.

On the fifth day, it was becoming increasingly clear to both the combatants and the onlookers that neither would ever best the other. Moira withdrew a step and shouldered her axe. Rory, alert to some new trick by this fetching Valkyrie, eyed her warily. With a sly grin, Moira the Mountain asked if he still wanted that kiss, for he was surely worthy of it if any man was. Red Rory's laughter bellowed through the pass as he closed and embraced his onetime opponent. Much to the delight of both Moira and the spectators, he gave her a kiss that is said to warm Blood Pass to this day.

No two were ever a better match, no matter what the sidhe may say about their own love stories. Red Rory and Moira the Mountain were the mightiest warriors that land had seen in some time. Few could match or even challenge them. Sometimes their moods grew darker, and they fell to bickering, yet never again came to blows, for each knew the futility of that. It was during this time that the trods began to grow more and more dangerous. As lesser paths were closed, malevolent creatures of the Dreaming began to frequent the remaining trods, much to the dismay of the fae. Moira had heard that one in particular, the Tuatha Trod, once a veritable highway between the northern lands and fair Arcadia, had become so dangerous that none who set foot on it ever returned. She told her mate of this, and the two set out. Where most would take the reputation of this trod as a warning, these two took it as a challenge. Weapons at the ready, they stepped through the portal.

For many weeks, nothing was heard from the Earthly side of the trod. Watchers had been posted in the hopes that Red Rory and Moira the Mountain would return, yet none really expected it to happen. For even as mighty





as the two were, the way to the deeper Dreaming had grown so perilous that even these trolls were expected to fail. When at last the portal opened, the watchers leaped to their arms, expecting some attack of foul monsters. What greeted their eyes was a sight more frightening, and yet more welcome, than any other. Rory and Moira staggered through, each covered in blood and ichor, their famous weapons notched as if from weeks of constant battle. With a roguish smile, Rory said to all that the Tuatha Trod was once again safe. Then both he and his wife (for truly, they were such a match that none could dispute this) collapsed into well-deserved unconsciousness.

Once recovered, both Red Rory and Moira the Mountain took it upon themselves to patrol the worsening trods. With time, however, even these mighty two could not keep the terrified sidhe from closing them; they took instead to guarding those still in use. Parties of nobles, returning to Arcadia lest they be cut off from it forever, constantly entreated the daring duo to accompany them on their journeys. All payment was refused, save for provisions on the road (which was in itself no small thing). For years, Rory and Moira successfully ferried the frail and frightened sidhe back to Arcadia, though the trods deteriorated. Finally, only Silver's Gate remained. The last of the sidhe readied themselves for the now arduous trek. Of course Rory and Moira were among them, for even that large a group of sidhe would not turn down the guardianship of the trolls.

When at last Silver's Gate closed after the departing sidhe, none expected to ever see Red Rory or Moira the Mountain again. For ages, this was the case. Only in the past several generations, since the Resurgence, have rumors of their continued existence surfaced. Haggard nobles, returning from Arcadia and still subject to the Mists, recounted tales of nightmare realms and horrible dangers. Almost to a one, however, they spoke of mysterious rescuers who bore a striking resemblance to the trolls of legend. At first these tales were discounted, but their consistency and sheer number have lent credibility to them that is difficult to ignore. Tales continue to circulate about the now aged duo, still serving as the unrelenting guardians of the trods and near Dreaming. Who can say they are not true?

## The Shattering and the Interregnum

With all trods but Silver's Gate destroyed, the sidhe made their cowardly decision to depart for Arcadia and abandoned the rest of the fae to the ravages of Banality. Many trolls argued long and hard against this course of action, but to no avail. Individual members of some houses, most notably Liam and a few from House Fiona, elected to stay behind, as did the entirety of House Scathach, and we continue to honor their bravery. The remaining sidhe would hear little debate; their minds had been made up, and they cloaked their cowardice in icy disdain and steely resolve. Despite the howls of protest and entreaties to remain, the sidhe abandoned their charges.

Left to the cold winds of Banality, the trolls did as the remaining kith — they hid in mortal form. Many resisted undergoing the Changeling Way, claiming that it was against their honor to hide from any foe, even Banality. Of those who refused the change, none have been heard of since, though there are rumors that some do still survive in the wild places of the world.

At first, mere survival was all any individual could think of, unless he was so fortunate as to be a member of an enduring freehold. The Inquisition swept the lands like a sentient slave of Banality. Surviving records indicate that the primary focus of these witch hunts were the Prodigals, most notably the vampires, but the fae suffered as well. Trolls were often tracked to their forest lodges, and all within were slain. Any structures were burned, and the grounds sown with salt to drive out the evil. Several of the legendary cures for witchery and demonic possession arose from the persecution of the fae, most notably among them cold iron. Many Prodigals escaped certain death because of that misconception, yet our kind was not so fortunate, for what could kill a werewolf or vampire could just as easily slay us. It was a dark time for all, and many Kithain slipped quietly into the Mists, forgetting their heritage altogether.

Still, it is difficult to practice genocide on a race in disguise, and many survived. Unfortunately, the actual numbers of those lost is impossible to calculate, for times were harsh and records scarce. Nockers and boggans adapted surprisingly well to the developing structure of the guilds, and others fared as best they could. Trolls in particular took to farming and hunting as a way of life, for while taming the wilds may be distasteful, the cities were almost unbearable. Many found the wandering spirit, and a new age of travel was born. Trolls, in their mortal guises, often served as scouts, caravan guards and the like, scour-



ing the land for signs of others who had survived. Duty was and always will be in our blood; some sought human fealty to replace that lost in the Shattering. Many trolls swore oaths of knighthood or served as warriors to one human lord or another.

After the Shattering, it seemed as if all kith went in their own directions for a time, separated by fear and mistrust. Eventually, like sought like, and when one changeling found another it was truly a joyous moment. Traditionally dour trolls wept openly to be reunited with even a sluagh. When the traveling circus motleys formed, it was the trolls who were the strong men and the guards. Among their fellow freaks, the trolls began to find something of what had been lost.

Slowly, some semblance of normalcy began to return to the freeholds. Those rare few held exclusively by trolls fared slightly better than the others, for they had generations of tradition to support them. Although technically conquered by the sidhe in the Age of Legends, they still retained much of the old ways. Seelie lodges, and even some of the Unseelie, took in all wayward changelings as they found them. As in the past, in times of difficulty it was the trolls who acted most nobly. The Code of Dagda is clear; even the loosest of interpreters could see that in the face of such devastation the loss of even one might be one too many. The cooperation between the Seelie and Unseelie trolls, with the particular aid of the Brotherhood of Thor, laid the foundation for the Concord, for squabbling between Courts would have been suicidal in those hard times. This is seen as a sin on the part of the Brotherhood by the most conservative of the returning nobility. At times when such an opinion is voiced, even the most polite of Seelie trolls will scoff openly, and rightly so.

Within several generations, the Inquisition burned itself out (or at least out of the public eye), and life for changelings achieved a harsh but stable level. Bound by their sense of duty, trolls began to fill the roles of leadership that had been the traditional right of the sidhe. In their absence few complained, and many found us to be less imperious and more open leaders. Perhaps to reclaim the glory of lost times, or perhaps in reflection of human society, again rose a system of nobles and vassalage. This time, to no one's surprise, it was universally the trolls who were in charge. This was not a power play or a popularity poll, but a gradually developing situation that spread as news of the new stability did. Those who openly opposed trollish rule were tolerated, so long as they did not take arms against their fellow fae. On those occasions that they did, they were put down with quick and uncharacteristic brutality. Despite these early outbursts, life without the

sidhe eventually settled down and became something approaching normal. Do not believe them when they tell you otherwise.

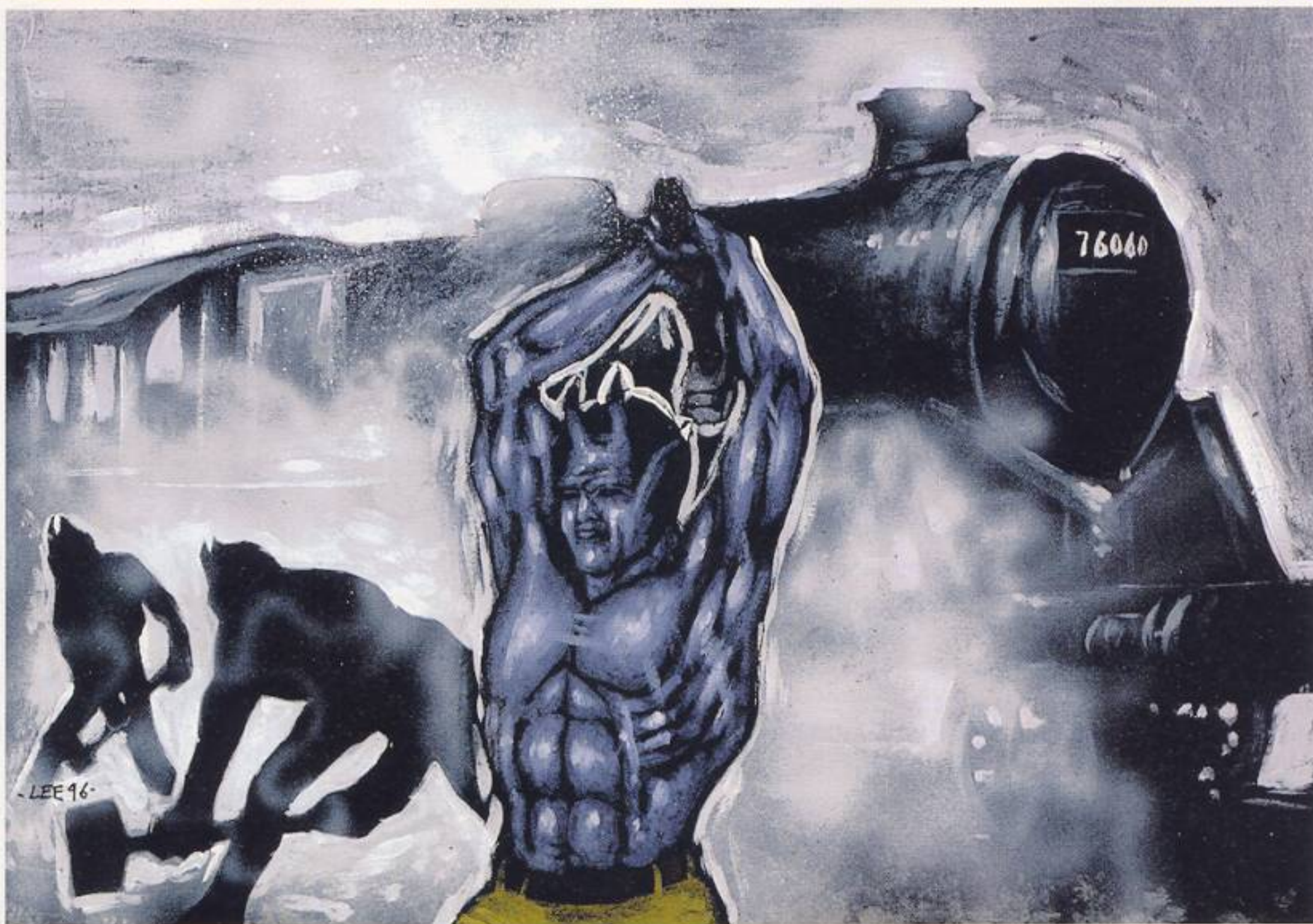
Accepting, for the moment, the need to live in the shadow of humanity, trolls and other changelings followed the trends of humanity, though to a significantly lesser degree. Life in the burgeoning factory cities of the Industrial Revolution was too horrible to be contemplated, and too crowded by far. Better instead to live the life of a country bumpkin, close to nature and away from prying eyes and the machines and institutes of Reason. As colonialism spurred humanity to expand with little regard for the consequences, trolls stayed one step ahead. Many European trolls endured the laborious boat passages to join their brethren in the Americas. Unfortunately, wherever the trolls fled to escape the encroachment of humanity, they were soon displaced by the lemmings' rush toward progress. Hard steel and firm hearts availed them little against trains and factories.

## Bigfoot

Speculation has run rampant that Bigfoot, Sasquatch, the yeti, etc., are some hermitlike trolls trying to live in the old ways. While it is true that the wilds of North America offer ample opportunity for a reclusive troll to live away from the Banality of the modern world, this doesn't explain some of the reports by eyewitnesses. The footprints and other physical evidence could easily be the work of feral trolls, but witnesses reporting eight-foot-tall animal men suggests perhaps some as yet unknown form of Gallain. If any trolls know for certain, they aren't talking.

Up until the first half of the 20th century, trolls successfully avoided the trap of the cities. However, with urban growth proceeding at an unprecedented rate, many had to take the first tenuous steps into the dragon's maw. A variety of factors played into this: mortal obligations, oaths to others and a concern for the harm that others could do without the watchful supervision of guardians. Parks became very important to the city-bound, and they could often be found on boards of directors, charity committees and volunteer cleanup and patrol crews. Still, there was much underpopulated land for those who could not stomach the cold, rational cities. The earliest jobs of rangers fell naturally to our kind, and we continue to be heavily represented in that field.





## Father James

Father James was a small but instrumental force in the struggle for human civil rights. An aging black wilder, he was ordained as a priest and found himself in the heart of the struggle. Though he preached nonviolence and the eventual benevolence of humanity, there are at least several occasions where he was forced to use his extreme size and strength to defend both himself and those under his protection. In credit to the father, he was purported to never have struck another without first being struck himself. Though not a major player in the human struggle, he did meet many of those who were, and was rumored to have had a limited correspondence with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Among the city-bound fae, he was a voice for peace and conciliation. In times of riot and violence, he offered shelter to all who sought it, be they fae or human, and was the first on hand when it came time for rebuilding.

— Ibid., Sir Grayson

With the social unrest brought about by the civil rights movement, many trolls could not resist the call to do something about this state of injustice. This was particularly true of trolls reborn into African American families, for the problems of race affected fae as they did humans, though to a lesser degree. Unfortunately, not all trolls were on the side of social change; all changelings had a mortal upbringing before their Chrysalises, and some of the ideas of the time proved difficult to shake. Even the most reactionary racism among any kith, however, could not help but be diminished by the knowledge of and contact with the remaining races of fae. It would be inaccurate to say that all acted nobly and used violence only as a last resort, for many Unseelie and no few Seelie felt the need to take matters into their own hands. In defense of most trolls, however, it is worth noting that even at the height of social unrest and riot, they were as a whole significantly less violent and destructive than their human counterparts.

## The Resurgence

If the civil rights era was chaotic, it was nothing compared to the maelstrom of confusion that arose with the reopening of the trods in 1969. No sooner had Neil Armstrong



spoken his famous words than reports of befuddled sidhe appearing from closed trods began trickling in. In time, those trickles became a torrent, and it appeared the fleeing nobility had returned to a world much changed in their absence.

The initial opinion of the trolls was split, but a slight majority of them advocated a wait-and-see attitude. Reactions to the sidhe varied from individual to individual, with some trolls ignoring them, others openly hostile, and still others offering aid to their disoriented and lost brethren. To the surprise of few, the sidhe returned with the ideas of reestablishing and reclaiming what they had abandoned in the face of Banality. Perhaps they thought they could hide their cowardice with presumption and arrogance. Still, the majority of trolls waited, for they remembered the results of the ancient reune with the sidhe, as well as the oaths taken on both sides.

Unfortunately, many commoners did not relish losing what they had paid so dearly for in the absence of the cowardly sidhe. Freedom had become the watchword in mortal society as well as among the common fae, and they would not again willingly submit to the chains of slavery. Our kind had led in the absence of the nobles, and were looked to again to preserve what had been established. Out of obligation, a sense of justice and memories of the flight of the sidhe, we slowly and cautiously began to side with the rebels. Many held that compromise was not only possible, but advantageous to both sides. Though their voices were quickly lost in the heated arguments of growing extremism, these trolls attempted to point out the good the returning nobles had already accomplished. Freeholds, some thought lost for eternity, were being reestablished, and already the craftsmen of the Dreaming were creating wondrous new palaces to replace those which had been lost. These voices of compromise were quickly lost, and we were pushed closer and closer to siding with our charges, the commoners.

## The Beltaine Massacre

*...and, though I must confess to having been quite opposed initially to your suggestions on governance, time has dulled the edge of my reactions. I have looked upon the records of our absence, and found your deeds and the deeds of your kith to have been as admirable as was possible in our absence. Surviving, indeed, has become a necessary virtue, but the time for makeshift court and make-do tactics are behind us. As you came to me bearing the olive branch, so now do I come to you with the same, and in the spirit of peace and righteousness. If you and your brethren would join with me and mine this Beltaine Eve, we could once again forge the strongest of bonds between troll and sidhe, noble and commoner....*

— Unknown sidhe noble, just before the Beltaine Massacre

With the rhetoric on either side growing more and more extreme, violent clashes between noble and commoner became more and more frequent. Many trolls resigned themselves to the inevitable, and prepared for war. Already, some had been pulled into skirmishes, and though it pained them to do so, they almost invariably felt obliged to side with the commoners. It came as a pleasant surprise, then, to be invited to parley on Beltaine Eve. With great relief and optimism, the commoner nobles (the majority of which happened to be trolls) set forth to recast the state of fae society. Unfortunately for all, true peace was never the intended goal of the treacherous sidhe, unless it be the peace of being the victors by default. The results of this ill-fated meeting are a matter of common knowledge; not a single commoner left the halls of parley alive. Trolls insist that, even though unprepared for conflict, their kithmates made a noble accounting for themselves, and did not meet their ends without taking a few nobles with them. Though there are no witnesses to validate these claims, no one doubts their truth. With this deceitful and ignoble act, the honorless sidhe brought conflict out into the open.

## The Accordance War

Many of the commoners felt that the results of the war were a certain victory on their part, for they easily outnumbered the sidhe. Troll generals and historians, however, knew better than to expect an easy victory, however, for they had worked with and for the sidhe for ages, and knew their battle acumen well. The sidhe were led by Lord Dafyll, a hero and general of legendary renown. We had nothing but confidence in our own leader, General Lyros. Ostensibly the commander of the Eastland Troll Army, Lyros set the agenda and battle plans for much of the commoner army. So great was his reputation and the respect tendered him that even redcaps and nockers took his suggestions as irrefutable orders.

