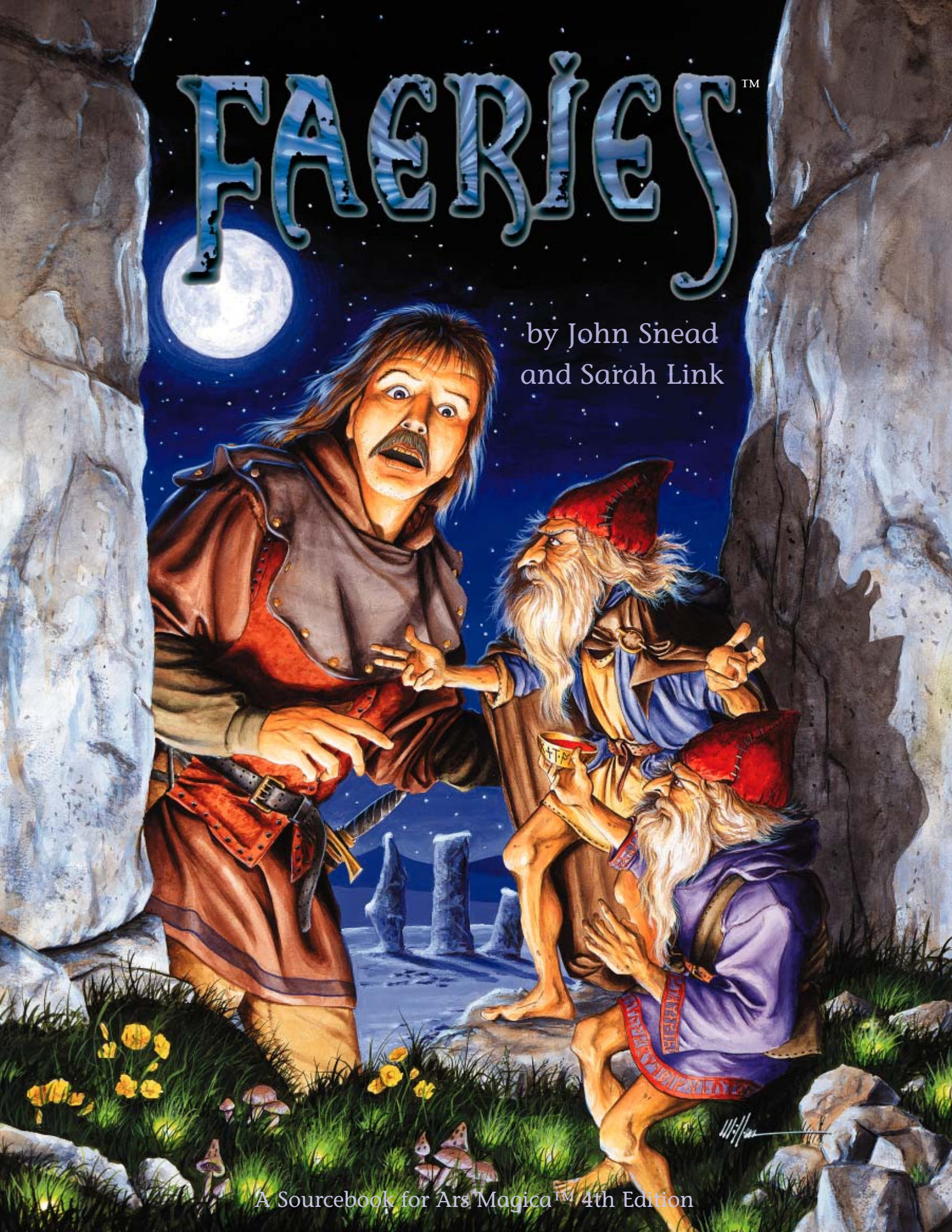


FAERIES™

by John Snead
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Welcome to the world of Faerie.

“THE FOLLOWERS OF JERBITON, AND SOME FOOLISH OTHERS BESIDES, SAY WE CAN LEARN NOTHING OF MANKIND AND THE WORLD FROM FAERIES. THIS IS UNTRUE. FAERIES LIVE AS WE COULD LIVE, IF WE WOULD ONLY RENOUNCE THE TWIN CURSES OF IRON AND THE CHURCH. IF THE FOOLISH SEEKERS WANTED TRUE ANSWERS AS TO THE ORIGINS OF MAGIC, THEY WOULD LEAVE THEIR TOMES COVERED IN DUST AND JOURNEY INTO THE COOL SUNLIGHT OF ARCADIA.”

—PARADOXIA, FILIA OF JERGA, FOLLOWER OF MERINITA





CHAPTER ONE: INTRODUCTION

About this Book

The idea of faeries speaks to us of the mystery that surrounds and permeates the mortal world. The faerie folk are the mysterious, bizarre, and intensely magical beings that live beyond the normal reach of mortal understanding. To understand them, one must enter into their lives, perhaps even their world.

This book is a guide to incorporating the world of faeries into an **Ars Magica** saga. Actually, it is a useful reference for fleshing out any medieval or fantasy setting in which faeries exist. This supplement provides storyguides with extensive insight into who and what the faeries are, allowing the storyguides to make full use of faeries in their sagas. It also offers rules and background for players whose characters hail from or are well-acquainted with the land of the faeries.

What's Ahead

This book is divided into four parts. The first three—Faeries in the Mortal World, Faeries in Legend & Lore, and Faeries in Arcadia—are comprised of two ongoing narratives told from the point of view of two people. In the first narrative, Gerin, a wandering troubadour with faerie blood, describes his encounters with the fey as he sets out to free his sister from the Faerie Queen of Winter. The second narrative is a treatise on how to interact successfully with faeries, written for magi by Rebecca, a member of House Mercere of the Order of Hermes, and chief librarian of the covenant of Harco in northern Italy.

These first three parts of the book remain firmly in the time and the voice of the individuals relating the narratives, and so all game-related information is presented in sidebars alongside the text.

The fourth part of this book—Faeries in **Ars Magica**—is comprised of three chapters presenting faeries in game terms. Chapter eight discusses *Faerie Places* such as trods, regio, and the faerie land of Arcadia. Chapter nine presents *Faerie Folk* in a bestiary format, as well as notes on common faerie Powers and a sampling of faerie-related plants. Chapter ten instructs players and storyguides in *Playing Faeries and the Faerie-Touched*, with rules for faerie Companions, new Virtues & Flaws, and the like.

We offer speeches on the topic by mortals and faeries of the **Ars Magica** world throughout the book. Take this counsel with caution: the speakers may be wise or ignorant, truthful or not. And nothing is certain when speaking of the fey.

Keep in Mind

It is important to dispel many of the modern ideas about faeries. Faeries are much more than the fantasy notion of “high elves,” which is simply a modern interpretation of a few faerie stories of the British Isles. They are also more than the gossamer-winged little folk that flitter about in cheery woodlands. **Ars Magica** faeries are based on real faerie tales of medieval Europe, not on modern fantasy novels or Victorian chil-

dren's stories. It is very important for the storyguide and the players to keep in mind this concept: this is not typical fantasy roleplaying material. Standard fantasy races such as dwarves, elves, and halflings bear little resemblance to anything in this book, so clear your mind of expectations.

What Are Faeries Like?

Physically, faeries are incredibly diverse. Not only do faeries come in a multitude of shapes and sizes, but many faeries can change shape and size at will. The powers and power levels of faeries are also highly varied, though invariably faeries are highly magical. Some faeries can only perform minor tricks and illusions; others can do the work of ten mortals in a single night, and a few are of such truly awesome power that people made sacrifices to them in pre-Christian times.

However, in spite of the physical and magical diversity of faeries, there are some important traits they all share that should be known by any who would deal with them. These are described below.

Immortality

Faeries are immortal and ageless. Unless mortals kill them, which is usually quite difficult, faeries will remain as they are forever. One consequence of their immortality is their lack of an immortal soul. Faeries have no Heaven for which to hope and no Hell about which to worry. For this reason, faeries have no gods and no religion. The whole concept of worshipping a deity is foreign to them. Although they do not have behavioral rules imposed on them by a religion, they may have their own quite-strict rules about such things. These rules are often curious and may not make sense to mortals. Do not ignore them, however: only those mortals who know of such rules and heed them can deal favorably with faeries.

Links with Mortals

In some ways faeries need mortals. While faeries do not have children nor reproduce in any way on their own, faeries and mortals may interbreed. These children are usually mortal, but often have special powers because of their faerie blood. Faeries also highly value all forms of mortal creativity, and sometimes capture especially-creative mortals for their own strange plans or to indulge passing whims.

Faeries sometimes seem to know the secrets of mortals they meet. This would indicate their having a strange invisible connection with the mortal world, even with that which is found inside the Dominion. It is thought by some that faeries can see the reflection of our world in theirs, the realm of Arcadia, and thus can learn our secrets.

The fey are mimics of sorts and will often copy the mortal society they perceive from Arcadia. They may copy the courtly graces and appearance of the nobility, or they may wear clothes like those of local peasants. There have even been faeries encountered who pretend that they are the inhabitants of a covenant.

Beyond Human Morality

Faeries are never evil in the human sense of the term. They may be cruel and vicious, but their cruelty is akin to that of a cat playing with a mouse. Faeries are not demons or angels and do not come from either Heaven or Hell, nor are they particularly influenced by diabolic or divine forces.

Faerie Magic

Faeries are magical creatures, but they do not cast magic spells as mortals do. Rather, magic is something they create as naturally as mortals work with their hands or speak. The least powerful faeries can do things such as bring good or bad luck,





strike mortals with paralysis, slay cattle, or feed on the goodness of grain or milk, leaving it spoiled and useless. An important faerie Power called Glamour involves the making of illusions that can be indistinguishable from real things to the mortals who encounter them.

Faerie magic generally involves directly controlling some natural phenomenon or feature: winds, trees, fire, or even something as broad as every living thing in a certain forest. Faeries associated with humans often have limited control of the natural world, and specialize in controlling the thoughts and feelings of humans, the actions of humans, or the crafts of humans.

While some faeries seem wholly wicked to mortals, many are quite kind. All need to be treated with respect, however. Many a helpful brownie has turned into a malicious boggart because some fool spurned or misused its gifts. Faeries are creatures of strong emotions, and it is perilous to trifle with their feelings.

The magic made by each faerie may display itself differently. Some faeries do not have any control over their magic nor any awareness that they are using it. Other faeries may express their magical nature through superb craftsmanship, making creations impossible for a mortal to match. All faeries may speak any language as long as they are within the bounds of a faerie realm, a faerie aura, or a regio. This ability is an element of their magical nature.

Where Do Faeries Live?

The simple answer to this question is “Wherever it pleases them.” This is not just frivolity. Most faeries have strong correspondences to certain kinds of places. Faeries related to the Lands of Summer will be found in fields and thickets, while those related to Winter may be in mountains and caves. Where a faerie lives is where it feels it belongs the most (though other occupants of the area may disagree!).

Faerie Realms

Most faeries live either in small groups or as solitary hermits, but they are occasionally found in courts or villages. The areas where faeries live are entirely different from mundane lands. Magic pervades every aspect of the place, making one’s dreams there seem more real than the hours spent awake. Every different faerie area can be considered a faerie realm. Each of these fantastic places usually has its own unique structure and operates under its own unique natural laws (which can be very different from the natural laws of the mundane world). In some ways, a faerie realm is a very hard environment to describe to your players and to roleplay in, but it can also be an extremely evocative and compelling setting.

Arcadia

There is a realm beyond the faerie realms described above, farther from the mortal world than the deepest faerie forest or pool. It is called “Arcadia,” or “Faerieland.” There are many different ways to enter Arcadia, but you always need to do so from some spot within a faerie realm—usually the place that seems farthest from the mortal world. Once within Arcadia, one perceives the mortal world as but a shadow. The mortal world may be felt dimly, for the mortal things and places that mean most to the faerie world have reflections there, or “correspondences.” All else is strange to mortal eyes, and even time and direction cannot be determined using mortal standards.

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A peasant woman tells faerie tales while the village blacksmith makes charms to keep the children safe from faeries out of horse-shoe nails. The horses in the stable are protected from evil faeries by a horseshoe above the door, and the stable brownie is given his daily bowl of milk.



“**B**UT I HAVE SEEN THEM—IN MY VILLAGE WHEN I WAS YOUNG. MY FRIEND WAS COURTED BY A MAN LIKE THAT, A MAN WITH CRAZY EYES, AND NO ONE KNEW WHERE HE HAD COME FROM. HE WASN'T FROM THE VILLAGE—SHE WOULD HAVE NO BOY FROM THE VILLAGE—AND SHE WENT WITH HIM BEYOND THE FIELDS ONE NIGHT, AND WE NEVER SAW HER AGAIN.”

—BRIGITTE, A KITCHEN MAID IN A COVENANT IN FRANCE



Part I: Faeries in the Mortal World



Chapter Two: Mother and Child

A Troubadour's Tale

¹Gerin the troubadour presents his story in chapters two, four, and six. His tale of loss and recovery involves myriad characters, stories, and events that represent the knowledge of faeries and their world held by most common folk.

They call me Gerin. I'm the Gifted bastard, no man's son.¹ I live by my wits and grow wild, and one man's land is a place I never stay in long. The covenant house on the hill, they took me and my mother in, taught me the writing. They say I've got a talent for it. Oh, but the most beautiful ideas—they're the ones you can never get across in writing. I know, 'cause I tell stories, sing songs, and play the lute and the pipe. If you'll sit by me till the end of the night, I'll tell you tales like you've never known. I'll start with a faerie tale, right at the beginning.

Gerin's Tale, the Beginning

Once upon a time there was a certain pretty village girl. She was as beautiful as she was good, but she lived alone with her old father, without a mother, and without cows or goods or land, because she and her father were only villeins. The villagers hated them with hatred bitter as gall, for they were beautiful instead of ugly, and kind instead of mean; and angels sang them both to sleep. When the old man died, the people lost no time in sending the girl to the forest to die. But the angels led her to a beech tree; and the tree took care of her, so that she grew even more beautiful instead of dying. In time she had a baby boy, and then a baby girl, both with skin like silver and eyes as green as beech-tree leaves in the springtime. And if the boy was pretty

and pleasing, well, the girl shone like a star. The tree and the woman had to wrap her in swaddling clothes, because she turned night into day wherever she went. Flowers came up where she touched the ground. Her brother loved her very much.

Now their mother knew all kinds of secrets from their father, the beech tree, about wind and weather and the animals' ways. She told the people when storms were coming and when it was safe to plant the corn. She was kind, and her tree-lover was wise, and all was well until the terrible winter. It was a normal winter at first and seemed about to come to an end. Father finally felt the coming of spring, mother told the village, and the village planted the seed corn from the last harvest. But the frost returned, the ground closed upon the seedlings, snow fell without ceasing, day and day and day. Not even the beech tree could say why.

Then hunger came and took the people, one by one and two by two, until they took up torches and went out over the snow and burned the beech tree house, crying, "Witch!" The mother and her children fled weeping to the forest. The mother made their beds in a little grove sheltered from the snow by branches, and the radiant little girl made it light. Her brother went into the wood to search for what the trees might give to feed them.

He had not gone far before he came to a road like a river of snow, rising steeply up into thin air. There was a



Illus. ©1995 Julie Baroh

sound like silver bells, and he hid himself by a drift of snow. Then along the road from the way he had come rushed a sledge of ice trimmed in silver and pulled by white geese in harnesses of silver. Its reins too were of silver and in the hand of a great lady taller than a yew tree. She was dressed all in silver-and-white lace, crowned like a queen. She would have been beautiful but that her face was as pale as the snow, and her eyes like shards of ice. Beside her in the sledge was the shining child, his sister. The sledge flew by without a sound. When the boy tried to follow, the feathers of the white geese blinded him, and he slipped and slid on the road of snow until he could do no more than return through the wood to his mother.

The light in the clearing had gone out. In the darkness, his mother told the boy that his little sister was dead from the cold. But by the moon, he saw in her place only a block of ice as clear as water.²

He told his mother of the ruse; but she was little consoled to learn the truth, and she dressed and buried the ice in token of her loss. At first light they made their way to a house of magi that stood high on a hill beyond the village. The strange sad woman and the pretty little boy pleased the magi there, for the magi looked into

their eyes and saw secrets, and magi can no more resist secrets than a child can turn from a cunning toy. The boy would have gone in search of his sister, but his mother told him that she had gone far away and that a boy would have no power to follow without gifts of magic. So the boy stayed with his mother in the house of the magi. For each secret the magicians eagerly drew from him, he made them teach a secret in return. The first secret the boy learned was that he was of a special blood, like the blood of kings, and what he willed none would deny him, not even magicians.³

The boy grew to be a man. One day a jongleur passing by the house heard the boy singing from a window, and he took him as his apprentice, teaching him stories, songs, and the playing of the lute. Days and nights have come and gone since the great lady stole his sister away, but he travels the world searching for her. Find her he will.

That's my very first story, and it's the story of myself and how I came to be among magi.⁴

Growing Up in the Covenant

I learned a pocketful and more in the house of the magi. After I found out that

The beech tree cares for Gerin's mother.

²The girl was replaced by a block of ice affected with a faerie's glamour. The boy can see through it because he has Faerie Sight.

³The boy's special powers describe the Virtues Enchanting Music and Faerie Blood.

⁴This type of story is common among peasants, especially in isolated areas. It is often impossible to tell if faeries are truly involved in many of these events.

there's a reason people like me passing well, I found it doesn't work that way for everyone. There was a kitchen maid in the magi house wouldn't share a word with me, but made the cross when I came by. I smiled to charm her and sang when she was near; for I'm used to smiles, and they bring far better luck than frowns. But each time, she'd stop her ears and turn her eyes away. Because she made the cross on me, I feared she thought me witching her. There's no worse thing in any land to be thought a witch. Some roads, the houses are kind enough that you need not fear for your life if your purse is full, but if it comes to the heart that you've witched their cow or their child, there's no man or woman wouldn't harm you. A faerie and a magus and a witch are the same brood to some, and with them the crookback and the leper and the evil eye. Never let man or woman think you're the fox in their hen house and the source of their misfortune. Those who fear you are the quickest to harm you.

For my own part, I took myself to the old lady of the kitchen and asked her how I might win over her maid. The old lady said, "Brigitte has faith in God and fears the Evil One. Now everybody knows that servants of the Evil One cannot bear what is holy, so kiss the cross or say Hail Mary before you speak to her, and she will see she has no cause to fear you." This I did, and I commend it well to anyone. If you may do these things, then all but the most hateful or the most afraid will cease to seek your death. It was later that I found in far and lonely places those who put more faith in tests and charms to tell what sort of thing I was; to them it matters more that I can hold an iron nail or that I leave prints upon the earth in walking than that I can pray for my salvation. In such far places I have seen men hold a cripple to be a faerie because the shape of his foot was like that of a beast.

When we were friends, I asked Brigitte to tell me why she had feared my face and voice when others liked them well. She said: "You have the green cats'-eyes that shine like lamps upon the water."

"What do you say now? Anyone can see my eyes are just as eyes of other men,"

I told her. Well I know this, for I have seen my own face clear in the mirror made of polished silver that the magi keep.

She told me then how a man with such eyes came to her village and stole her friend away.

"Brigitte," said I, "maybe your own fear tricks you. I am no crazy lover, and we are in no village; and if my eyes are green, so indeed your hair is black as the mother of the devil, and the devil's mother you will never be. Maybe your friend lives in another village not even far away. Did the market men ask for news of her?" And she told me then that her village was too small for fair-traveling or market men and that no one had dared travel out to look.

For this I teased her until she forgot to say that I had shining eyes. I have seen my own face reflected ordinary in many waters and in many men's eyes, but Brigitte could see things that were hidden. She would see visions of her name-saint and Saint Jean, and that is why she was a kitchen maid in a house of magi.⁵ I have good fortune with my looks, but from Brigitte I learned sympathy for those looked upon as strange. Let those whose forms mark them as different beware. In a pretty face no evil is seen, whatever the heart may hold, but all fear the one who bears a mark of difference.

Jean-Paul and the Telling of Faeries

Traveling after my sister, I have found few who cannot tell a tale of strange ladies or strange children, and sometimes the two together. Yet reaching the heart of truth in a tale is like trying to winnow wheat from barley. It was Jean-Paul, my old master, who first learned me what a faerie was, though all my life I'd lived with faerie knowing. He said one night, "You must learn to tell tales. In every land the fashions vary. A good song here is not loved there, but everyone wants everywhere to hear a tale to lift the heart or freeze the blood. I will begin by teaching you a faerie story."

"What sort of thing is a faerie story?" I asked. "Is it the heart-lifting or the blood-freezing kind of tale?"

⁵Brigitte has the Virtue called Visions, which allows her to see the narrator as unusual. Other people do not notice, since he does not have the Flaw Disfigured. Note that being able to notice faerie things is not the same as knowing about faerie things, and vice versa.

"It's both, and any other kind beside. Mind what I say: stories of the faerie kind are stories to be told around a bright fire in a dark night. Tell these tales however you will, but people will know if it is a true tale or a conceit by how you tell it. Whatever you do, do not forget to leave behind a part of whatever you are given for your tales, to pay the faeries who gave you the stories that feed you and put a coin in your purse."⁶

"Saints tales are to give us faith, and sinners tales to make us laugh, or fear the flames of Hell. Then what is a faerie, master, that can give us any sort of tale? Is it a familiar thing to reassure us, or a strange thing to excite the heart to adventure?"

"A faerie is what is neither saint nor sinner, angel nor demon—that which hopes not for Heaven and fears not Hell. Not cotter, villein, priest, or lord. Mark me well: a faerie loves none so much as a fine singer, a poet, a teller of tales. They are our special patrons. They watch us as the saints do. If you would have good luck and good renown, you must tell faerie stories, and tell them well.

"Remember that whatever they do, they do for a reason, even if it is one we cannot know. They deceive, but keep their word to anyone with wit to trust only what they have sworn to. They wear our faces and our clothes, and play at living in our ways, but they live and die as the trees in the forest, or else as no man knows. Some are close and some are far, some like beasts and some like lords and some like villeins. I have heard a tale of faeries in the shape of priests, but in another tale they can bear no church or bell. They will not love you if you are coarse or dirty or without wit or respect. Those who keep old ways earn their blessing. I have heard it said they have a special blessing for a man or woman who will not carry iron, but for myself I keep an iron blade about me. Traveling far and wide I have learned that it is better for a lover not to be too much in the power of the beloved.

"All these things are common knowing. If you don't keep them in your tales, you won't please anyone. But I will tell you a secret of the trade and a secret of the heart, since you are my apprentice.

To tell a faerie tale worth hearing, you must make all usual seem strange, and all strange things seem familiar. To make a true tale, you must know we need them and they need us. I cannot tell you how it is so or why, but I know it is the truth."

Faeries in the Telling

It was then I decided that to be a teller of tales was a thing worth learning. Jean-Paul told me a faerie story then, the first I had heard, and it went this way:

Once upon a time there was a fine young man. He was a prince and a son of kings, but he did not know this, for it happened that when he was born, an usurper seized the throne, and the baby prince was hidden away with the family of his wet-nurse, lest he be put to the sword. He was raised among the common people, but his wet-nurse taught him to carry himself always with dignity and good manners and to be without fear, like a true prince.

So the boy became a man, and he said one day to the nurse, "Mother, I wish to go abroad and seek my fortune in the world. I have heard there is a fine house, once a palace, from which all have fled in fear of a great monster. It has been cried that the king offers a great reward for the destruction of the monster. I will go out and seek this house."

The nurse was sore afraid, and said, "Many great knights have tried this task, and none were found there at the dawn. All are fled or dead, or disappeared without a trace. Be satisfied here, and live."

But finally seeing he would not be dissuaded, she got ready for him some travel bread and a skin of ale, and he set out with his dog for the manor. His dog started partridges and hares for their supper, and they traveled thus for many days. After a time they came to a land that was blackened as with war and famine. Game grew scarce, then none, and no tree or green herb graced the land. Black mountains rose about the ruined house, and even the water ran dark with poison.⁷

⁶An example of a faerie bargain: Leaving a token of respect for the fey in exchange for the privilege of being able to tell tales of them.

⁷This describes a faerie aura that increases in strength as one moves closer to the center.

The prince and the hag.



Illus. ©1995 Susan Van Camp

The man entered through the open gates. The courtyard was paved closely in fine stone, and ruined scraps of tapestry-work still hung on the walls of the hall. It must be, thought the man, that this is the ruin of the house of some great lord now gone from this earth.

He made camp there past the courtyard within the mansion walls. Darkness came. A great gray mist rose up slowly from the stones outside, then rushed in, cold, through the open doorway with a sound like thunder; ravens started, crying, from the walls. The mist filled the hall. His dog whined and cringed, but the young man did not flee.

Then into the hall came a giantess, with a roaring like a thousand rivers, and a crying like a thousand ravens, and a stamping of feet like thunder. She was as tall as the rooftop and as wide as the hall and as ugly as the fires of Hell, and her face was as black as soot.⁸

She screamed: "What do you here, you who will be food for worms?"

The man, remembering his manners, stood and bowed low.

"I have come far to this house, lady, to seek the pleasure of your company. Your house is famed far and wide for the hospitality offered to strangers."

The monster came closer, roaring and shrieking, until her foul breath fell upon him. "I will not sit with you on the hard, empty stone floor!" she screamed.

The man took off his cloak and spread it upon the stones. "Lady, sit here then," he said. And the monster sat down upon his cloak, as tall just sitting as a man mounted high on a great horse.

"Give me food!" the monster shrieked. The man gave her all the traveling food that was left to him, though there was not enough to be gathered in the hall or lands around to feed a mouse.

"Not enough, not near enough!" she roared. "Kill your dog; I am hungry." Without a word, the man did as she

⁸A type of faerie called a hag. See "Hags," p. 99, in *Chapter Nine: Faerie Folk, a Bestiary*.

bade him, though he thought his heart would burst with sorrow.

The monster set upon the raw flesh with teeth like the poles of a fence. "Give me your knife to cut my meat," she crooned, and the man gave her his knife. Then she cried out again, "My throat is dry! Give me drink!" He gave her his skin full of ale, though the water for miles was poison, and she drained it all without stopping once to swallow, as if she would drain the sea. When she had finished, she leaned back, and the stone floor grated with the weight of her.

"Give me your bow and arrows for to pick my teeth," she said, grinning. The man gave her this last weapon and its missiles. They snapped between her teeth like twigs. He had nothing left but the clothes upon his back.

"Take off your clothes and make a soft bed for me," said the monster, "for I am tired." And the man did, and the hag lay down. "Now come you into the bed. Stay beside me all the night and love me, for I am lonely," said the hag. And the man did.

When the sun rose and shone on him, the man opened his eyes and saw a beautiful lady beside him in a fair palace hung with cloth of gold. Looking out through the window, he saw a fair land. When he turned back to her, the lady was smiling at him. "You are the true ruler of this land," she told him, "and all you see belongs to you, for neither your usurper nor his knights were ever so kind to me."

Gerin travels and hears other tales

I learned a hundred tales in Jean-Paul's service, and a hundred more. But none of these wonders have I yet seen. I have held in my arms a baby whose skin shines like the moon, and seen leaves of my father's hair pressed into my mother's leather treasure-book. A strange thing also I know: the more I have plied my trade as a singer and a teller of tales, the more tales have in turn been told to me. A man in my trade is half a jester

and half a confessor, for things are told late nights by those in their cups that would not be told in the church in the light of day.

A jongleur young in skill tells first in country taverns, and sings for nothing but his supper and sometimes a pallet on the stable floor. The first time I told Jean-Paul's tale, an old woman and her ale took issue with me as a romancer.

"You know naught of those folk, fool, praising their fine hearts," she cried.

"What story would you have from me then? A sad tale?"

"Ah, bright smooth-faced boy, what do you know of sad tales? You know nothing so sad as an old woman's truths."

Seeing she was in her cups and my supper already on the board, I gave her my place at the head of the room and invited her to tell a sad tale so I could take my meal. She did so, stumbling in her haze, yet eager to share her story.

"Alain was a basket-maker for the marketplace. He fed his wife and their baby boy on wheat bread, eggs, and milk got for his baskets, because they were the best for many days' walking. He got reeds from a special place to make them, he told me. He didn't tell me where the place was. He told me later he met a little twisted man there, with a twisted bony horse. The man told him not to cut more reeds, but he did anyway, but, you see, he just wanted to grow his baby boy up tall and strong.

"I was brought out to care for the baby while Alain and Marie worked the lord's harvest. One day the baby wasn't the same in the morning as the night before. One eye all out and one all small and wrinkled up like an old apple, and the boy screaming all the time. I couldn't quiet it, not at all. It thrashed about like a cat in a bag, wouldn't quiet for nothing but to eat and eat and eat. By the night I knew it wasn't a natural child—it stayed awake all night making terrible soft noises. I knew it was a changeling. The Other People's baby. They send them to plague us. It happened in my grandmother's time, so I knew what to do. Before Alain





⁹The priest may be a Cathar heretic, foregoing the ostentatious rituals and trappings of the Church.

A priest is visited by the Queen of Winter.

and Marie left, I told them I would fix it. When everyone went out to the fields, I took it to the dung hill. Took Marie's good blanket from it, left it naked there. The Other People are supposed to take them back if you won't put up with them. But it was still up there screaming and squinting at midday. They didn't take it back. Not even when I hit it with the shovel put into the fire. They never came. I buried the thing there in the dung hill. They were supposed to take it back. They were supposed to give Marie her baby back. They curse me still for what I did, but they don't even care for their own babies."

It was quiet in the tavern for a while after that. The ale-wife called me over to tell me that I'd best do the entertaining for the rest of the night if I wanted breakfast tomorrow. So I didn't have a seat or a drink until the night was well along and all left awake were the ale-wife and I, the old woman, and an old cripple in the corner, head bowed and breathing heavy in his cups. It was he I sat beside, for I had no desire to listen again to the woman's stories. I thought him asleep, but as I put down my cup, he waved me closer and whispered into my ear, "Fool of a woman, thinking still we'd hurt a child. If she hadn't wanted him, she could have gotten him to tell his real age, or left him out overnight. If the bargain was no good, we would come for him." He got up and shuffled out.

The next day there were horses missing from the stable. I was lucky enough not to be accused, but the old woman was sent for quick enough. They couldn't find the horses with her, so they did let her go.

One night I stayed in the house of a priest. He had strange manners, like a man who has seen wonders. I think he took me in because he did not want to be alone. Or perhaps God favors me, for the end of my search lay in the story he told. He said that he had been visited by God and it had changed him. He lives in a house, not a church, and though he is a cleric still, he preaches to none but stray travelers like myself.⁹ One night, he told me, the Virgin came to his house, and with her was the Holy Child. I felt my skin shiver all over me.

"How did you know it was truly the blessed Mother and Child?" I asked him.

“Our Lady is as no earthly woman. She was taller than the doorway. She wore on her brow the shining crown of Heaven. The Child was even as I have seen Him painted in the cathedral, girt round with rays of gold.”

He had given them shelter. They had taken no food. He had needed no candles, for the light they shed made the house brighter than the moon. He told me she had blessed the house, and he showed me the place where spears of ice hung from the eaves, even now in summer. The child was wrapped in white lace swaddling and seemed well. He had asked her to stay with him, but

she told him they were going northward. It happened, the priest said, late last winter. So I have traveled onward knowing that at least my sister is still among the living, and knowing also the way to go to find her.

The priest troubles my heart still. The sureness he had in his vision seems a mockery. Was the lie made in his own heart? Can faeries so deceive a man, even a priest? The Cathars say God may speak to any man in any fashion. Whether they are right and whether God may speak through faeries as through men are questions meant for more learned minds than mine.

Gerin the Troubadour

Gerin is a wandering troubadour. He has none of the common fear of magi and will sometimes stop and play at covenants. His music is excellent, and he brings news both of the mortal world and of any happenings among the fey whom he may have noticed.

Age: 16

Characteristics

+1 Int	+5 Prs
+2 Per	+4 Com
0 Str	+2 Dex
0 Sta	+1 Qik

Personality Traits

+2 Adventurous	+2 Naive
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Virtues & Flaws

Empathy +1	Dependent (sister) -1
Enchanting Music +2	Minor Disc. Fr. Iron -2*
Faerie Eyes +1*	Noncombatant -3
Faerie Sight +1*	Obligation (protect sister) -1
Free Expression +1	
Knack for Sing +1	

* These are all included under the +3 Virtue Strong Faerie Blood, which Gerin also has.

Reputation

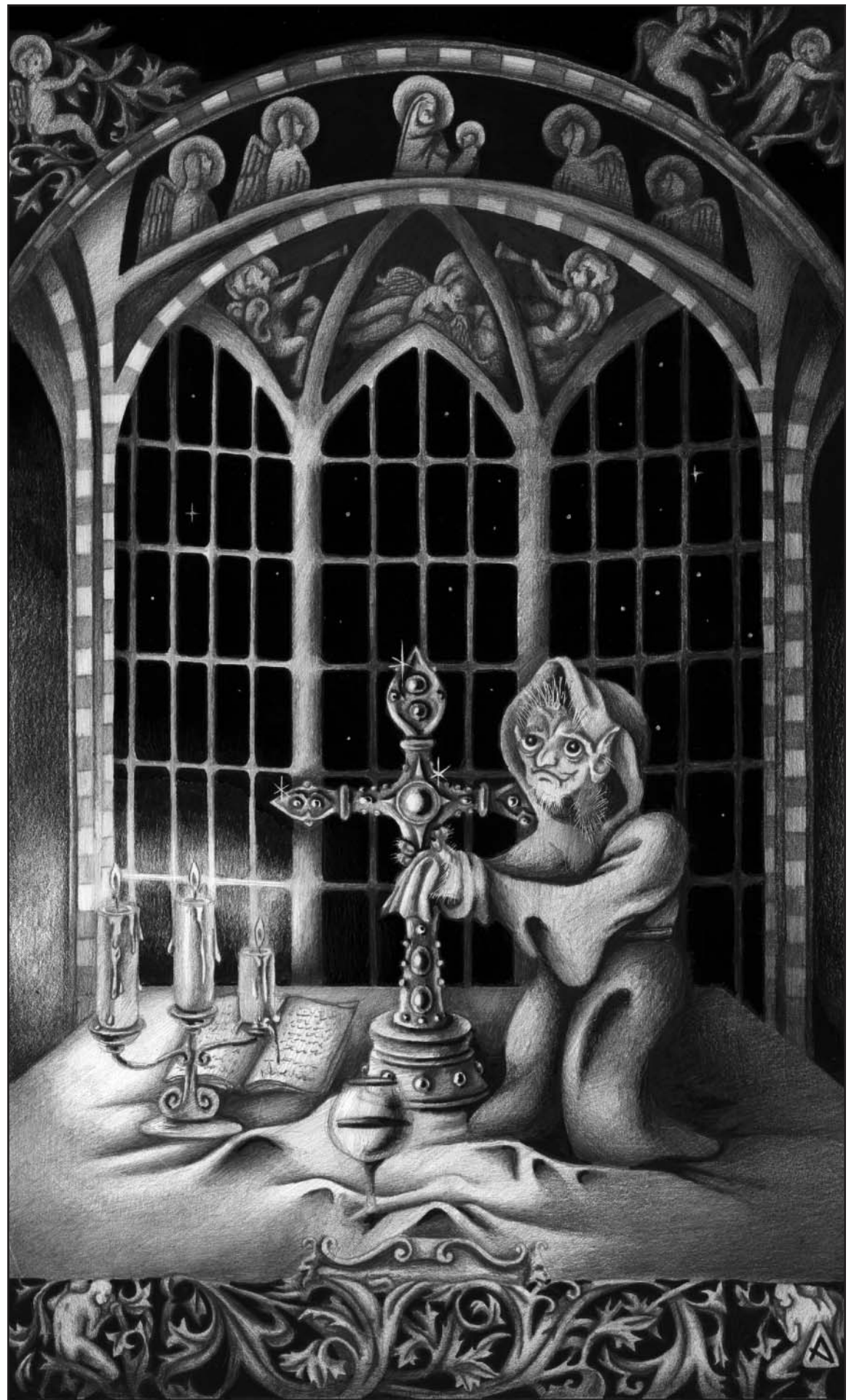
None

Abilities

2 Alertness	3 Faerie Lore	5 Play Lute
3 Charisma	4 Faerie Sight	3 Play Pipes
3 Charm	2 Fantastic Beast Lore	6 Sing
3 Empathy	3 Folk Ken	4 Storytelling
4 Enchanting Music	3 Legend Lore	2 Survival

Weapons, Armor, and Items

None



A church grim goes about his nightly work.

“**W**HEN I WORKED AS A SPY IN THE STREETS OF VENICE, I SAW AND HEARD MANY THINGS THAT SEEMED BETTER FORGOTTEN. NOW I FIND IN MY BOOKS THAT A NUMBER OF THE ODDMENTS THAT I SAW WERE BUT SINGLE EXAMPLES OF THE VAST ASSORTMENT OF FAERIE ENCOUNTERS DESCRIBED IN STORIES. LAST WEEK THE REDCAP CICONIUS STUMBLED THROUGH ONE OF OUR HERMES PORTALS NEARLY DEAD. ALL HE COULD REMEMBER WAS THAT THE ‘MEN OF THE TREES’ HAD ATTACKED HIM. HERE IN HARCO I SEE MANY BOOKS OF TALES ABOUT FAERIES, AND A FEW THAT TALK OF THE PLACE OF FAERIES IN THE WORLD AND OF THEIR RELATIONSHIP WITH THE MAGIC OF THE ORDER. I SEE NO BOOKS THAT GIVE A SIMPLE GUIDE TO WHAT THEY ARE LIKE AND HOW ONE MAY USEFULLY INTERACT WITH THEM. I THINK I SHALL WRITE A BOOK ON THIS WHEN I’VE THE TIME.”

—FROM THE PERSONAL DIARY OF REBECCA OF HOUSE MERCERE





Chapter Three: The Four Estates

*On Faeries: A Guide for Our Order by Rebecca, Chief Librarian of Harco*¹⁰

First I will examine the relations between faeries and the four estates.¹¹

Faeries and the Peasantry

Any discussion aimed at reaching the heart of the matter of faerie interactions with the mortal world begins with the humble peasantry. The peasants, in their base but innocent existence, are close to the land and the spirits that inhabit it. By and large, all peasants believe in faeries. If they have not directly encountered them, some relative or fellow villager almost certainly has. The peasants do not wonder about the nature of faeries or about the location of Arcadia. For them, faeries are both the spirits great and small who inhabit the wilderness surrounding their lands—hiding in the groves, the streams, and the unplowed fields—and the more homey and domestic sprites who live in their houses, mills, and barns, and sometimes in their churches.¹²

While faeries are known by all to be spirits of the land, their names and nature may vary wildly from place to place. In some areas faeries live only in a few magical places, while in other locations every house and barn is said to have its own faerie. Perhaps every barn does have its own faerie in areas where the Dominion is less strong.

The appearance of faeries seems to be remarkably variable. Some are beautiful

and seductive, others hideous and deformed. The appearance of faeries seems to vary from location to location. However, the peasant stories also maintain that many individual faeries are able to change their size, shape, and appearance at will.

Needless to say, the manner of dress of the faeries also varies, and in some cases seems to ape the manner of dress of the local peasantry and nobility, particularly the more formal and the older styles. Some stories have the faeries acting as strange spirits of the deep wilderness whose motives are wholly inexplicable. In other cases, they are simply odd neighbors, who regularly trade with the peasantry, giving out wonders in exchange for the simple products of home and field. As they also are known to neither age nor die, relations between an individual faerie and the inhabitants of a village may go on for many generations. As a final note on peasants and the faeries, even in our Christian lands many of the peasants revere the Fair Folk almost to the point of worship. In the wild places, such as the Novgorod Tribunal, many of the rural folk never have been Christian. Since the heart of their rude beliefs can involve worship of the fey, angering faeries in such areas can be doubly dangerous, as it can anger the local people too.

*From the journal of Ricci the Wanderer,
on his travels in Kiev*

“The peasantry who live far from the cities know little of Christ, most having

¹⁰Rebecca’s manuscript presents faeries from the scholarly standpoint of a magus of the Order of Hermes. It approaches the topic from an analytic viewpoint, but she draws on many different sources and stories to present the information. Her work appears in chapters three, five, and seven.

¹¹Most medieval scholars talk of three estates that make up society: peasant, clergy, and noble. Hermetic scholars add the estate of magus.

¹²The peasants of Mythic Europe regard faeries in much the same way they regard the weather. They accept that they can see its patterns and protect against most of its effects, but they have no control over it.



Russian peasants making offerings to Mother Friday.

only heard the name as that of a god their lords worship. The women of several villages I was in neither wove nor spun on Friday. When asked about this, they say they honor Mother Friday, who makes the crops grow and the springs flow. There was a spring into which these women made offerings after winter, and in times of drought or other disasters. This spring was said to have healing properties, and one evening when a young child was being bathed in the spring to cure a fever, I saw an old hag, covered all in rags and of terrifying visage, standing on the other shore. When I asked of this, I was told that I had seen Mother Friday. It is common knowledge that any woman who comes down with pains in either eyes or fingers is guilty of performing prohibited work on Friday, and must make an offering in order to recover. The priests of Kiev claim that Mother Friday is actually St. Paraskeva, whose name means Friday, but I am told this spring has been revered for as long as people have lived in these villages, and the people know not the word of God.”

