



THE HEDGE

A SOURCEBOOK FOR
CHANGELING: THE LOST
SECOND EDITION



THE HEDGE

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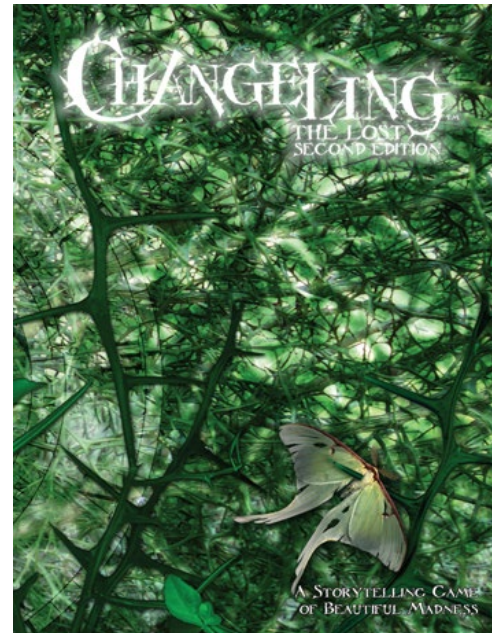
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*Requires the use of the
Changeling: The Lost Second Edition Rulebook*



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INTRODUCTION

*Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.*

— WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, "THE STOLEN CHILD"

The Hedge is always just a few steps away. Open a door and slip through into the strange realm that lies between the mortal world and Arcadia. The Hedge is more than just the Thorns — it's where hobgoblins live and work in fantastical cities or idyllic villages; where goblin fruits grow wild on the trees, or in neat orchards tended by faerie gardeners; and where a changeling might even find they feel more at home than the town where they grew up.

It's tempting and dangerous, comfortable and unsettling, and always worth the trip.

THEME: TANTALIZATION

No matter how deep you go, something always pulls you even deeper. The potential for adventures and horror in the Hedge is huge. There's always something new

to see, some new wonder or danger you've never before experienced. The nature of the Hedge is to draw you in further and further, making promises it doesn't intend to keep — or promises it keeps a little too well. Even when you leave, a little piece of you stays behind.

MOOD: COMFORTABLE AND STRANGE

The comfortable amid the strange. For the Lost, the Hedge is a two-sided coin. It's weird and spooky, alien and all-consuming, tempting and dangerous. It's also the place where many changelings feel most themselves; it's in between the human world and the fae one, just like they are, and the Mask doesn't hide who they are here. It might be full of Thorns, but it's "home" for them in a way it's not for anyone else, including the True Fae.

WHAT'S IN THIS BOOK?

Chapter One: Journey offers Storytelling advice for setting adventures in the Hedge and introduces a system for creating Groves that provide story hooks, conflicts, and plot elements for characters to interact with. It also discusses how other supernatural beings in the Chronicles of Darkness experience the Hedge.

Chapter Two: Destination features settings within the Hedge for characters to visit, including the Hall of Mirrors; the privateer stronghold called The Doldrums; Shimmerrain, the City of Neon Markets; and more. It also explores places where the Hedge creeps into the mortal world, and Homesteading rules for freeholds staking their own claims within the Hedge.

Chapter Three: Sorcery provides rules for Hedge sorcery, which draws upon the Hedge's psychoactive powers and the changeling's connection to the Wyrd. A new Entitlement, The Modiste of Elfhame, is one such Hedge sorcerer.

Chapter Four: Wheelings and Dealings discusses what happens when a changeling becomes a Hedge denizen or Goblin Queen. It also provides guidelines for creating Goblin Markets and populating them with inventory and vendors.

Chapter Five: The Dreaming Roads expands on this section of the Hedge, offering advice for stories set here. It also provides guidelines for non-changeling characters

who find their way into the Thistle, including fetches and the fae-touched. The chapter also features new sample Bastions and the eidolons that populate them and examines those places where the Dreaming Roads touch upon other realms within the Chronicles of Darkness.

Finally, **Chapter Six: Faces** gives Storytellers a range of characters who might appear in their Hedge-based games and new Entitlements for changelings who feel most at home there.

LEXICON

bourse: a Goblin Market's location.

broadside: a Hedgespun item goblins distribute to help customers find a Goblin Market.

Curio: Items particular to a *Grove*.

Grove: a region of the Hedge with specific qualities that makes it unique.

Hedgenaut: a changeling who specializes in Hedge travel.

kāla: a region in the Hedge where time obeys strange rules.

Lien: the common currency a Goblin Market uses, reflecting the market's theme.

limen: a place where the Hedge encroaches on the mortal world.

periaktoi: the thematic, reactive nature of the Hedge's landscape to traveler's emotions and Hedgespinning.



Prologue:

The Two Carolines

by Jacqueline Bryk

"She just disappeared. She came home three days later, then she started vomiting up leaves. Can you believe that? Leaves!" Sarah Pulaski laughed hysterically through deep sobs. Behind her, the machines keeping her sister Caroline in a medically induced coma beeped and whirred.

"I see. You're sure it was leaves?"

Sarah looked at the private investigator incredulously. "Yes. They looked like leaves, anyway."

"What kind of leaves?"

She snorted. "What kind of question is that?"

"Could be important, Miss Pulaski."

Sarah took a deep breath to steady herself. "Holly leaves, I think. They cut her mouth as they came out."

. . .

Cold. It's so cold here. She'll never be warm again.

Where is here, anyway? Where's Sarah? Why is it snowing so hard?

Who is that, and why are they smiling?

Make them stop! Make them stop smiling! No! Don't touch me!

. . .

Private investigator Curtis Palmer stewed in his own holly-seasoned resentment, grinding his teeth loudly enough to startle the nurse who was in the elevator with him.

Oh, he took the case. Curtis prided himself in taking the cases not even the cops would touch. Stalking, mostly – the cops hated stalking cases.

Bastards. All cops were bastards.

This was different. He got the medical reports from Caroline's sister Sarah and took photos. Caroline's throat was definitely torn up, as though someone had shoved glass or thorns into her mouth and forced her to swallow. The oddest thing was that Caroline's reported blood type was AB negative, but the report showed the blood on her neck and chest as O. Not O negative or positive, just O.

"Bastards," he said, this time out loud. Couldn't anyone get him a complete record?

Well, Caroline was his case now, and he'd assured Sarah Pulaski he'd take it. He meant it, too. Spite had a way of making one sincere.

As he turned the corner to the parking garage, a low-hanging branch smacked him gently against the side of the head. He groaned. Fucking safety hazards.

. . .

The snow blinded her as she ran. The gate fell open before her. Someone called her name. "Caroline, Caroline," over and over, a name she had a lifetime ago, before she froze solid. Her footsteps fell like icicles weakened by the first thaw.

And then she was out.

Thorns closed around her like friends, the sort of friends who get you drunk just to laugh at you later. Not kind, but familiar.

"Caroline, Caroline, Caroline..."

Was she dreaming? How long had she been here?

. . .

"scuse me."

Curtis whipped around, his hand crawling inside his jacket. The thicket between him and the garage had grown in size. Now it slowly closed over his head. Everywhere he looked, dense forest surrounded him, overgrown with sticker bushes. The voice belonged here, old and deep and rough as tree bark.

His eyes widened, ruining his poker face. The voice belonged to the – well, the best word was giant, but that was impossible. The giant towered a full two feet over Curtis, with skin like old leaves. The dinner-plate-sized eyes looked down at him, full of concern.

"You lost?"

Curtis cleared his throat, closing his fingers around the pistol grip. "I'm looking for the Mercy parking garage."

The giant clicked their tongue. "You're a long way from home, huh?"

"Guess I took a wrong turn."

"Really wrong." The giant studied Curtis for a moment. "You're looking for someone?"

There was no point in lying. "I'm on a job. Client's sister hospitalized for coughing up holly leaves. Never seen anything like it."

The giant's face changed immediately, relaxing into something like sadness. "I have," they said after a moment. "I think I know where your client's sister went."

Curtis scoffed. "I do too. She's in room –"

"That's not your girl."

The ensuing silence broke only at the sound of a horn in the distance, a low drone that rattled Curtis' teeth. The giant's head turned toward it, and Curtis could have sworn he heard the rough skin of their neck creak like a branch in the wind.

"Follow me," said the giant. "It's dangerous out here."

. . .

The horn. She'd heard it before, somewhere, in a nightmare long ago. The two notes sent a shiver down her spine.

As she listened, a jumble of other sounds began to register. A city's bustle somewhere in the distance. She knew that one, not from a dream but from the summer afternoons when she and Sarah went out to Rittenhouse Square to feed the birds and check out the farmers' market. The nights when she went out alone to Charlie Was a Sinner, drank until she couldn't see straight, and woke up in someone else's bed. She never stayed for breakfast.

The horn called out behind her, and the city chattered before her. Caroline made her choice.

. . .

"You made a promise to your client, didn't you?" The giant, who gave his name as Big Mike, gestured to an open space in the bar crammed full of monsters. Curtis's head spun as he took in the sudden rush of visual information. That's all it was, he reminded himself. Visual information.

"Sure, I did," he said. His hand hadn't moved from the .357, even when the giant coolly remarked on it on the walk through the forest.

"Promises have power here, Curtis," Big Mike said, taking his place behind the long bar and beginning to clean out some glasses left behind by patrons. Curtis noted that Big Mike's bar bloomed at the end. "Be careful what you say."

"Well, I didn't make the promise here. She came to my office asking for help, and the money was good. It was fully normal until..." Curtis gestured vaguely around the bar, narrowly managing to avoid hitting the ram horns of a nearby patron. "All of this."

"Well, lucky for the both of you, it means you'll find her. But it may take some time – if she's not already here, that is. Getting out of Arcadia ain't a cakewalk. The Good Neighbors don't let their prey go that easy."

"The what?"

Big Mike's massive eyes shifted from side to side nervously. "The Good Neighbors. The Kindly Ones. You know, the ones your mom told you stories about when you were little."

"The fairies?"

Big Mike violently shushed him. "We don't say that word here. It's bad luck."

Curtis scoffed. "Sure thing."

The giant bartender fixed him with an impatient, almost frightened look. "Look, pal. Every single one of us has met the Gentry and lived. That's not so easy, got it? Your friend, your client's sister, is gonna be one of us when she gets here. Your job is to get her home. You *promised*. We don't take that lightly. We don't take the names of the Good Neighbors lightly, either. We don't talk about them so they don't listen to us. Every action has a consequence."

Curtis opened his mouth to say something, but the look on Big Mike's face sent an odd quiver through his body. Slowly, he took his hand off the pistol grip and crossed his arms in front of him.

Big Mike visibly relaxed. "Good. Glad to see you're picking up on the rules. Now, what can I getcha while we talk about how to find your girl?"

. . .

The crush of crowds. The shine of neon. The rattle of trains passing somewhere below. It felt like home.

No. The city didn't smell like this. It didn't smell so...green. So green and sharp, like it was in the middle of a jungle.

"Miss! Miss!"

One of the voices in the din was calling to her. "Me?"

"Yes, you, miss." A small, froglike being, bounced on its hind legs behind a low counter. "Gotta get an umbrella before it rains. Rains hard here. You're new, so I'll give you a discount."

"I don't have any money."

The frog-thing wrinkled its face. "Course you do. You have stories, don't you? Tell me about the kiss you most regret, and I'll give you an umbrella. Quick, quick! Before it rains!"

She thought for a moment. "The one I most regret? Well, it's hard to pick just one..."

. . .

"Let me get this straight. My client's sister wound up imprisoned by the f – the Kindly Ones, who turned her into a monster."

"We prefer 'changeling,' but yes, basically. To serve their needs."

"And they put a doppelganger in her place." Curtis made a face at his whiskey. Big Mike assured him it was the best in the house, but it tasted mostly like smoke and fresh earth.

"A fetch, made out of whatever they could use. Sounds like it malfunctioned if it's coughing up holly leaves. I don't think it'll be around much longer, lucky for you and her."

"How the hell am I supposed to explain that to my client?"

Big Mike shrugged. "You're a smart guy. I'm sure you'll figure it out."

"Thanks a lot, Big Mike. I thought it was your calling to help me."

The changeling chuckled, a low, bass rumble. "Hey, my job is to set you on the right road and get you fed while I'm doing it. I don't have to have all the answers."

Curtis turned back to his drink just as a small commotion broke out near the entrance. The investigator didn't figure it was any of his business, until Big Mike returned from sorting it out and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Hey. I want you to meet someone."

Curtis turned and came face-to-face with his shadow.

Well, not his shadow, he realized after a first, shocked glance. A shadow person, roughly five feet tall and grinning at him.

"This is Marshmallow. She's one of my regulars. Her wife is an Avowed, just like you."

"Sure. Great. Good to meet you," Curtis responded, completely nonplussed. "Curtis."

The shadow giggled like a fire crackling. "You're looking for someone."

"Clearly." He knocked back the rest of the whiskey and grimaced. Maybe it would help him make more sense of everything.

"You're on the right track, mister. Lucky you. Big Mike brought you to where you needed to be. There's a woman wandering around the Crossroads like a lost lamb. Think she might be your girl, oh yes. You can smell 'em fresh out of the Hedge from a mile away. Careful, though, that means someone else might be looking for her, too."

"Can you take me to her?" He'd already put on his coat.

"Sure can, mister, but I need a favor from you."

He froze. *You promised. We don't take that lightly.*

Marshmallow seemed to read his hesitation, and she patted his arm with fingers like soft ash. "Nothing big. Just promise you'll come see me and Lana when you get out of here. Your friend will know the way."

He looked back to Big Mike, who nodded. "Sure, I can do that," Curtis said finally.

"Good. Now let's get moving before it rains. You won't like the rain."

. . .

The dark clouds crackled with brilliant colors, but still the rain refused to fall. Caroline kept her umbrella open anyway. Fewer people bumped against her that way, their warm bodies brushing against her ice-cold skin. She hated that.

"Caroline!"

She turned, just as the sound of the hunting horn broke through the crowd behind her. Time seemed to stand still for a moment as everyone turned to look, then they all scattered, parting like a wave crashing on the shore.

"Caroline! Caroline!"

That voice. She needed to follow that voice.

The Huntsman's horn sounded again, and Caroline moved with the crowd. The voice led her on. That voice would call her home.

. . .

As soon as the horn roared through the plaza Marshmallow called the Crossroads, he began screaming Caroline's name. He and Marshmallow pushed their way through the crowd, calling for their quarry, desperately hoping to find her before the hunter did.

She would have run right past them had he not been calling until his voice cracked. They froze, staring at each other across five feet of pavement. She looked exactly as she had in the hospital bed, but paler and shimmering like a midnight snowfall.

"Miss Caroline," he said, with a thick, tremulous voice. "I've come to take you home."

She looked at him, smiling. The air around her head seemed to glow.

"You found me," she said. Her eyes were wet with tears. "Let's go before They find us."



CHAPTER ONE:

JOURNEY

“It’s a dangerous business, Frodo, going out your door. You step onto the road, and if you don’t keep your feet, there’s no knowing where you might be swept off to.”

— J.R.R. TOLKIEN, *THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING*

The Hedge lurks around every corner and hides in every doorway. Any changeling can open a door and find themselves surrounded by hobgoblins. Somewhere out there, on the other side of the brambles and shoals, lie Arcadia and the Kindly Ones’ estates. Yet the Hedge is more than a thoroughfare for the Lost. For many, changeling and goblin alike, the Hedge is home. It’s bizarre, mercurial, and infinitely mutable, a beautiful and dangerous cornucopia of environments. If the Gentry were to recapture every last changeling who slipped their grasp, life in the Hedge would continue uninterrupted. Goblin Queens would still rule their fiefs, vendors in Goblin Markets would hawk their knickknacks, and the Thorns would tear at anyone foolish enough to pass through them.

HEDGE SURVIVAL GUIDE

Traversing the Hedge is never dull. In the badlands outside Drumheller, merchants ride saurian goblins, daring any to trespass upon their land. Motleys crossing over in Abu Dhabi find floral minarets blossoming in the desert sand. In bustling Hedge cities, Goblin Princesses ride through the streets on motorcycles, selling faerie cocaine to passersby. Distance becomes a narrative tool rather than a physical absolute. Some realms within the Hedge are “far” from Arcadia, meaning the Gentry’s minions are less common and it’s more

difficult for the Lost to accidentally stumble into their would-be masters’ realms. Of course, other parts border Fair Folk palaces and estates, even if they appear to be entirely surrounded by trods and hollows. Time tricks people in the Hedge, geography is no longer an absolute, and little is as it seems.

TICKING AWAY

Time is a funny enough thing for mortals who don’t have to contend with the Hedge’s mercurial physics. In Arcadia proper, where everything conforms to the Kindly Ones’ whims, time means next to nothing. Hedge regions close to Arcadian estates have a similarly loose relationship with causality. In one grove, time freezes like a river in winter, slowing down to such an extent that epic sagas play out within while barely a second passes in the rest of the Hedge. Within a castle floating in the sky, time skips, leap-frogging the Lost into their own futures before resuming its ordinary course.

Time in the Hedge not only varies from place to place, but rarely behaves the same way twice even within a single location. The first time a changeling passes through a forest of backward-running clocks, he emerges in the previous week. If he does it again, his body regresses instead, changing him back into a gangly teenager. Abusing these regions is a dangerous prospect — when things go wrong with time travel, they go *spectacularly* wrong. Changelings may gain a second or third fetch. A motley finds their histories remain the same, but that



its members' kiths and seemings have been shuffled. A Summer Courtier ends up in an alternate world where she's a vampire instead of one of the Lost.

Time has no sway in the regions called the *kala*, whose surreal landscapes are filled with melted clocks, sundials that run backwards, and webs of golden thread. Instead, it collapses into a single point, allowing changelings from across time to interact with each other. If a Huntsman catches a changeling while they're in a *kāla*, they can rip her from her timeline, stranding her in an unfamiliar era. Otherwise, when they leave, each changeling returns to the moment they entered the *kāla* regardless of how long they were inside.

SUMMER SUN, WINTER SHADE

Everything has its season in the Hedge. The seasonal courts' namesakes dance through the forests and thorns, but Spring, Winter, Summer, and Autumn aren't the only ones to hold sway. Hobgoblins cultivating goblin fruits along raging rivers recognize a Flood Season, a Growing Season, and a Harvest Season. Monsoon Seasons sweep through as well, complete with flash floods and torrential downpours. Many Hedge seasons aren't related to the weather at all. When hobgoblins break out old-fashioned goalie masks and razor-sharp sticks, it heralds Hockey Season's arrival. Even Goblin Queens bow before the Kindly Ones in the Noble Season, where the Hedge bends to the Gentry's will, reflecting their Titles at every turn.

Each season carries sets of rules and expectations. During Carnival Season, hobgoblins dress in masquerade masks and tempt changelings to indulge in the finest ambrosia. When Hunting Season gets its turn, those same goblins turn on changelings, betraying them to the Huntsmen or privateers. Neither malice nor logic dictates their actions, for the Hedge defines how its residents should behave. Woe betide the motley that doesn't meet these expectations.

Hedge seasons aren't bound to the mortal world's progression. Winter spreads its chilly grasp across the land when the Bloody Artist takes up residence in his Winter Palace, no matter the time of year. Why? Because if such a potent Goblin Queen is in the Palace, it must be winter. If enough goblin merchants gather outside an established Market, it can shift the local Hedge into Faire Season, sending potential buyers toward their stalls. The upside to all this is that canny changelings can get a sense for a region's unique quirk before they meet any hobgoblins by observing the environment and understanding the current season. Ambitious motleys can even influence the seasons, convincing the Hedge through their actions — or Hedgespinning — that a new season has arrived.

OVER THE HILLS AND UNDER THE MOUNTAINS

The Hedge is a realm of fantastic reality. Often its environs are recognizable but elevated to the stuff of legend. Woods are darker, paintings brighter, and castles more imposing. The sweltering sun is a literal hobgoblin trying to kill you in the Empty Sands' desert wasteland, while bottomless whirlpools are a genuine threat to those sailing the 77 Seas that lie on the other side of the Bermuda Triangle. The following biomes serve as inspiration for Storytellers.

FALLING STAR CAVERNS

The Hedge around Krugersdorp, South Africa plunges deep underground, forcing changelings through tight squeezes and galleries of stone teeth. This Hedge is a maze of passages, perfect for hiding a Hollow in. It's also prone to collapse, burying its inhabitants alive or exposing middens where long lost hobgoblins hid their treasures.

CONSTRICTED

Environmental

Description: Walls, debris, or other solid materials squeeze the character on all sides.

Effect: The character's movement is restricted, and his speed reduced. He can only inch forward or backward. He can't apply Defense against incoming attacks and can't take combat-related actions.

Causing the Tilt: Attempting to crawl through tight spaces can cause this Tilt, as well as sudden collapses.

Ending the Tilt: Emerging from the narrow environs or finding a way to widen the space surrounding the character can end the Tilt.

THE 77 SEAS

Centuries' worth of wreckages sit in the Hedge just on the other side of the Bermuda Triangle. Monstrous deep-sea hobgoblins lurk within these wooden and steel skeletons, hiding among the rust and decay. Sea serpents, albino whales, and krakens battle each other one moment, then barter with privateers the next. Massive pelicans soar overhead, gulping down submarines and their faerie crews like sardines. Changelings sail off the ocean's edge, plunging into dark and shadowy Bastions or casting off into the starry night sky. Here, trods and the Dreaming Roads aren't literal paths to walk, but currents, straits, and passages through razor coral and treacherous living sandbars.

BELLY OF THE BEAST

Environmental

Description: The character has been swallowed whole and is trapped in a monster's gut.

Effect: When the beast moves, the character's Dexterity-based dice pools suffer a -1 to -3 penalty. Stomach acid or other dangerous substances inflict 1 point of bashing damage per turn.

Causing the Tilt: Getting swallowed by a creature in the Hedge causes this Tilt.

Ending the Tilt: Finding a way to escape from within the beast — whether carving a way out or convincing it to spit the characters back out — ends the Tilt.

STRANGER PLACES

Many places in the Hedge bear only the most passing resemblance to those in the mortal world. In these regions, common human concepts twist into fantastical — and occasionally horrific — versions of their mundane counterparts.

HOBGOBLIN HIVE

While bugfruits and other hobgoblins frequently build structures in the Hedge, sometimes the Hedge is a massive hive. Some house hobgoblin ants, who farm brilliant psychedelic mushrooms. Other goblins are living dandelion seeds, who weave a nest out of gossamer threads cultivating saccharine pollen. Not every goblin — or changeling for that matter — fits the overall theme. Hives are more than willing to press gang unfortunate fae into brewing mead, shuttling their grubs from chamber to chamber, and waging vicious war on each other to control the region. Some changelings choose to work with the colony, carving their own niche within the goblin's power structure. Others must tread carefully in the hive's territory, dodging pits of honey, slinking through underground tunnels, and infiltrating fungal gardens while they avoid conscription into the eusocial war.

SOPORIFIC MIASMA

Environmental

Description: Be they fragrant honeycombs, fruiting mushrooms, or a pollen caught in silken webs, something in the hive's chambers emits psychedelic scents that dull the mind.

Effect: Characters suffer a -1 penalty to all Composure, Resolve, and Wits-based dice pools. Characters attempting to influence the emotions of others with magic achieve an exceptional success with three successes.

Causing the Tilt: This tilt occurs naturally in hobgoblin hives.

Ending the Tilt: Destroy the source of the scent.

THE FOREST'S HEART

A clearing sits in the deepest woods, a space where a Huntsman's heart swallowed a Bastion whole, spilling out beyond the Dreaming Roads and into the Hedge. As changelings cross the threshold, rhythmic beats fill the air, tree trunks twist together into fleshy walls, and blood sloshes at their feet. Within the forest's heart, valves lead into fleshy trees with bloody sap. Goblin animals, always ready to feed or fight, make their lairs within. Medical knowledge only helps changelings so much here — folklore and stories govern these hearts, not biology. Still, a motley may brave its passages to learn the secret ways in and out of Arcadia where the Gentry are forbidden to tread. The Fair Folk keep a close eye on the Forest's Heart; changelings journeying here must be prepared to face both Huntsmen and privateers.

POUNGING HEART

Environmental (sometimes Personal)

Description: The Huntsman's desires spill out into the land overtaken by its heart. These alien impulses unbalance changelings, both physically and mentally.

Effect: The character suffers a -1 penalty on Dexterity-based dice pools when heart beats shake the ground. Its sound triggers fight, flight, or freeze reactions, imposing a -3 penalty on any actions that don't fall within those categories.

Causing the Tilt: This Tilt occurs in certain areas of the Hedge as described above.

Ending the Tilt: Find the original Bastion and destroy the heart within using the Huntsman's own panoply.

LIVING OFF THE LAND

Any mortal with a passing familiarity with fairy tales can tell you the first rule when dealing with fae: Don't eat the food. It's sensible advice when engaging with the Gentry and underhanded hobgoblins, but the truth is less predictable. It isn't the food itself that's the problem; a well-timed goblin fruit can be the difference between freedom and recapture. The issue is that the Hedge's inhabitants know how valuable these goods are, so they weave magic and fine print around them, binding those who use them into indentured servitude, delaying the passage of time for them until they depart, and other consequences that serve the goblins' interests.

The Hedge also provides mundane sustenance in a variety of forms. Bartering with hobgoblins is a quick



HEDGENAUTS

Changelings specializing in Hedge travel refer to themselves as Hedgenauts, a neologism first coined after the words “cosmonaut” and “astronaut” entered common parlance some seventy years ago. Some larger freeholds designate Hedgenauts as a position within the freehold, and Lost compete for the right to refer to themselves in this fashion; some even craft entire courts or Entitlements around traversing the Hedge with skill and alacrity. In freeholds where the seasonal courts hold sway, one tends to find *slightly* more Autumn Hedgenauts simply due to the court’s emphasis on studying bargains and magic: The give-and-take of Hedgespinning falls well within the purview of the Ashen Court, but no court holds an absolute fiat on studying or navigating the Hedge.

and easy way to get a meal, but “quick and easy” is synonymous with “dangerous.” Unless a motley has something the hobgoblin desires, they must trade favors or accept Goblin Debt for their meal.

Foraging is an option. Changelings can Hedgespin an apple tree into existence, but its fruits are about as nutritious as sawdust, if more palatable. Nourishing food takes time to grow, but Hedgespinning can lead the Lost to existing sources. Changelings employing this method are just as likely to wander into a vast orchard as they are to stumble upon a pond filled with jasmine tea or cascading honey rapids. Predators and guardians lurk around these larders, so changelings seeking them must keep their guards up.

Systems: Foraging for generic nourishing food is a subtle Hedgespinning shift requiring four successes. Finding high-quality food or a specific cuisine is a paradigm shift requiring six successes.

NEW GOBLIN FRUITS AND ODDMENTS

Ghost Apple: On rare occasions when a blizzard rips through the hedge, ice encases a ripe goblin fruit. The fruit within dies and rots out of the ice, leaving a perfectly clear shell — a ghost apple. When the Lost eats it, her flesh sloughs off, transforming the changeling into an ephemeral being. This form is mechanically identical to the Dream form (**Changeling: The Lost**, p. 216). The changeling can travel up to her Wyrd in miles unobstructed by physical constraints or one hour before she returns to her physical form. Meanwhile, a corpse is left in the place where they ate the ghost apple. It decays slightly faster than usual and smells faintly of

apples. Supernatural powers of observation or investigation may trigger a Clash of Wills to determine that the body is a fake, but it will otherwise pass all mundane methods of post-mortem identification.

Ghostly Garlic: These pungent and translucent bulbs are found in Hedge graveyards and near trod crossroads. Hanging a bushel of ghostly garlic over a Hedge gate prevents Hedge ghosts from reaching across it.

Guara-ná: In Paraguay the guara-ná goblin fruits, also known as “eyes of the gods,” are dangerously common. They’ve spread like wildfire into Brazil and Bolivia as well. While the species is plentiful in the Hedge, it’s proven dangerously invasive and often survives in the mortal world, where it’s easily mistaken for the mundane guarana fruit. The bright red fruit is delicious and useful. Eating one provides a +3 dice bonus to all perception rolls as well as negating any hunger, fatigue, and injury penalties until the sun rises. However, when the fruit ripens, the red flesh splits, and an eye blinks open. True Fae and their Huntsmen can see through these eyes, gaining +3 dice to rolls related to tracking down any changelings that have eaten the guara-ná in the past season. Mortals that have inadvertently consumed them are at higher risk of being taken by a Keeper.

Mandrake Tubers: Contrary to folktales, these leg-like goblin fruits can’t scream. When eaten, their starchy roots ensure everyone within the scene hears the changeling’s voice whenever she uses it; only magic can silence her. Changelings harvesting these fruits must take care, as they are difficult to distinguish from mandragora hobgoblins, whose scream does injure.

Silver Wolfsbane: This stunning monkshood has the vibrant purple flowers of its mundane counterparts, but the rest of the plant is delicate silver filigree. When added to poison or shaped into a weapon, this oddment causes damage as if it were a minor bane frailty to lupine fae.

TOPIARY

As mutable and responsive to travelers’ thoughts, desires, and nightmares as it is, the Hedge also possesses some underlying structures and motifs. Citadels grope the heavens in the far distance, while caves lead into yawning caverns filled with all manner of monstrous creatures. No matter where in the world a changeling is, sooner or later she’ll run into a dashing highwayman or wandering fortune teller. These props and actors are manifestations of common elements from humanity’s dreams and fantasies.

Hedge props are grouped into three core features:

Groves: Regions of the Hedge, which can contain structures and residences ranging in size from a small clearing to almost a city block, are called *Groves*. Groves contain all manner of buildings, crops, and resources.

As a more permanent part of the Hedge, many fae creatures call a Grove home. Groves vary wildly. One can be a small clearing containing a mirror-like pool of water providing visions of faraway places, while another's an orchard of brilliant cerulean pears that remove the ability to lie when eaten. Either of these might exist in a remote area of the Hedge, or smack in the middle of a bustling Hedge city, itself consisting of a dozen Groves.

Curios: Groves, and the Hedge itself, have many goods to harvest. Not all are goblin fruits, and some aren't even physical in nature. No matter the item's form, a changeling can gather these resources and put their glamour-infused bounty to good use. Collectively these resources are named *Curios*.

Denizens: Hobgoblins and other Hedge denizens populate the Groves. They're shopkeepers and cooks, favor-traders and spies, humble storytellers and curmudgeonly neighbors. Some are ferocious chimerical beasts, born of the stuff of childhood nightmares. Others are welcoming and wise, only seeking to trade a musical box in exchange for a seventh son of a seventh son's fingernail.

Each example in this chapter provides a basis for constructing Groves, Curios, and Hedge denizens. To create a Grove on the fly, take an existing location and customize it to best fit your game. Treat the elements of this section like a chef's spice cupboard, flavoring your chronicle in whichever way suits your needs.

GROVES

Groves have traits that are either Interactive or Reactive. *Interactive* traits represent ways a character can actively discover, manipulate, interrogate, or influence a place. *Reactive* traits measure how a Grove responds to or resists a character's activities. Each trait's associated score adds a -3 to +3 modifier to relevant dice rolls. For example, the Aurora Lighthouse is a beacon for Hedge Ghosts, drawn by the icy light that spills from the radiant tower's apex. Travel to this location is easy, as its light pierces through the Hedge, giving a +3 bonus to all rolls when traveling to and from the lighthouse.

These traits make places in the Hedge feel distinct from one another and create areas and conflicts for the characters to interact with. When creating a Grove, assign the traits that best reflect what you want the area to feel like: A place that's blatantly sinister and unwelcoming to changelings may have mostly negative traits. A Grove that lures in travelers with no intention of letting them leave may have a positive Passage trait, but a negative Sanctuary trait.

Storytellers aren't required to balance the traits' values. Fairytales are often comfortable with extremes — sometimes a place simply is very, very good; other times it's just plain horrid. A trait that's an outlier can

help Storytellers generate story hooks. What might it mean if a Grove has high Éclat, but its inhabitants clam up whenever an outsider's near?

Use	Physical	Mental	Social
Interactive	Passage	Tidings	Ebullience
Reactive	Sanctuary	Penetralia	Éclat

PHYSICAL

Passage: This trait measures how easy it is to travel to, from, or through the Grove. Passage can represent the influence of the physical environment and the weather, local creatures, and other less tangible forces. Passage could mean well-placed signposts pointing travelers towards their intended destination or the Hedge growing wild and unruly. Carts and hobgoblins plow well-traveled trade routes to a fortress town with ruby palisade walls. Treacherous ravines and fragile ice-capped rivers impede passage to the gaping maw of the Pit of Forgotten Riddles.

Sanctuary: Some Groves are more defensible than others. They might have grand towers, palaces, and castles. Some are rickety Edwardian townhouses with smoking chimneys, but the most vicious briarwolves lurk just beyond the front door. A Grove may even be a typical suburban home, but with secure windows, sturdy doors, and blinding security lights. Even the ephemeral may help a changeling defend themselves, as trees sing enchanting songs of slumber or horrific visions assault intruders' minds. A Grove with a negative Sanctuary rating is no haven. Walls collapse, or the Grove is home to hungry hobgoblins. It may simply be that leaked passwords enable ingress to this part of the Digital Hedge — which means anything might get inside.

MENTAL

Tidings: Tidings, if a bonus, can represent how freely information is divulged or the quality and reliability of rumors. Penalties in this trait reflect how difficult it is to get locals to reveal secrets or measure how books, statues, or paintings changelings might study have eroded with time. The locals who reside in one Grove may quietly keep to themselves, jealously guarding what little they know. At another, the hobgoblins proudly sell gossip rocks — fist-sized stones that can't help but be tattle-tales. There may even be a town crier or a sentient printing press spitting out pamphlets with all the latest news.

Penetralia: While Sanctuary represents how secure a Grove is, Penetralia concerns how one can hide within a Grove. Winding mirror mazes or a middle American town blanketed in fog are just a couple of examples of how Groves can confound and confuse interlopers in



pursuit of quarry. Conversely, a network of train tunnels lit by giant fireflies, or a meadow with trees that sing about anyone passing by, is hard to hide within quickly.

SOCIAL

Ebullience: Ebullience measures how receptive the locals are to the Grove's visitors. A positive rating means the locals are friendly or helpful, while a negative rating means they're more willing to sell people out, steal from them, or even murder them. The pirate goblins may all be backstabbers and conspiring against each other, but a threat against one of their number is a threat against them all. No matter the effort a changeling puts in to learn their customs and laws, the aloof courtiers of the Amber Skyscraper still treat everyone else as plebs.

Éclat: This trait represents the Grove's renown — good and bad — among the Hedge denizens. This impacts how well-known the Grove is and how likely characters are to want to travel there or aid its residents. The circus known for capturing goblins and changelings for the amusement of others has a very negative modifier. In contrast, a welcoming seaside market host to vendors selling the fruits de mare has a very positive modifier. The opera house is renowned far and wide for performances of half-remembered dreams, while the café is a den of rabble-rousers and anarchists who plot the fall of the next Freehold.

HEDGESPINNING YOUR ENVIRONMENTS

Many Tilts and Conditions provide a broad basis for developing custom effects for the Grove. Consider a Hunterheart who spent her durance as a white blood cell, fighting off invaders who trespassed on the body of her Keeper. When she encounters a Grove formed like a massive lung, where the alveoli serve as individual living quarters for small shimmering hobgoblins shaped like air molecules, the shock constitutes a 4-die Clarity attack for her for "reliving a memory of your durance" as per **Changeling**, p 106., but her companion with a different durance might simply find the experience disorienting and unreal, suffering a 2-die Clarity Attack unique to the Grove.

Perhaps this Grove sports a distinctive quality which inflicts the Blindness Tilt (or Condition, outside of an action sequence), but keyed to Clarity damage rather than physical damage. Examine the mechanics of Tilts and Conditions and consider how they might be adjusted and applied in the Hedge.

PLANNING GROVES

When constructing a Grove, begin with the immutable core concepts of that location. While much of the Hedge caters to the whims of the wills which shape it, the psychoactive flora and structures of the locations you plan for your players always retain their anchoring concepts. First, write down two or three qualities which the location holds regardless of the amount of Hedg-spinning done upon it. Perhaps the light in Research Hospital #5 always takes a metallic, clinical tone and the floors and walls feel like cool ceramic, no matter what they look like.

From this core concept, consider the Grove's central theme or mood and how those relate to its underlying concept. Perhaps the Drinking Stones have a key mood of Sanctity, while the Necklace Islands drift along in the theme of Dangerous Complacency. From these two things — its immutable features and central theme — the Storyteller can spin out its remaining qualities, both narrative and mechanical. During this process, consider how they relate to the underlying concept. This way, when your players act upon the various characteristics of your Grove, you may easily react to their choices, focusing on how these responses relate to its central premise.

Groves, like all other Hedge locations, don't just react to the characters, but *have reacted* to everyone else who has ever passed through. Adding in a few notes about the nature of the last individual to pass through this Grove adds a soupçon of continuity and flavor and may allow you to spin an entire storyline out of a single location if your players grab on to it.

Next, consider the relative location of the Grove to Arcadia, and any other unusual features which will affect how the players and their characters interact with it. Does time run more slowly? What sort of seasons affect this area, and how does this alter passage through, or time spent in, this Grove? See "Over the Hills and Under the Mountains" on p. XX and, if necessary, select or create Environmental Tilts for the Grove.

CULTURE SHOCK

Just like the mundane world, different areas of the Hedge contain distinct cultures. Creating a culture with which the players must interact to further their goals not only reinforces the idea that the Hedge is a living place with whole groups of sentient and sapient individuals who live out their entire lives within its confines, but also provides excellent opportunities for socially-oriented characters or those skilled in investigation to flex their metaphorical muscles.

In a place where gravity reverses irregularly, what do the location's residents *do* when it happens, and *why*? Do they pray and set offerings on a large flat stone with

ghostly and indistinct carvings mostly worn away by time? Perhaps they throw a fantastic party or undertake a ritual call-and-response with anyone within earshot. If characters have no clue how to react, how does that change the way the residents respond to them? Does it change the way the flora reacts, too?

Perhaps the trod which the characters stumble upon after escaping an encounter with Hedge Ghosts runs along the edge of the ocean. Maybe the hobgoblins traveling this trod, moving on their monthly migration from Market to Market, have exceptionally specific ceremonial activities associated with spotting aquatic fauna. How do they react differently when they spot mermaids versus a dolphin? Perhaps they regard turning your back on the ocean as extremely unlucky, and within that superstition hides a story hook.

Remember when creating cultures for specific areas within the Hedge that while the Hedge may *seem* nonsensical at times, it follows logical paths, even if those paths are obscured by time and the Wyrd. The ludicrous and whimsical frightens and unsettles when taken to extremes — so many people harbor a deep terror of clowns for a *reason* — but the Hedge doesn't function via random absurdity. It runs instead on a rationality which only *seems* strange to the characters (and perhaps the players) due to the multitudinous factors at play, including visitors shaping and reshaping its many Groves, trods, and Markets; an endless number of deals crafted along trods and in the Thorns; and the Wyrd's adherence to reciprocity over time immemorial and incomprehensible. The defining characteristics from the Grove's initial creation form the center of the wheel which drives everything within that Grove; traits and Hedgespinning attach to it like spokes.

EXAMPLE GROVES

The following are some examples of Groves.

THE BURNING BIRCHES

Description: This forest of blackened birches reaches high into the sky, raining down ash like snow from their ever-burning foliage. From afar, it appears to be an autumnal copse, but up close, flames crackle from the charred trunks in place of leaves. Spending any time within the birches exerts its toll, as heat and soot weigh upon travelers. The thick air and ash rain obscures vision and covers tracks, making it the ideal place for fugitives to escape their pursuers. Beneath the ash drifts lie the desiccated remains of unlucky individuals who succumbed to the choking air. The birch tree vines form a knotted mess about the bodies, feeding upon the dead's memories of their rage. Those who are brave enough to climb the trees and suffer the singeing heat can harvest this forest's *Curios* — called the Ever-Fire Leaves — which provide warmth and light.

Physical	Mental	Social
Passage +1	Tidings -3	Éclat -1
Sanctuary -2	Penetralia +2	Ebullience -2

Choking Ash: For every scene the character spends in the Grove, make a Stamina + Endurance roll. Failure causes one point of bashing damage and inflicts the Fatigued Condition.

Rain of Soot: Those within the Grove suffer the effects of the Blizzard Tilt.

Story Hooks

- A goblin lies dead in the ash, their hand reaching upwards like a miniature tree. Its fingers clasp a large, auburn seed, perhaps a nut from which a Burning Birch can be grown.
- The weight of ash and the relentless heat turn the bones of the dead into Hedge Glass, which, when fashioned into blades, can sever the strongest of pledges.
- A motley of Bridge-Burners has come to uproot the birches as part of their plan to destroy the local Freehold and set the local Hedge ablaze, purging it of the fantastical and sterilizing it so no True Fae would venture here.

THE DRINKING STONES

Ancient menhirs and obelisks line a crystal-clear stream that babbles lullabies and rhymes. These ancient, towering rocks move and drink, lapping up the chill water. The stream is made from the tears of lost dreams, forgotten futures, and broken memories. The rocks provide shelter and sanctuary to those who've lost their way. Travelers collect egg-like pebbles from the stream bed and boil them in a pot of water gathered from it. The resulting thin gray broth provides brief sustenance and acts as an offering of goodwill to those whose domains they enter.

Physical	Mental	Social
Passage +2	Tidings +1	Éclat +1
Sanctuary -1	Penetralia +1	Ebullience -2

Stone Soup: Brewing a soup from the pebbles taken from the stream and offering it to another provides a +2 bonus on all Charisma-based dice rolls when interacting with the recipient.

Story Hooks

- The Honeysuckle Duchess has learned of these stones and seeks their location, which has the Grove's citizens worried; last time one of



the Good Cousins came here, the stones they touched crumbled, leaving nothing but mundane rubble.

- It is said if you find the right sort of pebble in the stream, and sleep with it for a month and a day, it will hatch into a giant blue speckled cockerel.
- Writing the name of a missing person on a paper boat and releasing it into the stream bestows visions of their location, but the seeker risks losing a childhood memory.

FERROUS HILLS

Description: The dank, smelly piles of rubbish that gather in the Hedge become places where fae creatures mine for new riches. Stinking waste festers and congeals, forming seams rich in iron. Discarded dreams and aspirations calcify and condense under their combined weight. Mining the ore is backbreaking labor. Goblins hack their way through mounds of rotting flesh and plumes of vibrant mushrooms, carving out the Curios named Fuliginous Ferrite from the dense mass. Used to oil weapons, this mineral turns blades black as coal and muffles their sounds. However, when such a treated weapon takes a life, it screams in delight.

Physical	Mental	Social
Passage -2	Tidings +1	Éclat +1
Sanctuary +1	Penetralia +3	Ebullience +1

Fuliginous Ferrite: A fist-sized piece of this substance can cover up to three weapons. Weapons coated in the substance emit no sound until the next sunrise. If the weapon deals a killing blow, the weapon screams, and the effect ends immediately.

Story Hooks

- The weight of broken dreams and broken promises widens the hole through which the trash falls through from the mortal world into the Hedge. It threatens to drag an entire part of the mundane realm in along with the unsuspecting mortal inhabitants, leaving them as prey to the Huntsmen and True Fae.
- Fashioning greatcoats from discarded rubber tires and coating their skin in oily filth, the hobgoblins called the Mackintosh Manglers work the mounds, recovering anything of worth and selling it for a price.
- A Hedge merchant sells the motley an item one or more of the members recognize as objects from



their own childhood homes. She says there's more where that came from, pointing them toward the Ferrous Hills. Perhaps within the rotting mounds of rubbish, they might discover lost Icons.

KELLY'S DINER

Description: Slowly moldering away along one of the main trods leading north from the freehold, Kelly's Diner used to exist as a beacon of safety for weary travelers: food for the hungry, rest for the tired, sanctuary for the frightened. Then something killed Kelly, and everything changed.

Ask any of the hobgoblins currently squatting in the diner's kitchen: They'll tell you Kelly's soul radiated kindness. She ran the whole kitchen by herself, slinging pans nimbly between her six dexterous arms. No one went hungry. Then a group of Lost came searching for spider legs to build a token with.

Now the residents of this mossed-over, rotting diner do not much care for strangers.

The moss in Kelly's Diner appears potentially sapient; it crawls over the hard plasticene seats and strangles the chrome fixtures. Distant but unidentifiable mid-20th-century pop plays constantly.

Kelly's Diner is an openly hostile environment. While changelings can probably convince the resident hobgoblins to let them back slowly out of the diner with their hands up, anything else requires a truly dazzling diplomatic feat.

Physical	Mental	Social
Passage +1	Tidings -3	Éclat -1
Sanctuary -2	Penetralia +2	Ebullience -3

Story Hooks

- A Goblin Market vendor has an item the motley desperately needs, and the price is one of Kelly's famous blueberry pies. Sure, Kelly's dead and gone, but that's not the vendor's problem, now, is it? She must have left her recipe somewhere in the diner's kitchen.
- The Phantom Hitchhiker of the Trods (**Change-ling**, p. 251) travels along with the motley. She tells a story about her last visit to Kelly's Diner and a group of changelings who came in looking for trouble. She utters half a name before her eyes widen in fear and she disappears.
- A violent storm drives the desperate motley inside the diner. It's raining forgetfulness outside, and while most of the hobgoblin patrons would be happy to send the changelings back out into it, a bespectacled owl-faced customer suggests they

can earn their shelter by telling stories or running the grill — if the tales are good and the food is tasty, they can stay inside.

MOONSCAR MINES

Description: Deep underground, luminous mushroom rooms create a false sky of constellations on cavern ceilings in the Moonscar Mines. Within these tunnels, ravenous nightmare creatures slumber. Some goblins come on foolhardy quests to capture such beasts to trade with the Gentry and Huntsmen. These passageways cut into the Hedge, with some believing they lead to places beyond, touching on a domain filled with living nightmares and dark monsters.

Physical	Mental	Social
Passage -2	Tidings -2	Éclat -3
Sanctuary +1	Penetralia +3	Ebullience -3

The Descent: Navigating the tunnels, either as a shortcut through the Hedge or to other realms, requires a Navigation roll, where the Hedge counts as having the Edge. Players suffer a -2 modifier to their dice pool. The total number of successes required depends upon how far the characters are traveling or their familiarity with the route.

Story Hooks

- The mines are a dangerous place, filled with all manner of monsters. They provide Curios (p. XX) that can heat or illuminate Hedge abodes or fuel the Clockwork Destriers (p. XX).
- Navigating the mines and descending deeper into the Hedge, a traveler can find gates to the edge of the Underworld.
- This particular mine is home to a Jabberwocky that has been terrorizing the local Freehold and Goblin Market. From the beast's teeth, an artificer can fashion a fabled Snicker-Snack sword.

THE NECKLACE ISLANDS

Description: Members of the coastal freehold nearest to this Grove claim one of the Fae dropped her choker into the ocean as she died, creating the Necklace Islands. Her body dissolved into the brine and left only her jewelry behind. Regardless of the truth of their origin, the Necklace Islands sparkle in the Hedge ocean, visible from multiple trods. Their glittering diamond-sand shores tempt the unwary: many ambitious individuals disappear during vain attempts to reach those idyllic beaches.

Once one successfully navigates the riptides, reefs, and reaching arms of whatever lurks beneath the



waves, leaving the Necklace Islands' picturesque coastlines seems less attractive. A small, thick swath of palm trees and undergrowth on each isle provide easy hiding places. Diviners hear important messages on the night tide, revealing insights they've sought for years. Crystal-clear waters, butter-yellow sunshine, and a perfect cerulean bowl of a sky overhead, the softly percussive lapping of waves against powder-soft sand: who could ever want to leave? Best, perhaps, to simply lay down on the beach *just a little while longer*.

Physical	Mental	Social
Passage -3	Tidings 1	Éclat 1
Sanctuary +2	Penetralia +2	Ebullience 0

Story Hooks

- It's Tournament Season, and the freehold's Summer King accepted a challenge from the hobgoblin named The Referee. The Referee gets to choose the venue, and she's picked the Necklace Islands' beaches.
- A privateer ship from the Doldrums (p. XX) chases the motley's vessel. With the pirates blocking their escape route, the Necklace Islands are a risky haven where they might be able to lose their pursuers, if they can reach the sparkling shores.
- The Oracle of Sorrows can divine the secret of what befell one of the motley members' loved ones while they were in Arcadia. A decade ago, she narrowly escaped the islands' lure; rather than return there, she asks the changelings to bring the islands to *her*: perhaps a plateful of oysters grown on their briny reefs will be enough to spark her visions.

RESEARCH HOSPITAL #5

Description: Located a stretch down the main trod from the communal hollow of Underhill Park Freehold's largest motley, Research Hospital #5's endless hallways create an interminable maze of interstitial spaces interrupted only by the strange lacunae of abandoned nurse's stations. In silent moments, keen ears hear something very distant and very large, breathing slowly. Metallic creaking from unseen sources echoes down those empty spaces, and half-aware equipment drifts in and out of restless slumber. Underhill Park's changelings warn those attempting to investigate the Research Hospital that if they hear more than two sets of beeps? *Run*. The wail and shriek of quadrupedal EKG machines and the skittering insectoid legs of IV stands with their swollen plasticine heads herald a hunting pack. *Run*.

Hidden deep within the bowels of the Research Hospital live the Nurses (p. XX); Lost may also seek after the tokens motleys who disappeared within the Research Hospital left behind. Barricading themselves within a patient room may provide solace for injured individuals. Who knows what else lives within the hospital's walls, or what they might convince to assist them?

Physical	Mental	Social
Passage -1	Tidings +1	Éclat -2
Sanctuary -1	Penetralia +2	Ebullience -1

Story Hooks

- The hospital's library contains tomes on how to treat infected briarwolf bites, a bad coralscalp rash, and several strains of hobgoblin flu. When a mysterious ailment strikes the freehold, clues to the cure lie somewhere amid the library's dusty stacks.
- Red flashing lights splash bloody color across the Information Superhighway (p. XX) after the Blue Boys challenged rivals to a disastrous road race. Nurses (p. XX) load patients into the ambulance and cart them back to the hospital, but the One-Winged Waif tells the changelings she fears she'll never see her subjects again — would she be willing to go during visiting hours and make sure all is well?
- The motley finds a collection of tokens in the Hedge not far from the hospital — they're hospital bracelets, cut off from patients' wrists after discharge. The only problem is, the names printed on them are those of the changelings in the motley.

SPIRE OF ENDLESS EYES

Description: Piercing high into the sky, a twisted spire like a narwhal horn erupts. Blinking eyes adorn the spire, some as large as soccer balls, others smaller, or clustered spider-like. Each one looks to the Bastions along the Dreaming Roads, seeking to view mortals' private dreams and nightmares. A spiral staircase within ascends to the summit, its walls and steps made of smooth pearl. A chamber sits at the tower's apex. A vine grows within, bursting with plump, crunchy grapes. Each bite gives shocking visions of faraway dream domains before the consumer finds eyes erupting all down their arm, leg, or torso.

Physical	Mental	Social
Passage +2	Tidings +3	Éclat +1
Sanctuary +2	Penetralia +2	Ebullience +1

Story Hooks

- Hungry, color-shifting cephalopods hang from the ivory coral that grows around the tower. Clothing made from their flesh allows the wearer to appear as their target's childhood sweetheart.
- The grapes, if pressed and fermented, make a wine fed to a dreamer, allowing the oneiromancer to more easily shape their Bastion and connect it with others who have drunk wine from the same batch.
- Rumors say that the tip of the tower's spire could pin one of the Gentry in the mortal world.

CURIOS

Curios are the various resources that grow and can be collected within a Grove. Their ratings — ranging from +1 to +3 — provide bonus dice on rolls where the Curios can be of benefit. These include goblin fruits and other consumables; textiles derived from the Grove's plants and animals; and other items unique to the Grove. For example, if Research Hospital #5 contains a medical library, its tomes provide information useful for Medicine and Science related rolls.

Some animals in the Grove might offer their aid in some way instead — such as a Steadfast Ox pulling the motley's carriage from the mire, or the Hounds of the Farseers standing watch through the night. Additionally, if the creature could also be a mount, the Curio rating doubles as the same number of dots in the Fae Mount Merit (*Changeling*, p. 113) while within the Grove.

CLOCKWORK DESTRIER

Some changelings speak of the ominous ticking of a grandfather clock signaling a Huntsman's approach, as if counting down to the prey's inevitable capture and return to Arcadia. Those Huntsmen ride the tireless Clockwork Destriers. With eyes of fire and snorting steam, these six-legged, mechanical horses never need to rest so long as they are fueled well by their masters. When someone dreams of falling, that feeling of waking up with a start is induced by these mechanical steeds as they gallop down the Dreaming Roads, shaking the very walls of the Bastions and causing a Paradigm Shift within the dream that awakens the dreamer.

Curio: 2

Systems: Clockwork Destriers happily feed on anything combustible found in the Hedge. However, they perform best when fueled with Curios that provide heat. A Destrier confers a +3 bonus to all chase rolls when navigating the Hedge and has a Speed of 18. A changeling may only ride a tame Destrier. Taming the steed requires an extended Animal Ken roll, needing six successes.

BRIARNET CAFE

The Digital Hedge (see *Oak, Ash and Thorn*, p. 23, and *Kith and Kin*, pp. 12-13) or BriarNet, is laced within the Hedge, hooking up to the massive trod called the Information Superhighway. But where the connections between information, data, and infrastructure are usually conceptual — an abstraction from code and racks of computers — in the Hedge, the BriarNet is literal. Getting from the Hedge into the BriarNet is a process that requires its own gates and keys. BriarNet Cafés offer a place to step across or to pass messages to those changelings and hobgoblins operating in the Digital Hedge.

Whether they are small taverns or parts of a franchise chain set up by entrepreneurial hobgoblins, these cafés have Glamour-infused computers allowing communication with hobgoblins and changelings in the BriarNet. Email in the mundane world may just be a series of characters turned into a signal and instantly sent to the intended address, but in the Hedge, a user types their message into a computer and, on the BriarNet side, a courier takes the printed message and sets off with it down the trods that crisscross the Digital Hedge. Programs written Hedge-side become commands for an army of hobgoblins to perform. They literally build structures in the BriarNet to mine data and pipelines to move information from one program to another.

The BriarNet Cafés thus act as important hubs for communication to the BriarNet, since computers brought into the Hedge don't always act as they should, while the computers in the cafés do. Not everyone is tech-savvy, especially in the Hedge. Still, help is on hand at these cafés, as hobgoblins and changelings work to resolve connection problems or simply serve piping hot Silicon Bean coffee.

Cafés can appear in many forms — a collection of yellowed Amiga 500s with green monochrome screens in a hollow of a large tree, a corporate café bar called the Duplicitous Mermaid, a single tower PC hooked up to a TV from the 70s in the back of a rusting VW camper van. They can be mobile or static. But so long as they have a stable connection to the BriarNet, they are a boon to Hedge travelers who need to check their mail and connect to the vast libraries on the other side for information.

Systems: Within the Hedge, a user of a BriarNet Café gains a temporary bonus equal to the Curio rating, which diminishes by 1 each time the bonus is used. This Curio manifests as a glittering sugar-dusted cookie and can be gifted to others. Each use requires the owner to take a bite. Some cookies can be tainted, providing a means to track the eaters of these delicacies — the cookie provides a +2 bonus to all Survival based rolls to track the bearer in the Hedge.

Curio: 3



GELATINOUS RUSHES

Gelatinous rushes cluster along the many shorelines twisting their way through the Hedge. Growing in all manner of liquids — saltwater or fresh; milk or honey; or perhaps even the aqueous humor spilled from a Huntsman's eye — these rushes whisper to each other, brushing their slender stems or short thorns together. Varying in appearance from short, briar-encrusted bushes to tall, graceful flora, many regional varieties exist. Whatever their source plant, however, the rushes appear almost identical, save for their color. A bit like cattails, these goblin fruits smear the gelatinous substance which gives them their name over the hands of anyone who touches them without gloves.

Systems: The rushes spread a sticky, psychedelic composite on the skin of anyone gathering them. Resisting this compound's hallucinogenic nature requires a Stamina + Resolve roll. Failure inflicts the effects of a mind-altering Drug as per **Changeling**, p. 189; for changelings, this constitutes a 2-die Breaking Point (**Changeling**, p. 106).

When dried and ground, users consume milled rushes as powder, brewed into tea, or added to other hot liquids such as soup or coffee. The effects vary: the cattail-like variant grants the ability to breathe water for a scene, albeit via a distinctly uncomfortable process. The character has two turns to submerge herself before a thick jelly fills her lungs. This permits aquatic breathing for those unable to grow gills and precludes the breathing of air. If she can't get underwater, she'll drown.

At the end of the scene, she must make it back to the surface or suffer one point of bashing damage each turn until she reaches the air. Once the rushes lose their potency, she must clear her lungs of the goo, suffering one point of bashing damage as she coughs violently to bring up the gel.

Curio: 3

MENDERS

Menders group together in arboreal Hedge environments, often flocking to the edges of Groves. These nocturnal, insectile mechanoids never grow larger than a penny; when they come out at night, their multi-colored LED bellies flash through strange color sequences. The diviners and oneiromancers of the Sisterhood of the Left Eye swear these patterns communicate news regarding the health of the area or recent events, and work hard to decipher them.

The Menders' tiny size and bug-like status should not deceive: When they choose to communicate, the complex nature of their society slowly unfolds. Menders — a name changelings gave them, since their endonym remains a secret — engage in intricate flight-related rituals and precisely prune the Groves they call home.

After convincing a Mender to work on them via trade or negotiation — they respond poorly to threats and tend to swarm — one might consent to land upon an individual's outstretched hand. The Mender dissolves briefly into a glittering gel and absorbs into the skin, wiping away birthmarks, old tattoos, scars, freckles, and other similar markings of which she wishes to rid herself.

The Menders negotiate much more fiercely over the bodies of their dead. The Shackamaxon freehold convinced a group of Menders to part with one of the viciously sharp wings of a Mender who died naturally. The Onyx Sage swears she saw the wing cut through a silver thread and free a Helldiver from imprisonment, though this remains an unsubstantiated rumor.

Curio: 2

PASSIONFRUITS

Unlike the mundane fruit of the same name, passionfruits encase their tangy, pulpy fruit within a spiny, echidna-like rind. The fruit itself absorbs current and past emotions and events that have occurred where they're planted. While this quality makes them supremely useful for investigating foul deeds like murder or kidnapping, passionfruits can overwhelm those who consume them. The fruit's candy-sweet taste can be addictive, especially to those who practice divination and oneiromancy. One bite never suffices.

Systems: Consumption of a passionfruit permits the use of visionary powers (such as Portents and Visions, **Changeling**, p. 137 or Goblin Eye, **Changeling**, p. 163) on locations rather than people and adds a +2 bonus to rolls for all visionary powers and interpretation of omens and signs. After consuming a passionfruit and before taking any other actions, the player rolls Resolve + Composure. Failure inflicts the Shaken Condition (**Changeling**, p. 344) as someone else's experiences and emotions overwhelm the character; she also suffers a 3-die Clarity attack (**Changeling**, p. 106).

Curio: 2

PHOBETOR CORN

In parts of the Hedge, where golden beams of light dapple through the groaning train archways, stalks topped with glittering cobs of corn spring up. The air above is visibly dense, filled with soporific spores that send any who walk into the field into a deep sleep. A dream-inducing fungus grows on the cobs and sheds the spores, making harvesting and eating this crop dangerous. That's a risk many are willing to take: the spores induce prophecy-laden dreams.

Curio: 3

Systems: Eating a roasted cob sends the changeling into a dream state. The player may ask the Storyteller a

yes or no question about something the character wishes to divine from her dreams.

Slogutis Tonic: It takes six cobs to distill a single vial of Slogutis Tonic. When sprinkled on the dreamer's bedding, the tonic influences his dreams the next time he sleeps. The player rolls the character's Wyrd. Each success lowers the sleeper's Bastion Fortification rating by one. This rating remains at this level until the poison has run its course.

Slogutis Venom: Phobeter Corn is the critical ingredient for the production of Slogutis Venom. Like the tonic, the venom erodes a Bastion's walls. However, the venom prepares a mortal's Bastion so that the Gentry may place the heart of a newly created Huntsman within it. If a changeling uses the tonic on a Huntsman's heart, the Huntsman cannot track them for the remainder of the chapter.

DENIZENS

Hedge denizens can be friend or foe. They may be changelings, hobgoblins, Hedge ghosts, or other creatures who live in the Hedge. When creating full characters, use the rules for creating Hedge ghosts (**Changeling**, p. 245) and hobgoblins (**Changeling**, p. 252). To create characters quickly, choose a few abilities that best fit the roles they fill and note any Dread Powers or Numina they use. Note that denizens have Virtue and Vice traits, as defined in the **Chronicles of Darkness** rulebook, p. 27 (or Needle and Thread, if they're changelings.)

Following are some denizens to use while populating your Groves. For additional characters, see Chapter Six: Faces.

GAMESKEEPER

Quote: "Nets are better than ladders. Don't go fishing while your house is on fire."

Description: Those hobgoblins and changelings who have explored the Hedge know where to find the best Curios and where to find all the best Hollows. They tend to the local flora and fauna, either for their benefit or that of some other master's. These guides, however, are not entirely trustworthy. In exchange for the Hedge's bounty, they must provide prey and sustenance to the hungry landscape.

Adorned with trinkets and items befitting their role, gameskeepers lead travelers almost into the Thorns, and to uncharted trods. Some carry compasses that point to Icons rather than north. Others, decked in the skins and feathers of the beasts they've trapped, sit for days waiting for their quarry while sharpening their blades. Hunting to gameskeepers is all a game of cat and mouse, and they can't pass up other tests of skill and patience. Each gameskeeper is bound to a particu-

lar game and can't ignore chess, cards, or other games of skill and chance challenges.

Storytelling Hints: The gameskeeper enjoys pointing out the sights and sounds of the Hedge and takes pride in their work to foster diversity in their patch.

Virtue and Vice: Adventurous, Turn-coat

Specialties: Crafts (Horticulture), Survival (Tracking), Weaponry (Traps)

Contracts/Dread Powers/Tokens: Apex Predator, Know the Competition, Snare

Story Hooks

- A hobgoblin beast with radiant feathers flees into a region of the Hedge that is a patchwork of light and dark. Entry, however, requires placating the local gameskeeper through a game of checkers.
- Changelings and hobgoblins have been going missing, taken by a local gameskeeper to feed the flora and fauna of the Hedge. The only clues left at the site of each disappearance is a playing piece from a board game — a die, a pewter top hat, a thorny meeples.
- A number of gameskeepers are servants to one of the Gentry they refer to as the Gamesmaster. From each gameskeeper, a clue or unknown rule can be obtained, which would allow changelings to face the Gamesmaster and quite literally beat them at their own game.