Troll societies and fellowships proved invaluable in the campaign. The Rovers served as the most trustworthy and reliable couriers and scouts; the Brotherhood of Thor coordinated assaults and troop movement between their leaders, almost invariably generals in charge of motley troops; the Keepers were consulted in regards to sidhe tactics; the Fellowships of the Hearth bound together to move supplies to the fronts, and the Fellowships of the Mountain coordinated the mightiest of commoner magics against the nobles. All in all, it was an amazing organizational effort, and would no doubt have easily proved sufficient had we faced an army of similar composition and abilities. Yet the sidhe had conquered the commoners in the past, and proved all too capable of doing so again. Wielding treasures thought lost in the Shattering, they moved with lightning speed and precision against the commoners.





## The Battle of Central Park



By dawn, the common army was deeply entrenched behind fortifications the nockers and boggans had spent all the previous night creating. Our few chimerical engines stood poised to strike along the expected path of attack. According to plan, once they had sufficiently weakened the nobles, the fortifications would open up and march into the fray in the tight formations they had been drilled into learning. Things did not go according to plan.

The nobles did not come forth in a mass, as was expected, nor did they solely approach along the expected route. The first assault came as a surprise, from the flank. Unknown to our intelligences, the Green Brigade that was guarding that approach had been quickly and quietly decimated, leaving us totally unprepared. The giants barked their orders, and one half of the force turned to repel the assault. To their credit they were successful, but that was as intended. In hindsight, I can only applaud the tactical genius of the noble general, curse his arrogant heart to hell!

The flank attack was only a distraction, a ruse the generals expected. Unfortunately, the secondary attack did not come from the front, where we were fortified and waiting, but from all sides. Sidhe commandos leaped or flicker-flashed past our fortifications, and striking quickly and with the precision of a surgeon. In moments, our engines were destroyed, our walls aflame, and our troops thrown into chaos. It was then, amidst the smoke and flames, that the main force struck. They drove straight up the center of our formation, the shining phalanx a model of precision and order. The Keepers assured us the sidhe of legend fought as small bands of glory-hungry individuals. It appears they had learned the value of drills and order in the interim, I am sorry to report.

Following the major assault, I was forced to fend for my life, and cannot report with accuracy the movements of either side. All I know is that I feel fortunate to have escaped as I did, though my wounds will be some time in healing. From speaking with the other refugees, it appears that easily half of our force was either slain or captured. It is my hope that this report will prove of use to the remaining armies. It is painfully obvious that we need to rethink our strategy.

—From the field reports of Sergeant Gornthall

## The Battle of Greenwich

General Lyros had felt the sting of recent losses, and vowed to end it all one way or another in Greenwich. The Eastland Troll Army was the mightiest and most disciplined of all commoner forces; if any had hopes of stopping the avalanche of successes Lord Dafyll attached to his name, it was they. The army had learned the painful lesson of Central Park, and had many a fallback plan for any eventuality. The tentative attacks on either side proved that each was prepared for any trickery, and assured the way for the bloodiest battle of the entire war. Neither side left an exposed weakness, and so the battle royale was engaged.

Lyros and Dafyll were very nearly a tactical match for one another, and the battle shifted fronts one way and then the other. Sluagh traps covered the apparent retreat of many troll companies, and at first made up for the mighty treasures at the disposal of the sidhe. There was a limit to these, however, and as each was triggered, it forced the troll army tighter and tighter together, eventually leaving them surrounded and beset on all sides. Seeing that certain defeat lay in continuing to fight on the terms of the sidhe, Lyros gave the order to disperse and take to street-to-street fighting. The plan caught the sidhe off-guard, as the trolls gave way in some position and surged forth in others. Many a valiant troll fell then, guarding the escape of his companions, yet never once did they falter. Both giant and ogre made respectable accounting of themselves that day.

Terrain was on the side of the trolls, for they knew the city much better than the sidhe. Each time they engaged the enemy, they withdrew to a place of their choosing. Still, the sidhe took a dreadful toll on the kith; if not for their Arcadian treasures, they would have fallen before the might of their opponents. Dafyll himself pursued the 4th Troll Commons, for it was known to be the battalion directly under the command of his nemesis, General Lyros. The two generals played games of cat and mouse throughout the alleys and subways of New York, yet neither dared enter into the sewers, for traps and terrain beyond the ken of the sluagh were known to lie in wait. In the bowels of Grand Central, Lord Dafyll fell at last to a blade of iron, an atrocity laid at the feet of the 4th Commons, yet it could not have been, for Lyros himself strictly forbade the use of such dishonorable weapons, and took matters of discipline in this affair upon himself. His stance on the incident is one of public record, yet the nobles continue to sully his name and reputation with the deed. It seems quite obvious that the truth is not their concern.





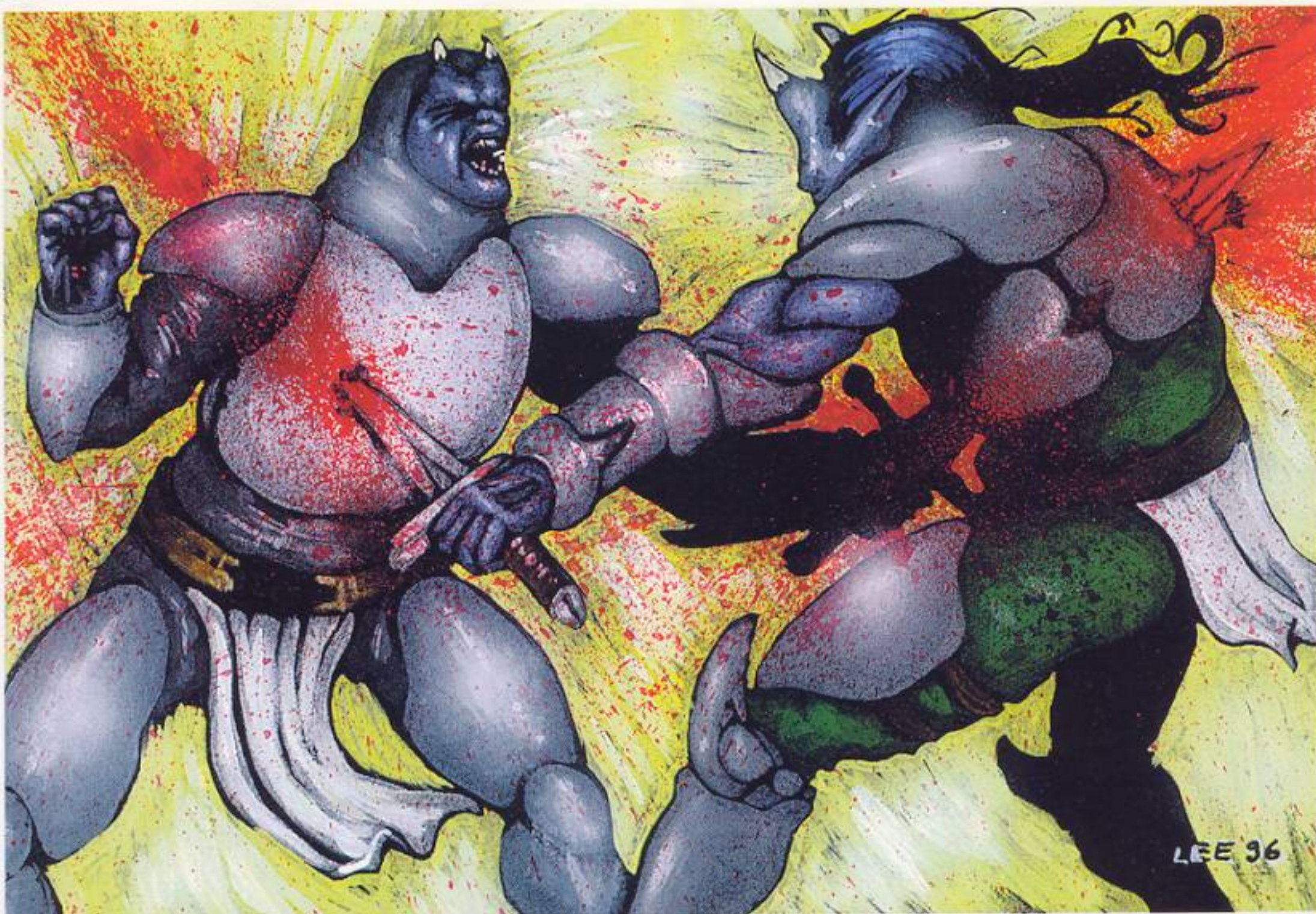
## The Reune of Peace

The rise of High King David has been much documented, and all accounts agree on the majority of details. We were extremely skeptical of a second call to reune, having been betrayed once before. Yet the reputation of David, who would battle and defeat his own nobles to hold them from genocide and tyranny, gave us pause. The final incentive to peace, though, was David's agreement to meet in a place of our choosing, at a time of our convenience. I was fortunate enough to be a member of that council by virtue of my membership in the Keepers. Armed to the teeth and expecting deception, we went to the table, and found David to be truly a child of the modern age. Before even the most cantankerous of nockers could speak of demands, David revealed his plans for the Parliament of Dreams. Many of his own party were openly displeased by this, yet did not contradict their liege. While we were still recovering from that pronouncement, David stated that the ranks of the nobility would be opened to kith other than the sidhe, and that merit would have a place under his rule. Many details remained to be ironed out, yet he impressed us greatly. We withdrew to consider the offer and to confer among ourselves.

Yet David had not made his truest and final offer. He had learned well the nobility and honor of the trolls at the feet of his mentor, True Thomas, and had learned as well something of the first legendary reune between our two kith. Despite the lies spread about trolls in sidhe halls, he had a great deal of respect for the guardians and oathkeepers. Trusting only his sister to carry the message, he sent Lady Morwen to the Brotherhood of Thor with an invitation to a second reune between the sidhe and the trolls. The Brotherhood was impressed with his actions to date, and agreed to spread the word to the most powerful of their kith. In great secrecy, the two sides met. What transpired there is as tightly held a secret as the debate and terms of the first reune, yet the result is common knowledge. All war crimes were waived, many were granted the titles that they held before the return of the sidhe, and trolls pledged their loyalty and fealty to High King David and all who followed him.

LEE 96.





My Lord, High King David,  
I do not take responsibility for the actions immediately following the death of Lord Dafyll, though I am certain they will be placed upon me. I have always held myself and those under my command to the highest standards of honor, and challenge anyone to prove otherwise. I shall meet them in a court of law or on the battlefield, for I know of my innocence in this.

According to all accounts, the redcaps should carry the majority of the blame for the massacre that followed. My opinion on the ignoble members of that kith is well-known, and I will not repeat it here. Allow me to state definitively that never in my career have I given orders advocating the killing of noncombatants, nor have I ever made plans that included this as an aspect. I am as deeply shocked that such an act could take place as your nobles, and I seek justice just as eagerly.

This is neither an apology, nor an excuse. I stand by all my actions during the course of the war, but I will not be held accountable for atrocities that the bitter victors wish to hang about my neck. So long as I live, I will speak the truth of matters as they are known to me. My duty and oaths demand no less.

Your servant,  
Lyros



This apparent capitulation caused a great deal of grumbling on many sides. The sidhe gnashed their teeth, for they dearly longed to blame and prosecute General Lyros for the death of Lord Dafyll and the massacre following his death. The commoners were bitter, for they felt they had been shut out of a private and sweet deal, abandoned to weakness by those who had been their

strength and leaders. Both sides accused their own of capitulation, and of being the lapdog of the other, though each did this privately and in hushed voices. Those so unwise as to publicly state these views were met with harsh words and challenges, from which they did not emerge victorious.

— Excerpt from a letter by Duke Topaz

...and in regards to the offer made to us by the new High King. He offers us our due, and grants us the respect we deserve. He speaks from a position of strength, yet makes no demands save those we make upon ourselves and others. Unlike those who sit fitfully at his back, he seems truly a noble sidhe, if those two words can still be used together. We have no reason to doubt his sincerity, save from the accumulated bitterness this war has caused, yet I urge that we put that aside. He is not weak, for he commands the silence and loyalty of those who would speak against him. Even without our support, the sidhe follow him. Should we grant him ours, he will stand unopposed. I suggest we do just that. The Brotherhood carries much weight among our brothers and sisters, and if we agree, I believe the majority will follow our lead. Of course, should David break his word or fail in his duties, we will respond as we always have.

Respectfully,  
Topaz

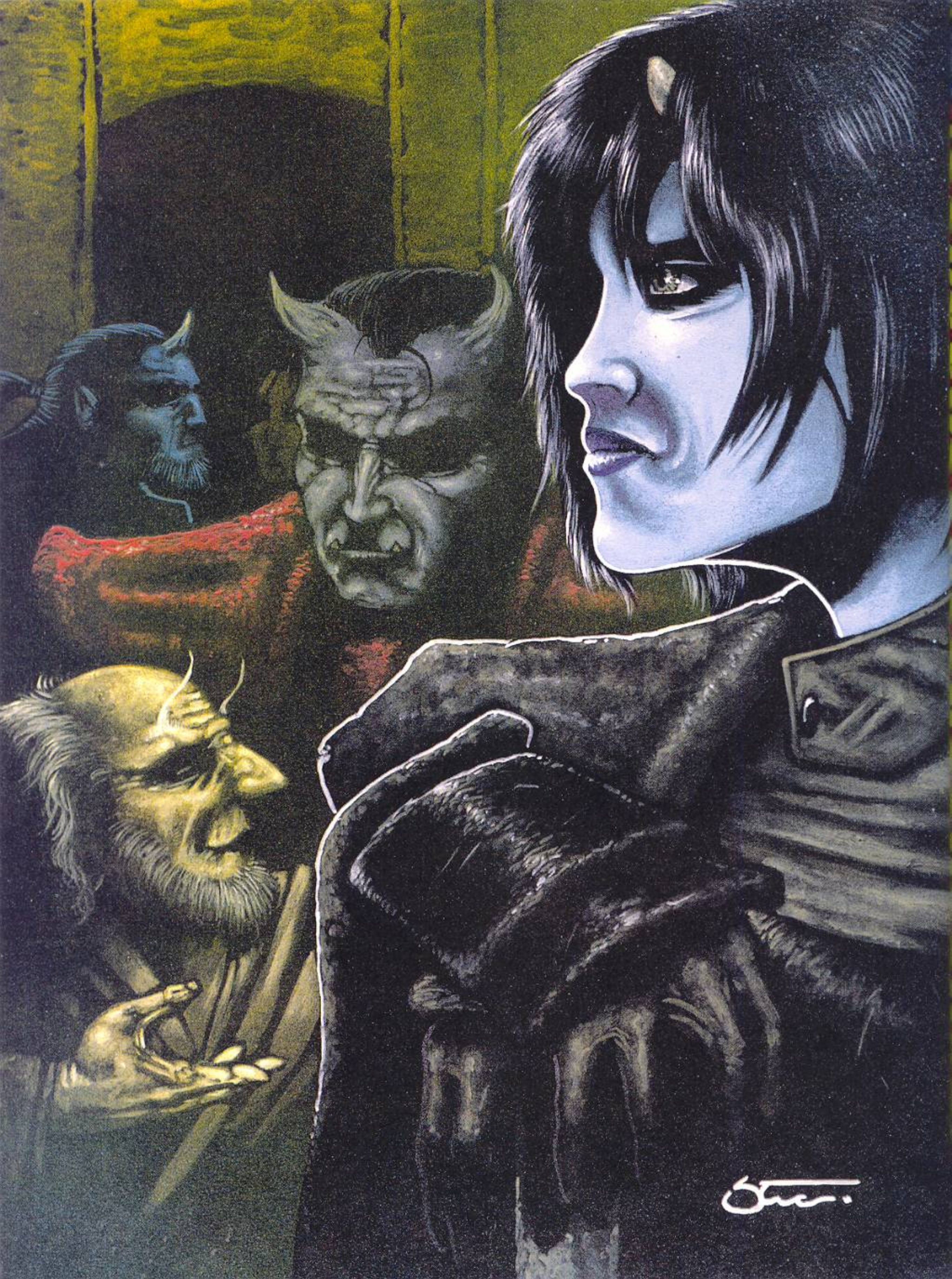
## The Present Day

High King David thus far has proven to be a noble ruler who attends both to the letter and spirit of his words. It should come as little surprise that most trolls still support him, for even the Unseelie need a base from which to build. Of course, there are dissenters, but these are the exception rather than the rule. On matters of specifics, there will always be dissent, yet the High King listens to his advisors and looks to us for advice. The continued presence of General Lyros in the Parliament of Dreams and the appointment of Duke Topaz as ruler of the most troubled kingdom in Concordia, are testament to the value and regard he assigns to trolls.