Faeries and the Clergy

As for the clergy, their general response to faeries is quite predictable. Many of those of bishop rank and higher are most uncomfortable with all things relating to the Fair Folk. They see faeries as encouraging pagan beliefs and tempting people from the Church. The humble priests of the village parishes have more varied opinions. A few of the parish priests believe all faeries are diabolic. However, most such priests take the same tactic with faeries that they do with many other manifestations of things older than Christianity—they ignore them. I’ve also read many reports of rural priests giving Christian trappings to those faerie practices they can neither ignore nor discourage.

From the report of Accipitus, Redcap of Cornwall

“In the vicinity of land’s end there is a spring that issues from the rock. This

spring is the dwelling place of a water faerie known to the locals as Maelin, who has healing powers. The local people bring their sick down to the spring on nights of the full moon, and offer the faerie loaves of good bread, jugs of milk, and a variety of cheeses. If the offering is accepted, the bottom of the lake into which the spring empties glows slightly, and perhaps a pale hand is visible beckoning the sick person to walk into the lake. The sick person then enters the water, and is generally cured when he or she emerges. The devotion the locals have toward the spring verges on worship, and the local priest tried to combat this ritual several years back with dark stories of faerie drownings. The only result of his sermons was a decrease in church attendance. Just last year he relented, and has erected a shrine to 'Saint Maelin,' who is said to have been drowned in the lake. The locals now worship Saint Maelin in exactly the same manner they revered the spring of Maelin the faerie."¹³

¹³The Church has a long history of incorporating pagan knowledge and ritual into its observances. After a few generations, few remember that the ritual had pagan origins.

Librarian's Note: The Nature of Faeries

Other ideas are worthy of mention. Some of the clergy who have taken more of an interest in classical learning and the stories of olden times have yet another theory about the origin and nature of the faeries. The exact ideas vary. The most common of these ideas is that when Satan warred with God, some of the angels took no part in this vast struggle between good and evil. These angels were cast out of Heaven, but were not evil, and so were spared the fires of Hell. They are now faeries who live on the mortal world and in Arcadia. The other common idea is that faeries are the souls of pagans and unbaptized children. Unlike other clerical ideas about faeries, these two seem interesting and may be worth investigating further by the more theologically minded of our order. There are also other opinions.



Saint Maelin curing the sick.

From the notes of a sermon by Frederick,

Priest of Lyon, in the year of our Lord 1089

“There is nothing in this world but those bound for Heaven and those bound for Hell. All sophistries and arguments that there are other forces than those of Satan and of our Lord the Redeemer are no more than base lies put forth by devils and those who are deluded by them. I have heard others among the clergy speak of the Fair Folk and claim that they are all lesser demons and devils. This I say is false. Is not a faerie rumored to live within this very church? Have not some of you in this parish heard the stories, as I have, of the woman of the healing well?”

“It is true that some of what are known as faeries are no more than imps and minor demons, intent on spreading mischief and minor ills in an effort to turn good people away from the contemplation of our Lord. However, others of these folk are good and holy; they heal the sick and aid the needy. Are these not good Christian virtues? I

say that these faeries are holy beings, a kind of angel. They do not pray in church; but they need no salvation, for they are already blessed. Some make fun of priests and sermons, but do not many priests deserve this? Our Lord has a taste for jests, especially those that let us see the folly of our ways. The good ones of the Fair Folk are God’s small helpers, who help when help is needed and poke fun at the unjustly righteous.”

Faeries and the Nobility

Coming to any generalizations about attitudes toward faeries among the noble classes is not an easy task. Most of the nobility is far too busy with crusades, tax gathering, or court politics to be concerned about

such things as strange lights in the nearby grove. Unlike priests, peasants, and magi, nobles rarely go to the faeries. However, sometimes the faeries come to them.¹⁴

From the text of an unverified story from the south of France

“There was, not very many years ago, a village in the south of France ruled with an iron fist by Baron Jean de Dumount. When his lord’s tithings were increased, the baron was unwilling to go to the time and expense of clearing more land to raise the produce. He decided to build a dam to flood

fully half of his lands, and use the resulting ponds to raise carp. This plan made no provision for the peasants who farmed this land and kept a portion for their own livelihood.

“The baron expected resentment and possibly a revolt. He readied his guards and ordered them to kill any who looked as if they might cause trouble.

There were many grim looks and whisperings when the baron walked by, but, strangely, no revolt. He became sure the peasants plotted assassination, and ordered his captain to investigate. After the captain had spent some silver plying certain persons with a few tankards of ale, he was able to report to the baron that the villagers were merely waiting for ‘La Verdure’ to work her revenge.

“La Verdure was the local name for a small grove of trees that stood in the middle of the fields. The peasants had told the captain that La Verdure was the true owner of these lands and that the baron would regret flooding them. Baron de Dumount laughed at the superstitious peasants and continued construction of the dam. When it was finished, he ordered the flooding to commence at nightfall so that the ponds

Librarian's Note

From my researches, I have uncovered some letters between the priest Father Frederick and his bishop; it seems that his practice of lighting candles to the Fair Folk of the area was rather frowned upon. Disputes on this matter took place between the father and his superiors until 1091, when Father Frederick was sent away to preach in one of the more remote parts of the Camargue. It’s a shame actually; it would have been fascinating to see that man end up as a bishop.

¹⁴The nobility are favorite targets of both emulation and satirical imitation by faeries. Faerie courts can be both rarefied and degraded examples of their mundane counterparts.

La Verdure visits Jean de Dumount.

¹⁵The faeries are the special area of focus for House Merinita, but other Houses in the Order find them of interest, as well.



Illus. ©1995 Amy Weber

would be full enough by morning for him to introduce the first carp himself.

“That evening, strange lights and sounds were heard by the villagers who were in the vicinity of the castle, but, strangely, all of the castle guards were asleep. In the morning, after rebuking his men for sleeping at their posts, the captain was shocked to discover that the dam had been destroyed during the night. He immediately went to awaken his lord and had another shock. His lord was bloated and dead, with all the signs of drowning. The captain did not try to hunt down the villagers responsible, for he saw the dampness of the room, the water marks on the ceiling, the pond weed in high corners, and the dying carp gasping on the floor. At this point the captain decided that the best course was to seek a new lord.”

Faeries and Magi

For the sake of consistency and completeness, I will at this time discuss the gen-

eral attitudes of the Order towards faeries. With the exception of a few quite-eccentric magi, the Order of Hermes as a whole acknowledges the power of faeries as a thing apart from Heaven, Hell, and Hermetic magic.¹⁵ As for more on this, I will let two learned magi who have written of the fey speak for themselves.

From Tiresias, filius of Pralix, follower of Tytalus

“Arcadia is our own world. Its cities are our cities, its forests are our forests, but it is another place. Perhaps it is the world that once was, or that might have been. Perhaps it is a world that might be, if wars have different victors, and kings and gods have other followers. Life is a battle fought with diverse weapons, in patterns and for reasons to which we are often too close to see. It is the poorest of teachers to most mortals, however, for it records only the deeds of the victors. But the victors of ancient times are dust, their

deeds forgotten; and sometimes the greatest spoils of battle do not go to those who win. See the pages of time turn—the old gods with all their power and wisdom defeated by the Dominion, whose vast extents have room only for one god. See the ancient peoples, with their customs, arts, and sciences, defeated by the new. See the Order of Hermes make one shape out of magic.

“A hundred thousand peoples, powers, and possibilities fade from our view like magi into Twilight. Too many years ago, I matched wits with the magi of House Criamon and heard it said that Twilight is a descent into Arcadia. If there were a place where unbeloved gods go, and dead heroes, ideas unthought, forgotten countries—a place where every great tower torn down still stands and each great plan not yet made rises shining in the sun, where every song forgotten and half-invented lyric we could not entirely bring to mind still tantalize us—I would call this place Arcadia.

“And if indeed this place exists, it is our own world, beyond and beneath us, and skewed sideways out of recognition. If this is where magi go in Twilight and into faeries transform, I would tell a secret not even those of House Merinita know: a wise magus learns most from things that have been cast aside.”

From notes found in the laboratory of Monstro, filius of Certui, follower of Criamon¹⁶

“Faerie is the country of truth. Not the simple truths known and knowable to everyone with half a mind, but the

truths that must be fought for, the illumination that can never be forgotten. Illumination is found by reaching through the riddle to its heart. From the symbol, the trained mind can finally grasp the meaning of what is signified. The bare meaning is meaningless, as the hawk cannot see what does not move. Whatever has no symbol has no meaning and is not there at all in the faerie country. There is nothing plain in Arcadia; everything is to be treasured. If you enter the faerie country, know this: everything is a riddle. There is no riddle without a key. Answer a riddle and it

belongs to you; your power over it is as secure as if it were branded with your mark. Answer every riddle and you become a god.”

Monstro's Faerie Riddles

Everything exists at the same time.

Everything that is the same is in the same place.

The key to a creature is its name.

To go through, look through.

Walls have ears, and mouths have hands.

Thoughts from the Fringes

There are more workers of magic than just those of our noble Order, and in the interest of completeness, I have endeavored to uncover discussions of the Fair Folk written by

other magi. The opinions of hedge wizards seemed too diverse, and of too little worth, to include, and the Moorish magi seem to have no stories of the fey, unless the Jinn are perhaps the same manner of beings. However, I did receive a most fascinating response to a query I put out to the hardy Redcaps who work the Novgorod Tribunal.

From Chouette, Redcap of the Novgorod Tribunal, concerning her talk with Olaus, a shamanic member of House Ex Miscellanea

“When asked about faeries, Olaus responded thus:

¹⁶The Criamon magus Monstro lived in a lonely tower near the Cave of Twisting Shadows. He vanished twenty years ago, but rumors persist that magi who botch Creo Imáginem spells sometimes get images of Monstro instead of what they intended.

“They are the Other People, the ones who went away from us. Long ago the world was undivided. There were no seasons, and the waking world and the world of dreams were one. In this long-ago world, we lived next to the Other Folk as neighbors, and with them we traded and broke bread, but we were forbidden by custom from marrying them. Then, when the world shattered into many pieces and death was set free, the Other People fled death and change. While we stayed in the waking world, they journeyed into the newly separate land of dreams.

We grew old, grew sick, and died; they lived on, lost in dreaming. Their dream was strong, and in time their own portion of the other world shaped itself to fit them; even our shamans could no longer visit them. When this happened, the Other People grew lonely and sad, and some came back to live on or near the waking world, and began the old feasting and trading again. Some ignorant people worship these other ones as gods, but they are not gods; nor are they ancestors, nor other spirits, like those who protect my people. They are simply our neighbors who have moved away but who sometimes come and visit. Like all neighbors, sometimes they come to trade and sometimes to raid; but they will never destroy us, nor we them, so long as the world is good.”

Seduction of Power

I will also share the following letter for what it is worth, providing yet another magical perspective on the fey. The original was coded, but I recently managed to translate it.

From some secret letters found after the disappearance of Joseph Pietro, bishop of Venice, in the year of our Lord 1021

Librarian's Note

Yes, it seems that theurgy is far too real. Earlier I encountered a few reports from Venice of unseemly dealings among the clergy, all quite correct it seems. Joseph Pietro vanished one night in 1024, and was assumed to have been murdered in retribution for a sermon he preached against the doge. Now it seems that his fate may have been somewhat darker. His correspondent was most likely Brother Martin, a Crutched friar who was abbot of a nearby rural monastery. In 1029 reports of lechery, heresy, and diabolism surfaced in that monastery during an investigation of the death of a young novice of high birth. Brother Martin fled the monastery ahead of the Church authorities, and rode into a nearby forest, rumored to be the habitation of dark faeries. He never rode out; whether he received sanctuary or a rather grim welcome, I do not know.

“Joseph, I have been trying some of the ideas you mentioned in your last letter. After some work, I find that faeries can indeed be made to aid in the performance of God’s work in the same manner as the Dark Ones. Thank you for letting me in on your secret.

“I have been having only one problem. The Dark Ones can be forced into service with threats of the divine with surprising ease, but I find it much more difficult to control the two faeries I have captured. While it is quite possible to control the faeries through

the use of cold iron, they never seem to become willing servants and must always be forced. Still, they can accomplish much my other servants cannot, and after the first mistake, the gold no longer becomes leaves at the first light of day.”

Rebecca the Librarian

Rebecca is the head librarian at Harco, domus magna of House Mercere. Harco possesses the largest mundane library in the Order, with specialties in geography and in the magical and supernatural perils that may be encountered throughout Mythic Europe. In most cases, access to the library is restricted to Redcaps, but Rebecca is quite inquisitive and has been known to grant limited access to the library in return for rare books or new information. She sometimes will supply information in return for a promise to go and collect information about some locale or on phenomena of interest. These ventures can often be quite dangerous. There are numerous stories about exactly what she did before becoming a Redcap, but no one knows the details other than the fact that she lived in Venice and has numerous enemies there.

Age: 41 (longevity potion level 80, -8 on aging rolls)

Characteristics

+4 Int	0 Prs
+4 Per	+2 Com
-2 Str	+3 Dex
0 Sta	+1 Qik

Personality Traits

+4 Curious	+1 Loyal	+2 Stubborn
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Virtues & Flaws

Clear Thinker +1	Dark Secret -1 (ex-spy w/ numerous enemies)
Magic Sensitivity +1	Driving Goal -1 (accumulate knowledge)
Redcap +4	Small Frame -2
Second Sight +1	Weakness (rare books) -1
Strong-Willed +1	

Reputation

None

Abilities

2 Alertness	6 Humanities	4 Scribe Greek
3 Church Knowledge	2 Intrigue	5 Scribe Latin
3 Diplomacy	6 Legend Lore	3 Search
4 Disguise	3 Magic Sensit.	3 Second Sight
6 Faerie Lore	3 Magic Theory	5 Speak Hebrew
4 Hermes History	5 Occult Lore	5 Speak Italian
3 Hermes Lore	3 Scribe Arabic	5 Speak Latin

Weapons, Armor, and Items

None



The Bright Lady's kiss brings misfortune to a wayward monk.

Illus. ©1995 Doug Shuler

“**I** WAS WANDERING DOWN THE ROAD ONE DAY WHEN I HEARD THE SOUND OF SOMEONE CRYING. I CAME UPON A SMALL PERSON WHO LOOKED TO BE A CHILD, SITTING HOLDING A SMALL, BROKEN SHOVEL AND CRYING HIS EYES OUT. I STOPPED FOR A FEW MOMENTS TO SIT AND MEND THE SHOVEL, AND WHEN I WAS FINISHED, THE LITTLE MAN WAS GONE, AND SO I PLACED THE SHOVEL ON THE HILLOCK I HAD BEEN SITTING ON. WHEN I CAME ALONG THE SAME ROAD IN THE EVENING, I PASSED THE HILLOCK. WELL, THE SHOVEL WAS GONE, AND IN ITS PLACE WAS A FINE, SWEET CAKE. I ATE IT, NOT WANTING TO ANGER THE LITTLE FOLK BY DECLINING THEIR REWARD. IT WAS WONDERFUL GOOD, AND I THANKED THEM KINDLY FOR IT. SINCE THAT DAY MY LUCK HAS BEEN NOTHING BUT GOOD, AND I’VE NEVER BEEN SICK.”

—JOSEPH, A TINKER IN ENGLAND



Part II: Faeries in Legend & Lore



Chapter Four: Monk, Dryad, Duc

A Troubadour's Tale

¹⁷Pieds-poudreaux (PEEDS poo-DROE): French, literally "dusty-footed." Refers to people who are traveling a lot, like fair-circuit merchants, and to pilgrims.

I have followed the road north, making my trade for pilgrims and *pieds-poudreaux*¹⁷ on the market roads. Such songs I have heard! One lucky night I chanced to fall in with a crowd of wanderers who were on the road to see sacred relics. With them was a curious man, a monk whose native tongue I had never heard, who was wandering far from his homeland to seek the blessing of Our Lady. One night we chanced to fall to telling stories of the road; for he and I had far the longest time upon it of all the travelers, and we alone called no land our home. I told him my sad tale, asking as I always do if he had ever seen the lady or if he thought my sister would still be safe in her keeping. To my surprise he said, "Ah, little singer, I know this lady. We have a man where I once lived who calls himself the king, but even he must bow before her and do her will."

"How then," said I, "will this poor minstrel succeed in his quest? How may I fight this creature when kings and knights have failed?"

"The ways of God are a mystery, that a boy with a face to please women and a voice to please Mother Mary should think only swords and spears are powerful. Little singer, do you take bread from monks on the point of a spear? I know of such creatures as you are looking for, as they care not one way or another for ugly old men who love our Mother. So, being

beneath their concern, I have seen many things to do with them and am still here with my feet on the good earth.

"The one you seek is called Bright Lady. Do not ask her name. She has taken your sister for the same reason the black monks in their stone walls give you bread: beauty pierces even the hearts of the old like a spear.

"Bright Lady and Grandfather Frost have been here since the beginning of the world. It is only the dancing and the singing, the voices of men, the pretty faces of children that can keep them anymore alive on this earth. But also old people have a bad habit. They would keep everything that pierces the heart locked up in a secret place in their house, away from everyone. It is a deadly sin. For this sin I now follow God as a pilgrim on the road, where there are no chests for locking up anything. This I tell you from the heart, so that you will be first careful and then wise."

We sat quiet for a while. "You speak as if you have known the Bright Lady. Do you know where I may find her?"

He laughed slowly into his beard. "I have had the pleasure of her court only one time. But I did meet her, and she did kiss my hand." He lifted his right hand to me, and I saw the ends of his fingers were not there. "I cannot tell you where she is, but I know she wishes to make larger the borders of her kingdom. She moves south

on the land after harvesttime, and north again at the time of planting.”

I thought he would say more, but he grew quiet again. But knowing was in his eyes still. So I took up my lute and began to play, softly:¹⁸

“I had a young sister,
far across the sea;
many be the tokens
she has sent to me.

“She sent me a cherry
without any stone;
she sent me a dove
without any bone;
she sent me a briar
without any thorn.
She bade me love my leman¹⁹
without longing.”

Tale of the Bright Lady

He raised his head up then, and spoke. “At least listen to what I have to say, little singer. Then you tell me if you still want to find the Bright Lady. If you do, I will tell you how to look for her. You sing to me with your voice like sound from a silver bell; you make me want to help you. But also you make me want you to live safely upon this earth. Listen. When I was young, I went everywhere in the North, buying sable and ermine and vair from the hunters. Then I took it to market in the South, and made much wealth.

“After the fair season one year, I went back north and everyone is telling stories about some hunters. Little men, like the men who live far in the North and have no homes. But these men wear shirts of ermine, and cloaks made out of white bird skins. Nobody knows anything about people who look like this. They come into villages bringing the most beautiful skins by the hundred for trading. I was then consumed with greed, thinking about what fine things I could get for these skins at Saint-Lazare. But when I get to the place, I find the wise woman and the priest together in the village have been lighting fires and saying the mass to drive these strange

hunters away, because the people have become afraid. Some think they are demons, some think they are the ‘good people,’ some think they manage to get so much game by hunting in the game country of some great lord. Still I am full of greed, so I decide I will go find where these men have gone for trading, even though the snow is coming.

“I follow the path where people tell me the hunters have been seen. A storm comes near, but I go on. Then I think I see a fire. The snow starts. I keep walking and running, trying to get to the fire. I think I see shapes, like feather cloaks, near the fire.²⁰

“The ground goes up like a high hill, then like a mountain, but smooth. I fall on the snow again, only this time not into the snow, but on top of it, though it is too early for the snow to be hard like this. After a while I feel nothing, like an angel. I run on as fast as I can. I do not know for how long.

“The fire grows larger and larger, but also pale, until I see it is not a fire at all, but a mountain shining like the clouds do when the storm is in them. On the side of the mountain I stand, and looking up, I see, nesting on the spires, white falcons, like men dressed in white furs, with breasts spotted like ermine tails. I climb to the top of the mountain until I come to a place where the falcons are going around in the air.

“Below them is a garden, where every growing thing is covered in ice as if jeweled; red apples hang all covered with ice on the arms of an ice apple tree. In the center of the garden is a carrying-chair in a box, like the ones great ladies ride about in, but very great, sitting all alone. I knock on the door. When the door opens, the most beautiful lady I ever have seen I see then, and I am not cold anymore. She is dressed in a hundred furs more precious than a king has to wear. Each one shines with ice like jewels. She asks me why I have come here, and I tell her only I am looking for the treasure of furs. She puts furs across my shoulders; she asks me if I am cold. I am not—now I am as warm as if I were sitting in a fine house before a fire. Everything begins to

¹⁸Gerin uses his Ability conferred by his Virtue Enchanting Music to persuade the monk to talk more.

¹⁹Leman (LAY-man): Archaic. Means sweet-heart or loved one.

²⁰The monk becomes lost, and therefore has a chance of crossing the regio boundary. Running toward the fire, he enters the first layer of the regio. He goes progressively deeper, until, in the garden, he is in the deepest layer of the regio. See “Regios,” p. 81, in *Chapter Eight: Faerie Places* for more information about regios.

²¹The faerie is transporting them into Arcadia from the regio. Since the faerie is leading the way, no rolls would be necessary. The monk has the +3 Virtue True Faith. He attempts to resist at the last moment, by invoking divine power, and is miraculously transported out of the regio.

²²The monk's undiplomatic refusal and invoking divine power are both considered insults by the faerie. The curse is considered an appropriate payment in kind for his sudden change of heart.

²³The place the monk describes relates the characteristic aura associated with this faerie. Such auras usually cause an area in the mortal world to resemble the faerie's home domain.

²⁴With his Virtue Faerie Sight, he is looking at the entrance to a regio. On Midsummer's Eve, a faerie holiday, it is easier to perceive. See "Regios," p. 81, in *Chapter Eight: Faerie Places*.

²⁵The boy Gerin meets is a dryad. His appearance marks his association with lands toward Summer. Therefore, the Bright Lady, whose lands lie far toward Winter, is an enemy.

²⁶He has now entered the regio. Once a character has perceived a regio, a roll is not required for the character to enter it.

change, as if there were water in my eyes. I remember, God help me, I told her she was beautiful, that I would do anything for her love. Even now I cannot remember what she said, if she said anything. She takes my hand to lead me into her carrying-chair. She kisses my finger-ends, like a lady kisses her leman, or a mother kisses a baby. There is singing in my ears. Everything is changing, her face now beautiful, now terrible, now both together, and I feel that I am flying, flying away, too far to ever come back.²¹ In my fear I cry over and over for God and the Holy Mother to help me.

"Then men and women from the village are pulling me into a cart. They tell me they were looking for me in the snow and heard my cries to God. When they found me, the fingers the lady had kissed were black. Though the people tended me well, for my sins the places that her lips had touched died and fell away, like flowers when the frost comes."²²

For a time I sat with the old monk while he prayed. I do not think I have ever before felt shame for knowing I could make a man or woman look fondly upon me.

"Does God forgive us for our sins even if they are sins that we must do, if they are what we cannot do otherwise?" I asked him.

In the dark I heard his voice. "God forgives all sinners, man and not-man alike, who will let God forgive."

"Tell me how to find my sister."

"You must go to Saint-Lazare, where the fair is now. Travelers from many lands will be there. You must ask them all where is the place where the rivers freeze and will not thaw, where the winter did not leave this season as it should but stays now in the summer."²³

"Where they tell you, you must go. When you get there, you must find a place where ice turns roofs into the walls of castles, where it turns field into mountain. Where the beasts stand frozen in the fields, you will find her. Where the fruit hangs frozen on the trees, you will find her. Your

blood will lead you to her, and may God have mercy upon your soul."

Gerin goes in search of the Bright Lady but finds something else

In the morning I set out for the fair at Saint-Lazare, in the great city of Paris. The road there was made in the old times, from stones set firm into some kind of clay that will not melt in the heaviest rain. Some say the faeries made this road, but I do not think so. Upon Midsummer Eve I was traveling this road, and I saw fires burning on the hills at the celebrations of Saint Jean. At the top of a high hill I saw them all for miles, the fires of many villages. Between the fires there showed a road beside the one I was on and just as straight, glowing bright in the moonlight and lined with stones.²⁴

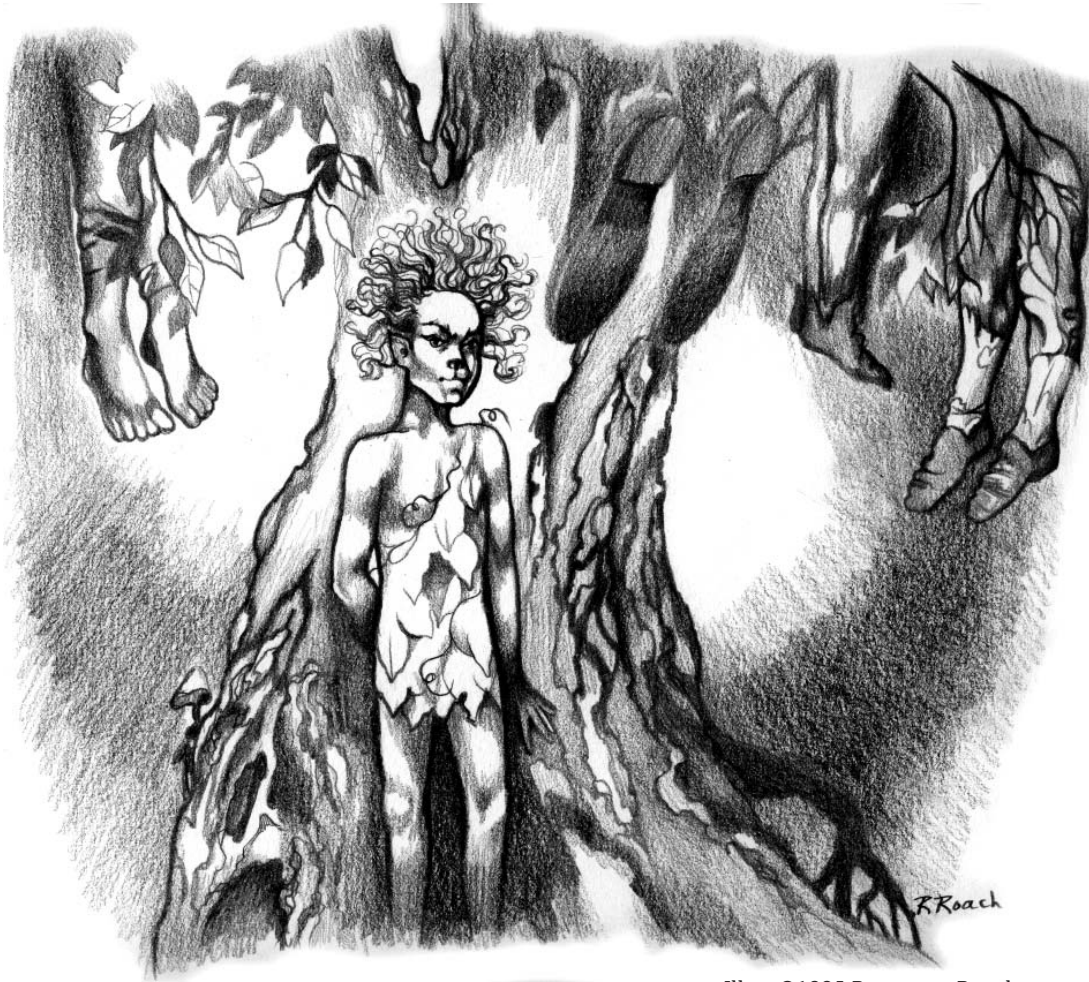
I kept on my way through the darkness, for the fires and the bright moon made good light, the road was smooth, and I was curious to see what I might see on Saint Jean's night. I could see stones through the trees like those of a fallen tower, and a tree greater than the rest, bearing fruit even now. Standing on the other road just as I stood on mine was a boy who could have been my brother but that his eyes were yellow as a goat's and his hair stood out from his head like a crown of gold. He was dressed all in leaves.²⁵

"Good day to you, cousin," he said.

"And good day to you also," I said, for the night was not dark around his head.

"Come and drink and break my fast with me, cousin, for long days it has been since I last drank." I followed him into the wood.²⁶

He stopped beneath the great tree. The fruits, I could now see, were the bodies of men—some old, some fresh—hung from the giant limbs. Around the tree was made a hall of stone. In the walls I could see the heads of men, some old, some fresh. The hall did not look at all in ruins now.



Illus. ©1995 Rosemary Roach

I did not know such pagan things were to be found so near to Paris. The boy stood beneath the tree, and he must have seen my face pale, though I said no word against him.

"Have they not eaten of you often enough, cousin? Do you not have the right to ask them also to break your fast?"

He thought I was one just such as he. I thought quickly. "Oh, my cousin," I said, "I am younger than I may seem, and have not your years of beauty. In truth, I have not yet given food to mortal man or woman. But I will play for you, that you may have sweet music."

The first rule I learned as a jongleur was not to insult my host. He smiled at me, and I played for him. I have never tried harder to play sweetly, but he looked at me strangely as I played.

"Is there a song to better please you?" I asked.

He laughed, and it was a sound like a nightingale singing. "I did mistake you for a moment, half-cousin, but your music sings of your home."²⁷

"Play on; it pleases me more than well. You may take your road when the dawn comes and ask of me a boon." He spoke like a young lord. I played and sang until cockcrow, when he asked me what boon I would have.

"Tell me where I may find ice as thick as the walls of castles, even now at midsummer," I said. I thought for a moment he would strike me, so dark did his face become.

"Not here, little half-cousin. Never while I am here. For the sake of your sister I will answer. The bear and swan find no wine to quench their thirst. To seek above, you must go below."

A cock crowed again, somewhere further down the road, and a bell began to

The dryad on
Midsummer's Eve.

²⁷Gerin's Virtue Free Expression makes it clear he is a mortal, in spite of his Virtue Strong Faerie Blood.

²⁸The relative ease (expressed in game terms as a bonus) that the faerie holiday confers to entering or leaving the regio disappears at cockcrow. Leaving the regio would be very difficult, except that the resident faerie has guaranteed safe conduct out.

ring for matins. The boy was gone. Through the trees I could just see stones like a ruined tower, but I did not stay to look close at it or the trees.²⁸

The Fair at Saint-Lazare

In the fair season there are so many people in Paris that one may scarcely cross the great bridge for the press of bodies, and men take lodgings in tiny houses set upon the bridge that are no larger than the trunks of trees. The fair lies upon a great green near to the river, and the young lords and serjeants come to practice arms within sight of the tents. I think that they would impress the young ladies who come to look at silks brought from Sicily, for these men would have to get ladies to spy them through manor-house windows in other seasons.

Everywhere I went I asked my question. I can bring a crowd to hear me, and I asked them before I sang. The merchants gave me silver to bring the crowd to their booths, and I asked the merchants too. Sometimes they looked back at me in fear, but all my art could bring no answer from them.

"I must cross many lands for business," said the perfumer, who was my friend. "I cannot afford to make enemies of any of them." It was the most anyone would say.

One day I was met by a lady at my place at the fair. No ordinary lady was she, for though her hands were as soft and her teeth as good as those of the daughter of a king, she wore a plain robe like a clerk's. I had seen her face in the crowd before, but this time she came forth to speak to me when I was taking my ease on the green.

"You, minstrel, you must come with me," she said, and since her manner and face were those of a king's daughter, I did as she bade me. I did ask, as we ran down a maze of little streets, where we were going: "To your house, fair maid, or your father's?" said I. I thought her charmed by me.

"Neither, minstrel, but beneath the earth," said she. I drew her about.

"And where beneath the earth, and by whose command, fair lady?"

"By the command of Madeline the Carmelite, and I will show you where."

"Then take me to this nun Madeline, if you please, lady, and I will take up the question with her." She began to pull me along again.

"I cannot. She is cloistered, and will see no man—certainly not a minstrel. But she knows things—no one knows how. She had a message carried to my father that cured my brother of the pox, and now I carry messages for her. She told me to find the boy-minstrel with the voice like a lark. She said you would be looking for something we would find in the passages below"—she stood before steps of stone leading down into an alley—"down here."

I could hear the sound of water. I looked about for her assistants waiting to club me and steal my purse, but there were none. We were alone in the street. I had never been alone in Paris in the daylight before. I followed her with one hand on my knife.

The alley ran a few paces, then stopped at the bank of a dark stream. The alley ran on across the stream, which passed, not far down its current, underneath an arch of stone. Before us lay a small boat.

She motioned me in, then cast off, leaving behind in the place of the boat a silver coin. "The boat belongs to one of the people of the catacombs. Their friendship has more than once been useful to me," she said.

We went on for a long time. Passing under shafts of light from here and there a grate or crack overhead, we began to see cells carved into the walls, and skulls and bones in many of the cells. The further we went, the more bones I saw, and I began to hear singing like the singing of monks.

"Do not fear," the lady whispered. "We sail through the homes of monks and martyrs. We are in the catacombs beneath the city." I did not feel so reassured.

We went on for a longer time in deepening darkness. The cold grew bitter. The lady began to count as we went, as though counting time to music. Finally she said, "We are far past the city. The catacombs should be behind us, and we are almost to the place where the king's land ends." The boat ceased rocking.

"I can go no further," said she. "This is what Madeline said you would seek." She took some small jar from her cloak, and a coal was revealed in the dark, nested within. She brought out a candle and, with some blowing, set it to light. She held it out over the boat.

Ahead the stream was frozen into ice.

"I have taken you as far from summer as I dare to go. Further than this, the ice swallows everything."

"Let me out," I said.

The lady began to protest, but I put a finger to my lips. Far above, I thought I could hear voices. I slipped out onto the ice. I thought I could see, far ahead of me, something shine with a pale light. I moved forward, hearing the sound of the boat moving away behind me. At length I came to the source of the glow. A wall of ice, which shone softly with no light upon it, closed up the way ahead. I could go no further.²⁹

My shouts and songs and fists upon the ice gave me nothing, and I began to fear the terrible cold. After much searching, I found an opening that led up into a cave, and from the cave, back into the blessed light of day. Ahead of me I saw an inn before a small village, and I was glad, for I still was bitterly cold.

The day was dying apace; I was uneasy, yet at first I could not see why. The wind blew cold out of the east in the direction of the village. I looked back toward the setting sun and saw fields of flowers shining red and gold. But toward

the village were dead grasses sparkling silver with mist.

A girl drove a few lean goats back toward the village, and I called to her. "What land is this?" I asked.

"The land of the king behind you, and of the duc de Berry ahead," said she.³⁰

I hurried ahead to the inn, for I was tired and had no wish to spend a night in the biting wind. It was a well and newly made house, though odd to be here neither in the wilderness nor near to a great city. When I came in, all called welcome to me, and a boy set a trencher full of meat stew before me without question, as if I were a lord or bishop. I found the master of the house and said softly, "I can buy my supper and my bed but with song tonight, for I am a poor minstrel upon the road."

"It's our custom here to shelter whoever may come in from the cold. Eat your supper and sleep by the fire. If your songs and stories please us, you may drink wine from my cellar, as well."

So I brought out my lute, and the folk called for the songs they best loved, as folk everywhere do. The inn was crowded with many who did not seem travelers, but villagers. The wine had flowed freely since before my arrival, I could see. In the hearth was a fire so large as to threaten the roof. All crowded close to it, and called to me for songs of spring, though it was mid-summer. It was a long night's entertaining. Though I could see all were glad to hear me, I thought perhaps all in the house waited for a single story, one I did not seem to know, or for a song I had not sung. I spoke lightly to them, trying to find what lay in their hearts. I asked, "What would you hear last, for I must not make you tarry longer, who must rise at lauds to tend the land."

The house filled up with cries and laughter. "Play on all night, minstrel," called a voice. "Our crops are withered and our beasts slaughtered for meat. We have nothing left to tend."

²⁹This is the boundary of a faerie aura. Note that auras do not have to have access to regio or Arcadia.

³⁰The boundary of a faerie aura may be sharp or subtle. In this case it matches the border of a lord's lands.

I tried again. "Who built this fine house for our pleasure, then?"

A dozen voices called, "Our lord de Berry, who is kind to us in these terrible days while we wait to die."

I wanted to ask why they did not eat thin gruel, sell meat to buy seed, pray for good weather; but I saw no hope in the faces they turned up to me, except hope that I might give them joy.

"God save his soul, then," said I, and every cup in the house but one rose high in salute.

The man who had not raised his cup rose up from a seat in the back of the room. Once he had been hale and fat, it seemed, and he was still a great broad man, though the flesh hung loose from him.

"God rot his black sinner's soul!" roared the man. "For he has brought ruin on us all!"

I thought they would fall on him like hounds. But he staggered back from the table and brought from the folds of his cloak a knight's steel sword. No one wanted to be the first to meet it. I caught the innkeeper's gaze above the crowd, and so I began to sing a sweet song softly, without words. The innkeeper came forth, a club in one hand.

"Be you gone, man, to whatever den of thieves gave you that blade. It won't save you from all of us. Get out, before there's any more trouble."

The man put away the sword and staggered out. As he turned, I saw he carried the sheath as well, and worked upon it were the figures of a bear and a swan. No one followed him but me. As I passed the table where he had sat, I saw his wine cup lying shattered on the rushes. About it was a frozen slush that had once been wine.

He was weaving down the road like a blind man. The cold struck me full in the face, worse than before. He staggered off



Etienne, the duc de Berry.

Illus. ©1995 Susan Van Camp

the road into the wood, and then soon returned leading a horse finer than any I had ever seen, as black as a flock of crows. It came with him, quiet and easy even in the bitter wind. I hoped the trouvères' patrons would hear my prayer, and spoke my guess aloud: "Noble knight?"

He turned as though I had struck him, and was before me quicker than I could jump, with the shining sword half drawn. I fell on my knees and cried mercy. He drew up my face to him and then let go the sword into its sheath.

"You are not one of them," he said.

"Not from this land, no, sir," said I, but he shook his head.

"Not one of those who haunt my dreams. I would kill you if you were, and damn the consequences." I knew not if he was drunk or mad.

"You are the jongleur from the inn. Play for me. Play the song of Parsifal and the Fisher King."

I did not dare to disobey. It is a long song and for noble houses. I sang in my best language, out on the road in the cold and the darkness. I could hear him weeping. When it was done, he said, "If you wish a place in a noble house, ride with me." He got on the black horse and reached down his hand. I could not return to the inn for fear the people thought me in league with this man, and I had no wish to make my bed upon the ground tonight.

"What house wishes to employ me, sir?"

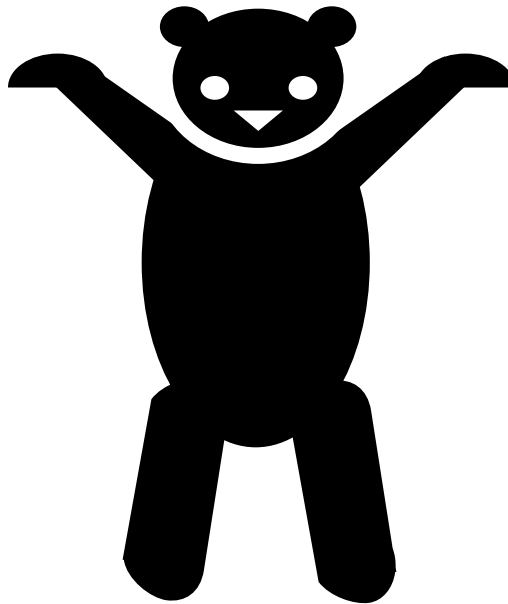
"That of the duc de Berry."

"And is his device the bear and swan, sir?"

"Yes, jongleur, it is."

I took his hand and found myself upon the black horse. "Noble sir, may I ask your name?"

"I am Etienne, the duc."





Mousir, a magus of House Ex Miscellanea with faerie blood, shows an arrow of the Host to the Librarian.

“EVERY KNOWN CULTURE, WHETHER IT BE VENICE WITH ITS COURTLY GRACES OR THE VILLAGE TAVERN WITH ITS BONHOMIE, HAS ITS OWN SET OF CUSTOMS. CAN WE NOT, THEN, PRESUME THAT CUSTOMS LIKEWISE EXIST IN THOSE CULTURES WITH WHICH WE ARE UNFAMILIAR? IT MAY BE THAT A HONEYBEE AND A DAISY MUST BE FORMALLY INTRODUCED, OR THAT A TROUT MAY BE SLIGHTED BY A CALLOUS PERCH. CONSIDER THE CUSTOMS, HOWEVER BIZARRE, OF THE FAERIES, WHO ARE AT LEAST A SOMEWHAT KNOWN QUANTITY. DOUBTLESS TO THEM ALL THEY DO IS JUST AND SENSIBLE WHERE TO US IT IS CAPRICIOUS AND WHIMSICAL.”

—SALIX OF HOUSE MERINITA





Chapter Five: *Customs and Curiosities*

On Faeries: A Guide for Our Order by Rebecca, Chief Librarian of Harco

While Arcadia is the true and original home of the faeries, many now reside in the mortal world, living in faerie auras or regios that have no direct contact with Arcadia. It has been suggested by some that these faeries either are exiles from Arcadia or are there too weakened by contact with the mortal world to return to Arcadia. While the first idea has some merit, the second is patently false. Minor faeries can be found in Arcadia, and if creatures such as leshiye are considered weak, the inhabitants of Arcadia would be truly terrible to behold.³¹ It is also possible that some faeries prefer to live in or near the mortal world.