GATTO BURATTINO

Quote: "Meow, come closer, little mouse."

Description: Dressed in courtly garb, with wide-brimmed hats and tall leather boots, these cats are a far cry from their fairy tale counterparts. With painted-on fur and glossy lacquered orbs for eyes, these preening animate dolls waltz about the Hedge, making sport of others, and challenging just about anyone to a duel.

Storytelling Hints: Even other hobgoblins think the Gatto are trouble. They're at their worst when four or more of them gather. They saunter around the markets, expecting only the finest of food and the creamiest of milk.

Virtue and Vice: Lazy, Preening

Specialties: Expression (Fashion), Intimidation (Taunts), Weaponry (Duelling)

Contracts/Dread Powers/Tokens: Home Ground, Hypnotic Gaze, Regenerate ♦♦

Story Hooks

- The Fae Lord, The Marquis de Carabas, maintains a cloader of Gatto Burattino. This band of



courtiers act as envoys and spies who travel far and wide sniffing out the mice — all the changelings who escaped the Marquis' domain.

- A single Gatto Burattino travels the Hedge, making a name for itself as the greatest swordsman. Either by mistake, a challenge of honor, or a motley member's own bravado, this sword for hire has issued a challenge.
- A Gatto rushes up to the changeling, seeking their aid. Under the guise of a Gatto Burattino, a Fae lady — a princess — seeks allies to protect her from those Gentry plotting to strip all her powers and Titles from her.

HIGHWAYMAN

Quote: “Your purse or a curse? Give me gold, or I'll leave you cold!”

Description: Roaming the Trods, certain hobgoblins seek only to steal and pillage, mugging lone wanderers or holding up carriages. Some changelings are so desperate they prey upon those who come and go from a freehold. These villains come to personify the role, appearing more like a highwayman of ages past. They hold up coaches and travelers, dressed in a mask and tricorn hat, brandishing pistols and barely controlling their whinnying steed. Over time, those who survive and gain notoriety earn titles and nicknames that shape their guise and Mantle.

Storytelling Hints: The highwayman is out to make a name and reputation, stealing loot while being a charming rogue.

Virtue and Vice: Thief, Vainglory

Specialties: Animal Ken (Steeds), Firearms (Dead shot), Persuasion (Dashing Smile)

Contracts/Dread Powers/Tokens: Elemental Weapon, Glib Tongue, Seven-League Leap,

Story Hooks

- One such debonair rogue has been spotted bearing an Icon, taking the form of the wedding ring given to the changeling by her lost love.
- Spotting the Dullahan — a particularly grim headless horseman — is an omen of death. Rumor has it that any who do sight such a deadly horseman are immediately bound by a pledge to the principle of death and must either take a life or lose their own.
- Highwaymen of the modern age, BriarNet Bandits hold up their targets, and in exchange for a portion of a memory or part of their identity, force worthless gleaming coins into the person's

hands. The bandit insists on giving them as much as possible.

SAWBONES

Quote: “The first rule — do no harm. Well, I'm not one for rules.”

Description: Huntsmen's blades drip with searing poisons that corrupt the flesh. Horrors lurking deep in the Thorns break bodies and crush bones so that they can gnaw on the marrow within. Thus, it is an asset to know a surgeon who can stitch you up and set bones. Meticulous doctors or gore-soaked barber surgeons, these medics and butchers lance their clients' sores as easily as they give them a haircut. In exchange for their healing expertise, they take a toe or finger.

Storytelling Hints: They take delight in operating with either scalpel or hacksaw. Leeches? They have a pot of them ready to draw blood. And that limb or gizzard someone lost? Likely it will be sold at the Goblin Market or end up in a stew.

Virtue and Vice: Cruel, Humane

Specialties: Empathy (Bedside Manner), Intimidation (Master of Pain), Medicine (Surgery)

Contracts/Dread Powers/Tokens: Gift of Warm Breath, Paralyzing Presence, Skinmask

Story Hooks

- Horrifically maimed by an encounter with a Huntsman, the motley escapes but must tend to a compatriot's injuries. But who will pay the price and give up one of their own fingers?
- Gruesome beasts stalk the Freehold and local Goblin Market. These Stitch-Thralls shamble about and carry away unsuspecting victims, adding more to their number. However, their master is a Sawbones, driven by blood-thirsty revenge, who crafts their thralls using the flesh and bone they have cut away from their latest victims.

- Sawbones are not just surgeons, but barbers, who with a snip and slice can restyle a person's hair, and even their face. With the price of losing a finger, a toe, or part of their memories, this denizen can give a changeling just the makeover required to sneak into a party held by one of the Fae and recover a loved one.

THEIR VISCOSITY

Quote: “I can take that from you.”

Description: Writing out Their Viscosity's full name would take up half a page, so most of the changelings who deal with them just call them one of any number of nicknames. Their preferred short form of address,

however, is Their Viscosity. They travel from Goblin Market to Goblin Market in their elaborate palanquin, pulled by a team of highly trained, tiny, sapient rainstorms. Their Viscosity deals in memories and prefers to bargain outside of Market settings. For those Lost who prefer not to travel to distant Markets or have run into a little trouble at their local Market, Their Viscosity represents a potential method for dealing with troublesome memory issues.

A glass column approximately five feet tall (and just as big around) houses Their Viscosity. Vibrantly colored and shifting gelatinous material fills the column; two green eyes float in the glutinous liquid, tumbling gently over and over. When Their Viscosity wishes to communicate, their slender stoat attendant removes the elaborate silver cap from the glass column. Roiling between colors, bubbles of gas rise through the treacly mass and puff upwards, releasing words and short phrases with each eructation. This makes bargaining with them time-consuming and tedious. This is intentional: Someone bargaining while annoyed or in a rush likely bargains more poorly, after all.

Storytelling Hints: Their Viscosity can remove memories as neatly as a surgeon excising a well-contained tumor, but the method and the consequences disquiet their customers. They normally only require the memories themselves as payment but always asks for more if customers grow impatient or rude while waiting for them to gurgle out their words.

Upon completion of negotiations, Their Viscosity asks their customer to stand on their palanquin's top stair. They lunge and slop out of their glass column: the gelatinous substance of their body encases their subject's head entirely. The viscid fluid slithers up the individual's nose, into her mouth, along her tear ducts, and even osmoses its way through her ear drums. A solid 30 seconds of insinuating itself through her brain allows Their Viscosity to elegantly erase those undesirable memories and slide back into their column, leaving their quarry clean and dry.

Clients inevitably realize to their horror — often only afterwards — they have no way of knowing what Their Viscosity saw during the process, or whether they only took what they said they would. You can't remember what you can't remember, and try as they might, the subject — or *victim*, as the Bloody-Footed Sages of Mount Hood maintain — can only ever feel the *absence* of memory, like prodding her tongue into the hole a pulled tooth leaves behind.

System: Employing Their Viscosity to remove memories always constitutes a 4-die breaking point.

Virtue and Vice: Hungry, Patient

Specialties: Empathy (Emotion), Medicine (Removing Memories), Socialize (Negotiation)

Contracts/Dread Powers/Tokens: Hypnotic Gaze, Know Soul, Lethe's Embrace

Story Hooks

- A friend of the motley finds herself suffering from two sets of memories. She wants to get rid of one, but she's not sure which are her own, and which belong to someone else — or who that might be. She's seeking Their Viscosity, but is afraid of losing the wrong memories.
- The freehold's changelings remember crowning their new Winter Queen, but that was two days ago. No one remembers what happened in between, though the ground is soaked from a recent rainstorm, and word has it that Their Viscosity was passing through.
- Their Viscosity's traveling through a particularly dangerous region of the Hedge, and asks the motley to protect them. Some of the hobgoblins patrolling the roads are still upset about something they can't quite remember, and they've sworn to shatter the column holding Their Viscosity.

TOMMYKNOCKERS

Quote: "Nowt I can do about it. If ya ain't on the list, ya ain't coming in!"

Description: Piercing light sways as it shines from these hulks' headlamps. Creaking joints accompany each step, along with the sound of a pickaxe's tip dragging on stone. Knockers are hardy folk, ranging in size and shape. But all are brutes, having spent years hewing stone and ore from the rock face of glittering mines. These long-armed grunts often work as stevedores, guards, and doorkeepers. However, their employers rarely trust them around equipment and food, as they're prone to pilfering things that catch their fancy. But given a hearty pasty to fill their belly, a knocker always puts in a good day's work.

Storytelling Hints: Capable laborers, tommyknockers toil away in workshops, but rarely complain. If they're not fairly compensated, or fellow workers or a paymaster abuses them, they play tricks upon those who slight them.

Virtue and Vice: Indefatigable, Devious

Specialties: Athletics (Backbreaking Labor), Brawl (Pugilist), Larceny (Practical Jokes)

Contracts/Dread Powers/Tokens: Chameleon Horror, Jump Scare, Snare

Story Hooks

- A quest into the Fool's Gold mines to recover a piece of Sunstone, requires a guide. However, convincing a Tommyknocker to lead the motley



in the dark depths requires bargaining and appropriate compensation.

- The local Goblin Queen's coffers, either willfully or by theft, lie bare. As her debt soars, so do the tensions with her workers, a mob of unruly Tommyknockers who are beginning to speak of revolution and sabotage.
- The motley's Hollow has just been marked for a new mining operation by a member of the freehold and their employees — the Tommyknockers. What can they do to stop their sanctuary from being despoiled?

OTHER DENIZENS

These are some additional denizens to add to your chronicle.

The Gentle Void

The Gentle Void's quadrupedal body vaguely resembles a maned wolf. Meaningful comparison ends there. A sometimes-resident of the Moonscar Mines (p. XX), the tall, rangy creature climbs the mine's walls to roost among the mushrooms growing from the cave's roof. It moves on vertical surfaces sure as a spider. Its iridescent fur sweeps down its back, cobalt blue highlighted with sparkling silver stars. Neon teals and soft greens edge its ears and the toes on its four paws; its vulpine tail's fringe sweeps phosphorescent lilac trails through the air.

Where one would expect a skull instead sits a concave surface, whose velvet blackness baffles and hurts human vision: The eye simply cannot cope with something that *dark*. The most starless night, the darkest isolation tank: None of them have anything on the Gentle Void's nothingness.

The Gentle Void exhibits a great deal of shyness when strange creatures enter the mines; it flees rather than engages. The Charm City Freehold of Baltimore claims to have lost an entire motley in the Moonscar Mines and some blame the Gentle Void. No one alive has ever fought the Void or seen it attack.

The Monolith

All sleek, wet, black stone and dripping, oily rust, the Monolith manifests in different locations. The living never see it move, though reports have placed the Monolith near Hedge gates leading in from six continents. Eema Liane, Melbourne's Autumn Warden of Agony, posits that the Monolith never moves at all, but that the Hedge moves and shifts around it instead. She has led sorties into the Hedge in search of oily rust or any evidence of conventional movement on the part of Monolith, but all in vain thus far.

Hedge denizens steer well clear of the Monolith. Motleys from the Entzweite Erinnerungen freehold in Vienna found evidence a year ago which suggests the Monolith kills and partially devours unwary travelers: They recovered scattered bones with strange abrasive patterns on them as if they were ground against stone. The possessions of the dead lie scattered along trods with seeming carelessness near the inert Monolith. Surely it won't hurt anything to pick up a piece or two.

The Moth-Wife

The Kansas City freeholds cannot agree on whether the Moth-Wife once walked among their number. Certainly, her delicate features *somewhat* match those of Rachel Castro, missing since the mid-1960s. The debate hangs on whether she mimics their missing member or once *was* her. Tall and slender, wearing the brilliant wings of a luna moth woven into a silken hood, she tracks aimlessly along midwestern trods. Her solid black eyes see much, but convincing her to share what she's witnessed is another matter entirely. A startled Moth-Wife dissolves into a lepidopterous cloud, leaving behind her silk robe. Returning it to her would almost guarantee answers, provided the returnee wasn't the one who startled her in the first place.

The Moth-Wife watches the trods outside her chosen city, a fantastic source of gossip for anyone able to convince her to part with it. Alfons Leismulle, Hedgenaut of Winter from Underhill Park, posits that she either loves to observe the world or simply cannot help herself, drawn to the Hedge's tragedies great and small like a nocturnal insect to a light source. The Moth-Wife lurks in high trees and on the tops of buildings, forever watching; gifts of fruits and flowers may win her favor.

The Nurses

Small and gentle, the Nurses have lived deep in the bowels of Research Hospital #5 (p. XX) longer than their living memory. They resemble oversized squirrels and other urban wildlife; their society thrives within the hospital. Geraldine leads the Nurses: She bears the exalted rank of Shift Manager and carries the only working key card among them, tucked into the pocket on the back of her floral-patterned shift. They have spent generations tending to changelings who they find lost within the hospital's halls and find purpose in this.

The Battle Nurse contingent, with weaponry and armor crafted out of the leavings of whatever built the hospital, protect the other divisions within the Nurses: Intensive Care, Palliative Care, and Assistants, to name a few. Scalpels honed and re-set into spears pass from generation to generation, along with strange, kidney-shaped plates fashioned into armor. The Battle Nurses defend Geraldine and the rest of their gentler kin; none should mistake their small stature for a lack of martial prowess.

The Spybird

This enormous flightless bird has hundreds of names, but the members of the Mount Tabor Freehold in Portland, Oregon refer to it as “the Spybird.” It appears in an ostensibly random fashion along trods and at the edges of marshy or watery Groves. The Spybird always manifests twice as tall as the tallest member or members of any expeditionary party. This massive bird-like hobgoblin looks like a haphazard amalgam of a cassowary and secretary bird dipped in iridescent ink, and invariably appears backlit by a swamp gas effect in sickly blues and greens. It trails after any changelings it finds, insistently staring at them. The longer the Spybird stares, the greater the feelings of guilt and unease which settle upon its quarry. It never attacks. It just follows and *stares*.

Despite its resemblance to two very dangerous bird species, the Spybird presents little danger to anyone by itself. However, its eerie vulpine screams attract deadly predators from further away in the Hedge. Locating a Spybird’s nest yields numerous eggs. When properly prepared via a recipe for sale in rarefied Goblin Markets, they can wipe away the most grievous of wounds; a motley from the Twin Freeholds in Minnesota reports

a single bite brought back a friend on the edge of death. Improperly prepared, however, even a taste of the egg’s sickly-sweet interior opens old wounds both mental and physical.

Wightmind

Moving slowly through the Hedge, these obscene accretions of Hedge ghosts lurch from place to place. Any free-floating Hedge ghosts it encounters, it consumes, adding their unique powers to the conglomerate. It passes through Groves and slithers along trods, leaving ink-dark splotches across cobblestone paths and up briar walls.

No one knows who or what created the Wightminds, or if they simply accumulated somewhere deep in the Hedge. Stories of Wightminds have passed from freehold to freehold across the last three centuries, with sightings scattered across six continents. For reasons unknown, no one has yet spotted a Wightmind in Australia. They range in size from humanoid up to about the size of a city bus.

Unless provoked, Wightminds have little interest in anything but finding more Hedge ghosts to consume. They defend themselves by mimicking the faces and



voices of their assailants, covering themselves with hundreds of distended mirrorings of their opponents' appearances, babbling in unnerving choruses. Larger Wightminds attempt to roll over assailants and flatten them into the ground.

STORYTELLER'S GUIDE TO THE HEDGE

The Hedge holds a strange position in the Storyteller's box of tools and toys. Like the Lost themselves, it's a place of dual nature — a bled-together liminality that's both literal and metaphorical, both actor and stage. This opens up incredible opportunities for scenes and stories to play out within its embrace, even as it poses a challenge for the Storyteller to draw forth its full potential in the moment of play.

The Hedge has an awful lot going on within it, both in terms of setting material for the Storyteller to draw upon and mechanics to support that material. It's a place where the journey can be as important as the destination, or even more so, and where every scene shows the Hedge as a shifting, prickling presence that's seemingly alive in how it reacts to the events playing out along its wending paths. This section looks at ways to handle the systems that make this possible, streamline or adjust them to meet the Storyteller's needs, and depict the Hedge as a frightening yet alluring presence rather than an incoherent sea of chaos.

RUNNING SCENES IN THE HEDGE

Changeling characters have the ability to plunge into the Hedge from almost any situation; all they need is a single portal. As such, *any* scene can become a Hedge scene at the drop of a hat. The Hedge possesses several qualities worth keeping in mind for running such scenes:

The Hedge shapes itself, and is shaped by others, but it is already there. The Hedge is not a chaotic soup of potential that forms in response to the arrival of emotional beings then collapses to incoherence at their passing. The practical impact of this is that the Hedge, while malleable, can serve as a persistent landscape with landmarks and people to whom the player characters will return again and again. By primarily drawing on a limited palette of motifs, phenomena, and particular Storyteller characters, the Storyteller can build a strong sense of presence and place to the Hedge, and reinforce the nature of its dangers. In depicting a Hedge scene, consistency can be as important as unpredictability.

For everything the Hedge gives, it also takes away. The Hedge as a liminal space is a reflection of the Wyrd's reciprocity. Neither safe wonderland nor nightmare

deathtrap, the Hedge offers wonders at a cost and poses threats that come intertwined with opportunity. If it gives opportunities to benefit, it also gives opportunities to make mistakes. This isn't as simple as "kill dangerous monster, get treasure" — a motley that decides to go about murdering the Hedge's denizens are likely to find the bill coming due in the form of awful consequences, not rich rewards.

The journey is as colorful as the destination. Not every trip through the Hedge needs to be momentous, but if the destination is meaningful, moving through the Hedge should feed into that. Don't just choke a journey with unnecessary diversions, obstacles, and the like — it'll leave players wanting to find shortcuts around it all so they can get to the meat of what they're trying to achieve with their characters, or just resenting the Hedge as a source of arduous tangents. Rather, try to pick a limited number of thematically resonant centerpieces that link into the destination or the story arc in some way. Such obstacles and encounters on the journey should have their own impact and import beyond simply being random threats or barriers.

BACKDROP, STAGE, AND ACTOR

Not every scene set in the Hedge warrants fully engaging with its underlying mechanics. While stepping into the Hedge always presents the Storyteller with an opportunity to explore its dread and wonder, in practice player characters dip into it for all manner of reasons, and some of those reasons are going to be either very petty or very brief. When running a scene, it's worth considering if the Hedge needs to serve just as a backdrop, as a stage for some serious action, or to step forward as an actor in its own right.

For some scenes, the Hedge just needs to act as a rolling backdrop for a brief period. It's the hidden refuge that a changeling cowers in for brief minutes while waiting for a threat to pass by in the mortal world, or it's the passing corridors of a maze that the characters quickly dash through. Such situations may not necessitate any use of the Hedgespinning or Hedge navigation rules at all, although it's still worth weaving the Hedge's reactivity into passing description as a reminder of its presence or to exert pressure. The hiding changeling's player might not roll to instigate the Hedge's Hedgespinning dice pools, but narrating how the nearest vines are slowly creeping closer — not fast enough to be a *threat*, but still unnerving — or blossoming into hues that reflect her mood, gets across the desired tone.

Sometimes these situations offer an unmissable opportunity to drag the Hedge center stage; the hiding changelings hear *something* approaching through the Thorns around them, or the maze throws up bizarre obstacles in their path. If the characters are menaced *every* time they leap through a portal, though, or can never

just go from one place to another without being stopped by knotty problems, the players will soon tire of it. Be judicious in allowing a journey to pass by without having to grab the navigation dice every time.

For most scenes or situations of consequence, the role of the Hedge as stage can be more pronounced by engaging fully with Hedgespinning and navigation. Remind players of the opportunity to generate shaping successes with their actions. If they're struggling with Hedgespinning, demonstrate Storyteller characters exploiting its potential. Still, don't sweat the small stuff. In a scene with little dice rolling, or where the pacing is relatively tranquil and unhurried, it's better to just let a player have her character make a subtle shift like plucking a flower to bloom in her favorite color. Forcing her to jump through mechanical hoops, inventing reasons to roll various dice pools just to get the needed successes, slows the story's pace.

Equally, if a character's concept suggests he's an ace Hedge traveler and he has the hefty dice pools to back it up, don't feel the need to roll the essentially foregone conclusion of a journey on firm trods via Hedge navigation, unless the dice modifiers or situation lend any unusual tension.

The important thing to keep in mind when the Hedge serves as a stage is how *different* it feels to the same scene playing out in the mortal world. If it doesn't feel different, if the changeling conversing with a goblin could do exactly the same in a coffee shop with no real shift in atmosphere, then really the Hedge is just serving as a backdrop. That can be fine for scenes of little import, but when you want the Hedge to have a real impact, don't hesitate to ramp up the *need* to engage with its mechanics. A character wants to talk with that goblin — but the goblin insists on ambling along, watering her delightful flowers that snap and claw, casually Hedgespinning her way past obstacles that threaten to confound the changeling and halt his attempts at conversation.

Within the drama of a scene, the Hedge can become an actor in its own right. Beyond the simple reactivity of Hedgespinning, this means giving the sense that the Hedge is really alive with quirks, hints of a personality, and an agenda beyond that of catching things in its Thorns. Notably, this doesn't have to involve the Hedge serving as some sort of deadly menace or conniving intellect. It just requires simple interactions between Hedge-as-scenery and the player characters. Maybe it expresses something akin to an emotion by Hedgespinning the skies into rainy storms if the characters keep hacking through its thorns, or its creeping tendrils consistently try and steal away shiny gewgaws from the Lost who once took treasure from amid its rubble. Let the Hedge be benevolent and beautiful as well, giving characters the opportunity to fall in love with it as a place just as much as they may rightly fear

it. The aim is to lend a sense that the Hedge is aware in some way, rather than simply a force pushing back; that, perhaps, just as it is shaped by the characters, so too does it remember them.

The dangers of pushing the Hedge as an actor are the risk of players assuming that it can therefore be negotiated with like any other character, or just that it comes across as rather silly. The Hedge isn't cutesy or looking to elicit a laugh; it doesn't just want to be appreciated for the person it is. Inasmuch as it desires anything, it wants to lure characters deeper in. Still, portraying the Hedge as having the same sort of expressive character as the natural world, shivering with changes that presage the arrival of a threat or opportunity, or taking on an almost hungry atmosphere during momentous decisions, helps give players a reason to pay attention to the Hedge and treat it as a meaningful layer of the scene.

GOBLINS AND CONSISTENCY

As characters with whom the players can directly interact, goblins and other denizens of the Hedge are a crucial part of what's so interesting and alluring about the liminal realm. As with the rest of the Hedge, they aren't props shuffled into place just for the duration of a changeling's visit. They're not surly walking metaphors in a character's personal psychodrama. One might end up serving that purpose as events play out, but remember that a goblin exists before the player characters stumble upon her, and she will continue to exist afterwards, even if only through the consequences of dealing with her that ripple out.

Goblins aren't random or incoherent. While some are prone to trickery or attempt to confuse and mislead the Lost, they do so because they have an agenda or drive to do so, often bound up with the Wyrd's principle of reciprocity and not out of inherent unpredictability. They're tied to each other through their own bonds of camaraderie, enmity, or simple transaction. A goblin won't attack the Lost just because they're on a journey and it'd be convenient to have an obstacle on their path. She *might* attack them because she knows they crossed her brother and cheated him at the Goblin Market and she wants to levy the balance due, or because they've just done something that's likely to get her (or them!) killed unless she stops them.

Portraying goblins as having their own interlinking culture and connections can go a long way towards presenting them as consistent figures in the Hedge, and compelling characters. There's no need for an ever-churning roster of disposable goblins; instead, go back to the same ones regularly, deepen their characterization, and build up their interactions with the player characters. Show the quirks of how they deal with each other, and give the players opportunities to examine and exploit such Hedge history.



PERIAKTOI: A PSYCHOACTIVE LANDSCAPE

Where the hard rigors of the elements and humanity's footsteps slowly scour and change the shape of the mortal landscape, the Hedge shivers and shifts in time with more conceptual forces. It's a psychoactive realm, responding to the twofold pressures of emotional will that push against it. On the one hand, the Lost and other beings within the Hedge and, on the other, the weighty substrate of mortal people who may never walk its paths yet affect it nonetheless. It's part of what makes Hedgespinning possible, and it imprints the Hedge with a mimicry of the mortal world that's always just a portal's breadth away.

Some changelings call this reactive nature **periaktoi**, seeing the Hedge's manifestation as being the same substrate shaped into different forms, presenting new shapes but remaining fundamentally consistent. The Hedge is not burning through a finite reservoir of potential; rather, it is continually refreshing its presentation in response to psychoactive influence. As best the Lost can understand, the weight of mortal pressure on the Hedge comes forth via the Dreaming Roads that wend their way through it. Human dreams leak out into the liminal realm via these paths, stirring the Hedge into passive displays of periaktoi that reflect such proximity of human existence.

Within a scene, Hedge periaktoi manifests in two main forms. The first is as an imprint of the mortal realm, in both the Hedge's mimicry of a real world city as crumbling streets amid its tangles and the way a changeling's perception might shape how those streets presents themselves. The second is via Hedgespinning, whether active exertion of will on the Hedge or via its reactive response to emotions; a changeling caught in the rapture of love finds the Hedge's periaktoi forming a trail of blooming flowers in his wake.

Outside of active Hedgespinning, the key impact of periaktoi is as revelation; it shows the nature of something. That doesn't mean periaktoi necessarily reveals the unvarnished truth, but it *can* give insight. Use periaktoi to show the emotional perspective characters have, whether past or present. The changeling who has always seen her hometown streets as threatening causes their Hedge mirror to twist into the dark hostility she so fears. Where multiple characters' perspectives might influence the periaktoi, it's generally worth drawing on the one with the strongest emotional impact and weight for the originating character. Paint the scene with the neuroses of one of the motley, or in the colors of some mortal's passions, and let the characters see it for what it is — a canvas both reflecting and distorting someone's life.

HEDGESPINNING ABRIDGED

The Hedgespinning rules allow for periaktoi to take place via the Hedge shaping itself. However, during an intense or lengthy scene the existing rules for this kind of periaktoi can become burdensome on the Storyteller, forcing repeated dice rolling. Equally, if the scene is short or simply doesn't present much need for players to roll dice, the Storyteller can end up without an opportunity to roll the Hedgespinning dice and thus blocked off from atmospheric shifts.

To speed up calculating Hedgespinning successes when lots of dice rolls are taking place, just assume that every self-shaping roll gives two successes on a trod, three in the Hedge, or four in the Thorns.

Alternatively, pace the flow of the Hedge's periaktoi by ramping up the number of successes available based on events and emotion, rather than dice pools. Start with five successes at the beginning of the scene, then add two to the total whenever a narrative beat takes place — the motley makes a significant decision or falls into argument, a Hedge beast scents their trail, someone takes the first bite of a crisp apple, a character suffers a breaking point. Add four successes if a player character says something that's really tempting fate, like "Don't worry, we're perfectly safe at this distance!" This method divorces Hedgespinning from the players' own engagement with the dice, lightening the mechanics that the Storyteller needs to tangle with.

It's also viable to just drop the counting of dice and successes and go purely with what makes sense for the flow of the game. This puts the greatest burden on the Storyteller's ability to think on the fly. It also demands a strong sense of consistency and fair play, to avoid the Hedge feeling chaotic or arbitrary. However, it gives the most freedom to throw in paradigm shifts at the most narratively satisfying moments. It also lends itself to flexibility during game play that shifts quickly between scenes, has player characters split between different locations, or just doesn't feature high stakes worth breaking out the dice for.

RUNNING STORIES IN THE HEDGE

Dipping into the Hedge for a few scenes or chapters is one thing; returning to the Hedge again and again, with entire story arcs taking place in its thorny embrace, is quite another. Repeated treks through the Hedge risk rendering its tangled paths mundane and its inhabitants losing their luster.

To avoid chapters in the Hedge blurring into a confused tangle of one thorny maze after another, consider the Hedge within the specifics of the chronicle. Make it a character, armed not with Attributes and Dread Powers but instead with the themes and atmosphere of



the chronicle. The Hedge's appearance in one chronicle should never be interchangeable with that of another; each manifestation should bear the insignia of the place and the people who print their nature into it just by existing. Reference places in the real world with landmarks, albeit through a strange and twisted mirror. Show the emotions and dreams of relevant goblins and mortals in the way the Hedge presents itself. Thread these things through the Hedge consistently, so the players can get a sense of this nature and character, and even learn something of what to expect amid its wonders and terrors.

In balance with this shaping of the Hedge's character, don't be afraid to embrace the absolutely weird and incredible potential that it offers. Present impossible vistas of sweeping valleys and towering castles crammed in the space between two scrubby trees. Show metaphors for chronicle concepts that are also thoroughly real, like a jangling and labyrinthine bird-cage prison complex or a poisonous garden where human-like topiary blooms with deadly flowers. Mortal problems and issues are particularly appropriate for metaphorical representation in the Hedge; let the players see the secrets and neuroses of the world printed into the bizarre stops on their journey. Intersperse the paths of the Hedge with places that are distinctly memorable, so

as to make it less of an interstitial realm of interchangeable paths and more of a distinct landscape of its own.

INTO THE WOODS

Changelings are not merely escaped human thralls of the True Fae. A Fairest cannot go back to her "real life" after her Keeper coerced and coaxed her by turns into taking the oaths that bound her to his domain of columns and stars, just as a Beast cannot completely forget the hazy sensation of running the greyhound racetracks hundreds, if not thousands of times. The Lost bear the irrevocable marks of Arcadia; they cannot go back to their lives before, and except for those whose hearts are loyal, going back to the True Fae is out of the question.

Where, then, does a changeling go to be at home?

More so than anywhere else, the Hedge captures the liminal essence of Arcadia's lost children. Not quite one place, and not quite the other, the Hedge binds the mortal world to the demesne of the True Fae. It's not merely a gateway either: The Hedge has its own cities, towns, farms, and homes. Palaces to rival some of the True Fae's creations rise out of the Thorns, and bits of tattered dream trade hands in the Goblin Markets. Perhaps most importantly, the true faces of all travelers shine through any Mask they might have put up as a



defense. A changeling can see the world around her for what it truly is, for a given value of “truly.”

In the “real world,” the place where humans live, I have to walk carefully. If someone looks too closely at me, they might just find out I’m a monster. I don’t want them to know I made fell deals to survive. I tell other Lost that their escape is the most important thing, and I believe that — but practicing that acceptance for myself gets to be too much some days. Those days, when keeping up the Mask of respectable humanity makes me want to scream, I cross into the Hedge. I can breathe here. I can Be here. Nothing I do is too odd, too thorny, too unreal for the Hedge. I can be among friends.

— Hallie of the Hunt, Elemental Shadowsoul

My therapist says that these feelings of needing to run and scratch and bite are an autonomic response to trauma, that they’re deep inside my body, carved into my nerves. I don’t disbelieve her. I think the True Fae put them there, that Arcadia scratched these scars into me. Sometimes these scars act up...

BREAKING AND ENTERING

Even among beings who usually have little to do with changelings, a handful of occultists may have collated vital scraps of Hedge-lore into real rites of power. Often more akin to a crowbar than a lockpick, these go beyond just learning the right Keys for portals and let outsiders tear the gates open for a brief time. In a chronicle featuring the Hedge, the Storyteller may wish to make such an ability available to player or storyteller characters to open up access to the liminal realm during the narrative. Such tools might include:

- **The Red Blossoms (Crúac rite,)**, a vampiric rite that feeds plants with Vitae until they grow into an arch through which one of the Kindred can pass into the Hedge.
- **The Thorn Pursuit (Wolf Rite,)**, a Hunters in Darkness rite that lets a werewolf under the Sacred Hunt Condition open a Hedge portal and pass through as long as their prey passed through within the last chapter.
- **Shed Time’s Skin (Closed Rite)**, a sorcerous Closed Rite available to Endless immortals that allows them to open a gate into the Hedge at the cost of a point of Sekhem.

Those with easier access to the Hedge — such as an Awakened Acanthus, the Begotten, or Arisen with the Opener of the Way affinity — don’t require such formulaic tools to pry a portal open.

I’d like to say that’s the only time I go into the Hedge, but I’d be lying. Being in the Thorns feels like taking a deep breath before a long, satisfying howl. The Hedge is full of possibility that isn’t fully human or fae. It’s its own thing. It’s home.

— Little Meag, Hunterheart Beast

Of course it’s dangerous. I’m not a fool. It’s full of Thorns for God’s sake. And monsters, don’t forget the monsters — some of them wear our faces! No, the Hedge isn’t for the faint of heart, but those of us who survived aren’t exactly what you’d call cowards, and there’s no better place to get your kicks.

— Rebekah Flag, Fairest Doppleganger

MOOD: COMFORTABLE AND STRANGE

The Hedge is an in-between place, home to in-between creatures like goblins, ghosts, and the Lost. This does not mean that those of the human or True Fae persuasion don’t make it into the Hedge. Unlucky mortals close to an open Hedgeway may find themselves ensnared in the loving grasp of the Thorns, hanging like a ripe fruit for a passing privateer to take to Arcadia. A lost mortal, seeking her next high, stumbles into a Goblin Market, lured by the scent of a dream of opium. Another, engulfed in his own rage against the unfairness of the world, passes his reflection in a mirror — except here he is surrounded by women and wealth. He cannot stop staring at this reflection, even as the Hedge closes around him, and a horn sounds in the distance. Desire and passion calls to the Hedge, just as the Hedge calls to those who seek something out of their reach.

THEME: TANTALIZATION

Not all mortals who enter the Hedge do so by indulging their Vices at an inauspicious time (see **Change-ling**, pp. 198-199). Some have a nobler cause. The Avowed (**Changeling**, pp. 310-321) find themselves in the Hedge based on the strength of a promise they made to a Lost loved one. While the Avowed do not usually become changelings themselves, the bond of their oath, strengthened by the Wyrld, allows them to engage with Glamour in similar ways. For many Avowed, this taste of power creates an incredible high, and they may return to the Hedge whenever possible, regardless of the danger. Some become addicts, seeking out Hedgeways as much as possible. A Glamour-addicted Avowed without a way into the Hedge can be an incredibly dangerous foe to any changeling; not only does she possess the powers of the Wyrld, but killing or otherwise incapacitating her might mean cutting off an escape route for a changeling still held captive by their Keepers.

Mortals who stay too long in the Hedge are in far more danger than any changeling. Capture by the True Fae or its agents is always a possibility. Surviving in such

an alien place often leads to a human making deals she shouldn't have and accruing truly incredible amounts of spiritual debt — some hobgoblins have confused and hazy memories of former lives as stockbrokers or nurses. Briarwolves and Hedge ghosts seek out sources of food and warmth. Of course, it's possible a mortal might just wander the paths, for days and weeks, seeing no one and hearing only the hum of distant voices. The Thorns catch bits of her soul, pulling at them like loose threads on a sweater, until the whole thing simply unravels.

INTERLOPERS

For the Lost, the Hedge begins as a barrier; it snares and tugs and tears at them as they flee, resisting their escape. Once through, though, it becomes less an obstacle and more an opportunity, a place they can return to again and again as long as they are mindful of its dangers.

But a hedge is a barrier in both directions. As much as it keeps in, it keeps out. Other presences slither and seethe in the mortal world's shadows, and though the Hedge is not meant for them, nonetheless there are those who find their way into this liminal realm. Some find it because of the Lost; they harry prey into the Hedge, pursuing them even into its cruel Thorns, or they bind themselves tightly in love or alliance and pledge to go wherever a changeling goes. Others pry the secrets of the Hedge and its portals out of the world with hungry ambition, hoping to exploit it for their own ends. A few end up in the Hedge entirely by mistake, lured in just like a mortal or flung into its reaches through occult accident.

These interlopers are often disruptive to the Hedge's fabric, simmering with corrosive power or picking at its branches out of perverse curiosity. The Hedge, in turn, might seem unwelcoming on the surface — but it can exert its own pull on such outsiders. Some it lures in to levy the balance of their own deeds, as payment for an esoteric debt that has come due or to punish them for their attempts to cheat the Wyrd. Some find the Hedge as payment for what *they* are owed, granting them escape into its tangled paths or access to wonders that might just solve their problems.

OUTSIDERS IN THE HEDGE

While the different breeds of being that can trespass on the Hedge come in all manner of shape and intent, they often share particular aspects that the realm affects in a similar way.

SYSTEMS

- Characters who experience supernaturally intense emotions driven by their inherent nature

— a vampire who enters frenzy, a werewolf who enters Death Rage, a Promethean succumbing to their Torment, and so forth — find themselves both riled by the Hedge and influencing it in turn. Any dice pools they possess to resist or hold back such frenzies and passions suffer a penalty while in the Hedge: -1 on a trod, -3 in the Thorns, and -2 elsewhere. Additionally, whenever they fall into such a state, they immediately incite Bedlam to channel the appropriate emotion at no cost, despite not being changelings; outsiders roll Presence + their Supernatural Tolerance trait (such as Blood Potency for vampires or Gnosis for mages.) The successes achieved are also treated as if the result of a Hedgespinning roll by the Hedge, causing subtle shifts in the environment to reflect the nature of the fury or passion expressed.

- Breaking points for Acts of Hubris and their equivalent in the Hedge suffer a penalty: -1 on a trod, -3 in the Thorns, and -2 elsewhere. See p. XX of the **Contagion Player's Guide** for further details.
- Substances, materials, and concepts created naturally by the Hedge or through Hedgespinning do not serve as banes against outsiders who suffer unnatural vulnerabilities to such; sunlight in the Hedge doesn't scorch a vampire's flesh, Hedgespun silver doesn't deal aggravated damage to a werewolf, and so forth. This provides no protection against the more real and intense manifestations that can come from fae powers such as Contracts.

VAMPIRES

Few vampires have the occult mastery needed to pry open the gates of the Hedge, and so most of the Kindred who enter it stumble in by accident or are led or lured in by the Lost. However, vampires can live for a long time, and decades or even centuries of study can result in a blood-drinker who is disturbingly knowledgeable about the liminal realm.

SYSTEMS

- Without the Unnatural Affinity (Goblins) Merit, vampires cannot gain Vitae by drinking the blood of Hedge denizens. Nor can they gain Vitae by drinking blood created from Hedgespinning or other forms of periaktoi; the Hedge's creations lack the true life force of mortal cruor.
- Vampires are unaffected by the weight of day-sleep and neither need to roll to stay awake nor gain the Lethargic Condition, as the Hedge's pre-



sentation of day, night, and time itself is disconnected from reality and highly malleable. This does not protect them from daysleep if they return to the mortal world during the day.

- If a vampire is in the Hedge, another vampire using blood sympathy can only gain a sense of his general direction if she is also in the Hedge.
- The Hedge's penalty to rolls to resist frenzy is also imposed on any roll to contest a vampire lashing out with the Beast, unless the target is another vampire.
- If a vampire Embraces a human within the Hedge, the Hedge immediately spins three subsequent Paradigm Shifts regardless of their cost in successes; one reflects the emotions of the human as they die, one reflects the corrupting touch of Vitae that returns them as the undead, and the last reflects the newly unfettered Beast in the fresh Kindred. For as long as the created Kindred exists, this location in the Hedge will *always* use Hedgespinning results to add representations of blood, death, or the Kindred in question to the scene.

WEREWOLVES

As hunters of frightening talent, werewolves see the Hedge as another bolthole for their prey — and, perhaps, an unclaimed territory. The Hedge reacts strangely to these creatures for whom shape is a temporary and mercurial notion, mirroring its own malleable nature. The passage of werewolves through the Hedge sees goblins scurrying forth in their wake to harvest this opportunity of raw Hedgespinning potential.

SYSTEMS

- Werewolves in the Hedge cannot perceive Twilight, the Gauntlet, or the Shadow, because they do not exist within the Hedge. A spirit that manages to enter the Hedge (or is dragged there) is fully visible and material while it remains there, even if it would usually lack the relevant Manifestations.
- Werewolves with the Siskur-Dah Condition reduce the number of successes they need to win a navigation chase against their chosen prey by two.
- Whenever a werewolf changes shape, the Hedge immediately Hedgespins a subtle shift, regardless of the required cost in successes. If the werewolf has the Siskur-Dah Condition, this shift will usu-

ally serve to aid the Uratha's efforts to pursue or track their prey in some way, but the werewolf doesn't have any active control over such Hedgespinning.

- Whenever a fae creature accrues successes towards Hedgespinning from an action, add two to the number of successes gained if there are any werewolves present in the scene, or one if any werewolf shifted shape there within the last day.
- If a werewolf deals any amount of lethal damage to a Huntsman with their bite, they gain the same Wyrd bonus to tracking changelings as the Huntsman would for the remainder of the chapter.
- Although the circumstances leading to such would surely be bizarre, a werewolf pack can take a Huntsman as their totem. The pack gains the usual benefits from Totem dots; the Huntsman's Wyrd doesn't change, and they don't use the spirit rules, but they gain one additional Attribute dot to assign for each Totem dot the pack invests in them. The werewolves in the pack all gain the ability to perceive and open Hedge portals like a changeling via spending a point of Essence, but also gain the Hedge Denizen Condition indebted to the Huntsman. Wolf-Blooded and humans in the pack are unaffected, their pack bond too weak to bear the otherworldly power of one of the fae.

MAGES

The Awakened see countless Mysteries awaiting them in the depths of the Hedge, and it's all too easy to lure them into its grasp. However, as the Awakened are familiar with the psychoactive phenomena of the Astral, they can recognize a common nature in the Hedge. To the Awakened, the Hedge is the barrier they must spend Mana to cross when they meditate into the Astral, although once in the Hedge they find it more attuned to the Arcanum of Fate than Mind.

These rules are given further detail in **Dark Eras 2**, p. 376.

SYSTEMS

- Mages who indulge their Vice near a Hedgeway suffer a penalty equal to half their Gnosis (rounded up) to the roll to resist the temptation, as the Hedge plays on their Obsessions.
- Mages can open existing Hedgeways with Fate 3 + Mind 1 and can create new ones with Fate 5 + Mind 2.

- Active Mage Sight functions normally in the Hedge, but once per scene the player may accept an Arcane Beat for one piece of information it presents to be inaccurate, distorted, hidden, or entirely fabricated.
- The Hedge reduces the successes it needs to win a navigation chase by one per total Obsession among all mages present.
- Focused Mage Sight triggers the Hedge's periaktoi; every Scrutiny roll counts as an action that prompts the Hedge to shape itself.
- Fate spells benefit from a -2 penalty to Paradox rolls in the Hedge.
- Paradox Anomalies in the Hedge usually manifest as Hedgespinning shifts instead of warping the spell, creating a subtle shift as a 1-Reach effect or a paradigm shift as a 3-Reach effect. Mages who release Paradoxes in the Hedge gain one point of Goblin Debt per Anomaly.

PROMETHEANS

A Promethean's Pilgrimage can take her to some strange places indeed. Understanding humanity means understanding its fringes, its liminalities, the places where it bleeds away in tattered fragments. The Hedge offers no solace to one of the Created, but it can present an interesting study, a means to learn of humanity by witnessing how it presses into the psychoactive landscape—and how the Hedge's denizens might stand in quite inhuman contrast.

These rules are given further detail in *Dark Eras* 2, p. 65.

SYSTEMS

- Prometheans regain Pyros or heal as normal from appropriate sources in the Hedge, even those that are Hedgespun or periaktoi; the Divine Fire burns bright even here.
- If a Promethean gains the Hedge Denizen Condition, they risk a breaking point for every chapter they remain connected to the Hedge.
- Whenever a Promethean displays their Disfigurements, every Hobgoblin present manifests the same Disfigurements for the remainder of the scene.
- The dice pools to Disquiet the Hedge are Azoth vs. the Promethean's own Resolve + Composure. If the Hedge becomes Disquieted, it arranges for events and encounters characteristic of the ap-

propriate Disquiet Condition, and immediately triggers a Hedgespinning roll.

- Wastelands in the Hedge never grow larger than a city block. They fester normally but fade within a scene of the creator's departure. If the creator returns within the fade time, the Wasteland immediately returns to full strength.
- If a Promethean enters the Hedge in Torment or falls to Torment within it, they must also make an immediate action to escape their exacerbated Torment and the nearby Hedge becomes Disquieted at level 2.
- When a Promethean dies in the Hedge and their Pyros blazes a path through to the River of Death, it can leave fragmented pieces of emotion and memory caught amid the shredded Thorns, too potent with the animating energy of the Divine Fire to simply fade away. Roll the Promethean's Azoth as a dice pool; on a success, create a Hedge Ghost with a Wyrd of 1 made up from patchwork scraps of the Promethean's memories and feelings, those of anyone whose body parts were used to create their body, and those of their Progenitor. On an exceptional success, the Hedge Ghost has a Wyrd of 3.

HUNTERS

Those mortals who consider themselves hunters are largely treated just like any other humans in the Hedge. It's certainly not out of the question for a conspiracy to wield Endowments that grant a hunter greater ability to pursue the Lost into the Hedge, or to navigate once within its embrace, but outside of such specialized capabilities, hunters do not otherwise experience any particular benefits or drawbacks beyond those imposed by their mortal nature.

SIN-EATERS

Tethered to the laws and realms of the dead, the nature of Sin-Eaters is almost diametrically opposed to the strange land of the Hedge. Hedge Ghosts lie outside their phantasmal purview, and without the aid or trickery of the Lost, it is unlikely that one of the Bound would find much reason to seek out portals into the land of the fae. That said, there is a lure strong enough to call to a Sin-Eater who learns of the Hedge's nature, for among the wonders of the Hedge are a few objects that can serve the Bound as Mementos. Scraps of detritus left behind on the Dreaming Roads when a Bastion's dreamer dies in their sleep, or the Icon of a changeling who has perished, can sometimes contain the power that a krew needs to strengthen their grim repertoire of powers.



SYSTEMS

- Sin-Eaters don't treat Hedge Ghosts as actual ghosts for the purposes of their abilities and powers.
- If a Sin-Eater dies and returns to life in the Hedge, the Sin-Eater immediately takes on any goblin debt and other powerful occult obligations weighing on the person who dies in her place.
- A Sin-Eater can use the Icon of a dead changeling, left to marinate in the Wyrld without anyone to levy the balance of debts posthumously, to create a Memento. Instead of a dot of Synergy, the Sin-Eater takes on any goblin debt or powerful occult obligations the changeling possessed prior to their death. If the changeling had no such debts or obligations, the Wyrld is uninterested in finding a new debtor, and the Icon cannot be turned into a Memento in this way.

MUMMIES

The Arisen are rare interlopers into the Hedge's tangled corridors. The Sekhem they crave doesn't gather here, and the Judges they serve appear uninterested in imposing cruel laws onto the liminal realm. Still, some Lost fall in with Arisen cults and open their masters' eyes to the possibilities of a domain that can span vast distances and hide entire temples away from view. So, too, do mummies sometimes venture into the Hedge because some changeling or goblin has made off with a precious relic, or one of the Gentry stole away a prized cultist.

SYSTEMS

- Without the Death Mask affinity, the corpse sahu of Arisen is always revealed and visible while in the Hedge.
- When a mummy meditates to regain Pillars in the Hedge, it reacts to her act of gathering memories and identity within. Roll for Hedg spinning as normal but add the number of Pillar points the mummy gathers as automatic successes to the Hedge's own roll. The resulting successes manifest as shifts reflecting distorted impressions of the Arisen's memory, inflicting a minor Memory Breaking Point.
- Mummies in the Hedge add dice to Descent rolls: +1 on a trod, +3 in the Thorns, and +2 elsewhere.
- If a mummy attempts to track a vessel that is in the Hedge via kheper, and she is not in the Hedge herself, increase the Scope by three

- If a mummy dies while in the Hedge, gaining the Disembodied Condition and entering Neter-Khertet, her soul rips a hole through the Hedge's immediate fabric to do so, forming a new Hedge-way portal. She appears in a location in the mortal world approximate to where she would appear had she left the scene via the portal. The Key for the newly formed portal is always something related to the portfolio of the specific Judge the Arisen in question serves.
- Characters who attempt to decipher Sybaritic Omens while in the Hedge benefit from the periaktoi which manifest around them during contemplation, adding 2 to the dice pool.
- Mummies cannot construct Tombs in the Hedge; the denizens of the liminal realm do not produce enough Sekhem to draw in.
- If a Judge Avatar manifests in the Hedge, it inflicts a paradigm shift whenever it enters a scene to change the scenery into a grim reflection of its home in Duat. These shifts cannot be undone or changed while the Avatar remains in the Hedge, although the rate at which it burns through Sekhem ensures this will not linger long. Frighteningly, Avatars can walk the Dreaming Roads, and if they reach a Bastion can spend a dot of Sekhem to breach the Bastion's fortification. Within a Bastion, an Avatar can use the Dreams of Dead Gods Utterance freely and at no cost against the dreamer in question, but if it finds and kills their dreaming self, it can attempt to supplant their soul with that of one of its servant Arisen who has no body, no remaining canopic jars, and is currently in henet. This follows the same process as if the Arisen in question were attempting to take over the body of a cultist. Whether successful or not, the Avatar itself immediately expends all remaining Sekhem.

DEMONS

The Hedge can seem like a blessed sanctuary for one of the Unchained. Yes, the Hedge's prickling Thorns may tear at the patchwork fabric of souls and identities that a demon shrouds themselves in, but there's no God-Machine, no angels, no omnipresent authority just waiting to leash them back up. It's a weird inversion of the paranoia of the Lost, though even demons learn not to take the Hedge lightly. Human Covers quickly compromise and crumble, Lost Covers attract unwanted Gentry attention, and unpleasant periaktoi manifest from the resulting seams.

SYSTEMS

- Whenever a demon rolls for Cover compromise, roll the Hedge's Hedgespinning dice. Any resulting shifts manifest as shredded distortions of the Cover identity in the scene and surroundings.
- Demons in the Hedge do not gain a Condition and only roll for permanent Glitches when they fail a Cover compromise roll.
- If a Cover collapses completely within the Hedge, roll the Demon's Primum rating as a dice pool. On a success, the Hedge creates a Hedge Ghost with Wyrd 1 made from fragments of the Cover stitched together with other lingering tatters of emotion from the environment. On an exceptional success, the Hedge Ghost has a Wyrd of 3 instead.

BEASTS

Among the manifold eldritch entities of the world, the Begotten are perhaps the least daunted by the Hedge's cruel mercies. Skeleton Key makes it trivial for a Beast to enter the Hedge in the first place, and Kinship with one of the Lost could even provide direct access from within the Beast's own Lair. Much like hunters, Beasts do not otherwise experience any benefits or drawbacks.

DEVIANTS

Although few of the Remade are likely to make their way into the Hedge, the damaged souls of these changed humans react poorly to the prickling presence of the Thorns. Entering the Hedge at all is a dangerous

proposition for a Deviant at the best of times, and while the liminal realm might offer a tempting opportunity for escape from persecution, it's likely to lead to a rapid meltdown with catastrophic results.

SYSTEMS

- Whenever a Deviant suffers Instability from any source while in the Hedge, they suffer an additional minor Instability. They also gain an additional minor Instability at the end of each chapter that they remain in the Hedge.
- Deviants treat making progress in pursuit of a Conviction Touchstone as indulging a Vice would be for a human when in near a Hedgeway for the purposes of temptation.
- While a Deviant has the End Stage Condition inside the Hedge, the torrent of power from the Remade's broken soul fuels frantic Hedgespinning in the landscape around them; the Hedge gains the 8-again quality on all Hedgespinning rolls in scenes the Deviant is present within, and *everyone* treats the scene as being in the Thorns for the purposes of navigation, Hedgespinning, and the like.
- If a Deviant with the End Stage Condition is within the Hedge at the end of the chapter where they would normally die as a consequence, make one final Hedgespinning roll for the Hedge with the 8-again quality mentioned above. If this roll achieves 5 successes, then the Deviant instead transforms into a — likely monstrous and inhuman — Hobgoblin permanently instead of perishing.



CHAPTER TWO

DESTINATION

*“I could tell you my adventures — beginning from this morning,” said Alice a little timidly:
“but it’s no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then.”*

— LEWIS CARROLL, *ALICE’S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND*

The Hedge is endless, curving in on itself like a Möbius strip. Its features change with every loop, connecting and disconnecting with Hedgeways as it goes. A lucky and clever changeling might find a relatively stable Hedge location, allowing them to travel in and back out. Others stumble upon Hedge realms wholly unprepared, or even by accident, and never find their way to the Autumn world again.

PLACES IN THE HEDGE

This section describes larger locations within the Hedge and their residents for Storytellers to use in their game and expand upon.

HALLS OF MIRRORS

If you’ve ever stood between two mirrors facing each other, you know they catch your reflection and throw it back an infinite amount of times. If you really paid attention, you would also see the differences between your selves. A scar from an accident you were never in. A pallor to your skin even though it’s mid summer. A smile that shows too-many and too-sharp teeth. Don’t look at those reflections too long — you don’t want them to know you *saw*. What you’re seeing are the Halls of Mirrors. Infinite reflections and infinite variations, all originating from a single point.

People have entered the Halls of Mirrors for as long as people have existed. The Halls themselves, including floors and ceilings, are made of an unknown black material so dark it traps all light. Millions of mirrors hang on the walls, as the Halls contain any reflective surface that ever held a human face. Some of these, like the bathroom mirror you look in every night, still have counterparts in the human world. Others, like the mirrors in the Alexandrian library, shattered long ago and leave only a gleaming black surface. The halls are vast and ever-growing, and a person could wander for days without ever meeting another person — if they’re lucky.

THE MIRROR PEOPLE

Even wonder why the Uncanny Valley effect exists? What predator necessitated people recognizing not-quite-people, and feeling mindless terror at the realization? The reason lies here, in the maze of glittering surfaces.

Whenever a mortal with a soul recoils from their own reflection in anguish, doubt, pain, or self-loathing, they create a mirror person. Humanity’s unwanted children, they’re usually content to flit from mirror to mirror, catching glimpses of a life they’ll never have. A few, though, crave existence. They want to taste, touch, and smell the world — and switching places with the original is the only way they can do it.

Mirror people know and can do anything the original did at the moment of their creation. For most, that



means they can lie, cajole, and threaten just fine. They can also appear in any reflective surface that ever held the original's face. Most use this to communicate with their creator directly. *Take pity on me*, they might say, *and let me out*. *We can switch back any time*, they lie. Multiple doubles may contact the changeling independently of each other, some to aid and others to harm, with the changeling clueless until they spot the disparities between them.

Wily mirror people communicate with the original's friends and enemies, who can rarely tell they're dealing with a strange twin. Fae creatures especially are incapable of spotting the difference without a Contract that lets them tell people apart. This includes the Huntsmen, who will happily return a mirror double to Arcadia. Stories persist about changelings meeting with a merchant selling their Icon, only to find the goblin endlessly confused — didn't they pick it up already, two hours ago, using a mirror portal? The double might also contact one of the changeling's enemies to arrange a forced switch — and while fae can't see the difference, they do understand once it's explained to them.

MIRROR, MIRROR (MIRROR, COMMON)

The changeling looks into a reflective surface large enough to show their face, and recites "mirror, mirror, come to me" to summon their mirror double.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice pool: None, or Wits + Occult + Wyrd

Action: Instant

Duration: Instant

Effects: This Contract requires no roll if the changeling is happy summoning any of their doubles. If they want to summon a specific double, they must cite the time and place of its creation, and the player must succeed on the roll. This Contract summons the double, but exerts no further compulsion over it — the changeling must arrive at any bargains and protect themselves from treachery under their own power.

Using this Contract in the Hedge can instead summon the entrance to the Halls of Mirrors, allowing the changeling to switch places with their double immediately.

Special: A Goblin Contract version of *Mirror, Mirror* also exists. It must be purchased from a merchant who saw one of the changeling's doubles, and can only summon that specific double.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

The Halls of Mirrors are filled with junk, treasures, and goblins who've fallen through the cracks — all courtesy of centuries of changelings messing up vari-

ous Contracts. The Gentry and other fae beings also like to hide items in the Halls deliberately, from an entitlement token they want to make disappear to an Icon left behind by an escapee. The Halls of Mirrors touch on all reflective surfaces large enough to hold a human face — be they in the human world, Hedge, Arcadia, or any other realm — allowing (admittedly unsafe) travel between them. Plenty of reasons, then, to travel to the Halls, but few to accomplish it.

Changelings can't open a Hedgeway into the Halls like they normally would. Instead, they must find its entrance. No Arcadian or Goblin Contract exists to summon the entrance, except *Mirror, Mirror* used in the Hedge. Technically, several Contracts leave the changeling stuck in the Halls of Mirrors on a catastrophic failure, but no changeling can fail on command. The one exception to this is a Beast using their seeming ability to end *Mirror Walk* early and end up in the Halls on purpose.

The Halls of Mirrors have only one entrance, though its tendency to move around leaves most stories proclaiming that multiples exist. Whenever someone creates a mirror double, the portal briefly shifts to that mirror. The entrance also tends to move around in the Hedge, appearing as a glittering mirror wreathed in thorns. Encountering the portal this way allows changelings to immediately switch places with their double by touching the glass, with no need for an agreement. The same holds true for the double, but it can't touch the glass until the changeling does. Malicious doubles try to coax their original into touching the glass so they may escape, leaving the changeling trapped in the Halls.

Systems: Deliberately finding the entrance in the Hedge without summoning it is a paradigm Hedg spinning shift requiring 8 successes.

The most reliable way to enter the Halls of Mirrors is switching places with a double. Both parties must agree to the switch, and are held to any conditions they set as part of it. This agreement can be forced through mundane means, like lies and threats, and supernatural powers can indirectly influence either party, but magical coercion like Contracts can't directly force the issue. To complicate matters, either participant may switch with another double — including the changeling's fetch and other people who've stolen their appearance through magical means — and confer the agreement to the new double. This last loophole is the main reason changelings don't like it: Too many doubles make for too many opportunities for a bait and switch that lets an ill-intentioned double loose on the human world.

The Gentry can summon the entrance at will, though only the most desperate changeling would ask them for that favor. The Gentry themselves have no haphazardly created doubles, as they don't experience the necessary emotions and are neither mortal, nor have a soul. Still, one may cut off part of themselves



and toss it into the Halls of Mirrors to create a double on purpose.

Lastly, Mirror Seeds can transport a changeling or mortal's consciousness into the Halls of Mirrors. The rare seeds can be found randomly in goblin fruits, and occasionally purchased or traded from goblin merchants.

Mirror Seeds

Any goblin fruit that has seeds may contain Mirror Seeds. This happens at Storyteller discretion, or the player may roll a number of dice equal to half their character's Wyrd, rounded up. The fruit contains just one Mirror Seed regardless of successes rolled. Goblin fruit growing in the Halls of Mirrors always produce Mirror Seeds.

Eating a Mirror Seed, accidentally or on purpose, transports the eater's consciousness to the Halls of Mirrors next time they sleep. They stay there for as long as they sleep, and walk the Halls in their dream form (**Changeling**, p. 216). Any objects the traveler finds in the Halls of Mirrors remain behind when they wake up.

NAVIGATING THE HALLS

Entering the Halls of Mirrors immediately alerts the changeling's doubles, though the size of the place means they might not arrive before the changeling

leaves again. Any doubles that do are as likely to aid the changeling as they are to murder her and exit wearing her skin. Changelings can't trust anyone in the Halls, least of all themselves.

Navigating in the Halls of Mirrors works much the same as navigating the Hedge proper, with the following differences:

- The success cost of all rolls to find their way or otherwise identify a route is +1.
- Finding a specific mirror via Hedgespinning requires a paradigm shift costing six successes.
- The mirrors inside the halls show no reflections, but instead serve as windows to the other side. The changeling can see out of them as the surface allows (a real mirror is clearer than a puddle). Hearing, smelling, and reaching through the mirror requires any Contract that would usually allow the changeling to do so.
- Creating a Hedgeway out of the Halls of Mirrors is impossible. See below on means to exit.
- Nothing can come into existence within the halls unless through reflection. If a player rolls to create an item or hazard, success leads



the character to a mirror that holds it on the other side. They must then find a way to pull it through (e.g. using a Contract). This still applies when the changeling uses a Contract or other power to summon something — using an Elemental Contract to create a thunderstorm leads the changeling to a mirror where it storms on the other side, and the changeling can then pull the storm through freely (and control it as the Contract normally allows).

- Alternatively, the changeling may try to find the item already existing in the Halls of Mirrors. This incurs the normal +1 success cost for finding their way.
- A changeling in the Halls of Mirrors can invoke the Loophole for items and Contracts that create illusions, or add +3 to their dice pool. The player chooses which whenever their character uses the item or Contract.

Changing the physical properties of the Halls of Mirrors works as normal, but what the changeling can alter is limited. They can never turn a mirror into a not-mirror, and they can't leave the Halls unless by the means further below. Examples of what they *can* do include:

- Tilt the Halls in any direction (up and down are constructs here).
- Shatter a mirror through brute force. If the changelings bring shards of a mirror from the Halls with them when they leave, the shard forever looks out of its original. It also serves as a token that reduces the required successes on a paradigm Hedgespinning shift to find the Halls of Mirrors to 5. However, shattering a mirror in the Halls inflicts the Shattered Luck Condition.
- Temporarily melt or evaporate a mirror. Melted and evaporated mirrors become foggy on the outside world, inflicting a -2 and -4 dice penalty to look into them (or through them, if the viewer is using magic to do so).

SHATTERED LUCK

Your character is cursed with bad luck. Maybe she broke a magic mirror, didn't shake Frau Holle's blankets even though she promised, or stepped in any of fairy tale's other myriad *don'ts*. The Storyteller may ask the player to re-roll all successes on a single roll this story.

Resolution: When the Storyteller invokes their right to make the player re-roll. If the changeling gained this

Condition from multiple sources — she didn't shake Holle's pillows *and* broke her mirror — each counts as a separate Condition, requiring separate resolutions.

Beat: When the Storyteller invokes their right to make the player re-roll.

To exit the Halls of Mirrors, the changeling first finds a mirror they want to leave through. If they want to use a specific mirror and it's been destroyed, they can still find but not use it. They can then trade places with any double on the other side, including the changeling's fetch. A double in the mundane world or Arcadia must agree to the switch as before. A double currently in the Hedge proper can be forced with a contested Willpower roll. If the other side holds no double, the changeling has two more options.

First, the changeling can deliberately try to *create* a mirror double. This requires a reflective surface the changeling brought with them or pulled inside. The changeling looks at the Hall's mirror in the reflective surface, and can then try to create a double on the other side of the Hall's mirror. They can then invoke *Mirror, Mirror*, or the player rolls Presence + Empathy + Wyrd. This latter method only works if the changeling is inside the Halls.