Despite the goodwill of the High King, however, there is still trouble between many sidhe and the trolls. The continued existence of the Beltaine Blade as a political force is clear proof of this. Should any troll ever discover even one of their members, drastic action will follow. Duke Dray is easily the most public of all who hate

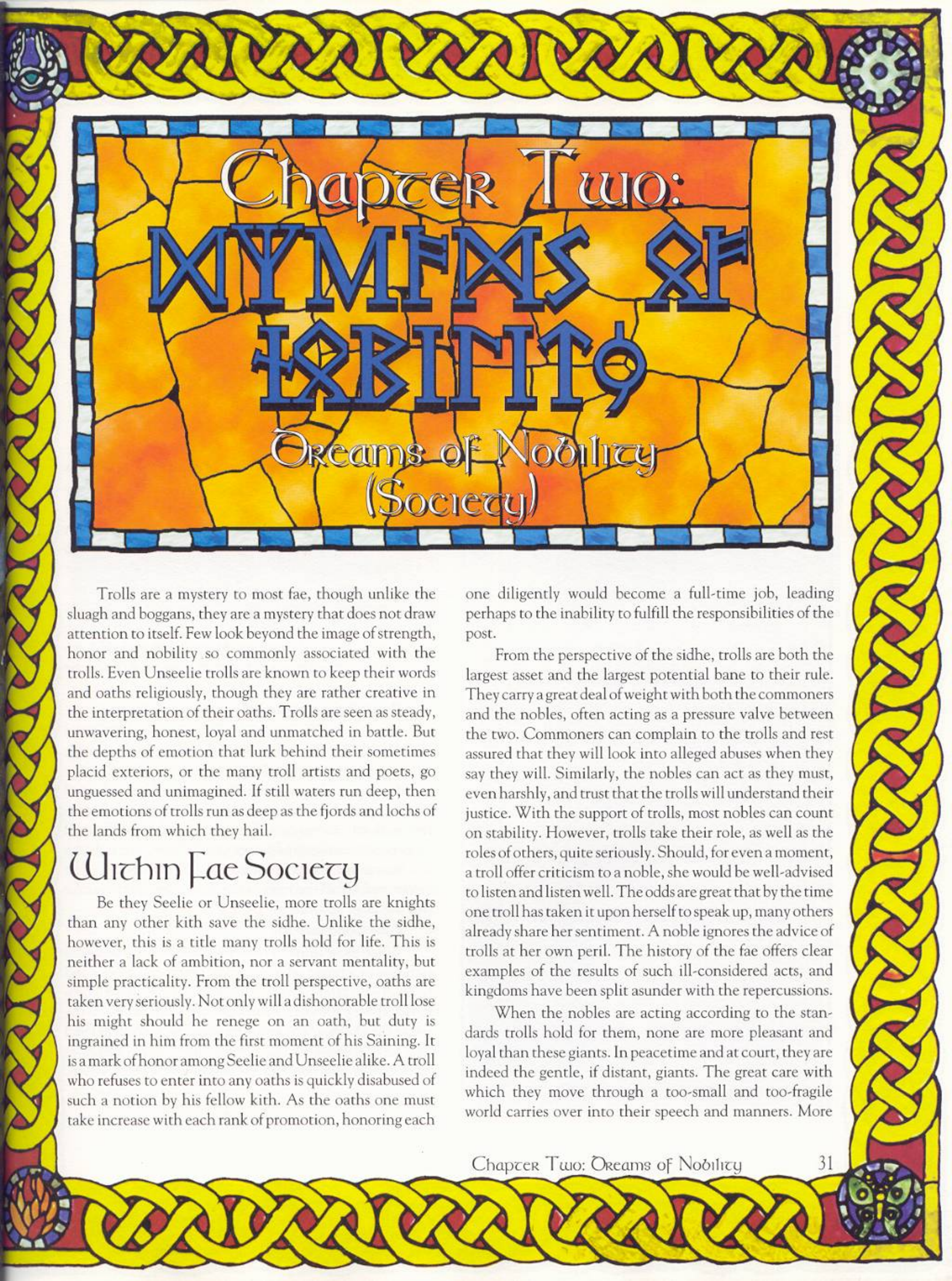
us, and the rancor is mutual. Though suspected of membership, it has as yet been impossible to gather sufficient evidence to proceed with direct action against so powerful a politician. It is a point of irony that one so conservative as Dray should use the very instrument of plurality, the Parliament of Dreams, against his enemies, yet use it he does. The largest political danger at the moment to all trolls and troll representation is a collection of orders and initiatives collectively known as the *Troll Reclamation Proclamation*. Within the legalistic and formal language of these documents is an insidious plan that calls on the *guardians* of the freeholds to return their charges to those they have been safeguarding them for, notably the sidhe. Should this series of bills pass the Parliament, it will drastically reduce our legislative voice. Already there is much support from a growing collection of conservatives and opportunists, though passage is by no means assured. The fact that it has come so far, however, is a clarion call to us all that danger comes in many forms, and peace is still far from assured.





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# Chapter Two:

## NYMIMS OF LOBINTO

### Dreams of Nobility (Society)

Trolls are a mystery to most fae, though unlike the sluagh and boggans, they are a mystery that does not draw attention to itself. Few look beyond the image of strength, honor and nobility so commonly associated with the trolls. Even Unseelie trolls are known to keep their words and oaths religiously, though they are rather creative in the interpretation of their oaths. Trolls are seen as steady, unwavering, honest, loyal and unmatched in battle. But the depths of emotion that lurk behind their sometimes placid exteriors, or the many troll artists and poets, go unguessed and unimagined. If still waters run deep, then the emotions of trolls run as deep as the fjords and lochs of the lands from which they hail.

## Within Fae Society

Be they Seelie or Unseelie, more trolls are knights than any other kith save the sidhe. Unlike the sidhe, however, this is a title many trolls hold for life. This is neither a lack of ambition, nor a servant mentality, but simple practicality. From the troll perspective, oaths are taken very seriously. Not only will a dishonorable troll lose his might should he renege on an oath, but duty is ingrained in him from the first moment of his Saining. It is a mark of honor among Seelie and Unseelie alike. A troll who refuses to enter into any oaths is quickly disabused of such a notion by his fellow kith. As the oaths one must take increase with each rank of promotion, honoring each

one diligently would become a full-time job, leading perhaps to the inability to fulfill the responsibilities of the post.

From the perspective of the sidhe, trolls are both the largest asset and the largest potential bane to their rule. They carry a great deal of weight with both the commoners and the nobles, often acting as a pressure valve between the two. Commoners can complain to the trolls and rest assured that they will look into alleged abuses when they say they will. Similarly, the nobles can act as they must, even harshly, and trust that the trolls will understand their justice. With the support of trolls, most nobles can count on stability. However, trolls take their role, as well as the roles of others, quite seriously. Should, for even a moment, a troll offer criticism to a noble, she would be well-advised to listen and listen well. The odds are great that by the time one troll has taken it upon herself to speak up, many others already share her sentiment. A noble ignores the advice of trolls at her own peril. The history of the fae offers clear examples of the results of such ill-considered acts, and kingdoms have been split asunder with the repercussions.

When the nobles are acting according to the standards trolls hold for them, none are more pleasant and loyal than these giants. In peacetime and at court, they are indeed the gentle, if distant, giants. The great care with which they move through a too-small and too-fragile world carries over into their speech and manners. More



often than not, words are carefully chosen (even in the heat of passion). Painstakingly formal, they address all by title, and insist on similar consideration for themselves. They extend every courtesy as a matter of course; it is not a game, but a daily reality. Despite their etiquette, however, most trolls do not excel at court games. They find multiplicitous speech uncomfortable to their trusting and open natures. Likewise, they do not engage in the great maneuverings of courtly love, for love is a serious matter to trolls and not to be trifled with. Because of this reluctance, many a bored court noble will target trolls for romantic conquest, for they are trophies of great value to those who compete in the fields of love. Many have learned the hard way, however, that a troll with bruised feelings, or worse, one who feels that she has been used, is far more trouble than any notoriety gained with the conquest. Nevertheless, foolhardy or jaded nobles will continue to prey on the emotions of trolls to whet their palates.

### Oaths and Oathbreaking

Trolls take oaths very seriously, more so than any other fae. It has been said that duty is what it means to be a troll, and none are more aware of this than trolls themselves. Larger and more powerful than any other fae, they learn from the earliest that such strength is not to be abused; objects and other fae break far too easily, and the latter are difficult to repair. In light of such might, oaths are the control. This goes beyond the duty-bonded Frailty, however. While it is true that an oathbreaker will lose his fae might, this is the least of his worries. Trolls are self-policing in these matters, and oathbreaking is an offense that crosses the boundaries between Seelie and Unseelie. For the Seelie, oaths are a duty and a privilege. For the Unseelie, it is a measure of strength and personal might; only the strongest and most powerful can successfully honor multiple oaths. Most will seek to right the wrongs they have done themselves; a recalcitrant troll will be visited by her fellow kith, who will urge her to resume her vows. Troll society will not sanction an oathbreaker, and the least one can expect is to be reviled, and exile from her own kind at worst should she persist. If words do not suffice, actions usually do. In rare instances, violence may be used to "convince" the offender of the error of her ways. If death has ever resulted from these "instructions," the trolls are typically close-mouthed about it.

## The Courts Seelie Trolls

*"You make think it strange, Duke Dray, to hear respect for tradition and the past cross my lips. If so, that is only a result of your total lack of knowledge of both myself and those I represent. I will not deny your accusation, but confirm it. I did, indeed, lead the 4th Troll Commons in the Accordance War, and I defend my actions as both honorable and necessary. I am a troll, and I understand, perhaps more than most but definitely more than you, the need for a stable and respectable form of government. Would I have been honorable and true to my role as protector of the fae if I had willingly and meekly returned the reins of Kithain society to the hands of those who fled to Arcadia in fear, their collective tails between their legs? I think not!"*

—General Lyros, speech at the Parliament of Dreams

The reputations of trolls in general are based largely on the Seelie members of this kith. Honor, duty, strength and obligation are the lifeblood of Seelie trolls, and death would truly be preferable to relinquishing these attributes for many. If they are to be the pillars of fae society and the protectors of all kith, there is little wonder that Seelie trolls turn to the past for its wisdom. At any given moment, there are more Seelie trolls than Unseelie, though the gap has narrowed in modern times. Many, trolls included, see this kith in particular as a living embodiment of the Seelie Code.

### Death Before Dishonor

This is the most obvious of all proscriptions for Seelie trolls. Oaths are central to who and what they are, with strong punishments for those who waver. However, fae blood is not to be squandered. By way of precedent of Ottmar Oceanheart, atonement is an acceptable alternative to death, but only so long as the dishonorable troll takes no glory or aggrandizement for her acts. The righting of a wrong one has committed is rarely something to be celebrated. Of all the rules of the Seelie, Seelie trolls take this the most seriously.

### Love Conquers All

When most think of love, they think of the beautiful sidhe, or of a tragic relationship between commoner and noble. Trolls rarely, if ever, come to mind. Yet in their own minds, these giants have hearts as large and powerful as the rest of their bodies. The few instances where a troll did find true and lasting love outside her kith are circulated as definitive proof to the truthfulness of the Seelie position.





### Beauty is Life

To Seelie trolls, beauty is nothing more than the physical embodiment of love. As secret romantics, this is more a truth than a duty. Though it cannot be captured or possessed, it can most certainly be nurtured and protected. Among Seelie trolls, there is little more noble and honorable than the protection of beauty.

### Never Forget a Debt

Like begets like, as the trolls say. Though most look at this in the positive sense, there is a dark overtone as well. All kind acts are repaid, not out of a sense of duty, but out of fairness. One who would offer friendship is imminently deserving of its return. Similarly, one who offers scorn or enmity should expect no less for himself. Fairness, even inflexible fairness, is so often associated with trolls that most find it inconceivable to think otherwise.

## Unseelie Trolls

*"Wait, let me get this straight. You want me to give you my word that I'll be good and do everything that you ask me to, just because I'm a troll? Hello, wake up! I don't play that way, man. You gotta do more than just ask; you gotta sweeten the deal. What's in it for me?"*

— Dred Menace

When most changelings think of Unseelie trolls, they envision a seven-foot-tall, mighty-hewed monstrosity bent on taking whatever he wants, as violently as possible. While this is a compelling and terrifying image, it is not true for the majority of Unseelie trolls. Most fae would be hard-pressed to identify Unseelie ogres from Seelie giants, for while there are marked differences, members of this kith have more in common than not, regardless of Court. True, the Unseelie are more impulsive, violent and selfish, but this is in relative terms. Most trolls are close-mouthed and stolid, making it difficult to judge their allegiances by their words.

Yet there are differences. All trolls are bound by the Code of Dagda, but interpretation varies widely. All trolls honor oaths, yet Unseelie do not take them if it is not in their best interests. Their mighty strength is not flaunted among their weaker brethren, but this is a matter of personal pride, rather than true restraint.

Perhaps the most unusual, and potentially frightening, thing about Unseelie ogres is that they are practically indistinguishable from their Seelie counterparts.

### Change is Good

This is self-evident to Unseelie trolls. If not for change, who would have taken over the leadership and



protection of the fae after the sidhe fled? Since the Shattering, all changelings live at least part of their lives in human form, and it is undeniable that humans are all about change. Axes and swords are nice, but they don't stand up too well against shotguns and pistols. Unseelie ogres see it as a simple choice, really; change with the times, or be buried by them.

#### **Glamour is Free**

The Dreaming is real, or at least it was. However, it seems weaker than Banality, and abandoned all fae, as did the sidhe. In a kith known for strength, is it any wonder the Dreaming is disdained among its Unseelie members? With the leaving of the Dreaming, ogres cast off the traditions and rules of Glamour as well. The world had become a different place, where the old rules no longer applied. True, Unseelie ogres tend to be less rapacious than many of their Court, but this is more a matter of common sense than ethical restraint. Shortsighted greed kills the goose that lays the golden egg; enlightened self-interest takes from it for as long as it lives.

#### **Honor is a Lie**

This tenet seems at odds with the very meaning of trolldom, for are not all trolls bound by their oaths? However, ogres differ from giants in the reasons for which oaths are taken. Even the most selfish of Unseelie ogres is bound by common Frailty. Yet none will willingly take an oath that is not in her best interests, and oaths taken under duress are not binding. The appearance of honor is one thing, but reality is very different. Obligation and duty are meaningless to ogres. Pride and reputation fill those voids instead.

#### **Passion Before Duty**

Passion is not a trait most associate with trolls, yet is it something they fear. For Unseelie ogres, passion is the only true voice of the self. Duty comes from without, and is usually associated with giving something to another. Passion, on the other hand, has to do only with the self. Tame by comparison to others of the Unseelie Court, ogres are veritable party animals when compared with their Seelie counterparts.

## **Trolls on the Battlefield**

In simplest terms, trolls are valuable because they are the mightiest of warriors. More often than not they serve as a deterrent, for only fools risk meeting even one in single combat unless the odds are stacked heavily in their favor. Because of their prowess in battle, trolls act as a check both on the power of the nobility and on the amounted mass of the commoners. Nobles will go to great lengths to see that

trolls support them and their actions, for an army of dissatisfied giants is tantamount to certain insurrection. Similarly, the commoners will do little more than grumble about the nobles should they have the support of the trolls, for no motley is a match for sidhe and troll working in concert.

Should the presence of trolls fail as a deterrent to violence, there are protocols that they insist upon on the battlefield. Once all chance at parley is lost, trolls demand the opportunity to challenge any and all trolls on the opposing side to single combat. Over the centuries, this has come to be accepted as one of the realities of fae warfare; no troll who wishes to retain that name will refuse such a challenge. From their perspective, this is the only fair and just thing to do; using their might against other kith while there are trolls still standing is more than unjust, it is unthinkable. This is a direct result of the Code of Dagda. Unseelie trolls, too, hold one another to this rule, though they disguise the concept of fairness in terms of courage and strength. How can one be proud of a victory over a weaker foe? It is a sad testament to the loyalty of trolls that, should friends or family members find themselves on opposing sides of the field, they will invariably challenge one another first, invoking the names of Torvald and Bohr as they make their challenges. To kill a kinsman in such a manner is tragic, but not dishonorable. In such circumstances, however, the most honorable outcome is if each dies at the hands of the other.

Only after all troll challenges have been dealt with will the grand melee commence. Should one side's trolls achieve an overwhelming victory over the other, it is not uncommon for the losing army to remove itself from the battlefield altogether. On the other extreme, great victories have been won in the name of fallen trolls, for the invocation of their names on the part of the sidhe generals inspires a ferocity in the rank and file difficult to come by otherwise. Should any attempt to abuse the symbolic value of trolls be discovered, the would-be manipulators will find themselves surrounded by their own army. At the least, they will be deposed; at worst, they will be slain.

This troll code of combat, once as unquestioned as the rising and setting of the sun, has begun to fall into disuse. No more do armies meet in open fields to settle their grievances, for the world is a different place now, and the forces of Banality prevent such obvious displays of Glamour. Since the Accordance War, no major battles of historic degree have taken place. In their stead, violence is settled in dark alleys, nighttime parks and other locations away from the questioning eyes of humanity.



# Perspectives on Other Kith

While sweeping generalizations often do a disservice to those described, there are certain views and beliefs common to the majority of trolls. Listed below are brief sketches that illustrate trollish perspectives on the various kith, though it would be unwise to assume all trolls share these opinions. Though known for their cool heads, they are also a stubborn lot, and any attempt to stamp them all with the same mold is doomed from the outset. It should come as no surprise that the views of the Seelie differ in significant ways from those of the Unseelie. However, there are Seelie who hold views similar to their Unseelie brethren in regard to a given kith, and vice versa.

## Boggans

From the Seelie perspective, boggans are seen as truly admirable fae. The diligence with which they work, and the pride they exhibit in it, are exemplary. Similarly, their concern for the needy is well-known, and serves as a standard for which to strive by many an itinerant troll. Boggans are seen as a perfect example of commoner fae who know their place and are content with it. However, their propensity for gossip is somewhat troubling to trolls, who are more than content to mind their own business and are uncomfortable knowing the intimate details of others' affairs.

Unseelie trolls have a slightly different view of these diminutive craftsmen. They value their handiwork greatly, in particular sturdy arms and armor, yet will not allow themselves to be the subjects of whispered rumors, or worse yet, truths. Seelie boggans are seen as no better than difficult servants who deserve their low positions in society. Unseelie boggans, on the other hand, are valuable rogues, so long as they know when to keep their mouths shut.

## Eshu

Eshu are the recipients of a mild disdain that disguises the envy many trolls have of them. The duty and obligation of nobility, even Unseelie nobility, can be burdensome at times. Little wonder, then, that these restless wanderers and spinners of tales are so valued by the giant folk. Many seem surprised by the latitude given to eshu by trolls, but even this has limits. The most Seelie of this wandering kith come dangerously close to what is considered Unseelie by others, and trolls are no exception. So long as they mind their manners and their betters, an eshu is warmly welcomed among Seelie trolls.

Unseelie trolls hold eshu in mild contempt as well, but for different reasons. Their wild and reckless ways are admired to a point, but the wandering urge prevents them from establishing anything of lasting importance. Unseelie eshu are seen as the very essence of the Unseelie code, but do little to advance the cause of the Court or weaken the Seelie, except by minor and haphazard acts. Unseelie trolls give them a measure of grudging respect, but have little trouble pushing them aside when there is work to be done.

## Nockers

Seelie trolls have a measure of pity for the nockers, but this pity is often strained by the foul manners and demeanors of the nockers themselves. The most even-tempered of trolls can be pushed to the point of expletives by these guttermouths. Still, there are none better in fae society when it comes to the practicing of a given craft, and the perfectionism of the nockers is given reluctant due. Perhaps it is a measure of their naiveté or gullibility, but most Seelie trolls truly believe that friendship and trust are all that nockers need to dull their tongues. Unfortunately, few have the patience to put this theory to the test.

Unseelie trolls are quite fond of nockers, particularly their craft. A sort of gruff truce exists between both kith of the Unseelie Court. Trolls will tolerate their presence and defend them against whomever their acid tongues have incensed, and in return nockers are expected to practice their craft first and foremost for these "bodyguards," as well as turn their complaints and criticisms to other targets. When a nocker oversteps his bounds, or cannot resist critiquing an Unseelie troll, he is quickly reminded of the unspoken truce by the strong and sometimes brutal ogres. Both kith grumble about the other, but are serving complements for one another.