Since few other than fools, magi, and poets dare to enter Arcadia, most meetings with faeries will take place in these auras and regios. Unlike the faeries of Arcadia, the inhabitants of these areas will have had experience dealing with mortals, and will be both more comprehensible and more dangerous for knowing the strengths and the weaknesses of mortal kind. These faeries, like all of their kind, are by nature capricious and unpredictable, but here are some rules that may help the unwary prosper from, or at least survive, their first encounters with the fey.

I have deduced the following rules from a careful examination of innumerable stories, legends, and reports of travelers and members of the Order. In all cases I have endeavored to back up all of my claims with reliable reports from Merinita magi, Redcaps, and other knowledgeable sources. I recognize that some of these so-called “rules”

may derive from no more than coincidences, but I have found enough similarities among reports from the entirety of Christendom and beyond that such a listing seems useful.

Faerie Laws

Firstly, I will include excerpts from an essay on the nature of the faeries and their realms. These excerpts come from *De Rerum Arcadia* by Paradoxia, filia of Jerga, follower of Merinita. *De Rerum Arcadia* is perhaps the finest theoretical book yet written by a member of our Order about the faeries.

Paradoxia writes: “Appearances are everything.”

“The greatest (some say the *only*) power of faeries is a type of enchantment called a ‘glamour.’ Glamour is image made real. A chair made by the arts of *Creo* and *Imáginem* is merely a phantom; you will fall to the floor if you try to sit in it. A glamour of a chair is solid. In the mortal world it lasts as long as the faeries are nearby, or until a faerie gets tired of it and changes it into something else, or until one can see through it with the aid of magic or by the power of Christian faith.

“In Arcadia and in the regios of the fey, glamour seems to be fully real, and is said by some members of house Criamon to be the true fabric of reality in Arcadia. Generally, if you can get to Arcadia in the first place, whether you consider glamour real is a moot point, because it is practically real. When you are entering or leaving, however, your attitude toward glamour has much to do with the

³¹Leshiye are the faerie lords of the Russian forests; see “Leshiye,” p. 97, in *Chapter Nine: Faerie Folk, a Bestiary*.

condition in which you and your possessions emerge. Animals and other creatures that lack souls and creativity are variously affected by glamour. The dullest of them will usually be unaffected by it at all. Those more intelligent may be hopelessly confused by mixed information, and will not function well in Arcadia. Domestic animals of hearth and field are used to accepting someone else's reality, and will generally respond to a thing as their master does, regardless of whether they believe the thing to be real. Likewise, those animallike faerie creatures that venture into the mortal realm relate to its properties in the same way normal animals venturing into faerie areas relate to glamour.

"No one knows if the faeries themselves see glamour as completely real or completely illusory. Some faeries say that they are made of glamour themselves. However, they are aware of glamour's similarity to illusion. Interestingly, for some reason the most serious violation of faerie law a mortal can commit is to claim knowledge of the illusory nature of all that is faerie.

"Outside of the faerie realms, meaning outside of both Arcadia and regio, glamour that is seen and understood for what it is no longer exists to the one who sees through it. Within these realms, glamour that is seen through remains. Any glamour that is pierced while it is in the faerie realms appears in its true form when such realms are left behind; any glamour that is not pierced may remain when the mortal world is again reached. Only fools try to pierce the glamour surrounding a faerie. If this is done, one of two things occurs. Either the person seeing through the faerie can no longer sense the faerie's presence (but can still be affected by the faerie), or the person sees the faerie's 'true' shape. The latter is not to be desired, though, for it often drives mortals mad and sends magi into Twilight."

Paradoxia writes: "Everything that's mine is mine. Everything that's yours is mine, too."

"This is how many of the faeries feel about mortals and their possessions. Faeries are bound to their possessions. In a very real way, their characteristic possessions are a


part of them, for the possessions are a part of the form they have taken. Perhaps a faerie and its possessions are all part of the same glamour. Unless a characteristic possession is magically unbound from the faerie's form, it disappears when the faerie changes shape. Mortal possessions are very simple in faerie eyes. Mortals have many things. None of these things is bound to them the way possessions are bound to faeries, so they are not considered important parts of the mortal. Mortal cottages, castles, barns, and shops are giant faerie markets where everything can be had for free. Generosity is one of the most valued qualities in a mortal. Being upset over the loss of something that is not a part of you is nonsensical at best and at worst the equivalent of giving something away and then demanding it back—a serious offense to a faerie.

"Mortals also have possessions that faeries recognize as the mortals' own 'characteristic possessions.' The most strongly 'characteristic' possessions are those actually crafted by the mortal, as well as any living things that willingly follow the mortal (be they children, beasts, or servants). Those of us in the Order can bind other possessions to ourselves through the art of Rego, though doing so also creates a magical link between us magi and these possessions that any may use against us. Certain hedge wizards who traffic with the faeries also know such magics. Finally, many mortals seem to unknowingly bind some of their most treasured possessions to themselves in some unknown fashion. Faeries view the theft of such a characteristic possession, or of any of the possessions characteristic to the form they are in, as an attempt to steal a part of the owner's life force. A faerie's characteristic possessions may be as limited as a flower in a sprite's hair, or as extensive as a faerie queen's castle and everything in it.

"As a rule, faeries seem to have few scruples about taking any unattached mortal goods or taking any belongings a visitor to their realms possesses. They take what they wish, and often they wish to take whatever they see; it is unwise to bury treasure in a faerie forest. You should be advised that trade is much safer than merely taking when harvesting vis in a faerie forest, unless you are sure what you take belongs to no one else.³²

³²The seeming faerie morality about taking unattached possessions does not work both ways. While one might expect them to be as free with their possessions as they are with yours, they rather hold theirs far more dear.





“Faeries will trade for characteristic possessions, and seem to have a great love for the characteristic possessions of mortals. Faeries never steal such possessions and will not lightly regard the theft of their own characteristic possessions.”

Paradoxia writes: “Everything is alive.”

“Life doesn’t depend on flowing blood or a vital pulse. Life is the presence of a spirit, and all living things have spirits. Faeries have form and solidity in the physical world because they desire to, and faerie glamour makes their desires real. If a rock or a shoe had no animating spirit to desire form and solidity, it would not exist at all in Arcadia. In the mortal world, faeries understand and affect best those things that contain life or that have special qualities attributed to them: earth, plants, animals, beer, risen bread, precious stones, and works of mortal creativity. Base metal, dull stones, and similar materials seem to cause them difficulty, for they have little spirit. Perhaps faeries seek in a simple child’s toy the same spirit as that which resides in a golden goblet and elevates it above a tin cup. What is known is that faeries excel in the most difficult arts, while often seeming helpless to master the most basic skills of making and mending.”

Paradoxia writes: “The laws of similarity must be observed.”

“With the faerie, nothing is without cause. The mundane rules of the properties of things, that water seeks its own level, that earth is heavy and air is light, that striking one’s hand causes pain, are irrelevant and may not operate at all in the faerie realms of regio and Arcadia. It is essential causes, the true nature of relationships, that always hold true there. For example, it is true that the helianthus, the flower that most resembles the sun, is the herb with the strongest solar properties. And by a similar scheme of correspondences, the faeries, who place night before day, value silver, which is the metal of the moon, above gold, the metal of the sun. The castle of the Green Knight must be

searched for in the greenest place (the forest and the sward) and will never be found in a desert, a lake, or a mountain of ice.

“A colleague in our House has stated that in faerie places, since the bottoms of lakes and seas are a kind of solid ground, the water above is like the sky above the earth, breathable and full of all kinds of fish, like every kind of bird. Likewise, every great stone circle of the ancients, being like all others by the laws of Faerie, is connected to every other. The knight Louis ParCoeur, who was known to have faerie blood, used the hare as his device. It is well known that he mysteriously fell ill and died after his enemy Jean de Bretagne trapped an unusually large hare on his hunting ground. It is these true correspondences that the faeries must obey, even as the mundane world must obey the laws laid out by Aristotle.

“As many who have been reading this must have already thought, these laws are the same as the laws that our own magic obeys: Rubies are tied to fire, just as amethyst wards against drunkenness. These laws are the laws of Arcadia. In the mortal world these laws work also, but the laws of Aristotle predominate in their influence.”

The Nature of Faerie Regios

Outside of Arcadia, the most common place to encounter faeries is in faerie auras or regios. Faerie regios all seem to share a number of characteristics. The faerie regios seem, at first, simply an enhancement of the features of the mundane level. A verdant forest is greener and more beautiful, while a sickly fen is darker and more menacing. What appears in the mundane world as a looming, fortress-like mountain may in a faerie regio become a castle of the noble Daoine Sidhe.

The faeries that are found in aura and in regio have much more in common with mortals than the faeries of Arcadia. Faeries who live near the mortal world often ape mortals in a multitude of ways. While the same is true of many faeries in Arcadia, the likes of faerie cobblers and faerie monks are rarely if ever found in Arcadia.

One curious feature of faerie regioes that is also shared by magic regioes is that ancient ruins may become more or less restored, and even inhabited (usually by a host of magical creatures), in regio layers. Perhaps the original form of some given building is more durable and real in a regio than in the less-perfect mundane world, or perhaps it is merely that regioes change more slowly than does this world.

From a letter by Father James of Bath to his friend Salix of House Merinita

“I knew this would interest you, because it seems to be yet another oddment of the Fair Folk, whom you have studied for so long. When I had occasion to journey from Bath to London last, I was caught in a storm and needed shelter. Due to the lateness of the day and the strength of the storm, I could see no shelter, and became worried. I caught sight of what seemed to be a light, and I went toward it. Soon I had lost sight both of the light and of the road I had been on. I was quite lost, and drenched from the rain. As I continued along, I saw another light. This one was quite distinct but was a strange pale blue in color.

“Willing to take any shelter at this point, I went toward the blue glow. I soon saw I was approaching a small keep on a low hill, its construction of a style I had not seen before. It seemed quite squat and very old, and had rounded walls. The light came from the window, and was distinctly blue at this point. As I drew closer, I realized that the keep looked far too familiar and that it was in fact the faerie fortress of Old Sarum, excepting that here it was fully complete, with a wooden roof and a barred gate, rather than being the simple ruin I had seen before.

“As I approached—more slowly now—a creature peered at me out of the window closest to the gate. Its wizened visage, its cruel teeth, and the blood-red cap on its head all served to make me most sure that an evening spent in even the most drenching rain would be remarkably preferable to one inside those walls. I ran; and after a most miserable night spent wandering in the rain, I

found the road again the next morning. In the future, I believe I shall leave the faeries to you.”³³

Faeries and the Church


How a faerie reacts to the Church seems to depend on the class to which it belongs, much as is the case among mortal-kind. The rural minor faeries of village, shop, and mine often fear the symbols of the Church, fleeing from the ringing of church bells or the saying of the mass. These humble fey are not a part of the Church, and fear its power and authority. The touch of holy relics or the blessing of a priest can render such faeries powerless. While the stories of such fey being destroyed by the mere sound of church bells are an exaggeration of overconfident clergy, the effect of the Church on such beings is profound.

In contrast, the more canny and cunning low faeries who inhabit our cities are more cynical toward and wise to the ways of the world than their rural cousins. Urban fey are much less fearful of the power of the Church than are the rural ones. While the power of the Holy Church can render many urban fey less powerful, they do not often fear it. In fact, some of them seem wholly unaffected by the power of the Church. Some of these clever fey mock the rich and powerful of the town, including those bishops and cardinals worthy of scorn. Neither the power of mortal law nor arms nor Church seems able to cope with such rascals. There are even others of the fey who seem to thrive on contact with the Church. Some of the smaller of the urban fey actually live in churches or monasteries.

The faerie nobility known as the “high faeries” are often contemptuous of the Church and are quite resistant to the humble rituals of the parish priest. However, faced with a properly done exorcism, all but the most powerful of the high faeries must give way before the Church. Proper exorcisms, however, must be performed by a bishop or scholar of the Church who knows the high formulae of which many humble priests are ignorant. Simple actions like the ringing of church bells or the saying of mass usual-

³³While lost, the priest wanders into the faerie regio at Old Sarum, a ruined hill fort. He then flees from the site and leaves the regio—once again while lost.





ly do not affect any but the most humble of faerie nobility, but those in the Church who know the high ceremonies can drive off almost all faerie nobles most readily.

The faeries of the wild are the most intractable. Like any other bandits, rogues, and hermits, such creatures have no fear (and perhaps no knowledge) of the Church. The faeries of heath, pond, lake, and forest are often wild like the beasts of the woods, and have no fear of any mortal, whether priest, magus, or serf.

A story told by a visitor to Toledo

“While I was visiting, I noticed that the magus with whom I stayed rarely bothered to clean up her laboratory after a long day’s work. The vials and alembics would be spotted and stained, yet when I would help her the next morning, all would be spotless and gleaming. I assumed that she had hired a servant to come and clean during the night, but was puzzled that she would give a mere mortal access to her tools and her books when she was absent. I asked what she paid such a servant, and she smiled and pointed to the bowl of milk on the floor by the door of the lab. I asked further and was told this story:

“When I moved into this house, I could never get a single night’s sleep. On cold nights the covers would vanish just as I fell asleep, while on other nights I would awake either to loud noises in another room or to the sensation of someone pinching my toes. I was certain the house was haunted, and after much work to try to dispel the creature, I determined that magic was to no avail. In desperation I asked a local priest I knew to perform an exorcism. He complied, with the only result being that the night after he sprinkled holy water around the house, I was sprinkled in my bed by water that most likely came from a rather dirty horse trough. I was greatly upset, and was on the verge of selling this otherwise wonderful house, when I was apprised of the solution to my problem by a fruit-seller in the market. One day, after I complained of my problems to this man in passing, he asked if I was feeding the *duende*. I asked what he meant. He sighed, muttered something about the wits of for-

eigners, and told me how the house had been inhabited by a *duende* since Toledo was built. It seems a *duende* is a kind of night-dwelling faerie that comes to live in a house and can never be driven out of it. The merchant told me stories of how a dozen priests and bishops tried to drive out the faerie to no avail. He told me that as long as it was fed a bowl of milk every night, however, it would only rarely wake me or my guests, and it would, in return for the milk, clean and tidy up the house better than the best chambermaid. I began to feed it, and I am still living here twenty-seven years later.”

Excerpt from the diary of Father John

Robbins, priest of Salisbury, in the year of our Lord 1106

“November 1: Last night I spent All Hallow’s Eve out at Stonehenge. For the past several years strange lights are seen there on this night. I went out shortly after midday and camped there until dawn, which may explain why I am so tired today.

“I observed nothing until well after sunset. It was a warm and cloudless night, and no one else was visible, the only light being from the sky and from a cottage almost a quarter of a league distant. However, once it was fully dark, a multitude of small lights appeared to the east heading in the direction of the stones. They looked much like lights of torches in a procession but for the fact that they were green.

“As the lights approached closer, I saw that they did in fact attend a small procession, one of perhaps half a dozen tall people wearing strange and elaborate clothing. A green light floated over each of their heads. I could not see their faces clearly, owing to the dim and strange nature of the lights. They seemed to be a noble funeral procession, and carried what looked to be a body, wrapped in rich cloth of gold.

“I was camped at a little distance from the circle of stones and saw the people pass within several rods of me. They took no notice of me, even when I began to



Illus. ©1995 Bryon Wackwitz

pray softly—fearing as I did that they might be demons.

“When they were well within sight, I looked at them with my eyes askance in the way I do to sort the holy from the sinner,³⁴ and I saw that they were neither.

“When they arrived at the center of the circle of stones, a green light appeared on top of each standing stone, and the faeries—for that is what I am sure they were—arranged themselves in a circle around their dead comrade, whom they had placed on the ground. After some time, the cloth over the corpse seemed to flatten, as if it had suddenly become empty; the lights dimmed and took on a pale bluish cast; and the remaining faeries departed as they had come—all this happening in silence.

“As they were leaving, the night turned suddenly cold, and a bitter wind sprang up. I felt sharp tugs and jabs at my clothing and boots. Fearing I had offended the Fair Folk by watching, I continued to pray, but to no effect; however, remembering what my gran had once told me, I drew my good iron knife and held it before me. All at once the tugs and jabs ceased, and I spent the remainder of the night cold but untroubled.”

Divine and Diabolic Bargains

There are faerie peasants, faerie nobles, and faerie bandits, but there seems to be an entire lack of a faerie clergy. If, as I have shown, the Church is not inimical to all of the fey, it is at least quite alien to them. In their own places, faeries seem to have no priests or monks. In the mortal world, this is not always true. The most obvious example is the existence of faeries like the Italian monacelli or the Sicilian mamucca, who dress as diminutive monks. However, as is the case with many other faeries, these beings have the form of monks while having none of their piety or holiness. It is said by many that such beings exist to poke fun at those monks who are more worldly than is right, and it must be admitted that many of the stories of the monacelli seem reminiscent of the stories that circulate of some of the more debauched and ribald monks. Still, some

³⁴The priest was using the Ability conferred by the Virtue called Sense Holiness & Unholiness.

Father John Robbins at Stonehenge.

³⁵The direct power of the divine has an effect upon faeries on earth, just as it does upon mundanes. If the power of God is present, all feel it. But the divine's subtler power, the Dominion, has varying effects upon faeries.

such fey do seem kindly towards many mortals and often act to guard churches.

I have heard that faeries may make bargains with divine and infernal forces. It is said that groups of ill-natured fey gain immunity from the infernal powers in return for sending these powers one mortal every seven years. They do this because they fear the powers of Hell, not because they love them. Similarly, faeries who enter a church as diminutive monks or church guardians, or other faeries who live in and serve a church (if only by making fun of the less holy members of the church), gain immunity from divine powers for themselves, their lands, and their fellows.³⁵

Librarian's Note

The story of Father John Robbins at Stonehenge appears to be one of many tales told of the turning of the seasons. All Hallow's Eve seems to be the time when the summer faeries of some areas turn over control to the winter faeries. A mock funeral sometimes marks this occasion. The most curious thing about this "changing of the guard" is that it most often occurs in England, Spain, and France on All Hallow's Eve, while it occurs mostly on the fall equinox in the more eastern and the more northern lands. On such nights the minor faeries associated with the new season are particularly active.

The high faeries in the procession seemed unaffected by the priest's simple Christian ritual of prayer. The wild fey who japed with the priest after the procession was finished were likewise unaffected, and required a trick of the peasants in order to be dispelled.

A Faerie Among Monks

While most faeries passing themselves off as clergy present yet another case of faeries aping mortal ways, there are other types of fey clerics involved with the Church. One of the fellow members of my own House, Aguila of the Stonehenge Tribunal, made this report to me about his travels in Wales.

Faeries who make bargains with the divine or infernal powers gain immunity from the negative effects of either all local divine or all local infernal regios and the auras associated with these regios. This immunity can have a scope of application as minor as a church grim (a kind of faerie that guards churchyards and lives in churches) and its bell tower, or one as extensive as a faerie noble's house and all the lands and retainers. In some cases there can even exist areas that have both faerie and either divine or infernal auras, where neither aura negatively affects the inhabitants of the other. No faerie or group of faeries can make or be affected by bargains with both divine and infernal powers at once.

"Last year during my travels I stayed in a monastery that I gave my word I would not name. It was quite isolated, hidden back in the green Welsh hills. It is quite a prosperous monastery, with fields and a large scriptorium, and all those inside seemed well, and happy in their devotion to God. I had heard stories about the place from the local folk on my approach to the monastery. Most concerned the fact that it was a holy place and that those who were sick could go there and receive healing.

"I arrived in the early evening shortly before vespers. After the services, the monks and I and the few other visitors all sat down to our evening meal. During the meal, one of the monks, a young man of fair visage, asked about the nature of my garb, and I told him of my work for the Order. Wales being as it is, none reacted with fear or dread at finding I worked for magi. The monk seemed quite interested in what I had to say about my work and travels, and I was not at all surprised to find him at my door after complin. He asked of the Order and of magic, and then told me this curious tale:

"I was a foundling. The monks discovered me in the forest quite near the main entrance to the monastery. This has been my only home for all of my life. The problem is that my life seems a bit unusual. It was noticed early on that I grew

Brother Quercus

Brother Quercus is a faerie who was found as an infant by monks and was raised in the monastery. He has been there for forty years and is regarded as being an expert in healing as well as being a fine copyist. The monastery is far enough removed from normal civilization that so far no Church officials have come by to question the existence of a forty-year-old monk who looks no more than twenty.

Characteristics

+2 Int	+5 Prs
+3 Per	+2 Com
0 Str	0 Dex
+1 Sta	+2 Qik

Personality Traits

+2 Kind	+1 Naive	+3 Pious
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Virtues & Flaws

Books +1	Sense Holiness & Unholiness +1	Deep Sleeper -1
Educated +1	Well Known +1	Orphan -1
Empathy +1		Soft-Hearted -1
Faerie Eyes +1		Vows (monastic) -4
Faerie Sight +1		
Knack—Scribe Latin +1		

Reputation

3 Holy

Abilities

3 Surgery	1 Faerie Lore	3 Meditation
3 Charm	3 Folk Ken	6 Scribe Latin
3 Church Knw.	3 Humanities	2 Sense Holiness & Unholiness
3 Church Lore	1 Legend Lore	4 Speak Latin
3 Empathy	4 Medicine	5 Speak Own Lang.

Faerie Powers


Healing
Hex/Bless*
Improved Characteristic (Prs)
Speak with Animals

* Brother Quercus does not know he can Hex, and would be rather disturbed to find out he can; however, he is only likely to exercise this Power by calling down the wrath of God on some evildoer, so he may never discover that the power actually lies with him.

rapidly and without sickness, but little was made of this. In the course of helping treat the sick, I noticed how those I worked with, especially those I spent the night praying over, usually recovered, while others no more sick or injured than they would not. The peasants ask for me specifically to come and bless their fields, swearing that when I do so, a good harvest and numerous lambs and calves are guaranteed. I would attribute this to the blessing of God our Father, but I find myself to be no more holy or devoted than any other within these walls. Also, there is one thing about me that seems strange even if I am deemed to be truly holy and blessed. I have been within these walls for over forty winters and yet, as you see, I

have no beard and bear the face of a man scarcely in his twenties.

“Good sir, I tell you this because I have heard stories of the Order you serve, and wish to know if in your far travels you have encountered any such as I. The Abbot loves me as a son, and none here look askance at me, but at times I worry if I am something other than wholly mortal. The peasants talk of the Fair Folk who live under the hills. Those stories claim that these folk have no immortal souls, and I dearly wish to see Heaven some day. They also tell stories of the birth of Myrddin, the wizard who served Arthur of Britain, and of how he came from an unnatural union. Tell me if you have ever seen such as I.’



“I talked with him for some time and found him to be a good and pious monk, more holy than many I had met. However, he could not abide the touch of iron and could see what others could not. It was my opinion that he was one of the Fair Folk, who had for some reason been left at the door of a monastery. First I informed him that nothing about him suggested that he was in any way diabolical, and that faeries and the servants of the Evil One were not one and the same. I did tell him that many believe that his kind had no soul but that there was much that even the wisest magi did not know about such folk. I also told him of how it has been seen more than once that mortals who stay too long in Arcadia can become faeries, and that perhaps this could also work in reverse on occasion. He thanked me for talking with him, and seemed a bit reassured that he could at least put a name to what he was.”

Faerie Trade and Borrowing

While gifts from the fey are greatly to be desired, the safest and most reliable way of gaining faerie goods is through trade. As I mentioned above, the faerie folk always repay their debts. This fact comes as a shock to those who have been the victims of faerie thefts. It seems that the same faeries who will happily trade equitably with some mortals sometimes will steal from others, or even from the same mortals. I have one possible explanation of this odd behavior. It is possible that faeries steal to seek recompense for some slight by a mortal. So, perhaps a woman who fails to leave spilt milk for the fey, or who is lacking in hospitality and charity, is felt by the faeries to deserve having her child taken away and replaced by a glamoured stick.

Also, the faeries may leave what they consider equitable recompense for their thefts. Perhaps the trade of a mortal child for a faerie child is seen to be a fair trade. Indeed, if the mortals involved seem satisfied (that is, do not notice and complain), perhaps the exchange of a mortal child for a stick glamoured to resemble a child is considered fair trade. Faeries are notoriously unable or unwilling to tell glamour from

reality. In any case, when faeries approach mortals with intent to trade, they will always act fairly according to their best understanding, so long as the mortals deal fairly with them.

The very best way to deeply upset and anger a faerie is to refuse a reasonable request to borrow something or to insult a faerie's repayment in quantity or quality. The faeries deal, according to their own rules, fairly and honestly. Faeries never haggle, and they always pay for the goods or services they partake of, just as they always expect payment in some form for those goods or services mortals take from them. It has been oftentimes noted that a faerie's word is its bond, and I believe that the desire for strict repayment of all debts is a part of that bond.

In this way I maintain that thefts by and trouble from the fey may be separated from those troubles caused by demons. Demons and devils work ill with no thought to justice or repayment. If someone has been afflicted with thefts and mischief where no recompense has been given, and there are no stories of that person's lack of hospitality or ill nature, then look to demons and not to faeries as the cause of the troubles.

I have heard some stories both among the humble peasants and, sadly, among some members of our own Order to the effect that one should never thank the faeries. As I have said before, faeries reward those who are hospitable, and have contempt for those who are crude and unmannered. Not thanking the fey for their payments is a wonderful way to never have friendly dealings with them again—something to be avoided. However, this misconception arises out of a larger issue. Thanking a faerie for the goods or services it has provided is a way of concluding the deal and saying that this particular bargain is finished. For a one-time trade this is good and desirable. If you sing for the fey and they give you a faerie potion, then thank them and leave. But some faerie trade is an ongoing process.

Brownies and other house faeries do much useful work in a number of houses, and even some covenants. It is right and proper to feed them with milk and por-

ridge for their services. However, thanking them can bring on fits of rage, since this simple act says that the bargain of cleaning for food is now complete and they must seek a new home to work in. Of course, neglecting to feed such creatures will also cause them to leave, but usually only after they have worked untold mischief in your house. Some faeries work seeking a specific gift, such as a suit of clothes, and if such is ever made for them, they will leave happily, never to work for you again. If you wish a bargain with the fey to be finished and done, thank them politely and give full payment. However, should you desire an ongoing relationship, be polite and pay them, but never thank them.

In examining more closely those things that faeries borrow, I have developed a theory that may explain their choices. Just as the members of our Order need vis to work certain magics, the faeries may need things that partake of life or creativity to work certain of their own magics. Everything they wish to borrow has one of these qualities. Milk, which is the food given from the mother to the child; risen bread, which grows on its own accord; bright gems, which breed when given time—these are all things of life. The music of a gifted troubadour, the tools of a mortal crafter, the work of an artist, or the birthing skill of a midwife all contain within them the spark of mortal skill and creativity. All these goods are desired by the Fair Folk, and in return they give bright gold or magic.

Faeries also, as part of their trade, sometimes take more than just goods. Due to their soulless and essentially static nature, faeries are incapable of true creativity. Musicians, troubadours, artists, and poets all have a special value to the fey. Mortal creativity fascinates faeries, and it is said that it may even have the power to reshape Arcadia itself. As a result of this fascination, faeries will often reward mortal creativity. Sometimes the faeries will seek out mortal performers to play for them; in other cases they merely come across a mortal practicing and listen and observe. In the first case the mortal should be quite wary. Given that many faeries are com-

pletely unaware of mortal limitations such as fatigue, or even old age, such performances can be expected to go on for a remarkably long time, much to the detriment of the performer.

The faeries may even wish to keep the best performers indefinitely. However, if certain limits are insisted upon, such mortals may reap rich rewards from the fey. In the second case, I have heard of several performers encountering odd sights while practicing far from village or town. Faeries of all types may simply appear in order to witness the performance and then depart once it is finished, leaving behind some gift if they have judged it worthy. However, woe be to those whose talent is found inferior by the fey or who are proud or boastful to an unwarranted degree. Mortals who approach the fey sure of the great rewards they will receive for their performance are often likely to come away with piles of gold that change to leaves in the morning sun, or perhaps even a pair of ass's ears on their head, as payment for their presumption.

Adventure Seed

In keeping with their interest in mortal creativity, some of the local faeries have been becoming interested in the books and manuscripts that mortals write and read. The local covenant is a wonderful source of these items. However, the faeries are unsure about the value of writing, being unable to read. However, they are sure there is something of value associated with books. The magi and scholars of the covenant will find that their books have been moved around and opened, but never damaged. If the player characters decline to investigate, in time a minor volume or two will simply vanish, replaced by a glamoured board that contains no information (as the faeries do not know the contents of the book).





A leshiye in its lands,
surrounded by its
faithful knights.

*From a Russian tale told by a wandering
troubadour*

“A nobleman had to make a long journey through the deep woods one night. It was cold, the wind blew, and he feared he had become lost. Suddenly he spotted a light in the distance. As he drove his sleigh nearer, he saw an entire pack of wolves around a camp fire, with a leshiy sitting as their leader. The leshiy bade him stay and spend the night, saying that all would be well. The nobleman thanked him kindly, for he knew the dangers of arguing with the mighty one of the forest. The noble was given a place by the fire, and his horses given fresh hay and straw.

“Knowing that hospitality must be repaid, the noble offered to pay the leshiy when morning came. The leshiy replied that he needed nothing, but asked that his wolves be given what the man had at home and was willing to part with. The noble lord knew his village was far away and that his cattle were all in their sheds for the winter, and so he agreed to give up anything they might wish for, feeling safe that they would never come for their payment. Several days later the lord arrived home and was told by his servants that days before there had been a brief thaw and that when they took the opportunity to drive the cattle out to drink, his best cow was torn apart by wolves who attacked and could not be beaten off.”

Faerie Gifts

There are many stories of the gifts of the fey and of the great riches that may be had through the faeries' largesse. However, dealing with the faeries, either for vis or for mundane riches, is always a risk and should never be undertaken lightly. As with all dealings with the Fair Folk, there are few exact rules to trading with them, but I have discovered, from looking at many reports and manuscripts, what seem to be a few simple guidelines.

Faeries often reward humans with gifts for their services. These gifts are generally of an unusual nature. The forms

such gifts may take are nearly infinite in variety. Magic charms or potions that allow the user to perform any one of a host of unusual acts, such as become invisible, fly, or breathe underwater, have been recorded. However, most often gifts come in the form of transformed wealth. To the gracious and deserving, the faeries give either food that proves inexhaustible or gold and jewels disguised as things of little value such as straw, leaves, or coal. These items assume their true form the next day or when the bearer brings them home. To the greedy and ungrateful, the faeries give leaves and straw disguised as gold and jewels, which revert to their true form either the next day or when the person to whom they were given tries to spend them. Faerie gifts partake of faerie magic and, like faeries, are often not what they seem. An old, worn-out hat may allow the wearer to breathe underwater, and a lump of coal may turn to gold at the first light of dawn.


It is also important to remember that no gift from the faeries (of whatever sort) is given without purpose. Faeries will, of course, give gifts to repay services mortals have done for them. However, they will also give gifts to mortals who are unknowingly deserving. Should a mortal be cheated by another, a faerie may bestow a gracious gift upon the needy one or a malicious gift upon the conniving one, to balance out the situation.

My best research has indicated that faeries often trade, but rarely simply give. Even simple hospitality may have its price. The best time to seek faerie gifts is after you have done a service for the faeries.

*From a tale told in a small village in
Bavaria*

“There once was an old woman who lived in this very village. She was quite poor, without enough wood to keep her warm in the winter and with no son or daughter to cut more for her. One cold winter night, as the snow was falling, she had a visitor—a tall man dressed all in gray who said that his wife was having a baby and needed a midwife. The woman had





not seen this man before and was naturally worried; but she was cold and hungry, and from the look of the man his house was likely to be warmer than her hovel.

“They walked a long way through the snow, and the woman was quite lost, but at last they came to a large stone house set in the hillside. Inside, in the main room, was the man’s wife. After many hours, the old woman had done her work, and both mother and child were well. From the look of the house and food, the old woman realized that she was staying with either noble folk or faeries, and became much afraid. They asked her to stay the night, but she said she must return home. It was almost dawn, so she had hope that she could find her way.

“As she was leaving, the man mentioned it was time to pay her. He opened a chest and took out a large, heavy bundle of firewood. She wrapped the wood in her shawl to carry it and started home. Most would have been disappointed at such a meager gift from such as these, but she was simply happy to have wood for her fire. In the early morning light, she was able to see the tracks from the night before, and made her way slowly home. With each step, she found the bundle of wood seeming to get heavier, but she endured without complaint and in time reached her small hut. Then, as she unwrapped the wood from her shawl, she saw that instead of a bundle of wood, she was carrying bars of gold.”

Children and Changelings

Just as faeries sometimes capture mortal adults, they also sometimes take children, usually children who are newly born. I mention this not because I expect many in our Order to have their children kidnapped by faeries, but because this is one of the most common reasons peasants will dare to seek out magi. Recovering children swapped for changelings can be a wonderful way to gain the aid and trust of the local peasantry and even possibly the local lord, so it is useful to learn how to do so. In all cases, the faeries leave behind some substitute for the infant who has been taken. My research is less sure on this point, but it also seems that some-

times people other than infants are taken in this way. Mothers who have not been to church since the birth of their child—and perhaps anyone who has been out of contact with the Holy Church for too long—are vulnerable to being taken and replaced by the faeries. The types of these exchanges are many, but generally the child is switched with one of three things: a very old faerie that resembles a wizened child; a faerie child, who is often deformed or sickly; or a wooden stick or an image. All are enchanted with a glamour so they resemble the normal child, but act in unusual and often bizarre ways. In many cases the changeling is noticed immediately. Sometimes, however, the changeling fits in quite well, and may be raised as a mortal child.

The reasons for these exchanges seem also to be many. Old faeries seem to become changelings to gain new experiences, to partake of the joys of mortal food, and possibly to regain their youth. Most faeries seem ageless, but some few do grow old. It seems that this process may be able to be reversed if the faerie grows up all over again. The usual method of dealing with such a changeling is to force it to reveal how old it truly is. Once this is done, the mortals have proved the trade is uneven, so faeries come and take the changeling away and return the mortal child.

Deformed faerie children are given to mortals in the hopes that mortal food will aid their recovery, or simply because the faeries would rather have a healthy mortal child than a weak faerie one. If left to grow up among mortals, such children often regain their health, and may grow up appearing to be normal, if odd-seeming, mortals. If the faerie child is mistreated or denied food, the faeries will, in time, return the mortal child and take back their own.

When a mortal child is replaced by an image, there is often little that can be done. A journey into the lands of the fey is often the only answer, and the parents, or whoever primarily cares for the child, are given one chance by the faeries to make the journey. If they come before the fey and plead for the return of their child, it is usually returned.

Magi may not go instead of the parents, but they may accompany them. If a child is left among the faeries for even a few days, it may return different, perhaps gifted with magic, visions, or some other such oddment. It may be that in returning a mortal child to its parents, the faeries recognize that the deal they made in swapping for the changeling was inadequate and are repaying the parents for their trouble by gifting the child with some power. Of course, the cause of these powers could merely be the effect of remaining in Arcadia for too long, for if these children are left to grow up among the fey, they often become fey in time. Those children who remain with the fey and do not become faeries are usually returned, much later, to the mortal world.

Mortals sometimes take faerie children. Usually this occurs when wandering mortals come across a faerie child left for a moment by its parents. In most cases, the faeries will come to demand their child back or to seek payment for its theft. However, some such children will grow up always wondering why they are different. It seems to be the case that these children will have none of the abilities of the fey until they have their first contact with faeries or with faerie possessions.

*From the report of
Accipitus, Redcap of
the Provençal
Tribunal*

"In Ruer, a small village south of Lyon, the peasants tell a curious story. Many years ago, the knight of this area was a proud man who had an infant son whom

he loved very much. One day, the knight's wife went away to the market fair, leaving her son in his father's care. At the same time, the knight received word of a fight that had broken out between several of his guards. The knight hurried off to investigate, leaving his son in the care of his true and faithful greyhound Guinifore. While the knight and the lady were out, a serpent crawled out of the wall and came towards the infant. Guinifore, knowing his duty, attacked the serpent, even though it was quite large and full of poison. In the course of the struggle the infant's cradle was overturned, leaving the infant on the ground nearby. After a fierce battle, Guinifore slew the snake and then sat beside the infant, guarding him from further harm. When the knight returned from his duties, he saw the overturned cradle and the snake's blood on Guinifore's muzzle. Assuming in his fear that Guinifore had overturned the cradle and killed his son, the knight slew the dog

with his spear. Then, upon finding the body of the snake and seeing that his son was unharmed, the knight realized his mistake and had the body of loyal Guinifore buried in a special grove in the forest. To this day the locals revere Guinifore as a saint and regard him as the patron and protector of young children.

"I tell you this because on my last trip through the village, I observed a curious incident. While traveling one evening through the forest near the village, I saw two women walking together carrying an infant. The infant was crying loudly and appeared sickly and twisted. The woman carrying it appeared quite distressed, and was talking quietly with the other woman, whom I rec-

Adventure Seed

In a covenant far from other settlements and without a resident priest, a few of the grogs, and perhaps the Companions, are being taken by the faeries and replaced by glamoured wooden statues. The older magi do not notice this for quite some time. If any of the player characters interact closely with the mundane inhabitants of the covenant, they will discover that some of the mundanes are acting differently. If no one catches on for a while, the faeries will eventually take a young apprentice. This theft will be quickly noticed, since the changeling will have no Gift and may only duplicate the magics the apprentice already knew well. The faeries are making the exchanges when their targets venture forth from the covenant, so the magical protections on the covenant are no help. A journey to a local faerie regio, or perhaps to Arcadia, will be necessary. Once there, the player characters will find the mortals who were taken to all be having a grand time, and they will not be aware that more than a few hours have passed since they were taken.





ognized to be the village herbalist. Though I was somewhat concerned for their safety, I confess I was curious to see what the two women would do in the forest at such a late hour, so I followed them. As they walked along, unaware of my presence, I could tell from the signs around me—the seeming faces in the trees, the curiously loud rustling noises, and the bright glints of eyes far too large for those of the small creatures of the night—that we were walking into a small faerie forest.

“The women stopped at a clearing near a curiously marked stone. They placed the infant on the stone, with candles at either side, and retired to the shelter of the tree. Both then began praying to Saint Guinifore. After some time there was a louder rustling in the wood, and a creature much like a greyhound, save that it was black with green eyes and a red blaze upon its chest, came out into the clearing and gently picked the infant up in its jaws. Then, as the herb-woman softly cautioned the mother to be silent, the creature walked into the forest with the child. After some time the creature returned again with an infant in its jaws. The infant was placed on the stone, and the creature left. The infant was not crying, and in the candlelight I could see that the infant looked healthy and whole. The two women approached, and the young mother picked up the baby and exclaimed that the forest spirits had given her back her baby. She then left an offering of bread and grapes for Saint Guinifore.”

Librarian's Note

The presence of dog saints in faerie forests seems designed to let us know that the world is a rather more complicated and wondrous place than even the theories of Bonisagus reveal. Otherwise, this seems to be one of many stories of changelings that can be found among all classes of people.



Melusina at the fountain.

Faeries Among Mortals

One of the more common ways to encounter faeries is to be introduced by a mortal with whom the faerie is living. Faeries come to live with a mortal usually because the faerie has fallen in love with him or her. From the stories I have been told, it seems that in the majority of cases the mortal involved knows the true nature of the faerie, or at least the mortal knows that he or she is not dealing with an ordinary mortal. Faerie lovers can bring good fortune and happiness to their beloved through magic, and often do so. However, all such faerie lovers seem to have some variety of secret that must be kept from their mortal lover. If this secret becomes known, the faerie will immediately leave, never to return. In a few cases the mortal can win such a lover back by journeying to Arcadia and asking the family of the faerie for forgiveness. Such forgiveness seems to always involve performing several heroic, or perhaps merely clever, tasks. I have heard that on a few occasions the mortal lover discovers the true identity of the faerie and is invited to come and live in Arcadia, forever.³⁶

From a story told by Roland the troubadour, a reliable informant to the Order

“One day Raymond, the youngest son of Count Emmerick, was hunting boar in the forest near the castle of Poitiers. Night fell, and he became lost and in fear for his safety. After much fruitless wandering, the young man happened upon a moonlit clearing that held a fountain and three golden-haired maidens. He feared he had died and was before the angels, but one of the women came forward and comforted him. He talked to her through the night, so enraptured was he by her beauty. When dawn came, she showed him the way back to the castle, but before he parted from her, he obtained her promise to be his. In return she asked for him to obtain from his father title to the land around the fountain. His father, overjoyed at seeing his son safe, was glad to comply.