Roll Results

Success and Exceptional Success: The double comes into existence.

Failure: The double doesn't come into existence.

Dramatic failure: The double comes into existence, but feels actively antagonistic towards the changeling. The changeling may still attempt to bargain with it to switch places.

Alternatively, the changeling may tear out part of their body and soul to leave behind. This creates an Icon of the player's choosing, with Storyteller approval. The player rolls Resolve + Occult + Wyrd.

Roll Results

Success and Exceptional Success: The Icon comes into existence and the changeling takes 1 lethal damage, loses their rightmost Clarity box, and takes the Soul Shocked Condition. The changeling may freely step through the mirror holding their Icon. As they arrive on the outside, the Icon is immediately lost somewhere in the Halls of Mirrors.

Failure: Nothing happens.

Dramatic failure: The Icon doesn't appear, but the changeling still takes 1 lethal damage and 1 severe Clarity damage as the effort leaves them disassociating.

THE FETCH IN THE MIRROR

Apart from mirror people and lost travelers, the Halls of Mirrors see a fair number of fetches. Many of

them were forced into the Halls by their changeling as a way for the changeling to leave the Halls. Scorned and vengeful, these fetches spend their time tracking down the changeling's other doubles with the hopes of destroying their tormentor together. Like the mirror people, a fetch may look out of any reflective surface that ever held the original's face — and they, too, might strike a bargain with denizens, Huntsmen, or Gentry for revenge.

A plurality of fetches in the Halls of Mirrors are effectively asylum seekers. These are fetches whose changelings ousted them from their lives or otherwise tried to kill or merge with them. Any fetch who spends enough time around changelings, denizens, or other fae creatures eventually hears rumor about a place where doubles live in peace. Once they discover the Halls of Mirrors, they may then enter like the changeling themselves would.

A fetch, being neither mortal nor having a soul, doesn't create their own doubles.

THE DOLDRUMS

Rumors run thick on how the Doldrums came to rise above the Hedge ocean around it, jutting up like a rotted tooth. Some escapees who slipped privateer chains say their captors talk about the Great Gate beneath some segment of the Pacific Ocean, a hole in the world through which Huntsmen, their patsies, and independent privateers use powerful, ancient tokens to drag ships down. Others shrug, asserting the Doldrums came from nothing more deliberate than “we took it, we broke it, we threw it on a pile when we were done with it.” Whether centuries of detritus or a more concerted effort to build up the Doldrums took place, it now rots in the Hedge not far from Arcadia.

The location feels intentional to those sensitive to such things, with that in mind. Those gates in sea and stars, from Earth to the realms of the Fae, through which the creaking and enchanted vessels of Huntsmen, hobgoblins and changelings pass make the work of those who live in the Doldrums much easier. Dragging people into brine and distant lights, the privateers in the Doldrums follow their captains on rapacious campaigns to stock the numbers of the Fae they serve. Those seeking passage to the Wishing Roads venture here also, bargaining for berth on shining airships and gold-limned solar corsairs cutting through the skies to distant horizons.

From a distance, the Doldrums look a little like an impossibly tall pile of broken ships and rotting lumber piled against the side of a giant, sloped hill. The wreckage reaches up to the stars; the heavens glitter and shimmer as if the sky reflects the water and not the other way around. The creaking wood, stained with salt, slowly

shifts under centuries of rope rigging holding walkways and stairs in place, curled around hulls both historical and fantastical. Berths for proper sailing ships ring the Hedge island; at any given time, one can find at least one craft careened onto its side and sunk into the salt water, surrounded by selkie and mermaid hobgoblins repairing and cleaning it while a Huntsman waits on the island's edge, guarding a chest of the colors under which they sail.

THE WORK THEY FIND

Diesel engines and hemp rigging live cheek by jowl in the Doldrums, and so, too, do modern privateers with ideals and aesthetics much older than their bodies. However, changelings who come to the Doldrums expecting to deal with outdated people unable to keep up with modern slang or ideals often find themselves mistaken, to their deadly detriment. Expecting to be able to talk over and past a marketeer or privateer doesn't keep an outsider's conversations safe. It just annoys individuals primed for violence and fully capable of understanding every word.

How does one become a privateer that sails for a Huntsman or keep a company entirely of their own? Who consents to sail for a Goblin Queen forever looking for her brother? Most privateers of the Doldrums escaped from Arcadia under their own steam, though privateer captains sometimes bolster their numbers by plundering the resources of their employer's rivals. Some crewmates even think they live free, but only because they've never tried to leave. Some got free, made it out to freeholds, and simply couldn't integrate into the modern world, or found themselves overwhelmed by the clashing egos of a failing freehold; they fled back to lives they at least *understood*.

Privateer crews horrify free changelings. The thought of selling humans to the Fae's vicious mercies turns stomachs. Crews share the blame and burden for their deeds; it's easier when you're doing terrible things together. Privateers aren't blanket evil — they're *people*, and like everyone else changelings encounter, they find ways to rationalize their deeds. The concept of crowns and leaders abrades many of those who thrive in the Doldrums, and so the model of equal market shares papers over their moral uncertainty at the turpitude of their crew's actions.

THE SUNKEN MARKET

On the island's back edge, travelers find the oldest and best-known subaquatic Goblin Market, the Sunken Market. For all the danger the Doldrums represents, in that it demands coming so close to privateers and Huntsmen who'd as soon sell any of the Lost as look at them, the Sunken Market sings like a siren in the deep Hedge. The market specializes in aquatic to-



kens and items of renewal, though would-be customers might require a guide or someone who can breathe water for them. There's always a hobgoblin or two hanging around with a basket of gelatinous rushes (p. XX), ready to sell them to the unprepared.

Beneath the water's surface, another story slowly unfolds. The mermaids and sirens singing each to each know the island's secret: The great Tortuga sleeps a thousand years, the Doldrums stacked up on her massive, rounded shell. The island tortoise somnambulates so slowly that the privateers above don't know the swaying of their bars and berths comes from her endless movement through the salt. The gentle shifting of her head back and forth beneath the water creates the Doldrums' tides and whirlpools, forever challenging those sailing to her shores. Tortuga sleeps, and the hobgoblins who keep the subaquatic portion of the Sunken Market sing to her every day at close of market. They attend their lullabies like daily Mass, and whisper to each other tales of her age and origin, swearing she's older than even the Huntsmen. They sing in fear and awe of the day she wakes.

The Sunken Market follows only the laws posted at its single entrance:

Keep Within the Marked Boundary. The Sunken Market's stalls purposefully obscure the subaquatic portions of Tortuga, and its guardians work to keep her existence entirely secret.

Never Accept the First Price. All transactions in the Sunken Market require haggling.

A sign carefully painted with the laws hangs from the rigging just over the point where would-be customers must enter the water and swim through the heavy, rotting wooden gate leading to the market. Those coming to the market from beneath the waves must abide by these too. Ignorance is never an excuse, even though the rules are only posted above the waterline. The same mermaids and sirens who sing Tortuga to sleep and guard her enforce the rules, bringing their obsidian knives and sharpened shell weaponry to bear as necessary. They report to Laila the Eel, the sole changeling in their company (p. XX).

SHIPS AND SHIPMENTS

Denizens of the Doldrums love to talk about the ships which create the framework of the Hedge island, but few of them know about the living ships lashed into the deep bulwarks of the island's construction. Soft, enclosed curves that mimic more closely the shapes and silhouettes of whales and pinnipeds lie anchored — or *captured* — within heavy ropes and salt-crusted chains. A visitor witnesses soft, shifting shapes within the welter of wood. A massive lid opens, and they stare into the great cow eyes of a beast of burden older than

THE TASTE OF SALT

The crew of the *Salt Queen*, one of the privateer vessels which berths at the Doldrums, embroiders on all of their colors (and on most of their clothes) the phrase "the taste of salt sweetens the sting of iron." Hearty drunken debate whorls in the bars of the Doldrums over the meaning of this phrase, but several rumors persist, including that the crew of the *Salt Queen* has found some way to lessen the power iron holds over all fae creatures. They've created their own mythology from bravado and years on the Hedge seas, attempting to make themselves terrifying enough to ward off the more powerful crews which might otherwise attempt to subsume them. The old and wise, retired and resting in their chosen chairs, sigh over and over that breaking the basic laws of their lives can't be done, but the *Salt Queen's* crew sails more securely on that rumor.

the written word. Perhaps someday someone will come to cut them all free and send the rest of the Doldrums crashing down.

Of course, those who might free the sapient craft are just as likely to steal these supposedly gentle giants, resting for ages in their weighty chains, for purposes as malicious as those which bound the creatures in the first place. Or perhaps they chose chains rather than service to Huntsmen stealing back lives and hearts, or privateers remanding humans to servitude beneath the waves or in the stars.

If someone freed the living ships, sawed through the ropes and struck clean the chains, where would they go? Not even Ancient Aggie, who claims to have seen the Doldrums built, knows their origin. If these mellow leviathans slipped their moorings, to what free ocean would they swim or fly? To what open sea strewn with jewel-tone islands burgeoning with treasures untold or spray of stars granting impossible wishes would they gratefully carry their liberators? Perhaps strange gates open for them to the Wishing Roads or oceans even stranger, or perhaps they'll simply shake their saviors like fleas from their back and make for those limits on their own.

Along with the conscious craft, a thousand non-sapient ships lie at anchor at the various berths around and upon the form of the island. Glimmering light ships drift in the air at the island's highest points, pointed toward the Wishing Roads they sail. Crews of star-swimming mermaids with glittering stellar eyes

HANDLE WITH CARE

This section explicitly deals with ableism as a form of abuse, specifically caregiver abuse and abuse of authority. As with any part of a roleplaying game which touches upon real-life axes of oppression such as disability, handle the matter of token limbs and enabling elixirs with sensitivity. Discuss with players before bringing these items into play whether endangering or revoking an accessibility item falls under a Line or a Veil (**Changeling**, p. 303) and utilize your safety tools when navigating the possibility of a limb breaking or being stolen.

tend the star-catching sails woven from prismatic light, scrub clean the golden hulls until they cut through the air, sleek as if oiled. Craft of every era and age berth at the Doldrums, some painted with the colors of the Fae they serve, others flying independent flags.

REBUILDING THE BODY

The predatory captains who berth at the Doldrums only bring into their crews those they can control. Sometimes this comes in the form of finding people they can make dependent upon them in some fashion. One of the most common routes to such dependency comes from providing ability contingent upon service. Many people come out of Arcadia with permanent injuries or changes to their bodies which make it difficult to move, or hamper them outside of the realm for which they were crafted; a woman whose Gentry stretched her metatarsals into fin spines cannot walk on the feet she no longer has. Captains often grant trifles and tokens to their crews in exchange for service and servitude. A handful of prostheses spun from glass and straw which shatter after a day's usage grant the ability to move but keep the privateer dependent upon their captain for the next substitute limb they require. Rarified elixirs restore hearing or temper the onslaught of daylight on the eyes of a nocturnal changeling for a few hours at a time, and the captain carries the next dose in a token flask crafted from sunlight and koi fins, nestled next to his heart. The permanent pain of a body stumbling through a world for which it was not made finds brief ease from an iridescent acupuncture needle attached to the crewman's hammock by a stolen slip of silver thread.

Desperate dependence follows, and over time these individuals either become more compliant or find a way to break free. That independence sometimes comes by purchasing a reconfigured limb at the Sunken Market. Sometimes it comes by seeing their way clear to creat-

ing their own limb — a token fashioned in secret, hidden away from their captain's watchful eyes— or by bargaining with an entity or individual who can carry them to freedom or watch them through the withdrawals. However it happens, this sovereignty comes dear-won: Their captains never forget the privateers who break trust and flee their service.

Token limbs, elixirs, or other assistive goblin items may function solely as actual limbs, replacement of lost senses, or amelioration of chronic pain or sensory issues, in which case their power comes from negating the Conditions inflicted by loss of limb, eyesight, or another disability. These low-power tokens accordingly ask little of the Lost who own them, sometimes sapping their strength or making their sleep less refreshing. Some of the privateers, especially those who serve with the Goblin Queen La Capitaine or who serve on independent vessels, craft for themselves limbs which range from functional to truly outré. A Nymph Captain who lost one of her legs wears a brass brace which shifts its form when she does, changing form from leg to tail fin and back again; her First Mate replaced his missing right hand with a fist which summons massive storms but leaves profound hallucinations in their wake.

SHIMMERRAIN, THE CITY OF NEON MARKETS

Changelings traveling toward Shimmerrain, the City of Neon Markets, hear it before they see it. The sounds of chatter, horns more akin to those of cars than hunters, and the soft, sizzling patter of neon rain splashing on hundreds of thousands of different umbrellas and edifices float through the Hedge. Those who have never been to Shimmerrain may assume they're heading towards a city in the mortal world. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Shimmerrain sits at the conflux of two major trods through the Hedge, the sort of wide, smooth boulevards the True Fae and their minions use regularly. Still, the danger of encountering such beings along the road doesn't stop the Lost from going to Shimmerrain. Smaller paths lead to Shimmerrain as well, or a changeling could pick her way through the Thorns — but why, when she could get there so easily?

Was Shimmerrain grown or built? No one knows — or if they do, they're not telling. Shimmerrain itself is a sprawling, glittering city built outwards and upwards, a massive Goblin Market open year round. Some merchants claim that the tallest building in the city is 44,000 stories tall, though size and honesty are both relative in the Hedge. Determining where one building ends and another begins is a lost cause. The massive skyscrapers that dominate Shimmerrain's skyline connect via a series of skywalks, bridges, and overpasses,

many of which are lined by stalls, carts, and even little freestanding one- or two-floor shops. Such traverses, whether they are built of stone, fiber-optic light, or solid songs, are always crowded with those seeking tokens, loved ones, or a good time. Shimmerrain is best compared to a layer cake — one that's massive, grungy, brightly lit, and made from steel-and-dreams.

Shimmerrain hosts creatures of all kinds. A thousand different types of hobgoblins live and work their whole lives here, too content in the size and scope of the Neon Markets to venture anywhere else. Changelings are a constant feature, and not all of them are just passing through — some have Hollows within the massive skyscrapers, living comfortably in liminal apartment spaces. Hedge Ghosts float through, especially within the city's necropolis. Many Avowed pass through Shimmerrain seeking their promised changelings, and some manage to find them here. Even fetches, some of whom make their way into the Hedge to escape their lives or seek the powers that created them, find a place within Shimmerrain. The market-city is big enough to encompass all in its steely, neon embrace.

LIGHTNING SHOWERS

Also known as neon rain, the lightning showers of Shimmerrain are a constant feature of the city, whether as a light drizzle or a torrential downpour. Brightly-colored raindrops splash and hiss on everything below, behaving as both electricity and water. Being outside without protective gear can spell doom for the unprepared, especially if they're caught in the middle of a storm.

Systems: Lightning showers are similar to electricity damage (**Changeling**, p. 189) except that the interval is per scene and the character doesn't have to roll to pull away from the rain if she successfully finds cover. If there is a drizzle or mist, a character takes no damage. If it's lightly raining, she take four points of bashing damage per scene she remains outside without some sort of protective gear. If the changeling finds herself in the middle of a storm, she suffers the Stunned Condition (**Changeling** p. 329) and takes eight points of bashing damage per scene outside without protective gear. Anyone caught outside during a full storm is also subject to the Heavy Rain Tilt (**Changeling** p. 331). Locals know how to predict these storms and will share that knowledge — for a price, of course.

GROVES

The dizzying, electrified, neon-lit streets of Shimmerrain tend to blend together, but there are a couple of distinct neighborhoods a visitor might seek out.

The Crossroads

Description: The two major trods that lead into Shimmerrain meet in the middle of the city at perfect

right angles. The beating heart of Shimmerrain is the single most overbuilt part of the city, a psychedelic city center full of stalls, shops, illusory advertisements, and thousands of strange voices clamoring over each other to be heard. A changeling could easily lose herself for a second time among the bright lights, the pungent smells, and the electric rain. Looking up, she can barely see the sky through the balconies, bridges, billboards, and skywriting. It's always as bright as a summer day here, especially in the middle of a neon storm.

A darkly-muttered rumor suggests that the Crossroads itself is a True Fae, or a piece of a True Fae, that was cast out of Arcadia for some unknowable crime. People go missing sometimes, lost among the garish advertisements and illuminated storefronts. The rumor goes that the Crossroads consumes them and adds their dreams and imaginings to its many windows, bridges, and facades. How else would there be so many?

Of course, the Crossroads is the center of a massive Hedge city, so this is likely just an idle rumor, crafted by bored members of the Autumn court.

The Crossroads is the hub of Shimmerrain, and if the characters can't find what they need here, they can get to anywhere else in the city from here to find it. It's also a good place to go unnoticed — almost everyone and everything here is actively trying to draw attention.

Traits

Physical: Passage +4, Sanctuary +1. The Crossroads surrounds two trods that lead in and out of the city (both ♦♦♦, one in Chengdu, Sichuan and one in Washington, DC), and most commerce in Shimmerrain is built out from here. It benefits the merchants to have a steady flow of traffic and Ocular Hedge Security (p. XX) has eyes on every shop who will allow them in. This doesn't mean that pickpockets are rare, but violence is unusual. The overcrowding of the Crossroads includes an extra benefit: It's one of the driest places in the market-city.

Mental: Tidings +3, Penetralia +3. The single most advertised and glittery district in Shimmerrain, the Crossroads are on everyone's lips. The easier you are to find here, the easier it is for people to buy from you. Conversely, the louder and brighter everyone else is, the easier it is for you to escape notice.

Social: Éclat +4, Ebullience +2. Everyone knows about the Crossroads, and everyone wants to be there, whether as a merchant or a customer. Merchants care about people wanting to open their wallets, and they keep an eye on suspicious characters. Shimmerrain doesn't have a police force, but private security contractors settle public disputes — for a small fee, of course.

The Cypress Branches

Description: One of the many blocks of apartments and townhouses haphazardly shoved into a massive sky-

scraper, this housing district provides homes (temporary or permanent) for all sorts of fae creatures. It's one of the quietest places in the market city, though the din of distant commerce trickles around the glimmering art deco façades. When it storms, brass and ceramic embellishments twinkle in the neon light. The stained glass windows throughout the district shift and change on their own schedules, ensuring new and beautiful views for those who live there.

Traits

Physical: Passage +2, Sanctuary +3. This residential district is probably not on a tourist map, but it's easy enough to find simply by wandering long enough. The residents look out for each other and are suspicious of new arrivals and outsiders.

Mental: Tidings +0, Penetration +3. This district is tucked away in a building the size of a city block, but it has excellent lighting and views.

Social: Éclat +1, Ebullience +3. Not a famous district, but definitely a safe and quiet one. Sometimes people move out, and the inhabitants are sorry to see them go. The rain doesn't reach here.

SHIMMERRAIN LOCALES

Some Shimmerrain hotspots deserve their own entries in the guidebook.

Oculus Hedge Security

Type: Business/Surveillance

Description: One of the few free-standing buildings in Shimmerrain not renting space to other merchants, the headquarters of Oculus Hedge Security is an imposing white ceramic brick tower down a side street off the Crossroads. The first 32 floors are all offices and cubicles, while the 33rd floor is the penthouse office and suite of the CEO, a Fall Court Elemental Notary by the name of Dominic Hill.

History: Shimmerrain's lack of cops created an opening for an intrepid security merchant. While there were several contenders, Dominic Hill ultimately came out on top. His underlings use a combination of informants, the BriarNet, and old-fashioned investigative legwork to protect both property and people (with an emphasis on property) in Shimmerrain. He hopes to expand outside of the market-city someday.

Activity: Staff are present in Shimmerrain 24/7 on four rotating shifts. Those in need of his services can see Dominic by appointment.

Significant Storyteller Characters: Dominic Hill (Dice Pool: Intimidate 6, Investigation 7, Persuasion 5, Socialize 5, Academics (Law) 6)

Extras: Surveillance staff, informants, administrative assistants, hopeful new customers, Dominic's rotating cast of partners

Hostile Encounters: A hobgoblin informant fingers one of the characters as a thief. A trained briarwolf "sniffer dog" breaks free of its restraints. Dominic is suspicious of a character and orders her watched.

Locations: Dominic's plush living and working areas. Cubicles filled with personal effects. The glassy, art deco lobby. The roof, with a sweeping view of Shimmerrain, more so than a character might expect.

Stories: Entreat with Dominic as a favor to a merchant of rare goods. Get the Oculus Hedge Security corporation off an ally's back. Get access to the corporation's wealth of knowledge and resources to find a specific person. Make a deal with Oculus to mislead a Huntsman.

Big Mike's Bramble Bar

Type: Business/Hospitality

Description: Tucked away on one end of a spiderweb bridge that spans the Crossroads, Big Mike's Bramble Bar ("Big Mike's" to its regulars) is a tavern and restaurant that caters to those who like a little ooze in their booze. While a first glance suggests that the eponymous Big Mike holds a deep fondness for Irish pubs and nothing else, a canny patron will notice the blooming bar, the smoking tankards, and the little hydroponic gardens of Hedge fruit where televisions would be.

History: Big Mike credits his escape to his Avowed daughter. He claims she was six when he was taken and eleven when she found him with the help of her dreams and a hagstone. While proud of her, Big Mike insists no Avowed should be forced to rescue their changeling without help. Big Mike's Bramble Bar serves as both a meeting place for Avowed and a host for changelings looking to help rescue other Lost.

Activity: Big Mike's Bramble Bar is open every day except Sundays. What's a "Sunday" is always by Big Mike's reckoning and may not always match up to the mortal calendar. Big Mike himself is usually in the bar, but occasionally goes on jaunts into the Hedge to find new fruit — and new Avowed.

Significant Storyteller Characters: Big Mike (Dice Pool: Intimidate 6, Socialize 7, Craft (Bartending) 6). For additional information, see p. XX.

Extras: Changeling mercenaries, drunken patrons of every stripe, hobgoblin servers, nervous Avowed

Hostile Encounters: An Avowed accuses the characters of being the servants of a True Fae. A Huntsman haunts the bar. A hobgoblin starts a barfight. One of the characters' old enemies offers their services to Avowed.

Locations: Dark, plush booths. The blooming bar, complete with a polished top and the scent of roses. The window seats, where a character can watch the lightning showers in style. The back room, full of strange unguents, potions, spices, fruits, and of course booze.



Stories: Asking about an Avowed who went missing. Offering services to the bar in exchange for drinks or a rare Hedge fruit. Accompanying Big Mike on a jaunt into the Hedge. Defending the bar from a rival or servants of a True Fae. Becoming well-liked regulars.

SHIMMERRAIN SPECIALTIES

The Neon Markets sell a wide variety of goblin fruits, trifles, and stranger things difficult to find elsewhere.

Sample Trifle: Cuddlyfruit

This animate flora can be surprising for changelings who have never encountered it before. Cuddlyfruits are small collections of soft, fuzzy leaves that look and move for all the world like hamsters or gerbils. They collect in mid-sized warrens under Shimmerrain and in the nearby Hedge, nibbling at the roots of various flora and behaving exactly like small rodents. Some Lost keep them as pets, and they stay alive indefinitely and even breed outside of the Hedge if watered and allowed to burrow in fresh soil once a day (though potting soil is also acceptable, they prefer to be connected to the root systems of other plants).

Systems: Their value comes in their ability to hold the Conditions of the Lost. Activating a cuddlyfruit requires an instant action and a Manipulation + Animal Ken roll to coax the cuddlyfruit to sit over the character's heart, clinging to either clothes, fur, or skin with its sticky seedpod paws. Once activated, the cuddlyfruit temporarily alleviates a persistent Condition for one scene. Characters using the cuddlyfruit cannot take Beats from the Condition. Once the scene is over, the cuddlyfruit dies, falling off in a lifeless husk. Cuddlyfruits can also take up to three points of lethal damage for a user, but at that point they immediately die.

Sample Token: Levinrod

Perhaps enchanted with the same power that gives the Levinquick their name, Levinrods are the foliage of a narrow, spiky tree that grows in Shimmerrain. Levinrods softly hiss and crackle in the storms of the city, dealing two points of bashing damage to whoever breaks them off their trees. After being broken off, a Levinrod shares the same traits as a crowbar (**Change-ling**, p. 322) — but when activated by a point of Glamour for a scene, it adds an additional four points of bashing damage and inflicts the Stunned Tilt on the target on a successful hit. In its Mask, it looks like an ordinary tree branch. Its mien is a metallic wand sprouting leaves, still making that same hiss and crackle.

Catch: The user sticks the Levinrod in an electrical socket, taking the requisite four points of bashing damage. If they use other magic to negate the damage entirely, it doesn't count as a Catch, but taking partial damage still works.

Drawback: At the end of the scene where the Levinrod was activated, the user gains the Disoriented condition from the sudden lack of electrical power coursing through their nerves. This Drawback occurs even if the user puts the Levinrod down before the end of the scene. In addition, she becomes conductive, and may pull electrical attacks. If successfully grounded with grounding mats or plates, they do not harm her.

SUNSET ROAD

To dare to go into the Hedge can be wondrous or harrowing; often, it is both. Traveling within tests the changeling's mental fortitude and requires a self-examination of the contents of one's own heart. Even with so many trods charted, there is always room for some paths to achieve urban legend levels of infamy.

One such legend is the Sunset Road, an ever-shifting pathway in the Hedge that leads to the small grove-town of Saudade. The trod reveals itself not by whim of sun and moon, by fickle seasons or heavy-handed Contracts, but to the call of an ache-heavy heart yearning for second chances. The Lost and Found motley in Georgia claims to have seen it once. The bricks parted as the Hedge bloomed into a long, sun-kissed road while the motley shared stories of what they'd lost to the durance. Their account is similar to many who share tales of the trod's appearance.

The Sunset Road always manifests itself the same way: Longing for something that's in the past and an unquenchable desire for a second chance beckons travelers to the twilight-hued pathway. The Lost and Found can't confirm it, but they're sure they had two other members before discovering that hungry place.

A changeling can step onto the trod and find herself strolling along a long dirt road covered by the canopy of amber-colored leaves. Each tree along the path is both hale and withering — near its time, but not quite there yet. Winds whisper secrets about the changeling's life, caressing her skin as gently as an autumn breeze. It brings to the fore memories of a cradle bought and never used, or the barking of a pet sorely missed. With each step the promise of the Sunset Road, and the mythical grove of Saudade, becomes clearer: The Lost are survivors that picked up the pieces of what was left after the durance. Saudade is the promise of what might have been, a glue that puts those pieces together in a different configuration, showing her what life might have been like had she never been taken.

At the end of the trod waits the graceful figure of the Mayor, a compassionate being whose ability to weave reality from dreams makes many wonder if she is a changeling herself. Delicately, she plucks the strings of their longing. She offers them a home in the Grove with their heart's desire.

What good is Clarity in the face of a do-over? In a world of unknowable Fae and under the constant whimsy of Wyrđ, reality is relative. The Sunset Road bombards the Lost with what has been taken away from them until they're brought to their knees with painful longing — so palpable it can be drawn into delicious Glamour.

It is then that the Sunset Road feasts — revealing itself to be trod and goblin both — and the Mayor weaves, their partnership one born of predatory hunger. To this day, changelings speak of friends who traveled the Sunset Road and never returned.

THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY

Welcome to the Information Superhighway. Destination: anywhere. Now on sale: the solutions to all your problems. Warning: Ride, don't walk.

No changeling can quite tell when the highway was born, just that it has grown extremely fast compared to most other trods. In the early days of the Digital Hedge, it was a small thing, unstable, hard to navigate, and easily ignored. No more than a wobbly road that ended on a dime, it could barely take a motley. Entire chunks of it were uneven and risked collapse, disallowing high speed travel and making easy targets out of travelers. It grew rapidly with the Information Age— when the mortal world dubbed the internet “the Information Superhighway,” the trod changed to fit the mold, sculpted by both the experience of tech-savvy changelings and the far older human concepts of *speed* and *travel* and *highway*.

As far as trods went, it was wickedly dangerous, but every day it grew, tiny bit by tiny bit until it was extremely far reaching and yielded valuable goblin fruits in oases of information clusters or stolen Glamour hidden in text messages. Today, it's an enormous road that can lead anywhere, full of outlaws, overlords, dealers, and opportunities. To some hobgoblins it's an affront, a pustular mockery that must be dealt with. To Keepers it's a river full of delicious Glamour and delectable runaway changelings awaiting the right bait. To changelings it's a bizarre place where notions first created by humans have taken hold in a way all their own, familiar and yet dangerously not.

Many missed the opportunities presented by the growing trod. Not so with the hobgoblins who would become the Sluglords, opportunistic Goblin Market traders that learned the secrets paths of the Superhighway by stealing them from their predecessors. They became capable of popping up from shortcuts in times of need to offer changelings who'd broken down on the roadside amazing Goblin Contracts, always at friendly, one-time-only, limited time rates. However, as their wealth grew other denizens arrived, eager to pillage the trod.

Shortly after the goblin trade was established, stories of amazing tokens, goblin fruits, and even Icons began to draw travelers to the BriarNet. The groves along the Superhighway quickly became packed rest stops as hobgoblins began to specialize in the digitalized Curios the highway provided. Off-ramps led to silicone cities, and pixelated signs reading *Under Construction* promise wonders and amusements to come as new online communities form.

Facts became stories which coalesced into fables, reaching the ears of powerful Goblin Queens starving for new territories. The amount of emotions flowing along with the digitized content was far too delicious a treat to pass on. Some were driven by costly Goblin Debts from bargains struck in moments of ambition and gluttony. As the Goblin Queens arrived en masse, striving to expand their reach, resources, and briar tribes, the Information Superhighway became a warzone.

Hobgoblins were recruited in droves and the savage Info War began. The chaotic trod became an exercise in fast reflexes for those with a death wish. Rising from the ashes of conflict were three great tribes of hobgoblins and changelings alike, all of whom bore the mark of their viciousness like a second skin in a rapidly evolving Superhighway that had become as hectic as its inhabitants. The Megaludites of Sion remain the largest and most brutish of them. Led by Highway King Maximogordo and his Malwarriors, they assail any who might protect or desire the Superhighway, seeking only to destroy it. The One-Winged Waif sends her tweeting Blue Boys to destroy any who won't worship the trod. Finally, the Black Carnival, an assortment of deranged privateers led by Papa Many Skins, lurk in the subpaths of the darknet and feed on tainted, wicked Glamour. They come out at the behest of their Fae masters to take on changelings daring the trod unprepared.

The inability of any one Highway King to destroy another leaves the trod in a state of chaos and fire. Ambulances part traffic with modem-screach wails, deploying EMTs and IT workers to triage the injuries. Patients get both a medical scan and a virus scan as their rescuers assess the damage. Defragmenters sit next to defibrillators, and needles might inject medicine or lines of code. Traffic slows to a crawl around the accident site as onlookers rubberneck and post about what they see.

The three Unwise Kings rule their own milestone-fortresses along the Information Superhighway, constantly seeking those who will help them gain an upper hand on their rivals via outright war or cunning sabotage. Such allies and stooges take the form of Hedge ghosts bound to the trod and lost to the digital allure, hobgoblins, or even passing motleys themselves. Between the many roaming road warriors, toll booths, pop-up Goblin Markets, and scams, it pays to



be a friend of a Goblin Queen of the Information Superhighway... if one can stomach the price.

In a land of such lawlessness, however, not all is bleak and dangerous to the Lost trying to make their way.

The Spiderborn Riders (p. XX) patrol these roads on Hedge-acclimated motorcycles. Ever since they first arrived at the Highway they've provided protection to motleys and have rescued important information that has fallen into the wrong hands. Moreover, as the entitlement's main mission, their goal is to keep the Superhighway a safer place for all changelings. Vowing not to bind themselves to enslaving Bargains, the Spiderborn have weakened the presence of the ever-warring Highway Kings and abused their weaknesses to great effect. As some hobgoblins move from the region, afraid of the new conflict that is soon to come, many others remain, beholden to their Fae masters and Goblin Queens. A storm brews in the horizon between the forces of the Superhighway, and it won't be long before the Highway Kings realize that they have a common enemy.

Although the trod continues to grow with unbound promise, its denizens are ruled by fear and authoritarianism. Tall pyres of pixelated fire burn those who challenge the Unwise Kings, meeting their ends as a grisly demonstration to others. It is no place for those who wish to keep to their Clarity, or who trust easily, but the promise of powerful and unique Goblin Contracts, the abundance of goblin fruits, tokens and Icons, and the speedy translocation offered will never cease to draw those who have a knack for high-octane volatility.

ANATROPES

The Marchlands, like many ways to slip between the Hedge and Arcadia, are more concept than place, and as such they tend to creep up on travelers, suddenly and without warning. To cross over, there must be a threshold; this is one of many.

There used to be a warning. Better yet, a defense. Seven monoliths, each taller than the tallest skyscraper, stood planted right on the border between here and There. Each one was a self-sufficient wonder, with its own wells, farms, and workshops, full of Lost standing ready to fend off the True Fae should they come calling.

No one knows if they stood for lifetimes or were struck down mere moments after the last was finished. They weren't destroyed; their fate is far stranger than that. Every one of the seven monoliths is inverted. Where they once reached proudly into the strange skies of the Hedge, they now plunge down mile upon mile through the earth, accessible only by what were once stairs, hatches and cellar doors.

The Tower Delves freehold describes descents into electric pylons, lighthouses, castle towers with arrowslits choked with soil, early 20th century brick and

steel skyscrapers, and clocktowers. Every day at dawn, a mirage momentarily appears; within, the monoliths again stand tall above ground as they once did. Any one who is inside at that hour finds themselves not just buried but perfectly sealed in earth, yet somehow not suffocating. Few are willing to risk this, but the Tower Delves prize those who do, since neither the style nor the layout of any monolith is the same after the mirage, save for those rooms someone was inside at dawn. Such unfortunates usually find themselves released from the earth into a room that looks identical to the one they were in the night before at approximately the same position within the tower, but every so often, the room reappears without its occupant.

There are many places in the Hedge where physical rules changelings were familiar with in the mundane world are upended, but not here, where it might be helpful. Ceilings have become floors, and floors, ceilings. The Anatropes' furnishings have a more mercurial relationship to the words up and down, usually operating as though the tower is still upright, but capable of reverting to following expected physical laws under circumstances unique to each room. Explorers in the Anatropes must be cautious of alcoves which turn out to be fireplaces, lest they find themselves falling for miles up one of the tower's chimneys. Well-appointed armories that once protected the Lost are now rooms of spiky Damoclean death. Kitchens with central fire pits, which were in use when the Anatropes met their fate, have filled the ceiling with choking smoke where explorers must stand. To make homes within the Anatropes, the Tower Delves installed a network of intersecting metal bars across the ceiling, allowing them to spend their days sliding around with harnesses, all but safe from falling as they reach for the workbenches, mechanisms, and stranger devices that the Anatropes have to offer.

Why take the risk? Every full moon, a room appears about 3 miles down in the westernmost Anatrope, a forge where it rains yellow-hot iron. At the center of the room hangs a humble kitchen knife, nearly finished and apparently made of butter. The Tower Delves' tokensmiths say it might be able to cut through any barrier between the wielder and a person held against their will, if they could only get to it and work out how to finish it — and as long as no-one tries to use it to cut skin. Ledgers in the levels closest to the surface give incredible names for weapons which could supposedly harm the True Fae, though it is unclear if they were ever tested: Dreaming's End, Split Second, The Forgetting Axe, and other such treasures of the lower (yet higher) levels.

The Paper Planes motley helped the Tower Delves for a year and a day, returning with a seat that rests on a dozen arms and hands and can climb stairs and swim, so their newest member can travel and fight with them

anywhere. The Lost travel great distances to recuperate in the infirmary of the easternmost Anatrope: in that room what appears to be white laundry, on closer inspection, turns out to be warm, living skin as white as bandages. The living bandages wrap around the injured changeling, pulling them up to the ceiling and tucking them securely into bed. Patients sleep without dreams and awake with all their injuries healed. Some stay simply to end their nightmares.

Systems: Exploring an Anatrope uses the chase rules (**Changeling**, p. 195), with separate target numbers of successes for looking for one of the Anatrope's wonders, and for escaping safely with it. The Anatrope has a -3 Penalty to chase rolls while characters are ascending, but a +3 bonus when they descend to the surface. If the Anatrope wins the chase, the characters end up deep underground, at the very top of the tower.

Tower Delver rumor has it that the Anatrope, like Icarus, reached in hubris toward the sun, and in this case the fall didn't take them far from it. However, the Monarchs are known to care little for members of the freehold spreading scurrilous gossip about the Sun-Under-Earth.

Tilts: On lower levels, Extreme Heat

The Anatrope's original purpose as lookouts is inverted, making it hard to be aware of oncoming danger.

Lost characters suffer the Stunned Tilt at the start of action scenes involving violence.

Physical	Mental	Social
Passage -3	Tidings +1	Éclat +2
Sanctuary +3	Penetralia +3	Ebullience +3

IMPOSSIBLE BOTTLES

High in a range of mountains that cut into the sky like fangs, the Lake of Impossible Bottles glitters the thousand colors of its strange flotsam in a permanent, blindingly bright mountain summer. The multicolored lights of the Lake are the reflections of the sun on an uncounted and uncountable number of glass bottles which float upon the surface, incredibly varied in color, size, and shape.

If a traveler peers through the bottle glass, she finds a perfect, impossibly tiny town, city, or village. There are buildings far too tall to have ever passed through the bottle's neck. Megacities sprawl in bottles of a size that might be expected in a mini-bar, and tiny villages sit proudly at larger scale in some of the bigger bottles. Miniature people casually go about their business inside.

Each bottle has a paper label, somehow dry, tied to the neck with string. So far, every label Hedge travelers have checked says:

Tell me of a time when you were happy and small, and small I can make you again

Many of the cities are excited about visitors and even trade with the outside world. One city is creating a garden and its hobgoblins trade extraordinary riches for just a bucket of earth. Another is known for its beautiful Hedgespun clothing. In yet another, visitors can find a Library of Icons, which accepts Icons brought in by visitors in exchange for taking down the description of the visitor's own Icon. If one of the visitor's Icons is ever checked into the Library, she can return to check it out.

When a changeling visitor checks an Icon into the library, the Librarian leans forward, and whispers a rumor to her: If you swim out into the Lake far enough, you will find a bottle that contains a settlement which perfectly resembles the place you considered home before your durance, inhabited by the people you loved back then, or as near as makes no difference.

System: By recounting a happy childhood memory, a character can shrink rapidly down to the size of the bottle's residents and eventually vanish.

LILLIPUTIAN

The character shrinks down to Size 1 or smaller and finds herself inside the bottle, walking the streets of the city.

Possible Sources: Entering a bottled city using the instructions on the label.

Resolution: Leaving the bottled city. There are many methods of restoring "giants" to their full size and returning them to the outside world: in one city a strange machine does the trick; in another an alchemist's draught enlarges the imbiber. It's not at all clear that every city has a means of returning to the outside world. The bottle can be smashed with the character inside, resulting in a persistent Condition.

Beat: The character is in danger or needs help with something she could normally do easily, due to her unusual size or being inside the city.

Physical	Mental	Social
Passage +3	Tidings +2	Éclat +1
Sanctuary +1	Penetralia +3	Ebullience +3

MARSH OF THICKER BLOOD

Many Trods pass through the Marsh or Thicker Blood, where all the blood that's shed on earth wells up like spring water. A traveler sees the land begin to



SEA OF STRAYED TIME

slope downward, and foliage, buildings, or stranger surroundings begin to shrink, becoming barely higher than their head, then their shoulders, then their knees, and in places sinking below the surface of the pools of liquid which they can see dotted around them.

The unwary rejoice at the shrinking of the Thorns. They see thick, soft grass ahead and quicken their steps. It usually takes until their foot breaks the surface of the boggy ground for the stench to make itself known. It's acrid, like burning plastic with a metallic sweetness. The stench makes them cough, and the air feels close, like a weight upon the skin. The water is a reddish color, and a matching haze fills the air.

If the traveler is lucky, they find they're still on a Trod, now a causeway inches below the blood. There are other paths, branching and splitting, slowly pulsing underfoot, hidden in the red of blood and sodden earth, but they are soft and fleshy and sometimes sag deep enough to soak visitors to the waist — or turn suddenly downward, leaving a gap deeper than even Ogres are tall before mysteriously coming back to the surface. Most travelers try to avoid getting too covered in blood; the Marsh's bloodstains linger on the skin for a long time.

The Marsh is more than just a trap for unwary travelers. Further in, the fertile soil brings forth a wealth of goblin fruits both common and rare. At the Storyteller's discretion, there is a +3 modifier to Hedgespinning rolls to find any goblin fruit which may be desired.

The shining red-gold fish that passers-by sometimes see leaping from the bloody surface can speak. They tell travelers to follow them to the pumping heartspring at the final confluence of all the Marsh Trods and embrace it. It can give a traveler almost anything they desire, as long as they are willing to take the life of someone who trusts them without question.

Systems: Bloodstains linger for three chapters after the changeling washes them off, or a chapter for every life the visitor has taken. It doesn't fade by itself if every inch of skin is stained. The blood brings with it worse things. Changelings often have to solve their problems with violence, and the Marsh makes them feel more comfortable reaching for that simple solution.

Two turns after coming into skin contact with the blood, including through soaked clothing, a character acquires the Paranoid and Bestial Conditions. These end when the character leaves the Marsh. However, if she becomes fully soaked in blood, they do not end until she does something which puts her life in the hands of someone she considers an enemy.

Physical	Mental	Social
Passage +2	Tidings +1	Éclat +2
Sanctuary 0	Penetralia +1	Ebullience +1

Time is space, time is money, and in the Hedge a time might as well be a place. People make time, waste it, wish they could travel back in it, lose it as easily as they might lose their keys. Children wait to be old enough, parents ask themselves where all the time went so fast, and the elderly curse all the time they would not have wasted if they had only been old enough to know better.

Changelings know better than anyone about missing time — years forgotten; years of their loved ones' lives missed; years passed in a moment, driving a wedge between them and the world; Arcadian years too full of pain to be called living. Most go on, somehow, leaving it mostly behind. But strayed time weighs too heavy to just go away.

In the Hedge there is a frozen sea. Every ounce of ice in that sea was formed in the moment when a person realized that some of their time is gone, will never come back, or may not ever even be something they can remember. It is frozen for miles and miles down, and Hedge travelers passing over it can see down impossibly far — but not all the way. No one knows if it is truly solid right to the seabed.

Near the surface, the ice is so clear that it has an unsettling effect, like standing on a glass floor, but with far, far further to fall. It can be hard for travelers to remember they are standing on a solid surface, as their eyes tell them one thing while their feet tell them another. Those with little tendency toward vertigo, or considerable courage, can make out shapes suspended deep in the ice. Whatever they are, they look like bodies.

The wind blowing across the ice sounds strange, like whispered words, and sometimes it knows things that nobody but the listener could know. In time, it offers a suggestion that makes a strange kind of sense. Dig down to the shapes. Find one that looks like someone you know. Free their lips from the ice, listen to them whisper forgotten secrets. Notice that none of the people these bodies resemble are dead. There might be one that looks like you, an echo of you, perhaps even an Icon.

Systems: The Sea imposes the Ice and Extreme Cold Tilts on travelers.

Deciphering the whispers: Roll Wits + Resolve, adding the Tidings bonus below.

Finding a body: Roll Wits + Survival.

Digging through the ice: Extended Strength + Athletics action, subtracting the Sanctuary penalty below. The target number of successes is 20, as even the most accessible bodies are as much as half a mile to a mile down. Exceptional success in deciphering the whispers or finding the body reduces this to 15.

Physical	Mental	Social
Passage +3	Tidings +3	Éclat +1
Sanctuary -3	Penetralia -3	Ebullience 0

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN

Sometimes, the world grows a little quiet where you walk. The sounds of city life drop out; the birdsong becomes music unlike any you've heard before. The trees are the same, rising above you to blot out the sun, but the light has a new quality to it, refracted through colored glass. In these places, called **limens**, two worlds come together like lovers, ignorant to passersby, so absorbed in one another that they forget to pay attention as gates open and monsters spill out on both sides. Devils' bargains are made, children follow sweet music down heretofore unseen paths, and mortals glimpse the stuff of dreams that haunt them for years to come.

Limens are a metaphysical corollary to the changeling experience: originally of the mortal world, transformed by varying degrees of contact with the Other. It's appropriate, then, that changelings are the only creature that can deliberately create a limen. Though hobgoblins are also creatures of the liminal Hedge, they don't create limens, merely exploit them.

Limens, as befits any liminal space, are not fully stable, but the level of stability differs from place to place. A chime on one of the Ssesse Islands in Lake Victoria has existed for so long that it's grown from hobgoblin shantytown to full-blown Goblin Market. Its denizens treat it as an archway, not a door. A mushroom ring on the Isle of Skye has survived for centuries as a meeting-place of two worlds, long enough that it seems like it always has been and always will be — but no one has ever been able to find it on purpose. Others ebb and flow: The doorstep in Lagarfljót, Iceland, opens only every few centuries to let its Hedge-wyrm through. The holdfast at Bellefleur, Louisiana, was triggered when an oath made by a long-dead changeling was broken and an oil refinery was built nearby. Magic leaked into Bellefleur, and now the town is haunted not by spirits or regret, but by hobgoblins. In the world's most remote forests and mountain peaks, a massive Hedge beast trudges in and out of two worlds, dragging a limen around with it, ignorant of the mortal world and yet infamous within it.

Limens can only be created in conditions that are already liminal in some way. This can range from a liminal place — shores, calderas, hotels, and crossroads have all served as limen hosts — to something more conceptual — a location on the equator, twilight, an equinox or solstice. The more definitions drawn upon, the more powerful the limen will be, and the more likely one will emerge on its own.

Broken oaths, long-lived gateways, a True Fae's tears: Changelings bandy these and other hypocrisies about as reasons that a limen might be created from seemingly nothing. A holdfast might be more likely to appear on its own when a Hedge gateway has stood for hundreds of years. A doorstep in a hotel lobby opens under a solar eclipse, and doesn't close again. It is difficult to predict what factors might generate a limen, but that doesn't stop changelings from trying, and trying again if they were wrong.

Limens, once created, don't stop growing. The rate of encroachment varies by limen, but just because one cannot see change with the naked eye doesn't mean it isn't happening. All limens must be stopped at some point after they are created, or else they become overgrown, the Hedge sprawling out far past where it should.

If a limen sprawls out too far, reversal is possible, though more difficult the more settled and lived-in a limen becomes. Responsible changelings clear out the limen before performing a reversal, because they've learned the hard way that forgetting to do so is disastrous. A limen contracting in on itself sweeps everything in its path back into the Hedge with it. Mortals caught inside a contracting limen can find their way out, but many of them find themselves in living fairy tales, emerging into the mortal world after an hour only to find years have passed during their journey back.

FIRST STAGE: DOORSTOP

The earliest stage of a limen is like dipping a toe into a lake, or tasting a soup as it cooks. The Hedge's encroachment on the mortal world is subtle in these days: Goblin fruit grows on an apple tree like a cuckoo chick in a warbler's nest, and time twists a little bit out of your grasp. Changelings call these places doorstops, where the worlds mesh just enough to let a little magic leak out into the mundane. Make no mistake, a doorstep can be as dangerous as a full-blown holdfast in some ways. Unearthly lute music lures wayward children down the banks of a river and across the water, into the Hedge and the arms of a grinning hobgoblin. A hiker coming to rest in the familiar arms of an apple orchard bites into an unfamiliar fruit, and as it turns to ashes in her mouth, she finds herself rooted to the ground.

SAMPLE DOORSTOP: LAKE BAIKAL, RUSSIA

Folklore tells of tricksters who, upon escaping the sacks they were meant to drown in, claim to their persecutors that deep in a lake there is a wealthy country with sheep and cows aplenty. "Can't you see it?" they ask, and their oddly trusting captors walk into the lake, to their deaths. In Russia's Lake Baikal, sometimes you can see it and survive.



DRAMATURGY

Dramaturgy is the fae art of drawing on connection and symbolism. It weaves properties and identities together into a tapestry, harnessing magic through symbolic items and actions. Every changeling knows some dramaturgy intuitively; it empowers their Contracts' loopholes. For more on dramaturgy, see **Kith & Kin**, pp. 68-72.

Lake Baikal is the world's oldest and deepest lake, one of the clearest, and home to the world's oldest limen: a doorstep in its belly, through which you can see the Hedge if you're in the right place. Lake Baikal formed many millions of years ago in a rift valley, and in the part of the Hedge that roughly overlaps with Baikal, that valley never filled with water. This has led to the odd phenomenon of Hedge denizens who pass through the limen walking through the water and out of the lake, though most prefer to stay on their own end of the limen.

MID STAGE: CHIME

Named for the less common meaning of the word, chimes are liminal spaces where the Hedge and the mortal world blend in a relatively balanced way, though how the Hedge can balance against the mortal world is fairly relative. Chimes are more stable than doorstops or holdfasts, though no one agrees on whether that's because they're simply less intrusive and less likely to be reversed, or because the natural balance of magic and mundanity lends a stabilizing property.

SAMPLE CHIME: IL PALAZZO SERENISSIMO, ITALY

The seas are rising, and Venice is sinking. Caught in between two immovable forces, the city has become ripe for Hedge encroachment, with limens popping up all over the city. The most famous and long-standing of the lot is Il Palazzo Serenissimo, sited in the eastern part of San Polo, the city's center. Il Palazzo Serenissimo was once home to a merchant family. It fell into disrepair after their fortunes waned and they were forced to move elsewhere. During the 18th century, Il Palazzo became a rental property for young men on their Grand Tours, and eventually a hotel proper. In the intervening years, it has also become a chime. Most guests complete their stay without incident. Some complain of strange noises in the night, carousing that lasts until well past dawn in a room they cannot find, items stolen despite a seeming lack of value... it's gained some notoriety as a haunted hotel, but the only ghosts to be found are those of the Hedge.

END STAGE: HOLDFAST

Limens in their unruliest growth stages are called holdfasts. At this point, the encroachment of the Hedge onto the mortal world can barely be called liminal. Like a rose garden with no one to do the pruning, the Hedge spreads itself wild in any direction it pleases, with nothing and no one to tame it. As the limen spreads into a holdfast, it appears to thin out, but its roots run deep.

Holdfasts are bewitching in much the same way that old-growth forests and overgrown, abandoned urban structures are, although their appearances are deceiving — just as the lack of human presence in those places does not mean that they are lifeless, magic roots deep inside holdfasts. Where a holdfast encroaches, it pulls the mortal world in like quicksand. Mortals inside a holdfast find themselves reluctant to leave home or find leaving downright impossible — cars break down on the road out of town, or violent thunderstorms start just as a family is about to drive past the holdfast's limits. Those who do leave are pulled back by a longing for the magic of the holdfast. Once you've lived inside a pocket of fae magic, the mortal world seems so much duller... perhaps because the longer you live there, the more likely you are to become a hobgoblin.

Not all denizens of holdfasts become hobgoblins, even if they're lifelong residents. There's seemingly no rhyme or reason to who does; some changelings speculate that the mortals most open to the Wyrd's influence are the likeliest to become hobgoblins, and others theorize that it's the opposite. A Storyteller peopling one of these limens should use their discretion when creating characters (**Changeling**, p. 252), and it should be unclear to the players if the hobgoblins in their path were originally mortals or came from the Hedge itself.

SAMPLE HOLDFAST: BELLEFLEUR, LOUISIANA

Once, a True Fae thought Bellefleur, Louisiana, was the most beautiful place it had ever seen. It had seen the town first when abducting Bastien Landry, and Bellefleur was never far from its mind thereafter; finally, it set the Ogre free in exchange for a promise to ensure Bellefleur remained untouched by industry. But mortals die, and so do changelings, and eventually Bastien did too. More than a century later, Bellefleur welcomed an oil refinery — and the oath broke like a dam. Like oil dripping into a creek, the Hedge spread over the town until it stopped of its own accord at the city's limits.

People who live in Bellefleur today don't like to leave; they speak of their hometown as if it is paradise on earth. It's not clear if it's the sense of community that keeps them rooted, or the strange magic that turns oil slicks into rainbows and mortals into fae who can use that magic. There's a price for getting what you want, but it was paid long ago, so why should it be anyone else's business?

SYSTEMS

In limens, the rules of the Hedge and the mortal world meet, to varying effect. Some are cancelled out; some are strengthened; some create bizarre stepchildren in their collision. The Hedge is halfway between the mortal world and Arcadia, and limens can be anywhere on the scale in between. “Liminal” does not need to mean perfectly in-between. Keep this in mind when designing your own limens.

Hedgespinning cannot be performed in any type of limen. Although the Wyrd agrees that the liminal space is part of the Hedge, a limen is still underpinned by its original mundane nature. As a result, the Wyrd’s reach does not extend to allowing Hedgespinning — but dramaturgy becomes more powerful.

Creating a limen requires the same type of sympathetic magic that dramaturgy relies upon, and thanks to this natural symbiosis, the Storyteller should feel free to add interesting side effects to dramaturgy-related exceptional successes and dramatic failures. Especially when the characters have little experience with this environment, it’s easy for magic to spiral out of control. Changelings performing dramaturgy receive a +1 die bonus when in a doorstep, +2 in a chime, and +3 in a holdfast. As in the rest of the Hedge, players reduce the dice pool for all Clarity attacks by one inside a limen unless something within the Hedge itself caused it.

The Hedge does not like to be pruned or let go of its territory, and as a result, changelings find it far more difficult to stop or reverse limens than they do to create them. Limens have a Fortification rating equal to their creator’s Resolve + Wyrd. Changelings altering the boundaries of a limen or destroying one entirely often feel as though they are giving up a part of themselves — for all the wonders and horrors of a full-blown limen, they are, like changelings, in-between the fae and mortal worlds. It is not easy to destroy that.

Characters in a limen can sense that there’s something unusual about their surroundings, even if Hedge encroachment is minor. Drop some surreal descriptors into your scene-setting: the light seems different; bird-song sounds more like intelligible language; there’s a smell on the wind that sets mouths a-watering. Limens should feel wondrous, even when they’re terrible. To changelings, they should feel almost like home.

Common Modifiers

The character’s Wyrd rating	+1 per dot
The character created this gateway	+1
Has the Dramaturge Merit	+1
Has the Hedge Sense Merit	+1
A mortal is present	+1
Gateway is in the Thorns	-2
Gateway is on a trod	-3

CREATING A LIMEN

On the Hedge side of a gateway where the changing desires to extend the Hedge into the mortal world, she gathers items representing that location’s liminal qualities. One by one, she buries them, giving them up in sacrifice to the Hedge.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Wits + Occult + Wyrd

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Success: The character creates a tier-one limen (doorstop).

Exceptional Success: The character creates a tier-one limen (doorstop) and takes the Inspired Condition (*Changeling*, p. 342).

Failure: The character fails to create a limen of any sort.

Dramatic Failure: The Wyrd, angry at the character’s attempt to manipulate it, sends a Geas (p. XX) after them.

STOPPING A LIMEN

The changeling searches for what was buried to create the limen and digs each item out of the ground. By burying them again on the outskirts of the limen, at defined border points, the changeling can change the shape of the limen, however far it’s expanded.

Cost: 2 Willpower

Dice Pool: Wits + Occult vs. Limen’s Fortification

Action: Contested

Roll Results

Success: The limen stops expanding.

Exceptional Success: The limen stops expanding, and the changeling takes the Inspired Condition (*Changeling*, p. 342), feeling a sense of pride over her successful work.

Failure: The limen continues to grow at the same pace.

Dramatic Failure: The limen continues to grow at the same pace. The changeling suffers the Paranoid Condition (*Changeling*, p. 344), becoming convinced something in the Hedge is watching her and unhappy with her attempt to stop its growth.

REVERSING A LIMEN

The changeling buries cold iron at the heart of the limen. This angers the Hedge, and causes it to contract in on itself, like a wounded animal.

Cost: 2 points of mild Clarity damage

Dice Pool: Wits + Occult vs. Limen’s Fortification

Action: Contested



Roll Results

Success: The limen contracts in on itself at the previous rate of expansion.

Exceptional Success: The limen instantly contracts and disappears.

Failure: The limen continues to expand. The changeling suffers a Clarity breaking point.

Dramatic Failure: The limen begins to expand at double the rate, and the changeling suffers a Clarity breaking point.

The rate of expansion of a given limen is up to the Storyteller's discretion, but the base expansion is 1 square yard per turn for doorstops, 500 square yards per turn for chimes, and 0.5 square miles per turn for holdfasts.

Common Modifiers

The character's Wyrd rating	-1 per dot
The character created this limen	+1
A mortal is present	+1
Limen is a doorstop	-1
Limen is a chime	-2
Limen is a holdfast	-3
Clarity is damaged	-1

HOMESTEADING

As any expert Hedgespinner knows, the planet's secret garden can never be tamed, but it can be coaxed. In time, the members of a court or freehold may coax their land so well that they claim it as their own. The Lost are a marginal people, and the Hedge is a marginal world. Why not take it?

For some, this is the beginning of a powerful society. For others, this is where the trouble starts.

STAKING CLAIMS

Changelings have a few terms for claiming Hedge territory. Those that grasp for shelter consider it "homesteading." The ones who believe the land belongs to them by right call it "fingerprinting." Those who cherish this wild place call it "razing" and often speak unkind things about the other two groups.

Safety is the most common reason for claiming territory, but there are utilitarian and mystical reasons as well. A private place keeps prying eyes out of a society's business, and a certain location could be ideal for gathering Hedge Sorcery components (p. XX).

Claiming Hedge territory begins on the individual and motley level. Hedgeways and trod endpoints in local areas form the roots of a homestead. From there,

these individual groups claim nearby places and add it to their holdings. As their land grows, members of courts and freeholds work out ways to share excess territory with each other as their society's commons. Some courts may take Bargains that demand they expand regularly, and freeholds might bequeath their new territories to each other as a significant gift (see *Oak, Ash, and Thorn*, p. 9, for more information).

TERRITORIAL PLEDGES

Changelings claim their most important Hedge territory with a *demarkation*. The pledge is simple. A single changeling or a motley establishes a border within the Hedge, and then pledges to cultivate it in exchange for the land's benefits. It's a tough task with a great responsibility, but the shelter and wealth the Hedge can provide makes it worth it.

Systems: Any number of characters can take part in a demarcation, and new characters can take part and receive the same benefits.

All participants must establish or strengthen borders within a Hedge territory, which can range from a simple signpost to keeping watch at regular times. Once a border is established or strengthened, the participants swear a promise to the land itself that they will help it flourish and spend a point of Glamour.

If the participants actively live within, cultivate, or defend the Hedge territory, they gain the following benefits:

- +2 dice pool bonus when navigating the Hedge toward their territory. This stacks with any other bonus to a maximum of +5.
- For every participant to a maximum of 5, the territory is taken as a Hollow (*Changeling*, p. 116) or a Stable Trod (*Changeling*, p. 119) with a rating equal to the participants at no experience cost.
- When defending the land, 2/1 Armor if unarmed.

If a participant grievously harms the land without good cause, chooses to neglect the land, or swears to abandon it, the land rejects them. All benefits are revoked, and if the parting was very acrimonious, the changeling might also receive the Notoriety Condition (*Changeling*, p. 343). All participants have their benefits revoked if the land is conquered by a hostile power.

DEFENDING WHAT'S OURS

The Hedge is endless, and there should be enough of it for everyone. Unfortunately, safe territory nearby local Hedge entryways is limited. Changeling society is threatened by Arcadia's worst and sometimes by each other. Borders are vital, and if the land is demarcated, they're also required.

While changelings back their territories with force, they'd rather avoid tense standoffs or a Hedgefire war (Oak, Ash, and Thorn, p. 10). Oaths and sealings tend to settle arguments, especially when Hedge and mortal landmarks are in the conditions. If a territory's pledged borders can't serve their purpose, a strong image of the nasty fate oathbreakers will meet works.

THOSE WHO REFUSE

Not all changelings stake claims within the Hedge.

For some, it's a matter of principle. Perhaps taking the land for themselves reminds them too much of the True Fae's incessant desire for ownership. Maybe they admire the Hedge's unshaped nature and take care to only manipulate it when traveling.

Others refuse out of caution. Some freeholds neighbor dangerous Groves. The local hobgoblins might despise would-be settlers. Worst of all, the freehold could find that the Gentry and their Huntsmen are closer to home than they should be, or than they thought they were.

HOMESTEADING MERITS

The following merits are useful for establishing Hedge holdings within communities.

HOLDING (♦ TO ♦♦♦♦, MOTLEY)

Prerequisite: Hollow or Stable Trod

Effect: An organized community such as a court or a freehold uses the Hollow or trod as common ground. As its caretaker, the community offers their benefits in exchange for its use. When you take this Merit, determine the community and its purpose. Once per story, the characters may call upon their aid and use this Merit rating to gain the equivalent rating in either Contacts, Goblin Bounty, Resources, or Tokens. This effect lasts until the end of the scene. You may take this Merit for multiple Hollows or trods.

Drawbacks: Any dots gained from this Merit are treated as a separate source and may not be used to increase a Merit rating you already have. At the Storyteller's discretion, if the relationship with the community sours, this Merit's effect weakens or becomes unusable until the relationship is repaired. This may also happen if the motley ever neglects or abandons their Hollow or trod. If the effect becomes permanently unusable, the Sanctity of Merits applies.

THISTLE GUARDIAN (♦♦♦)

Prerequisite: Wyrd 3+, Demarcation participant (p. XX)



Effect: The character's dedication to a demarcation is so great that the bond between her and the land becomes ironclad. In addition to the benefits of a demarcation, gain the following benefits:

- When guiding others to the territory, the player's dice pool bonus increases to +3.
- When a hostile individual or party invades the territory, the character instantly knows where they are and how many of them are there.
- When defending the land, any attacks without an Armor Piercing effect gain Armor Piercing 1.

You may take this Merit for each demarcation the changeling participates in.

Drawback: When the character breaks a demarcation, the land's cry for justice impedes her sleep. In addition to the punishments of a broken demarcation, she is unable to gain Willpower from sleeping until she restores her pledge or it becomes impossible to do so. If restoring a demarcation is impossible, the Sanctity of Merits applies.

RUINSPROUT: ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Once upon a time, there was a freehold in the heart of Atlanta. Its holdings were great, its years many-numbered, its people kind. The other freeholds in the sprawling city, the opulent Fenn's Farm in Decatur, the military bastion of Hunter Hills' Last Stops, and the social hub of the Sky's Dominion in Bucktown, looked to it for wisdom.

Ruinsprout is not that freehold. It claims the same territory within the Hedge, and it's headquartered in Peopletown as that freehold once was. These don't change the fact that the freehold is new, the youngest in Atlanta. Its residents are the inheritors of vast amounts of power and a bizarre mystery.