## Pooka

Of all the kith, only redcaps are more disliked by the majority of Seelie trolls than the pooka. Unlike the eshu, who are seen as wandering adventurers, pooka are considered brats and annoyances, if they are lucky. The worst of their kind, from the troll perspective, are the worst of liars and thieves. Trolls are not reluctant to point this out to others, a fact which, combined with their dour natures, makes them ideal targets for the happy-go-lucky pooka. Perhaps it is this, above all else, that is the cause of the friction between troll and pooka, for no one likes to be the continual butt of the joke. Unlike the sidhe, the trolls have no mystical protection against embarrassment. Still, a wise pooka will take care not to push a troll too far. If he should, it is a mistake he will make only once.





If anything, Unseelie trolls are even more outspoken against and intolerant of these feckless kith. Of course, this merely goads the pooka into more elaborate and intricate pranks against them, but they are always certain to be well beyond reach when the trap is sprung. Particularly devious pooka will arrange to set a prank in motion immediately prior to an extended journey, a fact not lost on trolls. Unseelie pranks are often quite dangerous, making it almost a certainty that trolls will engage in preemptive intimidation against the pooka. As often as not, however, this results in nothing more than an overt suspension of jokes that covers a covert scheming for ever greater and embarrassing tricks. Woe to any pooka caught by an Unseelie troll who has been the target of such a prank.

## Redcaps

Of all kith, this is the most despised, particularly by Seelie kith. Redcaps are seen as little more than thugs and bullies, even the Seelie, and it often falls to the trolls to put an end to their activities. More often than not, trolls will take such duties upon themselves without being asked, for nothing gets under the skin of a noble giant like roving packs of these disgusting kith. Redcaps are well aware of the role trolls fall into, and will fall upon an armed troll immediately, generally and correctly assuming that he is armed for the purpose of dealing them a less than gentle rebuke. Should any redcap earn the respect and friendship of a troll, however, she has found a friend and ally for life (or until such time as the redcap invalidates such respect by a particularly egregious act of barbarism).

Unseelie trolls know the merit of having thugs and barbarians on their side, and value redcaps for the terror they inspire in their enemies. This does not mean, however, that they are above thrashing one who becomes too annoying or has the temerity to challenge an order. Even among the Unseelie, it often falls to trolls to quell the bands of redcaps, for Unseelie is not necessarily synonymous with crudity and thugdom. Whereas battles between Seelie trolls and redcaps are often chimerical in nature, and therefore not ultimately fatal, the Unseelie meet one another for the grimmest of all fights, usually resulting in the hasty retreat of surviving redcaps after a sufficient number of their companions have been slain at the hands of ogres.

## Satyrs

Typically staid trolls have little public use for these lusty kith, and look upon them with distaste borne of etiquette and propriety. Like many other fae, however, trolls will privately seek out satyrs for their wisdom and the occasional wild tryst. Satyrs accept this apparent dichotomy with knowing smiles, and continue to sing the praises of the trolls, for



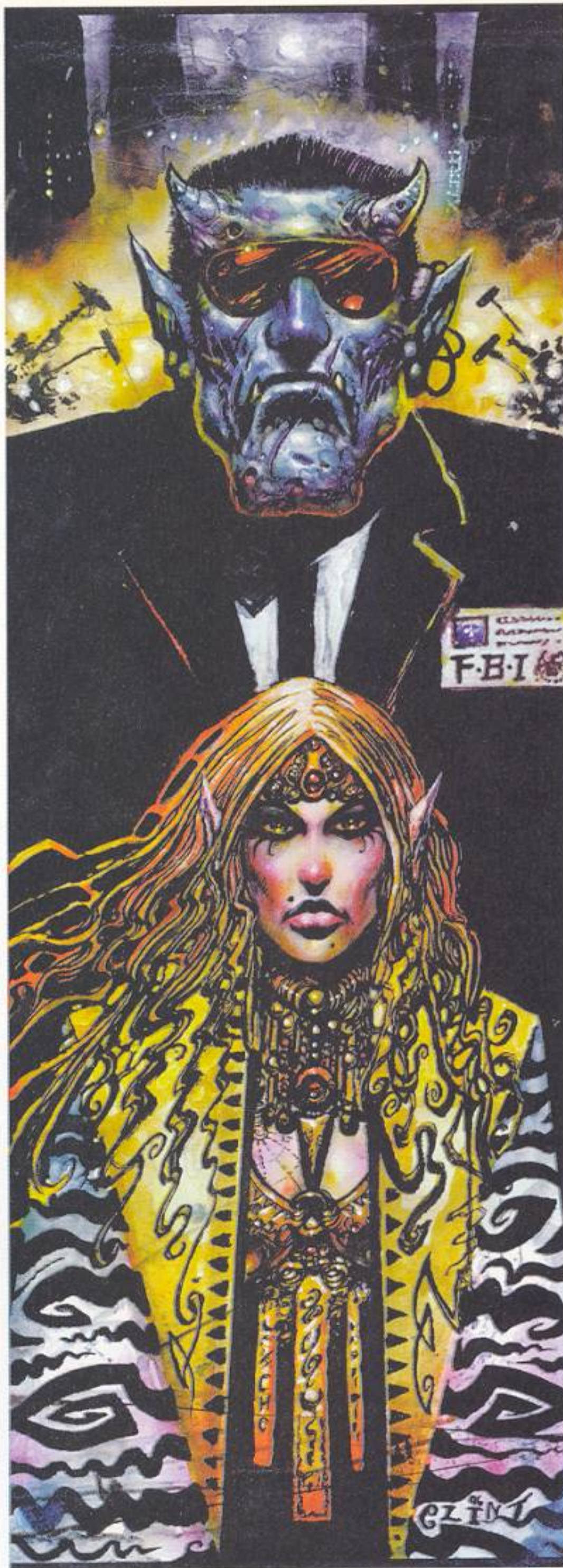
they understand that their simple ways are an aspect of their nobility, and the satyrs would have it no other way. Trolls are embarrassed by the proximity of satyrs, for it reminds them of the base desires and needs that even they possess. Accustomed to self-control, Seelie trolls do not like to be reminded of the passionate beast beneath the surface, particularly in public. Privately, however, trolls and satyrs are alleged to make the most physically compatible of couples; the strength and size of the former are matched by the stamina and exuberance of the latter. Invariably, however, the end result of such a tryst is the demand that it not be spoken of to anyone on the part of the satyr. For their part, most satyrs keep their end of the bargain.

Unseelie trolls share much of the same opinion of their hoofed kindred as their Seelie counterparts. The largest difference between them is that when the Unseelie succumb to passion's call, they succumb with a gusto that is easily a match for the satyrs. Broken bones on either side are not uncommon when Unseelie satyr and troll meet, yet they rarely act as an impediment for either party. To Unseelie trolls, satyrs are a necessary link to their own wild natures, but they are at times an unwelcome reminder, particularly when there is work to be done. Nevertheless, Unseelie satyrs are drawn to the raw power of trolls like a moth to the flame, though they tend to fare slightly better than moths.

## Sidhe

Seelie trolls have a special relationship with these beautiful fae, even if the sidhe often choose to forget or overlook it. Trolls see them as vain, arrogant and cool, but readily allow all three if they believe there is merit and reason for them. The arrogance of a just noble is a burden easily suffered by the giants, but vanity of a despot or fop is a transgression not to be allowed. Seelie trolls have a rigorous personal code of honor and conduct, and they hold the sidhe to this as well. So long as the sidhe abide by this unspoken code, all is well, but it is not always an easy matter when one has the realities of affairs of state to deal with. Similarly, because it is unspoken, the sidhe are at times unaware that they have transgressed until unhappy trolls bring it to their attention. By that point, it is usually too late. Wise aristocrats make a habit of consulting with their troll supporters on all major matters, both for their cool-headed advice and to test the waters for any possible course of action.

Unseelie trolls share the relationship with the sidhe, though to a slightly different extent. Whereas the Seelie will caution an unwise ruler, and remove him should words prove ineffectual, they will seek to replace him with another noble and will only hold the position themselves if none worthy can be found. Unseelie trolls, however, will caution a sidhe only once, and thereafter make plans to





remove her. Should this usurpation prove successful, the ogre has little compunction against holding the position for as long as she is capable. If the sidhe were competent in the first place, such action would not have been necessary.

## Sluagh

Nobility has its limits, and these limits are reached with the sluagh. Trolls are little better than the rest of the fae when it comes to judging this kith, for unsettling appearance and secretive ways lead readily to distrust. In some measure, this distrust is well-earned, but for the trade in secrets and blackmail, rather than appearance. To the straightforward trolls, trafficking in secrets is a terrible offense. Blackmail is even worse, and falls in their minds with assault. Should any troll be blackmailed by a sluagh, the subterranean fae had best make certain that he is beyond the reach of the offended party, for troll retribution is rarely pleasant. However, several trolls have entered sluagh mazes in pursuit of their extortionists, never to return. There is an uneasy peace between these kith, and even under the most urgent of circumstances, Seelie trolls are reluctant to utilize sluagh secrets.

Unseelie trolls are slightly more pragmatic when it comes to the information trade, particularly with regards to their enemies. Despite the utility of the sluagh, however, even the ogres do not trust them. All too often they have been the victims of secret commerce, whether at the hands of an enemy or through outright extortion. The secretive nature of sluagh society, combined with the general inaccessibility of their homes, makes even the ogres uncomfortable, for one can never be certain what the sluagh are up to. If boggan tales are to be believed, it is horrible beyond comprehension. Fortunately for the sluagh, trolls tend to regard these outlandish tales as nothing more than sour grapes on the part of the boggans, for sluagh information is generally more accurate and useful than their own gossip. Regardless, even the mightiest Unseelie warrior is wary in the dark, unknown places, ever mindful of wandering into a nest of sluagh.

## The Gallain

How trolls view the Gallain and Prodigals can vary even more widely between individuals and Courts. The following notes from the writings of Oranthus the Scribe detail a more Seelie perspective. Unseelie trolls have been typically (and somewhat strangely) quiet about the matter.

## Nunnehi

It would be sad to war so openly with another of our kind, if the Nunnehi were not so ruthless in their acts. We admit that we have wronged them in the past, yet most calls to reune are

ignored by these savage Gallain. They are without honor as we understand it, for they refuse to stand and fight, preferring to hit and run. At some times, it seems as if they consider it a game, while at others they are deadly serious. They display a strength almost as great as our own, so treat them with respect. They would make fine allies, if we could come to terms, or worthy opponents, if they would fight honorably. Instead, they remain a mysterious thorn in our side.

## Inanimae

These Gallain are mysterious in the extreme. As strange as the nymphs are, they are infinitely closer than the Inanimae. Not much is known about them, though in recent years the number of foobars seems to be increasing. Tales persist of winged golems and their involvement with the vampires. If you encounter an Inanimus, treat it with respect, and try to make contact. We can ill afford to dismiss any of our relatives in this long Autumn.

## The Prodigal Vampires

We try to avoid the unnatural chasms of the cities; the vampires call them home, and carry out their shadow wars in the alleys. Take care in your dealings with them, and do not become entangled in their struggles. A great war seems to be brewing between several factions of these creatures. We would be wise to sit this one out. Be wary of any you meet, though if you must deal with any, try to make contact with those called Gangrel; they share our natural ways.

## Werewolves

The shapeshifters are clearly related to the pooka, though both refuse to see the similarities. Like the fae, the werewolves are divided into kith. The Fianna and Children of Gaia have been allies in the past. There is at least one race that bears a striking resemblance to the Nunnehi, and has been seen on their side in some attacks. Beware any werewolf, particularly if he is angry.

## Magi

These mortals possess powers similar to our own Arts, and are intoxicated with them. They are an unpredictable lot who seem to little understand their abilities. Unfortunately, they have reaped the negative benefits of our blood as well, and war among themselves as we have done, and continue to do.

## Wraiths

Whether spirits of the dead or fae unbound to either animal, mortal or object, very little is known of the



wraiths. The sidhe fear them, and call them banshees. Perhaps they know something we do not.

## Within Troll Society

Trolls live in what has become a closed society. Many feel something approaching a sense of embarrassment and vulnerability when it comes to revealing themselves. They are expected to be pillars of strength and the foundation of society, a role most of them take quite seriously. Yet from this reputation of strength and solidity, it is difficult to show weakness. Who would believe that the most stalwart graybeard weeps at the yearly death of flowers, or that the steadiest knight struggles with the ballad form? Trolls feel the weight of their world quite firmly upon their shoulders, and believe (many times incorrectly) that such displays would only weaken their reputations, and thereby society. It is much easier, then, to relax within their own society, where such assumptions are not as firmly held and a troll can be herself without pretense.

It is not that they prevent others from seeing their ways and manners, simply that these ways go unnoticed by most. In truth, the pace of trollish society cannot compete with the majesty and intrigue of the sidhe, and so few spend the time to learn the rhythm of it. To the majority of fae society, trolls are perceived as they so often perceive themselves, and few look beyond that. Yet these giant kith are as multifaceted as

any, and as individualistic. Force of arms is a duty, not a way of life, a fact which comes as a surprise to any who wanders into a freehold expecting to find only a martial camp. Weapons and banners are prominent, true, but so too are *objets de arte*, flowers and other accouterments one would expect to find in a home or frequented haunt. Instead of voices recounting battles or barking drills, one hears the sounds of easy laughter and song.

## Troll Freeholds

Given the opportunity, trolls will gather among their own. Any freehold primarily comprised of trolls is called a lodge, and will reflect their proportions. This is not a matter of prejudice, but rather a matter of comfort; few smaller fae feel truly at home in an environment that makes them feel no larger than a child in comparison. Though not an intentional by-product, few trolls bemoan this effect overly much.

Whether they be noble or common, all lodges have a clannish, almost tribal feel to them that harkens back to the great halls of the Danes and Norsemen, which were based upon this fae ideal. Rule and order are maintained in a combination of the accepted feudal model and a more democratic one. As disparate as these two ideas seem, they have worked for trolls throughout the centuries. If anything, the feudal aspect is the most recent. Before the





rise of nobles, all decisions within troll society were made by a collusion of the fellowships.

Fellowships form the tripartite foundation of all troll lodges. They are, in essence, three bureaus or staffs that every lodge will possess. Membership in these fellowships is an exclusive matter, yet no one is bound to a particular one for life. Traditionally, there is a standard movement through them tied to the age of the troll. Childlings are most often members of the Fellowship of the Hearth, for it is here that they can be of the most use. The Fellowship of the Storm has its ranks filled by the vast majority of wilders; it is a sad truth of warfare that it calls for and often uses up the youth. Finally, the Fellowship of the Mountain is most often the home of respected graybeards who attempt to pass their wisdom on to the young. This is by no means an absolute, however. Childlings have served as excellent scouts, graybeards operate as chamberlains (a position almost always held by a member of the Fellowship of the Hearth), and generals, and wilders have been known to excel in the arts of history and oratory in the Fellowship of the Mountain.

The Fellowship of the Hearth handles the normal domestic affairs of the lodge. In times past, this has included everything from the allocation of labor on the collective farmlands and hunting grounds to the physical maintenance of the freehold itself. In more modern times this has come to include the paying of rent and utilities where appropriate, seeing to deliveries, and keeping interference from humans to a minimum. Though even the sidhe are moving away from the agrarian roots of their society, trolls remain truest to them, which comes as no surprise considering their attachment to nature. As such, it should also come as no surprise that the Fellowship of the Hearth carries as much weight as it does, particularly within a kith known for its warrior ways.

The Fellowship of the Mountain deals with the spiritual and historical aspects of troll society. At first, this might seem to be a very small domain, until one realizes that Glamour is at the heart of all fae spirituality. The Fellowship of the Mountain is responsible for maintaining the balefire in their given freehold, as well as the keeping and reciting of all lore and legends. Every Beltaine, it falls to this fellowship to renew the fires and recite the oral history of trolls, including excerpts from both *The Tapestry of Slumber* and *The Chronicles of Leander*.

The Fellowship of the Storm is the military arm of a lodge. Unlike the others, this one is strictly hierarchical in organization. There is little room for democracy and coalition building in times of crisis. In times of war, this fellowship reigns supreme, even to the extent that it can sometimes dictate the actions of the other fellowships. Supply lines, defensive engineering and military informa-

tion are the domain of this fellowship, as well as the training and ordering of warriors.

Before the Shattering, each lodge truly was a familial affair, and Byzantine links of kinship and marriage connected all who dwelt within. Since that time, however, kinship by blood is a happy exception, not the rule. In its place has developed a more general feeling of camaraderie born of a common heritage. In a testament to the power of the desire for family, however, adoption by one of higher rank is not uncommon, and is seen as one of the greatest honors a troll can earn. Nobility and title are for and from society at large, whereas family is a private, and more meaningful, matter.

## Oath of Adoption

As the sea to the river, as the tree to the seed, as the mountain to the stone, so do I now recognize you to me. From this day forward, you are of my blood, of my family and of my hold. I swear to offer you my wisdom, my love and my regard, for you will carry my name and my memory when I am no more. Should I abandon you, I abandon myself. It fills my heart to call you (son/daughter).

**Response:** As the river to the sea, as the seed to the tree, as the stone to the mountain, so do I now recognize myself in you. From this day forward, I am of your blood, your family and your hold. I swear to offer you my respect, my devotion and my love, for you offer me a home where I have none. Should I abandon you, I consign myself to loneliness. It fills my heart to call you (mother/father).

## Noble Freeholds

Like all noble freeholds, noble lodges are ruled by the reigning aristocrat and have all the trappings of the feudal model. Typically a baron or baroness will hold the freehold with the assistance of knights, chamberlains and the like, but he or she is still bound both by tradition and respect to work with the fellowships. Unlike the nobility of other kith, titles are not considered hereditary among trolls. Rather, the rulership of vassals is tied strongly to performance, as judged by the fellowships. Should there be sufficient displeasure at the rule of a given noble, the fellowships may meet and decide to remove the offender. Only rarely do the ousted nobles resort to violence in the face of this opposition, and even then there is no record of fatality from these insurrections. This is a result of pragmatism and honor. If a noble cannot gain the support of her people, she has little chance of imposing her will on them without calling in outside help.



## Terms of Governance

Though there are as many different kinds of lodges as there are trolls that dwell within them, there are certain inescapable structural similarities. Below is a list of noble titles and their motley equivalents.

- *Baron* (or higher title) is synonymous with the position of *chieftain*.
- *Knights* and *thanes* are both the warriors who support the order of the lodge.
- *Chamberlains* and *shamans* both hold similar positions within their households (advisors), but their actual duties (aside from offering advice) are more domestic and spiritual, respectively.

Few fae are so foolish as to meddle in the internal bickering of trolls, preferring instead to watch from a safe distance.