“Shortly thereafter, Melusina, for that was the maiden’s name, created a magnificent palace though her magic where she and Raymond could live. She asked only one promise of him, that she be allowed to spend her Saturdays in complete solitude, without seeing him at all. Melusina and Raymond lived happily for many years and had three sons. But strange gossiping tales rose about her Saturday seclusions. Overcome by long-pent anxiety, Raymond rushed to Melusina’s apartments one Saturday. They were open and empty save for her bath, which was locked. He looked through the keyhole and to his horror saw her in the water, with her legs changed into the body of a terrible water serpent. He withdrew in silence, not speaking a word of what he had seen. He feared losing her from breaking his promise, but she seemed unaware she had been observed. Later, they were having a petty fight, when the red rage flared in his heart and he shouted, ‘Away, foul serpent, I will sleep with you no longer!’ She fainted, and when she awoke, she was in tears for having to leave her three children, but leave she did, despite Raymond’s pleadings and shouts of sorrow. He never saw her again.”

Gateways into the Realms of Faerie

Gaining entry into a faerie place can oftentimes be quite difficult, unless the proper rules are observed. The most commonly known faerie places are simple groves in the forest, and whether regio or aura, they can be accessed merely by walking in. However, there are more ways of passing into the “Lands of Summer’s Twilight,” as they are known, than simply wandering into a grove. The varieties of entrance into faerie places are too numerous to list here, but there are a few that are more common than the rest.

In all lands I know of there are numerous faeries of the water. Faeries of the fresh water have domains in ponds, lakes, and occasionally rivers. In faerie auras the water usually seems ordinary. In regio, one may find that the water is fit

³⁶The fondness of faeries for mortal lovers may stem from their inability to truly create. It may be that true procreation may require that spark of life that only mortals have.



to breathe or even seems as air. The higher one goes into regio the less wet and heavy the water becomes, sloughing off the weight of the mundane world as the distance from it increases. The fish fly like birds, and water weed gathers around your ankles. However, care must be taken to avoid drowning when leaving such a place, and the use of either a guide from among the fey or preferably the magic of our Order is most desirable. These underwater realms may also be found in the sea, but prior knowledge of them, powerful magic, or a guide is the only means to discriminate them from other mundane portions of the coast. The kingdoms under the sea may be quite humble, but some are said to be as vast as Rome in its golden era, and more splendid than anything found on the land.

Other types of places worthy of mention are the so-called "hollow hills." In many of the stories told by the peasants, the Fair Folk are said to live under the earth. These tales are evidence for a most unusual type of regio. The hills and barrows and mountains of many lands, from Scotland to Sweden, occasionally have openings that lead into regio or Arcadia. These openings are sometimes permanent gateways made of stone, while in other places they are fissures in the rock. In certain areas, hills occasionally rise up on brilliant pillars, revealing the lights of Faerie inside. On the nights of certain pagan holidays, when the gateways open wide, anyone may enter the faerie realms without guide or magic. The only problem may be leaving once dawn has come.

Inside these faerie hills a variety of places may be found. Some hills contain single buildings; others, entire lands. In all cases the space inside the regio is much larger than that of the hill or barrow. Some of these underground entrances lead directly to Arcadia, but this seems to be less common.

The last common way of getting to faerie places is by going across the sea. There are numerous stories of ships becoming entirely lost and landing on an unknown coast or isle that turns out to be either a regio or Arcadia itself. It is never known if ships arrive there by simple acci-

dent or by the conscious design of some capricious faerie. Fortunately, this phenomenon seems somewhat rare. At times faeries will offer to take mortals over the sea to their lands. Such invitations should be viewed with great caution and reserve. It is my belief that the parts of Arcadia that border on the sea are some of the most distant and alien parts of this realm and that return is not always possible when one journeys too far from home.

Uncommon Ways into the Realms of Faerie

In closing, I will include some notes on some of the more unusual faerie places I have received word of. I have had numerous reports that the entire Isle of Man either is under a faerie aura or is a faerie regio and that it has several connections to Arcadia. There are similar, but less extensive, stories about an unnamed kingdom in Wales that is even said to be ruled by kings and queens who have the blood of the fey in their veins. From the specifics of these reports, I think it most likely that the Welsh kingdom is merely a large faerie aura, rather than an area of regio.

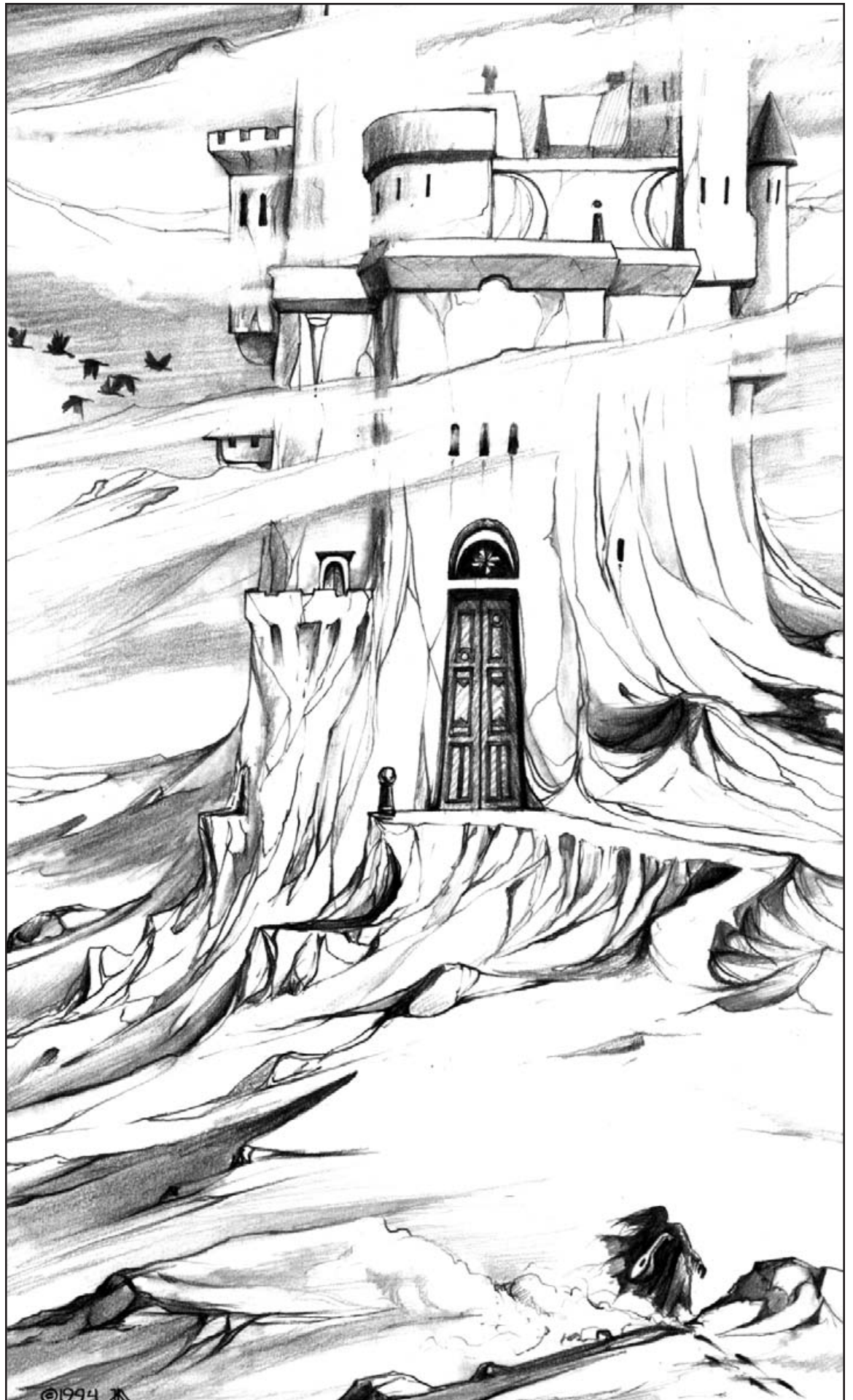
Finally, I have received quite a number of reports and stories, both from far lands and from the heart of Christendom, telling of mystically hidden mountain valleys. The details of such valleys differ; sometimes they are inhabited by various kinds of fey, other times by mortals who have strange tongues and customs and who use no iron. It is unclear whether these places are an unusual variety of regio or merely valleys that are protected by a natural enchantment similar in nature to the ritual of The Shrouded Glen used by our Order.

Things and Creatures Generally Associated with Faeries

- Swamps
- Major rivers
- Large rock outcrops or solitary hills
- Circular ponds, or any pond or lake with unusually clear water
- Mine shafts
- Hidden treasure
- Standing stones, earthworks, burial mounds, and other pagan sacred or burial places
- Trees that have been struck by lightning and survive
- Trees set in circular groves or that have unusual features: multiple trunks, odd shapes, mistletoe or other odd growths upon them
- Particular trees: oak, alder, willow, hawthorn, ash, yew, rowan, elder, holly, hazel
- Animals: wren, robin, roe deer, swan, salmon, wild goose, red deer stag, cow, horse, pig
- Any white animal, especially with red markings, or any completely black animal
- The last shock of grain left in the fields after harvest
- The oven or fireplace in a house; also, the cellar and stable
- Poets, musicians, crafters, brewers or vintners, miners, fishermen, crazy people, people with hunchbacks or club feet

Common Charms Against Faeries

- Crosses (Christian or pagan)
- Iron objects, especially nails, knife blades, plow blades, horseshoes
- Hedge-magic charms, especially circular and cross-shaped painted patterns; bindings made of thread
- Wearing clothes inside out or backward, or reversing shoes
- Calling the name of God or a saint
- Spreading small objects, especially poppy seeds, as a protective boundary
- Crowing roosters
- Being blessed with holy water, taking Holy Communion, or having been inside a church within a day of any faerie threat



Gerin, his form changed by the faeries, approaches the castle of the Queen of Winter in Arcadia.

“**M**Y SISTER WAS A COOK FOR A GREAT NOBLE A FEW DAYS FROM HERE. SHE SAID HE SOLD HIS SOUL TO THE DEVIL FOR RICHES. THEREAFTER, ICE BEGAN TO GROW UP INTO THE MANOR FROM THE BASEMENTS BELOW, GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE LIVING SPACES EACH DAY. SHE SAID THAT AS SOON AS HE TOUCHED THE ICE IT WOULD GRAB HIS COLD HEART AND PULL HIM DOWN TO HELL BUT THAT SHE FLED BEFORE IT HAPPENED. I SAY SHE GOT CAUGHT WITH HER HAND IN THE JEWELRY BOX, FOR SHE’S AS LIKE TO BLAME THE DEVIL FOR STUBBING HER TOE AS BLAME A WHITE WOLF FOR THE COLOR OF ITS FUR.”

—JAYCY, A SCRIBE IN PARIS



Part III: Faeries in Arcadia



Chapter Six: Songbird

A Troubadour's Tale

The life of a noble house is not so different from that of a covenant. The calls are to war and to the hunt, not to magic and the search for magical things. I sing of battles won and lost, and tell small tales to amuse the heart. I had learned that courtly folk loved to hear one another's names in tales and in the gossip of the court, but my master has no taste for such things. I sing the great old songs and tell tales of Faerieland. He asks me over and over for tales of Faerieland, as though he cares more for the war and gossip of the courts of the Good Folk than he does for those of his own.

The house of the duc is a strange place. It is a palace made of great stones, and everywhere are treasures such as I thought I would never see. Before God I swear I could not have believed such things to exist outside of Heaven: cups of gold and rubies, tapestries that bear a different picture each day, birds of silver that sing by themselves, and wonders I cannot tell. This palace has a hundred rooms, each more lovely than the last. Such meetings and celebrations must have been held here as would put those of the king to shame. Yet there are empty tables and bare places upon the walls, as if treasures had been taken away and sold. And Etienne the Duc eats alone in an empty hall. A different servant brings each dish. The servants bring peacocks in their feathers, subtle confections of fine white sugar—but the duc eats almost nothing. What he does eat seems to trouble him to put between his teeth, as though he feared poison. He drinks nothing. There are

no trumpets, no banners, no guests—not even dogs. The dogs of the house will not go near my master. Of all men and beasts quartered in his hall, only the stable cats and his mad black horse do not fear him. Only I sit at his meals in the empty hall. I play for his entertainment, and he watches me with a close look I do not understand.

One night I was roused by the duc himself, who was in his night-robe. The fires had gone out, and the cold was terrible.

"Come down to the hall," he whispered. "I would have you tell tales for me." Together we went down to the hall, and to my surprise it was lit by a thousand candles and was bright as day. As we walked, I heard terrible sounds from below us, soft and distant: the breaking of glass, the rending of wood.³⁷

My master's heavy face was as white as snow. "In the name of mercy, tell me stories. Drown the sound; do not let me sleep again." I told stories until cockcrow. For three nights it was the same, until late into the third night I found myself at a loss for more tales to tell. I thought then of the old monk on the road, and told his tale for my master while the creaks and cracks came up from below. As I spoke, he rose to his feet and then drew me from my chair. As on the first night, I thought my life was ended. But, as that time before, he only stared close into my face.

"You tell tales of Faerieland," he said finally. "Have you come from that kingdom? You are not one of her servants. Why, in our lady's name, do you come to me?"

³⁷The faerie aura centers on the house of the duc, and has been increasing slowly over time. The sounds of breaking glass and rending wood signal a strengthening of the aura.

In hope and fear, I told my story. I told him I had come to him because the boy on the road told me a riddle of a bear and swan, so I thought perhaps he might help me. "Do you know of this bright lady, my lord?" said I at last.

"I will tell you, but only if you bring food from the kitchens. We will need to eat," he said. All the kitchen servants had fled. We had not eaten since two days before. The sounds were loudest in the kitchen. I crept up to its doors and found them especially cold. I looked in. The great cook fire was dead and the pantry door open. Ice crawled upon the floor from the pantry like a great slow worm. I ran back to the lighted hall. "I will bring food at daybreak, my lord," said I, shaking with cold and fear. He did not even shout at me, and we sat in silence for some time while I made and tended a fire in the hall to keep us warm. Just before dawn the noises stopped. "It is over, for now," he said.

The kitchen was entombed in ice. I was able to pry a joint of meat from it and roast the meat over the fire in the hall. We both sat close to the fire. Snow had fallen deep upon the house during the night. I cut meat for him and poured water melted from the snow outside. I tried to remember how his meal was served by the carver and the cupbearer, but he would eat no more than before. "I am sorry not to better know the forms of service, but I would not have stayed in this house if I had any thought against you," said I.

In answer, he turned the mouth of his cup to the floor. From it fell a block of ice, formed to the inside of the cup. The meat I had brought steaming on a tray was frozen like the carcass of a winter deer.

"It is this way always. Nothing that is mine is mine to have."³⁸ He looked at me again in his careful way, as though he searched for something. "Minstrel, will you be my page, and may I give you a dish to hold in your hands?"

"Master, I am not nobly born."

"I know not but that you are a prince in another kingdom, the one that lies beyond my pantry door. And, if not, we are so deep in winter that we may say it is Twelfth Night, and thus crown kings

out of minstrels. Let us say so, and both eat. If you will play the squire, then I will play the troubadour and tell you the story this night."

When I held the dish and he did not, it stayed warm. The duc ate like a starving man. When he had finished and I had melted more snow for our drinking, he took up two lanterns and asked me to follow him.

"I will show you this now, while it is still day. Where we are going is below the pantry and under the house, and so without light." The house was a greater maze than I knew, even after the many days that I'd spent there. We came into the dark center where all would gather in times of siege to be safe from the attacker. Our lanterns cast trembling shadows upon the walls. Then Etienne opened an iron door with a key that hung from a chain about his neck. Beyond was a spiral stair going down. I swung forward my lantern, and the stairway filled with light, reflected as from a thousand jewels. Everything was covered in clear hoarfrost as thick as tapestry. The air lay still. I could not feel my hand that held the lantern, and drew it back. The door of iron beside me set my teeth on edge, as if it were an unholy thing.³⁹

"Down there. That is the center of it. Once it was a warrior's pride, a siege-well. Fresh water for men and horses for a lifetime, without a drop from outside, protected so the devil himself could not drink without my say. This castle never fell to any siege. I had a room built there, down under the water of the well, a room with walls of silver. Not a drop of water could enter; I came and went through a magic door—a beautiful thing—that was like the mouth of a fish. I had the room made with sapphires just the color of the water; no one could see it but me. Then I killed the magus who made it, killed him softly as he slept, and no one knew but me."⁴⁰

"The siege-well was blocked by the room; but water remained above it, and so my knights did not guess—we haven't had a siege for generations. The things in the house are dross. No one in the world has seen treasures such as what lay in that room. The king has nothing to compare. The pope has nothing to compare . . ."

³⁸The duc de Berry has been cursed by a faerie.

³⁹Gerin has the Flaw Minor Discomfort from Iron, which explains his discomfort at the proximity of the door that leads to the siege-well.

⁴⁰The strongbox was originally a magic regio, created for Etienne by an exotic wizard. Etienne was given a token that allowed the bearer to enter the regio.

I glanced at the duc, but he seemed lost in another place. After a moment he seemed to feel my gaze upon him, and came back to himself. "There are no words to tell you of this. Do not judge me, minstrel. I used to stay in my secret room, surrounded by such beauty as even your songs do not sing of. God may cast me into Hell, but I have seen Heaven. Only now"—he cast his lantern down the gleaming stair; I watched it fall a long way, then shatter against a floor that glowed and shone—"she has sent the ice to take each of my joys. My treasure-box, my food, my wine, my fields and herds, my books, my music. My house and lands were the finest that have ever been seen. Now I have nothing but you, and you too will go to her."

He looked upon me then, saw me shivering as I held up my own lantern, and pulled me away from the stair. The iron door swung shut, and he locked it with the key he wore at his throat. "Come back to the fire in the hall. When you are warm, you will go to the inn I had made and bring back wine for us. We will drink, and you will sing, and we will forget all this."

I sat by the fire for a time, until the duc slept a little. Then I went to the inn in his livery, and returned with as much strong wine as I could carry. When he woke, I poured wine into my cup and held it in my hands so he could drink. I sang, and we drank, though I not too much, until well into the night. I built up the fire until it roared and we were almost warm. "It is like the old times a little," said the duc de Berry. "You are going to go to her anyway, are you not?"

"Yes, my lord, unless you prevent me."

"I once made a pet of a beautiful fox. I made him a collar of emeralds and gold, to shine against his fur while I led him about. But he slipped his collar one day and ran into the forest after a songbird. I could have made him a feast of larks. I never saw him again."

"It is that way with foxes, my lord."

"So I have been told, but I was young and full of hope. I promised to tell you a story tonight, my squire. Do they all begin 'once upon a time'?"

"Not all, my lord, but many."

"And are they all lies?"

"Not all, my lord, but many."

The Duc de Berry's Story

"But not all. Very well. Once upon a time there was a fair country called Albion, possessed, most unfortunately, by the English. It was a very fair country indeed. It happened that there were noblemen, fair men, who thought it a shame that the English should have land in Bretagne while they had none in Albion. But between our coast and theirs lies a most treacherous arm of the sea, protecting the English from their betters. So things remained, until a magus came forward willing to help us. He was of a House that had converse with kings and queens whom we had not heard of, being as their lands lay farther from our own than even Jerusalem. For a price, he brought a queen of such a country to us.⁴¹

"We made an alliance, as nobles do. She could build us a fortress that would cross the sea to be our stronghold for a war in Albion. In the spirit of goodwill, she offered a demonstration of her forces. She froze the Seine solid enough to drive a hundred horses across. She said, 'I will make you a fortress no mortal can breach. It will make its own road across land, river, or sea. What do you offer me in return?'

"Some favored dividing the land of our conquest with her, but too many feared such a neighbor. In the end it was decided to pay her in gold, but gold she would not take.

"She said, 'Make me a bird that sings in my hand and dies not.' Nothing else would she take. So the lords and ladies turned to the one among them who knew most how to have precious things made, and elected him to turn their gold into the work of master craftsmen.

"While he took the taxes pulled from a dozen rich domains to the smiths and magi, the lady built a fortress of ice there, upon the beach. 'When you give me my price, I will give you the key. Turn it in the lock of the great door and it will open the way to you and carry you across land, river, and sea.'

⁴¹A magus of House Merinita brought the faerie queen to the French, violating the laws of the Order. The making of alliances between mortal and faerie lords strengthens the connections between Arcadia and the mortal world, and may create or expand faerie auras.

"The bird was made, and placed in a box of cinnamon wood brought from Inde. It was the most perfect thing that has ever been made by the hand of man, or ever will be. It was put into the hands of the lord who had it made, to bring it to the lady. And when he was alone, he opened the box. . . .

"I could not give it up. I do not expect you to understand. I took the bird to my strongbox. I brought the wooden box to the fortress with a dead robin inside it, and told the lady that the box must not be opened until she was in her own lands, or the bird would fly from her. She gave us the key and left. I myself turned it in the lock at dawn, with all our knights assembled. About midday the fortress began to melt. The door would not open. The fortress would not move.

"Everyone assumed she was the traitor, but she could not be found. Only the magus who had brought her knew the truth, with some magician's trick. I sent an unsigned letter to the magi tribunal, telling them how he had aided the nobles of France against Albion. His own people killed him the next day.

"Since I returned to my lands, I have lived in Hell.⁴² Finally I took the bird away and destroyed it with my own hands, that I would not feed her envy with my enjoying of it, but nothing changed. Listen to me, my squire. Everything she has not destroyed I have destroyed to sell. I have pried my bright jewels from their mountings and melted the mountings for weight in gold. I have pulled apart my painted books to sell page by page. What is left here merely waits for the buyers to gain courage enough to enter this house to haul away. I have told the peasants I will give them cattle and grain. There is no grain. There are no cattle. I have raised enough money to make a new bird, more perfect than the old."

Gerin Travels to the Bright Lady's Land

The duc drew a small box of red gold from his fur robe. His hands shook. "I cannot bring it to her, for she will not let me into her kingdom.⁴³ She will do nothing but torment me.

"If you find her, give her this gift, the bird that sings and will not die. You could move a heart of stone. For the love of God, tell her I am sorry."

He handed me the box. It was almost without weight, yet something moved inside. "If you come back alive to me, I will make you a count. I will give you the best of what remains of my lands. Bring me parchment, and I will write this and give it to you."

I ran for parchment and ink. In the library I stopped before the empty shelves and opened the box. The bird inside smoothed its feathers. A dozen, a hundred, a thousand gems. They were carved so thin the wind moved them. It sang a single note before I shut the lid. Sometimes I hear it in my mind, and then I cannot sing.

I brought the ink and parchment and a reed pen, and Etienne the Duc wrote his promise with his own hand and sealed it with his seal. From around his neck he took two keys. "This one opens the iron door so she will know you have come from me. The little one, it was the key to the fortress. It, at least, never did melt. Take it. Perhaps it will open doors for you."

Then he added, "They will look kindly on you." His head fell against the side of the chair in sleep.

I put on my most splendid livery and took up my pipe and lute. The great bearskin coat of the duc I put on against the cold. The iron door I left open, for I could bear neither to touch it more nor to think of it shut behind me. It was a long way down before I reached the wall of ice that blocked the way. I think perhaps this wall lived, for a strange light moved, now upon it, now within it, like the rise and fall of breath in the flanks of a beast. I saw a small hole form in its glossy surface, in the shape of a key's end. The little key of unmelting ice fit, and turned . . . and opened a door in the wall.⁴⁴

Beyond was a dark flat place, not like a frozen well but like a country. I walked for a time. I passed trees, first tall and bare, then stunted, then smaller than my arm.⁴⁵

In this place I met the first inhabitants of the frozen land. In the darkness I saw points of light. I thought at first I had

⁴²A faerie curse. The curse on the duc de Berry is that he may take no pleasure from anything he owns, neither his goods nor lands. It manifests itself in forms characteristic of the faerie who has made it. This curse is especially harsh because the duc not only cheated the faerie but insulted her as well by sending her home with a dead robin.

⁴³The duc de Berry cannot enter the regio in his own house. He is not lost and does not have the Virtue Faerie Sight, and no faerie in the regio will lead him in.

⁴⁴A path to Arcadia. The Queen of Winter guards this gateway herself. She has converted the magic regio to a faerie regio, a gateway to her realm in Arcadia. This transformation keeps Etienne from his strongbox without actually destroying it. Since the key to the fortress of ice is an artifact from her realm, it aids any attempt to enter her realm. Note that Etienne cannot make use of the key's aid, as he has no chance to enter Arcadia to begin with.

⁴⁵Moving toward Winter in Arcadia.

⁴⁶As Gerin moves toward the great, pale glow, he nears Winter in Arcadia.

⁴⁷The faeries completed a trade here in transforming Gerin: the faeries took items of value from a mortal—important personal possessions, a musical instrument—and therefore trade protection from the cold. Note that the trade can be unpleasant but still fair if the faeries either are ignorant or are ill-disposed toward the mortal.

⁴⁸The castle is the equivalent in Arcadia of the place the monk saw in regio in *Chapter Four: Monk, Dryad, Duc.*, p. 33.

found stars in this sunless, moonless country, but they moved and danced in a single cloud that came ever closer to me. Then I was among them. If the tiny trees of this country were truly trees, then these creatures were men, small and shining and murderous as dragonflies, with the pale feathers and round black eyes of falcons. Perhaps they spoke, for they made a kind of music as they plucked and tore the great coat into pieces. Each flew off with its prize held in tiny talons. They were as many as flies upon water. They took the coat, the golden cloth of my livery, the pointed shoes, the hat of fur. One seized my knife, another my pipe, another the golden box that held the bird, and others set upon my lute. I held fast the box in its embroidered cloth in one hand, and the lute in the other. The rest I let go. They flew off like a stream of light, and the darkness came in again. Though I watched them long, they did not disappear from sight, but seemed to stay hanging in the air. Finally I began to follow. Only by their pale light could I see my way, and I saw in their light the same shining I had seen within the ice.

I did not know where the creatures were leading me. The cold grew no better, but after a time I saw more light ahead beyond them. It seemed first like the gray

of dawn in winter, but then I saw a bright glow like a great pale torch upon the edge of the world.⁴⁶

Finally I could go no further in the cold. I lay down and closed my eyes, hoping for the warmth the old monk said he felt as he drew close to the lady's lands, but the cold still bit as sharply as a fox. Then I heard the strange music like voices: the creatures whom I followed had returned for me. They hovered and touched me with their talons, for I was too stiff with cold to dodge away. Where one touched, it drew black fur instead of blood; another drew gold-colored cloth. I felt a hundred touches everywhere, and then they were gone. They had left me a monster, as hairy as a bear and parti-colored like a jester. No one who saw me then would have known me for a mortal man. As I chased after their fading lights, I did not realize for a time that I was no longer cold.⁴⁷

I ran after the lights until they were lost in the growing brightness of the sky. Before me rose a castle made of ice.⁴⁸ It shone brighter than all the candles in Rome, silver as moonlight. I could see soldiers high upon the walls in bright mail, with ermine surcoats and cloaks of white feathers. They held great silver spears. The



The Queen's servants.

creatures before me streamed into the castle, or danced on the towers like gnats. The sky was filled with pale light. I could not see where the highest towers ended and the sky began, nor where the masonry reached the snowy earth. Wild geese cried somewhere above.

I would have gone to the door but for my monstrous form. As it was, fearing the guards would shoot me as a wild beast if I came near, I tried to climb the rising snow to see more. I walked upon a snowdrift and found myself at eye level with a skein of wild white geese flying past. I was standing in the air, or they were flying through the snow—I know not which. In Faerieland such observations mean nothing. I fell, in my surprise, slowly as a feather.⁴⁹

Then I resolved to take my luck as it came, for perhaps death may come in such a place from a goose's feather, or perhaps even death is no worse here than the prick of a thorn in the world. I went up to the gate singing, hoping not to try the pricking of silver spears. I sang:

“There was a man
in livery
his dress was black
his hair was gold
no monster this
a man only
a messenger
in livery
no monster this
a man only
a messenger
in livery”

I sang out clear and loud, playing my lute, and feeling like a trained bear. But as I sang, the patches of fur and cloth and silk began to flow like water. My flesh prickled. I thought some new enchantment was laid on me, but when fear stopped my voice, the change stopped as well, and I stood there half a monster and half a man. The guardsmen looked down, so I quickly sang the verse over. By the time I reached the gate I had a man's form again, though not quite my own. In the shining doors, I saw my own reflection: my hair was as bright as summer corn, and I was dressed in black felt from head to foot, marked with a lute for device.⁵⁰

The Bright Lady's Hall

When I knocked, the door itself rang like a bell. I was glad for my gloves of felt. The door opened and revealed a palace that was all of ice. No gatekeeper appeared. I entered and then undertook a long trek down a hundred empty passages. Everywhere there were statues. The appointments of the rooms, the banquet laid upon the table in the dining hall, the guests and the attendants—all were carved in ice and cleverly colored to the look of life. Only the clear shining of each shape gave its nature away. A golden table showed feet that would make prints like the ones I had seen in the dust of the duc's palace. At the table stood servants so perfect in their carving that I could not bear to look upon their faces. Then I heard a child laugh.

I chased the sound through halls and rooms, each more brilliant than the last. Then the light burst out upon me as I came into a garden in the center of the castle; the light was like the sun and as bright as day. She played in the garden with a golden ball, a child just as I had remembered her, though I had grown into a man.⁵¹

The garden she played in was bright with flowers held perfect in a glaze of ice. Beneath an apple tree beside her sat the lady on a throne of ice that glowed and flashed like a cup filled with jewels. Her feet were laid upon a box of silver set with sapphires. Furs white and black lapped about her like the sea. But the silver tree above her head was bare, save for only one apple.

My sister cried out and ran to me as though I had been gone all day long, but then a rush of white wings bore her up into the tree before I could grab her up. The wild geese that carried her did not frighten her, but I remembered the tales of knights who could outpace the birds and wrestle lions, and I was bitterly sorry to be but a minstrel. “In whose name do you come?” said the lady.

“In the name of the comte de Lute, my lady. For the sake of his sister who plays in your garden and for the sake of his brother, the duc de Berry, I am given the task of a bargain with you, my lady.”

“What would your lord bargain for, messenger?” said she.

⁴⁹The faerie's home is toward the Light, and therefore not only in the realm of Winter, but “upward” (see *Chapter Seven: Advice to Travelers*). It can then be said to lie either in the snow or in the clouds, and things behave accordingly. A faerie's home that was away from the Light might be reached through the water and have fish in the “sky.” Earth, water, and air can be impossible to separate in Arcadia.

⁵⁰The Virtue called Free Expression may be used to change the “physical world” of Arcadia. These changes may be worked on the possessor of the Virtue, and they may be permanent on return to the mortal world. For the jongleur to return to human form is fairly easy as these changes go: he is affecting himself only, returning to a form natural to him, and his transformed shape is still mostly human (transforming back from a toad to a human being would be much less easy).

⁵¹The passage of time in Arcadia may not be the same as in the mortal world.

"For the return of his sister with me,
lady, to the land of France, as she was the
day she left it."

"His sister?" Her hard eyes fell on me,
and I looked away, into the tree.

"The child in your apple tree, lady."
When I glanced back at her, her face was
without mercy, like the snow.

"She is without price, fool. Offer me
something even half her worth, or I will
have your life for your master's insolence."

I opened the golden box containing the
undying bird, then reached up to where my
sister bore the branch down just within my
reach, and plucked the single apple. I held
it in my naked hands, as I used to hold the
duc de Berry's cup. Its skin was as soft and
red as some living organ. My hands were
wet. The lady half rose from her throne,
then stood as if struck when I began to sing:

"In my lady's garden
groweth these things three:
a white rose,

a singing bird,
and an apple tree.

"The rose is my sister.
The bird sings my part.
The tree bears but one fruit—
It is my lady's heart.

"In my lady's garden
I found three things today.
The rose I took;
the bird I left;
the lady's heart I bore away."

Then I said, "I will trade to you this
apple, lady, for the child."

For a long moment the garden was silent.
I did not look at what I held, but I knew it had
changed as surely as had my own form.⁵²

"If you take her, what remains to bring
me joy?"

"A gift from the duc de Berry, lady."

"I have much from the house of the
duc de Berry. It has brought me no joy."



Gerin and the Queen
of Winter
in Arcadia.

⁵²Gerin again uses his Free Expression Virtue. He is affecting someone else, but the apple and the heart are as closely related as any two things are likely to be. The appropriateness of the transformation assists the singer. If the faerie chooses to resist, she would add one-fifth her Faerie Might to a stress die, which would need to beat his stress roll plus his Free Expression score.

The Queen of Winter

Faerie Might

60

Size

+1

Characteristics

+3 Int	+5 Prs
+5 Per	-2 Com
+1 Str	+2 Dex
+7 Sta	+2 Qik

Confidence

6

Personality Traits

Cold +6 Grasping +4

Reputation

None

Abilities

Any living thing she touches freezes solid (PelG 30) (this effect is not under her control).
Curse.

She can create faerie auras and regiois if she is given a connection to the mortal world (such as a treaty, kept or broken).

She also has control over cold (can use any cold-related effect causing blizzards, freezing people in their tracks, etc.) of up to level 40, at will.

Combat Totals

The Queen of Winter does not use weapons to attack.

Dodge Defense: +5 Soak: +20
Fatigue: n/a (she has no special weaknesses to iron)

Body Levels

OK/0/0/-1/-3/-5/Incapacitated

I shook the golden box and the singing bird flew to her hand. It cocked its emerald tail just as a wren does, and looked at her. At that moment, I would have sworn before God that it lived. "Lady, it is a gift. It will sing for you always, and not die. All he wishes of you is your forgiveness."

"It is a fit bargain. You have won. Give me my heart." There was a rush of wings, and I held my sister in my arms. I did not look to see where the lady put what I gave her that had been an apple, but afterward I saw her look at the bird and smile. It began to sing again.

"You are both beautiful and clever, messenger, and the gift you bring is the first worthy thing I have had of the duc de Berry. You and the child may go from my lands in peace. If my curse is lifted from the duc, messenger, let it settle on your master, the compte de Lute, for sending such a man as you to bargain with me." Her

attention ceased to weigh on me then, as she watched the bird perch on her pale, pale hand and sing merrily. We made our way quickly from that place.

The duc de Berry kept his oath to make me a count, so we made a man of straw and dressed him in black velvet and named him compte de Lute.⁵³

For myself, I am now a knight and a man of means, but I follow the roads still. My sister, when she is old enough to say yes or no, may enter the Carmelite order in Paris. She has in her eyes a light not often seen upon this world, and cures the wounds of men and beasts with the touch of her hand. I have caused this story to be told that all may see a minstrel mightier than a knight, and perhaps fear not a faerie child. If you hear tales of a faerie knight dressed in motley of black and gold, and with him an angel, smile and tell this tale again.

⁵³Because he did not tell the faerie his real name, the jongleur will escape the Queen of Winter's curse as long as he does not become the compte de Lute himself. The straw man works rather like a changeling in reverse, giving the faerie an equivalent target to the jongleur or the duc.



A friend awaits you
in the Arcadian land
of Cockaigne.

“I HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM A WONDERFUL LAND KNOWN AS ARCADIA. THIS PLACE HAS THE MOST PERFECT UNTOUCHED WILDERNESS. IN IT ARE TREES LARGER THAN THE LARGEST OAK, AND WIDE RIVERS IN WHICH THE WATER IS PURE AND POWERFUL. I HAVE RUN IN THIS PLACE IN THE SHAPE OF A WOLF, AND NOW EVEN THE MOST PERFECT MORTAL FOREST DISAPPOINTS BY COMPARISON. ALL THE ANIMALS THERE, AND POSSIBLY EVEN THE PLANTS, ARE WISE. ASK THEM FOR AID AND THEY MAY HELP YOU. I MET A WOMAN THERE WHO COULD APPEAR AS EITHER A WOLF OR A WOLFLIKE WOMAN. SHE TOLD ME THAT MOST MORTALS AVOID THIS PLACE, AS DO THE CORRUPT FAERIES WHO APPEAR AS MORTAL NOBLES AND PEASANTS. THE LANDS FAR FROM THE CITIES BELONG ONLY TO THE PURE NATURE SPIRITS. WITHIN ARCADIA, WE, BROTHERS AND SISTERS, ARE WELCOME, IF WE CARRY NO IRON, START NO FIRES, AND KILL NOTHING WE DO NOT NEED TO SURVIVE.”

—SPOKEN AT THE GATHERING OF THE TWELVE YEARS BY GWYNA, FILIA OF HELG, FOLLOWER OF BJORNAER





Chapter Seven: Advice to Travelers

On Faeries: A Guide for Our Order by Rebecca, Chief Librarian of Harco

Arcadia is a most curious place. It is like faerie regios but much more extreme in its differences from the mortal realm. The sky is blue and clear, and the sunlight is more rich and colorful than in the mortal world. The sun never burns, blinds, or dazzles, even if you look directly at it. The seasons are slow and regular, and the vegetation is rich and verdant. Everything is brighter, colder, warmer, sweeter, stronger, more moving, and more profound than anything in the mortal world. As might be expected, Arcadia can be a most intoxicating place to mortals. I have heard many stories of people who wandered into Arcadia never to return. The simplest way to begin to describe Arcadia would be to provide a map. However, not only does Arcadia remain unmapped but, I firmly believe, it cannot be mapped. A number of members of House Merinita and a few members of my own House Mercere have visited Arcadia repeatedly over many years, and while the same places may be found, their location with respect to one another seems to shift and change.

The following is from a report sent to me by the Redcap Ardea. Many know of Ardea as a Redcap who is only able to use the Art "Vim" and is an expert with realms and regios. I was most gratified that she volunteered to help me in this effort.

Ardea the Redcap on Entering Arcadia

"Finding a gateway or regio is only the first step on your journey into Arcadia. At

this point you are on the borderlands, a strange and varied place. This border-place is often different for any group of travelers. I have heard stories of vast cities full of warped magic and fell goblin markets, and of a river of blood that must be crossed before the true depth of Arcadia may be plumbed. There has always been some marker of the border on all journeys I have heard of, but what it will be for you no one can say. For some this borderland will be the same whenever they visit Arcadia, regardless of where they come from. For others it will differ with every journey.

"Some of these borders are well worth seeing in their own right. Others exist only to be passed. After this border has been passed, a guardian will appear. Some travelers will encounter a creature like a humble-seeming sprite; other travelers, something more imposing. To some the guardian will offer a riddle; others will simply be asked what they are here to do. Never fight this guardian—it is more powerful than any mortal. Do not lie to it either, for the guardians all seem able to tell truth from falsehood. Respect these guardians and there should be little trouble. Also, never carry iron with you into Arcadia, for the guardians will either turn you back or transform it to bronze or wood.

"I offer you a warning to heed once you are freely in Arcadia: do not eat the food, or drink anything but the water here. Faerie food can have strange effects on mortal-kind, and it can bind some to Arcadia in a way that only powerful magic may end. Finally, take no gifts while in Arcadia, for nothing is ever given freely here. Giving a mortal a valuable gift is often simply a way a faerie binds the mortal to serve it until service equal to the value of the gift has been rendered. Once accepted, a gift may not be returned; but gifts need not be accepted. Trade freely, but never take."



Ardea on Finding Your Way in Arcadia

“Some folk say that Arcadia is a land of random chaos, with no order or directions, and that the landscape is different every time you visit. This is patently untrue. Arcadia has rules and directions, but they are different from those in the mortal world. In this world we have north, east, south, and west, and a journey in any given direction will bring you closer to some places and further from others. It is the same in Arcadia, but the directions are different. I know of no one else who has given names to these directions, so here I name them. There are four, as on this world: towards the Summer, towards the Winter, towards the Light, and away from the Light.

“Going towards Summer takes you ever toward lands more pleasant and congenial to mortal-kind. Summer in Arcadia is not like the hot summers often found in the mortal world. In Arcadia, Summer is a place of endless bounty, with all of the animals healthy and in their prime, and each plant continually flowers and seeds and bears fruit all at the same time. Verdant forests and lush meadows may be found in Summer. The weather is warm, but never hot or uncomfortable, and the air is ever sweet to breathe.

“Going towards Winter takes you into ever colder and more uncongenial climes.

Winter in Arcadia is first a land of harvested fields, sparse plains, and barren rocks. Then, as one goes further, ice, snow, and wild blizzards gradually come to cover the landscape, until one reaches the point where everything is frozen and even the buildings are made of ice. While Summer in Arcadia is never warm enough to cause discomfort, Winter in Arcadia can be bitter cold and can kill.

“Going towards the Light is just that, going towards areas where the sky is brighter and brighter. In the lightest realms of Arcadia everything sparkles and seems even more beautiful and perfect than in the rest of Arcadia. In my travels beyond Christendom, I was told that this is where gods live. Some of my informants have said that moving towards the Light in Arcadia is the same as ascending into the sky of Arcadia (though one can do it through horizontal travel), due to Faerieland’s strange logic of correspondences.

“Going away from the Light takes one to ever mistier and darker realms. Fog-shrouded valleys, caves, deep forests, and dark places are all away from the Light. Going underwater also takes one away from the Light. In the furthest and darkest regions live spirits of the pagan dead. I know not where the souls of pagans go, but some of their spirits reside in these places. The realms away from the Light may be bleak and terrifying (if they are toward Winter), or they may be pleasant lands (if they are

Dangers of the Land of Cockaigne.

toward Summer), much like the Elysian Fields of ancient stories.

“There are many ways of going in each direction, and the path you take need not be the same every time. Often the path will not be the same, even if you wish it to be so, but the ways of going and what you find when you arrive are always similar to each other.