No one remembers the name nor inhabitants of the freehold that once kindled its hearth where Ruinsprout stands. They remember that the previous freehold existed, they remember their experiences with it, whether good or ill, but the details are hazy. Even with the craftiest magic, recalling the old freehold is like trying to read a hastily erased blackboard: The remnants are clearly seen, yet cannot be read.

There are a few facts that everyone knows concerning the old freehold and its replacement. First, the old freehold vanished sometimes in the year 2000. Second, when Atlanta's locals try to remember the event, all that surfaces is an intense sadness peppered by bursts of gratitude. Finally, calling the Hedge territory that Ruinsprout owns an "inheritance" is not an exaggeration.

A few years ago, a motley unsworn to other freeholds entered the old freehold's lands after a botched attempt at

forging a shortcut. They knew the land was guarded by high canyons and hostile hobgoblins and tried to escape. To their surprise, the canyons descended, and the hobgoblins treated them like old friends. They led them to a deep burrow, where they showed the motley the last will and testament of the previous freehold. Its signature and text were smudged save for two parts: a section instruction that their land be given to "the first free motley and those who bind with them," and the words, "Good luck, Ruinsprout."

COURTS

Ruinsprout uses the Seasonal Courts. There's a hesitant air whenever the freehold gives the Seasons their due, as if the patrons fear they're taking something that's not theirs. Strange items are found in some reclaimed Hollows: fabrics, jams, and unshaped concrete mounds. Were these related to a unique court structure the previous freehold had, and if so, do its patrons still demand payment?

The **Spring Court** seeks out abandoned Hollows within their territory and restores them to their former glory. They're focused on establishing a unique identity for Ruinsprout. They believe that exploring the past is well and good, but it means nothing without a vibrant present.

The **Summer Court** makes regular excursions into Ruinsprout's immense Hedge territory. They're sure they've only discovered a quarter of the freehold's inheritance. They believe that if they understand the entire land, they might discover the force that wiped out the previous freehold and maybe even how to strike it down should it return.

The **Autumn Court** wants to restore the memory of the previous freehold to Atlanta's changelings. They explore dreams for clues and reach out to other freeholds. The court usually serves as Ruinsprout's ambassadors. They believe that nothing, not even a doomed freehold, is lost forever.

The **Winter Court** investigates the strange phenomena within Ruinsprout's Hedge. These include the suspiciously friendly hobgoblin locals, and the sobbing marble statues of unrecognizable changelings, whose tears are so abundant that the freehold's lands are a vast marsh. They fear the entire freehold is a trap; they just haven't figured out who it might be for.

FACES

Alexandra of the Winds, an Elemental of the Winter Court, is a member of the Wild Sojourners, Ruinsprout's founding motley. She made the fateful turn into the freehold's territory and became a local legend. While the rest of her motley took advantage of their new fame, she became a recluse. She wonders if she found Ruinsprout or if it sought her out.

Marrowsaver, an Ogre of the Summer Court, is Ruinsprout's go-to historian. His passion for conflict, be it with words or fists, puts him on the frontlines of the freehold's battles. His sharp sensory memory also helps. He keeps his records on loose-leaf paper kept in plastic folders scattered around his apartment.

KNOWN HEDGE LOCATIONS

Ruinsprout's lands in the thistle are vast, and these are only a few.

Mourning Field

The Mourning Field is one of the largest dry spots in Ruinsprout's marsh. Bushes of cogleaves grow wild. The remains of gardening tools and wooden frames are buried in the dirt.

Systems: Curio 1

The Rowdy Briarwolf

The Rowdy Briarwolf is the tavern that Ruinsprout's hobgoblins frequent. Gordy Slipstep, its proprietor, requests that changeling visitors keep out of the backroom. Hobgoblins are exempt, and eavesdroppers hear construction and machinery beyond the door.

Physical

Passage +2

Sanctuary +1

Mental

Tidings -2

Penetralia -1

Social

Ebullience +3

Éclat +2

STORY HOOKS

- The Iron-Clawed Prowler has come in search of her Keeper's favorite toy, but the quarry cannot be found. No one has heard of the changeling the Huntsman's herald calls for, which might mean that they're one of the old freehold's members. The Prowler is convinced that Ruinsprout is hiding her prize, and she'll tear the land apart until she fulfills her mission.
- Ruinsprout is flooding, and the surges threaten to wash away everything the community built. The motley traces the flood back to the weeping statues, whose tears flow harder than ever. The local hobgoblins not only anticipated this, but they've also built a boat to wait out the flood. If the motley can catch their boat and board it, perhaps they can figure out how the hobgoblins knew this would happen.
- 25 years ago, Jenna Marshsong left Atlanta to search for her family. Now she's returned and is surprised to discover her old freehold is gone and that Ruinsprout stands in its place. When her memories of the community start rapidly fading, the motley must enter her dreams and recover what information they can before it's gone.





CHAPTER THREE

HEDGE SORCERY

*“Tell me, what else should I have done?
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?
Tell me, what is it you plan to do
with your one wild and precious life?”*

—MARY OLIVER

We are stronger than you might think, made luminous and vital by the bargains we've made, or the sigils our Keepers burned deep into our flesh. We shape stories out of the dust of the world or trade bits of our soul for skills mortals could never understand. We can catch a season by the tail and make a wish or charm a living flame out of its corona. We barter strange goods for favors from hobgoblins or learn at the feet of beings older and stranger even than you. We possess talents beyond counting, and all the secrets we could steal from the Earth's shadow. But none of it is ever really *ours* — all power begged, borrowed, or bestowed by others. And the fear that any of it could be taken away burns hot in the hearts of some changelings.

So when those changelings needed something to claim as our own? We made Hedge sorcery.

Sorcery is the promise of all the things changelings could be, free from the Gentry's touch or the binding weight of a Goblin Contract. We turned the terrible and beautiful ephemera of our lives into something brand new. The human world offered us toad eyes and dried mulberries, lacy candy-cap mushrooms and carved rat bones. The Hedge offered baskets woven from pale blue bittersweet vines and vibrant arsenic inks, translucent porcelain bird eggs and living glass lizards with tiny sodalite eyes. Then we tied it together with a few threads of our own strangeness and a knack for re-invention. The Hedge took a bit of our souls from us, but that gave us the power to shape it.

Of course, nothing stays secret for long.

While changelings created Hedge sorcery for ourselves, we lost its exclusive use when (through need or foolishness) a changeling traded the knack to a hobgoblin. In some ways, sorcery is easier for them: goblin goods and Hedge materials are easier for them to collect, already being embedded in the Hedge and its societies. In others, sorcery is more complex: While changelings need goblin blessings, hobgoblins need something of equivalent value from us.

THE NOVEL ART

No one knows for sure who the first witch was. Given the suspicion with which witches are still held in changeling society, perhaps it's not surprising that no one has stepped forward to take credit. But there's no shortage of legends. Told both by witches in defense of their art, and by changelings warning each other of dangers sorcery poses, most start with a changeling afraid or in extremis. One intuitively cobbles together a ritual on the spot, out of the materials immediately to hand, sacrificing a part of themselves to save a dying lover. Another painstakingly discovers a process through research, experimenting with materials known to have spiritual properties and building toward one ritual that reaches through the world in search of a missing sibling. A third desperately races to prevent their own murder by following instructions they learned from fae-touched creatures in a dream. All take



from themselves, their environment, their knowledge, and their instincts to make something new.

The Bird-Catching Noose

On the first day of the first spring, Danica Goldenwing was looking for her Wren. Springing from tree-top to tree-top, she called out in a bubbling song. “Has anyone seen my love? The little bird who sits on my right hand with his short tail cocked?” Sweet trills surrounded her, but not one bird replied to the question she had asked. In those days every creature had the gift of speech, but only a few chose to understand one another. The trees themselves only sighed and complained of his pecking and that the constant motion of his darting disturbed their leaves.

But Danica had been patient enough to learn the words of every beast. Thinking to herself “perhaps those he hunts will be more attentive to his movements,” she floated to the ground and sought the mouth of a cave. There she lay her head on the damp earth and listened to the earthworms and centipedes gossip. They were rejoicing! For a foe was snared, and his fast wings were beating feebly against the ground. Stricken, she leapt up, skimming along the forest floor like a sunbeam. Too late. She found the mouse-small Wren gasping desperately, just as a hunter came to collect his noose.

Danica had been caught in a noose once, set by a different kind of hunter. Wren had been her companion then too, the only other Kept bird who still remembered his true name. He surrendered it to help her break their bird cage, so they could escape back into The Forest together. She promised to remember it for him then, and she couldn't bear to lose him now. She and he were of The Forest now, weren't they? Its brambles wound deep in their hearts? Its bitter fruit in their guts? She threw her lantern against the rocks, crushed the glowing seeds inside under her heel, and breathed deep of the violet smoke. That seemed a good first sacrifice, something to finesse the door she felt opening in her mind. And now the second door. Danica reached into herself and pulled — gently at first, then faster — a long cord of thorns out of her throat. Tearing gashes in her nimble tongue along the way. The hunter looked up, Wren laying almost still in his hand. She whipped the snare, coated in blood fed on goblin fruits, at the hunter. The droplets sizzled against his skin, and he stumbled back, cobalt weals blooming where the thorns bit him. A drop of his own dark blue blood mixed with hers. The third door. He dropped Wren and ran.

Danica flitted over to Wren and cradled him in her hand. She opened his spasming lungs with a long claw and pressed into his chest: seven drops of blood dripped from her own open mouth, a golden harvestman, and a sliver of her tongue torn loose by the thorns. Four more gifts to sweeten the offering. When the doors slammed shut, and his body shuddered into song, Wren's voice sounded a little like hers once had.

And that is why it's bad luck to catch a wren.

...

We Return With The Sea

Necessity drives us, and we seek where we have no expectation to find.

Alexei gathered a new array of offerings. His last attempt had seemed so close, maybe all he was missing was a final step. A small push further, until he could peer through the world. Packed wet sand taken from his enemy's footprint, gathered by a solemn hobgoblin for the first knuckle of his left index finger and a bag of shark scales. The ground bulbs and orange flowers of red hills vervain. Armfuls of wrack, harvested from a wild trod that winds past an expanse of deep black water. Salt from the spit of a hobgoblin who had once been lost beneath the waves. Three long white lace ribbons. A carefully cultivated collection of metaphysical tools, assembled at a location specifically chosen for its assonance with a place Alexei once fled.

Softly, subtly, he crossed the narrow channel that ice and the weight of time had cut through greywacke and black shale. The water was thick with a slush of crystalline ice, and he drifted amid it. From below — another small, translucent shard, shining with the same pale blue-green as those around him. And singing below him, a family of briarwolves wearing the blunt faces and filigree teeth of seals. They drift up, twining around the last lingering heart of a melting iceberg. Sniffing. Pushing against it to rock it in the ocean water. Teeth experimentally crunching through the ice of his hiding place, closer and closer to where he curls within it. Empty mind, deathly still body, not even a breath to give him away. The last crunch leaves the ice so thin he can see their faces, jaws open and jagged. They push against it once more together, cracking the ice like an eggshell. But now Alexei is nearly **actually** dead. Heart staggering, blood freezing, limp in the water. A seal softly mouths at a splayed arm, teeth leaving a dozen bloodless scratches. Bored of a broken toy, and deprived of further games, the wolves dive again. Leaving him exposed, just close enough to shore for the tide to draw him in.

When he finally crashes, blue and numb, onto the bare rock beach, he crawls into the rocky hollow he'd seen in a dream. And shivering, lays out his tools. A ceremonial calcite dagger, laying flat on the ground, pointed west. A circle of kelpy wrack, to shield his work from further sight. Perhaps these things mark the first door. Sand carefully dusted within the outline of two boot prints. And that, the second door. Two of the ribbons he ties together; one end on his wrist, the other shaped into a cuff that he lets hang loose like a chain from the first. The last tied tight around his throat. The third door seems like it should be the hardest, ask the most of him. So the vervain he mixes with salt water wrung from his glassy hair, and drinks, holding the dark alkaline fluid in his mouth for as long as he can before attempting to swallow. He struggles not to gag and vomit it up as the lace ribbons ice over and burn into his skin. For long minutes nothing happens. Defeated, the grey-green fluid starts to seep out of his mouth, flower shreds freezing onto his chin and neck, shaking loose in crackling strips. Then slowly, with each pulse of the tide, the other ribbon cuff lifts and tightens, as though wrapped around another hand. It tugs gently against his.

“I remember the way, Alyosha. I remember the way.”

Alexei steps toward the final door in a hypnagogic daze, through a patch of polarized light just offset from the air that surrounds him.

...

Manon and The Brides of the Wind

Manon is running. Bare feet wet with blood from the rough cut stone, long cloak smearing the footprints behind her.

Desperate to solve the mystery of her mother's disappearance and distracted by her suspicions, Manon had withdrawn into her own research. And if she had noticed the careful emptiness of her father's face, she had only seen a reflection of her own grief. But when she emerged, red-eyed from her books, the snow was already on the ground. And Manon remembered that she had not been consulted to select or told to administer the last rites for this year's winter's Bride. Without the courage to tell her directly, he had simply chosen her to be the Bride. And expected her to minister to herself or go without.

She slept and prayed a great deal in the days before she was to be given to the Wind. It would be expected of her anyway, and it let her father think she was resigned and preparing herself. In truth she walked the Dreaming Roads, searching for reflections. Shades of herself from other places and times, caught by mirrors or the surface of water, and, through their help, the ghosts of other Brides. Together they read secret texts in the Library of Stars and walked through monstrous lands searching for a method that might lead her (and them) to safety.

Her shadows weren't reassuring about their chances of survival, but each knew the location of one of the nine arches she would need to mark. They knew which doors needed rotten sugar dates and which needed peony petals. And that she couldn't cross any of the thresholds until she had marked them all. On the last morning, she drew the sigil they had designed from memory and stole away to the sky temple. There hadn't been time to check the translation, but if she understood the poetics correctly, this would both deprive the wind god of another Bride and untether the ghosts of the Brides that had come before her. No one expected gentle Manon to put up a fight, much less on the night before her execution, so her guard was light and distracted. She slipped out through the shadow under her door, going unnoticed until it was almost too late to stop her.

Eventually, her absence was discovered, perhaps by a sentimental guard wishing to say goodbye, perhaps by the priests intending to drag her to this very cliff and fling her into the matte grey air. When the pursuit arrived, they slid on wet morning glory seeds in front of the eighth threshold and were raked by brambles strewn around the third. But by ill-luck, they stumbled on her in front of the ninth threshold — a sigil already neatly drawn on the stone, missing only the final activating stroke. Manon did not resist. They scourged her feet and hands, thinking to leave them too raw and wet for further disobedience. But the ritual was always meant to be finished this way. The dance that would tie doors she opened together required as much of her blood as she could spare.

They dragged her back to the first threshold, a platform over the yawning chasm where the god of wind accepted his sacrifices and relaxed their grips ever so slightly. But she ran forward instead of back, stepping directly on a small sigil before leaping into the air, her cloak of clouds flapping behind her. She hung for a moment, buoyed up by the curious wind, before dark smoke began to pour out of her body. The wind screamed, and so did Manon, and so did the suddenly-visible ghosts of one thousand women. All vanished without a trace, leaving priests and guards and an empty valley of blue calcite and bones. The cliff sides rumbled.

There are as many more stories as there are changelings desperate to know their history. And few things are discovered by just one person, so perhaps some of them are even true.

NEARER, MY HEDGE, TO THEE

Sorcery is both a tool and a culture. Its slow pace, the primacy of one's own will in directing a ritual, the necessity of physically traversing the Hedge to find materials, bartering with hobgoblins to gain esoterica, following traveling Goblin Markets to convene with other witches and Hedge denizens — all of these things limit how many changelings are willing to invest the time to learn its rules, much less accept the risks of practicing it. But its status as an art that is free of Gentry influence lends it a prestige that draws both the daring and the academic. Its strength and versatility make it compelling to changelings who want to explore the breadth of what makes them unique. And the deliberate care necessary to prepare a ritual with any degree of safety draws changelings who value precision and the preservation of heritage and cultural tradition. As a result, witches are more heavily represented in courts that value mastery over the Hedge or gaining new knowledge about Arcadia.

Fairy tales don't tend to think highly of witches. They have a reputation as, if not the villain of a story, then certainly its inciting incident. Even among other changelings, that perception is hard to shake. A cunning witch can perform strange and terrible feats, given the time and wisdom to find esoterica that suit a ritual. In fiction, they're powerful and arbitrary, more fae than mortal, and fatal to the would-be hero who wants to bypass the work of heroics through magical short-cuts. But the witch in your motley is more likely to be a nerd with eighteen succulents, a steamer trunk full of animal bones, and a rock collection. Though perhaps more eager to attempt a magical solution when a mundane one would serve just as well, they're not much stranger than your typical changeling, and they have many of the same concerns. And yet, witches have unmistakably made a choice in which part of their nature is paramount.



Drawing deeply and frequently on the Wyrd can exacerbate the tension many changelings feel within themselves, but witches have picked a side to nurture. They sacrifice a degree of stability for the freedom to push the boundaries of their unique abilities. That might seem inherently threatening to changelings who prefer to emphasize their more human qualities. Their need for goblin fruits and arcane plants, for buying or bullying sympathetic trinkets from hobgoblins, for space to work and Hedge-stuff to practice with: All necessitate a life with one foot in the Hedge. In fact, a witch without friends to draw them out into the mortal world may spend nearly all their time there. Their jokes and manners grow increasingly tuned to goblin sensibilities; they take spirits and monsters for their confidants or lovers. These behaviors are alarming, and perhaps a little alienating, to those who would prefer to keep their interactions with the Hedge and its denizens transactional.

When witches join courts at all, it is often in their capacity as a keeper of rituals, or as an academic attempting to push the bounds of the rules rituals operate under. Solo practitioners are common, but witches past a certain level of mastery tend to require more resources than they can comfortably obtain without help.

USING SORCERY

Individual witches have extremely personal approaches when designing their rituals, but rituals as a class have specific rules that are imposed by both the Hedge itself and the Wyrd. To use Hedge sorcery, you need four things: hecatombs, intent, the ability to draw upon the Wyrd, and time. When a witch performs a ritual too hastily, without sufficient preparation, or with an ill-defined goal, they can accrue negative consequences (including Goblin Debts, Clarity loss, or Frailties) dangerously fast.

First, *the hecatombs*: the esoteric sacrifices themselves. Without physical and metaphysical components gathered together, a witch is unlikely to even try to start a ritual. They would have practically no control over its progress, let alone the outcome. Hedge sorcery necessarily relies on the materials, denizens, and inherently transmutative properties of the Hedge, so many of the most effective sympathetic materials will be found there. If the materials weren't specifically gathered for the ritual being performed, their effectiveness will be compromised — but in desperation, even dull tools have a use.

Second, *the intention*: how the witch goes about opening the doors. Clarity of intent helps a witch choose the esoteric ingredients that best fit their needs. The quality and diversity of the ingredients improves a witch's chance of avoiding the tolls the Wyrd can impose for

failure. A sufficiently experienced witch might gather ingredients for multiple rituals simultaneously, but ingredients stored together can be cross-contaminated by competing intents. The stronger a witch's control over the Wyrd, the better control they have over the ritual's progress, and the more complex the ritual can become.

Third, *the Wyrd*: what (and who) powers the ritual. Without someone to actively shape the ritual with their intent and provide the Glamour necessary to empower it, the components, no matter how magically potent, are inert. Even with good tools and instruction, a mundane human couldn't perform a Hedge sorcery ritual. The person performing the ritual must have at least a touch of fae in their blood. Hobgoblins, if they've been taught the knack, can perform sorcery as well, but (especially for ritual targets who are out in the mortal world) they will need mundane objects acquired from changelings as their sympathetic focuses.

Fourth, *time*: A witch needs time to collect all those ingredients (each of which might be the product of many weeks of searching), time and the appropriate skill to prepare them for use, and time to actually perform the ritual. Nothing can be done as instantly as a changeling can act when invoking a Contract, but neither does it take days of dedicated casting. Once begun, the ritual can be enacted and have its effects felt within a scene.

HEDGE SORCERY SYSTEMS

Hedge sorcery allows changelings to perform magic in a different type of way from Hedgespinning, Contracts, and Pledges. Unlike other fae magic, no changeling is innately a sorcerer; it is a craft passed down by one witch to the next across generations, represented by the Hedge Sorcerer Merit. This tradition is unbound by the courts — the sorcerer teaching a changeling the craft isn't necessarily from the same court, if they belong to one at all.

NEW MERIT: HEDGE SORCERER (....)

Prerequisite: Occult •, Mentor ••

Effects: Your character knows the art of Hedge sorcery and can perform rituals. Any Hedge sorcerer can cast any ritual they want, as long as they take the time to gather the appropriate components.

FIRE BURN AND CAULDRON BUBBLE

Hedge sorcery is one of many forms of dramaturgy, the fae art of drawing on connection and symbolism. Dramaturgy entirely drives Hedge sorcery, forcing sor-

cerers to seek out resonant items called hecatombs to sacrifice for power. For more information about dramaturgy, see **Kith and Kin** pp. 68-72.

The process occurs over three stages:

APPROACHING THE THRESHOLD

Before beginning a ritual, the Hedge sorcerer determines what he wants to achieve. Each ritual has a minimum of three Doors that need opening. These Doors represent the task's difficulty, with each one starting off closed and sealed, a layer of protection against the sorcerer's will.

TURNING THE KEY

Next, the sorcerer assembles an arsenal of strange and bizarre sacrificial items dramaturgically related to the ritual she is performing. By incorporating these hecatombs into her spell, she opens a Door. Each sacrifice only opens a single Door, even if it meets multiple hecatomb requirements below. If the ritual targets someone other than the sorcerer herself, at least one hecatomb must sympathetically represent the target.

Hecatombs primarily fall into three categories:

- A literal part of the witch's self — blood, skin, bone, etc.
- A component procured from the Hedge, such as a goblin fruit, a piece of a structure (a stone from the tower that held her, a splinter from the cart that carried her friend to their Keeper), or a part of a Hedge creature (feathers, teeth, eyes, or other thematically appropriate materials).
- An action that incorporates the immediate environment, such as smashing a vial on a Drinking Stone or building a fire from driftwood found in the Doldrums.

Each must be represented at least once in every ritual, though a category may be represented multiple times for more complex rituals — for example, a witch might provide both her blood and a hank of hair, to open two separate Doors. Other hecatombs may represent the ritual's target, a location or object the sorcerer wishes to affect, or the outcome she aims to achieve, provided the main three are present.

BREAKING THROUGH

At the beginning of the scene, the player makes Hedgespinning rolls as normal (**Changeling**, p. 204), and dedicates those successes she would normally use on subtle or paradigm shifts toward the ritual, which is itself a complicated paradigm shift. She requires a number of successes equal to the ritual's Doors to activate the Hedge sorcery.

Once she's ready, the sorcerer spends 2 points of Glamour to begin the ritual and sacrifices her heca-

tombs. She takes damage or suffers Conditions depending appropriate to those hecatombs that demand a piece of herself. For each Door she must open, the player rolls Wits + Occult + Wyrd.

If the target is a supernatural being and resists the ritual effects, it triggers a Clash of Wills.

Roll Results

Succeed or fail, the ritual consumes the hecatombs used to cast it, forcing the sorcerer to perform more sacrifices to do it again. The Hedge sorcerer doesn't need to open all the ritual's Doors to work his art, but the Wyrd imposes a toll if he doesn't. Every unopened Door burdens the sorcerer with a minor Frailty for the remainder of the chapter. For every three unopened Doors, the sorcerer gains a major Frailty instead.

Success: The ritual takes effect.

Exceptional Success: The ritual takes effect, and the sorcerer gains the Inspired Condition.

Failure: If the sorcerer fails to open any Doors, the ritual fails, and the character gains a Persistent Condition appropriate to the ritual's theme. For example, if she was trying to make stones speak about a crime they witnessed, failure might inflict the Mute Condition.

Dramatic Failure: The sorcerer suffers Clarity damage equal to the number of Doors the ritual requires. She gains a Persistent Condition as on a failure, and for the remainder of the chapter or until she successfully completes the ritual, the Hedge reacts to her in a hostile manner.

THE COVEN COMES CALLING

Sorcery doesn't have to be a solitary art. Multiple changelings can create and perform rituals together. Perhaps the witches are coming together to turn aside a blight encroaching on their Hollow, to shatter the crystal prison a Huntsman's holding their ally within, or to alter a trod's path to divert one of the True Fae and her entourage. Acting in concert, the witches open more Doors, achieving greater effects than any one of them could on their own.

Systems: Participants may pool their Hedgespinning successes, dedicating them to activating the ritual. At the beginning of the ritual, the players choose which character is the primary actor, as in a teamwork action (**Changeling**, p. 190.) That player spends 1 point of Willpower in addition to the normal Glamour cost. She must provide the three primary hecatombs, as above.

Secondary actors roll to open their own individual Doors. Each participating character must contribute a hecatomb: They bring their own intents to the ritual as well. Players should describe the subtle ways their characters' intents flavor the sorcery.



Once the ritual begins, it must be completed. The coven succeeds or fails together, with each character enjoying the benefits of success or the penalties of failure in addition to those of their individual roll results.

At the end of the ritual, the primary actor receives the following in addition to the normal bonuses or penalties:

- **Success and Exceptional Success:** Gain one Beat and regain the Willpower you spent, *plus* an additional Willpower, up to your maximum.
- **Failure and Dramatic Failure:** Gain two Beats. You do not regain the spent Willpower.

HEDGE SORCERY RITUALS

The following are a sample of commonly used Hedge sorcery rituals.

DEAD CAULDRON

Doors: 5

Duration: One scene.

The sorcerer bathes a body in a restorative poultice, bringing it back to life, at least temporarily. While revived, the body takes no initiative of its own, but it does listen to simple commands and answers any questions put to it as truthfully as it can. By opening three additional Doors, the ritual lasts for a chapter instead of a scene.

FRAGILE CURSE

Doors: 3

Duration: One chapter

With this curse, the sorcerer inflicts a minor Frailty on the victim. The sorcerer or another changeling present for the ritual must possess the Frailty being bestowed. By opening two additional Doors, the sorcerer may inflict an additional minor Frailty. By doubling the number of Doors opened, the sorcerer may choose major Frailties instead.

LIAR'S MANTLE

Doors: 3

Duration: One chapter

The sorcerer twists her Mantle, wrapping her Mask around it so tightly even other changelings can't see through the deception. This ritual makes the sorcerer's Mantle appear to be from another Court or Free Company (*Oak, Ash, & Thorn*, p. 21). The false Mantle only appears half as strong as the sorcerer's actual Mantle. By opening two additional Doors, the false Mantle appears as strong as the genuine Mantle instead. By opening one additional Door, the sorcerer may apply this ritual to another changeling instead of herself.

PASSING DREAM

Doors: 4

Duration: One chapter

The sorcerer swallows a possession, taking it into herself and hiding it within her dreams. Physical objects, such as a valuable token or a stolen Icon, are frequent targets for this ritual, but so are intangible possessions, like an important relationship or membership in a group. Some changelings even use this ritual to swallow their own names, making it difficult for others to identify them. For the ritual's duration, the possession becomes an eidolon within the sorcerer's Bastion. All attempts to locate the object fail, as does any magic relying on the object's dramatic connections. Retrieving an item prematurely is possible if another changeling enters the Bastion and removes the eidolon from the sorcerer's dreams. By opening one additional Door, the sorcerer can consume another person's intangible possession. By opening two additional Doors, the sorcerer can hide the object in someone else's dreams instead of her own.

SABOTAGING FAULT

Doors: 3

Duration: Scene

The ritual temporarily corrupts a token or Icon, preventing it from being used. Mortals can't activate the item, while supernatural beings must first win a Clash of Wills against the sorcerer. The sorcerer may sabotage additional objects by opening three additional doors per target.

TRAITOROUS TEETH

Doors: 3

Duration: One Scene

A dozen of the victim's teeth wiggle loose, marching their way into the Hedge. Until they return at the next scene's end, the victim suffers from the Sickened Condition. During that time, the sorcerer can question the teeth, forcing them to answer a single question below. The sorcerer may ask an additional question for every two Doors opened beyond the ritual's requirements.

- What is the victim's Vice?
- What does the victim not want me to know?
- Who is the victim's closest confidant?
- What is a lie the victim recently told?
- Who is the victim hiding the most from?

STRANGER MAGICS

Just as changelings come in infinite varieties and forms, so does magic. Hedge sorcerers jealousy guard the techniques and methods they pioneer, but some variants have spread from freehold to freehold.

ROSES OUT OF IRON

You can take the sorcerer out of the Hedge, but sometimes the sorcerer takes the Hedge along with her. Doing so risks drawing the Gentry's notice. If one of her Touchstones is present for the ritual, the Wyrd weaves that Touchstone into the final effect in some way.

Systems: Desperate sorcerers can scour their Masks, allowing them to use Hedge sorcery outside of the Hedge until the Scene's end. Unleashing sorcery outside the Hedge blurs the boundary between the mortal and fae worlds together, inflicting the Dissociation Condition on the sorcerer.

PRIVATEER SORCERY

The Lost invented Hedge sorcery, and nothing stops privateers from using it to sell out their comrades. While changelings perform acts of self-sacrifice to gain freedom, at some point, a privateer's bargain shifted that theme to one of sacrificing others for their transgressions. Betraying one's kin is a powerful — if profane — magical act that privateer sorcerers use to power their rituals, often creating a destructive feedback loop of bondage. The stark reality is that any sorcerer can utilize these blasphemous rites. So, while they refuse to admit it, the temptation to turn privateer is genuine — just this one time, when the means justify the ends.

Not all sorcery associated with privateers is actually treasonous. For example, it is entirely plausible for a Hedge sorcerer to build a strong relationship with their Fetch who participates in a ritual. Doing so, however, is highly taboo and raises suspicions about the sorcerer's intentions.

Systems: Unlike other variations of Hedge sorcery, any sorcerer can turn privateer, breaking their oaths and betraying their kin. All they need is the will to do so. Privateers can use the following actions to open Doors in a hecatomb's place.

- Break a formal oath to another changeling.
- Swear a formal oath or vow to a Huntsmen
- Swear a formal oath or vow to the True Fae
- Hand a changeling over to a Huntsman
- A Huntsman participates in the ritual
- A Fetch participates in the ritual
- A captive changeling participates in the ritual

HEDGE SORCERY MERITS

The following represent the better-known Hedge sorcery variants.

FRIGHTFUL INCANTATION (....)

The Autumn Court is infamous for being able to cast spells at the drop of a hat, but they're not the only ones who understand how to turn fear into action. Change can be terrifying, but it can also set you free. Even without hecatombs, the changeling draws on that strength and makes magic happen.

Prerequisite: Hedge Sorcerer, Mantle ♦♦ (the Mantle must impose fear-based Bedlam Conditions), Resolve ♦♦

Systems: The changeling can use her Mantle and mien in place of a hecatomb, giving her a Hedge sorcery resource. She may open a number of Doors per story equal to her Mantle rating in this way. For each such Door, the sorcerer must still dramatically relate an element of her Mantle or mien to the ritual being cast — for example, she may snap off icicles growing from her fingertips, or lop off a vine that grows in place of her hair. This Merit can't replace a hecatomb that's an action.

MAGIC DREAMS (.....)

Prerequisites: Hedge Sorcerer, Occult ♦♦♦

Effect: The sorcerer can cast spells while inside a Bastion, using oneiromancy in place of Hedgespinning for the final roll. While inside a Bastion, the sorcerer can undertake trials on behalf of eidolons to open Doors, as long as they incorporate an element of self-sacrifice. These challenges don't have to be completed while casting the ritual, but they can only be used as long as the changeling remains in the same Bastion and the dreamer doesn't wake up.

CREATING NEW RITUALS

Hedge sorcery empowers players and Storytellers to create their own unique rituals, as appropriate to their chronicles. When creating new rituals, the minimum number of Doors the ritual requires is three. The more potent the ritual is, the more Doors that need opening.

Opening additional Doors beyond the minimum requirements amplifies some rituals. Generally, this requires two or three additional Doors. However, some effects only require a single additional Door, but only when the additional effect is common or extends the main ritual in a minor fashion.

Because Hedge sorcery has an intuitive aspect and a fairytale feel, Storytellers and players should discuss what themes they want the rituals to invoke. Who is the changeling trying to rescue, or what does she seek freedom from? What is she willing to give of herself in exchange? The ritual's Hedge-based components should reflect the desired outcome as well: a briarwolf's claw to tear through a veil, a wyvern feather to invoke flight. The action she takes might involve smashing a vial of tears to free her from grief or burning a dried rose from an old lover to help her new one.



MODISTE OF ELFHAME

The clothes make the changeling, so why don't you try this on?
100% genuine spider-silk!

Those who dismiss clothing and fashion as shallow are themselves not delving deep enough. Garments and accessories play a longstanding role in fae life, from the comb that turns into a forest to the coat made from animal furs that frees a princess from her father. Some changelings know better than the rest the power that clothing has to shape a person, even after the crafts of the Gentry have had their way. A rare few of the Lost have displayed the depth of knowledge and style to earn the title of the Modiste of Elfhame.

This title typically belongs to a skilled sorcerer who fuses the magic of clothing with the magic of the Hedge. After all, the Hedge is rich in material, from strange flora that can be woven into fabric to detritus that would suit being forged into avant-garde jewelry. Modistes must take of themselves to create, too: Blood, sweat, and tears go into any mortal-made garment, and they are the magic that underpins fae sewing.

PRIVILEGES AND DUTIES

Unsurprisingly, Modistes enjoy great favor in seasonal courts. Though Hedge witches are often looked down upon by other changelings, Modistes are highly valued by monarchs who recognize that their garments can have a very real impact on the way others view their reign. Some attach themselves to specific seasonal monarchs, while others serve whoever rules over the freehold at that moment.

A Modiste is also sought-after by more ordinary changelings and often does take them on as clients, for although they may have less obvious prestige, one does not have to be a monarch in order to have influence.

ORIGIN TALES

A Wizeden aided her Fairest friend in escaping their mutual captor, the Dark-Eater of Elfhame-Under-The-Ground, by fashioning cosmic dresses from earthly materials. The dresses — sewn of starspun, sunwort, and moonpool — shone so brightly that they blinded the Gentry, and the changelings escaped.

A True Fae fell so deeply in love with a changeling that she tried to change her fae nature and plied him with gifts given freely. When he said in frustration that all he wanted to do was live a quiet tailor's life, the Treasured Acquisitor of Elfhame granted his wish: He spent the rest of his life unable to speak or hear, communicating only with his sewing.

An Autumn Monarch demanded a garment suiting his station. Tailor after tailor brought him suit after suit, but none were what he wanted. A clever Ogre went into the Hedge, assembled a bouquet, and laid it in the darkest pool of shadow he could find. He returned with a dress that dripped with darkness, and the Autumn Monarch praised his genius and vowed that the Ogre would have whatever materials and support he desired. Apprentices flooded his Hollow, called Elfhame, vying to be his chosen successor.

And influence is what a Modiste values most. They want to be seen and appreciated, and while the easiest way to do that is to dress a leader, Modistes are keenly aware that those behind the scenes matter too.

MASK AND MIEN

It will come as no surprise that the Modistes pay close attention to dress. There's no dress code that ranges across the entire history of those who have held this Entitlement — rather, a Modiste's existing sense of style is heightened and sharpened. From the pastel goth Darkling to the cottagecore Beast, Modistes dress to impress each other and themselves, and the best way to do that is to express your individuality.

Those who see only the Modiste's Mask perceive someone dressed impeccably, no matter what the Modiste is actually wearing. The Mask smooths out any holes, pulled threads, or wrinkles to show mortals the best version of the Modiste's outfit.

A Modiste's fae mien is more dramatic: her features resemble those of beautiful animals: bright markings, impressive plumage, or a luxurious coat. Her skin is made of fine fabrics such as delicate lace, airy silks, or displays intricate weaves and other patterns.

BEQUEATHAL

Even the most tired Modiste rarely puts down her sewing long enough to accept an inheritor. Many changelings, both frivolous and serious, think of this as a glamorous title with glamorous duties and clamor for the

opportunity to take it on. But the Modiste is concerned with their legacies both artistic and reputational; they fear bequeathing the title to someone who will tarnish that legacy. The Modiste takes on many apprentices throughout their time with the title and puts them through their paces. An apprenticeship is brutally difficult both emotionally and physically, as it must be to choose the proper successor. Some apprentices eventually filter themselves out, others are rejected, and finally one is chosen as successor.

In order to take on the title of Modiste, a changeling must create a garment that has never before existed: former Modistes created such wonders as a necklace made from a whale-Beast's filter teeth, a corset with a meteorite busk and fabric woven from moonlight, and a dress sewn from dried rose petals with buttons from its thorns. All garments must have some physical part of the changeling creator in them, be it stitches sewn with their hair, buttons made from their teeth, or a brooch made from an amputated body part. Whatever they incorporate will not come back, even after they pass on the title.

When the Modiste chooses to leave behind her title, she must destroy that same garment. It cannot be reconstructed to complete a bequeathal and lives on only in the former Modiste's mind and any artistic renderings created while it existed. Any attempts to recreate that garment lack its luster and are visibly poor copies of the original — even if made by the same changeling.

Heraldry: A silver needle threaded with gold.



HERALDRY TOKEN: BODKIN (• TO ••••)

Appropriately for someone who plays with the Hedge as easily as a needle slips through silk, the Modiste carries a large bone sewing needle. It looks like an ordinary bone needle when inactive, but when activated with Glamour, it grows to its true size: The eye is big enough to wear as a bracelet, no matter the size of the Modiste's wrist.

When activated, the needle can be substituted for a number of hecatombs equal to the token's rating. It is not sacrificed as a typical hecatomb would be: The needle used in the ritual is destroyed, but one of the Modiste's other needles changes shape to take its place.

Catch: The user threads the needle with a fiber from their target, be it hair from the head of an Ogre or a long thorn from a rosebush.

Drawback: The user exhausts himself, and gains the Fatigued Condition (**Changeling**, p. 338).

THIMBLE'S KISS (••••)

Additional Prerequisites: Crafts 2, Expression 2, Hollow 1 or higher, and Hedge Sorcerer

This entitlement Merit grants the following blessings:

- **Glamour gain:** The changeling may regain 1 Glamour whenever he regains Willpower through his Needle while in direct pursuit of his role. The changeling may spend the Glamour immediately or store it in his heraldry token to use later. The token can store up to his Wyrd in Glamour. If it can't be spent or stored, the Glamour is lost. All stored Glamour disappears when the story ends.
- **Enhanced new Specialty:** This blessing grants the changeling hazy memories of his predecessors' adventures, and inherited expertise. The changeling gains a new Specialty directly relevant to the title's duty, such as Crafts (Garments) or Expression (Embroidery) for the Modiste. Rolls made with this Specialty achieve exceptional success on three successes.
- **Additional Thread:** The blessing grants the changeling sudden flashbacks. Once per chapter, the player may take the Shaken Condition (**Changeling**, p. 344) for their character to remember a terrifying or traumatic experience from a predecessor's life as the title bearer and gain that predecessor's Thread in addition to his own for the duration of the chapter. He still must abide by the usual limitations on anchor-based Willpower gain (**Changeling**, p. 95).

HOW TO USE AN ENTITLEMENT

- An entitlement is a Merit purchased with Experiences. It comes with an attendant heraldry token with a rating of 1-5. The player cannot buy the Merit before the character inherits the title from a predecessor or satisfies the rules that allow them to claim it independently. Full systems for Entitlements are in **Oak, Ash & Thorn**.
- If the changeling doesn't uphold the title's duties during each story, subject to the Storyteller's discretion, she loses one or several of the entitlement's privileges and powers until she fulfills her duties again. Mechanical benefits subject to this suspense are indicated with the "Conditional" keyword.
- Stealing a noble's heraldry token lets the thief use it and access anything to which the title's bearer has exclusive access through her heraldry, such as a hidden Hollow or entry to an elite club. However, such theft imposes the Maggie's Misfortune Condition (**Oak, Ash & Thorn**, p. 34).

Characters may claim wild titles — entitlements whose last bearer gave up the title without a chosen successor (**Oak, Ash & Thorn**, p. 35). These titles can be taken up as-is or tamed.

- Gain Workshop (Wyrd/2, rounded up), applying to the changeling's Hollow. The Hollow is outfitted with a workroom that always has exactly the tools and supplies needed to create standard garments. The changeling will still need to find ways of obtaining supplies that originate in the Hedge. Dots in this Merit each represent one Craft Specialty, taken in whatever order the changeling desires: Weaving, Sewing, Embellishment, Dyeing, and one of the changeling's choice.

- All garments the Modiste creates are imbued with one dot of the Striking Looks Merit. The effects of the Merit only apply to whoever is wearing the garment, and only while they're wearing it. (Conditional)

Touchstone: The Modiste's very first client before taking up the title.

Curse: Clarity attacks suffered in the pursuit of a supply, like thread or fabric, to be used in the creation of a garment add damage dice equal to ranks invested in this Merit.

Beat: The Modiste uses part of her own body to create a garment, provided that she suffers at least 1 point of damage (bashing or lethal) to gather it. For example, plucking a few strands of hair wouldn't count, but yanking out a hank of it — enough to make her scalp bleed — would.

LEGENDS

- Once, an unwilling Modiste created a necklace made from her own hands at the behest of an Autumn king. Later, the necklace came to life, and strangled him slowly before the hands crawled back to the Modiste and she sewed them back onto her wrists.

- Once, a Modiste created a gown so beautiful that he decided it could only be worn by someone marrying their true love. He interviewed changeling after changeling until a True Fae approached him and told him they wanted to purchase it to wear at their wedding. They liked it so much they forced the Modiste to become their personal tailor, living an ostensibly free life in the mortal world but constantly at their beck and call. Now, all Modistes inherit this obligation.

- Once, a Modiste found herself unsatisfied with her inanimate dress form. No matter what she made on it, she felt as though there was always something missing, some spark of life whose lack carried over into the final garment. Eventually, she made herself into a living dress form, and she is passed down to every subsequent inheritor.





CHAPTER FOUR

WHEELINGS AND DEALINGS

*“Goblins are well-rounded, though you’d never think it from the dastard tales folk tell of us.
For example, I enjoy stamp collecting as well as haggling.”*

*—CATHERYNNÉ M. VALENTE,
THE GIRL WHO FELL BENEATH FARYLAND
AND LED THE REVELS THERE*

The word goblin has a variety of meanings to changelings. Goblins are creatures who live in the Hedge; that one’s easy. But they’re also the things a person can *find* in the Hedge: goblin fruits, Hedge hotels, the flowers blooming within the Thorns. Goblins use them, eat them, seek shelter in them, and it doesn’t bother anyone a bit. The word is both a noun and an adjective, and the line between which is what tends to blur.

GOBLIN DEALINGS

All magic comes with a price, and sometimes that price is steep indeed. While most changelings keep up with their Goblin Debt just fine, some find themselves overwhelmed with payments, or a nefarious goblin deliberately sets them up to fail. The changeling feels their Debt piling up, but it’s like walking into a dark forest — the deeper you go, the more your eyes adjust. Some changelings never fully realize how close they are to becoming a denizen until the path is long gone. This section delves more deeply into changelings who become Hedge denizens or even Goblin Queens (**Changeling**, pp. 339 and 340)

BECOMING

Becoming a Hedge denizen is a gradual process with a tipping point. The changeling can feel herself creep towards it, though neither she nor observers spot any outward change. Her ears feel longer, more tapered and fuzzy — even

though, in the mirror and to the eyes of others, they look as they always have. Thorn bushes whisper to her, but she can’t make out any words. The change begins when she gets her first point of Debt. It grows, inside her, every day. The more she accrues, the heavier it weighs on her, as though Faerie might slip into the world and reclaim her again. Going deeper in Debt feels like walking further and further into a dark and dangerous forest — she notices eyes watching from the shadows; the moon feels too close or the wrong color; trees move not only out of the corner of her eye, but sometimes when she’s looking right at them.

A denizen, even a Goblin Queen, still has her Icons. The question is: Does she care? Goblin Queens especially are often so removed from their lives as changeling that they have no interest in recovering Icons. This is wholly dependent on the denizen — and their player. The Storyteller should ask the player, possibly in vague terms, “Would your character still care to remember someone who did them a kindness / betrayed them / suffered alongside them?” If the answer is yes, the Icon and all associated effects (**Changeling**, p. 203) remains. If the answer is no, the Icon withers and the denizen makes a Clarity breaking point roll with severity 3.

The changeling has a good sense of how close she is to becoming a denizen, represented by the player keeping track of her Goblin Debt. However, she invariably underestimates how profound that final tipping point is. Perhaps, because the change she feels is so incremental, she expects the mo-



ment of becoming to be just another step – but it isn't. She pays an increased cost for Arcadian Contracts. The Bargain fueling her court rejects her, leaving her without Mantle and unable to purchase new court Contracts. Goblin Contracts, on the other hand, come naturally to her: She no longer incurs Debt to use them and can switch them around each dawn. The Hedge becomes her true home, and she gains the Deprived Condition when she leaves. The most profound change comes from the Wyrd backing her as a seller of Goblin Contracts and deals.

As far as other Hedge denizens are concerned, a changeling who becomes a denizen or Goblin Queen has always been one. Their perception rearranges itself so Mary the Playmate never existed, and Mary the hobgoblin always has. In all likelihood, this is just how denizen perception works, much in the same way they view all entitlements holders as the same person (see *Oak, Ash, and Thorn*, pp. 32-33). A few philosophical changelings, however, worry it's not the denizens' perception, but the world itself that changes – a fluidity of time in the Hedge that rearranges itself so Mary the Playmate indeed never was. If that's true, when a changeling becomes a denizen – even if she later returns to being a changeling – she creates a new timeline where she condemns herself to always having been a denizen. If that's the case, a changeling turned denizen has no path to turn back. Or, if the timelines cross, she might meet her denizen self – imagine a goblin seller deliberately targeting a changeling with an unfair Contract with the intention of setting her former self onto the path to becoming a denizen.

REACTIONS FROM OTHER CHANGELINGS

Other changelings – including the new hobgoblin herself – still remember Mary the Playmate. How they react, and even how her former court reacts, is wholly personal. Some may reject her entirely, guided by old grudges or new fears. Any Hedge denizen is a potential threat – they're mercurial, with nebulous ties and allegiances. Others still welcome her, if only to keep her loyalties intact – a denizen is a great potential asset. The new denizen's court oath itself appears suspended. It's not broken, as the changeling shows no sign of being an oathbreaker, but it's also no longer in effect. This feeds the rumors that becoming a denizen somehow alters time, and their oath never existed in the first place. Denizens who become changelings again find the oath still *missing*, but can swear it anew. This reactivates the Mantle. Denizens who try to swear their court oath again find they cannot – the powers that fuel the court bargains simply don't accept it.

The denizen's freehold tends to make allowances. She is still welcome at meetings where security is neither discussed nor expected to be an issue. The common attitude here, at least initially, is that the new denizen might yet turn herself around. Most freeholds offer support to the denizen and her

STORY HOOKS: BECOMING

- The Spring Princess turning into a hobgoblin right before the transition of Winter to Spring sends the freehold into disarray. Whispered rumors claim the timing isn't accidental, but arranged by a True Loyalist to leave Spring's bargain unfulfilled in preparation for an attack. The freehold scrambles to crown a new Princess, and any Spring courtier may apply.
- The changeling feels her Debt rise, even though she's not using Goblin Contracts. Asking around in the market, she discovers her fetch made a hobgoblin deal, and the changeling as the "original" must pay the price. She has to pay off her Debt and find her fetch to stop them from making more deals in her name.
- A motley trades with a goblin to purchase a single Contract they may all use. As part of the deal, they're not allowed to keep track of or communicate how often they've used the Contract or paid off Debt. The one who invokes the tenth point of Debt becomes a Hedge denizen.

motley in paying off her Goblin Debt. Any oaths of freehold fealty she swore disappear, but unlike their court oaths, denizens can re-swear them if the freehold accepts.

How the motley reacts depends entirely on its members and their relationship with the new denizen, and thus is left to individual troupes to roleplay. One motley might feel they lost a friend, or that she can't be trusted anymore, while others stop at nothing to help her change back. A few even embark on a path of radical acceptance and welcome her as a denizen.

In almost all cases, the new denizen can expect her former kin to solicit her services after the initial shock has worn off. Goblin Contracts and hobgoblin deals are always handy, and it makes sense to purchase them from Mary – who up until a week ago was a friendly Playmate – rather than from Skin-Jumper Jack who has razor teeth and lives in a bloodied tree stump. A Summer knight might likewise press the new hobgoblin for information on Hedge threats, while an Autumn sorcerer puts in a far more disturbing request to examine the Wyrd's effects on the denizen. At this point, the new denizen usually finds only her motley is still interested in helping her find herself again or accepting her new self without ulterior motives.

GOBLIN QUEENS: MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS

Goblin Queens existed long before any changeling or mortal child ever became one. Most Goblin Queens are simply goblins who fought their way to the top of the food chain. Goblin Queens fulfill a specific task: to uphold the hierarchy of the local goblin court and rule over them. The details, however, vary from goblin court to goblin court — and most courtiers don't appreciate when a new Queen tries to make changes. After all, how things are done far precedes, and thus carries more weight than, the White Queen claiming she's a new person who wants to do things differently.

The Goblin Queen rules over the local Hedge denizens. He has both status and personal retainers, as described in the Goblin Queen Condition, but his influence goes beyond that. Any goblin below his status acknowledges and treats him as Queen. The Hedge naturally grows into a castle around him, which takes 28 days to grow from a single room to a grand construction complete with spiral towers and walls. A nascent Queen can reject this or lean into it.

A Goblin Queen who rejects his role, perhaps fearing that power and luxury will tempt him away from becoming a changeling again, has limited options. Unless he wants to live in a Hedge castle, he must stay on the move — it takes about a week for the Hedge to grow from a nice series of rooms to a mansion. He can also try to dismiss his retainers. Usually though, this yields no or few results. One dismissed retainer simply carries out her duties whether her Queens wants or not. Another takes up vigil outside the castle walls, wasting away until she is summoned again. In the rare case that a dismissed retainer actually leaves, a new one arrives within a fortnight. Supplicants arrive at the Queen's door to seek aid or council. He can refuse to see any of them, but even then, they simply consider him the Queen Locked in the Castle and leave any manner of unwanted gifts.

A Goblin Queen who leans into his role has a lot of work to do. He must mediate disputes between the local denizens, find some hero to slay the Beast of Thistleback attacking his subjects, and make any number of proclamations for no other reason than that denizens love and expect proclamations. He may also try to change local customs, like explaining to his subjects that the *former* Queen wanted necklaces made of human eyeballs, but he — the *new* Queen — prefers mittens crocheted with alpaca wool. This bit is tricky, because goblins have real trouble distinguishing between two individuals who have both been their Queen, much as they do with entitlements. However, the more he leans into his role the easier it becomes — if he accepts the duties and privileges of being Queen, the Wyrd provides some leeway in letting him adjust the title to his own temperament.

RETURNING HOME

A denizen or Queen who wants to become as she once was has an arduous road ahead of her. It begins by paying off

STORY HOOKS: MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS

- The old Queen vowed to relieve the Hedge of drought, and now the new Queen must confront the man-sized beaver goblin who's building dams. Meanwhile the beaver is simply holding up their deal with the Summer court to make the environment extra dry and scorched, which in turn fulfills the court's bargain with Summer.
- The Goblin Queen tries to negotiate a treatise between the freehold and his denizens. Both sides expect him to have *their* best interests at heart. This comes to a head when a goblin accuses a changeling of stealing goblin fruit from *their* orchard, while changelings view the tree as public property.
- One of the Gentry invites the Goblin Queen for tea to discuss a trade: a changeling from the local freehold in exchange for one of the Queen's Icons. The Icon clearly matters to the Queen, or else it would have withered already.

at least one point of Goblin Debt. This can't be the Storyteller spending Debt — the character must seek her Contract holder and either fulfill her end of the bargain, or otherwise persuade them to let her work it off. For denizens this is relatively easy — the other denizens regard her as one of them and can be swayed if she sweetens the pot. The returning denizen might enter an agreement where she fulfills a quest to work off her Debt and throws in some of her Credit (Debt owed to her) as a bonus.

Denizens who can't reach an agreement to pay off debt have a few other options, all of them unsavory. Destroying the Contract (or item) representing the deal she made doesn't nullify her outstanding Debt. Killing her creditor does the trick sometimes, but other times the changeling discovers her creditor already bargained away her Debt to someone else. Changelings even recorded instances of the Wyrd transferring Contracts whole-cloth to other goblins upon the creditor's death — none of them are certain why or what the prerequisites are, but the Wyrd isn't taking questions. Either way, murdering your creditor is a last, desperate resort with unpredictable results.

The Goblin Queen has it even harder. Denizens like having a Queen around, and they even like doing her bidding — so long as that bidding suits her role. The denizens instinctively sense that letting a Queen work off her Debt could mean losing her, and so they try every avenue to stop

her. They might claim etiquette, saying that such tasks are beneath her. They might set a task that's all but impossible. They can't flat out refuse, any more than the Queen can send out an edict demanding they let her pay it off, but they can make it very hard. She becomes a denizen if she manages it, rather than converting back to a changeling entirely. The Goblin Queen does, however, have a loophole she can exploit.

A Goblin Queen may, at any time, find a mortal child to replace her. This means she needs to kidnap the child, drag them into the Hedge, and leave them to the care of her goblin retinue. It's a heinous act, punishable by exile in most freeholds, though some offer lenience if the Queen finds a willing child. Even so, many Queens resort to it. They're driven by equal measures desperation and opportunism: Why go through the trouble of becoming a denizen, and risk becoming a Goblin Queen again, when you can just skip that phase? The motley should definitely sit down and discuss boundaries before the Goblin Queen embarks on this terrible journey, and Storytellers and players should discuss the plot point at the table.

Denizens who paid off their Debt — and Queens who did, became a hobgoblin, and then paid off another point of Debt — need a sense of purpose before becoming a changeling again. It's not enough to simply reduce Debt. What the denizen needs is a moment of profound realization or despair that lets her find her old self again (represented by healing Clarity). Some denizens come to that point naturally, but most require an intervention. This is the reason most

freeholds don't just exile changelings-turned-denizens. The denizen's motley, if it stuck with her, is best placed for this intervention, but ultimately the choice to return is hers.

Becoming herself again doesn't preclude any fallout. People remember what she did, and stating "I was under a supernatural compulsion to accumulate Credit" only sways people already inclined to forgive her. Moreover, if other denizens couldn't understand that Mary the Playmate is now Mary the hobgoblin, they seem to grasp the reverse just fine. The Wyrd still enforces any deals she made where she was the debtor. The deals where she was the creditor though, and any Credit gained from it, revert to the Wyrd to keep until she becomes a denizen again.

LEAVE YOUR WORRIES BEHIND

Unless the changeling was genuinely at the end of his rope, becoming a denizen is a step backwards. In fact, most supernatural creatures who turn into a denizen feel the

STORY HOOKS: RETURNING HOME

- The changeling's hobgoblin cottage keeps following her around the Hedge. It's erratic and unpredictable, but if the changeling can work out what it wants and befriend it, it could become a Hollow.
- A goblin merchant comes knocking. Since the changeling isn't using them, can he take over some of her old pledges? The changeling can transfer the bargain using their physical token. He offers a free Contract in return — he'll handle any Debt — in exchange for a pledge the denizen made with a beloved friend, or even a motley mate.
- A month after her return, the changeling receives a plea for help from her fetch. A nasty denizen she tricked as a hobgoblin, believes the fetch to be the culprit. This is a great opportunity for the changeling to rid herself of the fetch or befriend them.

STORY HOOKS: THE CREATURE

- The troll under the bridge, guarding the path to the motley's Hollow in exchange for food, used to be a waitress named Jane. Every year on June 12th, the day Jane went missing, her family keeps her story alive and pleads with whomever is holding Jane to let her go. It's heart-wrenching, but Jane doesn't want to go home. Bring closure to the grieving family might help the changelings deal with their own trauma though, even granting Clarity at the Storyteller's discretion.
- One of the changeling's close friends or siblings senses the fetch isn't really him and strikes a terrible bargain to find him. They're reunited with the changeling just as they become a denizen. Now the changeling has to help their friend navigate their way back to mortality.
- The freehold still tells the tale of Rapunzel, the former barista who became a Goblin Queen ten years ago. He still remains in his tower in the woods, waiting for someone to climb up and give him a good reason to come back — because he hasn't found one in all his years. His goblin court doesn't want him to leave, with the exception of one small sprite who fell in love with the Prince and thinks he would be happier as a mortal — so the sprite asks the motley for help.

DENIZENS FROM OTHER GAMES

If another creature from the **Chronicles of Darkness** accumulates enough Debt to become a denizen or Goblin Queen, adjust the Conditions on pp. 339 and 340 of **Changeling** accordingly.

- Use the creature's Supernatural Tolerance trait in place of Wyrd where appropriate.
- Hedge Denizen: All former powers are purchased at their out-of-type cost. For example, a former Mekhet pays full price for any new dots in *Auspex*, *Celerity*, and *Obfuscate*.
- Goblin Queen: The character can no longer purchase powers that formerly came naturally. For example, a former mage can't purchase any new Arcana.

trade-off isn't worth it, though individuals vary – a vampire who manages to shed their bloodlust in the change might consider it an excellent deal.

Mortals, however, are often a different matter.

Being human is *hard*. Laundry never ends, they have to pay rent and utilities, and fascism is making an international comeback. For humans who struck a deal with a goblin to better handle life, it's even harder than most. Because, make no mistake, even mortals recognize a goblin when they see it. He might not realize it's a fae creature born of whimsy and thorns, but he definitely senses something is off. Depending on his upbringing and religion, he might even realize he's dealing with a trickster or believe he's bargaining with the devil. He made the deal anyway, which speaks volumes to his desperation. For these people, being a denizen might actually be preferable. Retreating to a swamp filled with thorn bushes, cooking up strange potions, and making magical deals with passersby isn't too bad compared to a capitalist hellscape doomed by climate change. As time passes, they simply forget their former life; others don't forget them, however, and they now become the fairy-tale creature in *their* lives.

GOBLIN CREDIT

The new hobgoblin can sell Goblin Contracts and make hobgoblin deals. She instinctively knows how, and the deal's accrued Debt becomes her Goblin Credit.

USING CREDIT

Most hobgoblins live off Goblin Credit – the receiving side of the coin that is Goblin Debt. They do this in a variety of ways.

A denizen can sell a Contract or strike off Debt owed to her for a fixed price, like silver shoes or a rare goblin fruit – and now the denizen has silver shoes and a Scarlet Apple that traps the soul of anyone who bites into it. If the customer offered to be her servant for the day, the denizen probably has a clean house, chopped firewood, and a well-tended garden now. These are immediate and tangible effects.

She can also dictate, when she first strikes the deal, what happens when the Storyteller spends the consumer's Debt (see **Changeling**, p. 162) – for example, spent Debt from Tommy's Glib Tongue summons hot meals to the denizen's table, while spent Debt from Angela's Lost Visage fills a tub with hot water. If she didn't stipulate what payment looks like on her end – and new hobgoblins often forget – things get weird. Silver shoes might simply pop up on her fireplace. A goblin tree sprouts naturally in her backyard – offering fruit in a year and a day if she tends it. It might also be more insidious. She hears a snippet of conversation not intended for her ears. A friend's keys turn up in her pocket, and she can't just give them back because the Wyrd determined they're hers now. The denizen immediately knows on whose behalf the items arrived and how it affects their Debt, though it's too late to amend the deal now – she just has to accept random payment moving forward.

It's a rare denizen who has everything covered – maybe she has free daily meals but still draws her own baths – and goblins trade Credit between themselves for necessities and luxuries alike. A trade of Credit may have a specific goal. For example, when a denizen needs a favor from a specific changeling, she might seek a hobgoblin who's made a deal with that changeling and negotiate a trade for ownership of the deal and its terms. These trades are always accompanied by passing over the item representing the deal (see "All Sales are Final (Mostly)," p. XX.) The denizen then becomes the changeling's new creditor. The person who owes the Debt doesn't sense the deal's shift in ownership – the deal continues on their end as-is, until a completely unknown hobgoblin shows up demanding payment.

In addition to using Credit as currency with other denizens, the player may spend it on their own Goblin Contracts in lieu of Glamour. If the Storyteller is tracking Glamour use by hobgoblins, they can also use Credit this way.

BAD DEBTORS

Sometimes a customer tries to cheat their way out of Debt. They could physically leave town, and while distance doesn't mean the same thing in the Hedge as it does in the mundane world, a customer who seeks refuge in a friendly Grove might make it harder for their creditor to collect.

Some try to avoid payment by manipulating the circumstances. Blinding yourself so “the first person you see when you come home” is no one is fair – in fact, most denizens applaud the commitment and tragedy of the act. Finding a laborious side quest so you arrive home hours after bedtime is also fine, especially since it still carries the risk of a sleepless child waiting at the door to greet you. Calling ahead and making sure everyone except the family pet is away from home, however, is cheating. The difference lies not in the outcome, or even the attempt at subversion (some hobgoblins fully expect customers to avoid payment), but in the effort and risk the debtor put into it.

Bad debtors enrage a hobgoblin. Just as having Credit owed feels good, being cheated out of it feels like fingernails on a chalkboard, only the chalkboard is their connection to the Wyrd. Whenever a debtor cheats the creditor – meaning they got out of paying Debt and didn’t put proper effort, risk, or tragedy into it – the creditor immediately loses a point of Willpower.

Fortunately, the hobgoblin has options. Once her customer has treated her unfairly, she doesn’t have to apply fairness to them either – fairness is a Contract too, and the changeling broke it. Next time they come to her, she may refuse them or ask a much steeper price than usual. She can call in any remaining Debt they owe her for a task that will cost them dearly. She might demand of the changeling, “Bring what you find beyond the purple Thorns,” when she knows full well the changeling’s Icon waits there. Or she could ask for the pelt of the Stallion of Nevermore, when the creature killed the last five changelings who tried. She can even sell their remaining Debt to the Gentry and let them handle it. If all that fails to incentivize the debtor, or soothe the hobgoblin’s rage, she can turn the matter over to the Wyrd – see “Wyrd Debt” under Goblin Contracts (p. XX).