## Motley Freeholds

Commoner freeholds are also known as lodges, and are also governed by the fellowships. The ruling figure of these lodges is the chieftain. Since this position is not sanctioned by the sidhe nobility, they are held by a variety of other methods. Even among the Unseelie, the most common method is by popular decree. Though this may at first sound like a mob-run popularity contest, it is quite far from the truth. Such a leader must have the respect of all fellowships, and must therefore excel in (or at least pay convincing lip service to) domestic, military and spiritual matters. Not surprisingly, these popular chieftains are by far the most stable form of government within the number of troll motleys, and also the most numerous.

The other options of attaining chieftainship are brute force or guile. To be able to take control of a collection of these fae known for their size and strength by force alone is no mean feat, nor is it a common one. Dueling and trial by combat are both respected traditions among all fae, yet they are shaky foundations on which to base one's rulership. If the path of violence were seen as both an easy and honorable route to success, as has been the case in the past, then the political situation could easily descend into nothing more than an endless series of challenges and usurpation. This unstable turn of events in the past has led the fellowships to adopt a wait-and-see policy in regards to a strength-based despot; should she prove to be a capable and respectable leader, they will willingly follow. Should she prove otherwise, however, actions may result in her forcible removal.

Rulership by guile is a difficult route to take within troll society, for trolls are staunchly unimpressed with duplicitous speech. They feel that the courts of the sidhe

are the rightful domain of such, and that they should be free from it within the walls of their own lodges. Consequently, those who would rule by guile must be extremely subtle and crafty, both attributes not generally associated with trolls. Many would-be schemers find themselves undone by their brethren. Though most trolls are reluctant to stoop to the level of lies and innuendo, they have become quite adept at recognizing their use in others. No one dislikes being manipulated, trolls least of all.

## The Heart of Trolls

When one thinks of the great lovers and romantics of the fae, the satyrs and sidhe come immediately to mind. The former excels at the game of courtly love, turning it into a work of art not unlike a carefully choreographed dance. The latter are known for their physical excesses and propensity to throw caution to the wind in pursuit of pleasure. Yet for most, trolls are excluded from the class of lovers. These sturdy guardians are seen as sentinels and soldiers only. Like all fae, however, they have a deep romantic streak; it's just that they are a little reticent about expressing themselves. As they say, still waters do run deep.

Love, then, for trolls is largely a matter of pining and proving oneself worthy via deed. The curse of Ottmar Oceanheart is constantly reenacted, for even the giants are not immune to the fragile beauty of the sidhe. Only in love do trolls feel inferior to these ethereal fae, but they will strongly deny this, even to the point of violence. In a sense, they are correct, for trolls take love much more seriously than do many fae, as their unwillingness to play at courtly love attests. Love, true love, is a matter so serious and mysterious that no price is too high, and all slights to it must be avenged. A lovelorn troll who is convinced that his beloved has been insulted is a terrifying sight, for the usually pent-up passion is released for all to see. Usually a public apology is sufficient; it is a matter of honor, after all, not vengeance.

Love with mortals, despite the sometimes irresistible urge, is strongly cautioned against. This prohibition is more meaningful to other fae, for trolls are even more closed off from most mortals than from their contemporaries. The only stories of love between mortal and troll are concerned with kinain, and these are said to be loving relations, if a bit more tumultuous than most. It is said that a troll can only find true happiness with another of her kind, and this is generally true. It is also said, however, that one cannot pick who one falls in love with, and that when it happens, it is useless to fight against it. Suffering in silence is something at which trolls have come to excel. Their stony silences at court need not always be awkwardness, but instead may mask a yearning heart.





## Troll Societies

As it has been said before, troll society as a whole is a clannish affair. Since the Shattering, however, the bonds of family are more a matter of chance than assurance, and adoption can only account for so much. To fill this void in communal life, individual societies have arisen. Built on common need, ground or ideals, these societies lie somewhere between social groups and feudal bonds. It is not uncommon for all members of a given society to be heavily oathbonded to their goal or outlook. Below is a list of some of the most common societies, though regional variations are not unusual.

### The Oathbound

This is by far the most serious and demanding of all societies to which a troll can belong. Members of the Oathbound (called "fanatics" by their detractors) take their Frailty to heart, and go even further. All that is required of members is that they take the strongest of oaths to lifelong service to either a person, place or ideal. The Oathbound have been in existence since time immemorial, and trace their lineage directly to Ottmar Oathbreaker (they insist on using the pejorative term as it reminds them of their duty). Bodyguards beyond compare, they will willingly die in the protection of their charges. As such, they are constantly

sought by members of the nobility, though the elders of the society have strict and seemingly arbitrary rules governing who and what may or may not be worthy of such protection. Because of their mysterious criteria, rumors continually abound concerning a "hidden agenda" the society is alleged to have. Defenders point out that, if such an agenda exists, it is very subtle and slow in unfolding, and cannot go directly against the oaths each takes when accepting his charge. The detractors remain suspicious, though this has not prevented many from secretly attempting to gain a bodyguard themselves. Membership is open to trolls of both Courts, though it comes as little surprise that very few of the Unseelie choose to become members.

### The Brotherhood of Thor

The existence of this widespread troll motley is a perpetual thorn in the side of the sidhe nobility, for it fills them with ideas of a separate court of nobles comprised solely of trolls. In actuality, this is far from the truth, though the Brotherhood is growing more closely into what its enemies fear most as a result of their persecution. Originally, this was a society of trolls, both Seelie and Unseelie, who took their distinct views upon and reactions to their strength quite seriously. In short, it was nothing more than a benevolent society with the very essence of trolldom as its basis. Members were to offer aid to others, when possible, and all were



identified by the hammer pendant. With the abandonment by the sidhe nobles in the Shattering, the Brotherhood (which includes females as well, who are beginning to chafe at the sexist title) was one of the few organizations widespread enough to even begin filling the gap. This is the source of the sidhe apprehension, though, as members are quick to point out, it would not have been necessary had the nobles remained true to their responsibilities. Since the peace of High King David and the institution of his fledgling meritocracy, however, the Brotherhood has been gaining political power, a fact not lost on its detractors. The Brotherhood counts many powerful trolls among its members, the most important being Duke Topaz. Unsurprisingly, the Kingdom of the Feathered Serpent has the highest concentration of members of all kingdoms. Secretly, many sidhe nobles hope that the Brotherhood and the Nunnehi will destroy one another.

## The Society of Veterans

This is just what the name suggests, a sort of trollish VFW. Of all warrior societies, this one cuts more widely across Court boundaries. Veteran meetings are usually boisterous affairs, filled with food, drink and the countless retelling of past battles. All that is required to be a member of this society is the recognition of existing members who deem the aspirant either to have been through enough battles, or to have reacted "in a manner befitting a veteran." The Society has no overt political goals, other than to assure that worthy warriors are recognized as such.

## The Knights of the Way

This, too, is a warrior society, inspired by the legends and deeds of Red Rory and Moira the Mountain. In essence, trolls who join this society vow to patrol Concordia, rescuing travelers and making all ways safe for the Dreaming. Though no small number are true knights, all members call themselves Rovers to avoid stepping on sensitive noble toes. In times of relative peace since the ascension of High King David, the Knights of the Way offer a welcome release valve for adventuresome trolls who wish to make a name for themselves. Popular among the wilders of both Courts, the major difference is in the definitions of "safety" and "the Dreaming." Seelie tend to see any act of injustice as an opportunity to gain fame and accomplish good deeds, and to include most humans and some Prodigals as members of the Dreaming. Unseelie Rovers, however, are more lenient on

their definition of safety, and will often overlook minor dangers, gangs that let them pass, or obstacles that offer little chance for personal glory. It should come as no surprise that they usually exclude humans and Prodigals from their definition of the Dreaming, as well as certain fae. Rovers from both Courts, however, will engage marauding chimera without a moment's hesitation.

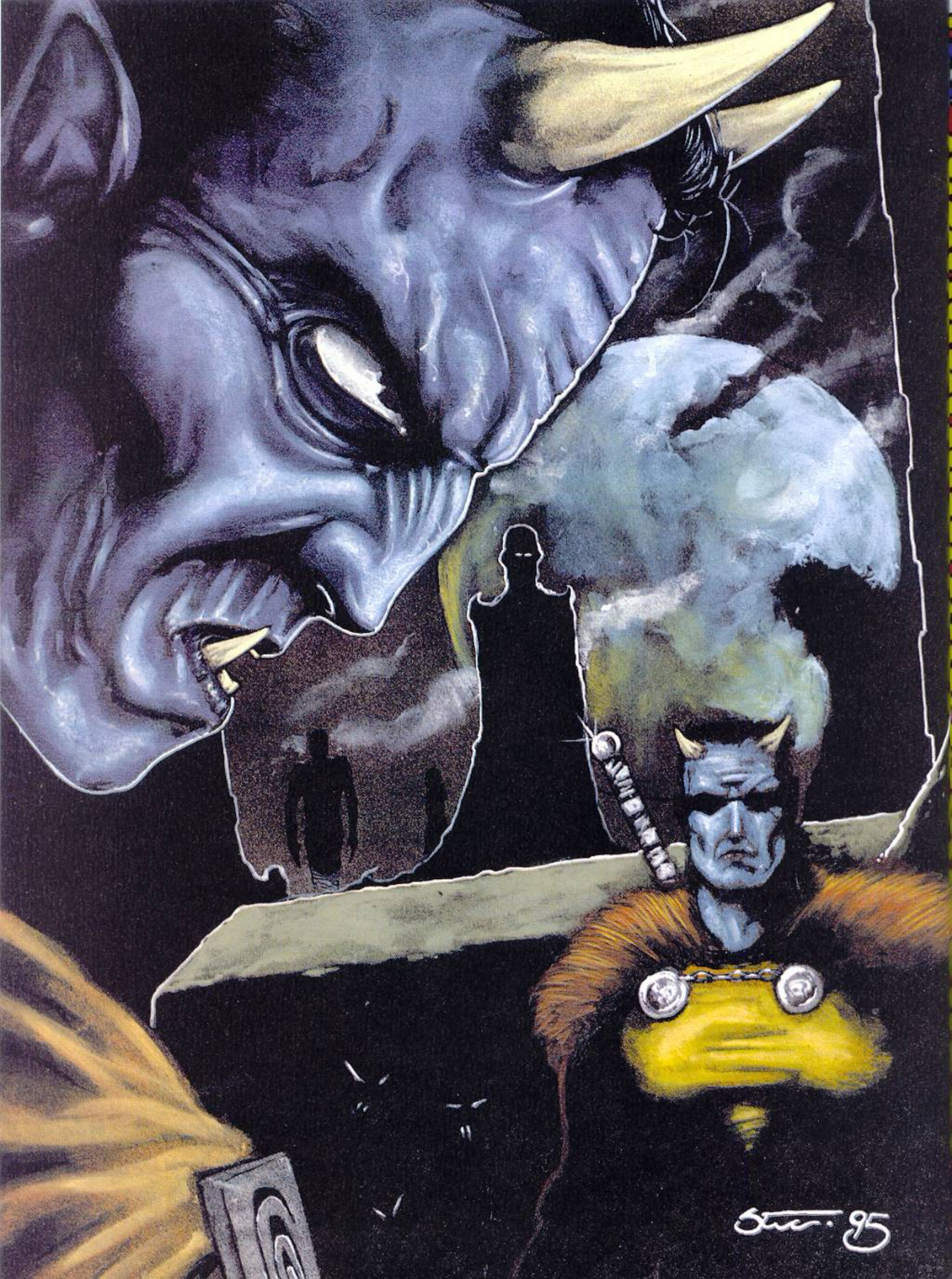
## The Protectorate

Despite its intimidating name, the Protectorate is not a warrior society. Rather, it sees as its duty a matter of more personal importance than the strength of arms or protection of kingdom boundaries. The Protectorate exists for one reason alone, namely the facilitation of love and the protection of lovers. Despite, or perhaps because of, the game of courtly love, true love remains a rare and fragile flower among the fae. The Protectorate sees its duty to cultivate and nurture such love when and where it occurs. Should this include arranging alibis for wards of the courts, planing secret rendezvous, or acting as faithful and trustworthy messengers, the Protectorate is ready. Membership is small and rather secret; many trolls would be quite embarrassed should their membership in such a society become public knowledge. Prospective members will be secretly contacted and put through a variety of tests to determine their dedication to amor. Only after they have been successful will they be initiated into the society. Members of both Courts and both genders are equally represented, for who among trolls can resist the appeal of true love?

## The Keepers of the Scales

Justice is the primary concern of this society, yet not justice in the traditional sense. Precedent and a firm knowledge of what has transpired before is, the Keepers believe, a vital aid in the dispensation of justice. To this end, the Keepers track legend and myth, as well as the deeds and crimes of contemporary changelings. Their motto is "Only in knowledge can justice be served." Note that this has little to do with personal knowledge; the Keepers are neither advocates nor judges. Rather, they are the living repositories of knowledge, the bards of ancient song and the tellers of modern tales. Keepers will serve Seelie masters and courts as easily as they serve Unseelie, though their preference is to serve members of their own kith. Nevertheless, these scribes are highly valued by all wise rulers, and are often sought out for positions as advisors.





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# Chapter Three:

## TROLLS OF NUNNEHI

(Trolls of Legend)

### Duke Topaz

Duke Topaz is the ruler, if anyone can be said to be, of the troubled Kingdom of the Feathered Snake. Though probably the most competent general in all of Concordia, he is constantly criticized by commoners and nobles alike for his apparent inability to deal with the Nunnehi menace in his kingdom. The nobility distrusts him for several other reasons as well, not least among them his membership in the Brotherhood of Thor, or his infamous father, General Lyros. Like many of the most skilled generals in history, he would far prefer peace and reconciliation to violence. However, the Nunnehi are mostly unreceptive to his entreaties, forcing him to plan brilliant and ruthless campaigns against them. Rumors abound of the Shadow Court's involvement in the Nunnehi revolt, yet no hard facts exist to support them. Still, little else explains the

inability of Concordia's best to deal with the problem. As of late, Duke Topaz is showing signs that his position is aging him, an odd occurrence considering his apparent agelessness until recently. There have been murmurings of dark magic in this, but again, little proof is available.

### Father James

This aging grump continues to dwell in the heart of Los Angeles, and is still an ordained priest. He manages to juggle his responsibilities between his parishioners and his fae obligations admirably. He sees no contradiction between the two, and is one of the most liberal interpreters of the Code of Dagda. Despite his age, he retains his knowledge of the Dreaming, and has been approached time and again by various nobles and motleys to serve as either their leader or advisor. Each invitation he has





politely refused, claiming he is more needed where he is. Officially a knight in the service of Queen Aeron, he is allowed great latitude in the fulfillment of his courtly duties. As of late, he has grown concerned about the behavior of his liege, and has made several unaccustomed trips to court to observe for himself. No matter where he goes, he always wears his clerical collar.

## General Lyros

The former general of the (in)famous 4th Troll Commons and the father of Duke Topaz, he is much respected and occasionally adored by many commoners, troll and otherwise. It is a testament to the peace accordance of High King David that he is still accepted in fae society, much less a power in the Parliament of Dreams. He is currently the leader of the opposition against the Beltaine Blade and Duke Dray, and seen as the hope for all commoners against this threat. He appears as an aged, well-scarred troll who speaks with direct, good-natured eloquence.

## Red Rory and Moira the Mountain

Whether still patrolling the old trods or merely serving as an exemplary legend, Red Rory and Moira the Mountain are still very much alive in the tales and rumors of today. The Seelie knight and his Unseeliethane-bride are renowned as honorable but gruff. The twin bellows of their challenges were the announcement of the cavalry, come to rescue any waylaid traveler of fae blood.



## Alyss the Norn

So long as any commoner can remember, there has always been Alyss the Norn. This wrinkled grump has been the destination of pilgrims and distraught lovers since the Shattering. Alyss appears as a stooped old troll woman with gray braids that drag the ground. She speaks in the language of the petitioner, but always with a thick Gaelic accent. She is purported to be the most powerful seeress in all of Concordia, and has been known to exhibit advanced mastery of Sovereign as well. It is said that all who seek her for just cause will find her, and all who seek her for ill will find their just desserts.

## The Dred Menace

This unusual troll appears to be of Caribbean heritage; even in his faerie seeming, he possesses dark mahogany skin and wild, shoulder-length dreadlocks. Unseelie to a fault, the Dred Menace (none seem to know his birth name, either fae or mortal) makes the West Coast his home, and can be found anywhere from the dreary waterfront of Seattle to the very heart of South Central Los Angeles. Wherever he may be found, however, there is almost certain to be some sort of trouble, usually of the violent sort. The Dred Menace has been known to move in both redcap and sluagh circles.