“These kinds of directions may seem strange to those used to the rules of the mortal world, but they work quite well in Arcadia. If you go deep into the dark heart of a forest and there enter a cave, you are headed directly away from the Light. However, the nature of this darkness need not be constant.

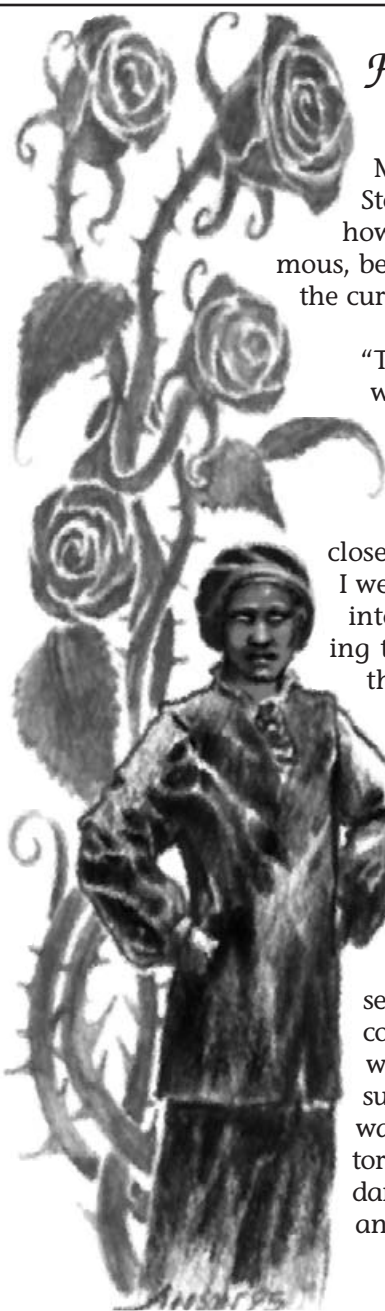
I have gone into a cave, lost sight of the walls after a time, and then found myself in a dark and misty place that seemed to be outside—all while never obviously leaving the cave.”

Ardea on Realms of Arcadia

“I have found that there are many realms in Arcadia. The names I give them here are purely my own.

“The Land of Cockaigne, the earthlike paradise, is a realm of far Summer and Light. The sky is warm and bright, the streams sweet and cool. In the further

⁵⁴A faerie bargain: Bread and beer (both of which are special foods to faeries) for information.



From Ardea's journal

“I, at last, found the faerie who cursed Stellus of Merinita. Having tired of becoming blind every nightfall, Stellus asked me to inquire what offense was made and how the curse could be lifted. My only clue was the enormous, beautiful jet-black rose left beside Stellus' pillow the night the curse began.

“Today, if such a word as ‘day’ has any meaning here, I walked into Arcadia through the Gate in the Pyrenees. I stood in a plain of bright mists, cold and brisk. As I looked around me, I saw a cliff face and in it a cave, partially blocked by a fallen dead tree. I made my way around the tree and into the cave, which was close but not cramped. Far up ahead was a faint light, and I went toward it. The cave gradually enlarged until I came into a vast chamber, faintly lit with glittering crystals lining the walls; small grayish fey sailed in tiny boats down the stream that ran through the cavern's middle. Offering as the price for information half a loaf of bread, I showed one diminutive seaman the black rose and asked him from whence it came. The faerie drew back with a worried look and demanded my flask of beer in addition.⁵⁴

“Finally, I was told to follow the stream to its source. As I walked along the cave it grew larger and darker, and the bright crystals were slowly replaced by several kinds of growth. Mosses and lichens of all kinds and colors began to appear as I went along, and they in turn were replaced by tiny flowers of blue and gray. Finally, my surroundings grew darker, until I could no longer see what was around me except for the area within the circle of my torch-light. By this time the flowers here were larger and darker. The water in the river beneath me was also black, and I was certain I was near my destination.”

The gentleman of the black roses.

Things that take you closer to Summer:

- Going from plains to forests
- Going towards areas of lush vegetation
- Following animals with young
- Going towards warmer places
- Following strong, healthy animals

Things that take you closer to Winter:

- Going towards rocky places
- Following old-looking animals
- Going towards cold places
- Going from forests to plains

Things that take you towards the Light:

- Climbing mountains
- Flying
- Following flocks of birds
- Going across bridges
- Going outdoors
- Following large sources of light

Things that take you away from the Light:

- Going into caves
- Going into fog
- Going underwater
- Going indoors
- Going into a valley

reaches apples will fall into your hand as you walk by.

“The Elysian Fields are a land of far Summer and Darkness. The spirits of the joyful dead live here. The sky is misty and dim, but the air is warm and sweet. Spirits of ancient mortals, or perhaps just faeries who pretend to be such, feast in halls of living wood decorated with living flowers and beautiful arms and armor.

“Tartarus is a land of far Winter and far Darkness. Here the spirits of the pagan dead dwell in dim, rocky fields.⁵⁵ It is cold and very bleak, with fogs and rocky cliffs and valleys. Some of the inhabitants here seem mournful and listless, while others seem to take to their hard land with fierce and joyful energy. Many beautiful and fantastic creatures are found here, though it is not known how they survive. Stags with great antlers are seen, but never fawns, nor does heavy with them.

“The Land of Bright Winter is a land of Light and far Winter. This is the place

where I am told lives the Queen of Winter. Here all is cold shining ice and snow. Everything here is frozen, and the diffuse light of the sky gleaming on all sides and reflected off of the snow below is enough to blind you. I have seen castles and keeps built of ice and in the distance an enormous city of ice, but I have never been to those fortresses or that city. The animals here are all white, with fur more beautiful than that of the finest ermines I have seen. The white wolves have blue eyes, and fangs that seem to be made of ice.

“The Kingdom of the Water is a land of Summer and near Darkness. Once when walking in Arcadia I saw a castle beneath a huge lake. When I went into the lake the water could be breathed like air, and my clothes stayed dry and warm. Fish swam above me, and before me I saw a castle of a deep and brilliant blue. Faerie knights rode out to greet me, and I stayed in their halls for quite some time.

“The Dark Fen is a land of near Winter and far Darkness This is a dark and swampy

⁵⁵The spirits (and perhaps the souls) of some dead pagans go to Arcadia, while others go to the spirit world (the Magic Realm). In general, pagans who have faerie blood or who traffic with faeries are the ones who will end up in Arcadia.



forest, where red and yellow eyes gleam at you in the darkness. Here I saw spiders as big as my head, and strange hairy beings who may have been odd, spindly men or simply huge spiders with fewer legs. I stayed a short while with a twisted woman who lived in a hut. She brewed foul brews in a dark iron cauldron. She offered to let me sleep there, but I saw the length of her crooked yellow teeth and declined.

“These are some of the places I have seen in Arcadia. While it is impossible to map this strange realm, finding your way is not difficult. Knowing the direction in which your destination lies is a great help, but the most important thing is to remember that like lies close to like. If you seek a warm, lush forest, go towards the Summer and into forests. If you see something that reminds you of your destination, then follow it, and perhaps you will find what you seek.

“There is one danger in traveling in Arcadia: you can go too far. I have heard of several people who decided to journey as far into Summer as they could go, and of one man who said he was going to go far enough towards the Light that he would see the homelands of the pagan gods. None of these ever returned. I imagine that if you wandered too far into Winter, you would simply die, while wandering too far into Darkness would render you totally blind and unable to find your way out. However, even Summer can be dangerous. When I have journeyed far into the Summer of Arcadia, I have not wished to leave. Perhaps if you journey too far, you forget to leave, as will all who come to rescue you. I know not what going too far into the Light will bring—perhaps rapture and blindness. In any case, the furthest extremes of Arcadia are not for mortals. To go there is to risk never returning.”

Ardea on the Inhabitants of Arcadia

“The first thing to know about the faeries in Arcadia is that there is no one faerie queen. Arcadia is no more unified a place than Christendom. There are many kingdoms and many rulers in Arcadia, and many noble courts. Some courts are very like those of mortals, but often more

extreme. Others are so strange and rife with magic and enchantment as to bedazzle and confuse even the wisest of magi.

“Some faeries may claim to rule the entire land of Arcadia, and can make foolish mortals believe this through the power of their glammers, but often these fey will simply be the inhabitants of small regios with no actual connection to Arcadia at all. The inhabitants of Arcadia are often not like those in the various faerie places that can be found in the mortal world. The faeries here have little to do with mortals or mortal crafts. Low faeries are more likely to be naked and hairy creatures than outlandishly dressed faerie monks. However, whatever their nature, all must obey certain rules.

“The rules of hospitality apply to the fey, just as the fey expect these rules to be



The kingdom of the water.

followed by all mortals. A mortal visitor to Arcadia is in some sense a guest of the realm. This may explain the fact that you may ask a question of any faerie you run into on your first visit to Arcadia. I have found the answers to be always truthful, but oftentimes confusing. Stupid and greedy questions receive the answers they deserve, but sincere visitors may expect help their first time in Arcadia. After the first visit, you are expected to know your way around, and such help may no longer be forthcoming. Similarly, if someone is traveling with companions who are familiar with Arcadia, then no help will be given, since none should be needed.

“Each kingdom in Arcadia partakes of the nature of its ruler, and the wild places partake of the nature of pure wilderness such as no mortal has seen before. The realm of the Queen of Winter is said to be all of ice and snow. Similarly, if one comes across a powerful faerie with a kind face and a joyful voice who is bedecked in a garment of green growing leaves, that faerie’s realm will be full of life and growth.

“It often seems that every fey in a given realm of Arcadia directly partakes of the nature of the place, or that the landscape partakes of the fey’s nature. In any case, you will rarely find a fair and joyful sprite wearing a robe made of flower petals in a dark and fetid swamp. Like attracts like, and if ever you find someone or something that does not fit in with the surroundings, you have either found a captive, or one of the fey on a most important mission.”

Ardea on the Power of the Church in Arcadia

“In my journeys to this realm, I have never seen evidence of the power of the Church. I do not know whether our Lord works in more subtle ways in this realm, whether those who are foolish enough to visit Arcadia are beyond His aid, or whether this is truly a realm beyond His reach. I have heard stories of the power here of holy relics and of those people blessed by God. However, the ordinary trappings of the Church seem not to discomfort the fey of Arcadia.”

Ardea’s Benediction

“In closing, I only wish to say that Arcadia is the most wonderful of the many realms I have visited, and I recommend it to all travelers who would dare the risk. The inhabitants are many and diverse, but remember all are bound by the rules that govern the least brownie or sprite. They must always keep their spoken word, they must trade fairly with you, and the rules of hospitality must always be obeyed. Should you who are reading this decide to travel to Arcadia, I wish you well there, and may we meet by a sweet stream in the land of Cockaigne.”

Conclusion

Here ends my book on faeries. I trust that the knowledge you have gained will be used wisely and serve to guard you from harm.

In studying the ways of the fey, I have often been struck by their similarities to the magi of our own Order. That which separates us from the common folk is much the same as that which separates the fey from them. Having a magical nature and a tendency towards secretiveness, engendering the suspicion of the authorities, and being the object of a wealth of superstition are all things the fey must also deal with.

Yet there is a major difference between the fey and us magi: we choose to be what we are. Yes, many of us are Gifted at birth, but we can choose our own path. Not all with our Gift join the Order, for it is possible still to lead a life outside it. We are still human and not defined solely by our magic. It is not so with the fey. They are faerie first and foremost, and that is their essence. They live their lives in ways that are strange even to us, and we are strange among humanity. Though they may doubt it, the commoners do not think or act in ways radically different from ours. Yet who may know the mind of a faerie? Not the commoner, nor even such as we. Faeries are our capricious, unfathomable twins, as removed from our full understanding as the light of day from the dark of night.

—Rebecca of Mercere





The road into a faerie regio.

“**H**ERE IS AN OBJECT LESSON FOR YOU, PUPIL. THIS IS THE DUST OF MERWYL, ONCE A MAGUS OF THIS COVENANT. WHEN I WAS BUT AN APPRENTICE, HE VENTURED INTO ARCADIA AFTER A LONG PERIOD OF STUDY AND PREPARATION. HE THOUGHT HE KNEW HOW TO GET IN AND OUT AGAIN, AND INDEED HE ENTERED THE FAERIE LAND WITHOUT DIFFICULTY. YET WHEN HE EMERGED TO FIND ME AWAITING HIM (FOR I HAD DIVINED HIS RETURN), A HUNDRED YEARS HAD PASSED HERE AND I WAS A MASTER MAGUS. AS FOR MERWYL, HE TOOK ONE LOOK AT ME AND REALIZED WHAT HAD HAPPENED. HE TRIED TO STEP BACK INTO ARCADIA BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE, BUT IT ALREADY WAS. HE WITHERED AND DIED BEFORE MY EYES, AND WAS DUST BEFORE I COULD SPEAK. YOU SHOULD PROFIT FROM HIS EXAMPLE AND EMPTY YOUR HEAD OF THIS BUSINESS.”

—TIRESEAS, FILIUS OF PRALIX, FOLLOWER OF TYTALUS



Part IV: Faeries in Ars Magica



Chapter Eight: Faerie Places

Faerie Trods

Trods are established avenues of correspondences—shortcut paths—that exist between Arcadia and the mortal realm. In places where faeries frequently travel between two correspondences, a trod (road) may come into existence.

In Arcadia, trods usually appear as straight, flat, unpaved roads. If both endpoints of the trod exist in the mortal world as well as Arcadia (as *regios*, for instance), then one traveling the trod in Arcadia may be interrupted in his or her journey if he or she bumps into a priest—or into anyone carrying iron—crossing the road on the corresponding mortal side. If the two beings do bump into each other, then the faerie traveling along the trod falls out of Arcadia and enters the mortal world, often to the bewilderment of the mortal who bumped into him or her (and to the faerie’s annoyance). Faeries who are interrupted are usually quite upset, especially if they then end up in Dominion-influenced areas. Building a church or a place that contains a large amount of iron (a smithy or armory) across a trod also interrupts travel along it, and faeries may kindly (or not-so-kindly) ask the builders to move elsewhere. Wise mortals will comply, or face living in a house that is regularly bedeviled. Every disgruntled creature who passes along the trod and gets bumped into the mortal realm will do its best to make the inhabitants’ lives a living nightmare.⁵⁶

Especially brave or foolish mortals may use faerie trods as shortcuts between two places in the mortal world, thereby saving months in travel time. To do this, both the starting point and the destination must exist both in Arcadia and in the mortal world. In addition, the two places must have close correspondences to each other: two faerie pools, two faerie woods, etc.

First, the would-be travelers must enter Arcadia at one of the two sites (see “Entering Arcadia”) and then find the correct correspondence between the two sites on an INTELLIGENCE + FAERIE LORE stress die total of, usually, 15+. If this roll is failed, the route may not be found, but the character may try at another location to find the needed correspondence. If the roll is botched, then a route is found but goes to the wrong place, usually very far from the place the troupe wanted to go.⁵⁷

Once the route has been found, two other rolls are necessary. One is a single stress die for encounters. On a 6+, nothing untoward occurs on the journey; on a 1–5, some being consistent with the correspondences of the journey is met along the way. If the two sites are Celtic burial mounds, a Celtic hero might be met, or perhaps two warriors fighting; an earth faerie might be met between two faerie caves, and so on. On a botch, a priest or someone carrying iron crosses the trod just as the troupe is using it, and returns them prematurely to the mortal world. Once the journey has been finished, roll a Perception stress die (use highest Perception in the troupe), and

⁵⁶Trods are undetectable in the mortal world, but travelers along trods may be seen as vague blurs with Faerie Sight or Second Sight on a roll of 20+, or by a magus with a PERCEPTION + INTELLIGO + IMÁGINEM total of 30+.

⁵⁷Due to the changeable nature of Arcadia, this Faerie Lore roll must be made each time the troupe wishes to use a given route, even if they have used the trod before. The only exception to this would be if the troupe has a native guide from Arcadia to lead them. Faerie player characters do not count as guides.

divide the time the journey would have taken by normal means by that number. On a botch, roll a simple die and multiply the result by the normal time it would have taken in the mortal world.

Regios

Regios are mystical regions that coexist with the mortal world. All regios are associated with one of the four realms of power: magical, faerie, divine, and infernal. A regio of one realm may exist within the aura of another realm. This is because auras exist in the mundane realm, while regios are a realm unto themselves. However, within a regio there exists an aura of the same realm. In all cases, the “entry” layer of a regio has an aura rating at least one higher than that of the aura the regio exists in. For example, in an area that has a magical aura of 3, the entry layer of a faerie regio would have an aura of at least strength 4.⁵⁸ Exceptionally strong auras (those rated at 6 or more) are so powerful that they outright prohibit the existence of regios of other realms within them. Therefore, in a divine aura of 6 or higher, no regios of magical, faerie, or infernal realms could exist. A divine regio could exist within that aura, however, and would have an entry-layer aura of at least 7. Note that layers of higher aura strength follow layers of weaker ones, so that a layer with an aura of 3 would be higher than one with an aura of 1. Each layer must have an aura at least one point higher than the adjacent lower layer.

For all regios, magical, faerie, divine, and infernal, there are three ways to enter or leave: being lead in or out, finding the path in or out, or getting lost and accidentally ending up inside or outside. Being lead into a regio is quite simple: any single inhabitant of the regio can lead up to a dozen mortals into the regio, as long as everyone is in physical contact with him or her. Faeries (including faerie Companions, but not characters with Faerie Blood) may lead mortals into a faerie regio. Angels, saints, and people with the Virtue True Faith may lead mortals into a divine regio. Demons or those who have sold their soul to the devil may lead mortals into infernal regios. Finally, spirits, elementals, and mag-

ical creatures may lead mortals into magical regios. This method of entry involves no chance or rolls, and so is clearly the easiest, but it is also in many ways the most risky. The first problem is finding a being willing to lead the group into a regio; the second problem is having to trust your guide. Depending on a guide means that you also need to be guided out of the regio and may well end up trapped inside if your guide is inclined to leave you that way.

The danger is even greater if the characters are actually entering Arcadia via a faerie regio. As is stated in the section on Arcadia, time in Arcadia is not the same as time in the mortal world, and the difference in the passage of time is determined at the time of entry into Arcadia. If a group of mortals is guided into Arcadia, their guide is the one who determines the time ratio. An incautious troupe may well find that they have been lead into Arcadia by a faerie who has effectively trapped them there (either by design or through ignorance of the temporal frailty of mortals) by bringing them in such a way that if they attempt to return to the mortal world, they will return a century later and turn to dust upon their arrival. The best solution for the problem of guides that are untrustworthy or with whom there is a communication problem is either to find a guide whom you can truly trust or to find your own way in.

There are several ways to enter a regio voluntarily, but they all involve knowing where you are going. The most direct way of knowing where you are going is to be able to see where you are going. There are several ways to do this. Characters with the Virtue Second Sight may look into magic regios (as may characters with the Virtue Magic Sensitivity), characters with Faerie Sight may look into faerie regios, and characters with Sense Holiness & Unholiness may look into both divine and infernal regios. In all cases, seeing into a regio involves a character’s succeeding on a roll with the relevant Ability. This roll has an ease factor of 5 (+2 per point of difference between the aura of the layer of the regio you are in and that of the next layer of the regio).⁵⁹

Only adjacent layers of a regio may be perceived in this way. If a faerie forest has within it a regio with layer auras of 2, 5, 7, and 10 and you are in the aura 5 layer, a

⁵⁸Say that a certain forest has a magic aura with a rating of 4 and that a faerie regio borders partially on this forest. The regio must have a layer aura of at least strength 5 for it to be accessible through the forest, and the lowest layer with a strength greater than 4 would be the layer those entering through the forest would arrive at. So if the regio had a layer with an aura of strength 3 and one of strength 6, those entering through the forest would arrive on the layer with the 6 aura; those entering the part of the regio outside the forest would enter the layer with the aura strength of 3.

⁵⁹If you were in an area with no aura (a rating of 0) and the first layer of a regio had an aura score of 3, the difficulty would be 11 [5+2x3]. Looking into a layer with a 6 aura from an aura 10 layer would have a difficulty of 13 [5+2x(10-6)].

character with Faerie Sight may (if he or she succeeds on the roll) look into the aura 2 layer or 7 layer. The character would have to go down to the aura 2 layer to be able to perceive the mortal world.

Once the character has seen the layer of the regio he or she wishes to enter, that character may enter the new layer at will, taking along up to a dozen companions, as long as everyone is in physical contact with him or her. However, merely knowing a regio layer is present from having seen it in the past is not sufficient to enter it on a return trip to its site; a character must be actively seeing it while trying to enter. Seeing into a regio layer means that you perceive that layer rather than where you currently are; therefore, entering the regio layer is merely taking your body into the realm that your spirit is already perceiving.

For characters without any of the above Virtues there are two other ways to look into and enter a regio. Magi may use magic to look into and enter a regio. Alternately, characters may go to magi, herbalists, alchemists, or faeries for a potion or salve that allows them to temporarily look into regio layers (InVi 20). Herbalists have a bonus of +4 and alchemists a bonus of +3 to create such a salve or potion. Magi may make this salve or potion according to the ordinary rules for creating potions, and faeries with the Power Brew Faerie Potions who have a score of 3 or more can brew such a potion in a season.

Glimpse Through the (Specific) Mystic Veil (Intéllego Vim 20)

R: Sight, D: Conc., Spec.

This spell allows the caster to see into layers of regio other than the one currently occupied. In order for the spell to take effect, the wizard's Penetration roll must equal or exceed the number required for a character with the appropriate mystical Virtue to see into that layer of the regio. Only the adjacent layers of the regio may be perceived with this spell. Once the new layer of the regio is perceived, it may be entered at will, just as if the wizard possessed the appropriate mystical Virtue. The spells for looking into magical, faerie, divine, and infernal regios are four separate spells that must be learned separately.

There are methods of voluntarily entering regio layers other than being able to see into them; however, these methods are all more difficult and unreliable. The easiest is to know where the points of entry are. Any character who has either observed someone entering a regio or who has knowingly entered a regio may make an Intelligence roll to remember the exact point of entry, with the difficulty being 11 (+ 1 per day that has passed since the character last saw the location used to enter). The difficulty of the roll is increased by 5 if the character is unsure of exactly when the regio boundary was crossed. Once the point of entry has been located, the character must make the usual roll to perceive a regio layer of 5 (+ 2 per difference in aura). If either of these rolls is failed, the character may not attempt to enter this particular regio or regio layer for a full day without some form of additional help, and if the roll to remember is botched, the character has permanently misremembered the proper location of the entrance, and will be unable to find it unless shown where it truly is. A separate roll must be made for each regio layer entered.

Characters who have high Lore knowledges may be able to deduce the proper entrance into a regio layer: Legend Lore being the appropriate knowledge for magic regios, Faerie Lore for faerie regios, and Occult Lore for infernal regios (divine regios being beyond the realm of mortal knowledge). An INTELLIGENCE + LORE stress die total of 12 (+ the regio layer to be entered) must be made for each layer entered. If this roll succeeds, the normal roll to enter a regio layer may be made; if it fails, then the character has no idea where an entrance may be. If the Lore roll is botched, the character becomes certain that there is no regio layer at this particular location. Once again, a separate roll must be made for each new regio layer entered.

For magic and faerie regios, characters who have some sort of strong emotional and arcane connection to something in the regio (which can range from a child or close sibling to a family heirloom) may make a single attempt to enter that regio and another attempt for each of any other layers of regio leading up to the layer containing the connection. The difficulty of all of these rolls is the standard 5 (+ 2 per difference in layer aura). The law of contagion,



Nothing is as it seems
in a faerie regio.

as well as the rules of the faeries and spirits, permits mortals one chance to recover intimate people or possessions that have been taken out of the mundane realm.

Finally, characters who live within a regio for a year and a day become natives of that regio and may enter and leave it at will.

The final method for entering a regio is the most dangerous: entering by accident. The easiest way to do this is by getting lost. Characters who become truly and honestly lost and are also drunk or otherwise totally preoccupied, distracted, and disconnected from their surroundings may accidentally step across into a regio when they cross its boundary. These characters again use the base formula for entering (or leaving) regio of 5 (+2 per point of difference in layer aura). However, once a character becomes aware of entry into a regio, these rolls are no longer possible, and other methods must be utilized in order to leave. Some regios of all four types, as well as gateways to Arcadia or the magic realm, open at random. Other regios and gateways open on certain dates (usually holidays associated with that particular power). During such

times, anyone may enter these regios and realms without hindrance. No rolls are required to enter at these times, and the areas inside the regios are visible to all.

All rolls for entering or leaving regio may be modified by as much as ± 10 for specific local conditions and for specific dates and holidays. Divine regios become more accessible on Easter or Christmas, and perhaps a bit easier on Sunday, while magical and faerie regios become easier to enter on the days (or more often nights) of the old pagan holidays, like All Hallows' Eve or Beltane. In addition, anyone carrying something belonging to a regio or realm will have a bonus to enter that regio or realm (this bonus is normally between +1 and +4, but may be as high as +10 for powerful faerie artifacts). Wandering into a faerie forest drunk on Halloween may be a wonderfully easy way to enter Arcadia, but leaving may not be so easy.

Arcadia

Arcadia is older than mortals can comprehend, and in all its time has never been



tamed. The sheer power and grandeur of the natural landscape is hard to imagine. For instance, the impression its forests make on a new traveler might be similar to the impression made on that person by normal forests if he or she had only seen fields and hedges before. But in addition to possessing a natural wonder in its scenery, Arcadia is a magical place.

Characters with the Virtue Faerie Sight or Second Sight, or magi with *Imáginem* scores that total 10+, will see many strange and mysterious things. In the sky what at first seem to be clouds are revealed to be wispy faeries of the air who dance upon the breezes. Their appearance is alternately playful, cruel, and simply inhuman. Lakes and streams contain enormous creatures, with huge eyes and many pointy teeth, just below their surface that are actually the body of water itself. Some trees in the forest will have tall, slender faeries living inside them, the bark of the tree being their living skin. Everywhere things that seem normal are truly very different.

The wilderness of Arcadia stretches as far as the eye can see; there is nothing of

civilization here. It has never felt the scrape of the plow or the bite of the sickle. Most of Arcadia's inhabitants are the spirits of this wilderness and are Arcadia's forces. They are, in general, somewhat larger than mortals and much more powerful. These are not the small, fun, prankish faeries of mortal lands or even the rulers of faerie forests there. These are spirits who neither have nor want any commerce with civilization: completely alien creatures above the crass and simplistic dictates of mortal kind.

If characters interfere with one of these faeries' domains through physical force or magic—such as by cutting down a tree, damming a stream, or casting a spell of an appropriate type—the anger of these beings will be aroused. Unless the offending character asks with proper reverence for permission to affect the faeries' domain, their anger will know no bounds. While there are only a few of these faeries in any one location, each is profoundly dangerous—far more so than the faeries found in the mortal realm.

Each spirit has the ability to do magic of its type (*Aquam*, *Auram*, *Herbam*,



In Arcadia, one gets used to odd journeys.

or Terram) at will. The spirits may use all Techniques with power equivalent to spells of levels 15–30, the exact power in this range depending on the individual faerie. Plant faeries are numerous: talking oaks, dryads, and so forth. Such faeries are rarely even noticed by mortals and might be overlooked altogether.

All of these nature faeries are wild faeries, and even the friendliest of them will have only a limited talent for and interest in dealing with mortals. It's not that they are unable to do so, but rather that they have no real wish to do so. To find faeries with whom one can talk at length, one will have to journey to the homes of the civilized inhabitants of Arcadia.

Faerie Cities of Arcadia

Many of the civilized faeries of Arcadia are faerie nobles and greater faerie lords. Those who live in Arcadia will probably be the most powerful of their kind. Their cities are unlike any that mortals have ever seen. These cities rise directly from the natural landscape, with no border of cultivated space or cleared fields.

The cities themselves are quite large and are few in number. An average city will cover a dozen or so square miles of land, but, unlike a mortal city of the same size, it will have only twenty thousand or so regular inhabitants. These cities are very open and uncrowded, with wide roads, parks, and large elaborate buildings with few inhabitants.

The physical structure of these cities is perhaps their most striking characteristic; they appear to have been grown instead of built. Some cities rise seamlessly from the local rock. Trees serve as living columns and buttresses for buildings, and their entwined branches for the walls. The windows are “stained glass” leaves, and the floors living wood. A faerie city is not uniform throughout, but it is beautiful. Stone, live trees, and even flowing water are all used as building materials. Some buildings contain harmonious mixtures of many substances, while others are seemingly grown from a single tree or rock, but all are natural and unique. In general, but not always, you will find

faeries allied to a certain element living in dwellings made from that element. A magus with a good eye for detail could tell that the buildings and other structures in a faerie city were created using magic equivalent to *Creo Herbam* and *Creo Terram* spells of level 25 and above. Magic, not tools and muscle, built the faerie cities.

Faerie cities are not always empty of people. On the eve of faerie festivals, the population might swell to two or three times its normal size. However, even at its most crowded, a faerie city has few inhabitants by mortal standards. Faeries cannot endure the crowding many mortals find both normal and comforting. How such cities are maintained without serfs or farmers should remain a mystery. Invisible hands may provide everything, or goods may move themselves like living things.

The leaders of these cities live as do mortal nobles: hunting; having parties, banquets, and masquerades; and enjoying art, music, and dance in all forms, most of them borrowed from mortal customs. Many musicians and entertainers in the faerie cities are mortals—either captives or visitors to Arcadia.

Entering Arcadia

A group of characters who wish to enter Arcadia must contend with a series of challenges. First and most important is finding an entrance, which is invariably a regio layer of great power (usually aura strength 10). Secondly, each realm of Arcadia has its own guardian that must somehow be overcome. Then, the strange and unearthly nature of Arcadia itself must be dealt with.

The greatest danger of a journey to Arcadia is the uncertainty of the duration of your stay there. Mortals staying only a single day in Arcadia may return home and find that a year, ten years, a century, or a few minutes have passed. In addition, if the time passed on the mortal world is quite long, the travelers may find their lost time “catching up with them” within a few minutes of their return home. This “catching up” means that the travelers will age all the years they missed in Arcadia all at once, and are even at risk of crumbling into dust. This instant aging does



not always occur, though: it seems there are things travelers can do to avoid it.

A magus may use the arts of *Intéllego* and *Vim* to determine the exact moment to enter into Arcadia such that the amount of time that passes in a faerie realm is the same as, or near to, the amount of time passing in the mortal world.

Passing of the Faerie Sun (Intéllego Vim 5)
R: Near, D: Conc.

The wizard perceives the differences in the passage of time through a gateway to Arcadia that he or she has detected by other means. A PERCEPTION + THE LEVEL OF THE SPELL stress die total of 11+ allows entry to Arcadia with little difference in time. Failing this roll means that the correct time is uncertain; the wizard may try another day. A botch means that the wizard only thinks he or she knows the correct timing, but does not.

A reasonable storyguide should not have troupes regularly turning into dust upon their return from Arcadia. Faeries can automatically lead people safely into Arcadia, if they are so inclined. Also, due to the highly capricious nature of Arcadia, even a troupe that uses magical arts to determine the right time to enter or that is led by a helpful faerie may return to find that as little as one third to as much as three times the time spent in Arcadia has passed in the mortal world.

There are several other problems besides time that must be solved. First, the troupe must find a faerie regio that leads to Arcadia. Once such a regio has been found, the exact part of the regio layer that leads to Arcadia must be located.⁶⁰ The gateway is not usually a doorway but a spot or a special object. It could be a pool with the entrance under the water, or two oaks growing side by side with the entrance between them. It could be a cave, or an elm that must be climbed.

Finding the gateway can be done in many ways. The faeries of the regio may reveal the correct path. However, it is more likely that the path must be discovered without aid. Any character who takes a strong hallucinogen in an area of faerie power and who makes a Stamina roll of 7+ has the

equivalent of Faerie Sight for the duration of the hallucinogen's effects. Characters who succeed in a Faerie Sight roll immediately cease to see the "real" world, but can see the portion of Arcadia to which it corresponds. They cannot see their companions, except for faeries and people with faerie blood, although they can still hear them. They will often see a path or markings that lead to a gateway. All they need to do is have their companions follow behind as they travel the pathway through the gate. Usually it is a very bad thing to step off such pathways when traveling to Arcadia, no matter the temptations. Once a troupe has passed through the gateway into Arcadia, all the characters' perceptions return to normal, and all can see in Arcadia.

Once in Arcadia, magi will receive +10 on their magic rolls, and characters with mystical Virtues will receive +10 on their rolls for the corresponding Abilities. However, this extra power makes magic even less predictable, and so anyone using such abilities must make extra botch rolls unless he or she is a faerie or has faerie blood.

Guardians

Within a few minutes of entering Arcadia, the troupe will be met by a guardian of this realm. What the guardian is will depend on the realm. Storyguides can use figures from appropriate myths or from local legends or folk tales—storyguides are encouraged to be imaginative. Proper guardians should be imposing enough to make using force against them a poor option. If the issue of force comes up, the guardians draw their power from the entire realm around them. They are essentially immune to both magical and ordinary attacks. All guardians have the power to transport anyone or anything not from their realm to any point in their realm or to return the creatures to their home realm. Exercise of this power is instantaneous.

People meeting a guardian upon entering a realm will be stopped and asked a series of questions. Usually the questions relate to the people's identities, histories, possessions, friends, enemies, and purposes in Arcadia. The interrogation is brief and to the point, and may include a riddle. The

⁶⁰See "Regios," p. 81, for details on how to discover paths into regios.

guardian knows everything about those who enter its realm, and can tell if they are lying. The guardian can understand all languages. If the answers are satisfactory, the travelers will be allowed to pass, and may even be given helpful information if the guardian believes their quest is important. If for any reason the travelers are considered undesirable, they will be transported to a location of the storyguide's choosing where the guardian believes they can do no harm to its realm. If they have offended the guardian, the location may be very unpleasant.

Magi and those well versed in faerie lore sometimes enter into a realm in order to ask a guardian to transport them to a specific location. Guardians sometimes listen to reasonable requests. However, they have no interest in the personal goals of the petitioners unless those goals have an impact on their realm. They care nothing for wealth and will easily become impatient if they are being used as a transport system. Interesting and infrequent requests are the safest ones.

Guardians have one other power: the ability to transform any item to one that is more suited to the realm being entered. They will always use this power to transform all iron the troupe is carrying into another metal.



Travel in Arcadia

Travel in Arcadia occurs according to many of the same rules that govern travel in dreams. As in the logic of dreams, you may not know how you got from one place to the other, or how long it took, or how far apart the two places are, or what was in between the two; but there is a sense of passing from one place to the other. This is the rule for ordinary travel in Arcadia. Always give the sense of traveling in some reasonable manner, by boat, by horse, on foot, by swimming, by flying, and so on, though time and place can be vague. Characters might be guided through a dark, dying forest in the North and end up at the Castle of Treigaloth, upon the star of Mars.

The Arcadian counterparts to locations are correspondences: how close or far from the Light a place is, how close to Summer or Winter, etc. In the mortal world, the closer two places are, the easier it is to travel between them. In Arcadia, the closer two correspondences are, the easier it is to travel between them. To get somewhere in Arcadia, you must go towards the landscapes and features most like the destination you want. To find something, you must look for what it is most like (in a symbolic, not superficial, way). The thing most like what you are looking for in all the world is your destination. When you find the one, you have found the other.

Sometimes mysteries are found: things, places, or people whose corresponding meanings are unknown. Such mysteries are often objects of fear in Arcadia, for by faerie logic they could be anywhere for any reason to do anything to anyone. Someone must unravel the mystery, for the safety of all. This is often left to mortals to do.

Correspondences

To help characters determine correspondences, the storyguide may give hints, or characters with Faerie Lore may get die rolls to figure them out. To figure out or remember a well-known fact, an INTELLIGENCE + FAERIE LORE stress

Quests and questions go hand-in-hand upon entering Arcadia.

die total of 9+ is needed. Recalling or discerning general facts that are obscure (for example, “White animals with red eyes are creatures of the Daoine Sidhe”) requires a total of 15+. Very particular facts, or very obscure, would be much harder.

If a correspondence is unknown, another option is to create a correspondence. If, for example, a faerie knight with no device on her shield can be found in many different places wearing different clothing and armor, the troupe will have no way of finding out where she lives or with whom she is allied. However, it is possible for a character with Free Expression to create a song, poem, painting, or some such work that allies her with some existing correspondence. “She shines like the sun”; “her hair is the color of leaves in the fall”; “she is as fierce as a winter blizzard”—have the players supply the image; encourage creativity. If the correspondence is successfully created, then the troupe could seek her in the lands where the correspondence lies. Since correspondences are reality in Arcadia, creating new ones could change the personality of a creature or the aspect of a place. Correspondences may only be created or changed in Arcadia, however. To create a reasonable correspondence where none existed before, roll a PRESENCE + THE APPROPRIATE PERFORMANCE SKILL stress die against an ease factor determined by the storyguide. For example, a fierce warrior as “fierce as a winter blizzard” might require a roll total of 21+.⁶¹

If the place, person, or object the troupe is trying to alter already has an existing correspondence that is opposed to the new one, roll a STRESS DIE + ONE-FIFTH OF THE FAERIE MIGHT OF THE BEING (OR OWNER OF THE OBJECT OR PLACE) and subtract that total from the character’s roll. It is also possible to try to change existing correspondences.

It is theoretically possible to make drastic changes to Arcadia this way, such as changing the Land of the Dead from a land away from the Light to a land toward the Light. Such a change could not happen overnight, but would be the focus of a whole saga. However, if successful, it would reshape all of Arcadia, and possibly the mortal world as well.

Remember, faeries, even faerie player characters, cannot change correspondences. Faeries cannot have the Virtue Free Expression, which is needed to change correspondences. Faerie player characters and characters who were raised by the faeries are at +3 to determine correspondences, as are all members of House Merinita. Faeries are quite aware of the power of the Free Expression, and may ask those with that Virtue for aid. The character would be greatly rewarded for such a favor, but beware: there are many who do not want these correspondences altered.

Sample Correspondence Rolls:

Healing or Minorly Changing Yourself:

13

Major Changes to Your Own Form:

17

Minor Changes to Others or Healing Others:

17

Moderate Changes to Others:

21

Major Changes to Others:

24+

⁶¹For an example of the use of Free Expression to work with correspondences, see “Gerin Travels to the Bright Lady’s Land” in chapter six.

Stories in Arcadia

Faeries may wish the troupe’s help in defeating other mortals, perhaps even diabolists, trespassing in Arcadia, or a faerie lord may wish for help against a faerie rival. Mortals are outside the bounds of faerie life and so can do things the faeries cannot do. If a troupe contains a talented musician, entertainer, or artist, the faeries may simply want to meet this person and see his or her work. Stories about faeries play a major role in local folklore. Historical tales from the part of the world in which your troupe is based

may be used. Alternatively, you may wish to invent your own stories from scratch.

Stories involving Arcadia require special creativity and careful attention from the players. Some players will be unhappy with shifting landscapes, unusual laws, and powerful beings of the faerie realms. It is recommended that a storyguide start slowly with faerie adventuring. When running faerie adventures, keep the following three qualities in mind.

Uniqueness

It is very tempting for storyguides to invent vast faerie scenarios and to force them on the players right away. It is also probably a mistake. Start with the less exotic faeries. Reward persistent or imaginative players with a glimpse of something greater, or an unexpected piece of real knowledge from a supposedly minor faerie being. Groggs are as likely to receive these insights as magi.

Weave a tapestry of faerie lore into your game first; do not expect players to be awed by a visit to Arcadia if you haven't provided the buildup that lets the players share their characters' feelings that this is something special. Either make Arcadia adventures a rare event, or begin slowly to build up the idea that the more normal Arcadia seems to the characters, the more strange the "real" world is becoming.

Constancy

You should always maintain some basic sense of constancy. Otherwise, players who try hard to grasp a sense of Arcadia and its rules become frustrated and stop trying to feel the world their characters are in as "real." If you play by Arcadia's rules, the players will come to believe in the Arcadia you create.

Equally important, you must give the players a chance to learn from their experiences. In order to achieve their goals, they must come to understand why things hap-

pen as they do in Arcadia and how to try to make things happen as they wish them to.

Freedom

The hardest part of being a storyguide instead of a storyteller is giving the characters freedom of action, because they so often don't do what you expect. Suppose you decide that the characters can reach Caer Arianrod, a castle in the sky of Arcadia, by climbing the Great Ash Tree. Over the last three sessions, you have carefully given them clues along these lines, and they missed your clues. Don't simply allow the characters to arrive by fiat since "anything is possible in Arcadia." Instead, allow for characters to discover other ways of getting there. For instance, during the game session, a Companion astrologer may reason that, since the castles of the Tuatha de Danann seem to be in the sky, she can use her star charts as maps to lead the group to Caer Arianrod. The characters use their imagination to find unexpected ways of solving the puzzle, instead of reasoning the way they are "supposed to."

If the players' reasoning violates the general rules of Arcadia, their idea won't work. Otherwise, it has a chance.