SELLING GOBLIN CONTRACTS

A denizen can sell any Goblin Contract she personally knows – and she can rearrange her Goblin Contract dots each morning to meet her buyers’ demands. Sometimes, though, a pushy changeling wants to buy the Contract *today* and the denizen simply doesn’t know it. In those cases, she can borrow it from a denizen who does know the Contract, as well as Gentry, or the Wyrd itself – and then sell the loaner Contract to her buyer. She is the middleman rather than the holder of this deal, which means she needs to arrange terms both with her buyer and the holder. The holder might demand that all Credit goes to them, with the denizen getting a one-time commission, or that they divide the Credit between them – for example, the holder gets the first two Credit and the denizen every third. She could also buy the Goblin Contract off them entirely, paying in Credit (or other favors) she has at hand and immediately rearranging her own Goblin Contract dots to represent this purchase.

Closing a deal with the Wyrd works the same way, though it can be a hassle. Rather than talking to another singular and sentient being, the denizen tells the Wyrd what kind of Contract they need and then sets out to find it in the Hedge,

where it usually takes the shape of an item. The more valuable her request, the more complicated the quest to find them – hobgoblins sometimes pass the quest on as part of their price. For example, she might ask the Wyrd for a Contract that finds all doors. A single thick quill drifts in through the open window, and after some research the hobgoblin learns it belongs to the Horror of the Fens. Realizing the Horror must guard the Contract, she asks her next customers to slay the creature.

Denizens can also sell magic items, including tokens and ingredients. If she has a potion made of true love’s kiss, or shoes that never hurt your feet, she can sell them. She can get the items from her customers (a couple genuinely in love can supply true love’s kiss to bottle), trade or buy them from other hobgoblins, or get them from the Wyrd through a quest.

ALL SALES ARE FINAL (MOSTLY)

The sale of a Goblin Contract or a token always requires a physical item to represent the payment. Some denizens also ask for a specific act to seal the deal, asking for tangible proof of the task’s completion. This object often doubles as the item representing the payment. She might ask the changeling to cut down the Emerald Tree and bring her a bright green leaf, or slay a beast and bring her its tusk. If she asks for a simpler action, such as a dance or a kiss on the brow, the hobgoblin can use the Bottle Glamour power (**Changeling**, p. 254) to conjure an item that represents the deal. Clever denizens like to accomplish two tasks at once – sell a Contract and get rid of that pesky tree blocking their light – and even cleverer ones know to hide requests of real value in a flurry of random nonsense. The physical object can be anything, though signed contracts on vellum are both traditional and enduringly popular.

As far as the Wyrd is concerned, the keeper of the object holds the deal. The denizen can refuse to hand it over to a possible trade partner – which will certainly antagonize them – and she must guard against customers trying to steal the item back from her. Destroying the item renders the deal null and void, but only the hobgoblin can do it.

TERMS OF SALE

The terms of any Contract must be fair. A hobgoblin does her motley no favors by trying to give them freebies. If she doesn’t set a fair price, the Wyrd will – so it’s best to just set terms from the outset. Fair means just that: The denizen must ask for something she believes to be of equal value. *Believes to be* is key here, and there are a few loopholes a well-intentioned hobgoblin can use. She can start by not asking what the Contract or token is intended for, because if the answer is *to find my Icon* or *to become Spring Queen*, the price just sky-rocketed. She can also ask, “Would you like me to ask what it’s worth to you?” and let the changeling take it from there. The problem with that is, she can’t pick and choose who she treats that way. If she’s only lenient to her motley, that’s favoritism rather than fairness. She needs to treat all her customers the same. A hobgoblin who drives a soft bargain soon finds herself overwhelmed with customers

STORY HOOKS: MAKING DEALS

- The hobgoblin sees one of her motley's Icons for sale at the goblin market. The seller isn't taking Credit, but he will trade against a Contract she holds. That would give him power over the hobgoblin's debtor, who happens to be the motley's ally.
- Her fetch asks for a "real heart." The fetch doesn't recognize the hobgoblin, but she recognizes them. Granting the heart would turn the fetch into a real human, perfectly positioned to take over the denizen's former mortal life forever. Does the denizen want that, and what's a fair price for such a gift?
- One of the motley's mortal friends struck a bargain with another hobgoblin, and she struggles to make payment. The seller is about to invoke Wyrd Debt (see p. XX). The character tries to trade for the deal, and the seller demands a Contract owed by one of the freehold's rulers in return.

and beset by other sellers for undercutting their prices.

There is one exception to fair deals: A hobgoblin can ask for a surprise payment. This price isn't that common — most people don't want to take the risk — but has nevertheless been popularized in fairy tales the world over. "The first living creature you see when you arrive home" is popular, as is "something you already possess without knowing it." Such statements might mean the debtor pays a trifle — if the first living creature they see is a bumblebee pollinating their roses, they've paid their Debt at little cost. However, the opposite can be true as well. Maybe their child came home from college for an unplanned visit, and she's waiting on the doorstep.

This is the one instance where the denizen doesn't have to treat her customers equally. She can offer a surprise bargain to her motley, relying on their creativity to make it work for them, and not to any of her other customers. Some denizens offer a surprise bargain and rig the outcome. They bargain for "something you already possess without knowing it" when they figured out the changeling is pregnant before the changeling knows. This requires a lot of work, and most denizens only bother if they need the surprise payment for a Hedge sorcery ritual or to uphold their own deal with a more powerful hobgoblin. Goblin Queens are notorious for using surprise payments to secure a child for their own release.

TRACKING CREDIT

Having people indebted to her feels *good*. It's not just the prospect of having people perform tasks for her when

they pay off Debt; it's the accumulation of Credit too. Every third point of Debt a single person racks up immediately replenishes one Willpower point for the creditor. Credit represents power and leverage. Regardless of her sentiments as a changeling, Credit is what denizens thrive on. Accumulating it can wear away her original intentions to let her motley sneak in good bargains or even weaken her resolve to become a changeling again.

A hobgoblin always knows exactly who owes her, and how much. She doesn't need to keep a ledger, though many do for show. The player, however, should keep track of the Credit each individual customer owes her. This Credit never rises above nine, as the tenth point of Debt instead turns the customer into a denizen themselves.

GOBLIN CONTRACTS

Here are two new Goblin Contracts for denizens to learn or sell.

DISTILL THE HIDDEN

The character can take ephemeral things, like true love's kiss or a baby's first laughter, and turn them into tangible objects. The target must have been present to witness or participate in the event, and the event must have significant personal meaning. He must also be a willing participant in the Contract. The player chooses a signature object when purchasing this Goblin Contract, and this is always what the ephemeral turns into: The character might weave it into thread, bottle it as a potion, and so on. Anyone who purchases this Goblin Contract from the character also copies their signature object.

Cost: 1 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: None

Action: Instant

Duration: Permanent

Effects: The character turns the ephemeral into a physical object. The object has permanence, though it can still be lost, broken, or used up. She can store the object, trade it, use it as ingredient for something else, or anything else she can do with a physical object, at any time she chooses. The target loses their memory of the event. If another person was part of what the target traded — the person who was kissed, the laughing baby — they suffer the Ravaged Condition or other effects the Storyteller deems appropriate.

Loophole: The character creating the object was also present for the event. She suffers the Confused Condition at the loss of the experience. She knows what the signature object contains, but doesn't remember her part in it.

WYRD DEBT

The character asks someone three times to repay their debt to her. Traditionally, hobgoblins liked to appear at 3

AM in the queen's chambers on the three nights of the full moon. Nowadays, that sends a mortal running, and they have a lot of places to run to, so best to get the asking done in one conversation. If the buyer still refuses, the character calls on the Wyrd to make them pay.

Cost: 1 Glamour

Dice Pool: Presence + Intimidation + Wyrd - Composure

Action: Instant

Effects: The target suffers a Condition. Paying off their Debt becomes the Condition's resolution, wholly replacing the usual resolution. The player chooses the Condition from this list: Amnesia (beware, as they might also forget what they owe), Bestial, Blinded, Delusional (the Storyteller, acting as the Wyrd, picks the delusion), Dream Assailant, Fatigued, Glamour Addicted, Hunted, Lethargic, Madness, Mute, Paranoid.

Loophole: The character asked the target on three separate occasions.

GOBLIN MARKETS

Every three months, on the third day, somewhere deep into the trod that starts under the overpass, a 12-legged fae beast arrives with tents and booths nestled upon its back. It settles down to slumber, and the people on top sell its wares. At the stroke of midnight, the Whistling Millipede awakens, and the vendors close up shop.

In a gleaming canyon lined with obsidian and orichalcum, Crumbleton's Last Stop sells weapons forged from the frustrated rage of the hopeless throughout the world, clothing spun from the dying dreams of the content, and goblin fruit that its proprietors claim was grown and harvested within the court of the Meezer-Headed Duchess, whose dilapidated castle stands in the far distance.

The motley that runs the Mahogany Flea Market refuses to call their business a Goblin Market, but it's the worst kept secret in the city. Local freeholders think it's because of the stigma of changelings running a market, or because the hobgoblins that operate much of the fairground compelled the motley to serve them. Neither is true, though the hobgoblins are openly resentful of these newcomers running the show. They try to hide the market's obvious nature, because that's what they promised the market itself, in exchange for a Contract with a value beyond any price.

The Hedge is home to many Goblin Markets, each as unique as a fingerprint. Their wares are like nothing else, and nowhere else has them. If a changeling can find them, and if they're willing to pay the price, they might come back with something precious, or at least with a story to tell.

SHOPPING TRIPS

Goblin Markets aren't easy to find. For some, this is by design. The market must stay hidden to avoid the wrath of a



nearby freehold, or because it prefers to attract an exclusive clientele. For others, it's the unfortunate consequence of their location or migratory pattern. Not every market can place itself front and center in a major metropolitan area, and many don't want to risk making treks into unsafe territory.

When a changeling wants the seeds of a unique goblin fruit, or the lost sword of a particular Huntsman, they're usually in for a three-step journey. First, they need to know that the market they're looking for exists, seek it out, or have it invite them. Then, they need to travel there, either through the mundane world or through the Hedge. After that, they need to enter the market, which can be more of a challenge than it sounds.

OUTSIDE THE HEDGE

Goblin Markets in the mortal realm have some measure of safety. They're in a stable location and often within driving distance of a good-sized town. They should be out of the Gentry's prying eyes, though the Lost know this is rarely the case.

Markets outside the Hedge prefer to stay well-hidden. This isn't just for the security of their vendors and customers. Sometimes, the Hedge bleeds into mortal venues and leaves openings or even bits of its landscape behind. A market can set up shop in an abandoned big box store once and unintentionally leave a passage to the Hedge in the fitting rooms, ready for the store's next owners to find. Setting up shop in obscure, strange places not only makes the market unique, it prevents unfortunate discoveries or troublesome questions should the Hedge decide to settle in with the merchandise.

Systems: Finding and traveling to Goblin Markets in the mundane world can happen in three ways: through no roll at all, using an individual dice roll, or engaging in the Investigation system (**Changeling**, p. 194).

No Rolls: If a Goblin Market makes itself well-known, is approved of or even encouraged by the local freehold, or is in a place the characters often travel to, there's usually no need to roll. Unless the route there is dangerous or obscured, the challenge for these kinds of markets isn't getting there, but finding what the motley needs and dealing with the price.

Individual Dice Pools: For Goblin Markets that have some obscurity, are only tolerated by the local freehold, or are in places the characters are familiar with but do not regularly travel to, consider using an individual dice roll. Common pools include Intelligence + Streetwise, Strength + Survival, Dexterity + Drive, and Presence + Socialize. Appropriate bonuses and penalties from a market's Bourse or Passage rating (p. XX) always apply to these rolls.

Investigating Markets: Goblin Markets that are kept secret, are outright hated by the local freehold, or are in places the characters are unfamiliar with need to be tracked down via an investigation. When traveling to a market with an investigation, the Goblin Market always serves as the goal.

The base scale of the investigation is equal to the market's Inventory rating (p. XX). The Storyteller may increase or de-

crease the scale at their discretion, but unless the market is significantly important to the chronicle, a market investigation should never exceed more than five Clues. The dice pools suggested for an individual roll are also suggested for discovering each individual Clue. Bonuses and penalties from a market's Bourse apply to these rolls when appropriate.

Each Clue in a market investigation is either an insight into the nature of the market, such as individual aspects of its Bourse, or a physical obstacle the characters must overcome to reach the market. When all the Clues are uncovered, the motley arrives at the Goblin Market.

Just like a regular investigation, players may choose to arrive at the market without amassing all the Clues. Major complications that may arise from doing this include but are not limited to raising the market's suspicions, a shortage or price gouging of a desired item, a physical threat to the market, the appearance of a rival, an extremely late arrival when time is critical, or the persistent interest of a shady dealer.

Market Familiarity: Since these markets are in physical locations with definite directions, it's easier for characters to develop a familiarity with a market. After a successful investigation, players may only need to make individual rolls to return to the market. After at least three successful individual dice rolls to return to the market, players may no longer need to roll to travel to the market at all. Both are at the Storyteller's discretion.

WITHIN THE HEDGE

Goblin Markets in the Hedge may not have easily mappable locations, but what they lack in topographic consistency is made up for by their easier existence and ability to attract customers.

To put it simply, when a Goblin Market's in the Hedge, there's less pressure to hide the weird stuff. The only thing this market needs to worry about is whether the neighbors approve of them, and if they're powerful enough to do something about it if they do disapprove. Compared to their mundane cousins, these markets stand out. There's no wondering if you've come to the right place when the two tommyknockers at the door bid you welcome.

Since there's no easy or consistent path to a Goblin Market in the Hedge, vendors can get the word out through promotional gifts commonly referred to as *broad-sides*. These can be a piece of printed media from which they get their namesake, a Goblin Fruit grown on the market's premises, or an otherwise useless trinket infused with the vendor's Glamour. They're either passed around freeholds and hobgoblin communities or directly given to prospective clients.

Broad-sides serve as a kind of compass for the market they come from, and they're used to help interested customers navigate their way to the market. They're just as useful outside of the Hedge as they are within it, and the discovery of a lost broadside in the mortal world is often the start of an ordinary person's terrifying ordeal within the Thorns.



Markets can also use the Hedge's psychoactive nature to their advantage. If an enterprising vendor can announce their wares to the land with enough guile and Glamour, customers start arriving. Their call subtly shapes the Hedge around them, creating passageways and shortcuts desirable to travelers, bringing them closer to the market. If a changeling wants something badly enough, it's possible that they won't have to find the market that sells it, it'll just find *them*.

Systems: The following systems are add-ons or alterations to the chase mechanics for Hedge traversal (**Changeling**, p. 200).

Broadsides: Broadsides are a special kind of Hedgespun item (**Changeling**, p. 225). Mechanically, they are like a one-dot item, with three major differences. First, a broadside only works when traveling through the Hedge with the explicit purpose of going to the Goblin Market from which it was created. Second, it always provides its holder with Improved Alacrity, granting a +2 bonus to their Speed at the start of the chase. Finally, broadsides will cooperate with non-fae beings once, as a kind of Key to open the next Hedgeway the being comes across. Non-fae that use a broadside as a Key normally find their way to its Goblin Market but may end up just as lost and in peril as if they had stepped through the Hedgeway by any other means.

Unconventional Trips: When a changeling seeks a Goblin Market, or when the market seeks a changeling, a Hedge chase begins with one major difference: The market replaces the Hedge as a participant.

A Goblin Market has a Speed of 5, or 10 in the Thorns. Its base and Edge-taking pools are equal to its Inventory rating. This dice pool is modified by factors on the following table:

Circumstance	Market Dice Bonus
Inventory appeals to at least one changeling's Needle	+1
Inventory appeals to at least one changeling's Thread	+3
Inventory appeals to one or more changeling's Aspirations	+1 (cumulative)
Participants are chased by a non-Hedge or non-market entity	+1 (cumulative)
A new turn begins	+1 (cumulative)
The market has the Edge	+2

Players need six successes to overcome a Goblin Market. Characters that beat the market arrive together in a proper or convenient location, such as an official entrance or near a relevant vendor. Characters beaten by the market arrive separately and must find each other among the tempting shops.

ON THE WEB

BriarNet Goblin Markets lay in-between the mortal and Hedge markets. In some ways, they're the best of both worlds. Some are hidden as regular storefronts on the mortal side of the internet, so purchasing a fairy bauble is a few keystrokes away. Some have warehouses as well as Hollows to store their goods, so changelings can pick up purchases in whatever manner feels safest. These Goblin Markets don't have to keep hours or specific arrival times, but can be accessed all day, year round.

BriarNet markets also bring new challenges. Like markets located in the Hedge, they share the ability to draw those that desire what they have towards them. Unlike those markets, they have little control over who answers the call. Since the BriarNet bridges the mundane and the fae together, mortals are even more likely to stumble across the market's wares with a strong enough desire and the right search queries. Passwords and overlaying internet networks on top of the regular network help, but vendors often meet clients who have no idea what they're really getting into.

Then, there are the consequences that a constant internet presence brings. As activity on the internet increases and as the Hedge creeps further into it, popular Goblin Markets in the BriarNet develop trods. Many of them are connected via the Information Superhighway (p. XX). While these trods are nowhere near as large as the Superhighway, it still means that without the use of VPNs or other proxy services, a changeling's personal computer could become an endpoint. Rumors abound of compulsive shoppers suddenly finding their computer flipping on in the middle of the night and finding themselves face-to-face with a Viral Brute.

Systems: Depending on which side the market prefers to do most of its business, changelings can find and travel to BriarNet markets either through mundane methods (p. XX) or by Hedge methods (p. XX). The following systems serve as add-ons to mundane or Hedge methods to better represent a BriarNet market's virtual nature.

Physical Presence Markets: While all BriarNet markets exist inside and outside of the Hedge, only some keep their inventory and infrastructure within the mundane world.

A physically present BriarNet market always exposes a computer or smartphone to the Hedge in ways that interactions between mundane computer networks and the BriarNet do not. Even if business occurs solely through mundane bank accounts and warehouses, these servers brush against the BriarNet's Hedge form, and the force of the market's transactions pushing themselves into OpSpace, the mundane internet, leaves an impression on ordinary hardware. Unless a piece of technology is custom built for market access, the hardware that accessed the market develops a quirk that modifies any equipment bonus it provides from -2 to +2, depending on the nature and success of the transaction.

Hedge Presence Markets: The BriarNet is connected to the greater Hedge, and it's possible to reach a market's digital loca-

tion by traveling through its physical one. To access the BriarNet, a changeling must pass through a *node*, a special kind of Hedgeway within the Hedge, like the Gate of Horn (**Changeling**, p. 217). Unlike the Gate of Horn, nodes aren't declared goals; changelings simply pass through them on their way to BriarNet destinations. Shifting from the physical to the digital Hedge and vice versa is a disorienting experience, and slightly increases the chance of a changeling getting lost.

Travelling through nodes always modifies a player's target number of successes when traversing the Hedge by +1.

Physical Nodes: With enough exposure to the BriarNet, mundane hardware stops developing quirks, instead transforming into Hedgeways. Hardware Hedgeways are always dormant, always lead to the BriarNet, and may be opened with broadsides from markets within it.

PASSWORDS AND PLEDGES

Whether a market exists in the mundane world, the Hedge, or somewhere between on the BriarNet, the final hurdle is getting in. No matter where the market is, security is always a priority. Very few markets are trusting (or powerful) enough to let their customers walk in without any hassle. The majority prefer an entrance ritual, whether it's just a hasty recitation of the market's laws or a full-on Oath to keep shoppers on their best behavior.

A few markets go further than this and hide behind one extra layer of effort for entrance. These might be passwords, either audible or digital depending on its location. They could be dedicated tasks, such as solving a riddle, performing an errand, or providing the market with personal belongings (or motley-mates) as collateral. These markets usually do this to keep away window shoppers and often hold some of the Hedge's rarest items and treasures.

Systems: The three most common methods of entering a Goblin Market are pledges and passwords. The purpose of all of these is to ensure that the shopper understands the market's laws and swears to follow them under pain of punishment or even death.

Market Laws: Goblin Markets may have any number of laws, though most stick to five at maximum. These laws are influenced by a market's Bourse and the keywords of its Vendors (p. XX). Entering a market means accepting all these laws.

Sealing: Smaller or more public markets prefer to seal their customer's words. Unlike regular sealing, a changeling does not take a Beat when their agreement to the market's laws is sealed.

Oaths: Private markets or markets with highly prized or dangerous items for sale may make their customers swear an Oath to obey the market laws. These markets always have a single changeling or small motley to set up these Oaths, and they are always open.

Market Oaths are a kind of societal oath (**Changeling**, p. 213) and grant the following benefits:

- The changeling may browse the market stalls as they please.
- The player receives a +1 to all rolls to navigate the Hedge to the market.
- A vendors' impression level (**Changeling**, p. 192) of the changeling never drops below Good while they're in the market.

Breaking this oath revokes all benefits and:

- The changeling gains the Notoriety Condition (**Changeling**, p. 343).

Passwords: Some markets require passwords instead of pledges. If the characters don't know these passwords, they're found through social manipulation (for mundane, Hedge, and Hedge-facing BriarNet markets) or hacking (for BriarNet markets with a physical presence).

Some BriarNet markets are defended by firewalls as well as passwords. These are like Bastions (**Changeling**, p. 221) and have a Fortification rating equivalent to its Inventory, plus one.

BUILDING A MARKET

Goblin Markets aren't just places to shop and restock. They easily introduce new characters and story hooks to the chronicle. They give players goals, even if it's something as simple as working off the payment for that neat Contract they bought. They give your chronicle's setting color and can even serve as a tonal shift in your game. Depending on your market, a shopping trip is either a welcome break from the tension or tense foreshadowing of drama to come.

This section provides rules on how to build a Goblin Market that's fascinating and fun as soon as it hits the table. It approaches Goblin Markets in two ways. The first is that the market should be its own character, with its personality and goals expressed through its location, its wares, and its sellers. The second is that markets are extensions, riffs, and foils to the themes and concepts in your chronicle. With these in mind, a Goblin Market breaks down into four components: its *Bourse* (location), its *Lien* (common currency), its *Inventory* (the most popular wares or services the market sells), and its *Vendors* (its most significant salespeople, either in terms of hierarchy or narrative).

These components are described with narrative tags that serve as suggestions or starting points for a market's security, prices, goods and/or services, and people.

STEP ONE: BRAINSTORM CONCEPT

Before creating a Goblin Market, think about what purpose you'd like the market to have in your chronicle.

Is the market intended to be a regular presence in the motley's lives, or is it meant to serve as a major set piece in your current story? Is the market safe (or at least safe



enough), or is shopping there more dangerous than the journey it took to arrive? How does the market interact with any nearby freeholds? Are they cordial or outright hostile?

You might also want to consider the market's population. Is a market run exclusively by hobgoblins, or do changelings have a major presence? How do they look to hook potential buyers? Do they stretch their market's laws, and if so, how far do they take it? How do they feel about mortals that find their way into their market? Are they unwanted nuisances, or easy marks to pull in?

STEP TWO: DETERMINE BOURSE

A Bourse is the Goblin Market's location. Given the topographic difficulties of some markets, this doesn't refer to an exact spot on the globe or the Hedge, but rather on which side of reality it lies, whether it stays in one place or travels, and its overall aesthetic.

A Bourse consists of three narrative tags:

- **Reality:** Where the market prefers to do its business. If the market primarily operates in the mundane world, then its reality is *Mundane*. If the market does business in the Hedge, then its reality is *Hedge*. If the market does business in both, such as some BriarNet markets and certain kinds of migrating markets, either choose the realm in which the market does most of its business or the realm you'd prefer the characters to see it in.
- **Migration:** Whether the market stays in one place, or if it travels. Stationary markets, or markets that only move when presented with great danger, are *Fixed*. Traveling markets, or markets that only settle down when impeded, are *Mobile*.
- **Aesthetic:** The design of the market and how it presents itself. This is a one-word summary of what the characters will see when they enter the market. There are countless Aesthetics to choose from, and you are more than welcome to create your own, but the five most common aesthetics are *Ethereal*, *Extravagant*, *Grim*, *Hectic*, and *Nostalgic*.

Once you've determined the three aspects of a market's Bourse, expand on its tags. Give a short description of its Reality, whether it's a physical location in the real world or a recognizable landmark in the Hedge. If the market is mobile, describe how it travels, and how often.

Assign a Passage rating (p. XX) for your market that represent helpful details such as clear signposts and well-lit paths, or obstacles such as hazards on the way to the market, its natural securities, or other ways that getting inside can be difficult for changelings. These should evoke the Aesthetic's themes and overall feel.

If you're using the common Aesthetics, some suggested descriptions and Passage examples are:

Aesthetic	Description	Passage Examples
Ethereal	Peaceful atmosphere, bright lighting, unearthly materials	Cloud bridge (+1), Dedicated hobgoblin guardians (-3)
Extravagant	Lavish stalls, precious gems and metals, colorful	Jewel-lined roads (+1), Elaborate maze (-2)
Grim	Austere stalls, air of mourning, dim lighting	Howling winds (-2), Rockslides (-3)
Hectic	Crowded streets, constant shouting, stalls crammed together	Well-traveled trod (+2), Long lines (-2)
Nostalgic	Anachronistic styles, eerily familiar faces, scents of home	Scent of baking goods (+1), Stinging rain (-2)

If the market is in the Hedge, assign the remaining Reactive and Interactive traits when it functions as a Grove in the Topiary (p. XX).

STEP THREE: ASSIGN LIEN

A Goblin Market's Lien is its most common currency. Markets accept many kinds of payment for their wares, but the Lien is what they fall back on when their preferred currency isn't available, or if a vendor can't agree on any other price with a customer. The Lien might be officially mandated and written in the market's law, or it could have emerged from convenience or social pressure.

A market's Lien serves two purposes for hobgoblins. First, it's instant gratification: The vendor gets paid in their preferred currency, the customer can be reasonably confident they paid a fair market price, and everyone gets something out of the exchange. Second, it's a means to tempt the market's guests into further Debt. Sometimes, a customer just doesn't have enough Lien, or wants something far more valuable than the market's common currency. The hobgoblin can take what they've got now, and work out a suitable deal for the rest.

Narratively, a Lien reflects a market's overall theme. A market themed with personal sacrifice might have a Lien where a buyer must give up something they value greatly. A market with a theme of elegant deception might use a Lien that's harder to put a value on, such as labor or promises. When you assign a Lien to a market, don't worry about coming up with a price list or directly valuing goods. Use the Lien and the character's desire and goals as your guide to price things in play.

A Lien can be anything, and it has no immediate mechanical value. Feel free to develop your own! If you're not sure what kind of Lien your market needs, consider these five examples:

- **Baubles:** Baubles, the physical manifestation of stolen dreams, are a unique Lien. Their only known source is the True Fae, which imparts them with an immense value. Most markets consider Baubles a top-shelf part of their stock, but some markets are bold enough to declare it their common currency. A market that considers Baubles its Lien are stocked with incredible and almost priceless wares. It could also signal that the Gentry's servants are regular clients.

- **Favors:** One of the oldest forms of currency and perhaps the most reliable. Everyone needs something done for them, and there are few agreements cleaner than a *quid pro quo*. It's also risky. Favors are usually backed by pledges, and there may be more perilous or unpleasant details than the vendor lets on when it's time to fulfil the buyer's end of the favor.

- **Glamour:** Sometimes the simplest Lien is best. Hobgoblins can store Glamour in vessels using the Bottled Glamour power (**Changeling**, p. 254), and common and plentiful things like flower petals, leaves, or even objects like bottle caps or aluminum cans can hold Glamour if they've spent time in the Hedge soaking it up. Some markets take all Glamour, while others prefer it extracted from certain sources like fear or delight.

- **Memories:** This Lien is a dangerous one, and many changelings balk when it's brought up. Memories are sources of comfort and hard lessons, and that's what makes them so valuable. The most valuable memories are those of a changeling's few remaining memories of Arcadia. For some changelings, giving those up is something they will never do, since it'd be giving up their reasons for returning. For others, it's a price worth paying and a chance at a fresh start.

- **Treasures:** Some markets say "treasure for treasure." Sometimes this is actual valuables, or even money as represented by the Resources Merit. Most of the time, however, this means something that the buyer considers a treasure, such as a beloved childhood toy or even friends and family.

STEP FOUR: STOCK INVENTORY

A Goblin Market's Inventory represents the goods and services that the market is best known for. Almost all markets sell a large variety of things, but the market's Inventory defines its headlining products. When someone arrives at a market, a market's Inventory is the first thing they notice, and almost certainly what initially attracted them to the Goblin Market.

Inventory also serves as a combined and loose measurement of the market's size, obscurity, and demand. The sum of all its inventory types is its rating, which determines how

many Clues it takes to find a mundane market, its starting dice pool when used as an obstacle when traveling the Hedge, and the maximum bonus or penalty applied to a roll when buying or haggling at the market.

First, pick an Inventory size and rating. There are three categories of Inventory size:

Size	Rating
Small	1-2
Medium	3-4
Large	5+

Next, select the market's preferred type of goods and services. The total number of goods and service types for sale should equal your chosen Inventory rating. Only the sum of the types is mechanically important, what types you choose is fully narrative. You can create your own types of Inventory, or you can use these six suggested types:

- **Assistance:** Goblin Markets provide a wide variety of services, not all of them wholesome or beneficial to society. For every expert guide through the Hedge, there's an assassin. For every apothecary, there's a poison brewer. Still, even these sorts of assistance have their uses, and they're often why freeholds keep markets around.

- **Contracts and Deals:** Goblin Contracts and hobgoblin deals are an easy way for any hobgoblin to strike it rich as a vendor. Dedicated shoppers can find more than that. A few vendors advertise themselves as tutors of Arcadian Contracts, offering to strengthen a changeling's inherent abilities for a hefty fee. Some even claim that within the deepest parts of the Hedge, there are markets that auction off Contracts from court patrons across the world.

- **Experiences:** Some markets sell culture. This ranges from incredible meals prepared in Arcadian kitchens to revivals of plays written by freeholders long gone. Sometimes these experiences are more literal: moments and emotions bottled up and shelved, waiting for the right buyer.

- **Goblin Fruits and Oddments:** Goblin Fruits and their inedible counterparts are popular items for sale. Without safe access to a naturally growing Goblin Fruit or a Hollow capable of farming them, markets tend to be the most convenient way to obtain them.

- **Information:** Rumors and secrets inevitably filter into the Goblin Markets. The most enterprising vendors capture and sell them to the highest bidder. Truth and accuracy cost extra. Everyone should be wary of someone who picked up a secret for cheap.



- **Tokens:** Fantastic trinkets from all over the Hedge are found at Goblin Markets. Tokens on sale tend to be Hedgespun, Hedge-Forged, or Oath-Forged. A few are stolen from the True Fae themselves, and some very well-hidden markets exclusively deal in purloined tokens like these.

If your market is in the Hedge, its Inventory is the basis for its Curios (p. XX). Pick a relevant category and attach your chosen Inventory rating to it.

STEP FIVE: CREATE VENDORS

Vendors are a Goblin Market's agents in the Hedge and beyond. They're described with three narrative tags. These tags are used as a guideline when you build Storyteller characters to populate your market. They also give personality and society traits to fall back on when you need to portray other market characters on the fly.

The first tag is the core, the most important aspect of vendors in the market. While you're free to create your own cores for your market, the four most common for Goblin Market vendors are:

- **Ecstatic:** The market's vendors are full of vim and vigor, and their mood is infectious. They adore high energy pitches and fast-talking, and it often disorients new customers. They hope that their enthusiasm draws buyers into paying top coin for their wares, but if they just lure a browser into a purchase they're not sure they want, that's fine too. These markets are seen as busier than they are.
- **Familial:** The market's vendors treat their customers like family. This could be cloying, cynical attempts at camaraderie or true, genuine warmth. They hope that these sudden deep ties make customers more willing to make a sale. These markets tend to have plenty of return customers, or at least regular window shoppers.
- **Melancholic:** The market's vendors are pensive and feeling down. This seems at odds with the nature of selling things at an open-air market, but it could be trying to draw out a buyer's pity, or perhaps it's a sign of an underlying issue that a motley could solve. These markets tend to have lax security, either due to vendors wallowing in sadness or to whatever issue the market faces making guards hard to come by.
- **Paranoid:** The market's vendors are highly suspicious, though they're not usually that way towards customers. Their worries lie outside of the buyer-seller relationship and are usually aimed at their fellow vendors, a nearby freehold, or even an outside figure like a Huntsman. These markets tend to keep themselves better hidden than others.

The next two tags are a Virtue and Vice that follow the guidelines for creating hobgoblins (*Changeling*, p. 253). If your market is in the Hedge, hobgoblins created with these tags are the market's denizens (p. XX).

STORYTELLING GOBLIN MARKETS

Bazaar, auction, wet market, and tianguis are all terms that partially describe Goblin Markets. Some are traveling caravans of traders, setting up in the domain of a local freehold to peddle their wares to the local changelings, selling their goods quite literally out of the back of a van. Others are bustling gatherings of stalls under a rainbow of tents and marquees. Some markets have been part of the local changeling community for decades or centuries, while others invoke fear or revulsion when freehold members spot their banners in town. Strange trinkets that obey no mortal logic fill the tables and dangle from awnings, while traders bark prices from behind piles of delicious goblin fruits. Tradespeople sit hammering tools and stitching fabrics. Some markets hold raucous auctions for all manner of hobgoblin livestock, the price settled with the slam of the gavel. Jars buzz with swarms of bees that produce cloying poisons. Cages rattle with birds whose wings are feathered with fingers.

WHAT'S IN THE MIDDLE AISLE?

A Goblin Market is more than the sum of its parts. The agreements that hobgoblins forge when first starting a market are subsequently revised, expanded, and built up as the market grows and traders join and leave. This interlaced web of promises bound by the Wyrd gives the market an identity. The market itself extracts a toll from those who trade and the merchants who form the market. From each market member, fae-touched or otherwise, comes a tiny sliver that gives the market its identity and its atmosphere and informs the laws that govern the market and the goods on sale. In a game featuring a Goblin Market, think of the market as a character itself. Is it composed of a sprawling network of stalls, each within a crumbling archway of an underground tunnel in the London Underground reflected into the Hedge? Perhaps it's just a dozen worn-out vans and trucks that have set up camp in a field outside of Essen? Maybe it's like the market in Johannesburg, where the hobgoblin vendors have allowed vampires to join their collective, resulting in a variety of blood-based potions.

In creating your market for your game, build upon the Grove traits in Chapter 1. Think first about the *Bourse* – the location for the market. Is it mobile or static? Is it located in the Hedge or the mundane world? What's the market's general feel? For instance, Boston's Goblin Market near Faneuil Hall is "Distinguished," with the stalls like those in the late Victorian period and the goblins all dressed in thread-

bare but formal attire. The Market's *Lien* refers to the price, metaphysical or otherwise, it extracts as the default price of any transaction. It could be "Hope" or "Love," or something more particular such as "Wedding Vows."

Each stall owner and trader should present a few story hooks waiting to unfold. Each item on offer is a story in itself waiting to be explored, as the characters must balance the benefits of purchasing such strange curios with the trouble they might cause or the wonders they might produce. When creating the market and its stalls, consider what its vendors have in common and how they fit the theme. While you don't have to populate every stall, having a few distinct characters makes it feel more vibrant and interesting. One vendor is likely to be filled with bravado, boasting the best offers and trinkets in the region. Another might be far more sullen, happy to have an unremarkable tent filled with music boxes that each plays a memory of a child who wished their parents gone. Is there a menagerie of hedge beasts kept in boxes, cages, and aquariums, fed VHS tapes by a goblin?

Describe the Vendors using a few keywords which help define the average retailer's mood, theme, atmosphere, appearance, and the general type of goods they offer. For example, *suspicious*, *Tudor*, and *paintings*, gives the sense that the market has several traders who sell paintings or art supplies, dressing as if they are from the Tudor period while being suspicious of those outsiders who ask too many questions about where or how they obtain their paintings or tools.

WHAT'S IN STOCK

Each creature, fruit, and curio may be some Wyrd touched token or Goblin Fruit, or simply exactly what it is — an utterly mundane object made rare and interesting by who owned it and what it meant to them. Even things of an ephemeral nature are for sale: memories, dreams, emotions, and those ever so tricky Goblin Contracts. The Inventory of Manchester's market is musically themed. Vendors sell faerie instruments, experiences like the memory of the first concert a changeling attended, and tokens made from sheet music left scattered among the Thorns.

Not all vendors at a market adhere to these descriptors and may stock items that are different from the majority of the merchants there. Some traders may store items so similar to another stall they engage in a bitter rivalry — or worse, price-fixing — with each merchant trying to outdo the other. Remember, the character of the market is built not just on the location and the vendors but also on the items and how they are traded.

Depending on the characters' needs — and how separate they are — you can tailor their shopping experience. If they're searching for a lost relic or the resting place of a Hedge monster, then a map or guide of some form is an item on sale at the Goblin Market. Of course, it may be no simple map and is the living skin of a Huntsman who be-

comes aware of it once read. Or the guide is a hound, which, if not attended to correctly, turns upon other changelings and grows once it has tasted blood.

While Inventory is a tool that measures the general availability of things in the market and broadly describes the types of items, Storytellers often need to quickly detail more specific items amongst the multitude of twisted, strange, and downright weird goods on offer. Consider making a list of various wares the characters might spot. You don't need to itemize everything on the shelves, but having a few examples makes the market feel more fleshed out and gives the players ideas of things they could look for.

What are some of the items' mythological or symbolic associations? For example, an apple vendor might sell fruits that stain transgressors' lips crimson, or provide knowledge with every bite. A wandering baker might sell apple tarts guaranteed to make you sleep like the dead. A silversmith makes fine scalpels that draw out impurities or cut to the truth of the matter. A merchant offers lengths of knotted rope — are they for binding something so it can't escape, or does each contain a promise that will keep until it's unraveled? Maybe instead of rope, they're knotted computer cables, keeping the owner's information secure.

JUST BEING NEIGHBORLY

Goblin Markets can be a curious middle ground for the residents of the Hedge and the local freehold. Despite what some trumped-up lord of a freehold might say, the local Goblin Market is an entity accountable only to itself. The relationship between a market and the local freehold is the final trait to define, if one exists close to the other. Some markets have a cordial relationship with the local freehold, with official titles bestowed to the market Reeve and festival days held. However, if relationships sour — for example, if the freehold tries to exert control over the market's goods and prices — the traders fight back.

Often, the simplest solution is to negotiate a truce. Hobgoblins love making deals, after all. If the parties can't agree upon a middle ground, the market itself might move — there is always somewhere better to trade with more welcoming or desperate customers. If the relationship breaks down catastrophically, the market may go on a war footing. Market heavies mug locals wandering through the Hedge, items sold have hidden costs, and vendors release all manner of trash and dangerous creatures into freehold territory, causing trouble in both the mortal world and the Hedge.

Volatility defines the relationship between the market and the local freehold. Simple one-word descriptors can cover the range of trust, antagonism, or veneration that the freehold has for the market. If you're using the Topiary rules, this is represented mechanically by the market's Ebullience rating (p. XX). Alternatively, *Volatility* can have an associated score using the Reputation trait for freeholds in *Oak, Ash, and Thorn* p. 9.



MARKETS IN THE HEDGE

If you know where to look, and you're willing to make the trek, there's a market. The following examples show the vast variety of environments Goblin Markets thrive in, from dark caves in Appalachia to the furthest reaches of the BriarNet.

CORAL EXCHANGE

Sit on the white sands of an isolated island in the South Pacific is the Coral Exchange. This market moves from place to place, a literal floating market. The market consists of various boats lashed together, forming a haphazard floating platform. Shoppers move from deck to deck looking for trinkets and knick-knacks from the Hedge or rescued from flotsam. A squawking rainbow feathered Beast informs all who are there that they have the most succulent Thorn Mangos and writhing Maggot Berries. A shark-like hobgoblin covered in tattoos marks similar works of art on their customers, made with inks using squid caught in the Hedge and which disappear unless viewed in the moonlight.

The Coral Exchange is constantly moving, changing location after every market day, as some pirates and raiders – mortal or fae-touched – seek to steal their goods. There is the fear that seafaring privateers will one day find them and scuttle their ships, sending them to the depths below and

pulled into the Hedge and the Doldrums. Freeholds send out parties seeking to drive away from the Exchange, believing the footprints they leave upon the sandy shores appear as constellations in the night skies of Arcadia, and in turn, draw the attention of the Others. Other freeholds and itinerant courts (who have their own Mantles – see **Oak, Ash & Thorn** p. 26) find the Exchange as they cross paths in their journeys across the Bismarck and Solomon Seas, trading goods and following the oaths of the sea – ensuring to pay all debts so that storms don't blight their journeys. These meetings of fellow sailors are essential for the mutual balancing of Goblin Debt so that all may enjoy good fortune.

Story Hooks

- One boat of the flotilla that makes up the market has gone missing during a storm, and if not recovered soon the fear is this boat will be lost, dragged into the Doldrums. Given it is crewed by a vendor who has just the item the motley needs, rescuing them may also net a good deal on the item the changelings seek.
- A mortal wizard runs a literal cargo cult in the market. They and the cult perform acts of ritual magic, and days later cargo is found floating onto the shore. However, the truth is that the magic enacted by the wizard crashes boats and planes, and the wizard cares little for the price paid for the wares they gain in this



manner. Now a family member or friend on a vessel has gone missing, brought down by this cult.

- The person who recovers thirteen pieces of eight, lost on islands that the market moves between, can claim rulership over the market itself, and in turn, become a Goblin Queen.

Bourse: Mundane, Mobile, Weather-beaten

Lien: Favors: Aid in moving goods, or moving the market

Inventory: Small (Goblin Fruit, Information, Oddments)

Vendors: Craftsmen, Ecstatic, Sailors

THE RUBY MARKET

On Pfaueninsel in the River Havel, south of Berlin, entry to the Ruby Market is granted when the trader writes their name in red ink upon a tarot card using a peacock feather quill. Within the Hedge, the market is an array of furnaces and glittering displays. All manner of glass is blown, including rare ruby glass, and delicate Hedge Glass trinkets. Glass is precious to Fae creatures, as mirrors made and touched by the Wyrd here hold a particular significance. Mirrors and looking glasses are gateways and windows, revealing hidden truths or trapping others in labyrinthine dreamscapes. The market also has a reputation for fine tonics and ales brewed using the fine glassware made here, while other goblins toil away using ornately blown glass, performing wonders of chemistry.

Story Hooks

- Leftover glass is crushed into sleeping sand and sold to those seeking to ease their passage into a dreamer's Bastion. However, the user of the dust leaves behind sandy footprints, making them incredibly easy to track.
- Bottles of Hedge Wine and Waldmeister are being sold to the local mortals, causing them to engage in hedonistic acts. Intended as a means for a changeling to more efficiently harvest Glamour, the Hedge brews taint the dreams of the mortals, drawing the attention of the Huntsmen.
- Dancers are being kidnapped and shrunk so that they may dance in magic lanterns. A changeling who joined the market from a neighboring freehold as part of a treaty was meant to learn various Contracts and skills in Hedgespinning but has now been discovered in one of these lanterns. The truth of this brings the local freeholds into conflict as the market calls upon their allies for support.

Bourse: Hedge, Static, Extravagant

Lien: Dreams

Inventory: Medium (Tokens, Information, Experiences)

Vendors: Glass, Ecstatic, Renaissance

TEMPLE STREET NIGHT MARKET: HONG KONG

Hidden among the stalls, and the stalls that stand *behind* the stalls, is the Temple Street Night Market. Though they share names, the Goblin Market opens and closes much later than its mortal counterpart. The market switches on its lights eight minutes after sunset and goes dark eight minutes before sunrise. All are welcome to set up shop, if they can handle selling their wares and goods in such a cramped space. The market keeps itself in obscure pockets of Temple Street, usually only made that way by Glamour and strategic setup.

Temple Street Night Market stands apart from its twin and even other Goblin Markets. While the mortal night market emphasizes fashion and secondhand goods, and other Goblin Markets their Contracts, tokens, and other assorted trinkets, the Night Market focuses on food and performances. The mundane Temple Street is well-known for its restaurants, but the Goblin Market takes these aspects to a whole new level.

Temple Street Night Market's restaurants focus on fusion cuisine: sometimes between the culinary tastes of other countries, sometimes between the mundane world and the fae, and sometimes all of that at once. In their kitchens, chefs create egg tarts that taste like a warm summer's day, cutlets from creatures indescribable to most tongues, and buns that aren't only as soft as clouds, but actually made from them.

These culinary experiences are directly supported by the market. Somewhere out in Hong Kong's Hedge lies a great field owned and operated by the market's hobgoblins, who rent out portions to vendors. Every week, the fae draw fanciful fish from the misty coast and deliver them to the market. The choicest meat from ordinary fauna mingles with the flesh of fae beasts.

Accompanying the food is entertainment. The Night Market is one of the few places in the world with a thriving hobgoblin music scene, with a significant interest in Cantonese opera and contemporary Western classical music. Prices in the Night Market tend to be cheap, especially for concerts, so there's always a packed crowd.

Story Hooks

- The hobgoblin Adagio – who is both violin and violinist – is previewing her new operetta at the Night Market. They say the notes she plays pluck listeners' heartstrings, and a recent death at one of her private concerts has denizens whispering about whether the saying might be literal.
- Two minutes before the market closes, the vendor Rustclaw opens his stall. His inventory consists of a mahogany box full of jumbled keys, which he limits to one per customer. The key a person selects opens a single locked door they're guaranteed to encounter before the next full moon.

- The popular restaurant Flights of Fancy serves all manner of wings tossed in their signature – and secret – sauce. A pop-up food stall opens directly across the way, selling the same fare and starting an instant rivalry. Flights of Fancy’s chef insists their competition stole their recipe, and offers to pay the Debt for the person who can help prove it.

Bourse: Mundane, Fixed, Nostalgic

Lien: Glamour

Inventory: Medium (3: Assistance, Experiences, Information)

Vendors: Familial, Vibrant, Shrewd

TUMBLEDOWN MARKET: NEW ORLEANS

Tumbledown Market exists in New Orleans in the strictest sense of the word. In truth, it’s all over the United States. Turn just the right way at your local flea market. Knock on the door that the antique shop owner keeps forgetting about. Wriggle into the empty stall at your fairgrounds, the one that they never tear down even after the state fair’s over. Chances are, you’ll stumble out on the riverside.

It isn’t just the size or the outreach that makes Tumbledown Market unique. It’s also part and parcel with the freehold of Fair Coin, one of the few places in the world where a freehold and a Goblin Market are almost in sync. *Almost.*

The freehold exists to protect lost shoppers, and to keep customers from signing themselves away to bad deals. It’s also a minority in a sprawling market that never sleeps. So many vendors mean plenty of competition, and the freehold’s courtiers can’t be everywhere at once. While it accepts currency of all kinds, favors for favors tend to be the preferred method of payment, especially now that the market’s so big that it can’t afford a paper trail. Since it’s harder to judge the value of a favor compared to regular currency, it’s easy to end up doing something you’ll regret for an item that you never wanted that badly. The curious, the lonely, and the haughty often fall prey to this sort of payment, and by the time the Tumbledown Market’s through with them, they’re burnt out, on death’s door, or so deep in Goblin Debt that they’re the market’s latest employee.

Tumbledown Market is not only large and boisterous, but it also has some of the rarest items on the planet. Have you ever wanted to get your hands on a Contract that hasn’t been seen since the French Revolution? How about a liquor made from fermented Amaranthine? Have you ever wanted to own the bones of a no-shit, no-fooling, swear-to-the-heavens dead Huntsman? You’ll find it all here but brace yourself: Without the folks of Fair Coin watching your back, you might end up paying in a lot more than cash.

Story Hooks

- Someone’s been handing counterfeit money to Tumbledown’s vendors, and the Court of Coins is on the hunt. They patrol the market, inspecting transactions and biting the occasional doubloon to make sure it’s real, but so far the thief has eluded them – which makes their Queen think a bigger heist is about to go off.
- The Skipper carries passengers upriver from Tumbledown, along a winding trod. His last few voyages, he’s encountered rapids where the waters are normally calm, and has spotted a massive, shadowy figure swimming below his boat. He’s selling tickets for a special fishing excursion, to see what’s lurking in the deeps.
- Jack, the Sans Merci Tavern’s proprietor, hasn’t closed up shop for a hundred years. But this morning, the doors were locked and someone had carved the words *We have Jack* deep into the wood.

Bourse: Mundane, Fixed, Extravagant

Lien: Favors

Inventory: Large (5: Assistance, Contracts, Experiences, Goblin Fruits and Oddments, Tokens)

Vendors: Ecstatic, Coercive, Reckless

THE ZÓCALO OF MEXICO CITY

The slums of Mexico are densely packed, built from poured concrete. People peer suspiciously from their windows, fearing the gangs that exploit the residents. However, such a place is ideal for a Goblin Market to exist, far from the prying eyes of the local changeling freehold and the all too aggressive intrusions of the militarized police. One moment you could be walking down the narrow streets of the slums, dodging motorcycles and rusting vans as they drive by belching smoke. From a nearby neighborhood echoes staccato gunfire and cries of despair.

But a few steps more, walking past concrete walls painted in vibrant colors and under canopies of drying linen, the streets and houses buzz with activity. Here, the air is thick with the smell of spices and raucous laughter. A lady with horns turns sizzle skewers of meat while cooking thin pieces of bread on a hot plate. Some stools stand outside a small alcove from which a lanky man with skin like inky smoke pours Mezcal and steaming cups of Champurrado – or something that appears to be hot chocolate. Burly stone-skinned goblins stand about, playing cards and smoking, breathing out plumes of spectral mist, as they survey the market to ensure no one is breaking the laws of the Zócalo. In a dark tent set into the corner of an alleyway, a bearded feline change-

ling hammers and shapes golden knives, arrowheads, and even bullets.

There are two markets known as Zócalo in Mexico City. One is the mundane market in the central city square, while the other is the Goblin Market in the city slums, the result of a limen that waxes and wanes here. The wonders born of the fae are juxtaposed with the harsh reality of the slums, just as the slums are overshadowed by the opulence of the gentrified districts only a few blocks away. “Gentrification” to the local changelings and hobgoblin has a different meaning than it does in the mundane world, as the limen attracts the Others and their agents. Each day the local trods grow darker, and Huntsmen and their entourages claim the local Hollows. It is only a matter of time before the Gentry claim the market itself as their playground.

Story Hooks

- The local mortal gangs have escalated their clashes with the hobgoblins and changelings that patrol the market. This fight for territory and exclusive rights to deal drugs and arms threatens to reveal the market, and in turn changelings, to mortals who would hunt their kind.

- The market annually venerates the Hedge ghost called the Skinny Lady, to whom the vendors leave offerings for good luck in the coming year. However, the Skinny Lady is also a figure who is seen beyond the market, dressed like a nun decked in fine jewelry, taking lives and saving them, in the effort to maintain a balance as dictated by the Wyrd. Some mortal hunters see the Skinny Lady as a heretical figure, and at worst a demon to hunt down.

- The Hedge waxes and overlays upon the slums of the city. The transformation brings terrors, and folkloric nightmares as the mundane population must contend with strange beasts and hobgoblins that stalk the alleyways. This encroachment of the Hedge on the mundane spreads from the market, as a Fairy Lord seeks to gentrify this part of the mortal world for their decadent delights. Fighting back and forcing the Hedge back may risk the existence of the market too.

Bourse: Mundane, Static, Suspicious

Lien: Treasures

Inventory: Small (Information, Contracts, Assistance)

Vendors: Familial, Tough, Streetwise





CHAPTER FIVE

THE DREAMING ROADS

"You're a storyteller. Dream up something wild and improbable," she pleaded.

"Something beautiful and full of monsters."

"Beautiful and full of monsters?"

"All the best stories are."

—LAINI TAYLOR, STRANCE THE DREAMER

The moon rides high over the Dreaming Roads, lighting changelings' ways and throwing their shadows long across the landscape. Following one of the branching arteries or meandering country lanes leads travelers not to Earth, but to humanity's dreams. Other creatures live here – both Hedge denizens and beings unique to the Dreaming Roads – offering shelter and items for trade or preying on unwary wanderers. Connected to the Hedge, but not necessarily of it, the Dreaming Roads lead those who strike out along them to adventure, danger, and mystery.

WALKING THE ROADS

Hedge walkers who pass through the Gate of Horn (*Changeling*, p. 217) cross onto the Dreaming Roads. Like other paths in the Hedge, a Dreaming Road's appearance is psychoactive: It may manifest as a pleasant country lane, a six-lane superhighway, a glittering rainbow arc, a burbling stream, a moonbeam, a swipe of paint, or anything that reflects the dreams and travelers along its ways.

The Bastions branching off from a Dreaming Road share some of its qualities, though they're not always immediately obvious. Exits off the superhighway can lead to the dreams of a harried businessperson; the PTA parent trying to do it all; or a high school senior overwhelmed by classwork, extracurricular activities, a part-time job, and a social life. Icy roads lead to a dreamer who doesn't let anyone in, someone who feels frozen out, or those who feel a situation

rapidly sliding out of their control. A path that appears as bars of music opens onto a dream where everyone sings their dialogue, or where earworms are real, life-sized horrors.

Goblins offer sleep aids and stimulants at roadside stands. Scavengers collect fragments of dreams – sheet music to the song a dreamer hummed, the sensation of flying, the sunlight in grandma's kitchen, the teeth that fell one by one from the dreamer's mouth – and sell them from the backs of trinket-laden carts.

NEVER LONELY ON THE PATH

Hobgoblins and the Lost aren't the only travelers on the Dreaming Roads. Some entities escape from the sleepers' Bastions and roam free, reveling in their newfound lives. Powerful eidolons, grown bigger than the dreams that birthed them, set up shop along the Roads. They're guides, trainers, informants, and innkeepers, wearing faces from their clients' dreams. Nightmares break out of their Bastions as well, chasing oneiromancers through the Gate of Horn or latching onto visiting changelings' shadows. Unleashed on the Dreaming Roads, they lurk along unlit stretches and prey on those who pull off onto the shoulder to rest.

The Gentry walk the Dreaming Roads sometimes, the way a nobleman might take a stroll along the beach. The murmur of dreams is like the sound of the sea to them, images and emotions crashing like waves and leaving fragments



on the shore for the Kindly Ones – or their servants – to pick up. Some seek the dreams of those changelings who’ve escaped them, combing through broken pieces of dreams like a beachcomber seeking out shells. They tuck a Huntsman’s heart into a human dreamer’s Bastion, or peer in on those unfortunates whose bright dreams call to them – and who may soon join their courts.

Feelings creep along like fog, obscuring the Road until travelers get lost within. Melancholy, fear, giddiness, regret, and more suffuse the area, coloring the emotions of those who breathe it in. Caught off guard, motleys make decisions based on what hangs on the air. A pea soup of paranoia shattered the Last Laugh Brigade’s formerly unshakeable camaraderie as small indiscretions took on new, sinister meanings with every step. Two of the Bronze Starlings, on the other hand, watched as moonlight made silvery tendrils of affection glow all around them, and finally admitted to what their friends had known for months: They were in love. Nightmare fragments often lurk near fogs of negative emotions, eager to ensnare changelings who flee in terror or storm off angrily.

Systems: Characters affected by the fog gain an appropriate Condition, such as Frightened, Guilty, Paranoid, Swooned, or another of the Storyteller’s choosing.

Other aspects are larger and more tangible. Human fantasies solidify as inns or roadside motels, their interiors taking on their thematic aspects. They want travelers to stay forever and change themselves to encourage this. Some become homey, with comfortable nutshell beds and hot home-cooked meals served by sweet-faced grandmothers or woodland creatures in striped pajamas. Others, rather than lull guests into wanting to stay, force the issue: Doors disappear, stairways lead nowhere, and windows open onto brick walls. Changelings must be careful and clever when seeking shelter along the Dreaming Roads, ensuring they rest at a vetted hobgoblin establishment rather than stepping into such a trap.

STRANGE GEOGRAPHY

Speculation for what lies at the ends of the Dreaming Roads abounds. Passing through the Gate of Horn doesn’t place a traveler at the start of the Road; once through, a person standing on it sees the Road stretching out both before and behind them, leading some to believe that the Roads *have* no end or beginning. Some believe each individual Dreaming Road loops around onto itself like an ouroboros or a Möbius strip. Others insist the Dreaming Roads all lead into one another, connecting but never ending. In Tumble-down Market, the Wizened Artist Seohyun sells maps she’s created of the Roads she’s walked, which resemble beautiful, twisting fractals.

Yet the Dreaming Roads are trods, which means they ought to have set endpoints, though few travelers have followed one all the way to its terminus. The Three Sisters Freehold tells the story of their Summer Queen, who struck

out on the Dreaming Roads and never wavered from the path. Resisting all distractions and never stopping to rest, she came – after many months’ journey – to the place the trail petered out. There, surrounded by the trees of an ancient forest, she found the remnants of the very first Bastion, the remnants of humanity’s oldest dream. Her rivals reject the idea, insisting she must instead have happened upon some Hunterheart’s retreat, or left the Roads entirely and happened upon another realm, since everyone knows Bastions crumble upon waking. Other wanderers agree that a Bastion sits at Road’s end, but that whatever lies dreaming within it isn’t human – that there, perhaps, the Earth herself slumbers, or some other vast entity.

Some believe the Dreaming Roads must end, as all dreams do, with a waking. Though what kind of cosmic force might watch over that place – and the Contracts it might be willing to offer – remains unknown.

The landscape surrounding the Wayward Paths is as varied as the Roads themselves. Silver-sanded deserts stretch for miles on either side. Cities gleam in the distance in some places, while wine-dark waves lap on either side of a narrow sandbar in others. Tempting sights lure travelers off the Roads, which can be as dangerous here as venturing out into the Thorns is in the Hedge. Dense forests crowd right up to the shoulder, their branches sprouting money rather than leaves, or blossoms redolent with an ex-lover’s perfume.

Nightmare creatures called witherclaws lurk just out of sight, waiting to ensnare those who go wandering. Their claws catch on a victim’s clothing and leave furrows in her skin, though the Icons left behind are not pieces of the changeling’s personality or memories, but the very fabric of her dreams and ambitions. Icons created in this way become props in dreams. Goblins sell them to customers in need of inspiration or Gentry looking to collect them and display them for their courtiers to admire. A changeling who leaves a piece of herself behind here returns to the waking world feeling listless and fatigued, unable to muster enthusiasm for old projects and lacking the will to take on new ones.

WITHERCLAWS

“Come see what awaits you off the path. It won’t hurt at all.”

Background: Dreaming Road denizens say the first witherclaw sprung from the cutting of a rosebush an oneiromancer transplanted from the Hedge. The thorns that grew weren’t quite the same outside of the Hedge, but they caught travelers’ skin, tasted their dreams, and became something else entirely. They creep close to the Dreaming Roads without stepping foot on them, always on the lookout for travelers who stray from the Wayward Paths.

Description: Witherclaws take many forms, but they’re always tall and gaunt. They slip into shapes appropriate to the traveler they’re hunting: looming, skeletal trees; a hungry panther stalking the woods; or a melty-faced version of one’s eighth grade history teacher. No matter the form, the wither-

claw's hands, paws, or limbs end in long gnarled fingers with sharp-tipped claws.

Storytelling Hints: Witherclaws prefer to stay hidden, though they mimic human voices to help lure their targets off the Road. They may sound like a loved one calling the target's name, a person in distress, or a strange animal. Once the target leaves the Dreaming Road, the witherclaw gives chase, attempting to drive her even farther away from safety.

Virtue: Cruel

Vice: Clever

Aspiration: To feast on lofty ambitions.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 4, Composure 2

Mental Skills: Investigation 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl (Claws) 4, Larceny 3, Stealth (Sneaking) 4, Survival (Tracking) 4

Social Skills: Intimidation (Terrify) 4, Subterfuge (Mimic) 4

Merits: Acute Senses, Fast Reflexes 2, Fleet of Foot 2

Willpower: 5

Initiative: 6

Defense: 6

Armor: 0/0

Size: 5

Speed: 9

Health: 9

Wyrd: 4

Glamour/per Turn: 9/4

Contracts: Light-Shy, Paralyzing Presence, Trapdoor Spider's Trick

Dread Powers: Hypnotic Gaze, Jump Scare, Know Soul, Regenerate 2

Weapons/Attacks:

Type	Damage	Dice Pool
Claws	2L	8

Notes: If the witherclaw deals 2 or more points of lethal damage, it takes a piece of the changeling's dreams, which becomes an Icon. The changeling gains the Ravaged Condition (**Changeling**, p. 344) until she reclaims it or until the end of the chapter, whichever comes first. Additionally, fulfilling or replacing an Aspiration costs 1 Willpower while she suffers this Condition.

HAIL AND WELL MET?

Milestones along the Dreaming Roads offer respite to weary travelers. Some are literally places built for rest, their

forms shifting to match the tenor of the Road: an all-night diner, a cozy pumpkin cottage, a truck stop. Goblin Markets along the Roads appear as cheap souvenir shops or flea markets that sprawl across a summer field. Some milestones resemble roadside attractions, with signposts advertising their draw: *Come see the Museum of Forgotten Days!* *Briarwolf Petting Zoo, 10 miles.* *Bristlebalm's Rare Books and Fine Grub – Serving Red Hettie's Faerie Peach Pie!* A few enterprising hobgoblins set up shop outside recurring Bastions, selling gear that might help those who venture within. Others put out their shingles, offering services as guides, bodyguards, or dream interpreters.

As idyllic as milestones might appear, they're not necessarily *safe*. Trod trolls extort protection money from shopkeepers and passersby alike. Bridge-Burners intent on destroying a human's dreams find new targets in their fellow travelers. The Thousand Stairs motley warns against anyone pausing too long at the cheery campfire the hobgoblin Mister Delravin tends. Warm your hands, listen to a tale, but refuse the mugs of spiced cider he offers, as the apples it's made with are goblin fruits that drive the imbibers to acts of reckless charity.

Huntsmen ride along the Dreaming Roads, seeking the quarry the True Fae set them after. Though the verderer's duties may carry him past the Bastion where his heart lies again and again, he never guides his steed toward its entrance – in fact, he never sees the Bastion at all, unless an oneiromancer shows him the way. The human on the other side of this connection dreams of strange hunts and hears hounds baying at the edge of all her dreams, as long as she plays host to the Huntsman's heart. What a Huntsman rarely knows is that the conduit flows both ways.

Over time, symbols from the human's life and dreams seep into the Huntsman's appearance. His attire shifts subtly to incorporate imagery from her dreams. Though his panoply is unchanging, a Huntsman whose host is a mechanic smells of engine oil and rides a motorcycle rather than a horse. Another, whose host is a chef, carries a cleaver at his belt alongside his sword. When the dreamer dreams of high-stress corporate takeovers, the Huntsman wears an impeccably tailored business suit and carries a fountain pen in her breast pocket. Maybe she's reaching for that, or maybe she's reaching for the silver-plated revolver in her shoulder holster; either one can be deadly. The Huntsman's herald, too, might take the form of an animal dear to the dreamer, or one that appears as a frequent eidolon in their dreams.