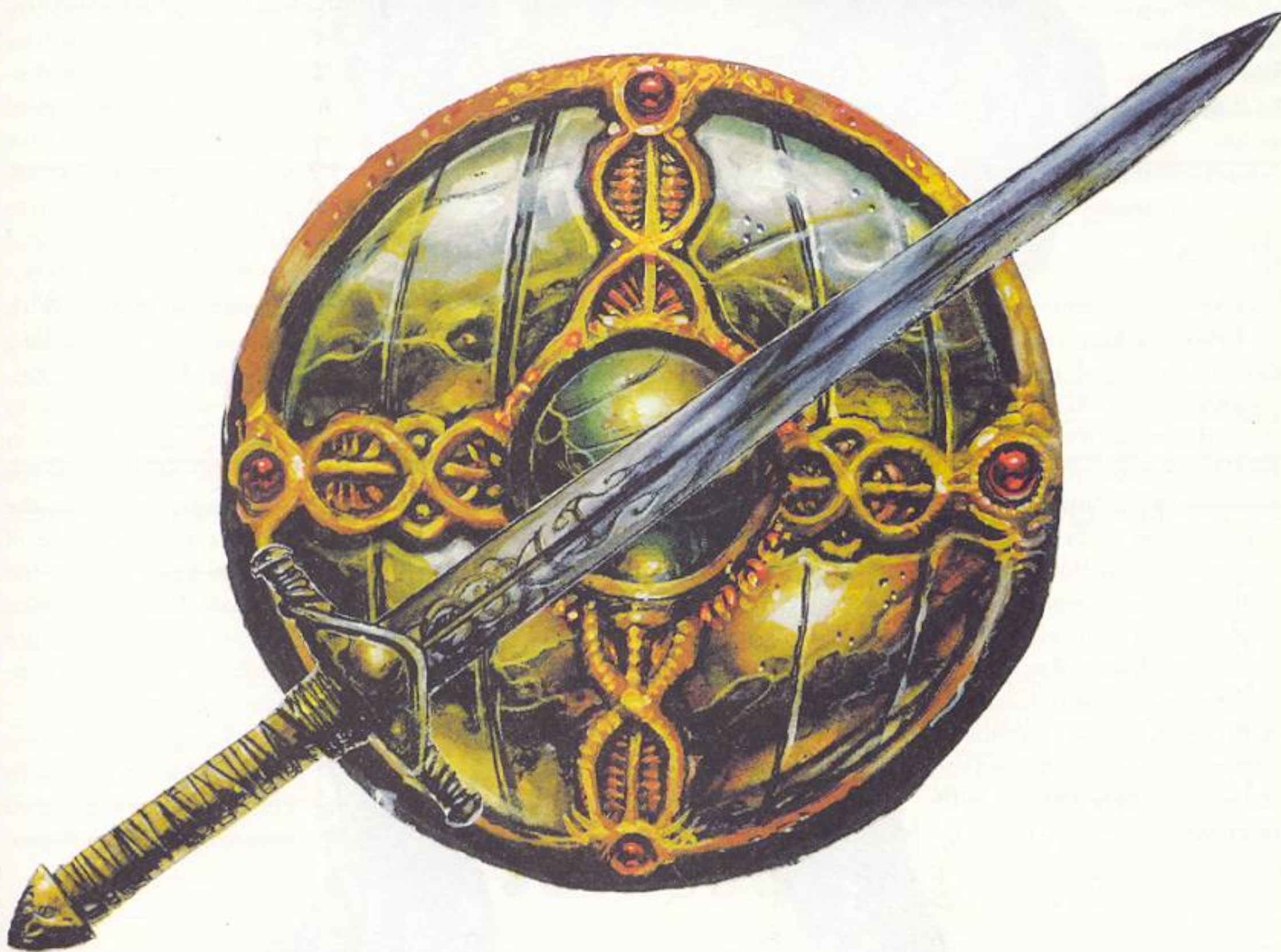
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# Chapter Four:

## IMMORTALS

The New Heroes  
(Character Templates)





# Knight in Training

**Quote:** *Stand back, knave, lest you feel the sting of my blade!*

**Background:** For as long as you can remember, you were a big kid. Strong, too. You were clumsy, always breaking things and outgrowing your clothes faster than they could be replaced. Other kids teased you unmercilessly, and you were afraid to strike back at them. In the few instances you did stand up for yourself, you were scolded for picking on those smaller than yourself. You withdrew, and in your fantasy world you took your revenge. The neighborhood bullies became the Indians and Robbers in your make-believe games, and you were the victorious hero. Then you discovered books, and that discovery led you to tales of chivalry.

No longer were you the town marshall or police detective. Instead, you became the noble defender of the weak, the dragon slayer and savior. In your mind's eye, your overly large form, so foolish-looking in overalls, was clad in gleaming armor. Your strength, for which you had been chided and made to feel oafish, became an asset. Tristan, Orlando, Lancelot and Arthur populated your dream worlds. Later you added Lugh, St. George and Joan of Arc to the roster of heroes as you sought your imaginary fellows from the legends and histories of other cultures. In your dreams, you were a knight without peer.

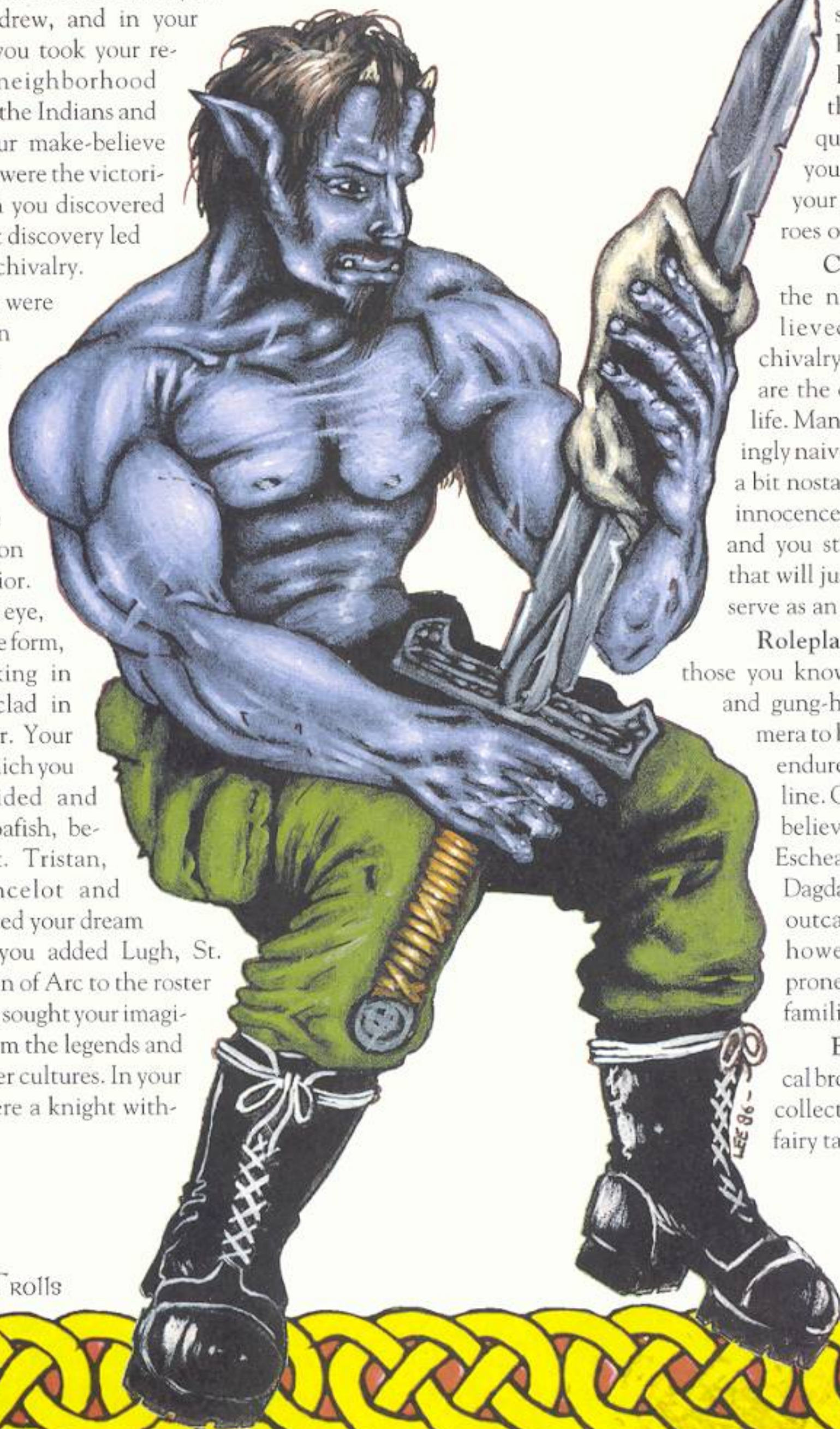
One day, the world changed for you. You had a particularly difficult day, and were venting some steam in your usual daydreams. Suddenly, everything became more vivid. It was as if your imagination took on a greater power. You could almost hear the laughter of Sir Gawain or touch the standard of Joan of Arc, when the whole world rushed at you. Stunned, you wandered outside to see what else had changed. The trees seemed more vibrant, the colors fuller, and everywhere the sense of wonderful strangeness pressed in on you. You were found and fostered by an older troll who still serves as your

mentor, who showed you that your size and strength were truly blessings. You learned how to use them, and proved a quick study. Now all you have to do is take your place among the heroes of legend.

**Concept:** You found the niche you never believed existed. Court, chivalry, foes and pageantry are the cornerstones of your life. Many see you as an amusingly naive wilder, yet they feel a bit nostalgic for your relative innocence. You're aware of this, and you strive to be the hero that will justify your beliefs and serve as an example to others.

**Roleplaying Hints:** With those you know, you are outgoing and gung-ho. If there are chimeras to battle or hardships to endure, you're the first in line. Chivalry is a code you believe in, as well as the Escheat and the Code of Dagda. Years of being the outcast still haunt you, however, and you are prone to withdraw in unfamiliar company.

**Equipment:** Chimerical broadsword, impressive collection of well-thumbed fairy tales and mythologies.





# KITHBOOK TROLLS

Changeling: The Dreaming™

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Court: *Seelie*  
Legacies: *Paladin/Wretch*  
Title:

Seeming: *Wilder*  
Kith: *Troll*  
House Affiliation: *Dougal*

## Attributes

### Physical

Strength ●●●●●  
Dexterity ●●●●●  
Stamina ●●●●●

### Social

Charisma ●●●●●  
Manipulation ●●●●●  
Appearance ●●●●●

### Mental

Perception ●●●●●  
Intelligence ●●●●●  
Wits ●●●●●

## Abilities

### Talents

Alertness ●●●●●  
Athletics ●●●●●  
Brawl ●●●●●  
Dodge ●●●●●  
Empathy ●●●●●  
Expression ○○○○○  
Intimidation ○○○○○  
Kenning ●●●●●  
Streetwise ○○○○○  
Subterfuge ○○○○○

### Skills

Crafts ○○○○○  
Drive ●○○○○  
Etiquette ●●○○○  
Firearms ○○○○○  
Leadership ○○○○○  
Melee ●●●●●  
Performance ○○○○○  
Security ○○○○○  
Stealth ●○○○○  
Survival ●●○○○

### Knowledges

Computer ○○○○○  
Enigmas ●○○○○  
Investigation ○○○○○  
Law ○○○○○  
Linguistics ○○○○○  
Medicine ●○○○○  
Mythlore ●●●●●  
Occult ●●●●●  
Politics ○○○○○  
Science ○○○○○

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

Chimera ●●○○○  
Greymare ●●○○○  
Mentor ●○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

### Arts

Primal ●●○○○  
Wayfare ●○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

### Realms

Fae ●●○○○  
Nature ●●○○○  
Scene ●●○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

## Other Traits

## Glamour

●●●●●○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□

## Willpower

●●○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□

## Banality

●●●○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□

## Health

Bruised □  
Bruised □  
Hurt -1 □  
Injured -1 □  
Wounded -2 □  
Mauled -2 □  
Crippled -5 □  
Incapacitated □

## Birthrights/Frailty

Titan's Power: Additional dot of Strength and free Bruised Health Level, Stubbornness: Add 2 dice to all Willpower rolls in service to a cause/Bond of Duty: Loses Titan's Power for breaking an oath or contract.



# TROLL GRRRI

**Quote:** Well, well, well... If it isn't my old friend...

**Background:** You were everyone's nightmare in elementary school, the big kid who always got her way. If you didn't, well, you weren't afraid to flex your muscles when it suited your purposes. Usually, though, threats and intimidation were enough. You were never short on lunch money.

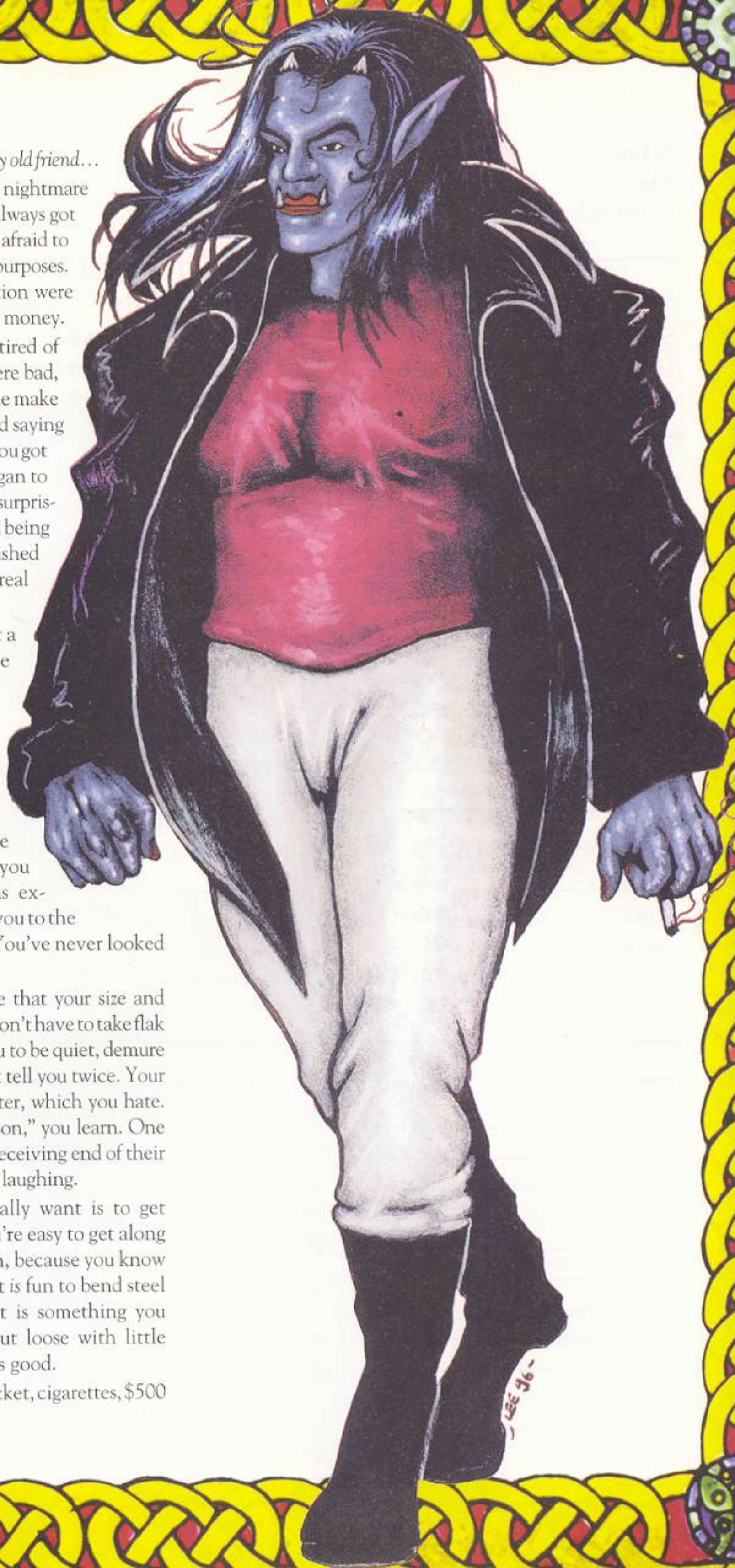
As you grew older, you also grew tired of these simple games. It's not that you were bad, really, just easily bored, and other people make the most interesting playthings. The old saying was imminently true for you; so long as you got your way, things went just fine. You began to attract a bit of a following; it was really surprising what some people would do to avoid being the center of your attentions. You relished their fawning, but secretly longed for real friends, or maybe even a lover.

One day in gym class, you caught a volleyball in the back of the head. The other girls swore it was an accident, but you were already making plans for revenge. Through the stars in your eyes, however, you saw the oddest pair laughing at you from the bleachers: a feral-looking animal boy and a girl with pierced everything and the worst teeth you'd ever seen. Curious, you sought them out. The trouble twins explained things to you, and introduced you to the wonderful world of the Unseelie fae. You've never looked back, and have no regrets. Yet.

**Concept:** You like the advantage that your size and strength give you. Because of that, you don't have to take flak from anyone. No one is going to tell you to be quiet, demure and obedient. Well, at least they won't tell you twice. Your Unseelie kith treat you like a little sister, which you hate. Still, every time they "teach you a lesson," you learn. One day, they'll all find themselves on the receiving end of their own dirty tricks, and you'll be the one laughing.

**Roleplaying Hints:** All you really want is to get things your way. Other than that, you're easy to get along with. You relish your size and strength, because you know the effect they have on others. Still, it is fun to bend steel bars and all, and chimerical combat is something you absolutely adore. Finally, you can cut loose with little worry of the consequences. Ah, life is good.

**Equipment:** Expensive leather jacket, cigarettes, \$500 cash.





# KITH BOOK: TROLLS

Changeling: The Dreaming™

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Court: Unseelie  
Legacies: Beast/Wayfarer  
Title:

Seeming: Wilder  
Kith: Troll  
Motley:

## Attributes

### Physical

Strength ●●●●●●  
Dexterity ●●●●●  
Stamina ●●●●●

### Social

Charisma ●●●●●  
Manipulation ●●●●●  
Appearance ●●●●●

### Mental

Perception ●●●●●  
Intelligence ●●●●●  
Wits ●●●●●

## Abilities

### Talents

Alertness ●●●●●  
Athletics ●●●●●  
Brawl ●●●●●  
Dodge ●●●●●  
Empathy ●●●●●  
Expression ●●●●●  
Intimidation ●●●●●  
Kenning ●●●●●  
Streetwise ●●●●●  
Subterfuge ●●●●●

### Skills

Crafts ●●●●●  
Drive ●●●●●  
Etiquette ●●●●●  
Firearms ●●●●●  
Leadership ●●●●●  
Melee ●●●●●  
Performance ●●●●●  
Security ●●●●●  
Stealth ●●●●●  
Survival ●●●●●

### Knowledges

Computer ●●●●●  
Enigmas ●●●●●  
Investigation ●●●●●  
Law ●●●●●  
Linguistics ●●●●●  
Medicine ●●●●●  
Mythlore ●●●●●  
Occult ●●●●●  
Politics ●●●●●  
Science ●●●●●

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

Contacts ●●●●●  
Dreamers ●●●●●  
Resources ●●●●●  
●●●●●  
●●●●●

### Arts

Chicanery ●●●●●  
Legerdemain ●●●●●  
●●●●●  
●●●●●  
●●●●●

### Realms

Actor ●●●●●  
Fae ●●●●●  
Prop ●●●●●  
●●●●●  
●●●●●

## Other Traits

## Glamour

●●●●●○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

## Willpower

●●○○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

## Banality

●●●○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

## Health

Bruised ☐  
Bruised ☐  
Hurt -1 ☐  
Injured -1 ☐  
Wounded -2 ☐  
Mauled -2 ☐  
Crippled -5 ☐  
Incapacitated ☐

## Birthrights/Frailty

Titan's Power: Additional dot of Strength and free Bruised Health Level, Stubbornness: Add 2 dice to all Willpower rolls in service to a cause/Bond of Duty: Loses Titan's Power for breaking an oath or contract.



# Farmer

*Quote: Maybe we should think about this first...*

**Background:** Life was always pretty simple for you, and you couldn't understand why everyone else made things so complicated. Hard work and a job well done were all it really took, and

then everything fell into place. Let everyone else scramble for the newest and best; you were content with what you knew. Growing up on your parents' farm was the ideal childhood for you. As everyone else moved to the city in search of fame and wealth, you were content to repair fences and care for the animals. With your parents aging, you were more than capable of shouldering the burdens and responsibilities yourself.