In Arcadia, players have almost as much power to create situations as the storyguide does, because the imagination of visitors can affect reality there. This fact gives players a unique opportunity to participate in the making of a story, and gives the storyguide a unique responsibility to facilitate their participation as he or she is shaping a satisfying tale out of the whole. Sometimes legitimate ideas create practical problems that would damage the impact of the scenario as a whole. In these cases, Arcadia offers the storyguide as many possible aids as it offers obstructions: differential time rates, faeries hostile to mortals, infatuating or hypnotic faeries, and helpful or hostile powers whose abilities to shape events are greater than any human's. The basic idea is this: instead of molding the players to your vision of the world and the story, mold the world and the story to the players' vision of it.





A wood-woman and the Wild Hunt.

“EVEN MAGI OF HOUSE MERINITA CANNOT AGREE UPON ALL THE KINDS OF FAERIES AND THEIR NAMES.

THEREFORE, ALL SHOULD REMEMBER THAT FAERIES ARE INTEMPERATE CREATURES THAT WILL NOT STAY SENSIBLY WITHIN THE PROPER BOUNDS OF FORM AND STATION.

FAERIES ARE CLASSIFIED AS *NUMINA MAIOR* OR *NUMINA MINOR*, AS WELL AS BEING *NUMINA RERUM PERITUS* OR *NUMINA DESERTORUM*.⁶²

“ONE OTHER WAY OF SORTING OUT THE TYPES OF FAERIES SHOULD BE MENTIONED. IN HIBERNIA, THE PEASANTS OFTEN SPEAK OF ‘SEELIE’ AND ‘UNSEELIE’ FAERIES AS IF THEY ARE ARRAYED IN CLANS AND ARE ENEMIES OF EACH OTHER. BY THESE CURIOUS WORDS THE PEASANTS SEEM TO MEAN SOMETHING CLOSER TO ‘PLEASING’ AND ‘UNPLEASANT’ THAN TO GOOD AND EVIL. IT IS SAID BY THE PEASANTS THAT SEELIE FAERIES ARE ABROAD BY DAY AND IN THE WARM SEASONS, WHILE UNSEELIE FAERIES ARE ABROAD BY NIGHT AND IN THE COLD PARTS OF THE YEAR. IN KEEPING WITH THE FACT THAT GOD HAS MADE US TO SEEK THE LIGHT AND WARMTH AND TO FEAR THE DARKNESS AND THE WINTER, THE SEELIE FAERIES ARE THOUGHT BY THE PEASANTS TO BE MORE PLEASING THAN THE UNSEELIE. IT IS NOT KNOWN IF THESE IDEAS HOLD TRUE FOR ALL FAERIES IN HIBERNIA AND ALBION, MUCH LESS FOR THOSE IN OTHER LANDS.”

—REBECCA, LIBRARIAN OF HARCO

⁶²*Numina maior*: High faeries. *Numina minor*: Low faeries. *Numina rerum peritus*: Faeries of the world. *Numina desertorum*: Faeries of the wilderness.



Chapter Nine: *Faerie Folk, a Bestiary*

Faerie Powers

The following are “standard” faerie Powers, though some may differ in specific faeries. Each Power includes guidelines for the ratings of the Power. Ratings vary from 1 (weak) to 20 (very powerful). Remember, these Powers are not spells; they cannot be resisted by normal magic.

Bless

A faerie with this Power can reward mortals with good luck, health, and wealth. The exact effect of the blessing depends on the faerie who gives it. Minor faeries (with scores of 1–5) may bless a person, house, or family, while powerful faeries (with scores of 10+) may bless whole villages and towns if they so desire.

Brew Faerie Potions

A faerie with this Power can make one potion after twelve hours of work for every 5 points of rating. A potion can be instilled with one of the Powers that the faerie has. At scores over 10, the creator can make potions that have Powers other than ones that he or she possesses. Common faerie potions grant Faerie Sight, water breathing, or invisibility. Duration is one hour per point of rating. Sometimes potions with special or long-term powers and effects can be created, but these take at least a month to brew.

Change Size

This Power allows the faerie to change its size either up or down by a number of

size points equal to its rating. Thus a size -2 faerie with a Change Size 3, could go up to +1 in Size or down to -5.

Communicate with Animals/Plants

Faeries with this Power can exchange information with animals or plants. Higher ratings allow communication with more individuals or across greater distances.

Control Animals

This Power allows the faerie to control a single animal for 12 hours per 2 points of this Power. After initial contact between the faerie and the animal, there is no limit on how far the two can be separated. However, the faerie must concentrate on the controlled animal in order to will it to do a specific task.

Control Fertility

This Power allows the faerie to limit or enhance the fertility of a given location of a number of acres in area equal to the faerie’s rating. This Power affects all reproduction in the area: plant, animal, and human, alike.

Control Person

The effects of this Power are similar to Rego Mentem spells like *Enslave Mortal Mind*, with the victim getting an initial chance to resist with an Intelligence roll. The ease factor of the roll depends on the faerie’s Power

rating. Additional rolls may be made when the victim is being forced to do something that is strongly against his or her will. As in Control Animal, only the initial contact between the faerie and target is necessary. A faerie can control a single mortal for 12 hours per 2 points of this Power.

Curse

At low ratings, this Power allows the faerie to afflict mortals with minor annoyances, such as having their milk curdled, their bread prevented from rising, and so forth. At high ratings, Curse can cause persistent nightmares, prevent a patch of land from supporting life, and more. The storyguide should customize the Curse to the nature of the transgression against the faerie.

Control Element

This Power allows the faerie control over one of the elemental magical Forms of Aquam, Auram, Herbam, Ignem, or Terram. A faerie with Control Element can cause effects with that element that duplicate Hermetic spells of a magnitude equal to the faerie's rating in this Power. (A Hermetic spell's level is equal to its magnitude times five; in other words, the spell's magnitude is one-fifth its level.)

Elfshot

Elfshot is a faerie weapon, a dart or arrow that has a special effect on mortals. This effect depends on the rating of this Power. See box below.

Elfshot is considered a ranged weapon for all purposes, and faeries using it have a

limited supply of shots (4–6), which can be replaced with the Enchant Objects Power after a combat session.

Enchanting Music

The exact effects of this Power depend on the faerie in question, and on the rating of this Power. Three points allows the faerie simply to calm the subject; 4–7 points lets the faerie do anything from immobilize mortals to cause them to dance until they drop from fatigue; and 8 or more points permits the faerie to effectively infatuate the subject for as long as the music continues.

Enchant Objects

The faerie may create up to one magical item a day. The exact nature of these items can be quite varied. The effects of the item typically duplicate Hermetic spells of a magnitude equal to the rating of this Power. Faeries may accumulate or combine ratings to produce larger effects.

Fear


With a rating of 1, a faerie can make a single mortal wary of it; with 3 to 5 points, a faerie can make a mortal cower with fear or flee, depending on the exact circumstances. Groups of mortals can be caused to flee or cower by faeries with ratings of 8 or more.

Glamour

Glamour is a very powerful illusion. A faerie with the Glamour Power can

Elfshot Rating	Effect
1–3	Cause pain for 2+ rounds. Subject must roll Stamina of 12+ to perform any action.
4–7	Cause visions for 2+ rounds. Subject can perform no actions.
8–10	Cause permanent paralysis in affected part of the body.
11–15	Cause permanent madness.
16+	Cause instant death.





create illusions that are effectively real as long as the faerie is present. Add 6 to the size of an object to determine the rating required to make a glamour of it. A glamour will appear real to all five senses and may be treated as a real object in all ways. Once the faerie leaves or loses interest in the glamour, the glamour will fade away. However, any effects the glamour had on its surroundings remain.

Healing

The faerie may heal one Body level of wounds or diseases for each 2 points of this Power.

Infatuation

This Power produces an intense attraction in any mortal towards the faerie exercising it. The mortal is not directly controlled, but will want to do the faerie's will and may fall in love with it. A mortal has only one opportunity to roll INTELLIGENCE + ALERTNESS to resist the Infatuation. The ease factor is equal to the rating of this Power times 3.

The Power only works through some sort of contact between the faerie and its victim. At ratings up to 5, the subject must be touched; at 6–10, the subject must hear the faerie; above 10, simply the sight of the faerie is enough to charm the subject. The Power lasts as long as the contact (of whatever type) is maintained.

Insubstantial Form

This Power allows the faerie to assume a non-physical form. Physical objects cannot affect the faerie, nor can the faerie affect physical things while using this Power. This Power does not make the faerie invisible. Insubstantial Form can be used for up to one hour for each point of rating. Some faeries are innately insubstantial and do not need this Power to remain so.

Invisibility

Use of this Power means the faerie cannot be detected by any mortal senses—not just sight. Invisibility lasts for one hour per point of this Power. The faerie can control the Power during this time (becoming visible or invisible at will). Invisibility does not work on those with the Virtues Faerie Sight or Second Sight, or on demons, angels, and such.

Possession

For each 10 points of this Power that a faerie possesses, a faerie may take control of the body of a single person, creature, or object and use it as if it were his or her own. When possessing objects, such faeries may reside in them but do not cause them to move in any way—for instance, a faerie could not animate a statue with this Power. Possession is by touch only, and lasts until sunrise or sunset, whichever occurs first.

Prophecy

This Power allows the faerie to predict future, or possible future, events. The rating should be used as a guide to the amount and importance of the information received.

Shapechange to Animal

This Power allows the faerie to take on the form of an animal. Some faeries can assume but one animal form; others can use many. While in animal form, the faerie retains its Perception and Intelligence scores. It cannot use any of its physical Abilities such as Pick Locks or Stealth but instead has the physical abilities of the animal chosen. The faerie retains the ability to speak. The rating of this Power is the number of times the faerie can change shape per day.

Shapechange to Object

With this Power, the faerie is able to take the form of any inanimate object. The

other parameters of the Power are the same as those of Shapechange to Animal.

Shapechange Other to Animal

This Power works on other creatures, mortal or faerie, in just the same way as Shapechange to Animal. Anyone in the faerie's line of sight may be changed. The rating of this Power is the number of creatures that can be changed per day. Any number per day can be returned to their normal shape.

Shapechange Other to Object

As per Shapechange to Object, but affecting any mortal or faerie in the faerie's line of sight.

Travel

Faeries who have this Power may appear instantly anywhere they have been before. The faerie may take one mortal along on this trip for every 7 points of Power the faerie has.

Faerie Weaknesses

Iron

Iron, like certain animals, plants, and objects, has faerie associations. Not all of these associations are negative, however. Some faeries have iron teeth, claws, and fingernails. Iron is not an innately poisonous or "anti-faerie" substance; rather, it is a magical substance whose magic is particularly felt by faeries. Those faeries who live in situations and places with which iron has long had some association are the least likely to be affected by iron (that is, mine faeries, field faeries, and city faeries). Some clergy mention that the power of iron comes from the iron nails in the Cross. Many smiths, however, think that the common faeries are vulnerable to iron because

iron-working is particularly the craft and power of mortals; unlike stone, clay, wood, and gold, iron (other than faerie iron) must first be worked by human hands before it can be a useful material.

Some faeries are merely uncomfortable with iron. Others are destroyed by it. The following is a list of the possible effects of iron on faeries. Unless otherwise noted, all faeries of the same type are affected in the same way by iron. Multiple effects are possible on the same faerie or faerie type.

Discomfort from Iron

Iron is ugly stuff. Coming into contact with it is like coming into contact with a decaying dead animal. These faeries will have to make stress rolls rather than normal rolls on all abilities when iron is at close range. Magic cast under these conditions has double botch rolls, as does magic cast on anyone carrying iron or touching an iron object. Those faeries with this sensitivity will have no iron tools, weapons, or household objects, and may be extremely offended by mortals who try to deal with them while carrying iron. A mortal who chooses to perform crafts that do not involve iron or who uses non-iron tools and weapons may gain special favor with such faeries. Occasionally, discomfort may be limited to certain types of heat-forged iron other than cast iron, any kind of iron other than lodestone, or other various forms of iron.

Vulnerability to Iron

Cold iron hurts to the touch as if it were red hot. Faeries with this vulnerability take no damage or minimal damage from simply touching an object (although doing so hurts them a great deal), but do take +1% to +50% (depending on the faerie) extra damage from wounds inflicted by iron objects. They cannot cast spells on iron or affect it in any way. In extreme cases, wounds inflicted by iron do not heal normally. These faeries hate iron and will always treat the presence of iron on a being they are dealing with as an indication that the being intends to do them harm. They will never befriend a black-



Faerie Iron

Faerie iron comes in two forms. The first falls from the sky or is unearthed in fields as "thunder stones." It is extremely difficult to work; only a master smith (ability level 5 or more), a smith who has aid from earth faeries, or a faerie smith can forge it. The finished metal has the properties of steel and is the color of silver. This type of faerie iron will never rust, and edged weapons made from it do +1 damage, due to their exceedingly sharp edge. This form of iron is associated with Light in Arcadia.

The other form of faerie iron is sometimes found floating in dark, spongy masses in certain faerie swamps. It is extremely difficult to smelt, often giving off poisonous fumes when first heated. Once smelted into a solid metal, this iron is easy to work. The finished metal has the malleability of lead and also can take as fine of detail as lead can, though it is considerably harder. It is the color of lead, and while it will not take a fine edge, it cannot be broken, and cannot be damaged by heat or chemicals. This form of faerie iron is usually associated with Dark in Arcadia.

Both forms of faerie iron have the equivalent of a Magic Resistance +25, active against any attempt to destroy or alter them with any Perdo or Muto spell.

smith or a village that supports a smithy. Most wilderness faeries suffer from this weakness. Faeries that live in isolated areas and rarely have contact with mortals almost always have this weakness.

Bound by Iron

Faeries that are bound by iron are forced to behave in certain ways in the presence of iron. The exact nature of the binding varies, but usually the faerie must be touched by the iron in order to be bound. One common form of this vulnerability that affects some faerie animals and faeries in animal form causes those touched by iron (which is usually in the form of a bit, halter, shoes, milking pail, and so on) to be

bound to the possessor of the iron item as if they were ordinary domestic animals. Sometimes this binding lasts until the item is removed, other times only until the next moonrise or full moon. Another form of iron binding affects more-manlike faeries by causing them to speak only the truth to any mortal who binds them in iron fetters. This binding lasts until the iron is removed.

Religion

Some faeries are vulnerable to the Dominion. Usually, these faeries live in remote areas or are associated with pagan peoples or places. Faeries vulnerable to religion take the full penalties listed for Dominion aura to all magic and Ability rolls (Soak rolls are unaffected). In addition, faeries vulnerable to religion may not affect a mortal as long as the mortal is sincerely praying. Persons with True Faith and those possessing holy relics are considered to have a Dominion aura equal to their Faith Points. This aura extends to within sight or sound of the person or object. The touch of holy relics or holy water, as well as the sound of church bells, causes these faeries pain (but not damage). Note that faeries who are not vulnerable to religion do not suffer any of these penalties, including those for Dominion aura.⁶³

Faerie Folk, a Bestiary

Numina Desertorum Maiores (Greater Wilderness Faeries)

Dryads

DEEP FORESTS ANYWHERE

Dryads generally appear as great spirits of a forest, with bodies formed of green herbs and branches, and heads crowned with the most precious gifts of their forest: olives, grapes, oranges, and laurel, in warm countries; beechnuts, mistletoe, and sweet acorns, in the north. They may also

⁶³See *Ars Magica* rules for effects of Dominion upon faeries susceptible to it.

appear in a more mortal shape, as men or women dressed all in leaves. They have complete power over all green growing things in their forests, making deadly plants safe for those they protect and safe ones deadly for those who have offended them, and creating abundant or scant harvests of wild foods. Their power extends over hamadryads as well.⁶⁴ Dryads do not age or wither; they sleep only when the trees sleep.

In each dryad forest there is a grove that is a regio leading to a place in Arcadia where the forest also exists. Anything that destroys a dryad destroys its entire forest as well, but as long as the forest exists in Arcadia, the dryad cannot die.

Adventure Seed

"We have great love for the forest king, the Havi Leshiye. You wise men, you will know how to talk to him. It is about the squirrels, you see, great lords. Yes, *squirrels*. Last moon, dark moving ground of squirrels, many, many squirrels, all going away. This moon, no squirrels here anymore. He must have bet them all. Zuna Leshiye, on the mountain, well . . . we know the people up there use bad dice. Maybe they taught Zuna Leshiye to cheat. Havi Leshiye is very sad. You can hear him howling, with your feet. I think the dead can hear him in the graveyard. The fog is not going to go away until he is happy again. No, not the rain, either. He lives in the big tree, the empty tree in the very middle of the forest. He will be happy when he has squirrels again. We are only poor peasants. You are such very wise men."

Leshiye, Dryads of Russia and Eastern Europe

Leshiye rule deep forests of pine, spruce, and fir. The weather in a leshiye forest changes with its lord's or lady's whim, and all the forest's animals are sub-

Leshiye (Dryad)

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
45	0

Characteristics

+2 Int	+3 Prs
+1 Per	+2 Com
+5 Str	+4 Dex
+3 Sta	+2 Qik

Personality Traits

+1 Honest	+2 Moody
+3 Kind to Animals	

Powers

5	Change Size
15	Communicate with Animals
15	Control Animals
9	Control Auram
10	Shapechange to Animal and Plants
10	Shapechange to Object

Leshiye are immune to all Auram effects cast in their domain, and can automatically dispel any Animal spell cast on their animals.

Vulnerable to religion

Combat Totals

Weapon	1st	Atk	Parry	Dam
Kick Totals:	+8	+10	-	+15
Club Totals:	+11	+13	+10	+25

Dodge Defense: +5 Soak: +35*
 Fatigue: n/a Encumbrance: 0

*Iron weapons do +2 damage

Body Levels

OK, 0, 0, -1, -3, -6, Incapacitated

Fatigue Levels

OK, 0, 0, -1, -3, -6, Incapacitated

ject to him or her. Leshiye may appear in any form, animate or inanimate, that is no smaller than that of the smallest thing in their forest, no larger than the largest thing in their forest. Only the forms of things that have at one time been within their forest can be assumed. It is thought that the true form of a leshiye has one eye, one horn, an enormous hairy body, and mixed animal and human characteristics. Leshiye like to gamble and tell stories. They travel in whirlwinds, scorn the blessings of civilization, and treasure the forest and its creatures as a king treasures his domain.

⁶⁴Hamadryad: Lesser cousins of the dryads, typically associated with a single tree. See "Hamadryad" in the following section.

It is said that leshiye of rivers also exist, called *vodyaniye*. The *vodyaniye* resemble the corpses of drowned men—fat, pale, and naked—and have the same control over the life of their rivers that the leshiye have over that of their forests. It is possible that these faeries are tied to the land and its seasons.

Gnomes

MOUNTAIN PLACES, ESPECIALLY SCANDINAVIA AND THE ALPS

Gnomes live beneath the earth in lands of snow and ice, and are unable to bear the



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touch of warmth or sunlight. Gnomes may be as small as the length of a man's forearm but, it seems, no larger than mortal children. All gnomes are hideous and deformed to mortal eyes and are withered and old. In truth, they are ageless, and stronger than bulls. Gnomes guard and hoard the wealth of the earth and know the earth's secrets, and each gnome is a master crafter. Gnomes know the location of all buried things.

They shun mortal wealth and power, desiring nothing but to possess the rarest treasures and to make works that have been believed impossible to craft. These things they desire beyond all reason. In exchange for a special treasure, a gnome might be induced to make a warship that folds small enough to fit into a purse, a winged iron horse that flies, arrows that never miss their mark, a diamond with a thousand facets that is as small as the point of a pin and as bright as a summer sky, and so on. Not even the wisest mortals can tell if the work of gnomes is done by magic or by pure craftsmanship.

A gnome at work.

Gnomes

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
40	-2 to -5

Characteristics

+2	Int	-3	Prs
+4	Per	-2	Com
+4	Str	+8	Dex
+8	Sta	-2	Qik

Personality Traits

+5	Careful	+4	Stingy
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Powers

15	Enchant Objects	4	Shapechange to Animal
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Combat Totals

Weapon	1st	Atk	Parry	Dam
Pick/Tool Totals:	+6	+15	+6	+19

Dodge: +4(- current Size) Soak: +18*
 Fatigue: n/a Encumbrance: 0

* Gnomes are immune to damage from iron, stone, or anything else that comes from the earth.

Body Levels

OK, -1, -6, Incapacitated

Fatigue Levels

OK, -1, -6, Unconscious

Each gnome has the power to assume the form of one creature that dwells beneath the earth: a centipede, a mole, a worm. This form may be assumed in whole or in part, and at any size between the natural size of the animal and the size of a five-year-old child.

Hags

BRITISH ISLES AND BRITTANY

Hags take the form of gigantic old women. They have inhuman faces, and skin that is blue or black. Each hag is associated with a particular place, usually a hill or a standing stone. They are seen only between Hallowmass (31 October) and May Eve (30 April), and are believed to turn into stone for the rest of the year. Stories say that they are defeated in the spring by equally powerful faeries, who appear as young and beautiful men or maidens; the hags defeat these faeries in turn at Hallowmass. Hags protect and control wild animals and poisonous or ill-luck plants (often medicinal or magical) in their districts. It is said that they serve as judges in the courts of the faerie nobles, for they are beyond petty rivalries and politics.

Numina Desertorum Minores (Lesser Wilderness Faeries)

Hamadryads

ALL PLACES WITH TREES

Each hamadryad lives within the body of a single tree, and the faerie has many of that tree's characteristics when it appears to mortals in its humanoid form. A hamadryad lives for as long as its tree survives, and dies upon its death. A hamadryad cannot move more than a day's walk from its tree. In the warm countries, hamadryads appear most often in the shape of women only; here they consort with the fauni, and may be a sort of nymph. In cold lands, they seem made in the male and female image after the nature of the tree: the oak as a

Hags

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
40	+3

Characteristics

+2	Int	-5	Prs
+4	Per	-1	Com
+6	Str	+3	Dex
+6	Sta	+1	Qik

Personality Traits

+2	Retiring	+4	Stubborn
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Powers

12	Control Animals	12	Glamour
8	Control Herbam	7	Infatuation

Anything a hag hits with her staff will decay or fall apart (PeAn 25, PeCo 25, PeHe 25, PeTe 25). A hag can also reverse this decay (but only decay she herself has caused).

Vulnerable to religion

Combat Totals

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>1st</i>	<i>Atk</i>	<i>Parry</i>	<i>Dam</i>
Staff Totals:	+9	+12	+16	+9

Dodge Defense:-2 Soak: +18*
Fatigue: n/a Encumbrance: 0

* Hags are vulnerable to iron and take +2 damage from iron weapons.

Body Levels

OK, 0/0, -1/-1, -3/-3, -6, Incapacitated

Fatigue Levels

OK, 0/0, -1/-1, -3/-3, -6, Unconscious

great, twisted old man, the birch as a pale and lovely girl. Some hamadryads are hostile to mortals, while other sorts in other places are kind and may consort with mortals and bear children with them.

All hamadryads have some power over green growing things, and knowledge of the virtues of plants for uses good and ill. Though they may not leave the area of their tree, hamadryads have been known to appear in dreams or as whispered voices to mortals they favor, though the mortals may be far away at the time. In some cases, even if the hamadryad lives in an ordinary

Hamadryads

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
20	0

Characteristics

0	Int	+3	Prs
+3	Per	+1	Com
0	Str	+2	Dex
+2	Sta	+2	Qik

Personality Traits

+1	Kind	+2	Protective
----	------	----	------------

Powers

4	Control Herbam (in the vicinity of their tree)
5	Infatuation 3 Insubstantial Form

Combat Totals

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>1st</i>	<i>Atk</i>	<i>Parry</i>	<i>Dam</i>
Short Spear Totals:	+12	+9	+9	+6

Dodge Defense: +6	Soak: +6*
Fatigue: n/a	Encumbrance: 0

*Hamadryads are vulnerable to iron and take +2 damage from iron weapons.

Body Levels

OK, 0, -1, -3, -6, Incapacitated

Fatigue Levels

OK, 0, -1, -3, -6, Unconscious

forest, its tree is itself a regio and may appear to be a house in the regio while remaining a normal tree outside of it.

Homines Ferae

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD IN FORESTS,
AND IN ETHIOPIA

The "wild men" live in forests wherever civilized men have not pushed aside the wilderness. The wild men are composed of many types, according to the countries where they dwell, but all have a form half like a beast and half like a man. In the warm countries are found the *fauni* and *satyri*. These faeries are like men down to the hip, and below like goats, cattle, or hors-

es. These have two legs only and walk like men, while others, called *centauri*, have the body of a horse entire, with the body of a man springing up in the place of a horse's neck. All bear the horns and ears of beasts, and also the nether parts. Therefore, those who have the parts of goats have also the carnal appetites of those beasts, and are not to be trusted.

In cold places, these faeries have the forms of men mixed with those of bears, wolves, uruses (oxes), or wisents (aurochs). In alpine forests, the wood women are called *fanggen*, while further south the males are known as *salvani* and the females as *aguane*. In Scandinavia they are also found, and are called *skogsra* if of the male kind, and *skogsnuftva* if female. They have also the virtues and vices of those animals whose forms they share.

Homines Ferae

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
15-25	-1 to +2 (depending on the type)

Characteristics

-1	Int	-1	Prs
+3	Per	+3	Com
+2	Str	+2	Dex
+3	Sta	+2	Qik

Personality Traits

+2	Wild
----	------

Powers

7	Enchanting Music	5	Speak to animals
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Combat Totals

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>1st</i>	<i>Atk</i>	<i>Parry</i>	<i>Dam</i>
Short Spear Totals:	+11	+8	+5	+10*

Dodge: +5(- Size)	Soak: +11*
Fatigue: n/a	Encumbrance: 0

*All are vulnerable to iron and take +2 damage from iron weapons.

Body Levels

(Varies with size.)

Fatigue Levels

(Varies with size.)

While some of these faeries are stupid and vulgar, it has also been told that others of their kind are civilized and capable of reason, perhaps even possessed of great knowledge. Some species seem to have both males and females, while others, particularly in the warm countries, seem to be only males, and these latter consort with hamadryads. All may consort with mortals, and children may be born of their unions. All are renowned as musicians.

A persistent legend holds that the gentler of these forest faeries are hunted by their more bloodthirsty cousins. They will sometimes appear to mortals and beg for help, for they know that the faeries of the Wild Hunt cannot bear iron or the shape of the cross.

The Host

ALL WILDERNESS PLACES

These faeries form the body of small wilderness faeries. The Host are always seen in great numbers, though they may be invisible and their passing heard rather than seen. They are abroad by night, for the touch of light banishes them, and they fear both iron and the cross. Few have seen the Host, but those who have speak of tiny creatures with long thin limbs who travel in the wind. In France they are called *portunes*, in Greece *callicazantaroï*. They are always capricious, but at some times and places they travel abroad maiming with tiny arrows any who cross their path. If the Hunter, a greater faerie lord of many other names, takes to the wilderness to enjoy his sport, they will follow him.

Some stories tell that the Host are faeries of the wind and that their cousins of the earth are solitary and not much seen but are also found in numbers. Heavier and thicker of limb than the riders of the air, the earth cousins of the Host live as quietly as the beasts of the forest, and loose their arrows only on those who would harm them or the beasts or plants they tend.

Kelpies

BRITISH ISLES AND WESTERN EUROPE

These faeries may sometimes appear in the form of young and handsome men, but their most usual form is that of a horse or bull of extraordinary beauty and strength. They live in water (ponds, lakes, or the sea). "Kelpie" is a British name; the Germans and French call the same creatures *nixen* or *necken*. At times, a kelpie will come from the water to search for people or livestock to eat. A kelpie can only destroy people or creatures who willingly go with it. Anyone who has done so is

The Host

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
10	-2 to -1

Characteristics

-2	Int	-3	Prs
+1	Per	-2	Com
-3	Str	+4	Dex
-1	Sta	+2	Qik

Personality Traits

+3	Vicious
----	---------

Powers

1	Bless	8	Invisibility
3	Curse		
2	Elfshot (by bow and by touch)		

Combat Totals

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>1st</i>	<i>Atk</i>	<i>Parry</i>	<i>Dam</i>
Claw Totals:	+7	+9	-	spec.
Bow Totals:	+13	+6	-	spec.

Dodge:+7

Soak: +5*

Fatigue: n/a

Encumbrance: 0

*Members of the Host are vulnerable to iron and religion (aerial host only) and take double damage from iron weapons.

All attacks from the Host do damage as elfshot. See "Elfshot," pg. 93.

Body Levels

OK, -3, -6, Incapacitated

Fatigue Levels

OK, -3, -6, Unconscious

Mackinee (Kelpie)

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
20	+1 (Pony Form) +3 (Black Horse Form)

<i>Characteristics</i>			
-1	Int	+3	Prs
+1	Per	+2	Com
+7	Str	+3	Dex
+7	Sta	+5*	Qik

* In black horse form

<i>Personality Traits</i>	
+5	Impulsive

Powers

Riders who voluntarily get onto Mackinee's back will be stuck, as if glued to his back by a powerful adhesive, and will have to cut their clothes off (or roll STRESS DIE + STR of 12+) to get free, before attempting to jump off.

<i>Combat Totals</i>				
<i>Weapon</i>	<i>1st</i>	<i>Atk</i>	<i>Parry</i>	<i>Dam</i>
Hooves Totals:	+10	+8	-	+15
Bite Totals:	+8	+7	-	+7

Dodge:+6 Soak: +15
Fatigue: n/a Encumbrance: 0

<i>Body Levels</i>	
OK, 0/0, -1/-1, -3/-3, -6,	Incapacitated

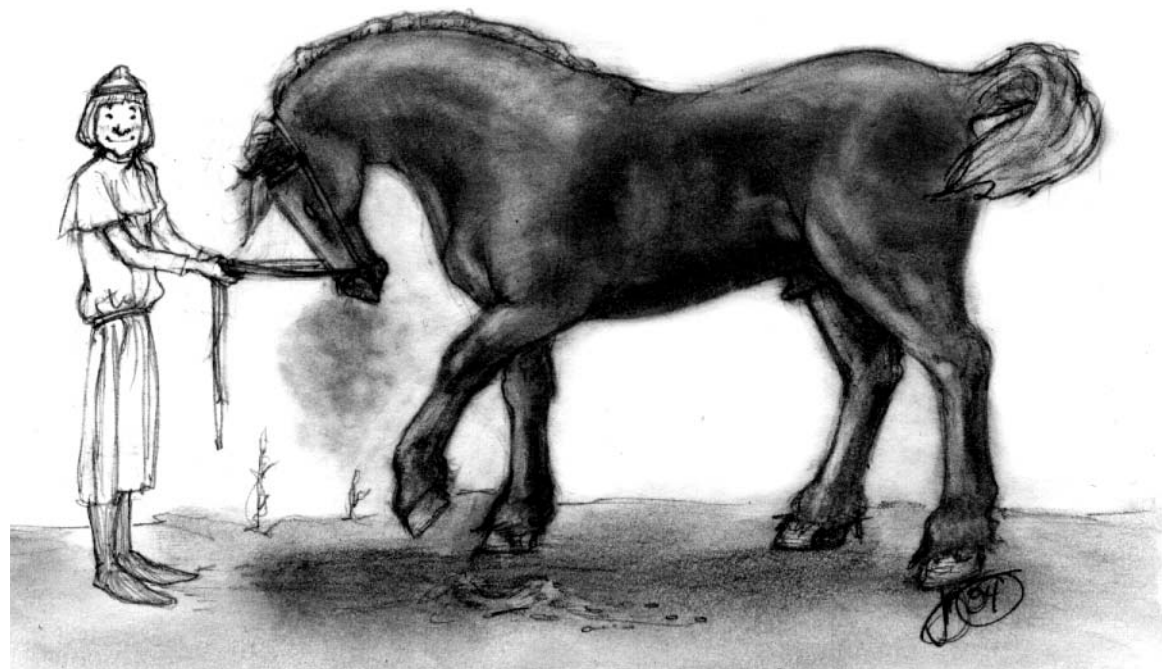
<i>Fatigue Levels</i>	
OK, 0/0, -1/-1, -3/-3, -6,	Unconscious

powerless to fight the kelpie, even if the person later realizes what is happening to him or her. Kelpies obtain victims by appearing as beautiful young men and persuading people to come with them willingly to some lonely place, or by appearing as beautiful horses or cattle and encouraging people to ride or steal them. A victim is ultimately dragged down into a kelpie's underwater lair. Kelpies cannot take on a perfect disguise, however, and are betrayed by an uncanny mark: water, shells, or seaweed in their hair; sharp teeth; footprints that fill with water, and so on. Livestock that are lured away may be either devoured, or bred and returned safely to land. Those that are favored give birth to foals or calves that are small and have very short ears or horns. Horses sired by kelpies are unusually swift and powerful, and cattle sired by them bear many young and bring renown to their keepers for their beauty. Such progeny will be protected through their lives by the kelpies that fathered them.

Kelpies are bound by iron and are vulnerable to religion.

Mackinee and Harry Dean

Mackinee is a kelpie who can assume three forms. The first is a



Mackinee and Harry Dean

trained pony, soft and fuzzy, with a little round belly and huge dark eyes. He performs a range of pretty tricks, which always end in the kneel-and-beg-for-a-rider trick (as long as Harry, his master, isn't looking). He may also take the shape of a huge black destrier, snorting steam and spraying water from beneath his hooves. Finally, Mackinee may appear in the form of a quick and lovely young man dressed in green with a silken cloak. He wears a sword with a hilt of shell, but both the sword sheath and his fine silk purse are full of nothing but foul water.

Harry Dean is a roustabout wanderer, with a patched shirt and a glib tongue. He carries what he says is a magic bridle with which his little circus pony may do the work of two teams of oxen. However, his "magic" bridle is nothing but a headstall with a plain iron bit. When the peasant who has hired him is safely out of sight, he orders Mackinee to take his destrier shape and work with all his might. Harry has used the iron bit to tame Mackinee and make him vow to wear an iron ring in his human shape, so he is always under Harry's power. Mackinee is looking for a way out of his bondage, or at least a mortal or two to devour along the way.

Adventure Seed

A peasant has seen the kelpie pony change shape into the destrier at Harry's bidding, and told the parish priest. The priest recognizes some form of powerful magic is involved and asks the covenant to help him determine whether the handsome noble who travels with Harry Dean is the Devil, a magus, a knight who has sold his soul, or something else. The priest does not know whether the magic is Harry's, the bridle's, or the pony's, and does not know what the connection is among them.

Nymphae

These faeries live in water or air and may not leave it without changing shape. Some of those who live in water will die if they leave it. Those who can leave their native element cast off their faerie power in the form of a skin or a garment, and thereafter appear in mortal form until they retrieve this object. While they are clad in their faerie power, air nymphae appear as birds, clouds, or rainbows. Water nymphae (called *naiades*, singular *naias*, if they live in fresh water, and *nerides*, singular *nereis*, if they live in the sea) appear as dolphins, seals, or waves while clad in their faerie power. The water nymphae who cannot leave the water usually appear to have bodies made of water (these are called *asrai*), or to have half-human, half-fish bodies (these are called mermen or mermaids). Air nymphae who cannot leave the air have insubstantial bodies formed of air, and are invisible to those without Faerie Sight. It is not known whether these faeries merely have not learned to shed their "skins," or whether they are another kind of faerie altogether.

A nymph without faerie power is a mortal in all ways but two. Such a being does not grow old and has some unnatural feature or habit that shows his or her origin (for example, eating only raw fish, or always having wet skin). A mortal who gains possession of a nymph's "skin" has great power over the nymph, for if the "skin" is destroyed, the nymph is trapped in mortal form forever. A mortal who puts on the "skin" of a nymph becomes a nymph of that type until the "skin" is destroyed or returned to the original owner.

For faeries of the wilderness, nymphs are unusually interested in mortals, and many stories have been told of nymph women who desired mortal men or were desired by them. Unions between mortals and nymphs may produce children, but, like most affairs between mortals and faeries, seem fraught with danger. Just as mortals seem unable to understand why a nymph would not wish to live a mortal's life, nymphae may not know why a sailor does not wish to be pulled beneath the sea, or a traveler taken up into a whirlwind.

Russian nymphae are called *vily* (singular *vila*), and they are a capriciously passionate race. A mortal may sometimes gain their goodwill by a ritual that makes the faerie “blood-sister” to the mortal. Woe to anyone who abuses this power, however, or to anyone who would love a *vila* as anything but a sister, for the *vily* may drain life from mortals.

Sometimes stories are told of faeries that seem to be nymphae but may leave the water or air without leaving their faerie power behind. Such faeries are far more powerful than their kin, for they are far less vulnerable when they travel among mortals. In Hibernia, stories are told of merfolk who keep the souls of drowned men beneath the sea but who walk

A rusalka.



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Nymphae

Faerie Might

20

Size

0 (in human form)

Characteristics

+1	Int	+3	Prs
-1	Per	+1	Com
-2	Str	+2	Dex
-2	Sta	+2	Qik

In human form most nymphae attack with their fists as ordinary mortals. If they can take on an animal form, they may attack as that animal. However, some (generally the water faeries) are quite powerful, unnaturally strong, and very dangerous. In general they are vulnerable to iron and take +2 damage from iron weapons.

Powers

- 8 Infatuation (for some)
- 8 Insubstantial Form (for some)
- 2 Prophecy (rarely)
- 4 Shapechange to Animal

Discomfort from Iron.

The skin of a nymph is worth between 4 and 5 points of Auram or Aquam vis (depending on the nymph).

the shore on their webbed feet. In Russia, *rusalki* (singular *rusalka*) charm faithless young village men. If they do not notice the water that drips from the rusalka's shawl, they often let themselves be led into swift rivers and drowned.

Numina Rerum Peritus Majores (Greater Faeries of the Known World)

Faerie Lords

THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED WORLD

Faerie lords have many names. In Hibernia, they are called the *Daoine Sidhe*. In France, they are known as *Dames Blanches* or *fees*. In Scandinavia, they are called *alven* (singular *alf*), and in the Low Countries they are called *ellefolk*. They are

the nobility of the faerie world, and enter the mortal realms from faerie regios found within ancient forts, castles, and earthworks. It is said that once the faerie lords ruled the mortal world and that their regios mark the places where they once held court, or battled, or made merry, or buried their dead. Though they have many names, they are also called merely the "Noble Ones," the "Blessed," the "Ancient Ones," or the "Good Lords," to avoid attracting attention, for it is also said that faerie nobles can hear any conversation that mentions them by name.

Like mortal nobles, faerie lords may be kind or cruel. All have a noble bearing, rich goods and servants, and the pale smooth skin of creatures that never see the sun. They walk among mortals upon the ancient mortal holidays, those that mark the turning of the seasons; upon the harvests of grain or apples, olives or grapes; and upon the birth and slaughter of beasts. The lords of Faerie care for mortals; they involve themselves in the making and unmaking of kings and search the mortal world for poets and prophets, musicians and smiths of great skill to take with them into their own realms. They also seek mid-

wives to aid them in birth, and warriors to aid them in death, for they can neither enter life nor leave it without mortal aid. The fashions and conflicts of their kingdoms mirror those of their part of the mortal world. Most contests are made in a day and unmade the next; faerie warriors duel to be called the greatest, but the dead rise upon the morrow. Faerie musicians vie to have the finest song, but no new songs are made; contests of beauty are made among the perfectly beautiful, who are never touched by sickness or age. In most cases, the faerie lords would fail to understand or would feel horror for a world ruled any other way. Sometimes, however, something must be made anew, changed for good, or destroyed forever, and then the faerie lords go seeking mortal power.

Mortals chosen by faerie lords may be brought into the faerie realms, where regios border on Arcadia. But faerie lords may also seek mortal power by draining mortals of their life. A faerie warrior who slays a mortal in the mortal realms may gain the power to slay another faerie forever upon returning beneath the earth. A faerie who drains her mortal lover's life may gain the power to bear a child.

Faerie Lords

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
30-35	0 to +1

Characteristics

+4 Int	+4 Prs
+2 Per	+2 Com
+4 Str	+3 Dex
+4 Sta	+3 Qik

Personality Traits

+2 Aloof

Powers

16 Control Animal	10 Healing
10 Control Person	15 Infatuation
17 Glamour	12 Invisibility

(Most faerie lords will not have all of these Powers.)

Vulnerable to iron

Fatae

SCANDINAVIA, MEDITERRANEAN LANDS,
CENTRAL EUROPE, AND ENGLAND

The fatae are faeries of human destiny. They appear to mortals only at the turning points of life: birth, death, quests, and fateful moments. They may reside as oracles at a few ancient and pagan holy places, but most live in Arcadia. They know the past and the future, but will prophecy only if they choose to. Fatae often appear in groups of three, but Moors are said to believe in the ten faeries that attend the birth of men and women destined for greatness, and the English speak of a single "Faerie Godmother." "Fatae" is their Latin name, but stories are

told around the world of the Three Ancients, who live together in a thatched hut, weaving a great tapestry and taking on one another's shapes for amusement.

Habetrot, an English fata (she is known also in Germany and France, under other names)

This faerie is a fata, though of a less exalted sort. She is queen of the faeries who watch over craft, particularly the works of spinning and weaving. Habetrot's home exists within a regio

that may be seen only by those with Faerie Sight. The faerie herself appears as an old woman, with a long nose and chin, a hanging lower lip that nearly touches the ground, and an enormously fat rear end. Her ugliness is caused by constant spinning and weaving, and she does not take kindly to those who comment on it. She is usually kind to mortals, especially those who spin, weave, or sew, and most often appears at their births or weddings, or if their lives are threatened. She likes to be flattered, but she has a quick wit and knows false praise and false modesty alike.