Within the Hedge, a changeling can elicit sympathy from the Huntsman chasing her. His heart is close by, though he doesn't know it. Along the Dreaming Roads, the clamor of the True Fae's cravings lessens in his chest. Though he can't hear his own heart beating from its hiding place within the human's Bastion, it sings with the dreamer's hopes, fears, and desires that surround it. Those seep into the Huntsman's personality.

System: While on the Dreaming Roads, the Huntsman gains an Aspiration that matches that of the dreamer. He also acquires a Virtue and Vice based on the human host's.



These don't replace the ones he already has from the True Fae he's sworn to, but exist alongside them. They don't allow the Huntsman to track down the Bastion where his heart is or give him insight into the human it's attached to. However, a changeling who notices the changes in the Huntsman's demeanor might tuck that knowledge away for later, using it to find the dreamer and their Bastion. Storytellers may consider these as Clues in an investigation (**Changeling**, p. 194).

Even mortals can walk the Dreaming Roads, if mostly by accident. On occasion, a person's dream self finds the Bastion's exit and slips through. She might latch onto an oneiro-mancer as the Bastion crumbles, unwilling to let her dream end. Mischievous hobgoblins or a Good Cousin's servant pull them out onto the Roads to see what happens. The dream self feels solid as it steps out on the Wayward Paths. On first glance it's easily mistaken for a regular human traveler, though its appearance shifts frequently. Sometimes it's as subtle as a changing color or pattern on their clothing, but other aspects of the dream self change as well: height, hair color, even the person's apparent age. The Roads' psychoactive effects respond eagerly to the dream self, and denizens like nightmare fragments draw close, clamoring to influence the naïve traveler.

While the dream self wanders, the human goes about her day, though she spends much of it daydreaming. When she sleeps, her Bastion appears, though it's empty and dull without the dream self to occupy it. Eidolons go through their motions, or putter about listlessly, waiting for scenarios to start. The person gets no restful sleep until her dream self returns.

System: Mortal dream selves on the Dreaming Roads use the Hedge ghost creation rules and powers (**Changeling**, p. 246). As long as the dream self wanders, the person it belongs to gains the Confused, Distracted, Fatigued, or Lethargic Condition while awake, and can't regain Willpower from resting. If the dream self loses all its Corpus, it cannot reform again until the person sleeps for at least six hours, during which it reappears inside her Bastion. The mortal gains the Dissociation Condition.

Other trods intersect with the Dreaming Roads from time to time, creating a crossroads or even sharing a few miles at a stretch before branching off elsewhere. The beings who walk these roads aren't always human or fae, and both their origins and destinations are places beyond the world most changelings know. Some claim to be adventurers from far-off planets and explorers from other dimensions. Changelings even encounter denizens of the Lower Depths, Deep Dominions, and *Hisil* when their realms overlap the Wayward Paths. The Nightingale Lane motley tells the wild tale of meeting their mirror-selves (p. XX) out on the far reaches of the Dreaming Roads.

STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND

Changelings might consider themselves caught between two worlds, but they aren't alone in that in-between. As fae travel along the Dreaming Roads, they find not just the Bastions of ordinary mortal dreamers, but of fetches and fae-touched too.

DREAMERS INSIDE THE DREAM: FETCHES

Changelings used to believe that fetches couldn't dream. It made sense in theory: They're constructs built from garbage and Glamour. Their hobgoblin cousins don't have souls or Bastions. If you believe that dreams rely on brains and mortal biology or the presence of a soul, then why would a scarecrow dream? This theory was discarded long ago, as more changelings discovered the truth: The bits of soul that the Gentry use to make fetches do let them dream. But just as a fetch's connection to their changeling does not make them that changeling, neither are their dreams the same.

Fetch dreams are obvious constructs, often from much the same material as the fetch herself. A fetch who doesn't know she isn't "real" doesn't realize that she's not an ordinary mortal based on her dreams alone, but her dreams contain clues. The dreaming world of a fetch constructed from natural material will be peopled by dryad-like eidolons living in a world of redwood skyscrapers. A fetch who was made from trash looks through windows made from broken beer bottles and skips down streets of Styrofoam.

Fetches dream inside of Bastions, like true mortals, but with a twist: Their Bastions are accessible only to the changelings they dupe, and their eidolons treat them as enemies in the bargain. A changeling entering his fetch's Bastion cannot bring anyone inside with him who doesn't also look like him, and the intrusion automatically alerts the dream's eidolons to the changeling's presence, regardless of Fortification rating. As a result, many changelings hesitate to enter their fetches' dreams. There are stories that if the fetch didn't already know what it was, the changeling's entrance will wake both the fetch's true nature and its thirst for vengeance. Others say that changelings can become permanently trapped inside fetch dreams, allowing the fetch to truly take over the changeling's life. In system terms, the Dream Assailant Condition (**Changeling**, p. 336) applies to any changeling entering into a fetch dream.

And what of a fetch whose relationship to her changeling is an amicable one? Fetches cannot seal pledges, so even in a scenario in which a fetch and her changeling are friendly or working together (or the fetch is setting a trap), the fetch cannot issue an active invitation to the changeling. This makes it dangerous for changelings to enter their fetches' dreams for even friendly purposes.

The other aspect of fetch dreams that sets them far apart from changelings is that their Bastions are permanent. Whether awake or asleep, fetch Bastions stay in fixed places upon the Dreaming Roads. They are visibly constructed of the same materials that the True Fae used to craft the fetch, and they don't crumble even if the fetch is destroyed or reclaimed by his changeling. The eidolons disappear and the props blow away, but the structure remains, like an abandoned theme park. Until the end of time, the Bastion simply sits empty, waiting for the dreamer to come home.

Though these Bastions are empty, they remain fertile. A changeling may attempt to claim an empty Bastion as their own by visiting the Bastion on three consecutive sleeps.



Systems: If the player succeeds on three contested rolls of Manipulation + Subterfuge vs. Bastion's Fortification, the changeling may convince the Bastion that they are the fetch who once dreamed it, and they begin to dream inside the Bastion as well. The Bastion remembers its creator and continues to construct dreams accordingly.

Because fetch Bastions are permanent structures, paradigm shifts enacted by changeling visitors suffering the Dream Assailant Condition affect Dream Health instead of the Bastion (**Changeling**, p. 216). The successes spent to enact a paradigm shift are also taken out of the changeling's Dream Health track, and if the changeling wakes as a result, they suffer the Soul Shocked Condition (**Changeling**, p. 345).

NEW ECHOES

Doppelganger (Wyrd 1): Upon entering her changeling's dream, the fetch may take on the changeling's visage. The eidolons treat her as invisible or even as the dreamer herself, though the dreamer recognizes the fetch for what she is.

Consequence of Sleep (Wyrd 2): A fetch whose dream has been invaded by her changeling may impose the Flesh Too Solid Tilt (**Changeling**, p. 329) at will.

Shrouded Sleep (Wyrd 2): The fetch can block his changeling from gaining entry to his dream. This Echo must be reactivated whenever the fetch goes to sleep. The Bastion

either doesn't appear to the changeling, or it is visible from the Dreaming Roads but lacks an entrance.

Call Off The Hounds (Wyrd 3): Though the fetch cannot cease to automatically impose the Dream Assailant Condition, this ability allows her to call off the eidolons after the changeling has entered for a number of turns equal to their combined Wyrd. The Condition is not resolved for the duration, but the changeling doesn't risk waking the dreamer with additional paradigm shifts. Interactions with important eidolons or props reduce the number of turns before the Echo is resolved by one per interaction. The changeling must be within sight of the fetch for this ability to work.

Daydreaming (Wyrd 4): The fetch enters her own Bastion while awake, which allows her to rearrange the props inside it to manipulate her next dream. The first change is free, but the fetch must spend one Glamour point per important prop to continue to use this ability. Unimportant props are always free to change.

Ex Nihilo (Wyrd 5): When the fetch wakes from a dream, part of his dream comes back with him. The item depends on the fetch's nature: A fetch made of garbage might decide to bring a broken bottle back to the waking world, for example. Whatever the item, it materializes from the fetch's own body, represented by a point of bashing damage that corresponds to the item's Size. An item may not be larger than Size 5.



False Dreamer (Wyrd 5): The fetch, upon entering their changeling's dream, takes over the role of dreamer. The changeling is relegated to an eidolon's role. As if trapped in sleep paralysis, the changeling is stuck, unable to impact the fetch's activities or the eidolons. They may still use oneiromancy as if they were in someone else's Bastion, but all subtle shifts behave as paradigm shifts for the purposes of triggering Shift Conditions unless the changeling spends one point of Willpower to block this for one turn. The changeling also receives a +1 die bonus to Finesse rolls when manipulating eidolons. The Storyteller may also spend a point of Glamour to turn the Dream Assailant Condition against the dreaming changeling.

Heartsworn (Wyrd 5): Usable only if the changeling has an Avowed. Fetches do not normally have oneiromantic links to the changeling's promise-bound mortal, as a changeling's fetch is created and left behind before a mortal connected to the changeling has the opportunity to enter and leave the Hedge. A fetch with this Echo has her own link to the changeling's promise-bound mortal and is able to use the Gate of Ivory to find and enter the Avowed's dream. The fetch may use any other Echoes in the Avowed's dream as if they were in their changeling's dream.

DREAMS OF PARADISE: FAE-TOUCHED

Birdsong echoes through the clearing where two lovers meet. On the stoop of the house that burned decades ago, a mother caresses her daughter's hair, black again instead of snow-white, her face unlined by age. Sinking to their knees on the bloodied earth, the knight claps her lady on the back, another battle for unlosable honor fought and won. Dreams, all of them, but real in the ways that count.

Other than their inhabitants, the dreams of the fae-touched appear as any mortal dream. They are strange and wondrous, generated within short-lived Bastions and peopled by eidolons. But the Hedge is ever-present in the background, making dreams just a little bit stranger. They're easier for oneiropomps to manipulate, but doing so makes many changelings nervous. After all, even forgotten oaths have a way of coming back.

For many shared dreamers, dreams are a way to inject the world as it once was with the new magic of what it has become. The changeling can look mortal as he once did; the Avowed can be youthful again, as she was when her lover was taken so long ago. Dreams like these are bittersweet, and they come with risk. Using dreams to return to the past can make it hard to live in the present. Stories are told of those who fell asleep forever, living inside their dream as their physical body withered from neglect — or some who re-entered the Hedge in the hopes of constructing a permanent Bastion that could hold the sweet promise of eternal spring.

Even if their promise-bound never makes it back from Arcadia, once the fae-touched enter the Hedge, in a way they never really leave again. When the fae-touched gets back to the mortal world and finds themselves alone, truly alone, the Hedge settles like quicksand around their feet. The further they slip into the

other world, the harder it becomes to get out. Their dreams reflect this slow descent into irrevocable sleep: The longer they live apart from their promise-bound, the harder it is for anyone other than that changeling to wake them, and the more appealing the tendrils of the fae world become.

Systems: Changelings in the dream of a fae-touched who is not their own Avowed benefit from this appeal: To trigger any Shift Condition takes three paradigm shifts, and in a contested roll between a changeling with the Dream Assailant Condition and a dreamer, the dreamer must win three contests in order to wake.

If the Avowed has inherited her promise from a family member, the ability to share dreams can be a boon, allowing her to understand this link. It can also be a curse: The dreams start the moment the original Avowed dies, which can mean that the fae-touched grows up not just with a pull toward the Hedge but with dreams she doesn't understand. Some of these fae-touched attempt to blot out their dreams, haunted both in sleeping and waking by someone they've never met or believe to be dead. And thanks to their strong link to the Hedge, many fae-touched who die before they can reunite with their promise-bound leave behind Hedge ghosts when they go. Those ghosts live on and are pulled like magnets to the Bastions of the dreamers who have taken over their promises. Hedge ghosts who think their heir is neglecting their promise may go to terrible lengths to persuade the dreamer to take up a duty for which they never volunteered.

NEW MERITS

The following Merits are available for fae-touched characters. Changelings and mundane humans should not purchase these Merits without approval from the Storyteller.

DREAM-TRIPPER (•••)

Prerequisites: Fae-touched, Dream Shaper, Dreamsteps Contract

Effect: Your character is not only able to use dreamweaving actions in her own dreams, but she's also able to exit her Bastion onto the Dreaming Roads and affect someone else's. If she has entered a stranger's Bastion or that of someone hostile to her, even if she doesn't know about that hostility, she gains the Dream Infiltrator Condition (**Changeling**, p. 337) immediately. This does not apply to the dreams of her promise-bound or those who know and feel fondly toward her.

DREAM GHOST (••)

Prerequisites: Fae-touched, Lucid Dreamer

Effect: When your character and her promise-bound are asleep at the same time, the Avowed can enter her promise-bound's dream, no matter how far apart they are, by getting three successes on a roll to enter the Gate of Ivory (**Changeling**, p. 216). If she possesses the Dream Shaper merit, she can perform dreamweaving in the changeling's dream but can't enact paradigm shifts. Otherwise, she falls into the role of an eidolon, though can spend a point of Willpower to speak out of turn to the dreamer. The sentence is

vague, like normal dreaming dialogue. If she carefully considers her words, she may be able to pass a message via interaction with the dream itself — perhaps by posing as an actor in a commercial playing on a background television and delivering a message about the perils of selling washing machines or inserting riddles into books in a vast library that lead the changeling to the message if solved.

DREAMER'S GAZE (◉)

Prerequisites: Fae-touched

Effect: Spend a point of Glamour. The Avowed uses a reflective surface to gaze into her promise-bound's dream. The fae-touched cannot shape events inside the dream, but she can watch over her changeling. If she has the Dream-steps Contract (**Changeling**, p. 144), she can spend another point of Glamour to be led to the Gate of Horn, from which she can find her way to her promise-bound's dream. Entering the dream requires a successful contested roll of Intel-ligence + Empathy vs. the Bastion's Fortification.

ENDYMION'S DREAM (◉◉◉)

Prerequisites: Fae-touched, Lucid Dreamer

Effect: Make a Resolve + Occult roll. On a success, your character stays asleep. Attempts in the physical world to wake her do not work, and she is immune to being woken by paradigm shifts. No matter how long the dream lasts, the dreamer stays in the same Bastion, with the same props and eidolons. When she uses this Merit, she wakes with the Dissociation Condition (**Changeling**, p. 338), which is resolved the next time she sleeps without interference or infiltration by others.

TWICE SHY (◉◉◉)

Prerequisites: Fae-touched, Dreamer's Gaze, change-

WHEN THE DREAMER DOESN'T SLEEP

Wise oneiromancers ensure their targets will be sleeping before setting foot on the Hedgeways that bring them to the Dreaming Roads. In many circumstances, the modifier that increases successes required for successful Hedge navigation when under a time limit applies to changelings trying to reach a Bastion before the dreamer wakes (**Changeling**, p. 201). If the target is not sleeping or is unable to dream, navigating the Dreaming Roads to find their Bastion results in an automatic failure, delivering them to the Bastion of a dreamer with similar qualities.

As a Storyteller, don't punish you players assuming they've taken reasonable efforts to verify that their quarry is asleep.

ling's fetch is alive

Effect: Your character possesses an oneiromantic link to her promise-bound's fetch. She is able to use the Dreamer's Gaze Merit to watch the fetch's dreams.

BASTIONS

Changelings journey the Dreaming Roads, through Bastion gates and into mortal dreams. Once there, the Lost find themselves able to shape dreams and minds. Skilled oneiropomps find new ways to reap Bastions' harvests, matched only by the True Fae as masters of dream.

FINDING BASTIONS

The organization of the Dreaming Roads does not conform to proximity or sympathetic connection. Instead, Bastions cluster by dream logic and aesthetic along paths that take on characteristics seeping from those dreams.

Dreams manifest from dreamers' minds, a thousand tiny details that come into focus with attention. Bastions reflect the content of the dream and the mind of the dreamer, and the Lost can read those small details to identify the dreamer.

System: Finding a particular Bastion on the Dreaming Roads presents the same challenge as all navigation through the Hedge (**Changeling**, p. 200). After finding and passing through the Gate of Horn, state a known dreamer's Bastion as the desired destination, and include the following target number modifiers in the total successes required. Remember that the Dreaming Roads always count as a trod with a rating between 3-5.

Circumstance

Target Number Modifier

The changeling has previously visited the dreamer's Bastion

-1

The changeling holds the Bastion's key

-1

The changeling holds a bauble stolen from the dreamer

-2

The changeling shares a pledge with the dreamer to allow entry to the Bastion

-2

The dreamer is one of the Changeling's Touchstones

-3

The changeling doesn't know the dreamer personally

The changeling has never met the dreamer

+2

Bastion contains a Huntsman's Heart

+1 per 2 dots of the Huntman's Wyrd (max +3)

SAMPLE BASTIONS

Below are some sample Bastions and eidolons for use in your game. They're intended to be tailored toward your characters and scenarios — feel free to change an eidolon's traits as needed. The example Keys listed for each align with the Bastion's themes, but Storytellers should adjust them to reflect the specific dream and dreamer.

The Bastions' Fortification ratings provided are the default; increase them to reflect tougher scenarios, or decrease them for dreams that present less of a challenge to enter. Shift the rating by 1 point for minor changes, or 2 points for major ones. For instance, a dreamer who experienced a disturbing encounter while awake goes to bed wary. Her eidolons patrol the dream's edges, shoring up the defenses. The Storyteller increases the Fortification rating by 1. Conversely, if the dreamer trusts the oneirotopomp implicitly, the dream's gates open at her touch, reflecting a 2-point decrease in the Fortification rating.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE

Fortification rating: 10

Key: The dreamer's favorite song, a ring made of the same material as the palace

Description: The palace rises above a field of flowers, its spires touching the sky. Facets gleam in the sunlight, dazzling all who approach. It's made of amethyst, ruby, sapphire, or other precious gems, and vibrant hues tinge all that stands in its shadow. In this place, the dreamer is a crystalline monarch, issuing decrees from her diamond throne. Her staff and advisors flutter about, seeing to her every whim and whispering secrets in her ear. Guards stand close by, swords at the ready, on watch for any petitioners who might mean her harm.

Here, she passes judgment over all manner of concerns. Subjects lay baskets overflowing with fruits, jewels, or plump, roly-poly hedgehogs at her feet, awaiting her approval of the harvest. They plead their cases in verse or birdsong, asking for justice or revenge, or beg her to intercede with the moon.

This is a Bastion where the dreamer is not only in charge, but wields immense power. In the waking world, she may have very little, but here in dreams she can set right the world's wrongs and make decrees her underlings leap to enforce. She may be a warrior-queen, intent on fighting for her cause, or a sly negotiator, wining and dining her rivals. As a literal queen bee, the palace becomes her hive: Its amber walls drip with honey, and her bee-faced drone guards hover with stinger-swords at the ready. The palace provides whatever she requires: an armory, a feast, a dungeon in which to throw her enemies.

The palace may instead be a glass-and-steel skyscraper, the throne room replaced by a board room. Guards and advisors become building security and underlings in designer suits, and the dungeon a windowless room in a sub-basement. It could be a castle on the moon, looking down on the Earth from beneath an airtight dome, or a palace under the

sea where mermaid guards herd trespassers at trident-point. In all its forms, the dreamer reigns, whether she's a benevolent ruler or a bloodthirsty tyrant.

Crystal gates bar the way into the palace from the Dreaming Roads, guarded by knights wearing the dreamer's crest. At lower Fortification ratings, the crystal is brittle or in a state of disrepair, the guards lax in their duties. Moats and drawbridges surround better Fortified palaces, with a battalion of guards walking the ramparts, ready to defend against invaders.

Common eidolons: Castle guard, scullery maid, king's advisor, visiting nobles

THE HAUNTED FOREST

Fortification Rating: 6

Key: A red hooded garment, a pocketful of white stones, a fingerbone, a woodcutter's axe

Description: The trees in this Bastion grow thick and close, their brittle branches reaching out to scratch and snare. Creatures rustle in the undergrowth, keeping pace with the dreamer and herding him toward an ambush. Nightbirds call warnings to one another while predators' howls split the air. Roots trip those who don't watch their steps, and while some paths lead to safety, others end in cottages where a wolf wears your grandmother's cap and nightgown and begs you to lean in just a little closer.

The forest is a Bastion straight out of fairy tales. Elves and mythical creatures roam the woods. Here, dreamers aren't surprised to find a unicorn drinking from a crystal clear stream or a crone peddling poisoned apples. Dreams can be flights of fantasy or a dive into the horrific, and just as it happens in fairy tales, things aren't always as they seem. The twisted tree trunk is a cozy home for a family of talking squirrels. The owner of the gingerbread cottage isn't a witch at all, but the dreamer's elderly neighbor who watched over her after school while her parents were at work. Conversely, the sweet little songbird sings insidious lies, and that clear pool has no bottom — if you drop your heart in it, it'll sink forever.

For many fae creatures, the forest reminds them strongly of Arcadia. While it grants changelings a degree of familiarity — even if they don't know *all* the dream logic here, they're pretty good at rolling with it — it can also be a harrowing experience. A spun sugar thicket is delightful, unless you were the Playmate who had to bear a Keeper's sticky-sweet hands perpetually tangling in your hair and yanking it out in hanks.

The forest's gates are a tangle of thorns (though not Thorns) and brambles twenty feet tall. At lower Fortifications, the branches are brittle and easily pushed through. At higher levels they're stronger and grow back nearly as quickly as they're cut. Eidolons guarding the forest are woodcutters and wolves, who form an uneasy alliance against unwanted visitors.

Common Eidolons: Woodcutters, wolves, witches, talking animals

THE LONELY BASTION

Fortification rating: 2

Key: An item forgotten by its original owner, a toy from a previous era

Description: Wind whistles through the lonely Bastion. Once, it was a vibrant place, full of a dreamer's familiar alcoves and unexplored fears. Its streets bustled with eidolons playing their parts, and every room was full of props waiting for the dreamer to pick them up. Now it's grown quiet — though not entirely empty.

The dreamer's long gone, but somehow the Bastion still stands.

It's crumbled in places, rooms that were only a thin veneer of dreamstuff fallen into rubble. Without a dreamer to impose a semblance of order, structures become feral, reconfiguring themselves and borrowing features from other parts of the dream. The twisted forest grows wild and riotous, and ever more sinister creatures roam within. Eidolons still carry out their duties — they haven't been dismissed. Many are hollow-eyed and tired; others have shaken off their old duties and formed their own community within the Bastion, and they're not fond of outsiders. They've had long years to learn how to defend themselves — when the horrors come boiling out of the forest, the eidolons fight back. Like the landscape, the eidolons are stranger versions of their old selves, adapting and modifying themselves without restraints. Every iteration becomes stranger, farther from human experience.

Visitors know only that *something* happened to the dreamer, but not what. The only certainty is, she didn't simply wake. Her absence makes the Bastion's entrance difficult to find; with no dreamer, oneiopomps have no sleeping target to seek once they've passed through the Gate of Horn. Most stumble into the lonely Bastion accidentally — a Huntsman chases them off the Dreaming Roads onto a barely visible path; a battle with another oneiromancer sends them tumbling from dream to dream; an act of dreamweaving goes horribly awry.

Echoes of the event haunt the Bastion, offering glimpses of what might have been. Visitors encounter pockets of memories and overwhelming emotions. The sharp taste of strange magic sits heavy on the air and affects those who come too close. Even for a dream, everything feels a little bit off. Danger lurks throughout, as eidolons, props, and the cataclysm that created this place try to drive explorers out... or assimilate them into the unending dream.

Common eidolons: The mayor, faceless parental figures, wandering horrors

System: To represent the lonely Bastion's strangeness, the Storyteller might declare that changelings enter it with the Dream Infiltrator Condition in place (**Changeling**, p. 337). Additionally, paradigm shifts cost an additional success to enact.

CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE

The lonely Bastion is extremely rare, and possibly unique among the Bastions along the Dreaming Roads. It should be used sparingly, as something characters encounter only once in a chronicle. Getting to it can be as weird or coincidental as your story requires — perhaps a character's had the Key on them all along, an item they picked up along the way and forgot was at the bottom of their backpack. If the player dramatically fails an Escape Hatch or False Morning roll (p. XX), the motley may find themselves in the lonely Bastion instead.

THE MAZE

Fortification rating: 5

Key: A paper ticket from a country fair; a ball of twine

Description: Walls rise above the dreamer, blocking their view of any potential landmarks. Each stretch ends in a choice: left, right, or back the way they came. Several paths are dead ends, requiring the dreamer to retrace their steps. Some deposit the explorer all the way back at the beginning. Only a few paths lead to the exit; fewer still to the truth hidden in the maze's center.

Mazes take many forms, depending on the dreamer's experiences and state of mind. A hall of mirrors reflects different versions of herself or shows her events from different angles. A funhouse maze can be a delightful diversion or a terrifying trap — who gets kissed in the middle? Who gets killed? Sometimes the Bastion turns mundane locations into a maze: the identical rows of a cubicle farm, hospital corridors, dark alleys in a crowded city, or the sewer tunnels beneath it.

The maze might belong to a dreamer whose waking life is full of choices, all of which feel momentous. Which decisions will make things better? Which will only make her feel more lost? Some dreamers are looking for the exit — needing to burst free of the claustrophobic walls and see the sky yawning wide above them. Others *want* to achieve the center, viewing the Bastion instead as a traditional labyrinth, the setting for a spiritual or meditative quest.

Labyrinths are often home to minotaurs. Clowns stalk the halls of funhouse mazes. Shadowy creatures turn the corner just ahead of the dreamer, never giving him a good glimpse of their faces. And just about any horror might be waiting in the corn under a Halloween moon.

An oneiromancer, the dreamer herself, or the eidolons who maintain the maze can weaponize its layout. They lead

enemies into traps or use hidden corridors and false walls to pop out in unexpected places. They dash around a corner of the hedge and duck behind reinforcements in the form of a pack of playing-card soldiers on patrol.

The maze's walls double as its Fortification. At lower ratings, they could be made of thin plaster a changeling can smash through, or hedges easily defeated by a pair of sharp clippers. A higher Fortification might yield a maze made of concrete blocks, or mirrors that shatter into thousands of sharp fragments. Eidolons on guard outside may take the form of Cretan warriors with horns on their heads, cube farm floor managers, or hulking carnival workers.

Some changelings bring a can of spray paint or a ball of string to mark their way. It's helpful not only while they navigate the dream, but also to find their way back to the exit when the Bastion collapses. The maze's corridors, not bound by real-world constraints, still shift around the motley, morphing from a towering hedge, to sewer tunnels, to a house of carefully-balanced playing cards. The markers change, too — one moment a ball of string, the next a shining steel handrail, the next a keen-nosed tracking hound — guiding the traveler to safety.

Common eidolons: Mirror self, minotaur, carnival clown

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

Fortification rating: 3

Key: A plain-looking house key on a souvenir keychain

Description: Everyone grew up somewhere, and this Bastion takes the dreamer's strongest memories of their childhood homes and recreates them. Maybe it's the sprawling farmhouse that's been in the family for 200 years or the cramped apartment where they were always tripping over their siblings. Plenty of kids grew up in several places: living with one parent during the week and spending weekends with the other; moving from military base to military base as a parent's deployment changed; being shuffled around foster homes. Home might have been a friend's house that was safer than the dreamer's own, the stacks of the local library, or a tree fort in the woods.

The Bastion blends all these places together into one, compiling the rooms into a layout with its own logic. The kitchen is the narrow galley where the dreamer's favorite auntie made tea and listened to her school woes, but the bedroom is from the house she lived in when she was six, and the creepy basement from that place they only stayed in for a year. Other rooms can appear as well: a locked door barring the dreamer from truths she'd rather not face, or a room she's never seen before representing new opportunities or a need to make changes in her life.

Often, the Bastion is a place of safety and comfort. Here, the dreamer can discuss her current problems with a long-lost trusted relative or work through the grief that comes with missing them. On the other hand, the same Bastion can be a nightmare setting, allowing the dreamer to explore situations weighing on her. Shadowy figures peer in

the windows, or the dreamer races through rooms looking for an exit that's never there. Sometimes it can be both at once — a dreamer flees from a nightmare creature and finds the cardboard-and-tinfoil sword tucked into her childhood closet has become a gleaming steel blade. The dream shifts from horror to heroism with her newfound confidence.

A fence rings the Bastion, keeping intruders out. It may be made of white picket, chain link, or wrought iron. At lower Fortification ratings, it could be little more than a rope strung across two trees with *Keep Out!* scrawled on a piece of scrap wood. Bastions with higher Fortification ratings might have eidolons patrolling the perimeter in the form of security staff or guard dogs, or that older cousin who always chased the bullies away.

Common eidolons: Parental figures and other family members, frequent guests, unexpected visitors, neighbors, burglars

THE OTHERWORLDLY BASTION

Fortification rating: 7

Key: A leaf from a prehistoric forest, a canopic jar, something not of this world

Description: Nothing in this Bastion feels familiar. Its structures have walls and windows, but its architecture doesn't match anything in the history books. They're smooth-walled chthonian caverns whose physics don't quite sync up with human experience, or they're sprawling hive-complexes under a sky that hangs too close. All the angles here feel wrong, the air tastes strange, and eidolons speak in an indecipherable tongue.

This Bastion contains the dream of a creature that is neither mortal nor fae. Its experiences, hopes, and fears are outside of human knowledge. Some things make sense only when glimpsed out of the corner of the eye: This is an elevator; that's a doorknob. Eidolons' speech is a jumble of unfamiliar sounds and cadences, but a changeling who's only half-listening might catch one word out of 20.

The Dreaming Roads around this Bastion are the first clue changelings have that strange things lie within. The moon still sits in the sky, but its familiar face changes — sometimes it's the dark side showing, or the craters have moved, or colors coruscate across its surface. Cities that spring up around the Bastion twist the eye with their impossible architecture. Bastions with lower Fortification ratings may be unguarded in an attempt to lure travelers inside. At higher values, they're surrounded by smooth impenetrable walls and magical wards. Panels slide back to reveal arcane weapons.

These might be creatures from other **Chronicles of Darkness** games, visitors from other realities, or other Storyteller inspirations. Chthonians and Kerberoi dream of order as imposed in the Underworld. An *idigam's* dreams are, like the Formless themselves, ever-shifting and spiky with hunger for revenge. The enemies of the Arisen, the

mortals who became the Deceived share their souls with the shattered remnants of the Shan'iatu who created them — once divine artists, now inextricably tied to the servants they betrayed, their dreams roil with madness. Even in their sleep, angels dream of carrying out the God-Machine's plans, their Bastions awash in turning cogs and the thrum of strange machinery.

Common eidolons: Inhuman guardians, ambassadors, explorers

System: This Bastion's strangeness imposes a -2 modifier to all oneiromancy rolls. Eidolons are inherently suspicious of intruders, and begin all social maneuvers with an average impression of the characters (**Changeling**, p. 192).

THE REPOSITORY

Fortification: 4

Key: Sheet music, the opening paragraph of an unfinished novel, an artist's sketchbook

Description: This Bastion's many rooms and great halls house brilliant works of art. The libraries, with their stacks soaring to the ceiling, hold books beyond counting. Music swells from the concert halls and thumps from speakers. Galleries brimming with paintings and sculptures are open at all hours for viewers to stroll through.

None of this art exists in the waking world.

The works herein simmer with potential. These are the novels not-yet-written, the finished paintings an artist envisions before ever setting brush to canvas, and the snatches of a song that might rocket to the top of the charts — all the things people would create if they had but world enough and time. In addition to her own works, this Bastion holds many other might-have-been opuses. Theaters run the movies that leave the dreamer teary-eyed on waking, starring actors that don't exist. Venues host concerts for bands that broke up or musicians long-departed.

This Bastion brims with Glamour for dreamwalkers to harvest, as so many of the works hosted here reflect the dreamer's emotions. The memoir holds her love for her daughters between its covers. The diss track distills her hurt and fury into one perfect three-minute song. The oil painting captures the way the sunset caught the snow the day she fell in love. Harvesting the Glamour from such a work requires a paradigm shift and imposes a Shift Condition on the changeling. Consuming it destroys its potential to exist in the waking world. Conversely, the oneiopomp might use abilities that cause the Inspired Condition (for example, Merits like Enchanting Performance and Contracts such as Spinning Wheel) to coax the dreamer to put pen to paper or brush to canvas the next time they meet while she's awake.

Eidolons in the repository are both the talent and the staff. Curators are happy to give context to the dreamer's works and show off the collections they manage. However, they're also protective of those pieces, steering dreamwalkers

away when they get too close and escorting them from the premises if they attempt to tamper with — or outright steal — the dreamer's creations.

The Repository's stately wrought iron gates give visitors a glimpse of the grand building beyond, with its many wings and towers. Eidolon gate-guards check for visitors' library cards, sell tickets to the galleries, or unhook velvet ropes when guests flash lanyards with backstage passes attached. At lower Fortification ratings, the Bastion is akin to a little free library or a Shakespeare in the Park performance, where all are welcome. More heavily Fortified Bastions resemble a museum's special collections, with secure vaults, patrolling guards, and alarm systems in place to keep intruders and thieves out.

Common Eidolons: Concertgoers, librarians, musicians, art gallery curators, actors

ROAD TO NOWHERE

Fortification rating: 5

Key: The key to a 1965 Chevy Malibu, a New Jersey Turnpike highway token

Description: Highways and long country roads stretch out in all directions within this Bastion. The destination is always on the horizon — a big city, a convention, the Butterfly Queen's wedding to the Lady of Mists. Here, the dreamer's always on the move but never quite arriving. Sometimes the road is clear, and drivers can ride with the top down and radio blaring. Other times bumper-to-bumper traffic impedes travel, or a sudden watercolor rain washes out the road in a flood of primary colors. The way is full of impossibly steep hills, soaring bridges that touch the clouds, and dark tunnels through mountains. The cop who pulls her over is a badger, her fifth grade soccer coach, or an entire boy band, and they cite her for driving a horse-drawn carriage in a trucks-only lane.

The Bastion's dreamer longs for adventure and escape, a way out of a stagnant situation, or a path toward a life-changing opportunity. She's pressed for time, and the distance between where she is and where she needs to be feels as wide as the country, or the world, or the gap between Earth and Jupiter. The road itself is often a prop representing the dreamer's ambition, her need to get away, or the obstacles that block her from achieving her goals.

Though much of the Bastion's focus is on the roads themselves, stops along the way hold their own significance. Dreamers pull into rest stops, chain hotels, and shoe-shaped cafés run by tired old women, each full of those who offer respite or further setbacks. Oneiopomps use such places to conduct business, meeting contacts a couple tables over from where the dreamer spills her woes to the sympathetic eidolon-waitress.

The dreamer's journey might instead involve cross-country train trips or rush hour on crowded metro trains. She might be a horse racer trying to coax her pegasus across a finish line



the spectators keep erasing, or a snail jockey facing a salt spill across the garden path. The obstructions aren't traffic jams, but blocked tracks, medical emergencies, or lava-filled tunnels. If she's a frequent flyer, her dreams involve overbooked flights, lost luggage, and turbulence. The jumble of highway exits, confusing transit maps, and airport layouts can sometimes shift this Bastion from road trip to maze and back again.

Visitors to this Bastion must pay the fare at the toll booth guarding the entrance. At lower Fortification ratings, the gates are up and an eidolon waves visitors through. Construction work, concrete barriers, and police officers guard more heavily Fortified Bastions.

Common eidolons: Rest stop employees, police officers, construction workers, passengers, hitchhikers, detours and obstructions

EIDOLONS

Following are eidolons for use in your dreamers' Bastions. They represent a few common archetypes, and can be customized to fit the story and dream they appear in. The Authority Figure might be the dreamer's boss, the dean of admissions, or a detective. They might even be someone who doesn't hold a true position of authority but nevertheless wields power over the dreamer in some unofficial way: a math tutor, their domme girlfriend, a blackmailer, or even simply the person who controls the radio station on a road trip. Storytellers should feel free to add powers and raise or lower their traits as needed. While some eidolons may take on the appearance of a Huntsman or the changeling's Keeper, they don't have those entities' powers, and can only approximate them via Numina.

THE AUTHORITY FIGURE

"See me in my office."

Background: In every guise, the Authority Figure holds power over the dreamer.

They were the boss who heaped piles of work on your desk, more than you could ever complete in a 40-hour work week. Never satisfied with your performance, every review period was an exercise in humiliation. If *their* boss was unhappy, the shit was absolutely rolling downhill and onto you. Simply seeing the boss' number on their caller ID or name on an email chain was enough to make your heart rate spike.

They were the professor determined to fail you. They had an uncanny knack for springing pop quizzes on the days you hadn't studied and never granted extensions on a paper. They sent you to the principal's office more times than you could count and threatened to get you yanked off the sports team. You'd have dropped their class, but you needed the credit, and they knew it.

They were the beat cop who harassed you and your friends. The one who showed up no matter where you were, performed searches you *knew* were illegal, and were actively disappointed when they couldn't find grounds to bring you

in. They're the reason you signal every turn and come to a complete stop at every stop sign.

Description: The Authority Figure looms large in dreams. Sometimes they're physically bigger than others around them, appearing impossibly tall or filling a room with their presence. Their footsteps echo down corridors and their voice cuts through all other noise. Their clothing and the props they carry signify their position, and often seem oversized: The professor's red pen drips ink as thick as blood; the cop's badge covers half his chest.

Storytelling Hints: The Authority figure brooks no nonsense. They expect everyone they interact with to answer their questions promptly and obey orders quickly.

Aspiration: "Make them obey."

Power: 5

Finesse: 3

Resistance: 4

Willpower: 7

Initiative: 7

Defense: 4

Armor: 0/0, (1/3 for police officers or similar)

Size: 7

Speed: 8

Corpus: 11

Wyrd: 5

Glamour/per Turn: 20/8

Influences: Fear •••

Numina: Clarity Drain, Entrap, Emotional Aura, Speed, Stalwart

Notes: Sometimes the eidolon is an abstraction, representing the position rather than the person — dreams about missing classes or forgetting to write a paper have little to do with which professor's about to fail you. In this case, they become an extra. Their Wyrd drops to 1, and they have no Willpower or Glamour to spend.

THE CONFIDANT

"Let me make some tea and we'll talk about it."

Background: In every guise, the Confidant is someone the dreamer trusts implicitly.

They were the aunt who understood you better than your parents ever could. Maybe they were a blood relation, or maybe just a good family friend. Either way, they're the one you ran to when you couldn't be at home anymore, and who stood up for you when you couldn't stand up for yourself. They offered you a couch to sleep on and a shoulder to cry on. If you got in trouble, they were the first person you called — didn't matter the hour, they'd come get you, no questions, no judgment.

They were the friend who truly got you. You exchanged friendship bracelets and had a secret knock. As you got older, they read your bad poetry and told you that boy was going to break your heart, but they'd support your choices. When he inevitably did, they were there with tissues and ice cream. They knew when to tell you the things you didn't want to hear, and when to tell you it'd be okay, even if they couldn't see how it could. Maybe you lost touch. Maybe they're sleeping beside you.

They were the teacher who believed in you, the one who saw your potential and pushed you toward it. Sometimes their support was simple words of encouragement. Sometimes it was a box of new pastels when your family couldn't afford them. They knew when you phoned it in, but rather than failing you, they asked what was going on at home. Their classroom was a refuge from bullies and bullshit, and some days you wish you were back there among the smell of chalk dust and musty textbooks.

Description: The confidant resembles someone from the dreamer's life who cared about them. In dreams, they appear as the age they were when the dreamer needed them most. They may be younger, stronger, softer, or more beautiful than their waking-world counterparts. Comforting scents cling to them — a specific soap or perfume, pipe tobacco, an old leather jacket, etc.

Storytelling Hints: The Confidant listens carefully to what others have to say. They advocate first and foremost for the dreamer and refuse any requests that might bring their charge harm. Should the changelings' actions in the Bastion threaten the dreamer, the Confidant quickly acts to protect them.

Aspiration: "I wish you could see how wonderful you are."

Power: 3

Finesse: 5

Resistance: 4

Willpower: 9

Initiative: 9

Defense: 3

Armor: 0/0

Size: 5

Speed: 8

Corpus: 9

Wyrd: 4

Glamour/per Turn: 15/7

Influences: Calm • •

Numina: Emotional Aura, Entrap, Sign

DREAMSTALKER

[rustling in the trees]

Background: Every nightmare needs its horror. The Dreamstalker revels in the hunt, terrorizing the dreamer and all who dare walk through its domain. It's the beast growling

from the underbrush and the shadow moving in the corner of your eye that disappears when you whip around to face it. It's the thing that chases you and never tires, breathing down your neck and nipping at your heels. No matter where you hide, it sniffs you out.

Description: The Dreamstalker takes the form that best fits the dream. In the woods, it's a wolf slinking through the trees. In the city, it's a thief with a knife lurking in the alley. In all forms, it's most often a shadow that slinks, staying out of sight until the very end. Victims observe the Dreamstalker in flashes. Red eyes glow in the darkness. The moon shimmers off its teeth or a blade. Its putrid breath blows on a bared neck. It has too many limbs, or rows of sharp teeth, and its unnatural movements make victims' stomachs churn.

Some Dreamstalkers take the form of a creature the dreamer fears: dogs, spiders, millipedes. Others are a hodgepodge of shapes, shifting to match whatever it can sniff in its victims' terrified scent. They can also appear as a person whose very presence made your life a nightmare, such as the playground bully or a backstabbing coworker.

Storytelling Hints: The Dreamstalker exists for the thrill of the chase. Catching its victims is secondary to herding them across the dream's landscape and instilling them with fear. It toys with them, backing them into a corner only to let them get away and run some more. Some Dreamstalkers work in tandem with other eidolons, acting as their loyal hunting hounds.

Aspiration: "Make them run. Make them hide."

Power: 5

Finesse: 4

Resistance: 3

Willpower: 7

Initiative: 7

Defense: 4

Armor: 1/3

Size: 5

Speed: 9

Corpus: 8

Wyrd: 5

Glamour/per Turn: 20/8

Influences: Shadows • • •

Numina: Blast, Clarity Drain, Dematerialize, Dement, Entrap, Speed

Weapons/Attacks:

Type	Damage	Dice Pool
Claws	1L	10
Bite	2L	10

THE STORM

[thunder rumbling]

Background: Most dream storms are merely props, a bit of setting complicating the dreamer's journey or reinforcing the mood, but in the end they're plain old rain and snow. *This* storm, however, is bigger than its effects. It represents the dreamer's own internal conflict or a destructive force in her waking life. It's the cloud of emotions waiting to burst, the white-hot anger ready to strike like lightning, or the reckless whirlwind set to lay waste to everything around her.

Description: The storm can take several forms: a violent thunderstorm, a howling blizzard, a cataclysmic tempest rife with fire tornadoes and forked lightning. It can unleash a torrent of stranger objects as well: frogs, cotton candy, scraps of paper covered in love poems. Darkened skies and sudden drops in temperature or pressure herald its arrival.

Storytelling Hints: The storm drives those caught within it toward a certain action. A blizzard might trap characters together in a house, forcing them to confront their differences. It might hit instead when characters are stranded outside, making them work together to survive or discover their strength and ingenuity. Lightning strikes can lay waste to the landscape or illuminate truths the dreamer's been denying. The storm isn't a force that can be reasoned with or targeted by social maneuvers, but characters can learn its Aspirations by observation or using appropriate Contracts.

Aspiration: "Make the dreamer confront her fears."

Power: 5

Finesse: 3

Resistance: 4

Willpower: 9

Initiative: 9

Defense: 4

Armor: 0/0

Size: 8

Speed: 8

Corpus: 12

Wyrd: 6

Glamour/per Turn: 20/8

Influences: Weather •••

Numina: Blast, Clarity Drain, Entrap, Emotional Aura, Sign, Speed

THE WANDERER

"The world is bigger than any one Bastion. I have so many dreams to explore."

Background: The Wanderer has played many roles in many dreams. One night they were the tour guide lead-

ing a dreamer through an ancient city. Another they were a bodyguard hustling a rockstar and her fans backstage. They've been warriors and scribes, fairy handmaidens and candy shop owners. They've been the evil queen and the kindly woodsman.

The one thing they'd never been was free.

When visitors came to the dream, the eidolon kept careful watch, making sure they didn't disturb the dreamer. When the oneiopomps started trouble, the eidolon took up a sword made of dreamstuff and joined the army chasing them out. The Bastion crumbled behind the fleeing intruders; the eidolon kept up with them until they were well out onto the Dreaming Roads. By the time the changelings were gone, so was the way back into the dream.

The Wanderer set off along the Dreaming Roads, taking odd jobs at Goblin Markets and offering their services as a guide for motleys. They ventured into other dreamers' Bastions, but never returned to the one they escaped, for fear of being trapped within.

Once, they were whoever their dreamer needed them to be.

Now, they're whoever they *want* to be.

Description: The Wanderer prefers to keep a human form of average height with a stocky build. Most often, they wear sturdy clothes for adventuring, though they carry a knapsack full of dreamstuff ready to turn into an outfit for any occasion.

Storytelling Hints: The Wanderer is affable and eager, happy to sign on with adventuring motleys. They're skilled at infiltrating dreams and getting back out and know how other eidolons behave and react. The character can be either an ally or an antagonist, joining the team for a dream heist, or double crossing them at the end.

Aspiration: "Experience something new."

Power: 3

Finesse: 5

Resistance: 4

Willpower: 9

Initiative: 9

Defense: 3

Armor: 0/0

Size: 5

Speed: 8

Corpus: 9

Wyrd: 6

Glamour/per Turn: 20/8

Influences: Dreams •••

Numina: Blast, Entrap, Emotional Aura, Hallucination, Rogue Dream, Speed

CONEIRONAUTICS

All the Lost can apply their particular talents to oneiromancy and any motley benefits from mutual aid achieving cooperative feats of dreamweaving. The best oneiropomps approach their task as both art and science, calling themselves *coneironauts* and their practice *coneironautics*. Such teams coordinate their dreamweaving to achieve results no lone changeling could accomplish, intricately drawing together dream threads to reinforce changes to the dreamscape. While coneironauts build up a mystique around their skills, any group of changelings can accomplish the same results working together.

CONEIRONAUTIC TACTICS

Coneironautic tactics grant additional benefits to coordinated oneiromancers using the following rules:

Tandem Dreamweaving: Coneironautic tactics grant an additional benefit to a dreamweaving roll. Coneironautics requires the cooperation of at least three oneiromancers to weave multiple dream elements together.

Teamwork: One changeling is the primary actor, and the other oneiromancers support them as secondary actors using the teamwork rules (**Changeling**, p. 190). If the tactic requires resolution of a shift condition, the primary actor must have the shift condition.

Planning: Coneironautics require a plan to perform. Create a plan using the build equipment rules (**Changeling**, p. 196). All actors gain the bonus equipment dice for the plan, including for teamwork actions. If unexpected twists disrupt the plan or the team didn't start with a plan, any changeling may attempt a jury rigging action to establish a new plan (**Changeling**, p. 197).

Initiative: During an action scene, all secondary actors must complete their actions before the primary actor rolls, which may require the primary actor to delay their place in the initiative order.

Timing and Requirements: Some maneuvers are only relevant under particular circumstances. For example, False Awakening only works when the dreamer is waking up. Changelings may have to work to set up the circumstances to make their plan viable.

Action: Coneironautics are an extension of dreamweaving, and all actions are instant.

Dice Pools: Like all dreamweaving actions, the actors use attributes and skills appropriate to their place in the ongoing narrative of the dream.

Roll Results: The roll results apply to the roll of the primary actor only. The effect of a success or exceptional success is an additional benefit to the dreamweaving roll. Secondary actors follow the usual rules for teamwork. On a dramatic failure, the primary actor suffers a -4 dice penalty to their roll, cumulative for each secondary actor's dramatic failure.



Rote Actions: No coneironautics roll can become a rote action; coordinated dreamweaving is too variable to ever become routine.

CULTIVATE EIDOLON

Each changeling works to create ties between an eidolon and other elements of the dream, embedding it in the dreamer's subconscious. Such eidolons are predictable once formed, giving the coneironauts a predictable element to pull into that dreamer's Bastion as a potential ally or practical foil. Occasionally, if left untended, such eidolons become dreamborn.

Roll Results

Success: The eidolon becomes an important eidolon representing some aspect of the dreamer's relationship with the Lost who created it. The changelings may introduce this eidolon into future dreams with a subtle shift costing 1 success.

Failure: You fail to create a recurring dream element.

DRAW HEAT

As changelings push the contents of the Bastion to the desired shape, the subconscious recognizes them as an outside threat. Eidolons become suspicious and hostile to the dreamweavers' actions. Working as a team, the oneiromancers draw hostility away from their lead so she can more easily accomplish the team's goal.

Roll Results

Success: The primary actor takes a penalty to peaceful interactions and acting unseen equal to the penalties of the Shift Condition of another member of the team. That team member does not suffer from that penalty until after their next dreamweaving action.

Failure: Their team members continue to suffer the full penalties from their Shift Conditions.

ENTRAPPING BASTION COLLAPSE

Taking advantage of the end of dreams, canny oneiromancers cast their enemies into the Thorns or beyond. Sometimes called the mind trap, oneiropomps draw on the fluid nature of dreams, shifting the Bastion around their target to delay escape as the Bastion collapses.

Roll Results

Success: For each success, the target loses one turn of action to escape before the Bastion collapses. If this reduces the remaining turns to zero, they may roll a desperation die in a final attempt to reach an exit.

Failure: The action does not delay the target.

ESCAPE HATCH

Given the delicate nature of dreams, Bastion collapse is an ever-present risk that could send coneironauts into the Thorns or worse. Cautious changelings secure their route out of the dream before attempting great changes.

DESIGNING NEW CONEIRONAUTIC TACTICS

Coneironautic tactics add options to dream weaving. Tactics should not replace existing shift results, Shift Condition resolutions, Contracts, or Merits, but they may overlap with such effects. In the examples presented here, tactics offer three types of bonus effects. First, they offer a bonus effect on top of whatever dreamweaving action the changelings are performing. The second type offers new options for spending successes on a paradigm shift. Finally, a few offer a bank of points to spend on future dreamweaving actions.

Roll Results

Success: Bank successes from this roll as bonus dice for any member of the team to use for a dreamweaving action to find the Bastion's exit.

Failure: You fail to lay an escape route and must find the Bastion's exit as usual should it collapse.

FALSE MORNING

When the dreamer stirs and the Bastion begins to collapse, a skilled team bridges moments of wakefulness to their next dream. They step briefly to the Dreaming Roads while holding tight to the threads of the dreamer's Bastion to remain within as it reforms.

Roll Results

Success: Spend 3+ successes on a paradigm shift to make the dreamer believe they have woken up. Remove the Shift Conditions from all oneiromancers acting as part of the team. Lucid dreamers roll Composure + Resolve + Wyrd or Supernatural Tolerance - (successes spent on False Morning) to realize they are still dreaming.

Failure: The dreamer continues to wake.

FORCE THE KEY

Working with the dreamstuff of the subconscious, the oneiromancers create a resonant Key that will allow entry to that dreamer's Bastion in the future.

Roll Results

Success: Spend 4 successes on a paradigm shift to twist an important prop into a Key to that dreamer's future Bastions. The key dissipates back into their subconscious after use.

Failure: The contents of the current Bastion cannot produce a Key.

SUBTLE INFLUENCE

Oneiromancers may leave subtle cues to ease manipulating the dreamer. Coneironauts working together may share

DREAMBORN AND THE WISHING ROADS

The eidolons who dwell in the unmoored Bastions of the Wishing Roads are not dreamborn, though some may undergo the same transformation. Other dreamborn could travel there through the rare Bastions that connect to both the Dreaming Roads and the far reaches of the Hedge, but such connections are fleeting and may very well be a one-way trip. For more about the Wishing Roads and Farthest Hedges, see **Kith and Kin**, p. 16.

such cues as they work the dream, so that each may take advantage of such hooks.

Roll Results

Success: After resolving a Shift Condition to gain bonus dice on Manipulation-based rolls against the dreamer, spend 4 successes on a paradigm shift that allows all participants to draw on the bonus dice from Shift Condition resolution.

Failure: Only the primary actor gains the benefit of the Shift Condition resolution.

THE DREAMBORN

Eidolons are fleeting things, shadows the subconscious casts to fill dreams with people. When an eidolon returns as a recurring dream, they are simply the shadow of the same thought, alike in form but of different substance. But sometimes, a scrap of fae magic infuses an eidolon with enough Wyrd to persist, retaining their identity and returning each time the dreamer sleeps. The Lost call such eidolons dreamborn.

Dreamborn differ according to their dreams of origin, from protective dream guardians to horrific nightmares. Some hobgoblins know the trick of their creation, and they will trade that secret to the Lost. But few changelings believe their actions could account for all the dreamborn. If hobgoblins can create them, so too could the True Fae, so most changelings are wary when they encounter the dreamborn. Some dream scholars suggest that the dreamer's trauma or obsession could take shape as a persistent dream, and hawkers in Goblin Markets occasionally offer shriveled bulbs they promise will grow into ideal dream guardians if planted in the right Bastion.

For a time, most shape their dreamer's Bastions, ensuring peaceful sleep or furtive nightmares depending on their nature. They slowly sculpt the dreamscape, influencing the dreamer with no understanding of the waking world. Intrusion from the Dreaming Roads alerts

the dreamborn to existence beyond the Bastion, and most react with cautious hostility or curiosity. Such first encounters often drive the dreamborn to fortify their dream-realm or seek escape to the Dreaming Roads. The immediate hostility of a dream guardian who recognizes intruders or a lurking nightmare waiting to pounce may catch unwary changelings off guard. Likewise, oneiromancers may sway such eidolons to their cause, convincing the dreamborn to fend off lesser eidolons who interfere with a particularly challenging dreamweaving.

Most dreamborn cannot escape to the Dreaming Roads on their own. Those who wish to depart erode their Bastions, offering easy egress to oneiopomps, and bargaining for escape with any who enter. Once they cross the boundary to the Dreaming Roads, the dreamborn raid dreams and barter with other dream travelers. As creatures of dream, they cannot pass the Gate of Horn into the Hedge, but their ability to harvest Glamour from dreams lets them thrive at the edges of its strange economies.

Systems: The dreamborn use the rules for Hedge ghosts (**Changeling**, pp. 249-251) with a few additions:

- Dreamborn have a Crux instead of a Needle, which describes the themes of their nature and limits their dreamweaving.
- Dreamborn do not share the common powers of Hedge ghosts. As dream beings, they may never gain the Reach power. They may gain the other common powers as Numina.
- Dreamborn cannot leave the Bastion of their original dreamer without help or the Rogue Dream Numen. Any oneiromancer may help them escape with a pledge that allows the dreamborn to follow them from the Bastion.
- Dreamborn are capable of dreamweaving. At Wyrd 1-2, they can make subtle shifts that resonate with their Crux. At Wyrd 3-4, they can create paradigm shifts that resonate with their Crux but are capable of producing any subtle shifts. At Wyrd 5+, dreamweaving is no longer limited to Crux, but dreamweaving effects that align with their Crux gain the 8-again quality.
- When a Bastion collapses, a dreamborn dematerializes into the dreamer's subconscious and reappears in her next Bastion.
- Dreamborn have Influence: Crux and cannot have other Influences.
- Dreamborn cannot leave the Dreaming Roads through the Gate of Horn. Other paths out of the Dreaming Roads may be possible, but they would irrevocably change their nature.

ROGUE DREAM

The dreamborn escapes the Bastion of their birth to wander the Dreaming Roads. They may enter other Bastions and perform dreamweaving according to the limitations of their Wyrđ.

NEW GOBLIN CONTRACT: BIRTH OF THE DREAMBORN

The changeling bought a spark of independence from a goblin – it's better not to think about where it came from. The changeling empowers an important eidolon with that spark, allowing it to persist within the dreamer's Bastion each time they dream.

Cost: 2 Glamour

Dice Pool: Composure + Wyrđ – the Fortification rating

Action: Instant

Duration: Instant

ROLL RESULTS

Success: The eidolon becomes a dreamborn. The oneiropomp defines a theme for the dreamborn's Crux. The next time the dreamer sleeps, the dreamborn forms in their Bastion.

If a changeling uses this contract within their own Bastion, they must pay 1 Willpower dot in addition to other costs unless they invoke the Contract's loophole.

Exceptional Success: The dreamborn starts with an impression one level higher toward their creators and the changeling counts as have one open Door for future social maneuvering with the dreamborn.

Failure: The eidolon does not become a dreamborn.

Dramatic Failure: The eidolon becomes dreamborn, but their Crux and nature are inimical to the changeling's intent, and they gain the Rogue Dream Numen.

Loophole: The oneiropomp leaves the dreamborn's Crux and nature to the dreamer's subconscious imagination.

A TAXONOMY OF DREAMS

Each dreamborn is a unique combination of the traits they adopt from their dreamer's imagination and their circumstances since their formation. Autumn Court scholars use a loose taxonomy to categorize them.

DREAM GUARDIANS

Dream guardians oppose invaders manipulating their dreamer's Bastion. They often take an appearance idealized by the dreamer, whether as a projection of self or an avatar of strength. Guardians that reflect the dreamer's self-expression cut away barbs and insecurities, portraying the

dreamer as they wish to see themselves. Dream guardians may also manifest as imaginary friends or childhood heroes. Dreamers who benefit from the presence of a dream guardian often wake feeling well rested and secure, even if they can't explain why.

Examples: Zev, a large golden furred feline, hunts dreams for treasures hidden within and delights in any adventures to find them. His origin as a child's imaginary friend and catlike mentality means his idea of treasure doesn't always meet changeling expectations. Bulletproof is a masked avatar of strength who seeks out disturbing Bastions to drive out the nightmares found within. They take a confrontational approach with other dream travelers to ascertain fair or foul intent, and then stand against perceived villains. The Painted Caracara weaves dreams with a flourish that appears like impressionist paintings within the dream-cape. She cultivates peaceful dreams and responds with harsh hostility to any who disrupt the tranquility.

GREATER NIGHTMARES

Whether awakened by trauma or a malevolent oneiropomp, greater nightmares torment the dreamer with bad dreams. Some of these dreamborn pursue blatant torment while others lurk in dreams, disrupting the dreamer's rest and siphoning away mental fortitude. Greater nightmares are fiercely territorial and often vindictive toward changelings who disrupt their dream-haunting.

Examples: The Thousand Scuttling Horrors is a shifting mass of arthropods swarming over each other as an agglomerate mass. The nightmare takes the direct approach, swamping terrified dreamers or oneiromancers with its component forms. Ominous Barb hides in the Bastions of her victims, slowly twisting the familiar to the dire to produce uncomfortable dread. She appears as uncanny visages on inanimate objects that most onlookers attribute to face pareidolia. Cuckoo's Child preys on the parental need to protect children, creating a nightmare around itself and the dreamer and crying out for protection. It is hostile to oneiropomps, who it fears will dislodge it from its comfortable dream host.

STRANGER DREAMS

Any attempt to categorize dreams runs aground on the infinite capacity of human imagination. So too with the varied nature of the dreamborn. Thus, any such beings that do not fit the common categories fall into the clade of *strange and miscellaneous dreams*.

Examples: Mnemides reshape themselves with bits of stolen dream memories. They delve into dreams, seeking secrets and passions to pilfer for trade to hobgoblin brokers. Dreamlures shape dreams to attract their hosts to sleep, developing a dependent bond with their dreamer in their hunger for connection. They can be boon companions to oneiropomps who frequently visit the Dreaming Roads, but most become covetous of the Lost's ability to travel beyond dreams. Instigators are among the few dreamborn with ob-

vious focus on the waking world. They ply their dreamers with suggestions, compelling uncharacteristic behaviors that often have wider and unexpected impact. How such dream beings know what actions to initiate remains a mystery, and cautious changelings fear the involvement of the True Fae.

RELICS OF STOLEN DREAMS

Many goods for sale at Goblin Markets have unknown provenance, but shoppers and proprietors alike cannot claim such ignorance for baubles. Each one represents a pillaged mortal dream, carried back to Arcadia and forged into whatever form suited the fancy of the True Fae. Each that finds its way to market comes traded from the True Fae or was stolen by their servants and captives. Hence, the rarity of baubles and their ability to bring the power of dreams into the waking world drives the price high for changelings seeking them.

PARADIGM SHIFTS IN THE WAKING WORLD

Changelings warp reality within the Hedge and in dreams, but the mortal world is not so malleable. Infused with the intentions of the True Fae, baubles let the Lost bring the logic of dreams to the waking world in subtle ways. But desperate changelings may reach beyond subtle manipulations to release the wild logic of dreams into the world. Shattering a bauble allows a changeling to call the True Fae's tyranny over Arcadia into the mortal world, enacting the dream logic of a paradigm shift. Given the rarity of baubles, most changelings are reluctant to destroy their treasures in all but the most dire circumstances.

Systems: When a changeling rolls an exceptional success on the mundane action for dreamweaving in the mortal world, she may shatter the bauble to enact a paradigm shift. A shattered bauble loses 1 dot for every 3 successes spent on the paradigm shift, which return at the end of the story. Any changes wrought on the world return to their previous state at the end of the scene.

Forcing the blatant warping of a paradigm shift bends reality around the changeling. They suffer a Clarity breaking point with dice equal to half the successes spent on the paradigm shift, rounding up.

TEMPERING DREAM-SPUN RELICS

While only the Gentry can solidify the intangible concepts of dream-stuff to preserve the fleeting feelings into something solid and powerful, the Lost have learned to reinforce the dream-substance of the bauble, embedding additional emotional weight. However, baubles only absorb the resonant meaning of dreams spun from the Bastion of their original dreamer, so oneiromancers must track down the victim of the True Fae's dream looting.

Systems: Within the Bastion of the bauble's original dreamer, an oneiopomp needs to create a dream scenario

BAUBLE RULES

Baubles allow changelings to use dreamweaving effects in the mortal world as long as the effect resonates thematically with the bauble's Crux. The changeling's player spends 1 Glamour and rolls with a penalty equal to (6 – the bauble's dot rating). The player can spend excess successes on subtle shifts, whose effects fade at the end of the scene. Double the Willpower recovery time through sleep for each bauble a changeling owns.

For complete bauble rules, see **Oak, Ash, and Thorn**, p. 51.

involving an important prop or eidolon that resonates with the bauble's Crux. Then the oneiopomp must enact a paradigm shift costing twice the number of successes as the current dots of the bauble. This paradigm shift destroys the important eidolon or prop. This paradigm shift accrues Shift Conditions as usual and always risks waking the dreamer as if enacting a paradigm shift while suffering from the Dream Assailant Condition. The added dot fades at the end of the story unless the player spends experiences to increase their dots in the Merit.