Actually, you were quite good at farming, and seemed to have an instinctive connection with nature and all things growing, be they plants or animals. What was a full-time job for your neighbors was sheer joy to you, and you began to work at carpentry in your spare time. At first merely something to keep your hands busy, you surprised yourself with your growing talent and creativity. With your work and your farm, you had everything you wanted from life.

Then strange things began to happen to the livestock. Cows and horses started to disappear. When it struck too close to your home, you took your shotgun and went searching. What you found deeply disturbed you. A prize heifer, partially eaten, but no animal you knew could have attacked her. Bone, muscle and flesh alike were devoured indiscriminately. You set out to find this creature. Little did you know it was a rampaging redcap. When you finally ran across the beast, you were stunned. You couldn't believe your eyes, and nothing to that point had prepared you for the sight of such a hideous and evil-looking person, if you could even use that word. It seemed to sense that you could see it, and attacked with terrible ferocity. Your shotgun fell by the wayside as you found yourself struggling to keep the fearsome jaws of this man-beast from your throat. Then, out of nowhere, a heavy form slammed into your foe. As you regained your senses, you saw the largest, strangest dog in your life. Not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, however, you and Pete (as you took to calling the chimerical hound) made short work of the redcap. Since then, things have only gotten weirder. You're still struggling to make sense of it all.

**Concept:** Despite the changes in your life, you bring the stability of your previous existence with you. Let other people make mountains out of mole hills and sail tempests in tea cups; you realize what a simple joy it is to be alive. Though many at court see you as a bumpkin, those casting about with little direction latch onto you like an anchor. You don't mind, really, so long as you don't feel used, but it makes you a bit uncomfortable when they refer to you as a charismatic leader. You're just a farmer, after all.

**Roleplaying Hints:** All you really want is a quiet life on your farm with Pete. Unfortunately, fate seems to have something different in mind for you, and the respect everyone else seems to show you makes it hard to say no. Still, you wish they'd stop calling you "old man" and "grump." You're only 30, after all. Your solutions to problems are usually the simplest and most direct, and it amazes you to what lengths others will go to rationalize their Byzantine solutions. Still, you do what you can, where you can. Your farm has become something of a refuge from the madness of court, and childlings absolutely love it. It's almost as if you had a family again.

**Equipment:** Beat-up pickup, pocket knife, overalls, assorted farm implements, dog whistle





# KITH BOOK TROLLS

Changeling: The Dreaming™

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Court: *Seelie*  
Legacies: *Bumpkin/Fatalist*  
Title:

Seeming: *Grump*  
Kith: *Troll*  
Motley:

## Attributes

### Physical

Strength ●●●●●  
Dexterity ●●●●●  
Stamina ●●●●●

### Social

Charisma ●●●●●  
Manipulation ●●●●●  
Appearance ●●●●●

### Mental

Perception ●●●●●  
Intelligence ●●●●●  
Wits ●●●●●

## Abilities

### Talents

Alertness ○○○○○  
Athletics ●○○○○  
Brawl ●○○○○  
Dodge ●○○○○  
Empathy ●○○○○  
Expression ○○○○○  
Intimidation ○○○○○  
Kenning ●○○○○  
Streetwise ○○○○○  
Subterfuge ○○○○○

### Skills

Crafts ●●●●●  
Drive ●●○○○  
Etiquette ●○○○○  
Firearms ○○○○○  
Leadership ○○○○○  
Melee ●●○○○  
Performance ○○○○○  
Security ○○○○○  
Stealth ○○○○○  
Survival ●●○○○

### Knowledges

Computer ○○○○○  
Enigmas ○○○○○  
Investigation ○○○○○  
Law ○○○○○  
Linguistics ●○○○○  
Medicine ●●○○○  
Mythlore ○○○○○  
Occult ○○○○○  
Politics ○○○○○  
Science ●●○○○

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

Chimera ●●○○○  
Resources ●●○○○  
Treasures ●○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

### Arts

Primal ●●●●●  
○○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

### Realms

Actor ●●○○○  
Fae ●●○○○  
Nature ●●○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

## Other Traits

Throwing ●○○○○  
Animal Ken ●●●○○  
Merit: Nature Linked

## Glamour

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

## Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

## Banality

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□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

## Health

Bruised ☐  
Bruised ☐  
Hurt -1 ☐  
Injured -1 ☐  
Wounded -2 ☐  
Mauled -2 ☐  
Crippled -5 ☐  
Incapacitated ☐

## Birthrights/Frailty

Titan's Power: Additional dot of Strength and free Bruised Health Level, Stubbornness: Add 2 dice to all Willpower rolls in service to a cause/Bond of Duty: Loses Titan's Power for breaking an oath or contract.



# Sports Prodigy

**Quote:** *The young troll all-star steps up to the plate...*

**Background:** For as long as you can remember, you've loved sports. Maybe it was the baseball glove your father put in your crib when he thought your mother wasn't looking, or maybe it was just an inherent gift. Whatever the reason, you not only loved them, but you seemed to excel at all of them. Little League all-star, pee-wee league quarterback, junior soccer forward: it seemed any sport you tried, you mastered. Though you hadn't even hit the age of 10 yet, your parents and coaches were already talking about your future in sports. The only problem was that you would have to pick one (or maybe two) to specialize in. Still, you didn't worry too much about it, because you had years to try everything.

That was before you got sick, however. Suddenly, you couldn't run, and even the slightest exertion made you dizzy. You kept it to yourself as long as you could, secretly hoping it would go away, but it only got worse. When you collapsed at recess, you knew it was serious. The doctors did all they could, but they finally admitted their defeat. You had a rare muscular-nerve disorder, and nothing seemed to help it or stop it; you would be stuck in a wheelchair for the rest of your life.

The unfairness of everything overwhelmed you. You ranted and raged, as if that might make a difference. To make matters worse, you began to see things. Strange colors would crowd your vision temporarily, you would see beautiful birds fly through your room, and even one of the nurses looked like she had horns poking out from under her cap. You thought you were going crazy, until the day the nurse did a double take at you. That night she returned to your room, and looked at you closely. You could see the horns, and noticed for the first time just how big she actually was. She asked you about the visions, which you tried to deny, and about other things. Finally, you confessed everything. She nodded, and promised to get something to make you well. As crazy as it seemed, you began to hope. She kept her word, and returned three nights later with an odd potion. Having nothing to lose, you choked it down, and waited. Like magic, the feeling and strength began to return to your limbs. Soon, you felt as good as before, if not better.

The troll nurse took you for a walk, only it was far from the hospital. She introduced you to other tall, powerful people, and that was just the beginning. You saw animal men, fragile faeries, little people and many others. When she explained that this was a world you belonged to now, all you could say was, "Cool."

**Concept:** You are a prodigy, and you like testing yourself against whatever comes your way. The skills that come so naturally to you have practical uses now, though you still have time for games and contests. Other changelings think you're adorable, and your enthusiasm is contagious at times. If life is indeed a game, you plan on being the gracious winner.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You're young and enthusiastic, not quite hyperactive. If you weren't so guileless and adorable, you'd be getting into trouble all the time. Everyone is considered a friend at first, especially your opponents in any contest; it would

be unsportsmanlike to act otherwise. However, if someone does earn your enmity, they quickly learn to take you seriously. You may be young, but your sincerity and earnestness, not to mention your physical capabilities, make you a force to be reckoned with.



**Equipment:** A wide variety of sports equipment, an autographed World Series ball, and one of the most impressive collections of baseball cards anyone has seen.



# KITHBOOK TROLLS

Changeling: The Dreaming™

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Court: *Seelie*  
Legacies: *Paladin/Fool*  
Title:

Seeming: *Childling*  
Kith: *Troll*  
Motley:

## Attributes

### Physical

Strength ●●●○○  
Dexterity ●●●○○  
Stamina ●●●○○

### Social

Charisma ●●●○○  
Manipulation ●●○○○  
Appearance ●●●○○

### Mental

Perception ●●○○○  
Intelligence ●●○○○  
Wits ●●○○○

## Abilities

### Talents

Alertness ●●●○○  
Athletics ●●●○○  
Brawl ●●●○○  
Dodge ●●●○○  
Empathy ○○○○○  
Expression ○○○○○  
Intimidation ○○○○○  
Kenning ●○○○○  
Streetwise ○○○○○  
Subterfuge ○○○○○

### Skills

Crafts ●○○○○  
Drive ○○○○○  
Etiquette ●○○○○  
Firearms ○○○○○  
Leadership ○○○○○  
Melee ●●●○○  
Performance ○○○○○  
Security ○○○○○  
Stealth ○○○○○  
Survival ●○○○○

### Knowledges

Computer ●○○○○  
Enigmas ○○○○○  
Investigation ○○○○○  
Law ○○○○○  
Linguistics ○○○○○  
Medicine ○○○○○  
Mythlore ●○○○○  
Occult ○○○○○  
Politics ○○○○○  
Science ○○○○○

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

Dreamers ●●●○○  
Mentor ●●○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

### Arts

Primal ●○○○○  
Wayfare ●●○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

### Realms

Fae ●●○○○  
Nature ●○○○○  
Scene ●●●○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

## Other Traits

Throwing ●●●○○  
Sports Trivia ●●●○○

## Glamour

●●●●●○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□

## Willpower

●○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□

## Banality

●○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□

## Health

Bruised ☐  
Bruised ☐  
Hurt -1 ☐  
Injured -1 ☐  
Wounded -2 ☐  
Mauled -2 ☐  
Crippled -5 ☐  
Incapacitated ☐

## Birthrights/Frailty

Titan's Power: Additional dot of Strength and free Bruised Health Level, Stubbornness: Add 2 dice to all Willpower rolls in service to a cause/Bond of Duty: Loses Titan's Power for breaking an oath or contract.



# Eco-Terrorist

**Quote:** *I'll teach you to dump your poisons here, asshole...*

**Background:** You've always loved the outdoors. As a child, you could invariably be found roaming the woods behind your house, until the day they bulldozed them to make a subdivision. The injustice of it all shocked you; beautiful trees and trails were replaced with shoddy, overpriced houses and streets named for the flora they replaced. Minor accidents plagued the construction project, but they were really nothing more than vandalism. Still, you were young, and you did the best you could.

As you grew older, you became aware of similar injustices going on everywhere. Once the shock wore off, it was replaced by anger. You became a quiet, brooding teenager whose silences were filled with dreams of the abundant beauty of nature and the just revenge you would take on those who would sully it. You joined every environmental group you could, but were frustrated by their inactivity. Lobbying legislatures was accomplishing nothing; it was in the field that the real work was to be done. Arming yourself with a badly written book on terrorism, you left home one day to begin your life's work.

The first sabotage you tried failed miserably; the trucks just rolled right over your flimsy barricades as if they weren't there. The second fared only slightly better, as did the third and fourth. By the time you were planning your fifth mission, you were low on food and unprepared for the autumn storms. Still, you refused to give up. Impressed by your dedication, if not your skill, the radical environmental group in the area decided to take you in and train you. You were an adept student, and quickly became an effective eco-terrorist. Everything was going great (from your perspective) until the lumberjack caught you spiking trees. He didn't lecture you, for which you were grateful, but attacked instead. Try as you would, you just weren't a match for the burly adult. Again, the injustice of the situation overwhelmed you. Suddenly, you felt

a strength you'd never felt before, and proceeded to instruct the lumberjack on the errors of clear cutting, punctuating every point with a powerful blow. The man was unconscious before he got the point.

Flushed with victory, it took you a moment to notice the changes in the forest. You saw plants you knew couldn't exist in this climate, and animals that had been extinct for decades. Then you saw animals that just couldn't exist. Wandering in a daze, you wondered if this was nature's way of rewarding your diligence. You stumbled across an older satyr, who took you under her wing and taught you many wonderful things, not the least of which was the truth about the Unseelie Court. You stayed with her until she grew tired of you, then went off on your own.

**Concept:** The preservation of nature is your burden, and the forests your domain. Any who trespass there will be expected to follow your rules, or suffer your justice.

You are the green avenger. From time to time, other fae will join your crusade, though you suspect many do it just to keep the humans down or have an excuse to bust heads. The few that cross you, however, discover that you are a wilier foe than expected. You are not above setting traps to take your revenge, and are beginning to earn a reputation for doing anything to succeed in your goals.

## Roleplaying

**Hints:** You are dedicated to your quest, though you know it is a difficult, if not impossible one. Humans take a mighty toll on nature, and you're beginning to consider taking your war out of the forests, directly to the enemy. You tell yourself you do what you do to preserve nature, and you do, but you also enjoy the feelings of success when you defeat a foe. You are haunted by memories of larger forests and wilder times, but you are forced to live in the present. You are lost without an enemy to plan actions against.

**Equipment:** Durable camping gear, hunting knife, sugar, ten penny nails, environmental pamphlets.





# KITH BOOK: TROLLS

Changeling: The Dreaming™

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Court: Unseelie  
Legacies: Beast/Wayfarer  
Title:

Seeming: Wilder  
Kith: Troll  
Motley:

## Attributes

### Physical

Strength ●●●●●  
Dexterity ●●●●●  
Stamina ●●●●●

### Social

Charisma ●●●●●  
Manipulation ●●●●●  
Appearance ●●●●●

### Mental

Perception ●●●●●  
Intelligence ●●●●●  
Wits ●●●●●

## Abilities

### Talents

Alertness ●●●●●  
Athletics ●●●●●  
Brawl ●●●●●  
Dodge ●●●●●  
Empathy ○○○○○  
Expression ○○○○○  
Intimidation ○○○○○  
Kenning ○○○○○  
Streetwise ●●●●●  
Subterfuge ●●●●●

### Skills

Crafts ●●●●●  
Drive ○○○○○  
Etiquette ○○○○○  
Firearms ●●●●●  
Leadership ○○○○○  
Melee ●●●●●  
Performance ○○○○○  
Security ●●●●●  
Stealth ●●●●●  
Survival ●●●●●

### Knowledges

Computer ○○○○○  
Enigmas ○○○○○  
Investigation ●●●●●  
Law ●●●●●  
Linguistics ○○○○○  
Medicine ●●●●●  
Mythlore ○○○○○  
Occult ○○○○○  
Politics ○○○○○  
Science ○○○○○

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

Contacts ●●●●●  
Greymare ●●●●●  
○○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

### Arts

Legerdemain ●●●●●  
Primal ●●●●●  
○○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

### Realms

Actor ●●●●●  
Fae ●●●●●  
Scene ●●●●●  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

## Other Traits

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## Glamour

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## Willpower

●●○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□

## Banality

●●●○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□

## Health

Bruised ☐  
Bruised ☐  
Hurt -1 ☐  
Injured -1 ☐  
Wounded -2 ☐  
Mauled -2 ☐  
Crippled -5 ☐  
Incapacitated ☐

## Birthrights/Frailty

Titan's Power: Additional dot of Strength and free Bruised Health Level, Stubbornness: Add 2 dice to all Willpower rolls in service to a cause/Bond of Duty: Loses Titan's Power for breaking an oath or contract.







# Chapter Five:

## HIDDEN LORE

### Hidden Lore

*Still waters run deep, so be careful I don't drown you.*  
— John Entwistle, The Quiet One

## Merits and Flaws

Below is a list of Merits and Flaws that can be used to flesh out troll characters. These can be taken with freebie points only during character creation. Merits subtract from the beginning total of freebie points, and Flaws add. Generally, no more than seven points worth of Flaws are

allowed, for roleplaying such a walking nightmare would be challenging at best and contrary to the concept of fun. As always, the Storyteller is the final voice in the matter of what Merits to allow in her game.

**Note:** These Merits and Flaws are designed solely for troll characters.





## Loyal Heart: (2 point Merit)

While all fae are conscious of the bonds of oaths, for you it is almost of a religious nature. Oaths are not something you take lightly, but are more than a matter of life and death. They are also a measure of your self worth, for they give your life a meaning beyond most. Whenever you are overwhelmed or dejected, the thought of your duties is enough to give you the strength to persevere. In game terms, you automatically succeed on all Willpower rolls, but only as they pertain to the fulfillment of your oaths. Similarly, the power of your sense of duty may be sufficient to allow temporary immunity to other supernatural effects (Storyteller's discretion). However, this is not a Merit to be chosen lightly, for those of Loyal Heart are unable to ignore the bonds of the given word. Specifically, no Willpower may be spent in any action having to do with the breaking of oaths. Consider whether or not your character would rather die than break her word, for it is that serious.

**Note:** This is not cumulative with the effects of the Merit *True Love*, though it can be combined for purposes of roleplaying.

## Increased Pain Threshold: (3 point Merit)

Characters who possess this Merit still feel pain as much as others, it just doesn't affect them to the same degree. Legends are rife with tales of heroes who fight on, even while mortally wounded, only collapsing into death once the battle is won. In game terms, the dice penalty for each Health Level is reduced by one level. For example, a troll who is Hurt reacts as if Bruised, and is only incapable of action when killed. This does not add extra Health Levels or reduce the severity of the wounds, merely the reaction to the pain each level incurs.

## Stone Skin: (3 point Merit)

Trolls who possess this Merit are physically tougher than others. In particular, their skin is denser, harkening back to the tales of rock giants and moving mountains. In game terms, this gives the character one extra soak die with which to resist damage, but does not add to any Stamina rolls. Trolls who possess this Merit are stockier and heavier than other trolls, and may have difficulty in even their mortal seeming with a world made for smaller people.



## Nature Linked: (3 point Merit)

Legends are full of incidents concerning the connection to nature and strength; this Merit represents the positive aspects of such tales. Possessors of this Merit have a near mystical link to nature and all living, growing things in their own environment. They are rarely lost, and can find food and shelter easily, almost as if nature itself is seeing to their needs. Characters who possess this Merit may subtract two from all difficulty numbers when in natural surroundings. Cities and asphalt are not considered natural, though a park within a city might qualify. As always, the Storyteller is the final arbiter.

## Blessing of Atlas: (5 point Merit)

All trolls are significantly stronger than their fellow fae, yet there are those who exceed even these comparisons. They are as to their fellow trolls what trolls are to other fae. In game terms, a character with the Blessing of Atlas will permanently raise her Strength by one, and will also raise the potential maximum Strength pool by one. Trolls with this Merit are only slightly larger than their kith, but even more defined. Should it become known that a character possess this Merit, she will be expected to act all the more responsibly for it.