Habetrot has magical power over all works in cloth and thread: she may spin straw into gold; weave bandages that will heal any wound or sickness; make a thread that can bind any creature, however strong; create a cap of invisibility or a garment that gives the wearer Faerie Sight; and so on. Each of her magical works has a single virtue only, which may be lost if Habetrot wills it to be or if the item is mistreated.

Though Habetrot may appear to mortal eyes as a deformed old peasant woman and her cottage as a simple spinster's hut, in Arcadia she rivals the power of the Greater Faerie Lords. She is far more interested in the doings of mortals than the intrigues of Arcadia, however, and likes to remain in or near the mortal world.

Greater Faerie Lords

These faeries dwell only in Arcadia. They are the masters of the faerie lords and have sometimes been worshipped by mortals who know of them. They will rarely be seen in our own world. Only a few regios are said to connect with their kingdoms: upon Mount Olympus in Greece, on an island somewhere west of Hibernia, on a great crag in Germany, in a hidden palace in Novgorod or Kiev, and so on. Each Greater Lord dwells as the solitary lord of his or her own realm. The Hibernians call them the *Tuatha de Danann*. Others do not speak of them directly. It is said that they hold

Habetrot

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
40	0

Characteristics

+3	Int	-4	Prs
+5	Per	+2	Com
+4	Str	+3	Dex
+5	Sta	-2	Qik

Personality Traits

+1	Kind	+3	Just
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Powers

12	Bless	14	Healing
10	Curse	17	Prophecy
16	Enchant Items	14	Travel

Combat Totals

Habetrot does not need to attack physically; she can affect those foolish enough to try to harm her, by exerting power over the clothes they wear.

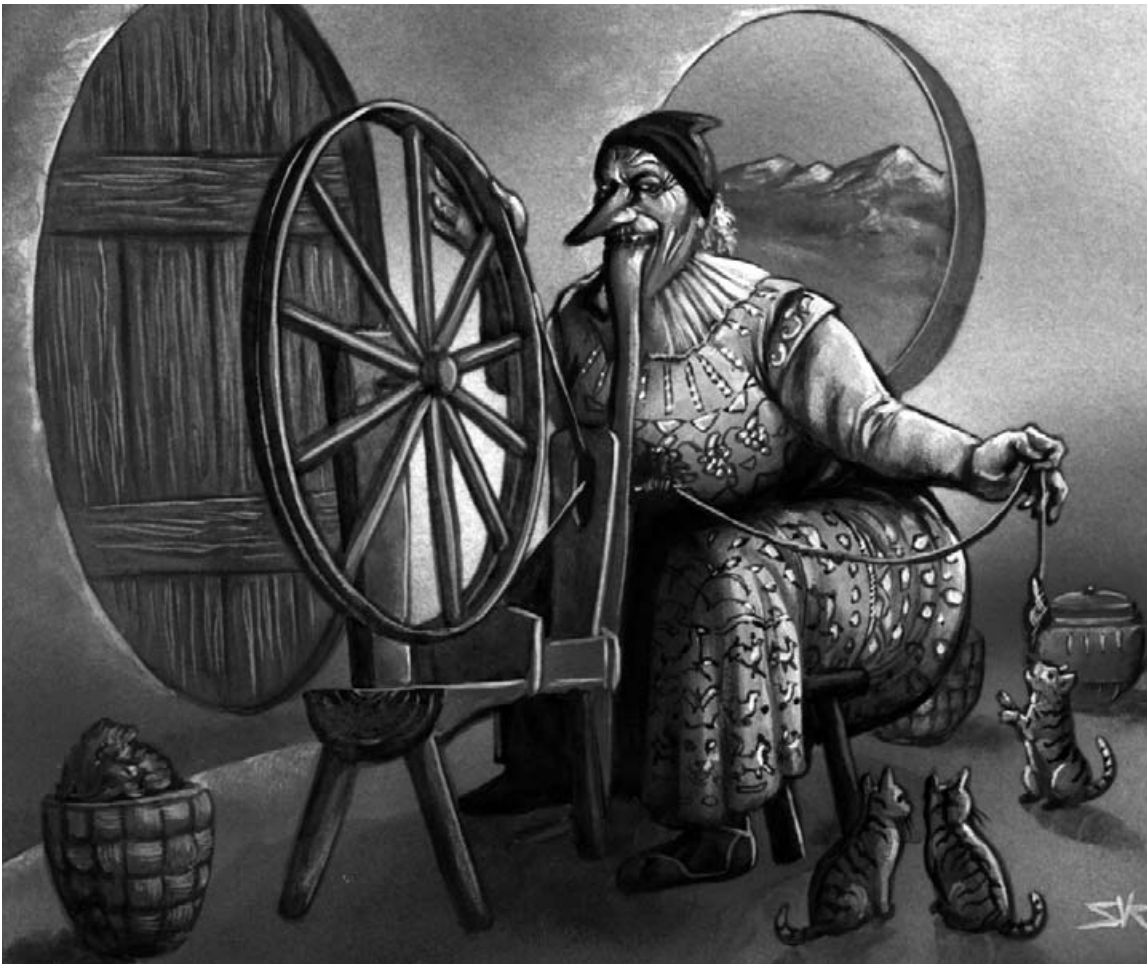
Dodge: +10	Soak: +15
Fatigue: n/a	Encumbrance: 0

Body Levels

OK, 0, -1, -3, -6, Incapacitated

Fatigue Levels

OK, 0, -1, -3, -6, Incapacitated



Habetrot at home.

the fate of mortal kingdoms in their hands and that lands rise and fall according to the conditions of the Greater Lords in Arcadia.

Lord of the Hunt

BRITISH ISLES, GERMANY, AND
SCANDINAVIA

“I was out hunting in the Black Wood. The game began to flee as from wolves, running like mad, with their tongues hanging. With my spear, I went on in a wind so wild I could barely see, and then I saw him, a man on a heavy horse. He was taller than mortal men, wearing a dark cloak shining with stars and carrying a spear to make a lance look like a child’s toy. I saw creatures with him, horned like stags; but he wore a great broad hat, and all I saw of his face was long hair like sea foam. He turned to look at me, and though I have looked without fear upon armies and kings of the Infidel, I looked

away that his gaze would not fall on me. Then I saw instead that the wind was made by the rush of a thousand creatures, some riding, some flying, all bearing arms, and none touching the ground. The lord rode with hounds, creatures like war-dogs as dark as himself. They gave tongue with wild cries, though they had no faces. As they rode away, I called after, that they would not think me afraid. ‘Bring me a piece of your luck!’ I shouted, as one lord to another. ‘And when next I hunt, I’ll send you a piece of mine!’ The next morning I found pieces of my horse and my hounds at the door of my hall. But I’ll not forget a bargain; I ride to the East to hunt pagans this day.”

*Morae (called maras or “nightmares”
in England)*

SAME LANDS AS FATAE

The morae are sometimes held to be the sisters of the fatae. Morae are the

Lord of the Hunt

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
50	+2

Characteristics

+3	Int	-5	Prs
+5	Per	-3	Com
+5	Str	+7	Dex
+5	Sta	+5	Qik

Personality Traits

+5	Bloodthirsty	+5	Courageous
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Powers

15	Curse	12	Glamour
12	Fear	16	Travel

Combat Totals

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>1st</i>	<i>Atk</i>	<i>Parry</i>	<i>Dam</i>
Spear Totals:	+20	+15	+8	+20
Shield Totals:	+12	+14	+11	+12

Dodge: -2	Soak: +20*
Fatigue: n/a	Encumbrance: 0

*The Lord of the Hunt is vulnerable to iron and takes +1 damage from iron weapons.

Body Levels

OK, 0/1 -1/-1, -3, -3, Incapacitated

Fatigue Levels

OK, 0/1 -1/-1, -3, -3, Unconscious

ed night after night will slowly weaken and die.

Morae must cause an object, a human, or an animal they've inhabited to physically touch a person in the waking world in order for them to "ride" that person. They may inhabit any form in order to do so, but favor those of insects and twists of straw or hair. This form is all that is visible to others, so that while a man who is touched by the mora may see a horse come into his room at night and take him riding across the world, his companions will only find horsehair clenched in his hands when he wakes, though they have sat awake beside him all the night.

Morae may be kept away by magical warding, or by drawing chalk lines around all entrances to a sleeper's bed. Garlic also repels them. Morae are possessed of intelligent minds, though a person must allow him or herself to be

faeries of dreams. They may appear to mortals they touch as beautiful women, as monsters with fangs or with serpents for hair, as horses, or as motes of dust swirling in the moonlight. Morae only visit sleepers, but they have the power to cause sleep in those they touch if their targets are quiet with rest or concentration. A person touched by a mora will begin to dream wild dreams as the mora takes his or her vitality. Sometimes these dreams are prophetic in nature. A person being "ridden" by a mora, as being inhabited by a mora is called, is capable both of impossible physical feats and of acting on knowledge that he or she could not possess while awake. The sleeper may be visited by a mora who might wish to help, to harm, or merely to play with him or her, but, whatever the mora's intent, a sleeper who is visit-



A mora with
its victim.

Illus. ©1995 Jeff Menges

Morae

Faerie Might

25

Size

n/a*

Characteristics

+2	Int	+1	Prs
+1	Per	+1	Com
*	Str	*	Dex
*	Sta	*	Qik

*A mora is normally insubstantial, and so has no physical characteristics; instead, use those of the person, object, or creature it is inhabiting.

Personality Traits

+2 Curious

Powers

10	Glamour	10	Possession
12	Insubstantial Form		

Mora are unaffected by iron.

Combat Totals

The mora has no physical attacks except those possessed by its host.

Body Levels

(As its host.)

Fatigue Levels

(As its host.)

touched by the faerie in order to hear it speak. A mora may only be destroyed by destroying the person, object, or creature it is resident within.

Numina Rerum Peritus Minores (Lesser Faeries of the Known World)

City Faeries

IN CITIES OF THE KNOWN WORLD

Just as the faeries have lords and peasants, they also have city folk. These faeries

owe allegiance to no one and follow no known order. Unlike goblins, who may live in cities but have a place with a mortal church or shop, city faeries go where they please and do as they please. Sometimes they mimic the dress and actions of city mortals, but some city faeries have an appearance all their own, usually both fashionable and bizarre.

One group of city faeries, the Underpeople, is found only in those cities that have canals, underground sewers, or catacombs, and they are thought to dwell in these places. These faeries are met with in forgotten or neglected places: old roads that end suddenly at walls, hidden gardens, empty houses, winding alleys. They dress in voluminous cloaks or wrappings and appear in strange occupations: as boatmen, feather-sellers, ratcatchers, catacomb guides, and so on. It is not known if the Underpeople are truly faeries, or simply mortals with too much faerie blood to lead ordinary lives.

The Barabao of Venice

"I'm the Barabao. If you haven't heard of me, you must be hard of hearing. I'm prettier than you, pleasingly plump, without precedent, without pretensions—I really am. I'm definitely better dressed. I'm demanding in my dress; my scarlet suit suits me better than your suit suits you. I'm quicker than you, too; quite impossible to quiet; quite satisfied by ceremonies secular and sacred (not bothered by that iron poignard, either). Let's leave my legendary status with the ladies to legitimate my claim that the taller always lag behind. I'm a diplomatic dandy; I impress everyone alike, annoy only the annoying; and all my adventures have won me free wine in every tavern, free fare on every ferryboat—honestly—because they can't catch me!"



The Barabao, a city faerie, looking for a good time.

Illus. ©1995 Julie Baroh

Barabao

Faerie Might		Size		
15		-2		
Characteristics				
+1	Int	+1	Prs	
+2	Per	+2	Com	
+1	Str	+2	Dex	
+2	Sta	+2	Qik	
Personality Traits				
+4	Disrespectful	+2	Rowdy	
Powers				
3	Change Size			
3	Shapechange to Animal			
3	Shapechange to Object			
Combat Totals				
Weapon	1st	Atk	Parry	Dam
Fist Totals:	+5	+5	-	+4
Dodge: +4	Soak: +5			
Fatigue: n/a	Encumbrance: 0			
Body Levels				
OK, 0, -1, -3, -6, Incapacitated				
Fatigue Levels				
OK, 0, -1, -3, -6, Incapacitated				

Adventure Seed

The Barabao has found a new amusement (his previous hobby was turning into a thread and wiggling into the cleavage of amply endowed ladies—which is a typical example of his taste in fun). He has taken to assuming the form of the new Venetian minister of public works, an elderly gentleman known for his pompous manners and his pride in a spotless record of personal conduct. Suddenly the “minister” has been seen performing public acts of drunkenness and general indecency. The minister doesn’t know who is besmirching his reputation or why, but wants the player characters to find out who is “inventing these horrendous slanders” and to stop them as soon as possible.

Faerie Peasants

ANYWHERE MORTAL FREE PEASANTS
ARE FOUND

These faeries form the body of the “ordinary” faeries found wandering upon the mortal world; they are to the faerie lords in power and status as mortal peasants are to mortal nobles. However, the two types of faeries are not seen together, and the faerie peasants do not seem to serve the faerie lords in



Illus. ©1995 John Ueland *Ueland*

A faerie peasant on
the road

Faerie Peasants

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
15-25	-1

Characteristics

0 Int	0 Prs
0 Per	0 Com
0 Str	0 Dex
0 Sta	0 Qik

Personality Traits

+3 Honest	+2 Phlegmatic
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Powers

2 Bless	2 Curse
5 Control Fertility	4 Glamour (small objects only)

Discomfort from iron

Vulnerable to religion (some, especially in recently Christianized areas)

Combat Totals

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>1st</i>	<i>Atk</i>	<i>Parry</i>	<i>Dam</i>
Any peasant weapon:	+6	+8	+8	+8

Dodge: +8 Soak: +8
Fatigue: n/a Encumbrance: 0

Body Levels

OK, -1, -3, -6, Incapacitated

Fatigue Levels

OK, -1, -3, -6, Unconscious

any way. In Wales, they are called the *tylwyth teg*, and in Hibernia, the *fir bolg*. In alpine lands, they are known as the *norggen*; Germans call them the *Stille Volk*; and the Italians call them *foletti*. As the peasants in Russia are serfs, their faerie counterparts are not found in that country, nor in the pagan lands where men live by hunting and herding.

They are smaller and darker than the faerie nobles. All bear some animal feature, such as a cow's tail, the ears of an ass, or a webbed foot like a goose's. This feature they hide beneath their clothing. While the faerie lords need the help of mortals for their battles and entertainments, the faerie peasants need it for leavening their bread, making or mending their tools, or plowing unbroken ground. They also cannot be born or die without mortal aid. The faerie peasants often bargain with their mortal counterparts for a



A field faerie.

Illus. ©1995 Rosemary Roach



cup of milk or flour, a tool, or the services of a midwife. Most changelings come from them.

Field Faeries

CULTIVATED FIELDS THROUGHOUT THE KNOWN WORLD

These faeries resemble wilderness faeries in their uncouth appearance, wild ways, and inability to live within mortal-made walls. However, they live only in fields where the food crops grow dense and high enough to conceal them from prying eyes. They may change in size as the crop they tend grows. If they are not given a refuge—an uncut or ungathered place left in the field—they die with the harvest. Field faeries never look alike, and each seems to live without care for others of its kind. They may resemble mortals, but have some extraordinary feature (a

hollow back, fingers of iron, horns). They can also be as weird in appearance as the Italian faerie who wears a dog's head and has arms as long as the field he dwells in

Adventure Seed

While traveling, the group encounters a break in the Roman road they are on. It is not a ruined spot, but a place where it seems the original builders stopped the road and began it again on the other side of a large rye field. The rye is growing abundantly, and sharp eyes can spot peasants tending it with bone and wooden tools, though the peasants seem prosperous and civilized. The field is bordered by berry thickets and woods; going around will take several hours. If the characters speak to the peasants, they will be friendly to grogs in the party, but evasive concerning why the road stops or why they are farming with cattle shoulder blades and stag antlers for tools. They fear magi too much to talk to them directly or to forbid them to enter the field, but they will caution any grogs in the group that "Auntie is in the rye."

If the characters cross the field, they will meet "Auntie": a beautiful, wild-looking woman, naked but for a skirt of rye stalks. Her long breasts are black. She will ask each character a question. Men will be asked about farming. Women will be asked about the growing and use of plants for baskets and clothing. Characters who cannot answer properly are given an animal feature, which can only be removed by a faerie or by a ceremony performed by a high Church official. Characters who answer decently are allowed to pass. Those whose answers demonstrate special skill in these areas or who are very polite as well as correct will be given a special secret: how to whistle for the wind, call rain, spin silken thread from barley stalks, or perform some other skill. The secrets are small but useful, and she never gives the same one twice. Characters who are rude, crude, or violent will be wounded and thrown from the field if they are women, and infatuated and offered her poisonous breast if men. Magi, Companions, and grogs are treated alike.

Auntie Rye

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
35	0

Characteristics

+2	Int	+2	Prs
+3	Per	+1	Com
+4	Str	+4	Dex
+5	Sta	+6	Qik

Personality Traits

+3	Impatient	+2	Likes Children
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Powers

2	Change Size	2	Infatuation
5	Curse	4	Shapechange Others to Animal

Combat Totals

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>1st</i>	<i>Atk</i>	<i>Parry</i>	<i>Dam</i>
Flail Totals:	+13	+10	+5	+17

Dodge: +12 Soak: +20*
Fatigue: n/a Encumbrance: 0

*She is vulnerable to iron and takes +2 damage from iron weapons.

Body Levels

OK, 0/0, -1/-1, -3/-3, -6, Incapacitated

Fatigue Levels

OK, 0/0, -1/-1, -3/-3, -6, Incapacitated

and claws of iron as large as sickles. Often they take the form of goats. Field faeries reward those who honor them, with rich and safe harvests, but those who insult them may be cut by their own sickles or die mysteriously in the fields.

Goblins

THROUGHOUT THE KNOWN WORLD

Goblins are the common small faeries of home and hearth, like small mortal men in form but often distorted in appearance or covered in hair. In Albion, they are known as "brownies." The Spaniards call them *duende*; the French, *lutins*; and the Germans, *poltersprites*. They are known even to the Russians, who call them *domovoyie*. All have similar habits. They live at the hearth

or behind the stove, do not like to be seen by mortals, and, if they are mistreated or dislike a person, tend to trouble the household by tangling hair, fouling food, breaking crockery, and bringing bad luck to the house. If food is left for a goblin each night, it will keep the house clean and bring good luck to the household in mundane matters. Brownies appear as misshapen little men or boys, and are almost always naked. If clothing is left for them, they will cease to work and leave, considering themselves paid and dismissed. Duende look like brownies, but wear clothing. They and their relations in other lands usually will not leave their home regardless of what is done to them, preferring to torment the mortals in return for bad treatment and to reward them for gifts with extra work. Domovoyie appear as dwarfish old men, and stay with a family, rather than a house, through good times and bad.

Goblins living in cities attach themselves to a crafter or merchant who has a shop, and assist in the work. They often take on the appearance of the type of person they work for. Goblins are also common in mines, where they wear the clothes of miners and lead miners who feed them to rich deposits and

Adventure Seed

A priest has recently taken residence in a new parish. The church also has a resident goblin (called a "church grim" if the adventure takes place in Britain, or a *monacello* if it takes place in Italy). The goblin looks like a miniature monk, and he has traditionally rung the church bell, cleaned the church every Saturday, and made the holy wafers for the Mass. The new priest believes it is blasphemous to allow a faerie to make the Eucharist, and has ordered that the practice be stopped. The goblin is beginning to disturb church services. Exorcism has been tried, but it ended in the priest being booted downstairs by the angry



A female duende cleaning a maga's laboratory. Brownies may make their homes in some unexpected places.



Illus. ©1995 Mark Tedin

The Church Goblin

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
15	-2

Characteristics

+2	Int	-3	Prs
+2	Per	-1	Com
-2	Str	+2	Dex
+1	Sta	+6	Qik

Personality Traits

+2	Industrious	+4	Stubborn
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Powers

5	Bless	8	Invisibility
3	Curse		

The church goblin has no weaknesses either to iron or to Christian symbols or rituals.

Combat Totals

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>1st</i>	<i>Atk</i>	<i>Parry</i>
<i>Dam</i>			
Thrown Small Object:	+9	+3	-
	+5		

Dodge: +10	Soak: +4
Fatigue: n/a	Encumbrance: 0

Body Levels

OK, -1, -6, Incapacitated

Fatigue Levels

OK, -1, -6, Unconscious

warn them of impending disasters. In some places, goblins reside in the stable and care for animals. These goblins are called *vazilia* in Russia, and *massarioli* in lands south of the Alps. They bear some feature of the animals they like best, but otherwise resemble other goblins.

House Basiliscs

IN WARM LANDS

These faeries live in a home or place of business, like goblins. They take the forms of serpents, cockerels, or creatures somewhere in between. Unlike goblins, they do not keep house, do

The Covenant's Basilisc

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
15	-2

Characteristics

+3	Int	-3	Prs
+2	Per	+1	Com
-3	Str	+2	Dex
-2	Sta	+3	Qik

Personality Traits

+3	Curious	+1	Mischievous
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Powers

3	Control Ignem	2	Travel
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It gives a bonus of +4 to the Lab Total of anyone whose lab it lives in, as well as a bonus of +2 to the lab's safety.

House basiliscs are not vulnerable to iron and are immune to all Ignem magics.

Combat Totals

No Attacks

Dodge: +7	Soak: +9
Fatigue: n/a	Encumbrance: 0

Body Levels

OK, -1, -6, Incapacitated

Fatigue Levels

OK, -1, -6, Unconscious

goblin. The priest wants the group to get the goblin out of the church by any means necessary.

If the characters talk to the goblin, they will learn that he is this faerie community's tithe to Heaven; he serves the church, and in return the local faeries are able to live comfortably in an area that has a mild divine aura. The goblin knows his theological rules and is careful to follow the rituals correctly. He is terrified that the faerie community will have to leave the area if he is not allowed to serve the church as much as he can.

not mind being seen, and are present during the day. These faeries provide extraordinary, instead of daily, help, but must be fed and given a warm place to bask each day. They bring wealth (sometimes stolen wealth, along with the authorities) and strokes of great luck to those they favor, and lightning strikes and fires to those who insult or mistreat them. Serpentlike basilisks tend to be quieter and less quarrelsome than their cockerel-like kin, but are also less likely to leave rubies on the kitchen floor. They may occasionally foresee the future. They are called *aitwaras* in the Baltic lands, *tsmok* in Russia, *stoicheios* in Greece, and *souffle* or *drac* in southern France.

The Covenant's Basilisc

A large, indigo-blue serpent takes up residence in the magic

laboratory or library of the covenant. It likes to investigate any interesting happenings or objects (rather like a cat). If it is humored, it will begin to demand a saucer of milk a day and to be read to each evening (it will make its wants known much as a cat or a dog does). It will protect the covenant from dangerous effects of botched spells or experiments that have physical effects, and occasionally perform a useful alchemical transformation. If the serpent is removed, there are no positive or negative results, but if it is killed or driven off forcibly, the covenant laboratory will be cursed (hit by lightning in every storm). The source of the curse is not immediately obvious. The serpent can speak Latin, Greek, and Arabic, but will not speak unless spoken to by a single speaker when the serpent and speaker are alone.



Sysiraeus, the house basilisc of Antiochus, alchemist-in-chief to the king of Cordoba.

Kobalts

MAINLAND EUROPE WEST OF RUSSIA

These curious faeries resemble goblins in their habits but are wilderness faeries who have been brought into the civilized world by mortal agency. Wild kobalts are tiny cousins of the hamadryads. They dwell in trees and other plants that have large roots or trunks, and are visible to mortal eyes as twisted places in the stem or root. If this piece of wood is cut out carefully and with the faerie's permission, it can be brought into a dwelling and carved into a figure. This figure becomes the form of the faerie, and it may move and speak. The kobalt owes allegiance to the man or woman who made the figure, or to whoever cares for it, particularly the head of the household.



Illus. ©1995 Amy Weber

A kobalt.

Kobalts

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
10	-2

Characteristics

+1	Int	-2	Prs
+2	Per	-3	Com
+5	Str	+3	Dex
+5	Sta	+3	Qik

Personality Traits

+3	Hard-Working	+1	Shy
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Powers

2	Bless	2	Prophecy
2	Curse		

Combat Totals

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>1st</i>	<i>Atk</i>	<i>Parry</i>	<i>Dam</i>
Fist/Household Tool:	+7	+7	-	+9

Dodge Defense: +5

Soak: +7

Fatigue: n/a

Encumbrance: 0

Body Levels

OK, -1, -6, Incapacitated

Fatigue Levels

OK, -1, -6, Unconscious

In seafaring lands, kobalts often inhabit the figureheads of ships. Usually such ships have a small opening near the figurehead, forbidden to all but the captain, through which mortals may speak to or hear the kobalt.

The Koutsodaimonas

GREECE

"This one, he's a bad one. He comes at the end of the year with the *callicazantaroi*,⁶⁵ the twisted spirits, always behind them with his horns and his hunchback, his dragging lame foot, and his damn indecent parts hanging out—talking all the time, but just saying all kinds of lies, indecent things; making up stories about people. And there's always some fool going to believe him. Who should believe him, that digs women

⁶⁵Callicazantaroi: The Greek form of the Host. See "The Host," p. 101.

The Koutsodaimonas

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
20	-1

Characteristics

-2	Int	-4	Prs
-1	Per	-4	Com
+5	Str	-2	Dex
+5	Sta	+4	Qik

Personality Traits

+5 Vicious

Powers

8 Curse (by touch only)

He has no special weaknesses to iron, but is repelled by symbols of the Church. He only appears for the twelve days of Christmas, and must leave the earth on the 5th of January.

Combat Totals

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>1st</i>	<i>Atk</i>	<i>Parry</i>	<i>Dam</i>
Horn Totals:	+7	+8	-	+13

Dodge Defense: +8 Soak: +12
Fatigue: n/a Encumbrance: 0

Body Levels

OK, 0, -1, -3, -6, Incapacitated

Fatigue Levels

OK, 0, -1, -3, -6, Unconscious

with his horns so they lose their babies? Who should believe him, that teases the animals until they go crazy? But some fool always does, and then there's trouble from it all year long."

Ogres

THROUGHOUT THE KNOWN WORLD

Ogres are dangerous faeries who sometimes serve faerie lords but often roam the world alone or with others of their kind. It is sometimes said Baba Yaga is the queen of ogres, but members of this breed are far too restless and concerned with themselves to follow a single ruler. They are most often seen at times when divine powers are weakest. In form, they are twisted mockeries of mortal men and women, with some

parts outsized and others shriveled or sometimes with too many or too few arms, legs, eyes, or heads. Ogres may be of great size, but some are no larger than ordinary people. All have great strength. Many ogres hate mortals, some feed on mortals but bear them no more grudge than a man bears a deer, and a few are merely slow of wit and quick to anger. They dislike light but are not harmed by it. Italian ogres are called *orci* (singular *orco*), and are known for their terrible smell.

The Moors have even been known to claim that ogres live within the walls of their cities pretending to be civilized men and women. This may also be true in places where Moorish influences are found. When ogres are found in distant or wild places, they may join the Host or Wild Hunt, but only if they are promised mortals to frighten or pursue.



Baba Yaga, the most terrible of the ogres.

Baba Yaga

“Who wants to know Baba Yaga? Are you here for your good, or are you here to be food? Oh, little magicians smelling like sulfur, I’m so very impressed; it makes my limbs tremble. Or perhaps it’s the thought of the food you resemble. So you found your way in, put your face to the door. So now you’ll be asking for something, then more. Throw open the windows to get rid of your stink—and watch the lock: I don’t figure you’ll want to part with a finger or two. We’re moving? Of course! Weren’t you coming to look for a horse? My hut runs on the legs of a rooster; in my mortar I fly, over land, sea, and sky, to the ends of the earth where my pasture holds all of the horses of worth. Oh, they know to come back to me. White

for the dawn and red for the sun and black for the horses of the night sky. I have so many things wanted by heroes and magi. What shall I ask for one? A heart? An eye? Well, straighten the skulls up on the poles,

Padfoots

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
15–20	0

Characteristics

0	Int	+2	Prs
+2	Per	-2	Com
+2	Str	+2	Dex
+5	Sta	+3	Qik

Personality Traits

+3	Curious
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Powers

2	Control Person	5	Travel
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Vulnerable to religion

Combat Totals

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>1st</i>	<i>Atk</i>	<i>Parry</i>	<i>Dam</i>
Horn Totals:	+5	+7	–	+8

Dodge Defense: +6	Soak: +8
Fatigue: n/a	Encumbrance: 0

Body Levels

OK, 0, -1, -3, -6, Incapacitated

Fatigue Levels

OK, 0, -1, -3, -6, Unconscious

Baba Yaga

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
60	+1

Characteristics

+4	Int	-3	Prs
+5	Per	+3	Com
+8	Str	+2	Dex
+7	Sta	+2	Qik

Personality Traits

+1	Cruel	+2	Playful
+3	Demanding		

Powers

5	Bless	16	Enchant Object
14	Control Animals	18	Fear
12	Control Elements (all)	16	Glamour
14	Control Person	10	Prophecy
12	Curse	10	Shapechange Other to Animal

Combat Totals

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>1st</i>	<i>Atk</i>	<i>Parry</i>	<i>Dam</i>
Pestal Totals:	+9	+10	+6	+23

Dodge Defense: 0	Soak: +20
Fatigue: n/a	Encumbrance: 0

Body Levels

OK, 0/0, -1/-1, -3, -6, Incapacitated

Fatigue Levels

OK, 0/0, -1/-1, -3, -6, Unconscious

and bring me water for all my horses, in this bowl—no, the one with the holes. Light the fire; build it higher than the sun. Find me something to eat. I’d like more than your meat—I’m getting hungry—then we’ll talk.”

Padfoots

GERMANY AND LANDS WEST

These are the faeries of roads. They appear as black or green dogs, as large as any that have ever been seen, with great eyes that glow in the darkness.

They are usually met at night. A padfoot may follow travelers for miles doing nothing, or one may chase down a man or woman—in which case the victim's only possible salvation is in prayer or a cross, for they will not touch anything bearing the mark of the Church. Padfoots may catch the spirit of any man or woman who meets their eyes. Such a person may be seen in dis-

Trolls

NORTHERN EUROPE

Trolls dwell upon the earth in the places where the nobility of faeries are found. Where a mound or ring of standing stones shows an entrance into a regio, perhaps even to Faerieland, the trolls will make their homes. Most often they shun companionship and are found alone, but sometimes a few will come together to play ponderous troll games.

In shape, the trolls resemble men and women of another kind, sometimes hairy and with the features of animals, sometimes with the smooth thick skin of pigs or the short shining coats of horses. Always their eyes are set far back in the heavy bones of their heads, and stare with a sort of incurious wisdom at the mortal world. The sun turns them into statues of stone, precious metal, or iron. Some trolls are dwarfish, and some huge, but it is said that all have the power to grow to gigantic size if they wish.

Most times, trolls leave the mortal world to its own devices and ask the same of mortals, but they are known both for their great generosity and their terrible anger if disturbed. In Britain, they are called *spriggans* and serve the Daoine Sidhe. They appear as dwarfs dragging clubs the size of trees, and may grow large enough to use them in the blink of an eye. In France, they are known as *korred* or *crions*. These trolls usually remain small, live beneath standing stones, bear claws of iron, and have fur and horns,

Trolls

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
25-30	+2

Characteristics

+1	Int	-2	Prs
+4	Per	-2	Com
+6	Str	0	Dex
+6	Sta	-2	Qik

Personality Traits

-2 Concerned with Mortals

Powers

4 Change Size 5 Control Terram

Trolls turn to stone in 2 rounds if exposed to the direct light of the sun.

Combat Totals

Weapon	1st	Atk	Parry	Dam
Club Totals:	+6	+9	+8	+15

Dodge Defense: -2 (-current size) Soak: +20
 Fatigue: n/a Encumbrance: 0

Body Levels

OK, -0/0, -1/-1, -3, -6, Incapacitated

Fatigue Levels

OK, -0/0, -1/-1, -3, -6, Incapacitated

tant places, performing wonderful feats or doing harm to persons or goods for reasons he or she can never afterwards remember. This enchantment seems never to last for longer than the next sunrise. Those who have seen padfoots agree that they act as thinking creatures, not as beasts, but no one living knows why they act as they do.

The troll Majuna.



and they are known to offer gifts of leaves and horsehair that turn to jewels when touched by sunlight. They may destroy mortals who disturb their stones or interrupt their games, and are known for their terrible laughter. In Sweden, they are the *tomtra* (singular *tomte*), translucent blue herders from beneath the earth, who disappear along with the pale blue cattle they drive when seen against the evening sky.

Faerie Animals (*animales vana*)

Certain types of wild animals are strongly associated with faeries or are under their protection. Animals whose strength, fertility, intelligence, beauty, swiftness, or rarity are notable are most likely to be considered touched by the faeries. Sometimes whole species of natural beasts are faerie-associated. Sometimes special individuals are known and named as faerie creatures.

The White Hart

This rare creature is a huge stag, white as snow, always fully antlered, and maned like a lion. It appears to those who have some special destiny—young men and women who will grow to be great rulers, travelers on a sacred quest, warriors on the eve of their greatest battles. It can appear to as many or as few as it likes. This mystic beast can move without sound or scent and can outrun the swiftest horses. This hart usually appears either to lead someone to a special object, person, or place or to lead someone away from disaster. The White Hart appears only in forested country. It is held sacred by Christians and pagans alike.

Faerie Domestic Animals

Faeries, like mortals, have domestic animals. Faerie horses, dogs, cattle, pigs, and other creatures are known to exist. Wilderness faeries may tend wild creatures.

Domestic faerie animals are noted for their unusual size (large or small), coloring, and behavior. All faerie stock will follow faeries in preference to mortals and will return to faerie areas unless actively prevented (penned, tied up). Faerie horses are usually white or black, originate from the sea, and are very dangerous to mortals who try to ride them. Faerie cattle are usually white, dun (pale brown or tan) or spotted. They are extremely strong, fertile, and healthy. Faerie dogs are generally white, black, or green, with red, green, or black ears. Unlike faerie horses and cattle, faerie dogs become weaker and weaker the farther from the faerie realms they travel. Faerie pigs are small, and white or red. They can prophecy with the aid of objects.

Les Chevaux d'Ys

These are the horses of the faeries of the Chateau d'Ys, a castle of the faerie lords beneath a lake in France. They are large aristocratic animals, silver in color,

The White Hart

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
45	+3

Characteristics

-1	Cun	+4	Prs
+2	Per	n/a	Com
+6	Str	0	Dex
+6	Sta	-2	Qik

Personality Traits

+5 Brave

Combat Totals

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>1st</i>	<i>Atk</i>	<i>Parry</i>	<i>Dam</i>
Antler Totals:	+8	+7	-	+24
Hoof Totals:	+8	+5	-	+12

Dodge Defense: 0 Soak: +20
 Fatigue: n/a Encumbrance: 0

Body Levels

OK, -0/0, -1/-1, -3, -6, Incapacitated

Fatigue Levels

OK, -0/0, -1/-1, -3, -6, Incapacitated

Les Chevaux d'Ys

<i>Faerie Might</i>	<i>Size</i>
15	+3

<i>Characteristics</i>			
-2	Cun	+2	Prs
0	Per	n/a	Com
+3	Str	0	Dex
+4	Sta	+2	Qik

<i>Personality Traits</i>			
+2	Elusive	+5	Spirited

<i>Powers</i>			
5	Travel		

<i>Combat Totals</i>				
<i>Weapon</i>	<i>1st</i>	<i>Atk</i>	<i>Parry</i>	<i>Dam</i>
Bite Totals:	+6	+4	-	+7
Hoof Totals:	+8	+5	-	+12

Dodge Defense: -1 Soak: +10
Fatigue: n/a Encumbrance: 0

<i>Body Levels</i>			
OK, 0/0, -1/-1, -3/-3, -6,	Incapacitated		

<i>Fatigue Levels</i>			
OK, 0/0, -1/-1, -3/-3, -6,	Unconscious		

with blue eyes. Well-traveled people will recognize that these horses are Arabian in appearance. They have the virtue of being able to travel over both land and water. A faerie or mortal who rides one can move through water at normal speed and cannot drown while touching or riding it. Those mortals with Faerie Sight can see the horses playing amid the foam in the waves on the lakeshore. A lady of the Chateau can sometimes be seen abroad on the land, riding with a hawk on her wrist and asking passersby if they can help her find her way home.

Faerie Plants (herbae vanae)

These plants are commonly found in faerie places and more rarely in mortal countrysides. Some are mortal plants that have been enchanted by faeries to create a new type of plant.

Cypress

These tall, narrow, unmistakable dark evergreens grow in wastelands wherever the weather is warm year-round. They are faerie trees that possess a limited power to move in the presence of mortals. Anyone sleeping within fifteen paces of a cypress will attract its mobile roots. They poke through the ground and touch the head of the sleeper, gently winding around ears or hair. A sleeper in contact with a kind cypress may experience prophetic dreams, gain knowledge as if the tree had been spoken with, or even awaken with memories or knowledge from others who had previously slept beneath the tree. Malevolent cypresses steal from those who sleep beneath them: memories are lost, nightmares are experienced, and the sleepers may awaken in confusion, knowing neither where nor who they are. Stories have been told of travelers in cursed forests finding bodies whose skulls are entirely empty except for a tangle of cypress roots. An individual tree may be benign or malevolent depending on how it is treated. Benign cypresses are often used by local people as oracles, and malevolent ones are known and avoided.

Destroying Angel

This mushroom is uncommon. It is about four inches tall, pure white, with a scarlet cap. Eating a single mushroom will cause madness and death, yet many insist this is the most potent of the charms that allow mortals a glimpse of the faerie world. It is claimed that those who eat Destroying Angel and do not die become entranced. They not only can see and converse with the inhabitants of the faerie realms but can understand the faerie's ways like no mortal born. As with many faerie gifts, it is difficult to separate the gift of Destroying Angel from the curse. No one is sure of the correct dose. Some say the gift comes only from Destroying Angel found growing in faerie forests and all others are pure poison. Many exotic wizards use Destroying Angel to create special spells and potions. Each perfect specimen of Destroying Angel has one point of either

Mentem, Imáginem, or Perdo vis. The type is not known until the specimen is inspected by a wizard, a faerie, or someone who has eaten of Destroying Angel and survived.

To determine the amount of a non-lethal dose of Destroying Angel, make a stress roll of CHIRUGERY + INT of 9+. A botch means the character thinks a lethal dose is nonlethal. Eating a lethal dose requires making a stress Stamina roll of 9+, or death results. Eating a nonlethal dose or surviving a lethal one gives the character the benefits listed above.

Ergot

Also known as Jack-in-the-rye, ergot is both a faerie and a faerie plant. Few people have seen its faerie shape—a tiny, tiny man with grass flowers for hair who hides in the heads of growing grain—nor its other form of strange purple seeds in the place of kernels in the ripe grain head; but many have felt its effects. Those who eat the faerie flesh in bread or porridge are seized with the faerie madness: visions, sudden paralysis, and terror. And often, they die. Millers careless enough to allow Jack-in-the-rye into their flour have been put to death, and farmers whose blighted crops show his touch have been banished from their villages. Those few who survive the taste of this flour are usually marked with the faerie touch—a dead and useless limb, madness, or occasionally the Virtue Faerie Sight.

Ergot is always poisonous to human beings, although faeries give it to their half-breed children to give them the Virtue Faerie Sight. A good alchemist can distill ergot. The ergot used must come straight from the grain head, not from flour or bread. One ounce of ergot “seed,” distilled, yields both a clear liquid containing 3 points of Imáginem vis and a black powder containing 3 points of Perdo vis. Half an acre of infected grain will yield an ounce of ergot “seed,” but cultivation of or traffic in ergot in any grain-growing area is a serious crime.


Mandrake

This name usually refers to the root of the mandrad plant, a low, fleshy herb. It is rarely found anywhere on ground trodden by living feet. Mandrake can be found in faerie forests and at places where someone has been murdered. The root is a tiny copy of a person (there are both male and female mandrakes). The root is capable of movement and bleeds if cut. To be used, the root must be pulled whole from the ground at midnight when the moon is full. The mandrake will always scream when pulled from the ground, and all who hear the unearthly shriek will die. Traditionally, deaf people and dogs are the ones who pick mandrake. *Parmae magicae* can also protect. Treat the scream as a level 45 Perdo Corpus spell. The scream’s range is fifteen paces in every direction. Animals who hear the sound will go mad.

There is a chance the root will break (Dexterity roll of 9+ to avoid). The broken root has 4 points of Corpus vis and no other properties. A whole root has 4 points of Corpus vis for every fragment or shaving taken (an average-sized root has about twenty shavings). The damage from taking one shaving from a root can be healed with 2 points of Vim vis or with a pint of blood from a warm-blooded creature. Theoretically, if the root is fed for every shaving taken, a whole mandrake can supply an infinite amount of Corpus vis. However, shaving the root injures it, so only one shaving can be taken in a day, even if the damage is healed. If the root is maintained whole, it can be used like mistletoe in divination. Since the root writhes its answers, only a trained diviner can interpret them (see the previous section, “Mistletoe”).