EXAMPLE BAUBLES

Below is a list of sample baubles to use in a chronicle or as guides when creating new ones. A bauble's dot rating represents a mechanical effect but also reflects the importance of the stolen dream to the dreamer. With the right narrative justification, any bauble could have any dot rating in your game. However, baubles with higher ratings often have harder catches to satisfy, so keep this in mind if modifying any of the examples.

FREEDOM'S FEATHER (•)

The Kindly Ones spun this beautiful blue feather from a joyous dream of soaring above the ground. Grasping it makes the holder feel light.

Crux: *Wind and joy offer the freedom and exhilaration of flight.*

Catch: The changeling must remain off the ground or floor for the remainder of the scene or immediately pay the Glamour cost.

TOOTH FAIRY'S SATCHEL (••)

This small satchel secured with a leather drawstring is full of yellowed teeth the True Fae loosened and stole from the dreamer's mouth.

Crux: *Everything precious crumbles to dust and ashes.*

Catch: The changeling destroys an object of minor sentimental value.

FEEBLE FURY ICON (•••)

The True Fae watched and laughed, siphoning away the dreamer's rage as he impotently screamed and flailed at the eidolon who provoked him, then poured the liquid fury into a clay mold that cracked to reveal a tiny demonic figurine.

Crux: *Violent intent strikes with no force.*

Catch: The changeling voluntarily accepts a dramatic failure on an action for a physical or verbal assault.

INEXORABLE ACCELERATION KEY (••••)

The Others forged this car key – the old kind without an electronic lock – from the brakes of a dream vehicle speeding out of control. Holding it makes the owner feel like they're standing on the precipice of immediate swift action.

Crux: *Everything speeds on out of control despite desperate efforts to stop.*

Catch: You allow some mechanism to careen out of control with potentially dangerous consequences.

LOST LOVE'S LOCKET (•••••)

This intricate locket shows the picture of an eidolon kidnapped by one of the True Fae after a dream where the dreamer fell in love. Anyone who sees the picture feels a wistful tug at their heartstrings.

Crux: *Love glimpsed but for a moment lingers wistful in the heart.*

Catch: The changeling professes genuine romantic, platonic, or familial love to a particular person for the first time.

SHARED BASTIONS

While individual dreamers rest within shifting and temporary Bastions which fade away upon waking, the attentive actions of the specific style of lucid dreaming undertaken by changelings can create permanent structures on the Dreaming Roads. The focused actions of an entire motley create truly stunning dream edifices with strong defenses, training areas, or medical wards devoted to caring for those injured or changed elsewhere on the Dreaming Roads or in their waking hours. Motleys rarely permit outsiders into their Bastions; the deep psychological bonds necessary to forge strong Bastions, and the vulnerability such emotionally intimate places require, make shared Bastions intensely private places.

Members of motleys who devote a significant portion of their energy to developing a well-rounded Bastion often acquire impressive skills at oneiromancy and the old art of oneiromancy or Dream Combat (see "Advantages of Oneiromancy," **Changeling**, p. 220). Many motleys conceal the fact

that they share a Bastion not just for security's sake but to keep secret their true oneiromantic prowess. While not every member of the motley must be a master of oneiromancy for the motley to successfully construct a Bastion, motleys of like-minded oneiromancers create the most stunning and extensive homes for their slumbering selves.

A motley may choose to create their shared Bastion by carefully combining their own Bastions, by stealing an existing Bastion from another individual, or by locating an abandoned Bastion along the Dreaming Roads.

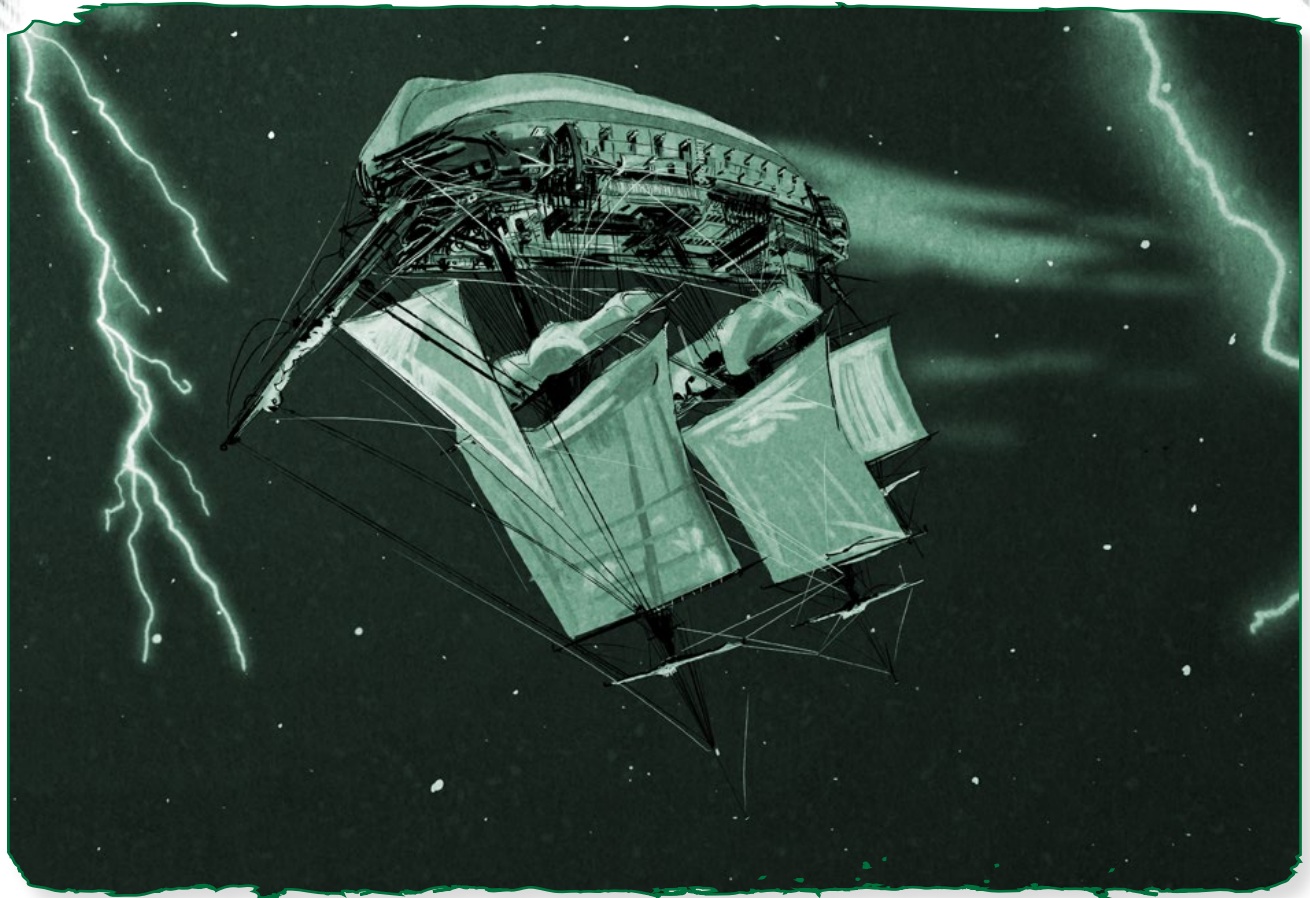
Systems: Stealing an existing Bastion from a dreamer first requires locating the Key to that Bastion (**Changeling**, p. 221) if the dreamer is mortal. The Motley must break into the Bastion for all other dreamers. Severing the Bastion requires a Clash of Wills between the dreamer and each of the motley members; failure by one member restarts the entire process. Severing an individual's Bastion from their slumbering mind causes immediate damage: Changelings whose Bastions are ripped from them suffer a 5-die Clarity attack, and non-changelings lose half their Willpower and do not regain Willpower until their minds construct a new Bastion, which takes 10 – Integrity days. Supernatural victims are immediately aware that someone did something to them and may engage in a Clash of Wills with the perpetrators to become aware of their identities. Even if the victim doesn't know the perpetrators, she instantly recognizes them if she encounters them again, no matter what face they wear.

Stealing someone's Bastion is a 5-die breaking point akin to brainwashing someone via repeated dream manipulation (**Changeling**, p. 106). Such an intimate violation echoes the predations of the Gentry.

Taking over an abandoned Bastion poses far less Clarity risk but requires similar focused attention. The motley must locate the Key or break into the Bastion as above, and then achieve a 9-success Paradigm Shift to transfer ownership to the motley. Once the Paradigm Shift is achieved, every member of the motley spends a point of Willpower. If even one member of the motley has exhausted their Willpower in their oneiromantic efforts and cannot spend the Willpower, the effort fails and must begin again the next night.

The surreal and mutable nature of Dream architecture means the appearance of the Bastion shifts over time, but the Bastion's security measures remain solid regardless of paradigmatic shifts undertaken by its members. The Merit's purchase provides a greater bulwark against oneiromantic attack than possible via nightly oneiromantic manipulation, and the melding of multiple lucid dreamers' Bastions creates a diverse and well-protected home which defends its owners.

While within a shared Bastion, motleys may construct dreams which allow them to heal one another, share memories, or even work out Conditions or Clarity damage. The motley's Bastion may take any shape the group desires. While the stereotypical form of a high-walled castle sticks in the minds of many, Bastions may take the form of every-



thing from mundane silhouettes such as a bamboo-floored dojo or a high-rise condominium with a floor designated for, and designed by, each member, to more fantastical forms like an upside-down galleon sailing motionlessly through the stars, a massive spiderweb strung with hollow crystals carved from the motley's tears, or a simple smooth walnut shell large enough to comfortably fit the entire found family. The Bastion's interior and exterior and the eidolons and props within change from dream to dream; the details of the Bastion combine the dreams of all currently slumbering motley members. If none of the motley currently sleep, the Bastion's default appearance and inhabitants appear based on the motley's Oath.

NEW MERIT: SHARED BASTION (• TO •••••, MOTLEY)

Your character, or her motley, has devoted time to building a shared Bastion. An individual's Bastion never reaches the strength and diversity achieved by the joint actions of motleys working in concert: This merit requires group effort. While Safe Place (*Changeling*, p. 125) represents a secure mundane lair within the waking world, and Hollow represents a private stakehold in the local Hedge, a shared Bastion is a permanent location within dreams.

Motley members don't need to find the exit or make a roll to wake while within the shared Bastion. They have

successfully synchronized their dreams enough to bypass this requirement and wake as if they were within their own dreams. Further, when a changeling is within her Bastion, any attempts to manipulate or occlude her destiny or future or invade her mind in any fashion suffer the Merit's rating as a dice penalty.

Only an individual whose Wyrd (or other Supernatural Tolerance) exceeds the Merit's rating may even attempt to force their way into a shared Bastion. Whether or not any of the owners is present at the time, any owner may instinctively resist attempts at intrusion via a Clash of Wills (*Changeling*, p. 126). If the would-be intruder fails the Clash of Wills, he must wait a day and a night before he may attempt another invasion.

Lastly, while the changeling rests within her Bastion, attempts to track her by any method – supernatural or mundane – suffer a dice penalty equal to the Merit, as her fortifications occlude her presence in all realms. Those tracking her remain unaware of her willful obfuscation of her presence; the ways of dreams are fickle and self-effacing.

The Bastion may have any of the following features, up to the dot rating of the Bastion:

Buttressed Dreaming (•) The motley's sturdy fortifications to the walls or other boundaries of their Bastion penalize an opponent's Clash of Wills in attempts to force the entrance to your Bastion by the Merit rating.



DREAMWEAVING QUICK REFERENCE

Entering Dreams: Two Gates

Gate of Ivory

- Enter the character's own dreams with a Resolve + Composure roll (**Changeling**, p. 216) or another's dreams with the Dreamsteps Contract (**Changeling**, p. 144). Bring sleeping guests in physical contact with the character by spending one Glamour per guest, which can be resisted (**Changeling**, p. 217).
- If the character leaves her own dreams, she does not recover Willpower for that night of sleep.
- Manifest in dream form: Use social traits for Power, Finesse, and Resistance for Changelings or Mental traits for other beings. Dream Health replaces Health: current Clarity + Attribute maximum for Changelings. Resistance + Attribute maximum for others.
- If the character's dream form is killed in her own dream, she wakes up. If killed in another's dream or the Hedge, she suffers the Lethargic Condition. If dreamweaving or fae magic kills her, she suffers the Soul Shocked Conditions.
- If the character takes more damage than their Attribute maximum from a single attack, excess damage is applied to Clarity.
- The character can wake up at will from their own dreams or from another's dreams or the Dreaming Roads with a Resolve + Composure roll. The dreamer may roll their Fortification as a contested action.

Gate of Horn

- Enter dreams physically by navigating through the Hedge and the Dreaming Roads.

Bastions

- Protected by Fortification (Dreamer's Resolve + Supernatural Tolerance), which may be increased by +2 by a changeling in their own Bastion by spending a point of Willpower
- To assess the Fortification rating, roll Manipulation + Empathy (**Changeling**, p. 221)
Entering Bastions requires one of the following conditions:
 - An invitation from the dreamer in the form of a pledge
 - The Bastion's Key

- A paradigm shift that spends successes exceeding the Bastion's Fortification rating

- Narrative action to break into the Bastion. All rolls to do so are contested by the Fortification rating as a dice pool unless contested by another character (such as an eidolon)

Eidolons populate dreams and function as Hedge ghosts (**Changeling**, p. 246) with the following modifications:

- No frailties or common powers
- Numina reflect their identity in the dream
- Important eidolons, which represent specific strong emotions to the dreamer, have Wyrd equal to the Fortification rating.
- Eidolon extras have Wyrd 1 and no Glamour or Willpower to spend.

Dreamweaving

Engage with the ongoing events and symbolism of the dream to make changes. Use equipment, shift effects, teamwork, and planning to build bigger dice pools to generate paradigm shifts.

- All actions take a penalty equal to the dreamer's Composure.
- Successes exceeding the requirements of a mundane action may be spent on dreamweaving effects. Spend 1 Glamour for a subtle shift or 2 Glamour on an exceptional success for a paradigm shift. (**Changeling**, pp. 218-219)
- Paradigm shifts build up shift conditions (see below).

Shift Conditions

Oneiromancers can meaningfully interact with an important eidolon or prop to resolve Shift Conditions and enact effects on the dreamer. Changing someone with a Shift Condition counts as a Clarity breaking point (**Changeling**, p. 106).

- When the character performs a paradigm shift with no Shift Conditions, she gains the Dream Infiltrator Condition. If she has Dream Infiltrator, gain Dream Intruder. If she has Dream Intruder, gain Dream Assailant.
- Additional paradigm shifts when the character has Dream Assailant risk waking the dreamer. Roll current Clarity + Composure contested by the dreamer's current Willpower + Resolve. If the dreamer wins, they wake up immediately.
- Changelings do not gain Shift Conditions in their own dreams.

Shift Condition	Dream Infiltrator	Dream Intruder	Dream Assailant
Penalty*	-2/-3	-3/-4	-5/-5
Impression Penalty	One level	Two levels	Hostile
Dreamweaving cost +1 success for subtle shifts	+1 success	+2 successes for paradigm shifts, no subtle shifts	

*Shift Conditions apply a penalty to rolls to interact peacefully with eidolons (the first number) or to act unnoticed (the second number).

Shift Condition Effects

Dream Infiltrator Resolution Effects (**Changeling**, p. 337):

- Deliver a subliminal message
- Manipulation bonus: Roll Wits and store successes as bonus dice for future Manipulation-based rolls
- Impose or remove a Condition toward the character, such as Swooned, Leveraged, Competitive, etc.
- Increase or decrease Fortification by Open Doors equal to the character's Empathy toward a social goal
- Stop the dreamer from recovering Willpower for that night's rest

Dream Intruder Resolution Effects (**Changeling**, p. 338):

- Deliver a subliminal suggestion the dreamer to carry out within 24 hours of waking; excludes self-harm or breaking point actions.
- Manipulation bonus: roll wits + Empathy.
- Impose or remove a Persistent condition that affects the dreamer's mental state or attitude, such as Obsession, Awestruck, Amnesia, Madness, etc.
- Make a Clarity attack against a changeling dreamer with dice equal to Presence.
- Steal Willpower or Glamour up to the character's Presence + Wyrd.
- Increase or decrease one of the dreamer's Social or Mental Attributes or Skills by 1 for the rest of the story.

Dream Assailant Resolution Effects (**Changeling**, p. 336):

- Instill a subliminal command the dreamer will perform within 24 hours of waking.
- Manipulation bonus: roll Wits + Empathy + Wyrd.
- Grant or remove a dot of any Mental or Supernatural Merit for the rest of the story. The dreamer must meet the prerequisites.
- Inflict the Ravaged condition.
- Change one of the dreamer's anchors or Aspirations or add one.
- Inflict Flesh Too Solid Tilt on the dreamer's dream form.

DREAMS' END

Bastions collapse when a dreamer wakes and oneiropomps have (10 – the dreamer's Willpower dots) turns to escape. Escape is possible by narratively finding the exit or through a paradigm shift. In dream form, a changeling may accept a Condition to escape: Lethargic if the dreamer wakes naturally or Soul Shocked if woken by a paradigm shift.

Failure to escape deposits the oneiromancer elsewhere, at a location determined by the Storyteller.

Fixed Doorway (•••) *Prerequisite: Hollow.* The motley has created a door to the shared Bastion within their Hollow. This permanent door functions as the Gate of Horn, those fractally-present doors to the Dreaming Roads which are, in the end, all one door. Each individual utilizing the Fixed Doorway spends one Glamour before physically stepping through from the Hedge into the Bastion; she may bring along a passenger for an additional point of Glamour. Unwilling passengers trigger a Clash of Wills whether or not they are conscious. Returning through the Fixed Doorway requires the expenditure of a second point of Glamour.

Guardian Eidolon (•) Your character has created a guardian-shaped container within her Bastion, into which different eidolons flow whenever the nature of the Bastion shifts with dreams. This container may be shaped as an alarm clock, a parrot which shrieks warnings, or another, more surreal guardian such as a pervasive shimmering mist. The details of this guardian change as different eidolons fill it. A train eidolon filling a parrot-shaped container might have a shriek that sounds more like a whistle and oversized eyes in the form of slowly spinning spoked iron wheels.

A changeling wakes her guardian for a scene by spending a point of Willpower. As this guardian is woven into the Bastion itself and reacts noticeably to any sign of trouble, while within her Bastion with a woken guardian, a character cannot lose her Defense due to surprise and the player adds the Bastion's rating in dice to all actions during the first turn of an action sequence.

Illusory Armory (••) The props within the Bastion come to the character's hands in moments of need. Once per chapter, by spending a point (or more) of Glamour, the character may immediately summon an unimportant prop to hand. The dot rating of the equipment (**Changeling**, p. 195) is equal to twice the number of points of Glamour spent to a maximum of +5. The changeling may summon an important prop by spending a point of Willpower in addition to the Glamour spent.

Permanent Armory (•) Your character has traveled to her Bastion often enough through the Gate of Horn to store physical items, including arms and armor, within its walls. Whether through a Fixed Doorway or the long way 'round, she's carried physical equipment and can store it within her Bastion without the eidolons messing with it, hiding it, or misplacing it. In order to store non-mundane items, such as tokens or goblin fruits, the Bastion's owner or owners must spend a Willpower point per chapter for each item so stored. Motleys sharing a Bastion may share this cost as they see fit. If the owner fails to maintain the Armory's non-mundane stock, the Bastion absorbs it. Items represented by Merits lost in this fashion (such as a token) are subject to Sanctity of Merits.

Raised Defenses (•) When even one member of the motley is within the Bastion, whether physically or as her dream self, members receive double the Merit's rating in bonus dice against any of the attacks or circumstances in which

they would normally gain the Merit's rating as a bonus to a maximum of 5.

Subtle Speech (••) Translucent and fixed eidolons representing each of the motley's members remain always in the Bastion and may be used to send messages to waking members of the motley. These eidolons appear to be napping, and the individual within the Bastion leans over the representative eidolon and whispers a short sentence (up to five words) in her ear. The waking member hears this message as if whispered to her waking body; no one else can hear it by any means. Changelings at full Clarity know unerringly the source of these whispers; changelings at less than full Clarity make a Wits + Composure roll to make certain they're not hearing things or falling prey to someone's attempts to befuddle their sense of reality. Failure prompts a Clarity damage roll as if the Changeling had been subjected to her Seeming Curse.

NEW MERIT: CALMING EIDOLONS (• TO •••, MOTLEY)

Prerequisite: Shared Bastion

Having spent a great deal of time working together, the motley has made the oneiromantic work they perform on one another much easier. The number of dots spent on this Merit lowers the Composure dice penalty suffered by Subtle Shifts enacted by the owners of the shared Bastion in question. This merit cannot lower the Composure penalty below 1. The dreamer always resists, however subtly.

NEW MERIT: MOTLEY AWARENESS (• OR •••)

Prerequisite: Shared Bastion

Spending a great deal of time in one another's dreams increases a motley's bond to truly uncanny levels. Your character and her motley mates pick up on each other's moods, finish one another's sentences, and anticipate the needs of their motley and its individual members. This sort of preternatural understanding may unsettle outsiders, but it feels natural to the motley.

At the one-dot level, the changeling gains +1 to Social rolls with other members of her motley due both to her ability to read their body language and a subconscious awareness of her motley's moods. All members of the motley receive this bonus as long as one member has the Merit.

At the three-dot level, the motley's bond becomes truly intense. Regardless of distance, she knows the general mood of each of her motley members, whether or not they have the Merit, and becomes instantly aware of any substantial shifts in mood, positive or negative. She may utilize this awareness to send messages of up to three words to her motley upon which no one can eavesdrop by any means — the messages are encoded in the shared language of the motley's dreams, passing through their shared Bastion. In action scenes, this does not require an action, just like a character's ability to

speaking while also taking an instant action, but in such scenes the changeling must choose between speaking aloud and utilizing this private communication. Replying requires possession of the Merit at three dots.

Drawback: Regardless of distance, changelings with the three-dot version suffer the highest Clarity perception penalty of any member of their motley, even those without the merit. This drawback only affects the Clarity perception penalty and not any other mechanics dependent upon current Clarity such as kenning or Contracts. Merits or supernatural abilities which ameliorate such penalties only do so for the changeling who has that Merit or ability. Feeling another's pain becomes frightfully literal when your bonds get this strong.

NEW MERIT: SOMNAMBULATION (... TO)

Prerequisite: Shared Bastion

Your character spends so much time in her Bastion that she has developed the need to have someone tend to her body's physical requirements while she wanders the Dreaming Roads. Leaving an eidolon container she has shaped over time within her Bastion to tend to her bodily form, your character can rest assured that her body will not lie fallow; one of her eidolons flows into the container and takes over basic self-care. At three dots, your tending eidolon can maneuver your character's somnambulating body to the bathroom, make her body drink water or eat pre-prepared food, and walk her around the living room for stretches and mild exercise. At four dots, the eidolon can undertake basic mundane tasks, like making phone calls or carrying out the tasks of that at-home job you said you could do in your sleep. The eidolon cannot do anything which would require a dice roll and will strike anyone who encounters your character as odd, which may give your character something to explain once she wakes up.

Drawback: Your character needs dreaming sleep more than others. She's so used to spending her resting time in her Bastion that not doing so doesn't just prevent her from resting; it actively drains her. At three dots, if she goes more than a day without REM sleep, she doesn't just fail to regain Willpower, she loses one additional Willpower. At four dots, if your character falls asleep with 0 Willpower, roll her current Clarity. Failure inflicts the Comatose condition as if she had filled her Clarity track with damage. These effects do not stack.

STORYTELLING DREAMS

Mortals believe they are lone wanderers in dreams, but changelings and fae creatures travel the Dreaming Roads, entering dreamers' Bastions. The network of moonlit trails that form the Dreaming Roads connect dreams with little rhyme or reason; by traversing these paths, a dream traveler

may venture into the Hedge. But other creatures stalk the Dreaming Roads, capable of passing through thresholds no changeling may cross and into the Astral Realms. The Lost and the plethora of other fae creatures — Gentry, Huntsmen, hobgoblins — can stalk these night roads and enter these creatures' Bastions, presenting the opportunity for stories and scenes that defy logic and reason and plumb the depths of the real and fantastical.

SOMNIA

Within Bastions, dreamers explore personal hallucinatory experiences. Dreams rarely consist of full memories, or an exact recounting of the previous day's events, unless the dreamer suffers from post-traumatic stress. Instead, dreams are twisted versions of everything a dreamer knows, remembers, fears, and desires.

DREAM SCIENCE

Numerous theories try to explain the purpose of dreams. The "threat simulator" theory proposes that dreams prepare the mind to solve problems. Anecdotal evidence consists of instances when people have been stuck, trying to solve some complex mathematical problem, only to wake up the next day with a solution. In the **Chronicles of Darkness**, this evolutionary advantage may not be just a defense against predators in the mundane world, but also against supernatural threats that mortals were more aware of in millennia past.

Another theory emphasizes emotions and the role of dreams in helping people process related thoughts and urges. A reduction in sleep quality, and subsequently in length and number of dreams, diminishes a person's ability to process complex emotional responses. Dreams provide a means to imagine and create new experiences that enable a person to understand others better. Mortals' ability to imagine new vistas and emotional states in dreams is likely what draws the Others to their dreams.

Recurring dreams tend to manifest during times of stress and feature distressing and negative situations. Repetition of these simulated traumas represents the dreamer incorporating these emotions into their psyche. Common themes emerge from mortal society's experiences, which makes specific shifts easier in these dreams. Manipulating the dreamer during their waking hours can induce emotional states and cause recurring dreams to emerge.

Studying machine learning, such as how artificial neural networks learn, predict, and adapt, has provided new insight into the role of dreams. If trained on data too long, a neural network loses all predictive capabilities. It can only make predictions for the exact cases in the training data. Injecting noise into the program prevents this. Perhaps injecting noise into our own memories prevents the brain from replaying only people's daily experiences and helps them acclimate to new situations.



Dreams can be partially controlled – either lucidly or through external stimuli – and feature recurring elements, themes, and motifs that are part of the dreamer’s shared culture. Storytellers can draw on these well-known and oft-repeated props, narratives, and archetypes and mix in the strange – dreams follow their own logic, with no regard to what makes sense in the waking world.

STORMING THE GATE OF HORN

Breaching a Bastion and blending in with the somni- al actors and eidolons allows an interloper to observe the dreamer – typical over many nights – and witness patterns, symbols, and memory fragments that reveal profound insight into the dreamer’s psyche. Piecing together dream nar- ratives unveils the dreamer’s inner thoughts and fears. Some observers capture portions of dreams so that they can watch these chimeral residues like butterflies in a jar, extracting further information and insight.

A canny changeling can nudge dreams to trigger memo- ries or nightmares. Forcefully doing so abruptly tears the dreamer from their current narrative and endangers the en- tire Bastion. Combining external stimuli, oneiromancy, and masquerading within dreams as particular roles – such as friends, family members, or lovers – a motley can collectively steer a dreamer to form Bastions in desirable ways. Skilled oneiromancers can convince even lucid dreamers that the manipulations are the dreamers’ own choices made mani- fest. Secrets are much easier to obtain if the dreamer believes they should be revealing such information.

For a lone oneiromancer, performing numerous dream shifts within one night is challenging. More dramatic shifts are nearly impossible unless a team works in concert to prepare the dreamscape for such substantial changes. The motley must also deal with the dreamer’s eidolons, whether blending in with them or eliminating those who become sus- picious of the intruders. Oneiopomps play on the dreamer’s fears, urges, and suspicions, or work to instill trust in order to prepare the dreamscape so they may plant or extract in- formation and secrets.

With a dream narrative inserted, oneiromancers can bring forward desires, aspirations, worries, and memories – even repressed ones. However, the latter requires much more careful dream crafting, as traumatic dreams can shock the dreamer awake. Detailed construction of dream nar- ratives and recreating such acts over multiple nights embeds these changes as recurring dreams, and, in effect, gives onei- romancers a more extensive range of prepared eidolons and props to utilize.

Weaponizing dreams, oneiromancers can terrify dream- ers night after night, inflicting mental stress and exhaus- tion or inducing other traumatic conditions that impact the dreamer’s waking life. Guiding a dreamer into a nightmare, the oneiromancer can bring the sleeper face to face with fears and repressed memories, either allowing the sleeper to work through their trauma or constructing a conducive en-

vironment for the dreamer to confess their fears to eidolons wearing faces they trust.

The proximity of the Dreaming Roads to the Hedge and Arcadia means that Bastions are a place of revelations and foresight. The dreaming mind makes connections be- tween events, items, locations, and people in a way that the waking mind cannot. Reason gives way to the irrational as the dreamer explores fantasies and hallucinations, recogniz- ing patterns and tugging on the threads of fate. Such dreams can unveil truths to once hidden events or be predictive, as the dreamer senses the path they are heading down.

BEYOND MORTAL BASTIONS

Dreams of violent delights and saccharine torments fill mortal Bastions. However, these pale in comparison to the dreamscapes created by the stranger denizens of the **Chron- icles of Darkness** that walk the Dreaming Roads. Not all of their dreams are horrific, but all have experiences that are far beyond most mortals’ understanding. The frightening, the strange, and even the simple knowledge that the world con- tains far more than it seems seeps into their dreams, making them both fascinating and perilous to explore. The rewards for entering these dangerous places are perhaps even more significant, given that many of these monsters wield powers and abilities that would make facing such entities head-on in the waking world suicide.

BEAST: THE PRIMORDIAL

The dreams of those on the path to becoming Children are unsettling as they approach their Devouring. Their Bas- tions, never feeling like those of other mortals, are filled with imagery of dragons, giants, and the children of Echidna. It is almost as if the dreamscape will eat an interloper alive, and the eidolons are equally predatory.

Would-be Beasts dream of titanic monsters hunting and devouring them, but as the Beast nears their Devouring, the dreams invert. Now they’re the hunter, with the taste of blood and marrow upon their lips. Such nightmares remind the Lost of their plight and escape from Arcadia, yet there is something more to these dreams – they feel primal, mythic, and ancient.

For the Lost, entering these dreamscapes is a danger- ous affair, as these Bastions open to a place beyond the Dreaming Roads. A tunnel leads deep into the gestalt dreams of the world, a place where no Changeling can walk: the Primordial Dream. Slithering out from this As- tral Plane, the Beast’s Horror – a primal terror – emerges, seeking to feast on the pain and terror in others. This nightmare senses intruders within the Bastion and drives them away, seeking to protect the Bastion as the Devouring approaches. Such dream monsters and their designs upon the soul of the Beast invoke revulsion within the Lost, as they recognize parallels to how their soul was ripped away

by the Gentry. Some Lost may even try to save the soul or the would-be Beast, seeking to break the cycle of pain that they believe births these monsters.

With the Devouring complete, the Beast, and in turn their Bastion, is now a seat of power for the Horror. From here nightmares infect those about the Beast as the Horror reaches out, seeking to feast on fear. The Bastion of the person that becomes a Beast is gone, now becoming a Lair.

DEMON: THE DESCENT

Demons of the God-Machine are utterly inhuman, wearing a mask (not to be confused with changeling Masks) called a Cover. Given their lack of a soul, the Unchained don't have Bastions fae creatures can invade. Do demons even dream?

These entities can implant manipulative dreams into the minds of others. Cog and machine-like imagery underpin these false dreams, and a canny changeling will notice that eidolons formed from these implanted dreams do not move or behave quite right, as if glitchy.

The Unchained piece their Covers together by taking portions of souls from mortals. The mortals' Bastions are filled with great black voids, signaling their missing dreams, memories, and emotions. Eidolons and props associated with these parts of the dreamscape are missing.

In particular, Stigmatics, and those plagued by autonomous memetic viruses, reveal their true nature within their Bastions, as their dreams are focused on machinations of the God-Machine. Hazy visions of the grand schemes of that strange deity fill their dreams, particularly imagery of mathematics and occult physics. Through these dreams, a changeling can piece together information regarding Infrastructure and the plans of the machine Angels if the goals of the God-Machine ever threaten the freehold.

DEVIANT: THE RENEGADES

The Remade are humans touched by science, magic, or faith, through force or falsehoods, to become something other than human. They are myriad, with little in common except for the common set of circumstances that triggered their Divergences. While commonalities exist, the Remade are all unique, and so are their Bastions.

Eidolons and props within a Remade's Bastion often embody the image of their Progenitors and the events surrounding their transformation, occurring most frequently in recurring nightmares. Their fear of being discovered and ostracized by society at large fills their dreams with images of people, even their friends and family, selling them out to the conspiracies that hunt them. Furthermore, the dreams of a Remade reflect their Scars – disabilities, wounds, and afflictions that are the price of the powers the Remade wield – especially if those Scars are psychological.

The Cephalists, a Clade of the Remade, are masters of exerting their willpower over reality, allowing them to effect

great acts and efforts. Their dreams are lucid and act as extensions of this drive to master the world about them, making these Bastions treacherous for those who enter them, as the eidolons are more keenly aware of their presence. Cephalists may also dream travel, making them another threat or ally on the Dreaming Roads.

GEIST: THE SIN-EATERS

Sin-Eaters are beings formed when a spirit entity from the Underworld – a geist – resides in a mortal in place of their soul. The resulting Bastion of such a dreamer is an amalgam of these two entities. From the Dreaming Roads, these Bastions are like those of other mortals, but they're tainted by the manner in which the Sin-Eater died and the burdens that they carry.

Within these dreamscapes, Sin-Eaters fixate upon what drives them – the goal, aspiration, or regret that upon death they couldn't let go of. Some seek revenge, while others seek to make amends. Their attitude to the dead further colors the Bastions. Do they wish to venerate the forgotten dead, or do they seek to bring justice for the restless spirits?

The geist and the Sin-Eater are in a constant metaphysical conversation, each changing the other, with the geist's own drives and symbolism bleeding into the Sin-Eater's dreams. Geists are not simply ghosts, but ghosts that have grown past the original echoes of their mortal lives and deaths, now embodying a particular concept of death. They're monstrous beings twisted by their time in the Underworld, and they bear a Remembrance – a symbolic image of death that holds a clue to the details of their mortal life. These memories, concepts, and ideals bleed into the dreamscape as the geist embodies eidolons to whisper their cravings to the Sin-Eater.

As the metaphysical co-operation between the Sin-Eater and their geist strengthens, the Bastion displays greater harmony between their respective goals, urges, and memories. Both entities are almost able to hold a conversation in the shared dream space. A skilled oneiromancer can help or hinder this process, reinforcing or suppressing the geist's allegorical symbols and disturbing the balance between the two entities sharing the same body.

HUNTER: THE VICIL

Hopping between the fantastical domains of dreamers that dot the Dreaming Roads, a changeling likely would overlook a hunter's Bastion. Externally they appear just like those of other mortals, but once within the dreamscape, it becomes apparent that these mortals have a fixation upon the creatures they hunt. However, their dreams also reflect how some of these mortals descend into ever more vicious fantasies, suspicious of friends and family, and fantasizing about elaborate plans to trap and torture their quarry. Such sadistic dreams are as repulsive as those of the creatures they hunt, and in some respects, no different from those fantasies of serial killers.



Hunters' Bastions – which Autumn courtiers call Reverie Castles – are filled with chambers and theatres of the mind. These are dark places where the dreamer concocts traps and novel means of dealing with the monsters they fight during waking hours. Some sections are like trophy cabinets where the hunter reviews their kills. Observing the activities in these Reverie Castles reveals the Code by which a hunter abides and the rules they follow to preserve their sanity as go to any lengths to stop monsters from harming the innocent.

Hunters' suspicious natures makes entering their Bastions dangerous, as their eidolons react aggressively to any actor in the dreamscape that is clearly an intruder. However, intruding upon a hunter's dreams is perhaps the only safe way to gain insight into a cell's plans, especially if its activities threaten the freehold.

Understanding how a hunter fixates upon their quarry allows an oneiromancer to gently nudge the dreamer's thoughts. Prolonged manipulations can eventually redirect their focus towards other threats, such as privateers, Loylists, and hobgoblins. Planting clues, connections, and symbolism are all means by which a changeling steers the hunter subconsciously. Using similar additions to dreams can inject distrust within a cell, setting the hunters at each other's throats.

MAGE: THE AWAKENING

Mages are some of the most skilled oneiromancers, capable of travel beyond the limits of the Dreaming Roads into the Temenos Realms that reflect the dreams of all humanity. Unlike other mortals, mages are innate lucid dreamers. Their Bastions – which the Awakened name Oneiroi – are as varied as other mortal dream domains, but they are substantially harder to penetrate. While externally they appear like those of mortals, these Bastions display symbolism associated with the mage's ruling Watchtower.

Once within, a changeling must keep their wits, as the eidolons here are far more dangerous than most, capable of drawing upon the mage's subconscious powers. A mage can enter a lucid state at will, allowing them to rapidly reshape the dreamscape in response to interlopers.

Within a mage's Bastion, other gates lead to the deeper Astral Realms. Changelings may not pass beyond without help from a mage. But journeys here allow a changeling a different path to other Bastions and Realms, if a mage wishes to bring such companions along for the ride.

Symbolism colors mages' dreams, particularly the emanations from the Watchtowers in the Supernal Realm. A Mastigos dreams of demons and facing personal fears and taboos, while a Moros has a Bastion filled with riches and the dead. Obrimos Bastions are home to angelic eidolons bearing flaming swords, while a Thyrsus mage's dreamscape is a wild and untamed landscape filled with the cries of bestial eidolons. The dreams of an Acanthus mage are perhaps

more familiar to changelings, as her eidolons adopt fae-like forms and time disobeys logic. Worryingly, such mages also create dreamscapes that seem almost like Arcadia.

Mages' lucid dreaming and the ability to manifest their powers makes mages powerful allies and their Bastions potential staging grounds for complex dream weaving. Some mages can induce lucid dreaming in others, and by creating an ensemble of such Bastions and bridging them, elaborate mind traps are formed. Sympathetic magic can forge links between a person, symbols, and ideas reflected in their dreams, creating fertile environments for oneiromancers to perform their work.

MUMMY: THE CURSE

The Arisen are ancient entities that slumber for eons, awakening when the stars are right, when they are called upon by their cult, or when their tomb is disturbed by would-be thieves. Arisen are no longer human, and their minds and dreams are now the possession of the lords of the Duat. However, even while they slumber, the dreams of their cult and victims are still domains which changelings can enter.

Mummies can mentally harm others through Sybaris, a primal fear which leaves victims with lasting nightmares. Recognizing the wounds within a Bastion enables dream travelers to track down the immortal creatures who inflict them. Those Arisen who have learned the Utterance Dreams of Dead Gods (**Mummy: The Curse**, pp. 135-136) can inflict twisted nightmares upon enemies and cultists, though in a more controlled manner compared to Sybaris.

Individuals deemed by fate to be future allies and accomplices of the Arisen receive prophetic dreams filled with clues and imagery tied to their prospective lord. Their cultists dream of messages from their slumbering master. Some of those drawn by these dreams can be changelings, serving a particular role in such a cult as dream interpreters. The imagery of pyramids, sand, and the gods of the Duat fill cultists' Bastions, especially when receiving visions from their undying master.

PROMETHEAN: THE CREATED

Prometheans are liminal creatures, walking the road between humanity and inhumanity. Their dreams reflect their Pilgrimage – their journey toward becoming ever-more human or embracing their monstrous potential.

Dreams of the Created are filled with alchemical images. The landscape is ever-changing, reflecting their quest to discover and attain their perfected self. A sense of discomfort pervades the Promethean's dreams. Torment is a constant companion in the waking world, preventing the Promethean from ever being fully comfortable, whether due to their physical form or the feeling that they don't fit in. Their dreams reflect this constant unease, setting oneiromancers on edge and giving them the feeling that even the most pleasant dream might become a nightmare at any moment.

Many Promethean dreams incorporate input from the collective unconscious of all Created, which they call the Az-

othic Memory. Such information feels more true and solid than other aspects of the dream, and attempts to alter such things require a Clash of Wills. Prometheans also experience waking dreams called *Elpis visions* during their Pilgrimage, which shows them – or at least hints at – the next steps they need to take. This is an incredibly personal experience; many changelings view interfering with these dreams as vulgar. Once, the Keepers took them and molded them into something else without their input; what right do the Lost have to do that to the Created?

VAMPIRE: THE REQUIEM

Vampires are driven by their unnatural hunger, a nature that they refer to as the Beast. Within a vampire's Bastion, the Beast stalks the dreamscape, manipulating dreams and nightmares to suit its primal nature and to push the vampire towards ever more violent acts and bloodletting. It slips into the roles of eidolons, whispering dark desires and murderous thoughts. Memory-based dreams intensify as a vampire ages, and the weight of their murderous actions, constant politicking, and the sheer volume of memories of their inhuman life stretch the ability of their minds to accommodate this knowledge. All vampires inevitably descend into a long sleep called Torpor. This form of sleep, where memories and dreams twist and distort, is perhaps a requirement for such undead predators to adapt.

When the Lost dare enter such Bastions, they walk on blood slicked ground. Here, razor-like protrusions of sharpened ivory threaten to catch and snare those who brush against the Bastions' Fortifications. But there are those Lost who have found themselves in the service of vampiric elders who fear the erosion of their memories. These Kindred employ changelings to enter their dreams and harvest memories and thoughts for safekeeping. Even during their Torpor, some elders enlist changelings to enter their dreams to keep them apprised of recent events and carry out orders in the waking world.

The memory-based dreams of these blood drinkers offer a trove of information that some might think lost to time. Some of the long-lived undead may even remember ancient legends and myths concerning the Gentry, or even the nature of their Titles and how to break them.

WEREWOLF: THE FORSAKEN

Werewolves are humans with the souls of wolves. As creatures that shift form into pack hunters that travel between the mortal material world and the animistic dark reflection known as the Shadow, their dreams are direct and focused. Outwardly, these Bastions appear wrapped in twisting thick vines and sharp stones, their walls decked in skulls of the werewolf's kills.

The dreamscape of these entities takes the form of their hunting grounds. Dark gnarled forests and looming city spires are filled with all manner of props and eidolons that reflect both the menagerie of spirits that exist in the Shadow and the inner struggle between the werewolf's human drives and animalistic passions. The strain between these two manifests as eidolons fighting each other, each embodying one side of the werewolf's struggle. The balance waxes and wanes as the moon moves through its phases, with balance only taking hold when the moon's phase is the same as that under which the werewolf had their first change.

Of all the werewolf Auspices, those born under the gibbous moon, known as Cahalith in the First Tongue, are blessed by the moon spirit Luna with powers of prophecy and insight that come to them in dreams. These somnial messages aren't easy to interpret, but they can be a valuable resource when a pack hunts a motley or can be adjusted to set a pack on enemies. This is particularly true in the case of werewolves of the Iron Master's tribe, who pass down skills and training regarding hunting all creatures that aren't werewolves or spirits. Those among their number who have had dealings with the Others and their minions are common targets for dream manipulation.

Spirits from the Shadow can cross over into our world, possessing mortals and causing changes in their behavior before claiming the mortal body and soul more wholly. At the early stages of the possession, the Urged have dreams plagued by spirits, pushing them to perform acts that indulge their alien needs and desires. Outwardly, there are few changes to the Bastion of such mortals, but the dreamscape becomes more aligned to the nature of the spirit over time, and the eidolons of the dreaming Urged become tools for the spirit to steer the mortal.





CHAPTER SIX

FACES

*Faeries, come take me out of this dull world,
For I would ride with you upon the wind,
Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,
And dance upon the mountains like a flame.*

– WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, “THE LAND OF HEART’S DESIRE”

All kinds of people make their homes in the Hedge. From changelings who’ve given up most of their attachments to the mortal world, to hobgoblins running small businesses, to Hedge ghosts and fantastical creatures, the Hedge bustles with activity.

CHANGELINGS

Most changelings visit the Hedge but maintain homes and livelihoods in the mortal world. The following are characters who largely operate within the Hedge, whether they live there full-time or simply have their preferred hang-out spots among their hobgoblin allies.

BIG MIKE, PROPRIETOR OF THE BRAMBLE BAR

I’m not playing when I say that’s a dangerous choice, but I like your confidence. In fact, I might know a guy who can help you out.

Background: Michael Burgess suffered from a specific one-two punch in mortal life. As a shy, struggling actor who couldn’t network to save his life, Michael spent a lot of his time in bars, finding that alcohol greased the wheels of socialization. If you called him an alcoholic, he’d tell you he could quit any time he wanted. Besides, he’d picked up a second part-time gig as a bartender; he controlled his cravings, not the other way around. His girlfriend and daughter lived comfortably, or at least as comfortably as a family could

on two incomes in New York City. Everything was fine, or at least that’s what he told himself.

The Master of Hounds originally took him to be prey for the pack. Michael was originally shaped as a buck with an eight-point rack, a prize for any hunter. Ironically, his acting skills got more use here than in the mortal world. He learned to hide in the brush, disguising himself as bracken and bramble. When cornered, he bent his head and fought for his life. The Master of Hounds was amused, at first, but then grew annoyed. The True Fae knew that the fun of the chase lay in the eventual, assured takedown, but Michael refused to be taken down.

Big Mike, as he is now known, insists that his Keeper threw him out. Perhaps the Master of Hounds thought he would be spoils for some other Other, or even a Huntsman. No one knows the truth of it – merely that Big Mike was running for his life through Arcadia, then became tangled in the Thorns.

His daughter, Clarissa, found him. She was the last person he expected to see, covered as he was in antlers and bark and bearing a fearsome visage. He froze, terrified that she would run from him, but she knew. A hagstone, given to her by a kindly hobgoblin, had revealed his location. She took his hand and led him home.

Michael tried to make a go of it in the mortal world, but he was simply too big – both in body and in spirit. His girlfriend



had already moved on after his fetch was killed in a drunk driving accident, and he didn't want to bring more grief into her life. He found he was far more comfortable in Shimmerrain. It reminded him of New York City, but with stranger pizza and worse storms. Eventually, he opened his own establishment, Big Mike's Bramble Bar, and it is here he remains.

Description: Big Mike is far taller than he was in his mortal life. In his Mask, he's about six-foot-eight with a wiry build. His dark hair sits neatly styled, closely cropped to the head, with a green streak in front. In his mien, he's at least seven feet tall with a twelve-point rack of antlers and rough, bark-like skin.

Regardless of what shape he's in, Big Mike is loud, sociable, and always willing to help. His booming laugh echoes throughout his small bar, but only an unlucky few mistake his good humor for pacifism. Big Mike takes his own mythos of being kicked out of Arcadia for being a better hunter than his hunters seriously, and he will fight to the death to protect his bar and any Avowed or escaped changelings who seek his company.

Storytelling Hints: Big Mike is as boisterous as any owner of an Irish pub, if not more so. He likes meeting new folks and hearing their stories, and sometimes he'll use his Spring Court powers to help them out. He rarely leaves his bar, but when he does, he always brings back a lost Avowed or some new Hedge fruit. His concoctions are never boring, and his gossip is always fresh. Perhaps foolishly, he has no fear of the True Fae — at least, regarding his own life or chance of recapture. He's far more afraid for the safety of Avowed and newly-escaped changelings, and he will almost smother them trying to protect them.

Seemings: Elemental

Kith: Hunterheart

Court: Spring

Needle: Provider

Thread: Generosity

Aspirations: Distill a new type of alcohol from inedible Hedge fruits, help rescue a changeling from the Master of the Hounds, defeat a famous privateer.

Touchstones: His Avowed daughter, Clarissa.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 1, Composure 5

Mental Skills: Athletics 2, Craft (Distilling) 4, Craft (Bartending) 4, Medicine 2, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Brawl (Sucker Punch) 5, Drive 1, Survival (Hedge) 3, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Empathy 3, Intimidation 3, Socialize 4, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Contacts (Hobgoblins) 2, Giant, Grounded, Hedge Sense, Mantle (Spring) 3, Staff (Big Mike's Bramble Bar) 3

Willpower: 9

Current/Maximum Clarity: 7/7

Initiative: 7

Defense: 4

Armor: 1/0

Size: 6

Speed: 11

Health: 11

Wyrd: 3

Glamour/per Turn: 12/3

Frailties: Must give sanctuary for a night to any member of the Spring Court who asks for it.

Favored Regalia: Sword, Spring

Contracts: Blessing of Spring, Cupid's Arrow, Elemental Weapon, Gift of Warm Breath, Might of the Terrible Brute, Oathbreaker's Punishment, Primal Glory

Weapons/Attacks:

Type	Damage	Size
Brass Knuckles	0	1
Crowbar	2	2

Notes: Big Mike owns Big Mike's Bramble Bar (p. XX) and spends most of his time in the Hedge. His Avowed daughter, Clarissa, lives in Brooklyn but occasionally makes her way into the Hedge for functions. Big Mike's motley includes Marshmallow (p. XX).

LAILA THE EEL, HEAD GUARD OF THE SUNKEN MARKET

"Compelling story. I like the part about your friend still being in a coma. Very captivating. Still a breach of Market law. Let's go."

Background: Laila grew up in one of the first kibbutzim formed by Jews fleeing Russia in the wake of pogroms in the late nineteenth century; she recalls this portion of her life, when convinced to speak of it at all, with wistfulness and joy. Born on the kibbutz, she grew up aware of the tension her parents felt at events unfurling outside of their island of quiet and relative safety, and she understood why her mother and father took turns driving their rickety old truck west. They returned with friends or relatives every time. Shaken, worried, and carrying whatever they could, the new arrivals adapted as best they could.

And then Eema didn't come home from a trip to Warsaw. Her mother's disappearance shattered Laila's father, and they started taking long trips to the ocean for him to brood and distance himself from all the work she'd put into the kibbutz. Laila didn't mind! She liked the ocean a lot, and it made her an awful lot less sad.

A riptide dragged her down into the realm of The Brackish King; she spent a bleary half-eternity chained up to the rocks outside the octopoidal Gentry's coral-and-shadows palace as a decoration. Eventually, she won enough favor with Him to be assigned to border patrol, swimming with a pod of fellow mermaids, hunting down those who tried to escape. Don't ask what she ate during that time, or why her teeth are still so very sharp.

She chased an escapee too far five years ago, and the cut of Thorns on her arms and tail woke her as if from a fitful slumber. Laila dragged herself out of Arcadia and into a world too fast, too bright, too loud, and too full of a history that she can believe far too well but cannot reconcile. After a well-meaning Winter from the Megeddo freehold in Jerusalem provided her with evidence of her mother's death during the Warsaw Uprising — upright until the end with a rifle in her hands — Laila fled the whole matter of freeholds and courts, returning to the salt and quiet she understands. She's found meaning in protecting the great turtle called Tortuga, the sole changeling in a pod of goblin sirens and mermaids.

Description: She looks like she's in her mid-twenties: tall — on the rare occasions when she emerges from the water — and broad-shouldered. Laila's upper body shows its strength with a swimmer's long, sleek muscles, but when forced to come ashore, she moves with halting steps on weak legs. Laila has Ehlers-Danlos Syndrome, and her joints occasionally dislocate, which makes walking even more difficult. Her skin is the flow of abyss-dark waters, and her solid-black eyes — no visible pupil, sclera, or iris — are ringed with silvery eyelashes which match her glimmering white undercut. Laila swims by rippling her long eel-like tail through the water; the gills just beneath her collarbones flutter softly with her subaquatic breath. When she smiles, Laila reveals her sharp, numerous teeth.

A subtle glowing spot appears to drift under the surface of her skin in the center of her forehead when she wishes it to do so, and the tips of her forefingers likewise glow upon command. Swimming in deep waters, she blends in almost entirely except for those glowing dots, drifting in the dark exactly like anglerfish lights. She wears a bandeau top crafted from sleek black Hedge whale leather, an obsidian knife strapped to her hip with a silver Star of David charm dangling from its handle.

Storytelling Hints: Laila loves to talk and cherishes the company of non-privateer changelings, who form most of her usual changeling company. However, she detests changeling politics and doesn't want to hear about the problems of freeholds. She's never had a motley, but she finds the concept fascinating: If someone could offer her a home worth leaving the Doldrums for *and* make sure she wouldn't have to fuss with politics? Laila just might leave. The mermaid loves talking about Judaism and will latch on to anyone she even suspects of being Jewish. She wants desperately to find a member of her living family and form a relationship with them, but walking hurts, and the modern world terrifies her.

She wouldn't have the first clue how to find one of her lost cousins, let alone talk to them.

Seeming: Darkling

Kith: Swimmerskin

Court: none

Needle: Protector

Thread: Memory

Aspirations: Protect the secret of Tortuga. Form a relationship with a living relative. Afford a token limb to make walking easier.

Touchstones: Judaism.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 5, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (Religion) 2, Crafts 2, Investigation 4, Medicine 3, Occult 3, Politics (Goblin Markets) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics (Swimming) 4, Brawl (Grappling) 3, Larceny 2, Stealth (Aquatic) 3, Survival (Hedge) 3, Weaponry (Knives) 3

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Pinnipeds) 2, Empathy 2, Intimidation (Feral Mannerisms) 3, Persuasion 2, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Acute Senses, Arcadian Metabolism, Diviner 3, Elemental Warrior (Water) 5, Goblin Bounty 2, Hollow (The Shoals: Hob Alarm, Luxury Goods, Hidden Entry) 4, Lethal Mien (Teeth), Market Sense, Warded Dreams 1

Willpower: 6

Current/Maximum Clarity: 8/8

Initiative: 8

Defense: 7

Armor: 0/0

Size: 5

Speed: 12

Health: 9

Wyrd: 4

Glamour/per Turn: 13/4

Frailties: Cannot consume plant matter (minor taboo); cannot sleep on land (minor taboo)

Favored Regalia: Mirror, Steed

Contracts: Blessing of Perfection, Chrysalis (Eel, Dolphin), Know the Competition, Portents And Visions, Walls Have Ears, Riddle-Kith, Unravel the Tapestry, Talon and Wing

Weapons/Attacks:

Type	Damage	Size
Knife	0	1

Notes: Laila does not suffer movement penalties in water.



MARSHMALLOW, THE NUCLEAR SNEAK

[crackling and hissing noises] “Oh, sorry, I was talking to myself. What’s up?”

Background: They call her Marshmallow because she was roasted over an open flame until her skin crackled and turned to ash. At least, that’s what Marshmallow says. She doesn’t remember much about her life before Arcadia. She knows she had two fathers and went to school somewhere fancy. The smell of campfire smoke in the Blue Ridge Mountains (how did she know that?) brought her back to the mortal world, hissing and coughing and poisoning everything she touched. She must have liked camping at some point, but these days she prefers more urban areas. It’s easier to blend in among the alleys and abandoned buildings.

Big Mike found her when she escaped. He was her first changeling friend, and he remains her best friend to this day. She clung to him like shadows cling to sycamore trees at night, and he taught her how to walk the Hedge. Even more valuable, though, he taught her how to enjoy life. Marshmallow initially joined the Summer Court, feeling the anger towards the Gentry flaring beneath the coals of her flesh, but in time, those flames gentled and turned cozy. While she maintains a good relationship with her local Summer Court, Marshmallow is now all in with Spring.

There are pieces of her past life still in existence, however. Lana McDowell, Marshmallow’s mortal wife, knew her before the Kindly Ones burned her memory away. Lana knew Marshmallow from the forums and chat servers they both frequented, but she never knew her real name. The two only met in person through luck and Big Mike’s intervention. Marshmallow is fiercely devoted to Lana, who remains one of her tenuous links to feeling like a person.

Description: Marshmallow was taken in her early 20s, but it’s impossible to tell what age she is now. In her mask, she’s a small woman with olive skin and dark eyes, with a blunt-cut dark bob. In her mien, however, she’s a coal-black shadow of herself, sliding across the wall and leaving ashes in her wake.

Deeply insecure, Marshmallow knows she’s forgotten huge swaths of what it means to be human and not a burn mark on a wall. She tries to surround herself with Avowed and mortals as much as possible, and she likes having long conversations about nothing at all. Sometimes she asks odd questions or seems a bit blunt, but she’s never cruel.

For a very long time, she forgot how to speak, as her voice was roasted out of her in Arcadia. With help from her new court, however, she regained some of her original voice and learned rudimentary sign. Marshmallow now has very little problem communicating unless she’s stressed or particularly emotional — she sometimes loses words altogether and reverts to the hissing, crackling vocalizations of her durance.

Nowadays, Marshmallow hangs out at Big Mike’s Bramble Bar in Shimmerrain and takes odd jobs in the Hedge. She acts as a tour guide of sorts, showing folks of all stripes how to get from one place to another, helping Avowed find their changelings, and running messages between Hollows and Goblin Markets. Sometimes she comes back with tokens or even Icons. Big Mike knows better than to ask where she got them.

It takes time to learn how to pass as a mortal, but in the Hedge, few entities question your quirks. Marshmallow is most comfortable in this liminal realm, free from the social norms she sometimes struggles to re-learn. It’s a process.

Storytelling Hints: Marshmallow feels disconnected from those around her and constantly, desperately searches for camaraderie. She is deeply in love with her wife and very touchy about insinuations that it was “only” an internet relationship before her durance. She might ask odd questions or laugh at inappropriate times, but she’s not malicious. The Becquerel is very happy to do jobs for player characters, so long as they tell her a secret or promise to visit her and her wife. She’s an excellent source of information, and if she can’t find something, she’ll know someone who can.

Seeming: Darkling

Kith: Becquerel

Court: Spring

Needle: Dynamo

Thread: Friendship

Aspirations: Become the Spring Queen. Remember her original name. Learn to speak ASL fluently.

Touchstones: Big Mike’s Bramble Bar, Lana McDowell

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 1, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social Attributes: Presence 1, Manipulation 2, Composure 2

Mental Skills: Computer 1, Investigation (Cyphers) 3, Occult (Hedge Lore) 3, Politics 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Firearms 1, Larceny (Concealment) 2, Stealth 4, Survival (Hedge) 3

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Expression (Hedge Shaping) 3, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Anonymity 2, Arcadian Metabolism, Court Goodwill (Summer) 1, Danger Sense, Hedge Sense, Mantle (Spring) 1

Willpower: 5

Current/Maximum Clarity: 5/6

Initiative: 6

Defense: 7

Armor: 1/0

Size: 5

Speed: 10

Health: 7

Wyrd: 2

Glamour/per Turn: 11/2

Frailties: Cannot touch uranium glass

Favored Regalia: Mirror, Steed

Contracts: Boon of the Scuttling Spider, Gift of Warm Blood, Glimpse of a Distant Mirror, Know the Competition, Nevertread, Pathfinder, Read Lucidity, Riddle-kith

Notes: Marshmallow is part of the Washington DC freehold and is part of a motley with Big Mike. Lana McDowell, Marshmallow's Avowed wife, lives in Chevy Chase and mostly keeps to herself and her computers.

HEDGE GHOSTS AND HOBGOBLINS

Following are some Hedge ghosts and hobgoblins the characters might encounter on a journey through the Hedge.

THE CASTLE DRACONIC

[Seismic rumblings]

Background: It stretches from horizon to horizon, and when travelers make their way to the center of it, the castle is all they can see in any direction. Less a building than a biome or a landscape, the castle's towers, feasting halls, and many crenelated walls are nonetheless instantly recognizable. Looking closer, a visitor might notice that this castle has not been built but appears to have grown. The very soil, the rocks and hills of the land have formed into some parts of the castle, blending seamlessly with trees and other plants which appear to have grown into the shape of a building elsewhere. Look even closer, and the visitor might notice something more alarming.

Description: The castlescape is so huge that in many places there are miles and miles of uninhabited rooms and corridors; however, numerous tribes of hobgoblins still make their homes inside it, playing out their own little wars without ever going outside. There is even a rumor that one Lost freehold claims territory there. And all these people may be living on borrowed time, because with patient observation over hours, it is possible to see the shape beneath the castle, the framework on which it has grown, which gives it its shape and occasionally rises out of it as a tower which is not a tower but a spinal ridge, or a wall which is not a wall but the curved tail of a massive, sleeping dragon. It seems that over centuries, soil settled over the dragon and plants grew around her. She needs to breathe only rarely, which is fortunate, because her inhalations and the little ways she shifts in her sleep, years apart, cause earthquakes in the castle. What will happen if she awakens, nobody knows.

Storytelling Hints: The truth is, this dragon's hoard is people, and she has no intent of dislodging them. She does, however, take action if an inhabitant or tribe of the castle seems likely to kill off the hoard in large numbers, or prevent its numbers growing. She also takes an interest in any opportunity to bring new people to settle in her hoard. Often the methods she uses are too large in scale to be fully understood, appearing as seismic activity or other events on a truly massive scale, but sometimes it speaks to people.

Virtue: Hoarding

Vice: Inertia

Aspiration: Increase the hoard.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 10, Wits 5, Resolve 9

Physical Attributes: Strength 10, Dexterity 4, Stamina 10

Social Attributes: Presence 9, Manipulation 10, Composure 7

Mental Skills: Academics 5, Investigation 2, Medicine 3, Occult 5, Politics (Sociology) 7

Physical Skills: Athletics 5, Brawl 5, Survival 3, Stealth 3

Social Skills: Animal Ken 3, Empathy 3, Intimidation (Shake the Earth, Booming Voice) 5, Persuasion 3, Subterfuge 5

Merits: Acute Senses, Allies (Castle Inhabitants) (5), Arcadian Metabolism (2), Encyclopedic Knowledge (Sociology) (2), Etiquette (3), Glamour Fasting, Hedge Brawler (2), Hedge Duelist (3), Lethal Mien (2)

Willpower: 16

Initiative: 11

Defense: 4

Armor: 4/5 (Scales)

Size: 150

Speed: 25

Health: 160

Wyrd: 10

Glamour/per Turn: 50/10

Frailties: Gold (bane); cannot attempt to remove any resident from the castlescape (taboo)

Contracts: Discreet Summons, Elemental Fury, Hidden Reality, Mastermind's Gambit, Summon the Loyal Servant

Dread Powers: Chameleon Horror, Immortal, Influence: Seismic (5), Unbreakable

Weapons/ Attacks:

Type	Damage	Dice Pool
Bite	5L	15
Claw	5L	15

DREAM MINERS

"You better step aside, friend! I've got a quota to make."

Background: What causes insomnia? Those who have travelled the Dreaming Roads often propose a magical, not medical, explanation. Many a dream traveler, running from a foe, has given everything they have to reach the edges of a Bastion, only to find a sign which says:

Danger: Old Mine Workings

Should they enter the Bastion anyway, they find the Bastion rapidly folding in on itself, props crumbling to nothing but gray dust. The exit behind them is immediately lost in the murk, and rolls to find it again are made at a -3 penalty.