## Blood of the Rivers: (5 point Merit)

The rivers, said to be the lifeblood of trolls, are living things, and as such have a distinct lifespan. The passage of decades may change the course, or even the flow, yet it takes centuries or a cataclysm to destroy one. So, too, with trolls who possess this Merit. They age much more slowly than other normal fae, without running the risk of Bedlam incurred from dwelling continuously in freeholds. In game terms, so long as a troll is aware of the Dreaming, he ages at a rate one-tenth that of his brethren. Should he be overtaken by Banality, however, he grows old and dies just like other mortals. Should he be saved from the Mists, he begins again to age at this reduced rate. Note that this does include troll childlings, who pass through this stage as quickly as, if not faster, than other fae.







### Nature Bound: (2 point Flaw)

Legends are full of incidents concerning the connection to nature and strength; this Flaw represents the negative side of that link. Characters with this Flaw take their strength from contact with nature, and weaken when removed from it. In game terms, characters are at no penalty when in natural surroundings, yet subtract one die from all actions when in unnatural settings. For purposes of this Flaw, cities, wastelands and the like are not considered natural. Characters with this Flaw should consider careers as park rangers, farmers and the like, or live as close as possible to a large park.

### Shrinking Violet: (2 point Flaw)

Trolls are known to be close-mouthed and silent, particularly when not among their own kind. For most of this kith it is a matter of choice, but for those possessing this Flaw, it goes much deeper. Trolls who are Shrinking Violets are only comfortable with their own; with everyone else they are constantly aware of the differences between them, and are consequently ill at ease. This manifests as clumsiness (fear of breaking things and people), difficulty speaking in social situations (only able to speak of things as they are), etc. In game terms, characters with this Flaw add +2 to all difficulties of Social rolls when not primarily among other trolls.

### Yearning Soul: (2 point Flaw)

You feel the pull toward romance much more strongly than other trolls, and desperately need some aspect of it in your life. You will fixate your attention on the most attractive fae or person in any given situation, though your reactions will vary, depending on your character. You may pine from afar, behave like an eager puppy desperate for approval, attempt to impress the object of your affections, etc. Note that, should you only be in the company of those



you would not normally be interested in, you will begin to lower your standards; your desire and need for romance is that strong, even if it leads you to a crush on a sluagh. This Flaw should be strictly roleplayed, and the Storyteller may see fit to impose dice penalties depending on the circumstances.

### Blighted Face: (3 point Flaw)

Throughout history, there have been legends of monstrous giants, as frightening in appearance as in strength and size. Characters with this Flaw are the stuff of such tales. Though individual appearance may vary, they will present a coarse, threatening appearance in both their mortal and fae seemings. Because of this, they will suffer severe social penalties in most situations, except for perhaps intimidation. In game terms, a penalty of + 2 to the difficulties all Social rolls should be imposed on the character, except with those who know him extremely well. The most conservative and "proper," whether changeling or human, will be all the more inclined to reject those with this Flaw. Note that this Flaw is cumulative with other Merits and Flaws.

### Arcadian/Ancient Oath: (2-5 point Flaw)

Trolls, on the whole, take oaths much more seriously than most, and diligently fulfill their duties and obligations. However, due to the effects of the Mists, many oaths have been forgotten. Characters with this Flaw are bound to just such an oath. The strength and severity of the forgotten oath depends on the points taken. Though the Storyteller may allow hints and vague memories of this oath to the character in question, the actual discovery of its nature should be a great work. Should, for any reason, the oath become invalid, the character is obliged to buy off the Flaw, or have it replaced with another by the Storyteller.







## Trollish Weapons

Due to both their huge size and strength, trolls are able to make use of immense weapons that would be beyond the realm of possibility for other fae. As a reflection of the might and stature of trolls, these weapons, too, are both larger and heavier than any most changelings, humans or Prodigals could even consider using.

### Greatsword

Basically a trollish adaptation of the European two-handed sword, it is a truly gargantuan weapon. The blade is at least six feet in length and a foot wide, made of the strongest steel imaginable. The pommel is quite large and heavy, and can easily accommodate two trollish hands. Characters with Strength below 5 cannot even think of using it effectively, and characters under six feet in height can do little more than thrust with the point.

**Difficulty:** 6

**Damage:** Str + 6

**Concealability:** Impossible to hide

### Northern Axe

This is an axe favored by trolls of Nordic descent, and is reminiscent of the Viking axe in construction. The major distinction is the sheer size and weight; it would easily be a two-handed weapon in the hands of weaker warriors. Some of these axes have been modified to include a sharp point on the tear of the axe head, along the lines of a Frankish axe. In the hands of a troll, this is a one-handed weapon.

**Difficulty:** 6

**Damage:** Str + 5

**Concealability:** Trenchcoat or full cloak

### Hill Axe

This large, double-headed axe is greatly favored by Unseelie trolls for the sheer devastation it is capable of inflicting. Though it requires two hands to wield and is more difficult than most other weapons to master, many consider the damage potential an even trade. Each of these weapons comes to chest height on its wielder, and the double heads are nearly as wide as her chest. Because of its



unwieldy nature, the hill axe is impractical in terrain with difficult footing or where a free hand might be necessary.

Difficulty: 8

Damage: Str + 8

Concealability: Yeah, right.

## Maul

This weapon is nothing more than a very large, long-hafted hammer crafted to fit troll dimensions. By far the heaviest of all standard trollish weapons, the maul has been known to literally flatten weaker opponents.

Difficulty: 7

Damage: Str + 7

Concealability: Not likely.



## TREASURES

Below is a list of treasures, some common, others legendary, that are known to trolls in particular.

### Highland Blade (level 2 treasure)

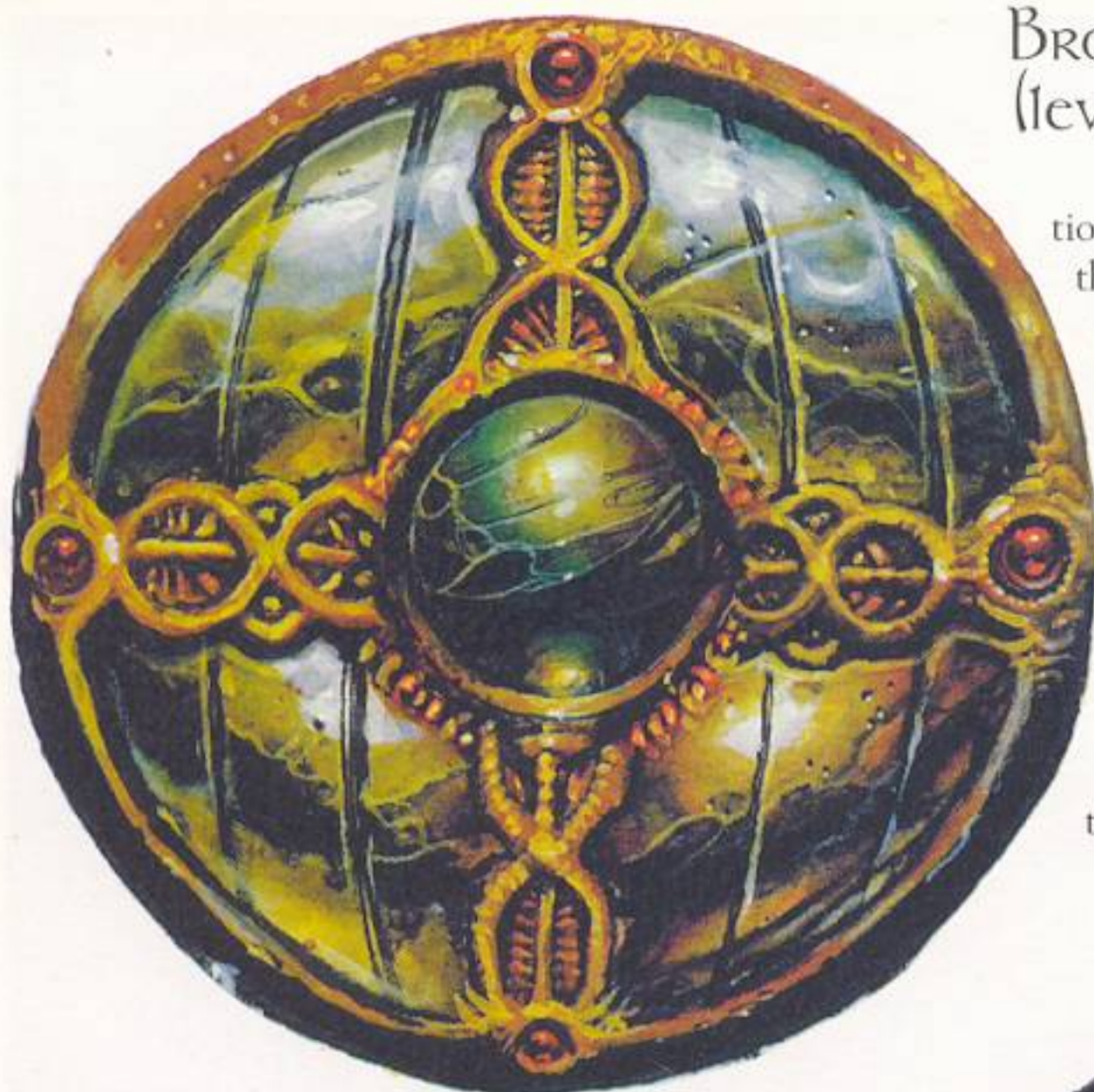
These enchanted blades are growing increasingly rare, for the means of their construction are either lost, or the nockers aren't talking. Most common among them are claymores, though other edged variants exist. So long as the wielder possesses even one point of Glamour, he will not suffer any ill effects on account of terrain. The blades themselves can store from one to three points of Glamour within themselves; so long as they are empowered by even one point of Glamour, they will neither dull nor break, except by magical means.

Damage: By weapon type

### Rory's Bag (level 2 treasure)

These are all large bags of sturdy construction, though individual models may vary in color and construction. Nevertheless, each is large enough to contain enough food and drink to sustain one adult troll for one day. If a changeling spends one point of Glamour, a full meal of travel rations will appear. Note that these are real rations, not chimerical, and will offer sustenance. No more than one meal a day may be created with this treasure.





### Shield of Virtue (level 5 treasure)

These large, round shields are legendary treasures, and no more than two are known to exist. Said to have been the shields of the twin brothers Torvald and Bohr, each has the power to strengthen the will of an honorable troll and offer extraordinary protection in battle. So long as the troll is true to his oaths and his given word, the shield will be weightless in battle and offer three extra soak dice. In addition, so long as it is in the possession of the troll, it will reduce the target of all Willpower rolls by one in regards to the fulfilling or keeping of oaths. Should the possessor be dishonorable, she will find herself in possession of a large, unwieldy shield that only offers one additional soak die, and reduces her Dexterity by one.

### Brooch of the True Suitor (level 1 treasure)

These are simple metal brooches that draw no attention to themselves save for the simplicity and quality of their craftsmanship. To those who know of their powers, however, they are invaluable aids in the pursuit of true love. Should a true suitor wear one while confronting the object of her affection, the difficulty of all Social rolls will be reduced by -2, and she will seem more relaxed and at ease than she might otherwise. This is a temporary effect, however, for true love is anathema to deception. The duration is for one scene, and will only continue to work so long as the beloved has even the faintest glimmerings of interest in the suitor. Should the suitor be false, however, the object of her attentions will find the wearer repugnant and seek to leave her company as quickly as possible.



### Maul of Thunder (Legendary Treasure)

This mighty maul is said to have been one crafted by trolls under the direct instructions of Thor, to be used should he ever lose Mjolnir. It is said to be the mightiest of all trollish weapons, and perhaps even the equal to the sword of High King David. Among its rumored powers include the ability to leap any body of water in a single bound, the ability to level any wall with a single blow, the ability to command the elements, and it is said to emit a shocking boom of thunder whenever it strikes.



# KITHBOOK TROLLS

Changeling: The Dreaming™

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Court:  
Legacies:  
Title:

Seeming:  
Kith:  
Motley:

## Attributes

### Physical

Strength ●○○○○○  
Dexterity ●○○○○○  
Stamina ●○○○○○

### Social

Charisma ●○○○○○  
Manipulation ●○○○○○  
Appearance ●○○○○○

### Mental

Perception ●○○○○○  
Intelligence ●○○○○○  
Wits ●○○○○○

## Abilities

### Talents

Alertness ○○○○○○  
Athletics ○○○○○○  
Brawl ○○○○○○  
Dodge ○○○○○○  
Empathy ○○○○○○  
Expression ○○○○○○  
Intimidation ○○○○○○  
Kenning ○○○○○○  
Streetwise ○○○○○○  
Subterfuge ○○○○○○

### Skills

Crafts ○○○○○○  
Drive ○○○○○○  
Etiquette ○○○○○○  
Firearms ○○○○○○  
Leadership ○○○○○○  
Melee ○○○○○○  
Performance ○○○○○○  
Security ○○○○○○  
Stealth ○○○○○○  
Survival ○○○○○○

### Knowledges

Computer ○○○○○○  
Enigmas ○○○○○○  
Investigation ○○○○○○  
Law ○○○○○○  
Linguistics ○○○○○○  
Medicine ○○○○○○  
Mythlore ○○○○○○  
Occult ○○○○○○  
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

○○○○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

## Banality

○○○○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

## Health

Bruised ☐  
Bruised ☐  
Hurt -1 ☐  
Injured -1 ☐  
Wounded -2 ☐  
Mauled -2 ☐  
Crippled -5 ☐  
Incapacitated ☐

## Birthrights/Frailty

Titan's Power: Additional dot of Strength and free Bruised Health Level, Stubbornness: Add 2 dice to all Willpower rolls in service to a cause/Bond of Duty: Loses Titan's Power for breaking an oath or contract.



# KITHBOOK TROLLS

Changeling: The Dreaming™

Fellowship/Household: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Chieftan/Leige Lord: \_\_\_\_\_

Societies: \_\_\_\_\_  
 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: \_\_\_\_\_



# KitBook TROLLS

Changeling: The Dreaming<sup>TM</sup>

Oaths Sworn

Contacts

Badges of Honor

Holdings

Dreamers

Vassals

Mentor

Retinue

Possessions

Gear (Carried)

Chimerical Items

Treasures

Chimerical Companions

Freeholds

Location

Description



# KITH BOOK TROILS

Changeling: The Dreaming<sup>TM</sup>

## History Prelude

Date Ennobled: \_\_\_\_\_

Secret Societies: \_\_\_\_\_

## Appearance

Chronological Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Mortal: \_\_\_\_\_

Apparent Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_

Chronological Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Hair: \_\_\_\_\_

Eyes: \_\_\_\_\_

Race: \_\_\_\_\_

Nationality: \_\_\_\_\_

Height: \_\_\_\_\_

Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

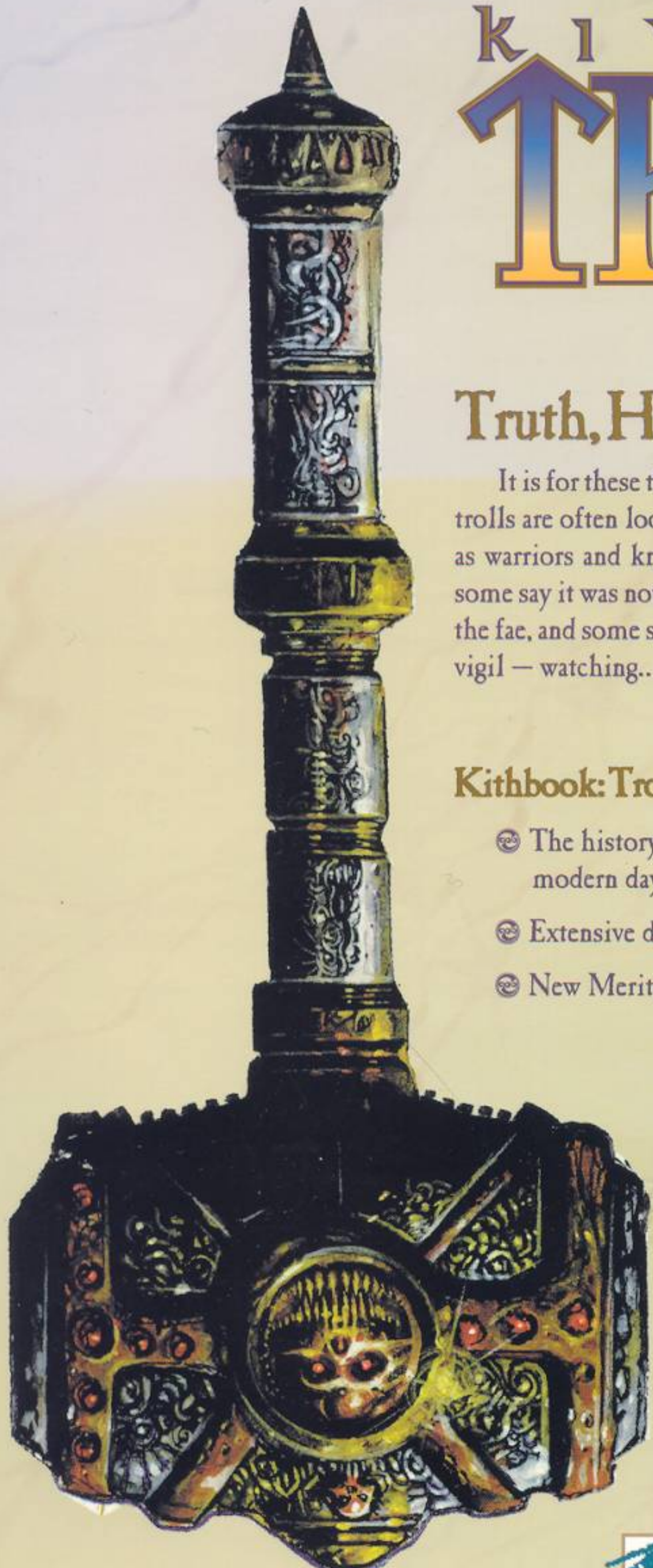
Fae: \_\_\_\_\_

## Visuals

Oath Bonds Chart

Character Sketch





# k i t h b o o k TROLLS<sup>TM</sup>

## Truth, Honor, Justice

It is for these things that trolls stand for above all else. Silent and strong, the trolls are often looked upon as the protectors of fae kind. They serve the sidhe as warriors and knights, never questioning their place in Kithain society. Yet some say it was not always so... once it was the trolls who ruled the kingdoms of the fae, and some say they will yet again. For now the trolls continue their silent vigil — watching... waiting.

### Kithbook: Trolls features:

- ☉ The history of the trolls, from their ancient war with the sidhe to modern day;
- ☉ Extensive details on troll society and their many orders;
- ☉ New Merits and Flaws available only to troll characters.



ISBN: 1-56504-725-7  
WW 7050 \$12.00



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Printed in Canada