Alternately, a whole root can be made into a homunculus, but only if it has not been used for any other purpose. Making a homunculus requires a person with the “Alchemy” Talent. A pint of blood from the person who will own the homunculus is needed, in addition to 4 points of Vim vis. A finished homunculus resembles the blood donor closely and is the size of the original mandrake root (Size -4). It can speak, move,





and do anything else a human being its size could do. It has the Virtue Faerie Sight, can detect and analyze magic by sight, and can see in the dark like a cat. Its flesh is deadly poison: any animal who even mouths it is instantly paralyzed. Homunculi have the Ability Faerie Lore, and have knowledge of magic equivalent to a score of 20 in all Arts known to the donor. They cannot cast spells, however. They will teach magic or give advice; but they are free-willed, and their advice is only as good as they want it to be. They want to be paid for their advice and assistance, and must be treated well. Homunculi have an innate permanent Magic Resistance of +45, which they can bestow at will on anyone they are touching. This is not additive with Parma Magica. Homunculi can double the amount of coins that are in physical contact with them overnight. Their vegetable nature means that they are immune to Mentem spells, and their Faerie Sight renders them immune to deception by Imáginem spells. All homunculi have individual personalities and are free-willed, and most demand some form of payment for their services in the form of information, additional privileges, services in return, or fresh blood.

All mandrake roots have innate Magic Resistance of +45, although homunculi are the only form of the root that can share this power with others. All roots can move, though homunculi are better at walking. Roots have at least a rudimentary intelligence, and raw roots and homunculi alike will attempt to overcome any barrier to wreak horrible vengeance on anyone who has mistreated them.

The Church has very ambivalent feelings towards mandrake. At best, they are believed to be soulless copies of individual men and women or soulless products of strange faerie magics. At worst, it is believed that mandrake is found only in the possession of diabolists. The Church has not yet come out with an official statement on mandrakes.

Mistletoe

These dark green, glossy plants spring mysteriously from the highest branches of

trees. As with truffles, the presence of the plant is a sign that its tree is inhabited by faeries. The waxy white berries of mistletoe are worth 1 point of Herbam vis each and can be plucked without affecting the plant. Cuttings of the mistletoe itself are worth 3 points of Creo vis. Unless the cutter has been given permission by the faeries, however, cutting mistletoe arouses their anger—the cutting can root itself in the body of anyone who touches the cut end, or any preparation made with the cutting may turn out to be a deadly poison.

There is an elaborate ancient ritual for the taking of mistletoe that is still remembered in a few places. If the ritual is correctly performed, the faeries are pacified and the tree's hamadryad is contained within the piece of mistletoe. If treated well, the hamadryad may answer questions and give faerie knowledge through movements of the mistletoe, which must be interpreted by a trained diviner (SIMPLE DIE + FAERIE LORE + INT roll of 9+). If the mistletoe ever touches the earth or any base substance, the hamadryad disappears and the mistletoe's power is lost.

Sea Foam

This substance is found only very rarely, in faerie woods after high nocturnal winds or on the sea after storms. It appears as a finely divided, snow-white lump, resembling lichen or a mass of branching coral, but is very soft and cool to the touch. It is supposed to be either the foam that falls from the mouths of faerie horses, or a kind of faerie plant that springs up from such foam. Each mass is worth 1 point of Creo vis. Hedge witches and healers can brew Sea Foam into a broth that cures elfshot and other faerie curses.

Stinkhorns

Stinkhorns grow in unexpected places where the ground has been turned, and also appear often on dung heaps. They closely resemble the human phallus, stink profusely, and attract hordes of

flies. On nights of the great pagan festivals, faeries who are troublesome but not truly malicious often create numbers of them around churches, and around the houses and fields of farmers who have offended them. Each pound of stinkhorn contains 1 point of *Creo vis*. Groggs are not especially happy about a magus's locating this sort of *Creo vis*, as they are usually the ones who must gather it. Magi are not happy about the way stinkhorns ripen into black slime unless picked young and quickly dried.

Toadstools

This term covers most inedible mushrooms. Faeries, particularly the smaller, less manlike woodland faeries, are often found near places where toadstools grow abundantly. They may use toadstools for food or shelter, or nurse them into faerie rings. Or perhaps abundant toadstools may be a measure of the strange fertility of the faerie-inhabited country.

Hedge witches sometimes use toadstools to acquire familiar "animals," which are often faerie animals or small faeries in animal guise. The formula for acquiring such a creature involves picking a toadstool found in a faerie wood. The person desiring the creature waits motionless, holding the toadstool in an outstretched hand until something arrives to investigate. If the creature that arrives takes the toadstool and eats it, the animal has accepted the offer to become the person's familiar animal. The creature that arrives is said to resemble in personality and appearance the toadstool that is used to summon it—a round toadstool might bring a dormouse or a turtle, a black toadstool might bring a black rat or snake, and a very poisonous toadstool might bring a malicious faerie. The creatures that arrive may resemble normal animals (mice, crows, rats, etc.) strange creatures (tiny deer, roosters with tails of fire), or small semi-human faeries. In all cases, the supplicant must be favored by the faeries and remain completely still, or

no creature will arrive. Once the creature has accepted the toadstool, it is that person's familiar from then on. The unfortunate person who attracts a bad-tempered or prank-playing creature must learn to live with it. The creatures summoned all seem to be quite intelligent and have minds of their own. They have the *Virtue Faerie Sight*.

Truffles

Truffles are irregular black masses that grow beneath the earth, springing mysteriously out of the roots of certain oak trees. Their rich flavor and magical properties make them worth their weight in gold to both gourmet cooks and interested magi.

Each truffle-tree has its own special earth faerie. Like most earth faeries, those of truffle-trees are jealous of their treasure, and thieves or careless truffle diggers are likely to rouse them to anger. Truffle-hunters who ask their permission before digging are usually allowed to ply their trade in peace (though trained pigs or dogs do the actual digging—just in case). Those who are favored discover truffles poking through the soil, or even catch a glimpse of the faerie itself herding its band of tiny black swine.

Truffle faeries look much like truffles themselves: squat and black, with incredibly wrinkled, horny skin. Their eyes are tiny and deep-set, and their sense of smell is uncannily accurate. The size of the truffles on a tree is a good indicator of the size of the faerie. They have a weakness for fine old oak trees, and for quality swine, which they breed and judge as mortals do hounds and horses.

The truffles themselves are similar to mushrooms and grow completely covered by earth. To a noble's cook, they are worth up to their full weight in gold, depending on the market and the quality of the truffle. To a wizard, each truffle is worth 2 points of *Creo vis* per inch in diameter.





Not all magi are accustomed to the presence of faerie Companions in the covenant.



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“SOMETIMES THE GETTING INTO FAERIELAND IS EASIER THAN YOU THINK. IT’S THE GETTING OUT THAT’S TRICKY. MARK ME: ONCE THEY’VE TAKEN YOU, THEY’LL HOLD YOU FOREVER, WHEREVER YOU BE LIVING AND WHATEVER BE YOUR TRADE. IF THEY’RE GOING TO CALL TO YOU, THEY’LL CALL TO YOU, AND WHEN IT’S YOUR TIME, YOU MUST GO. BUT IF A MAN HAS FAITH, A GOOD HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS, AND COURAGE RUNNING IN HIS VEINS, HE CAN GO IN HIS OWN TIME, ON HIS OWN TERMS. I HAVE GONE TO THEM AS THE FAERIE MESSENGER, AND A BARD OF A QUEEN IN FAERIELAND. YOU WILL PAY FOR IT—THEY HAVE GIVEN ME A TONGUE THAT CANNOT LIE—BUT IF YOU CAN BEAR IT, YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN WAY EVEN WITH THEM.”

—THOMAS THE RHYMER, A MORTAL WITH FAERIE POWERS





Chapter Ten: *Playing Faeries and the Faerie-Touched*

Roleplaying Faeries

In a campaign that focuses on faeries and faerie areas, or in any campaign where players desire an unusual change of pace, the question of whether faeries can be played may arise. Playing a full-blooded faerie who has always been faerie is not recommended, simply because faeries can be so mentally different from mortals. Similarly, playing a faerie magus is not recommended, because such a character would be much too powerful. For players wishing to play faeries, there are two options. The simplest option is playing a Companion or magus who has faerie blood that is unusually strong, and the other is to play a full-blooded faerie Companion.

Playing someone with the Virtue Faerie Blood is not the same as playing a faerie Companion. The former is a mortal, while the latter can more truly be called a faerie. The boundary between the types is not necessarily crystal clear, but generally mortals with faerie blood have only subdued faerie characteristics. Faerie Companions, on the other hand, are basically faeries who have adapted to living in mortal society.

The Faerie Companion Player Character

There are many different ways a faerie could have been sensitized enough to mortal ways to survive and even thrive in the mortal world. The faerie Companion may have once been human and has become a faerie, or perhaps was a faerie child who was raised by humans. There are many sto-

ries of people either being kidnapped by faeries or wandering into Arcadia, and of their becoming faeries by eating faerie food, by being put under faerie enchantments, or by simply staying too long in Arcadia. There are also many stories of human infants kidnapped by faeries and replaced by faerie children. The advantage of these characters is that they will have the ability and desire to interact with mortals, and the ability to be comfortable in Arcadia.

It must be noted that a faerie Companion is quite powerful and should be regarded as an alternative to playing a magus. Remember too that though faerie Companions are quite powerful compared to ordinary mortals, they are of only moderate power when compared to the hosts of Faerieland and the various faerie areas. Faerie Companions are more powerful than the majority of hobgoblins, brownies, and other *numina minor*, but less powerful than the *numina maior*.

Creating Faerie Companions

A faerie Companion's basic characteristics are generated the same way any other character's are. Faerie Companions receive a number of innate Abilities and must choose a limitation in regards to iron.⁶⁶ Also, there are a number of Virtues and Flaws only faerie Companions and those with faerie blood may take. Some Virtues and Flaws are not available to faerie Companions.

Probably the most potent and interesting characteristics of faerie Companions are their faerie "Powers." These Powers are simply limited forms of faerie magic and should be selected after the character's Virtues and Flaws have been decided on.

⁶⁶Cold iron is the traditional bane of faeries and the faerie-blooded.

After faerie Powers are chosen, personality traits are determined in the usual manner. Next, regular Abilities are chosen. Faerie characters have 55 + A SIMPLE DIE ROLL in experience points with which to buy Abilities.⁶⁷

Since faerie characters either are faeries raised among humans or are humans who have been turned into faeries, they may leave their faerie areas and travel freely in the mortal realm, due to their connection with it. In addition, areas of divine power affect such characters less than other faeries because faerie characters have at least some minimal connection to the Dominion. In game terms, divine power affects faerie characters just as it affects magi, not as it affects non-player faeries. Other powers affect faerie characters normally.⁶⁸

Innate Abilities

Due to the strange strength of their mystical blood, faerie Companions innately have powers considered extraordinary in the mortal world. Their connection with the power of nature allows them to heal rapidly, recovering one Body level per day automatically. This same bond with the living world around them automatically gives them the Virtue Ways of the Woods (at no cost to the player). The Virtues Faerie Eyes and Faerie Sight are also innate Abilities that are free to faerie Companions.⁶⁹

Faerie Companions have an Ability called "Magic Resistance." They begin with a score of 3 in this Ability, and this Ability is incompatible with Parma Magica (their scores are not cumulative). This Magic Resistance may be raised through experience. The faerie Companion must spend a season in either Arcadia or a faerie regio of at least level 6 and spend the following experience points: 4 experience points to raise his or her score to 4, and 4 EXPERIENCE POINTS + THE POINTS NORMALLY NEEDED TO ATTAIN THE NEXT LEVEL (AS PER THE ARS MAGICA RULES) to buy each higher score beyond 4.⁷⁰ A faerie Companion's Ability Magic Resistance gives him or her a Magic Resistance equal to 5 times the score in the Ability.

Also, faerie Companions do not age or become ill, and will not die unless killed.

Limitations

All faerie Companions must take an iron limitation: Discomfort from Iron, or Vulnerability to Iron. Bound by Iron is both too much and not enough of a limitation for player characters. Faerie Companions take +1 extra damage from iron weapons.⁷¹

Faerie characters who give their solemn word must keep it. Most will not even consider breaking their word, and those who do know that dire things may happen to them (such as acquiring the Flaw called Faerie Enmity).

Virtues and Flaws

Faerie Companions choose Virtues and Flaws just like magi and Companions, and may have up to 10 points in Virtues, balanced by 10 points in Flaws. Innate Abilities do not count toward the limits on Virtues and Flaws for faerie Companions.

However, it is impossible for faerie Companions to use magic other than faerie magic, and these alien-natured beings may not have Hermetic Virtues or Flaws, since they are not magi. But though there are also a few other Virtues and Flaws not available to faerie Companions, there is a whole new variety of faerie Virtues and Flaws open only to faerie Companions and those with faerie blood.

Unavailable Virtues and Flaws:

Latent Mystical Ability, Withstand Magic, True Faith, Failed Apprentice, Magic Resistance, Werewolf, and Guardian Angel are Virtues unavailable to faerie Companions.

Diabolic Upbringing, Magic Susceptibility, Offensive to Animals, Tainted with Evil, and Demon-Plagued are Flaws not available to faerie Companions.

⁶⁷Unlike those of other characters, faerie characters' experience points to buy Abilities are not based on the characters' age, since faeries are immortal and ageless.

⁶⁸Faerie Companions use the magic column of the Power Interaction Chart in the *Ars Magica* rules, not the faerie column.

⁶⁹For description of the Virtue Ways of the Woods, see the *Ars Magica* rules. For description of the Virtues Faerie Eyes and Faerie Sight, see the section "Faerie Virtues," p. 133, in this chapter.

⁷⁰The cost to go from a score of 4 in Magic Resistance to a score of 5 would be 9 experience points. Raising the score to 6 would cost 10 experience points. Raising the score to 7 would cost 11 experience points, and so on.

⁷¹For descriptions of faerie limitations in dealing with iron, see "Faerie Weaknesses," p. 95, in *Chapter 9: Faerie Folk, a Bestiary*.

Faerie Powers

Like their brethren of the faerie realm, faerie Companions have mystical powers. These "Powers" can be so potent that a faerie character may be the near-equal of a magus. Faerie Companions may have up to 4 points of these Powers. Most of these Powers require no rolls to use. When applicable, the Form, Technique, and level equivalents are given for purposes of magically affecting or dispelling these abilities.

Aquatic

You can function normally underwater, and you can give up to 9 mortals at a time tokens that allow them also to function normally underwater. You can dispel these tokens by touch, even while they are in use. This Power gives you the Ability called Swim, which you must buy a score in as you do with all regular Abilities. Cost: 1 point.

*Change*⁷²

You may alter your appearance to that of anything remotely human. Deer ears, any kind of horns, and cat's eyes are all permissible attributes of a remotely human form. You can add +1 to your normal Size or decrease it by up to 2 points. An additional Size point gives you +1 Soak, +1 Strength, and -1 Defense. Reducing your Size has the reverse effect per Size point lost. In addition, you can change your basic body form so that you are muscular (+1 Strength), or graceful (+1 Dexterity). You cannot raise your Presence by more than 2 using this Power, though you can lower it as much as you wish. Cost: 1 point.

Equalize Resistance

You can make any creature's or magus's Magic Resistance equal in score to your own Magic Resistance, for purposes of resisting your own Powers only. With this

Power, you may only affect one being at a time. Cost: 2 points.

Fascination

This Power causes those who look at you or listen to you to see you as someone whose praise they desire and whom they are inclined to obey (as long as any orders or requests you make are reasonable). This Power affects nobles as well as commoners, though it may have less effect on those who feel bound by oaths and other loyalties. This Power may not be dispelled by magic, but its effects on a particular person may be dispelled (ReMe 25). This Power need not be used all the time. Cost: 1 point.

Flight, Greater

(ReHe 25, ReAn 25)

You can fly as fast as a galloping horse. You fly by riding on an object you cause to fly (straddling a flying broom is a classic example). The objects you use to fly with do not retain their flying power once you are finished with them. This Power gives you an Ability called Flight, which you must buy a score in as you do with all regular Abilities. You may only fly at night, and if you fly over a church or within earshot of a ringing church bell, you must roll a STRESS DIE + YOUR STAMINA + FLIGHT of 9 or greater or be forced to land; on a botch, you fall out of the air. Cost: 2 points.

Glamour, Greater

(CrIm 25, MuIm 25)

With this Power, you can create an image up to the size of a horse and rider (Size +2), with sounds appropriate to it. Optionally, you change the image and sounds of any one thing, including living things, up to Size +2. The glamour is broken if it is shown to be false: for example, someone who attempted to touch a glamour of a tree would show it to be false, or a dog with a glamour of a rock over it would show the glamour to be false if it ran away. You may cast a glamour on yourself but cannot raise your Presence more than 2 points, though

⁷²With the Power called Change, you may make yourself look like someone else. To do this, make a simple Perception roll of 6+ if you know the person well, 11+ if you have only seen the person once or if you only have a picture of the person.

you may lower it as much as you wish. This Power may be dispelled by magic; if it is not dispelled, the glamour lasts until the next sunset or sunrise. Cost: 1 point.

Healing

For the cost of one Fatigue level, you may heal one Body level in yourself or another by touch. The recipient must make a Stamina roll of 3+ to benefit. You can also cure disease in the same fashion. Cost: 1 point.

*Hex/Blessing*⁷³

This allows you to exercise powers identical to both of the Virtues Hex and Blessing. This Power also gives the Companion the Hex/Bless Ability. Your base score in this Power is 10, and can be raised with experience. Cost: 1 point.

Improved Characteristic

Add +4 to any single characteristic of your choice. This Power may be taken only once but may be used on a characteristic that already has a positive value. Cost: 1 point.

Invisibility

You can become invisible at will and may perform any desired action, including combat, while invisible. While invisible, you still cast a reflection (in mirrors, still pools, and so on). You can remain invisible for 8 hours per day but can become visible during that period at will. Cost: 2 points.

Lord of the Wild Forest

(MuAn 15, ReAn 15, ReHe 15)

You can communicate with and command all manner of animals and plants. These conversations cannot be understood by onlookers. Under your command, the animals are transformed into flawless specimens

of their type, giving them a +3 to their strongest feature (to sight, for a hawk; to speed, for a horse), and causing them to become brave and confident. Plants are empowered with limited movement—small branches can whip at targets to distract them or knock things from the grip of the targets. Long grasses and undergrowth can grow to twice normal size and can attempt to trip people. Dexterity rolls are needed to avoid falling—of 6+ to 9+, depending on the speed of the person and the thickness of the vegetation. This Power works as long as you concentrate; it will not work on domestic plants or animals. The animals transformed by this Power cannot thereafter be domesticated by any means, including magic. Cost: 3 points.

Make Animals Tame/Wild

You may make wild animals tame and tame animals wild. This Power works at will, on one animal a turn, and is permanent. Taming and untaming animals may be done either by touching the animal or by looking at it. However, if the Power is used on an animal you are not touching, then each animal affected costs you one Fatigue level. Cost: 1 point.

Shapechange

At will, you may take the form of a particular animal. The desired animal must be selected at character creation and may not be changed. The size of the form assumed must be between Size -5 and Size +2. Cost: 1 point.


Speak with Animals

You can speak with all manner of animals; these communications cannot be understood by onlookers. Generally, animals will be well-disposed towards you, but they are not bound to follow your requests. Cost: 1 point.

Summoning

You may summon minor faeries from your realm. You may summon faeries of

⁷³Hex is described in the *Ars Magica* rules. Blessing is described in the “New Virtues” section, pg. 140.



up to a Faerie Might of 15. You may have no more than three present at any one time. It takes one full turn to summon one faerie creature. Cost: 3 points.

Transformation

(MuAn 15, MuAg 15, MuHe 15, MuTe 15)

You may transform any small object, plant, or animal into another form. Common examples include: gold into coal, jewels into mice, leaves into money, water into wine, and so on. Nothing larger or heavier than a suit of clothes may be transformed. The range of transformation is touch only, and the transformation lasts until the next sunrise or sunset, whichever is sooner. Transformation may be dispelled. Cost: 2 points.

Very Tough

Add +7 to all Soak rolls. Cost: 1 point.

Faerie Defects

Each point of Defect taken gives you another point with which to choose faerie Powers. You may take no more than a total of 2 points of these Defects.

Partially Controlled Power

One of your faerie Powers is partially out of your control, and is activated by specific conditions. For example, you automatically Hex anyone who breaks his or her word in your presence, or you transform from human form to animal form when entering a Dominion aura. Add one point to select faerie Powers.

Susceptible to Divine Power

This Defect has the same effects as the faerie Flaw of the same name. Characters

may not take both this Defect and that Flaw. Add one point to select faerie Powers.

Uncontrolled Power

One of your faerie Powers is not at all under your control, and in many ways may be as much, or more, a curse as a blessing. For example, you may Hex anyone who is inhospitable in your presence and Bless anyone who follows the rules of faerie etiquette, but you are unable to use this Power voluntarily. Add two points with which to select faerie Powers.

Vulnerable to the Dominion

This Defect has the same effects as the faerie Flaw of the same name. Characters may not take both this Defect and that Flaw. Add two points with which to select faerie Powers.

Characters with Faerie Blood

Most characters who have faerie blood will simply have the Virtue Faerie Blood as described in the **Ars Magica** rules system. However, in some exceptional mortals (meaning human Companions, not faerie Companions), faerie blood will run especially strong and pure. In addition to the benefits of the standard Virtue, such characters will have additional special abilities and limitations. For these characters, Faerie Blood will still be a +2 Virtue, but its exact parameters must be chosen by the character. Human characters with faerie blood choose up to +5 faerie Virtues balanced by -5 faerie Flaws, in addition to the regular Virtues and Flaws. These faerie Virtues and Flaws must balance to zero, and faerie Virtues must be balanced by faerie Flaws, not normal Flaws, and vice-versa. This does not include the Virtue Faerie Blood itself, which is counted as a regular Virtue and so must be balanced by a regular Flaw. Faerie Companions may also take faerie Virtues, but these Virtues may be balanced by either regular or faerie Flaws.

Exempli Gratia—Faerie Blood, Special System

Aelfgar, a human Companion, chooses the Virtue Faerie Blood and the faerie Virtues Animal Ken +1, Faerie Eyes +1, and Healing +3. She balances the cost of these faerie Virtues with the faerie Flaws Vulnerability to Iron -3 and Susceptible to Divine Power -2. To balance out the +2 regular Virtue Faerie Blood itself, she takes the -2 regular Flaw Small Frame. She therefore has +5 faerie Virtues and -5 faerie Flaws—the maximum—and +2 regular Virtues and -2 regular Flaws. She may now take up to +3 more points in regular Virtues, balanced by -3 points of regular Flaws, but may choose no more faerie Virtues or faerie Flaws.

Faerie Companions may mix faerie and regular Virtues and Flaws at will. Rowan the faerie Companion chooses the faerie Virtues Faerie Affinity with Terram +3, Standard Equipment of Faerie Iron +3, and the regular Virtue Redcap +4. To balance these she chooses the faerie Flaw Strong Fey Nature -1, and the regular Flaws Fury -3, Overconfident -2, and Midget/Dwarf -4.

Faerie Virtues

Only characters who are faerie Companions or those with faerie blood may choose faerie Virtues and Flaws.

+1 Animal Ken

This Virtue gives you the Ability called Animal Ken, which you must buy a score in as you do with all regular Abilities. This Ability is outlined in the **Ars Magica** rules.

+1 Faerie Eyes

Faerie Eyes allow you to see normally in deep woods and also at night. Your eyes will be unusually bright and reflect light like a cat's. The eyes of a faerie look "normal," though they will usually be a strange color, like bright green. All faerie Companions have Faerie Eyes as an innate Ability.

+1 Faerie Sight

This Virtue gives you an Ability called Faerie Sight, which you must buy a score in as you do with all regular Abilities.

This is similar to the Virtue Second Sight, except that you are automatically specialized in seeing faeries and faerie things. It allows you to see through faerie illusions on a FAERIE SIGHT + STRESS DIE roll of 12+. Just as Second Sight allows you to see into magic regions, Faerie Sight allows you to see into faerie regions. All faerie Companions have Faerie Sight as an innate Ability.

+1 Standard Equipment of Bronze

Manufacture

All of your standard equipment that is normally made of iron uses bronze instead. Thus the equipment is less harmful to your nature.

+2 Enchanting Music

This Virtue gives you the Ability called Enchanting Music, which you must buy a score in as you do with all regular Abilities. This Ability is outlined in the **Ars Magica** rules.

+2 Glamour, Lesser

(MuIm 20)

This Virtue gives you an Ability called Glamour, which you must buy a score in as you do with all regular Abilities.

This Virtue grants you the ability to change your appearance. On a GLAMOUR + STRESS DIE roll of 9+, you can change your appearance to that of anything that looks even remotely human. This transformation includes changes of voice, sounds, and accouterments such as clothing and weapons. Glamour changes only sounds and images, smell and taste, but not touch. Glammers cannot be completely perfect, though usually flaws are very subtle; ani-

mals are more likely to notice the imperfections than humans. In order to imitate a specific person, you need a GLAMOUR + STRESS DIE roll of 12+. Once cast, the glamour lasts until sunrise or sunset (whichever occurs next). You can lower your Presence as much as you like, but can only raise it by 2 points, maximum. Specialties: Faeries, men, women, nobles, and other human types.

+2 *Good Equipment of Bronze*

Manufacture

All your standard equipment that is typically made of iron uses bronze instead. In addition, you may have one expensive piece of equipment that is made of bronze.

+3 *Faerie Affinity*

You have a close affinity with one variety of minor nature faerie associated with one of the four elements or associated with animals or with plants. You may create spontaneous effects using one Form, with your choice of Form being limited to Animál, Aquam, Auram, Herbam, Ignem, and Terram. You are granted an Ability called Magical Affinity, which you can increase with experience. First you decide what effect you wish to occur and ask the faeries associated with your particular affinity to aid you; then you make a MAGICAL AFFINITY + COM roll. If your roll is equal to or less than the level of an equivalent Hermetic spell desired, then the effect occurs. No Fatigue need be spent to use this Ability. You must verbally ask the faeries to aid you. Doing this takes time, but no gestures are required. You may produce effects duplicating both regular Hermetic spells and faerie-magic spells. Only faerie Companions and Companions with faerie blood may take this Virtue.

+3 *Flight, Lesser*

(ReHe 25)

This Virtue gives you an Ability called Flight, which you must buy a score in as you do with all regular Abilities.

You can fly as fast as a galloping horse. To fly, you must succeed on a FLIGHT + QUICKNESS stress roll of 9+. You fly by riding on an object that you have caused to fly, such as a broom, sawhorse, or bundle of sticks. You cannot fly on your own; you cannot make living things fly. The objects you use to fly with do not retain their flying ability once you are finished with them. You can only fly at night, and if you cross over a church's land or fly within earshot of a ringing church bell, you must make a FLIGHT + QUICKNESS stress roll of 9+ (minus the divine rating of the church) or be forced to land.

+3 *Healing*

(CrCo 20)

For a cost of 1 Fatigue level, you may heal one Body level in yourself or in someone you touch. The recipient must make a stress Stamina roll of 3+ to benefit from this healing. Also, you can cure most common diseases by touch. This Ability will not regrow limbs, cure leprosy, erase scars or deformities, or reset healed bones.

+3 *Standard Equipment of Faerie Iron*

All of your standard equipment that normally would be made of mortal iron has been made out of faerie iron instead.

+3 *Superior Equipment of Bronze*

Manufacture

All of your equipment that would normally be made out of iron has been made out of bronze instead. Your armaments and your armor may be of the expensive type.

+4 *Good Equipment of Faerie Iron*

All of your equipment that normally would be made out of mortal iron has been made out of faerie iron instead. In addition, one piece of expensive equipment is made of faerie iron as well.

+4 Magic Resistance

You have an innate Magic Resistance of +20, incompatible with Parma Magica (they're not cumulative). As faerie Companions already have a similar innate ability, they may not choose this Virtue.

+5 Superior Equipment of Faerie Iron

All of your equipment that is normally of iron is of faerie iron. You may have any expensive arms or armor.

Faerie Flaws

-1 Disfigured

You have a visible disfigurement that makes you ugly and easily recognized. Subtract 3 from your Presence score. Faeries and characters with faerie blood may have almost any imaginable disfigurement, including horns or duck feet.

-1 Faerie Enmity

Some particular kind of common faerie hates you and takes every opportunity to harm or pester you. Whenever you are within an area frequented by such fey, they will take time from their everyday activities to spoil your food, plague your dreams, and otherwise torment you. Luckily for you, these faeries prefer to let you live so they can continue to hassle you. Examples of acceptable faerie types are household faeries, faerie peasants, or tree faeries.

-1 Magical Air

People are instinctively aware that you are a magical being. You suffer -3 on rolls for social skills when dealing with ordinary people. You are typically distrusted and feared by the common people.

-1 Orphan

You were either abandoned by the fey for unknown reasons, or by your mother because you were a bit too strange.

-1 Strong Fey Nature

The blood of Faerie is so strong in you that you feel the full effects of divine power on your faerie nature. Instead of using the magic column of the Realm Interaction Chart, you must use the faerie column, with its harsher divine and infernal effects, for any faerie Abilities or Virtues you use. Magical areas also aid you less, but you get greater benefits from faerie auras.

-2 Minor Discomfort from Iron

You are uncomfortable touching things made from mortal iron. Touching iron will not harm you; it is just something that does not feel good (you experience mild nausea, headache, or ringing in your ears, or make up your own discomfort). You are at -3 to use any iron weapon or tool if you have to touch the iron to use it.⁷⁴ You also lose 2 Fatigue levels if you are wearing iron armor. This Flaw cannot be taken if you already have the Flaw Vulnerability to Iron. This Flaw is open only to those who are of faerie blood, not to faerie Companions.

-3 Vulnerability to Iron

The touch of iron burns you. You take no actual damage from just touching iron, but it hurts. You cannot use iron weapons or tools where you must touch the iron, and you cannot wear iron armor. Iron weapons do an additional +1 damage to you. Also, your faerie blood is so strong that your blood does not look like human blood. It might be black ichor or white wine—be creative. This Flaw cannot be taken with the Flaw Discomfort from Iron. Faerie Companions may not take this Flaw.

⁷⁴To use a sword or pair of iron tongs, you must handle the iron. If you are using an iron-headed spear or arrow, you do not handle the iron and would not be at a disadvantage.



Brother Quercus, a faerie monk.

–4 *Cursed*

You must always keep your word when you freely give it. Should you fail to do so, disaster will strike you (and likely your associates). Faerie Companions have a stronger version of this Flaw, and so may not take it.

–5 *Vulnerability to the Dominion*

Your faerie nature is so strong that you feel the full effects of other realms on you. You take the bonuses and penalties listed in the Realm Interaction Chart to all rolls other than Soak rolls. In addition, the prolonged touch of Holy Relics and Holy Water hurts—and may actually burn—your skin. Your lack of faith and impure nature (according to Church doctrine) drives you away from holy items. Of course, you cannot take Communion or holy vows, either. Suspicious people may think you demonic since entering a church causes you obvious discomfort.

New Virtues

These Virtues are available to all characters.

+1 *Blessing*

(CrMe, CrCo, CrAn, CrHe, etc. 20)

Blessings bring aid and comfort to those on whom you bestow them. You are granted an Ability that you may increase with experience. You must wish a specific blessing upon a person, animal, or place by speaking the Blessing aloud, and the storyguide determines how much of it takes effect (based on the die roll, modified by Blessing score). The Blessing generally reaches its full extent within a full day. Specialties: Crops, healing, children.

+1 *Faerie Sight*

The Virtue Faerie Sight is also available to characters without faerie blood.

Example Blessing Roll

Cause a field or an animal to be especially fertile for a full year:

9

Aid a woman in having a safe birth, or help someone recover from a fever:

11

Bring a family health and luck in all they do for the next year:

16

Cause someone at death's door to recover from an injury or illness:

21

+2 Faerie Friend

You have a house basilisc, goblin, or other minor faerie (Faerie Might of 15 or less) as your companion. This creature is small, completely intelligent, and can speak if it chooses. It will have one or more minor magical powers and will aid its owner. Whether it will aid its friend unto death depends how it is treated and on how close the friendship is between you and it. Minor faeries are usually mischievous and somewhat troublesome, and some steal and bring the loot to their owners. Anyone who is known to have a basilisc automatically receives Reputation "Dishonest 2." Numerous other minor faeries also carry similar bad reputations, simply because they are faeries.

+3 Strong Faerie Blood

This Virtue includes all of the effects of the Virtue Faerie Blood. In addition, you have +3 to resist-aging rolls, you have the Virtues Faerie Eyes and Faerie Sight, and you suffer from the Flaw Minor Discomfort from Iron. In addition, you may take any faerie Virtue at a cost of one Virtue point less than normal.⁷⁵ The Flaw Vulnerable to Iron only counts

as a -1 Flaw for characters who have the Virtue Strong Faerie Blood. Characters with Strong Faerie Blood have natural longevity and so begin making aging rolls at age fifty, not thirty-five; also, they respond as magi to longevity potions they are given, in terms of subtracting from aging rolls.

+4 Faerie Doctor

Faerie doctors are a variety of hedge wizard who act as intermediaries between mortals and the faeries. Faerie doctors exist in all Celtic and Germanic countries. The position is hereditary, with faerie doctors teaching suitable nephews or nieces. Often faerie doctors pass on the full secrets of their power on their deathbed. Faerie doctors all possess the Virtue Faerie Sight, with a base score of 3.

Faerie doctors are granted an Ability called Summoning. They are able to summon faeries by rolling SUMMONING + COM + FAERIE LORE + A STRESS DIE equal to or greater than the Might of the faerie they wish to summon. This process takes 1 minute per 5 levels of Might the faerie possesses, and may require props such as special herbs or other items. Each summoning costs the faerie doctor 1 Short-Term Fatigue level.

Faerie doctors have an Ability called Command. Roll COMMAND + PRESENCE + A STRESS DIE equal to or greater than the faerie's Might to force the faerie to obey any single command that is not directly harmful to the faerie and that takes no more than a single day to complete. The faerie's Might is doubled for purposes of resisting this Talent if you command an action that would set a faerie against its innate nature: for example, if you asked a wilderness faerie to harvest a field or clean a barn. In contrast, the faerie's Might is halved (round down) for purposes of resisting this Talent if you command an action that would be in complete accord with a faerie's nature: for example, if you ask a brownie to clean a house, or some vodyaniye to drown someone in their lake. In all cases, the commanded action must be one the faerie is capable of performing.

⁷⁵For characters with the Virtue Strong Faerie Blood, the Virtue Enchanting Music would be a +1 Virtue, and Magic Resistance would be a +3 Virtue.

Finally, all faerie doctors have a base skill of 2 in Faerie Lore and Legend Lore.

Faerie doctors are also subject to several vows and restrictions. Each, whether male or female, must remain celibate and never marry. In addition, each must keep some vow such as a promise to never cut his or her hair, never eat in a house, or never handle money. This vow is hereditary, and varies from family to family. Finally, all faerie doctors must aid any who come to them who are afflicted by the faeries, though they may request payment for such services.

+5 *Homunculus*

You are the owner, or perhaps the servant, of an animate mandrake. It has all

the animate mandrake abilities described in "Faerie Plants" in *Chapter 9: Faerie Folk, a Bestiary*, and it is reasonably well-disposed toward you, as long as you treat it well. This is a +4 Virtue for magi.

Animate mandrakes can teach magic. A very few people find escaped or naturally occurring mandrakes and are taught magic by them. If you are such a "mandrake magus," your character is generated as normal except that you have Reputation "Hedge Wizard 2" and you suffer from the Flaw Isolated From the Order. You are automatically a member of House Ex Miscellanea. This is a +1 Hermetic Virtue if you are such a "mandrake magus" and your teacher is still animate, and a -4 Flaw if your mandrake has left or was destroyed. See the "Mandrake," p. 123, in *Chapter 9: Faerie Folk, a Bestiary* for more details.



An animate mandrake about to escape from confinement.

+5 *Magical Music*

You have the Ability Enchanting Music. In addition, you may control with your music both living things and your surroundings. Such music can compel animals, plants, rocks, and even the winds to do your bidding or to answer your questions. You may cause any *Intéllego* or *Rego* effect with *Animál*, *Aquam*, *Auram*, *Herbam*, *Ignem*, or *Terram* while playing your music. First you decide what you wish to occur; then you must make a successful *Play Instrument* roll. If you succeed, you then make an *ENCHANTING MUSIC + PRESENCE* roll. If your roll is equal to or greater than the level of an equivalent *Hermetic* spell, then the effect occurs and you lose a *Fatigue* level. If the roll is equal to or greater than twice the level of effect desired, you lose no *Fatigue*. If you spend a point of *Short-Term Fatigue*, you add +5 to your roll. No more than one point of *Fatigue* at a time may be spent in this way.

To take this *Virtue*, you must also have the *Virtue Free Expression*; therefore, only mortals may have this *Virtue*. However, it is a *Virtue* most easily learned from contact with the faeries, so many characters who have it will have either the *Virtue Faerie Blood* or the *Virtue Faerie Upbringing*. This *Virtue* is unavailable to magi.

New Hermetic Virtues

+2 *Faerie-Raised Merinita*

Many members of *House Merinita* are merely mortals who have always been fascinated by faeries. Others are mortals who have faerie blood. However, a few of the *House's* members lie on the borderlands of mortality. They are those mortals who spend too long a time in *Arcadia* and eventually become faeries. Small children are especially susceptible to this transformation. When infants are taken into *Arcadia* and not recovered by their parents, they usually slowly become fey. Some members of *House Merinita* bargain for these children while they are still mortal, because they often have the

Gift. It is unknown if their having the *Gift* is one of the reasons they are taken by the fey or if the *Gift* is developed as a side effect of their becoming fey. As a consequence of their living in *Arcadia* and being weaned on faerie food, these children are partially faerie in their nature and so have the same *Abilities* and *limitations* that individuals with *Strong Faerie Blood* do.

Because their parents must also teach them how to live in and interact with others in the mortal world, these faerie-raised apprentices end up somewhat slighted in their training in *Hermetic* magic. They have only 100 points with which to purchase magical *Arts*, and may take only 100 levels of spells to start. The faerie nature of these magi gives them all the *Flaw Wild Magic*. However, due to their innately changeable and fluid manner of thought, they excel in spontaneous magic and do not need to expend *Fatigue* when casting any spontaneous magic. These characters divide their spontaneous magic rolls by 2 without the need to expend *Fatigue*. However, such characters are by their nature unable to take the *Virtue Continuous Spontaneous Magic*. All faerie-raised *Merinita* magi innately have the *Virtue Faerie Magic*.





Farewell to Arcadia.

Faeries at a Glance

Faeries embody the world of mystery and imagination. They occupy both those unknown lands over the next hill as well as the secret corners close at hand. Faeries bring us stories of faraway wonders: the ship that sails beneath the stone barrow, and the tree of golden apples that lies at the end of the earth. Faeries also touch the mortal world: they breathe life into rising bread, tend the wild things in the forest, and put magic into song and story. Much is said of faeries, yet little is truly understood. The folk wisest in faerie lore are as likely to be peasants as they are to be scholars or magi.

Greater faeries: Compared to mortals, these faeries are as wolves to dogs: magnificent and powerful, dangerous and wild. The most powerful of them thankfully do not roam freely in the mortal world, but the least of such faeries wields the power of a king.

Lesser faeries: These are the servants, peasants, and beasts of the faerie world. Though less powerful than the greater faeries, they are no less wonderful or bizarre. Many lesser faeries mingle freely with mortals, even becoming their lovers or stealing their children.

Wild faeries: These creatures scorn the world of mortals, cities, and plowed fields. In their own domains they may be lords, herdsman, or wild beasts. Woe to the thoughtless traveler who meets these faeries, for their forms are uncouth and their manners as wild as their faces.

Worldly faeries: Most taking the forms of mortal men and women, these faeries usually reside with us in the mortal world. They hold court in the habit of mortal princes, knights, and magi, and haunt the dreams of sleepers. But also they may be heard in cellars, workshops, dark corners, and under floorboards almost everywhere.

Faerie regios: Some places and some moments have the faerie touch. A forest path may lead on through trees with shining leaves of silver and gold. On a certain night of the year—or perhaps to a lost traveler—a mountaintop that has been climbed a thousand times may reveal itself to be a palace. Stories grow up around these places, but those who seek them out find them as elusive as the fey themselves.

Faerieland: Arcadia is the realm of faeries and the source of their power, though many faeries have never been within it. Some say that no mortal who has been there may return, while others claim to have visited it and found a realm unlike any other—a place where a song may make the sun rise and where time and distance mean nothing.

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*Standard faerie Powers are described in the bestiary section, pg. 92. Character Powers are in the character-generation section, pg. 130.

**Some new Virtues in this book are designated for faeries or characters with faerie blood; others, for all characters.



The Queen of Winter comes from Arcadia to steal a child.

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