Dream miners are a kind of Ephialtes, but they come from the Hedge, and dream travelers sometimes see them stumbling home through the Dreaming Roads after a hard night's work. They mine a dreamer's dreams themselves, stripping a Bastion bare, leaving the dreamer struggling to sleep for days, months or years.

Description: Tall, spindly people who sit, stand, and even walk hunched over practically into a C shape, unfolding to a full height of between six and seven feet when using their pickaxes. They are extremely pale, with no apparent eyes or need for them and glittering black rocks that appear to grow straight out of their skin, mostly in a cluster over where their lungs would be. They do not seem to breathe and work as fast as machines. They do not stop work for anyone or anything. They cannot.

Storytelling Hints: The Dream Mining Company is a parasite, but as much for the dream miners as the dreamer. Every single miner is a human or changeling who accrued enough Goblin Debt to end up a hobgoblin and eventually had it sold to the Dream Mining Company. They are in debt to the company store; their quotas are brutal and rise every night. The one independent thought each one has remaining is that they once had a family who they could return to if they could pay off their debt, but if it rises too high, the company will make their families join them.

The only way to stop the mining before they drain their victim of Willpower, sleep, and one Aspiration, other than taking the miners on directly, is to use dreamweaving to make mining the Bastion such slow going they fear not meeting their quotas and decide to move on. There is strength in numbers, so an Entrapping Bastion Collapse (p. XX) may stand a better chance of success.

Or might there be a sliver of humanity left in a dream miner, providing an opportunity for Social maneuvering? A player character who hopes to challenge the apparent ruthlessness of a Dream Miner might try to use Crown contracts (**Changeling**, p. 128) to help keep a fight from breaking out; or Know the Competition (**Changeling**, p. 136) to gain some insight into the Miner.

Virtue: Work Ethic

Vice: Family

Aspiration: To make today's quota, to pay off their debt.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 1, Wits 2, Resolve 2

Physical Attributes: Strength 7, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5

Social Attributes: Presence 1, Manipulation 1, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Crafts (Mine construction) 3, Investigation (Locate Seam) 3, Occult 2

Physical Skills: Athletics (Use pickaxe) 3, Stealth 2, Survival 2, Weaponry 3

Social Skills: Intimidation 2

Merits: Brownie's Boon 1, Closed Book 1, Demolisher 3, Good Time Management 1

Willpower: 5

Initiative: 8

Defense: 2

Armor: 0/0

Size: 6

Speed: 12

Health: 11

Wyrd: 3

Glamour/per Turn: 8/3

Frailties: Voluntarily downing tools before sunrise (taboo)

Contracts: Fae Cunning, Hostile Takeover

Dread Powers: Chameleon Horror, Conjure Dreams, Influence (Dreams) (1)

Weapons/ Attacks:

Type	Damage	Dice Pool
Giant Pickaxe	3L	10

Notes: Dream miners' Power, Finesse, and Resistance traits while in dreams are equal to their Strength, Dexterity, and Stamina respectively.

THE KLAXON

"He is heeeeeereeee..."

Background: Not all changelings escape forever. Some get taken back by Huntsmen, or even worse, by loyalists. These Lost are rarely, if ever, found again. The grief and terror of inhuman hands dragging them back to Arcadia snags on the Thorns of the Hedge, along the wide boulevards commonly used by the Gentry and their servants. Screams, prayers, and fruitless bargains not taken remain along the paths, scattered like so many tragic leaves.

Sometimes a dark wind comes along and sweeps up the leaves, collecting them into its fearsome shape. The Klaxon

was never a person, or perhaps it was — some stories say that the first Winter King went willingly back to Arcadia to hide from the Good Neighbors in their own realm, as it was the last place they would look. He left pieces of himself on that final journey, a warning to others who would follow. Other stories say a briarwolf collected ragged chunks of desperate wails as cushioning for its lair, but so much abject fear collected in one place gained a life of its own. One very dark story suggests the Klaxon is the natural result of killing a heartless Huntsman in the Hedge — which suggests there are *Klaxons*, not just one Klaxon, wailing their way through the Thorns.

The Klaxon is one of several boogeymen changelings tell stories about to each other in their Hollows and Freeholds. Many who've encountered the Hedge ghost prefer not to partake in these stories. Experiencing someone else's total, terrified hopelessness loses some of its luster the second time around, especially when told through the mouths of those who haven't experienced the same thing.

Description: Changelings usually feel this Hedge ghost rather than seeing it. Its Emotional Aura Numen cloaks them in a crushing feeling of isolation and dread, and then it sets off its piercing aural Sign, filling their ears with a screech that eclipses any fire alarm. It attempts to use its Entrapment numina to keep them in its area of influence for as long as possible. Once the changelings panic, the Klaxon deploys its *coup de grace*: the Keeper's Calling Numen.

To date, the Klaxon has not yet killed a changeling out of sheer terror, but that hasn't stopped it from trying. The Klaxon wants a body of its own, beyond its corpus, and it thinks it can get one by stopping a changeling's heart in fright. Perhaps it hopes to switch its corpus with the changeling's heart, like a Huntsman. Whether or not this is true or even possible remains to be seen.

Occasionally, a lucky changeling will bring headphones with them into the Hedge, and the Klaxon finds itself cheated out of an easy scare. It cannot dematerialize in the presence of headphones, earbuds, or other personal sound technology (even if that technology isn't functioning properly) and thus is stuck in its corpus. The Klaxon's true form is a patchwork human who appears to be slightly out of focus and is always, always screaming, even when no sound comes out of its mouth.

Storytelling Hints: The Klaxon makes a cruel game out of trapping changelings and forcing them to experience the last moments of those who were recaptured. It prefers to remain dematerialized while it plays games with its victims, refusing to show its face unless absolutely necessary. Its true power lies in the emotional and physical disorientation it inflicts on those caught within its area of effect — and its favorite weapon is the deafening siren-like wail it projects using its Sign numina. The Klaxon should make player characters who encounter it feel isolated, trapped, and very, very small. It is nowhere near as powerful as a True Fae, but it loves to pretend that it can destroy changelings just as easily.

Vice: Myopic

Thread: Surveillance

Aspiration: Acquire a body by taking a changeling's heart.

Power: 3

Finesse: 2

Resistance: 5

Willpower: 7

Initiative: 7

Defense: 2

Armor: 0/0

Size: 5

Speed: 5

Health: 10

Wyrd: 4

Glamour/per Turn: 15/4

Frailties: Cannot abide the sound of church bells, cannot Dematerialize in the presence of headphones

Influences: Panic 2

Common Powers: Path Through the Thorns; Reach; Sense Glamour; To Market, To Market

Numina: Dematerialize, Entrap, Emotional Aura, Keeper's Calling, Sign

Notes: The Klaxon's Sign always manifests as a wailing alarm throughout the area of the Hedge it influences. The Sign can be heard from a distance and does occasionally draw in even more dangerous denizens of the Hedge.

MIRROR PEOPLE

"It's a good deal. You don't get caught, I get to touch something. It'd just be for a little while. All you have to do is say yes."

Background: The inhabitants of the Hall of Mirrors (p. XX) are created in a person's worst moments. They're always watching and imitating, and sometimes, they're eager to make an agreement with a changeling to swap places.

Description: You. Exactly like you. Except for your scar — it should be on the right, not the left. Or your watch, worn on the right hand, not the left. And the expression on their face, always frozen in whatever you were feeling, that time when you couldn't face yourself in the mirror.

Storytelling Hints: Not all mirror people want to get out into the world; some of those who do probably really mean it when they promise to let the original back out of the Hall of Mirrors soon, and not all of those who would try to steal the original's place would hurt anyone. It can be tempting to trade places with a mirror person. Some mirror people are dangerous though, and how would anyone tell the difference?

Virtue: Mimicry

Vice: Sensation

Aspiration: To feel something, just once; or to take someone's place in the outside world permanently.



Willpower: 6

Initiative: 7

Defense: 4

Armor: 0/0

Speed: 15

Wyrd: 3

Frailties: Cannot leave the Hall of Mirrors unless one of their doubles in the outside world agrees to swap places with them (taboo)

Contracts: Glimpse of a Distant Mirror, Through the Looking Glass

Dread Powers: Home Ground, Know Soul, Maze

Notes: The Attributes, Skills, Merits, weapons, armor, equipment, and other traits of mirror people not specified above are the same as the original had at the time the mirror person was created.

MR. NIPS CHAIWELL

"I read once that tea restores normality. Do you think it's true? I should very much like to experience such novelty."

Background: Nips Chaiwell is the perfect host, brewer of the finest tea in all of Faerie and the Hedge. He is a friendly creature, welcome in nearly every Goblin Market, Freehold, and even some of the Faerie courts. The canny don't trust him, of course, but he'll be the first to tell them

that they shouldn't, right before pouring them another cup of tea and offering them a slice of cake.

Chaiwell's Tea and Trinkets is a small bicycle pulled rickshaw. The exterior is brightly painted and plastered with writs of passage and customer reviews stapled over each other with all the finesse of advertisements on a telephone pole. Customers climb into the rickshaw and find themselves in a cozy tea shop stuffed with precisely the correct number of tables and chairs, decorated like a small town craft fair exploded in all the nooks and crannies. The china service is a mix of chipped mugs and pots that run on nimble little fingers to pour themselves. There's always something of interest to be found in the shop, and while prices tend to be unusually reasonable, there's always just one more thing to tempt a customer into staying a bit longer.

Description: Nips usually appears as a tall and thin phasmid that is always moving, bustling around with pots of tea, nervous energy, and an obsession with all things mundanely human. When the insectoid stick-bug hob stills, however, his appearance shifts, mirroring back a slightly more humanoid appearance that changelings instinctively find more comfortable and familiar.

Storytelling Hints: Mr. Chaiwell always does his utmost to put his customers at ease. He'll chat warmly, ply them with tales of his travels, and ask about current affairs in the mortal realm. Whether or not he sells the small Tokens and



tea that are ostensibly his trade isn't nearly as important to him as gleaning fragments off his customers without them even realizing it. He shaves off slivers of mannerisms, expressions, and conversational tone with most none the wiser or worse off for it. In exchange, his prices stay low, and if a changeling seems to be struggling to afford the overt price of their selections, Mr. Chaiwell will usually make a small concession or even offer to waive the price of their tea for 'a hand around the shop' for a day or more. More careful negotiations may even add provisions of unlimited tea and biscuits while helping. Reattaching the hand afterwards may be problematic, of course.

Virtue: Hospitality

Vice: Curiosity

Aspiration: Gain enough humanity to explore the mortal world.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 2

Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 6, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Crafts (Tea) 4, Occult 3, Politics (Goblin Market) 5

Physical Skills: Athletics 2

Social Skills: Empathy (Changelings) 2, Persuasion 1, Socialize 4, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 4

Merits: Brownie's Boon, Contacts (Goblin Markets, True Fae) 2, Etiquette 5, Fixer, Rigid Mask

Willpower: 7

Initiative: 7

Defense: 6

Armor: 0/0

Size: 5

Speed: 12

Health: 7

Wyrd: 5

Glamour/per Turn: 10/5

Frailties: boiling water

Contracts: Dance of the Toys (Wizened), Fortifying Presence, Thief of Reason

Dread Powers: Chameleon Horror, Hypnotic Gaze, Know Soul, Lethe's Embrace

PANDORA PRISONERS

"Please, help me. I've been trapped here for so long."

Background: The pandora prisoners, or pithoi, are a species of will-o-wisps or gaslight goblins. Like their more luminous kin, the pithoi lead travelers astray. Their voices call out piteously and any who follows them will find the pithoi trapped in some way. In return for their freedom, they offer the only thing they have — a charm of hope and warding. If the traveler accepts the payment, the pithoi is not just freed

of the "trap," but also the warding that kept the hobgoblin in check. Though the ill that follows doesn't affect the one holding the charm, the pithoi is now free to take their revenge on everyone that didn't help them. Fruit rots, plants wither, and luck turns ill in their wake.

Description: The creatures are typically found as an insubstantial child sized hobgoblin trapped by physical bonds. They all appear to have suffered some great tragedy, sickness, or other hardship that has made them less than they once were. Once freed of its bonds, the pandora prisoner transforms, becoming larger and luminescent.

Storytelling Hints: The pithoi aren't terribly smart, but they are cunning and wrathful, a curse upon land, changelings, and hobgoblins alike, which can make for strange allies when stopping one. It is possible to kill them, but physical attacks generally aren't effective. The best way to stop them is to trap them again with the warding charm of hope. A clever hero can trick them into accepting it again, or force it upon them, but it is never willing or happy to be imprisoned.

Thread: Revenge

Aspiration: To take revenge and be free.

Power: 4

Finesse: 5

Resistance: 2

Willpower: 7

Initiative: 7

Defense: 4

Size: 7

Speed: 19

Corpus: 9

Wyrd: 3

Frailties: Cannot harm or influence anyone wearing their charm

Influence: Decay 2, Luck 3

Dread Powers: Clarity Drain, Emotional Aura (despair)

SCARLET ARGIOPE

"I have just the thing for you, darling, but first I'm going to have to ask you for a little favor."

Background: Many hobgoblins gather by species, but Scarlet Argiope is the current mother of Weaver House and more than happy to adopt any with an eye for design and a talent for sewing or Hedgespinning into her family. She runs an exclusive fashion house in the Hedge and doesn't bother selling her goods at anything so lowly as a market. Changelings must come to her directly and be willing to pay dearly for the privilege.

Weaver House's power and influence hasn't come solely from talent, however. It's an open secret that the House will sabotage, assassinate, and poach talent from their rivals to maintain their hegemony — and talented changelings aren't exempt from their tactics.

NEW TOKEN: WARD OF HOPE (•••)

The ward was forged from a pithoi's very last hope. It appears as a golden medallion so old that all markings have softened into illegibility. Anyone holding the ward is immune to all pandora prisoners' powers and begins with a "good impression" for Social Maneuvering. When activated, the Ward of Hope replaces negative mental or emotional Conditions or Tilts with the Steadfast Condition. (**Changeling**, p. 345)

Catch: The user must let go of something terrible and speak aloud the last breaking point she caused- whether to herself or to someone else.

Drawback: Holding the pandora prisoner's hope forges a deeply sympathetic and emotional connection with the pithoi. She gains the Swooned Condition when facing it. (**Changeling**, p. 345)

Description: Scarlet appears to be an automaton with painted ceramic features and eight delicate brass arms that have been grafted onto her. These arms are continually working in concert, weaving, spinning, and stitching away.

Storytelling Hints: Most Lost customers receive slightly different service from Weaver House than hobgoblins. While reigning monarchs receive all due deference, everyone else is expected to provide some sort of favor just to be accepted as a client. These favors may include kneecapping, property repossession, or a dangerous hunt for Hedgespinning ingredients. Alternatively, Scarlet will happily recruit changelings with a talent for Hedgespinning to her house. If her offer is accepted, she will be a loyal (if controlling) "mother" and ensure the Lost's safety whether the Lost wishes it or not.

Virtue: Creativity

Vice: Perfectionism

Aspiration: To remain without rivals.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 5, Wits 4, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 6, Stamina 2

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 3, Composure 2

Mental Skills: Crafts (Hedgespinning) 5, Politics (Hobgoblins) 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 4, Larceny 3

Social Skills: Expression 2, Persuasion 4, Socialize 2

Merits: Ambidextrous Brownie's Boon, Contacts (Mercenaries, Wealthy Hobs) 2, Hedge Duelist 3

Willpower: 5

Initiative: 8

Defense: 6

Armor: 3/3

Size: 5

Speed: 14

Health: 7

Wyrd: 4

Glamour/per Turn: 10/5

Frailties: Torn clothing (bane)

Contracts: Discreet Summons, Spinning Wheel, Blessing of Perfection

Dread Powers: Miracle

SELVANS

In the Hedge, the line between flora and fauna blurs. Rock formations with a lifelike profile gain a ponderous sort of sentience, a stretch of golden forest shivers and stretches in unison when nudged awake by an unwary traveler with an axe. Some individuals become so comfortable navigating the thorns that their thoughts bend until they slowly become one with the Hedge itself. These places and creatures become selvans – corners of the Hedge with true sentience and will. The rest of the Hedge at large is no more a threat to them than a hand is to its owner.

Each selvan is an individual, represented at their core by all the enhancements and defenses of a Hollow. They may also have access to other Contracts, Merits, and Dread Powers as hobgoblins. Instructions for creating hobgoblins may be found in **Changeling**, p. 252. Additionally, selvans can always reshape themselves to suit their own whims. They roll eight Hedgespinning dice with 8-again, even on trods that run through them, and may spend these successes on Subtle or Paradigm shifts.

As part of an ever changing psychoactive environment, selvans are simply one facet of the Hedge. They have their own opaque goals and desires: They may allow travelers safe passage, leaving them blissfully unaware of the sapient nature of the Hedge around them, or lead hobs and Lost alike into their hearts until they're caught like a fly in a Venus flytrap.

BUGFRUIT

"You ate me first, you can't complain now that it's the other way around."

Background: Colonies of bugfruit frequently live in the thorns near goblin markets. They're a much sought after specimen that lives in towering hive-hollows. Hobgoblins and Lost alike generally consider them a benign treat, and it's not unusual to find them being sold as snacks at the goblin market or hors

THE DEEP CAVES

There's no telling whether there are many individual Deep Caves or just one entity that stretches out across an enormous territory. This subterranean selvan has been known to make deals as well as simply devour those unlucky enough to be caught inside them (**Changeling**, p. 257)

d'oeuvres during a Spring party. These are the worker drones, the eyes and ears of the queen of the selvan that is a part of every drone, the hive, and its entire hollow. When a rare new queen is born, the old queen sends out a call, summoning some of those who have tasted the bugfruit workers recently to herself — often an entire Motley or hob clan to ensure there are no loose ends later. After they gorge on the unexpected bounty of Bugfruit, the workers devour them from the inside out. In the end, there is only one survivor. One individual left to pick up the pieces and explain the tragedy that occurred in the deep thorns. One left to seek out a safe place to settle and establish a new hive...

Description: Bugfruit workers are deliciously adorable creatures that appear as living professional food sculptures — caterpillars made of grapes, chocolate dipped strawberries decorated like ladybugs, or cherry tomato dragonflies with cucumber wings. The queens begin life as tiny, unobtrusive nymphs. Upon being devoured by her new host, she pupates and drives her host to find a safe place, slowly takes over, and then roots into the Hedge itself as the heart of a new hive.

Storytelling Hints: Bugfruit queens don't tend to reveal themselves to visitors, but they are fiercely protective of their hive even as they send their drones out to scout for potential hosts. They don't wish to make enemies or risk a violent conflict with the local population. Fae that are nurturing, kind, and weak-willed are more likely to be welcome in the selvan — and summoned back when a newborn queen needs a host.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 2, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 1, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 5, Composure 2

Mental Skills: Crafts (Hedgespinning) 4, Occult 1

Physical Skills: Brawl (Swarm Attack) 3, Stealth 2

Social Skills: Empathy 3, Subterfuge (Delicious Lure) 4

Merits: Hollow (Home Turf, Shadow Garden) ••••

Willpower: 5

Initiative: 6

Defense: 4

Armor: 0/0

Size: 15

Speed: Immobile

Health: 18

Wyrd: 4

Glamour/per Turn: 9/4

Frailties: Mold (bane)

Contracts: Glib Tongue, Hedgewall, Summon the Loyal Servant

Dread Powers: Eye Spy, Much Depends on Dinner, Numen (Urged), Toxic (Poisoned) 2

Notes: Pupating queens have access to Toxic (Poisoned) 2, Numen (Urged), and Skin-Taker Dread Powers until they take root and become fully adult.

THE SLEEPER

"Make no fire, don't touch the living wood, and step quietly now."

Background: One of the ancient selvans sleeps at the very border of the mortal world at Fish Lake, Utah, though within the Hedge travelers passing through regions near the Rocky Mountains risk encountering him. Warning signs are frequently placed on trods and locations on the Dreaming Roads where travelers have encountered the Sleeper, but occasionally young saplings sprout up to obscure them.

For the past thousand years or more, the selvan has slept fitfully. Travelers risk rousing him with fire, harm to the trees, or even simply too much noise. Wind through the branches whispers — mostly nonsense of the selvan's passing thoughts and daydreams, but careful and quiet travelers can glean ancient secrets by listening carefully.

Once, so long ago that only campfire horror stories remain, an ancient freehold stood at the southern end of a lake. The ruins of it are strangely preserved, as if the destruction only happened a season ago, and ribcages are still embedded in the wood of the trees, kept polished and preserved like jeweled necklaces. When The Sleeper struck out, it reached through the Hedge gates into the mortal world like a giant thrusting an arm through a tiny door after its fleeing enemies. Pando, the great "trembling giant" aspen tree, is a scientific wonder and a dim reflection of the Sleeper's wondrous beauty. It is thankfully a quiescent thing now with no glamour or wrathful sentience left in it.

In the early 1900s, an Autumn courtier managed to acquire a living cutting of the Sleeper and kept it potted and on display in his hollow in Pennsylvania. There are claims that after his death the sapling escaped and grew rapidly. Lost investigations cannot confirm the report, as the burning Hedge surrounding Centralia is too dangerous to approach, and the only survivors of the freehold were not present at the time of the conflagration.

Description: The beautiful forest is alive; each slender white trunk is only one part of the whole, and the bright golden leaves seem mundane until the wind rustles through them; then one eye blinks open, then another, until the entire golden canopy stares down at the intruders. Whatever roused the Sleeper's ire against an entire freehold so long ago, the Sleeper still expresses its fury when disturbed again.

Fire can't easily reach the shared heart of the golden aspen wood, and no axe can destroy the trees quickly enough to make headway against a full arboreal invasion.

Storytelling Hints: The Sleeper is an eldritch creature. It exists on the scale of millennia, and both hobs and the Lost are temporary irritants at best. It only desires to be left to itself. There is a great deal the Lost desire within the Sleeper's reach, from his dreaming whispers of prophecy and power to rare tokens. Adventurers who move quickly and quietly are unlikely to rouse the Sleeper, much less awaken it completely. The Sleeper may not immediately notice or be offended by subtle Hedgespinning shifts, but paradigm shifts can often call its attention. However, even subtle shifts that attempt to Hedgespin the physical terrain of the Sleeper will provoke immediate retaliation. Those who harm the forest, light fires, or disturb its dreams do not last long.

Virtue: Steadfast

Vice: Growth

Aspiration: I spread.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 1, Resolve 6

Physical Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 1, Stamina 8

Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Occult (Ancient History) 3

Physical Skills: Brawl (Tangling Growth) 2

Social Skills: Intimidation (Reputation) 4

Merits: Hollow (Size Matters) 5, a vast forest

Willpower: 9

Initiative: 4

Defense: 1

Armor: 0/0

Type Size

The Sleeper	Beyond Numbers
Young Growth	4
Average Stem	15
Elder Trunk	25

Speed: 0

Type Health:

The Sleeper	Innumerate
New Growth	12
Average Stem	23
Elder Trunk	33

Wyrd: 8

Glamour/per Turn: 20/8

Frailties: Axes (bane), Fire (bane)

Contracts: Paralyzing Presence, Thorns and Brambles

Dread Powers: Immortal, Natural Weapons 2

Weapons/Attacks:

Type	Damage	Dice Pool	Special
Impaling Growth	2L	7	Armor piercing 2

TRAITORFRUIT

[A gnawing pain in your stomach]

Background: The wisest and most experienced Hedge experts have a warning for new Hedge explorers: When you are desperate, starving, injured, or badly in need of glamour and you find the very Goblin Fruit you are looking for, look closely before putting it in your mouth.

Description: The Traitorfruit is a chameleon. It looks like whatever goblin fruit a character most needs at the moment when he comes upon it and somehow has a trick of growing just where he is most likely to pass by when he is at his wits' end. All it wants is to be eaten. Once it has found its way to the pit of its victim's stomach unseen, it opens a thousand tiny mouths of its own and begins to consume the flesh of its host, growing inside of and slowly replacing him, until he is nothing but a shell of skin filled with sugary fruit-flesh.

Storytelling Hints: The Traitorfruit wants to disperse its seeds. The more it consumes of its host, the more easily it can control his body and stagger to a good place to plant itself. The unfortunate would-be diner rolls Perception + Survival to identify the plant by hairs, resembling the fur of a rat, which he can find growing just out of sight, on the underside of the fruit or within crevices or folds. If a player's character does eat a Traitorfruit by mistake, the Traitorfruit is treated as a Toxicity 3 poison which inflicts damage once a day, whenever its host first stands on the earth with no more than shoes between him and the soil. Some hosts have lived for a time by remaining indoors, and in places like Shimmerrain (p. XX) and the Castle Draconic (p. XX), others have survived for years with a Traitorfruit in their guts; but not everyone can live that way. The need to go outside becomes a ticking clock. The effect lasts until death, or until the Traitorfruit is removed from the victim's body by surgery or perhaps by other means.

Virtue: Propagation

Vice: Satiation

Aspiration: Acquire a host.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 1, Wits 4, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Stamina 7

Social Attributes: Presence 5, Manipulation 6, Composure 4

Mental Skills: Intimidation 2, Medicine 3, Occult 2

Physical Skills: Survival (Rapid consumption) 5, Stealth (Safe to eat) 5

THE FOREST OR THE TREES

The Sleeper is a monolithic selvan forest, but it is also each individual tree. Trees within the forest are not equal. Changelings may brave the forest to peacefully hear the wisdom whispered beneath a particular Elder's leaves, but another motley may risk felling Young Growth to Hedgespin arrows deadly enough to pierce the heart of a Huntsman.

One enormous Elder Trunk dominates a hill, choking out the potential for New Growth to take root beneath its canopy, while a nearby valley only holds a few Average Stems and swaths of Young Growth. The edge of the Sleeper may appear as a distinct wall of trees or the front of a more subtle invasion as young trees take root amid the goblin fruit and thorns. Wherever they stand, none are alone, but the Lost should also be careful not to miss the trees for the forest.

Social Skills: Animal Ken 4, Empathy 4, Subterfuge (Exactly what you need) 5

Merits: Biokinesis 5, Direction Sense 1, Good Time Management 1, Hedge Sense 1, Lethal Mien 2, Patient 1

Willpower: 8

Initiative: 4

Armor: 0/0

Size: 1

Health: 7

Wyrd: 5

Glamour/per Turn: 10/5

Frailties: Rotten things (ban)

Contracts: Paralyzing Presence, Thorns and Brambles, Trivial Reworking

Dread Powers: Hypnotic Gaze, Know Soul, Pied Piper, Unbreakable

TRAITORSKINS

"Hungry. Help."

Background: A Traitorskin is what is left of a person who has been mostly or entirely consumed by a Traitorfruit (see above) and is shambling through the Hedge under its less than graceful control, until it is satisfied it has found a good place to grow.

Description: An apparently normal hobgoblin, human, or changeling, it walks a little strangely, as though its body is a marionette being controlled by a novice puppeteer. It may still be able to say a few words but cannot form full

sentences, and it can only pass for a person if it is assumed to be very tired or injured — or perhaps a particularly stupid hobgoblin. The eyes, too, are a tell, only able to turn to look in a new direction slowly, ponderously, as though something behind them other than the host's own muscles are turning them. If the consumption has progressed significantly, tiny vine tendrils may be seen poking out of orifices and around the eyes.

Storytelling Hints: Traitorskins are usually found wandering the Hedge looking for a good place to plant themselves, or letting fellow travelers lead what they think is an unfortunate injured person to safety. Some Traitorskins even appear to have access to some of the hosts memories, allowing them to seek out a changeling's Hollow or freehold and play out a little charade of coming home, falling ill, and dying. Many a motley has buried a dear friend, and a year later, been moved to see a fruit-bearing plant, new life and hope given physical form, growing from her grave. This is a risky strategy for the Traitorskin, however. They can be surprisingly canny at passing for changelings for a few minutes or hours, using the few words they know at just the right moments here and there. But the longer they remain among changelings, the greater the chance that they will betray some fundamentally botanical misunderstanding of changeling life. To make this an even riskier prospect, the presence of people the host knew in life can provoke impulses strange to the Traitorfruit, hard for it to understand or control, to speak to the body's friends, say things unsaid in life, and perhaps warn them of the danger. Nonetheless, it is hard to resist putting down roots in an area full of unfortunates who are bound to get hungry at some point.

Virtue: Propagation

Vice: Memory

Aspiration: Find a fertile place to grow.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 7

Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 6, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Intimidation, 2, Medicine 3, Occult 2

Physical Skills: Survival (Rapid consumption) 5, Stealth (Skin wearing) 5

Social Skills: Animal Ken 4, Empathy 4, Subterfuge (Don't say too much) 5

Merits: Biokinesis 5, Direction Sense 1, Good Time Management 1, Hedge Sense 1, Iron Stamina 2, Patient 1

Willpower: 7

Initiative: 5

Defense: 2

Armor: 0/0

Size: 5

Speed: 4

Health: 12

Wyrd: 5

Glamour/per Turn: 10/5

Frailties: Rotten things (ban)

Contracts: Paralyzing Presence, Pathfinder, Thorns and Brambles

Dread Powers: Hypnotic Gaze, Know Soul, Pied Piper, Unbreakable

Notes: Alternatively, for former Storyteller or player characters, use the Attributes, Physical Merits, and equipment that character had when they died.

GEASA

The Swords of Bedlam. The Debtors' Scales. The Wyrd-Sworn. Regardless of which, if any, of these nicknames they're called, the Geasa are just a fable to the Lost. You'd think changelings would know better, having lived through fairy tales of their own. They should know that most monsters really aren't metaphorical. Most changelings hear these stories and think they're fake, but it puts the fear of Wyrd into them anyway. Most. Not all. It's a gambler's arrogance that leads any changeling to believe that they can escape consequence, and eventually, the house catches up in the form of Geasa.

Most changelings aren't fool enough to believe they have an ounce of real control over the Wyrd, and fewer still believe they can cheat it. But humans are nothing if not fallible, and that doesn't change with the duration. How many stories of loan sharks extracting payment in blood has any given person heard? If the Wyrd is the shark, then a Geas is its enforcer: unyielding, uncompromising, frozen in service by her own debts. They can be worked off, in theory... but the interest just keeps building.

Geasa are similar to bounty hunters, albeit ones blackmailed into service. Their debts are too great to get away free, but they can chip away at those debts by punishing more minor infractions. Into this desire, jealousy seeps: It is possible to cheat the Wyrd without suffering the fate of the Geasa. The debt is still collected, with interest, but sometimes changelings who try to control or trick the Wyrd escape with a debt paid but their entire self fully intact. Damage to Clarity and a Wyrd so high that mortality feels like a half-remembered dream are a key part of Geasa. Their wills and personalities have broken down enough to let the Wyrd in, and it comes at the moment of weakness.

Geasa track down and punish any infractions the Wyrd sends them to, but those tend to be broken oaths similar to the ones that got the Geas to this place. A Geas who was an inconstant lover will punish the same, as the Wyrd's way of reminding them just how much they owe. One who promised to protect a freehold and betrayed it to the True Fae often meets with fellow deserters and traitors.

There is no real discernible rhyme or reason to what infractions the Wyrd punishes, at least on the surface. There's certainly none to the punishments. A Fairest who

broke a small promise to a mortal lover decades ago may be suddenly and swiftly murdered by a Geas while she's in her dotage. An Ogre who has the blood of his entire freehold on his hands is left alone for the price of a vow to live an honest life.

While their actions are compelled by the Wyrd, Geasa do remember their lives before they became Wyrd-Sworn — but they lose their emotional attachment to those lives more and more as time passes. Those who are not yet near-complete creatures of the Wyrd often urge oathbreakers to better themselves so as not to end up like them: watching their old memories slip further away, able to recall the facts of their lives but not remember the emotions that made living worthwhile until they end up living forever as a husk.

Or is it forever? Some Geasa do believe they can trade places with an oathbreaker and thus free themselves from the Wyrd, but none have dared such a trick yet... or at least, nobody's heard about it, because why would someone brag openly about fooling the Wyrd? After all, that's the kind of hubristic thinking that got them here.

SWORN TO THE WYRD

Geasa stand apart from other fae creatures by virtue of their relationship to the Wyrd. They retain enough of their individuality to remember that they were not always this way.

The ranks of Geasa include changelings, goblins, and fae-touched. Follow changeling (**Changeling**, p. 89) and hobgoblin creation rules (**Changeling**, p. 252), with exceptions below.

Avowed Geasa are rare but do exist, and their promise to a changeling should be linked in some way to their broken oaths. Ordinarily, fae-touched cannot raise their Wyrd above 0, so a fae-touched who met the conditions to become a Geas would need to be more goblin than mortal. Create fae-touched Geasa as hobgoblins, with access to the fae-touched promise Merits but otherwise using hobgoblin traits.

CONCEPT

When creating a Geas, consider what kind of oaths they violated on their journey to becoming Wyrd-Sworn. Was he an inconstant lover? Did she violate the fragile peacetime agreements between her freehold and another? The Wyrd takes in proportion to what it gives, and while it will use Geasa to any purpose, Storytellers should employ dramatic irony in deciding what kind of Geas shows up and why.

Use your discretion in deciding what the Geas wants, too. The Geasa are the Wyrd's right hands, but the Wyrd's response to a cheated oath can appear disproportionate. When deciding how and why to deploy Geasa, consider the domino effect of a single broken oath: Anything can ruin a life, however minor it seems at the time.

BECOMING A GEAS

Three conditions must be met for a changeling to become sworn to the Wyrd: two or more Persistent Clarity Conditions (Broken, Delusional, Fugue, Numb, Sleepwalking); Wyrd 10; and Wyrd Debt at 10. The Persistent Conditions allow the Wyrd to bend the changeling's will to its own; a maximum Wyrd means the changeling has the magic necessary to carry out the Wyrd's will; and where Wyrd Debt is pooling, someone needs to pay.

Every time a changeling breaks an oath, whether deliberately or accidentally, while already bearing the Oathbreaker Condition (**Changeling**, p. 343), he incurs one point of Wyrd Debt. Wyrd Debt has no active impact on the changeling's life or magic, and the character does not know it's been incurred — as far as he knows, he's gotten away with cheating the Wyrd. Because he doesn't know it exists, he does not know whether it can be erased until it's too late to do so and the Wyrd has come to collect. Upon becoming a Geas, all existing Persistent Conditions clear.

If a player character becomes a Geas, the Storyteller should run a scene starting just before this happens. Show how the character's will is breaking down as a result of the Persistent Conditions attached to loss of Clarity. Show the snowballing consequences of the broken oaths that brought the changeling here, the people hurt and struggling because someone didn't pay what they owe. Geasa are Lost bogeymen, meant to illustrate the consequences of oathbreaking. Bring that home to the players.

That's if you have to. It is purposefully difficult to become a Geas. Becoming a Geas renders a player character unplayable, and it is functionally impossible to clear Wyrd Debt before it's too late. It is possible to free a Geas (whether a Storyteller antagonist or a former player character) from Wyrd Debt, but this requires a near-impossible quest assigned by the Wyrd to the Geas' chosen (or self-assigned) champion: one that can plausibly be completed, but will require herculean levels of effort beyond the labors of the typical wonder tale, so unlikely as to pass into myth itself. Think the *Epic of Gilgamesh*, "The Death of Koschei the Deathless," *Journey to the West*, or the *Argonautica*. Some changelings say that convincing an oathbreaker to swap Wyrd Debt with a Geas would work to free the Geas; others believe that it would require a Geas to willingly take on an oathbreaker's Wyrd Debt in addition to their own. Whatever the truth, it will involve sacrifice and Clarity breaking points, so if you do want to involve such a quest in your chronicle, it's best-suited to serving as an endgame or an adventure for experienced, high-level characters.

Should a Geas be somehow freed from service, they lose their Dread Powers, and their Oath reverts to a Needle. One would hope, too, that their experience as the Wyrd's bondsman would scare them straight.

WYRD

All Geasa have Wyrd 10.

ANCHORS

Rather than a Needle, a Geas has an Oath. The Oath should relate to whatever driving force landed the Geas in the service of the Wyrd. The Needle is a changeling's true self, meant to act as a shield against becoming someone they're not — but as servants of the Wyrd, Geasa do not belong to themselves anymore. The Oath is how the Wyrd fills the empty space it leaves behind when it rips the free will out of the Geas. It starts as a seed, and it grows and grows until it has overtaken all but the last drop of individuality a Geas possesses... but they do still have some.

All Geas recover Willpower the same way:

Single Willpower: Punish an Oathbreaker whose broken oath was dissimilar to yours.

All Willpower: Punish an Oathbreaker whose broken oath was similar to yours.

The Geas retains one long-term Aspiration from before her fall. This Aspiration is what keeps her from becoming totally subsumed by the Wyrd and its will. If one of her targets appeals to it, accidentally or not, it can have a real emotional impact on her.

ATTRIBUTES AND SKILLS

When the Storyteller assigns Attributes and Skills for a Geas, do so while keeping in mind the Geas' backstory. What kind of life did this character lead before she became Wyrd-Sworn? Assume that she was considerably more experienced in life as a changeling, mortal or hobgoblin than a

brand-new character would be. Distribute points accordingly, and remember that a Wyrd rating of 6+ allows characters to have more than five dots in any given Skill or Attribute.

DREAD POWERS AND CONTRACTS

Geasa may retain their existing Contracts, but they may not learn new ones — why should the Wyrd make deals with them now? They retain Court Contracts, but the Glamour cost to use any is doubled. The Wyrd does, however, bestow certain Dread Powers on its agents, given below.

Geasa who were originally hobgoblins may retain their Dread Powers, superseded by Geasa powers where applicable.

MERITS

All Geasa possess the Arcadian Metabolism Merit (*Changeling*, p. 111) and must take at least one dot in Elemental Warrior (*Changeling*, p. 113).

Geasa may not take or retain merits that interact with changeling society, such as Court-related merits like Mantle, or any Human Merits that rely on access to the mortal world.

ADVANTAGES AND FRAILTIES

Geasa have the same frailties that they did as changelings and goblins, including cold iron. They also have four major and three minor frailties. All Geasa possess three specific major banes; the Storyteller chooses the fourth.

The first is broken oaths. Geasa know when they cross paths with someone suffering the Oathbreaker Condition, and changelings with that Condition suffer a -3 to Social actions involving a Geas.

Second is disobeying the Wyrd. While Geasa cannot go against the Wyrd when it commands them to do something, they may spend one point of Willpower to change the terms for the duration of one turn, and they can continue to do so until they are out of Willpower or have achieved the playing field they wanted. However, they also suffer one point of aggravated damage per turn.

The third major bane that all Geasa share is lies. Any lie, no matter how minor or well-intended, automatically inflicts one point of Wyrd Debt on the Geas who tells or hears it.

Geasa suffer a minor bane related to the Oath they betrayed. Anything connected to that Oath, whether it's the individual betrayed or the tool the Geas used to do it, inflicts one point of lethal damage per turn.

Geasa can leave the Hedge for the mortal world, but rarely do: They suffer the Distracted Condition (*Changeling*, p. 336) if they spend more than a day in the mortal world and take a point of aggravated damage for every 24-hour period passed in the mortal world.

While Geasa are not creatures of the Hedge, they've spent enough time among the Thorns to understand in-

nately how to traverse it. Geasa reduce the total successes needed to win a navigation contest in the Hedge by one, or two among the Thorns.

DREAD POWERS

Geasa have access to these new Dread Powers.

BANSHEE'S WAIL

By spending a Glamour point, the Geas makes his voice painful to the target for the duration of one turn. To extend the effect, the Geas must spend an additional Glamour point. The target takes 2 bashing damage per turn.

CONJURE DREAMS

By spending 2 Glamour points, the Geas may warp its surroundings in the Hedge to resemble the setting of a target's recurring dream. The intent is to trap the target, either by keeping them somewhere they don't want to leave or chasing them through someplace they can't escape. Once per hour, the target may roll Wits + Composure + Supernatural Tolerance to see through the illusion, contested by the Geas' Resolve + Wyrd.

FIND THE OATHBREAKER

The Wyrd sends Geasa to those it wishes to punish, but this power enables Geasa to go rogue, too. The Geas is able to tell whether someone has broken their word, even a simple verbal promise, and have a basic understanding of what the oath was and how it was broken. By touching the target, he can also plumb the depths of their dishonesty. The Storyteller rolls Wits + Empathy + Wyrd to determine whether the target has broken any promises in the recent past. Each success allows the Geas to go back by one day.

FLEET OF FOOT

It benefits a Geas to be able to travel quickly through the Hedge. By reflexively spending 1 Glamour point when moving, the Geas can increase her Speed by +3.

FURIES' WHIP

Spending a Glamour point allows the Geas to imbue any weapon, including her fists, with the vengeance of the Wyrd. For the duration of the scene, the 8-again rule applies to any rolls involving the weapon. Only one weapon can be affected at a time.

HALLUCINATION

The Geas creates an illusion experienced by the target, pertaining to whatever broken oath the Geas has come to collect on. When meeting the target's gaze, the Geas can spend 1 Glamour and roll Presence + Persuasion, contested by the target's Composure. If successful, the target gains the Frightened Condition.

IMMORTAL

The Geasa cannot be killed except by a bane frailty. If the Geas takes aggravated damage in her rightmost Health box, the Wyrd surrounds her in a cocoon of whatever can be found in the Hedge environment. She leaves it when that damage is healed.

KINDRED SPIRITS

Buoyed by the Wyrd, Geasa have special insight into the hearts and minds of changelings. By spending 1 Glamour, the Geas learns their target's Needle, Thread, Aspirations, and current and maximum Clarity. If the Geas uses this knowledge against the target, they earn an exceptional success on a roll of three successes or more.

SENSE VOWS

The Wyrd allows the Geas to know when it was invoked to seal a promise. By spending a point of Glamour during an interaction with a target, he may determine whether that target made any promises, whether through sealings, oaths, or bargains, within the current story. He will also have a general understanding of what kind of promise was made and what it entails.

SHADOW STALKER

Although the Geas has become too fey to fully enter the mortal world, he may still observe the target of the Wyrd's punishment in it. By spending 2 Glamour points, the Geas can open a temporary limen (p. XX). The limen is created as a doorstep and does not grow larger. It also follows the Geas as he stalks his target. The limen lasts for the duration of one scene, then fades, taking the Geas with it back into the Hedge.

EXAMPLE GEASA

The following are sample Geasa for use in your chronicle.

ALYS, THE IRON HARVEST

[The sound of the wind through ancient trees, like a sob]

Background: Alys grew up in an idyllic village on the outskirts of the Black Forest, then had the bad fortune to marry a Frenchman right before World War I ignited. Widowed and pitied, Alys returned to her native forest with her children, the only place that felt like home after the world had been turned upside-down. A few years later, after an entreaty from her father-in-law, she took the children and moved again to France, believing that it would be best for them to have some connection to their father's family. That fall, her father-in-law hit an unexploded ordnance while ploughing his fields — her son with him. Alys left her daughter in her brother-in-law's care while she walked through the only nearby forest, attempting to feel a connection to the nature of her youth. As she sobbed, she stumbled into the arms of a True Fae, who stole her away to Arcadia to raise

his children. Alys eventually escaped, only to find that so much time had passed that her daughter was now middle-aged, while Alys herself was just 30.

Alys returned to the Black Forest, unable to face her daughter or the fetch that had raised her in Alys' stead and joined the Summer Court. Driven to distraction by her unresolved grief, Alys tried to use her anger at the world around her to forge peace agreements between her freehold and their neighbors. Then a courtless changeling murdered her motley-mate, and, believing a neighboring freehold was responsible, Alys unleashed her rage, violating nearly every peace agreement she herself had crafted in the process. By the time she came out of her haze, it was too late to go back: The Wyrd had come for her, to collect on the debts she now owed.

Description: Beautiful, scarred, black-haired Alys does not speak. She hasn't since the Wyrd swore her to its service. Though she's in her 40s now, she still looks youthful: Her Keeper viewed her as a sort of trophy wife and stepmother and kept her young even as time passed. Alys subsumes her anger at her lost years with her only living child with constant sword practice. She's small but wiry, and she's never seen without her sword, an opalescent estoc.

Storytelling Hints: Alys' rage is reserved especially for those who violate peace agreements. She does not speak due to her terror of promising something else she cannot fulfill, but her emotions are palpable, written across her face. She has a soft spot for children and will not attack if youth are around unless she's being forced to by the Wyrd.

Seeming: Fairest

Kith: Bearskin

Oath: Impatience

Thread: Family

Aspiration: Reunite with her children

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 5, Wits 5, Resolve 10

Physical Attributes: Strength 8, Dexterity 7, Stamina 8

Social Attributes: Presence 7, Manipulation 1, Composure 2

Mental Skills: Medicine (First Aid) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 1, Stealth 3, Survival 2, Weaponry (Swords) 7

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Intimidation 3, Socialize (Children) 3

Merits: Acute Senses, Arcadian Metabolism, Dream Warrior, Elemental Warrior (Flame) 4, Fae Mount 2, Hollow 1

Willpower: 6

Current/Maximum Clarity: 1/4

Initiative: 8

Defense: 6

Armor: 3/1 (Chainmail)

Size: 5



Speed: 18

Health: 10

Wyrd: 10

Glamour/per Turn: 75/15

Frailties: Broken oaths (major bane), disobeying the Wyrd (major bane), lies (major taboo), compelled to dig up anything buried (major taboo), compelled to guide lost mortals to safety (minor taboo), the sound of gunfire (minor bane), personal betrayed oath (minor bane)

Favored Regalia: Crown, Sword

Contracts: Elemental Fury, Elemental Weapon, High Summer's Zeal, Paralyzing Presence, Pipes of the Beastcaller, Red Revenge, Shared Burden, Spinning Wheel, Vigilance of Areas

Weapons/ Attacks:

Type	Damage	Dice Pool	Special
Sword	+3L	9	+1 Initiative
Shield (small)	+0L	4	Concealed

Dread Powers: Fleet of Foot, Furies' Whip, Immortal, Sense Vows

JOY, SAINT OF BROKEN HEARTS

"Promises broken in secret always find their way into the open. And yes, sugar, that's a promise."

Background: As a mortal, Joy was a perpetual wallflower, too nervous to ever shoot her shot with anyone she liked. Her Durance, doing literal back-breaking labor in her Keeper's toxic mines, gave her a new perspective. If you could die at any moment, why not be braver? Unfortunately, Joy took her new confidence way too far. She broke hearts all over town, but worse, she broke the oaths she made to her lovers. Confronted, she'd just shrug and move onto the next. And one day, she disappeared. Her exes weren't so sad about it, but her motley had no idea what had happened to her. Some of the local hobgoblins have said they've seen a masked Ogre who sounds an awful lot like Joy, armed with arrows forged with cold iron, hunting Lost who have made the same mistakes she did, but no one can confirm the stories. No one makes promises that can't be kept to their lovers anymore, though.

Description: Joy's six feet tall and stocky, with a quick-silver smile that used to be a lot rarer. It's emptier than it used to be, though, more of a habit than a trait. She keeps her head shaved and still wears the same patched-up denim jacket that she did when she disappeared from her freehold.

Storytelling Hints: Though she certainly regrets her broken oaths, Joy is still quite a flirt. She doesn't make promises anymore, of any sort — she's still cautious with her words. She doesn't say things that could be construed as a promise: no "see you later," for instance. But she's charm-

SIDERIT

Siderit is an enormous fae horse that appears to be made of the same opalescent material as Alys' sword. The horse, unlike Alys, speaks. Siderit is not a Geas and acts independently of Alys, but it is bound to Alys and seems to understand her without words.

Attributes: Intelligence 1, Wits 3, Resolve 3, Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5, Presence 3, Manipulation 1, Composure 2

Skills: Athletics 4, Brawl 1 (Kicking), Survival 2

Willpower: 5

Initiative: 5

Defense: 7

Speed: 19 (species factor 12)

Size: 7

Weapons/Attacks:

Type	Damage	Dice Pool
Kick or Claw	+2*	6

*A successful strike from the creature's Kick/Claw inflicts the Knocked Down Tilt (Changeling, p. 330)

Health: 12

Special: Chatterbox, Hedgefoot

ing, and that's disarming all on its own for changelings that might have expected physical violence from an Ogre. Joy prefers to use her words, and if she must fight then she uses the Hedge around her, rather than her fists.

Seeming: Ogre

Kith: Draconic

Oath: Inconstance

Thread: Acceptance

Aspiration: Shed the need for love.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 1

Physical Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social Attributes: Presence 6, Manipulation 4, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Crafts 2, Medicine 1, Occult (Hedge Lore) 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Stealth 2, Survival (Navigation) 6

Social Skills: Empathy (Hedge Shaping) 5, Expression 2, Intimidation 1, Persuasion (Seduction) 4

Merits: Arcadian Metabolism, Elemental Warrior (Flame) 1, Hedge Brawler, Hedge Duelist 3, Hollow 1

Willpower: 4

Current/Maximum Clarity: 5/7

Initiative: 5

Defense: 5

Armor: 1/0 (Reinforced clothing)

Size: 5

Speed: 11

Health: 8

Wyrd: 10

Glamour/per Turn: 75/15

Frailties: Broken oaths (major bane), disobeying the Wyrd (major bane), lies (major taboo), may not eat food originating in the mortal world (major taboo), personal betrayed oath (minor bane), may not hurt anyone who has offered her a gift (minor taboo), may not pass longer than one week in anyone's company (minor taboo)

Favored Regalia: Shield, Jewels

Contracts: Changing Fortunes, Cupid's Arrow, Fae Cunning, Paralyzing Presence, Pathfinder, Shared Burden, Trivial Reworking

Dread Powers: Banshee's Wail, Conjure Dreams, Shadow Stalker

OKROPIR, THE GOLDEN FOOL

"Trade you to leave you alone? I've gone straight, swear it, no tricks..."

Background: Golden-tongued Okropir used to be one of the more notorious traders in the Black Sea's Goblin Market fleet. On his boat, you could change anything for gold... that would then fade to ashes in its next owner's hands, while Okropir amassed an ever-greater treasure. He had been human once, before a hob took enough of a liking to him to drag him into the Hedge and train him as an apprentice. Over time, Okropir shed his memories of mortal life, growing the same tough pyrite skin as his hunched mentor. Unfortunately for him, he couldn't forget it all: The lingering hubris of humanity led him eventually to the idea of trying to cheat the Wyrd, in service of ever-greater treasures. Since becoming a Geas, Okropir finds himself hunting down the same type of con artists, those who cheat others in much the same way he did his customers.

Description: Okropir has not been human for a long, long time, but he still retains the shape of a man. His dark eyes glitter like pyrite, and his rugged skin has a distinctly golden sheen to it. He has an easy way with others, his salesman patter making it seem as though he's known you for hundreds of years even when you've just met.

Storytelling Hints: Okropir shies away from violence, preferring to figure out deals that will allow his target to get

the Wyrd off their back. All of Okropir's offers squeeze the target for the things they hold most valuable, and if that's not good enough for the changeling, then Okropir will force them into a scenario where they have to take a deal.

Oath: Misdirection

Vice: Humanitarian

Aspiration: Create a doppelganger good enough to escape any pursuit.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 6, Resolve 8

Physical Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 8, Composure 6

Mental Skills: Crafts (Forgery) 10, Investigation 2, Medicine 1, Science (Alchemy) 8

Physical Skills: Brawl 4, Drive (Sailing) 5, Larceny 4

Social Skills: Empathy 3, Intimidation 2, Persuasion 9, Socialize 5, Subterfuge 7

Merits: Arcadian Metabolism, Elemental Warrior (Metal) 2, Goblin Bounty 3, Hollow 3, Market Sense, Workshop 2

Willpower: 10

Initiative: 5

Defense: 1

Armor: 0/0

Size: 5

Speed: 8

Health: 8

Wyrd: 10

Glamour/per Turn: 50/10

Frailties: Broken oaths (major bane), disobeying the Wyrd (major bane), lies (major taboo), must accept any offer of hospitality (major taboo), personal betrayed oath (minor bane), pyrite (minor bane), whistling indoors (minor bane)

Contracts: Glib Tongue, Hostile Takeover, Lost Visage, Mask of Superiority, Read Lucidity

Dread Powers: Banshee's Wail, Bottle Glamour, Conjure Dreams, Hypnotic Gaze, Immortal, Pied Piper, Regenerate 2

Weapons/ Attacks:

Type	Damage	Dice Pool	Special
Brass Knuckles	0	7	Uses Brawl to attack

NINIANE, FIRST OF THEIR NAME

[eerie whooshing]

Background: Those who have survived a meeting with Niniane tell stories of a being spun out of shadow, so dark and terrible as to appear a black hole. They whisper that it



was a True Fae they met with, a raging and terrible and hungry Keeper searching for those who left it. Those who have not survived a meeting with Niniane would have said much the same, up until a gleaming golden arrow emerged from the darkness, hurtling out on a path direct to the changeling's fickle heart.

Niniane is something of an avenging angel, even more so than the average Geas. They may not be the oldest Geas, but they are certainly one of the Wyrd's oldest agents. They are not one of the True Fae – they are the first Avowed to be pressed into the Wyrd's service, kept alive in a horrible stasis until their promise-bound might finally escape Arcadia. Their promise-bound was unlucky enough to be taken by a Keeper with an interest in keeping him alive for as long as possible. So far, that's been long enough that he's been entirely forgotten... except by Niniane. Unmoored from their sworn, Niniane had a disastrous entry into the life of a faetouched, giving in to their worst urges in an attempt to blot out the promise tugging them into the Hedge. When they did enter, they became lost and were taken in by hobgoblins. They held onto their humanity for a long time, but the longer they stayed in the Hedge, the less they remembered other than the tug of their promise. Now, Niniane spends their life in an amber Hollow, leaving only when deployed by the Wyrd to target inconstant changelings and promise-bound.

Description: Niniane's human body is shrouded in a protective darkness. If they were to let it down, their targets would see a reedy person with salt-white hair and olive skin – but no one has seen that iteration of Niniane in a long, long time. Niniane rarely speaks, having almost entirely forgotten their humanity. If any Geas' will is truly subservient to the Wyrd, it's Niniane's.

Storytelling Hints: Niniane is less a person than a shell. Their original personality and humanity are accessible but buried deep; it would take a concerted effort on the part of their promise-bound to remind them of their humanity, and their promise-bound remains trapped in Arcadia. If undertaking an effort to rescue Niniane from themselves, use the stats below as clues to who they were before becoming a Geas.

Oath: Forgetfulness

Thread: Devotion

Aspiration: Rescue their promise-bound from Arcadia.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 10, Wits 5, Resolve 10

Physical Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 7, Stamina 10

Social Attributes: Presence 8, Manipulation 3, Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Investigation 4, Occult (Hedge Lore) 8

Physical Skills: Athletics (Archery) 10, Brawl 3, Stealth 10, Survival 10

Social Skills: Animal Ken 2, Empathy 6, Expression 3, Intimidation (Stare Down) 8, Socialize 2, Subterfuge 3

Merits: Arcadian Metabolism, Elemental Warrior (Wind) 5, Giant, Hollow 5, Promise of Love

Willpower: 14

Current/Maximum Clarity: 1/9

Initiative: 11

Defense: 15

Armor: 0/0

Size: 6

Speed: 16

Health: 16

Wyrd: 10

Glamour/per Turn: 50/10

Frailties: Broken oaths (major bane), disobeying the Wyrd (major bane), lies (major taboo), direct sunlight (major bane), personal betrayed oath (minor bane), promises of love (minor taboo), running water (minor bane)

Contracts: Cloak of Night, Light-Shy, Murkblur, Overpowering Dread, Paralyzing Presence, Primal Glory

Dread Powers: Chameleon Horror, Furies' Whip, Home Ground (Shadows), Immortal, Jump Scare, Shadow Stalker

Weapons/ Attacks:

Type	Damage	Dice Pool
Crossbow	2L	12

SEKOU, TRAPDOOR TRICKSTER

“Come into my web,’ said the goblin to the fly...”

Background: Sekou was once a professor of archaeology at the University of Bamako, and a professional chess player to boot. He lived to explore the boundaries of knowledge, a passion that got him taken by the True Fae while on a dig at Ounjougou. He made it through his Durance by making Arcadia a new font of curiosity for himself, eventually escaping alongside his paramour, a fellow captive. They swore to each other that they would always stick together, but Sekou's mind kept wandering, and eventually he began to break that oath, again and again, in the service of his academic pursuits. Now that he's sworn to the Wyrd, he regrets what he did to his lover, but he tries to keep an open mind about this new life of his.

Description: Sekou is a fat and fit man who appears to be in his early 40s, and to this day wears enormous glasses despite no longer needing them. His eyes have a shining, leonine quality to them. He's kind, but obsessive and in love with his own cleverness.

Storytelling Hints: Often deployed to punish infractions stemming from cat-killing curiosity, Sekou's strategy is

to focus on puzzles and traps. Sekou has not been a Geas for very long, and he enjoys playing with his prey rather than just getting the thing over with.

Seeming: Wizeded

Kith: Riddleseeker

Oath: Answers

Thread: Knowledge

Aspiration: Make an archaeological discovery that will prove the Wyrd's existence to mortals.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 7, Wits 3, Resolve 5

Physical Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 6, Stamina 6

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 4, Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics (Archaeology) 5, Computer 2, Investigation (Riddles) 8, Occult 3, Politics 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 4, Brawl 1, Stealth 3

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Expression (Lectures) 4, Persuasion 2, Socialize 4

Merits: Arcadian Metabolism, Elemental Warrior (Water) 2, Gentrified Bearing, Hedge Sense, Hollow

2, Interdisciplinary Specialty (Archaeology), Trained Observer 3

Willpower: 7

Current/Maximum Clarity: 1/5

Initiative: 8

Defense: 7

Armor: 0/0

Size: 5

Speed: 14

Health: 11

Wyrd: 10

Glamour/per Turn: 75/15

Frailties: Broken oaths (major bane), disobeying the Wyrd (major bane), lies (major taboo), destroyed artifacts (major taboo), personal betrayed oath (minor bane), chess pieces (minor bane), impossible riddles (minor taboo)

Favored Regalia: Jewels, Mirror

Contracts: Dreamsteps, Know the Competition, Pathfinder, Uncanny, Walls Have Ears

Dread Powers: Conjure Dreams, Fleet of Foot,



THORN DANCER

You heard about that briar wolf pack terrorizing the Wheeling Freehold, right? That's wild. Of course, I don't think they're acting on their own — there's gotta be something behind that. Something big. Let's take a look.

While theologians ponder how many angels can dance on the head of a pin, the Lost know that only one changeling can gallivant among the Thorns and not get hurt. The Thorn Dancer is a light in the Hedge, a will-o-the-wisp leading those lost (and some Lost) in this liminal space to safety. Or at least, that's the hope — the Thorn Dancer entitlement does not require that she bring her charges to safety, merely that she transports them through the Hedge. Past Thorn Dancers have led tactical missions into the Hedge, while others used their powers for ill, up to and including kidnapping servants for the Others.

PRIVILEGES AND DUTIES

The Thorn Dancer, in her element, is a traveler of the Hedge and a teller of the stories she finds there. She isn't called the "Hedge Explorer" — it is her grace, her charm, and her panache that get her through the tearing Thorns unscathed. Thorn Dancers make friends and enemies wherever they go. Some envy her, some hate her, some fall head over heels in love with her. She makes an impression, and that impression holds more power than the psychic tears left by the Thorns.

Treatment of the Thorn Dancer varies wildly by court, freehold, Grove and Hollow. She moves through the Hedge at will without fearing things a normal changeling might, and while some feel she doesn't deserve this power, others are grateful for her presence. If a Bridge Burner or Loyalist becomes the Thorn Dancer, all pretense at civility is off, as changelings who understand how dangerous this entitlement is in the wrong hands scramble to find her and relieve her of her powers by any means necessary.

Of all of the courts, the Spring Court insists they have the strongest claim to the Thorn Dancer entitlement. Few would ever admit it, but courtiers of Desire hold a deep grudge when the Dancer is from another court. Some may even begin rumors about the Dancer's loyalties in order to acquire the entitlement themselves.

ORIGIN TALES

- The third landlord of the Zum Riesen in Miltenberg was said to be a bit... odd. He watched the stars and claimed to be able to tell if someone was a witch simply by looking at them. While he hosted dukes and princes from foreign lands, he also hosted a multitude of witch hunters and allowed them to torture and execute their catches on his property for a small fee, possibly destroying a number of his fellow Lost in the process. Was the first Thorn Dancer a Bridge Burner?
- Before any of the first courts made their pledges with the seasons, Sweet Mara led the Swan's Favor deep in the Hedge. The Swan's Favor, a Troupe of Fairest with low Clarity, provided solace for those who no longer felt at home in the mortal world. They fought off those to whom Clarity is a mere game or illusion of practicality. Rumors say that Sweet Mara flew above the Thorns, both literal and metaphorical, on Hedgespun wings as bright as the moon. The wings on the Thorn Dancer's Heraldry Token are said to be made from them.
- Not all Helldivers benefit from a cut leash. Some don't know anyone willing to cut the silver thread connecting them to their Keeper. The first Thorn Dancer received his entitlement directly from the Queen of Generous Whips, who wished for her servant to travel through soul-rending Thorns without damaging his beautiful mien. When he kidnapped the wrong Avowed and perished at the end of a Summer Court blade, his body snapped back to his Keeper, but his entitlement remained where he fell.

The True Fae seem to find this entitlement particularly amusing. Some even treat the Thorn Dancer as a peer, letting her and her charges go free after a battle of wits or exchange of courtesies. Like anything involving the Others, however, this small mercy varies by encounter and only lasts for as long as the Gentry delight in offering it.

MASK AND MIEN

The Wyrd demands perfection of the Thorn Dancer, for nothing less than perfection allows one to pass through the tests of the Hedge. Thorn Dancers must be beautiful, clever, and quick. Even those who dress in simple, practical clothing make sure it is immaculately tailored. Most take the easier route and opt for flashy, sexy, or fantastical garb, the better to show off the powers of their entitlement.

Once a changeling picks up the Thorn Dancer entitlement, her mien sharpens. She seems somehow more in focus, brighter and more real than everyone else in the scene. A Beast's claws sharpen, a Wized's wrinkles seem to form intentional patterns, and a Fairest's beauty sits in just the right light. The scent of petrichor and fresh earth follows the Thorn Dancer, and her footsteps mark the ground of the Hedge for just a moment longer than those of other Lost. Gentle breezes accompany her wherever she goes, causing her hair and clothing to billow in a beguiling manner.

BEQUEATHAL

The rules for becoming the next Thorn Dancer are deceptively simple: find the Dancer and take her Talaria. She may not give them up willingly, for such a gift once given by the Wyrd cannot be relinquished. The current holder of the Talaria does not need to be killed – the token may be lifted by theft, trickery, blackmail, or other forcible means. Death is simply the easiest way to ensure that the former Dancer doesn't seek vengeance on the new one.

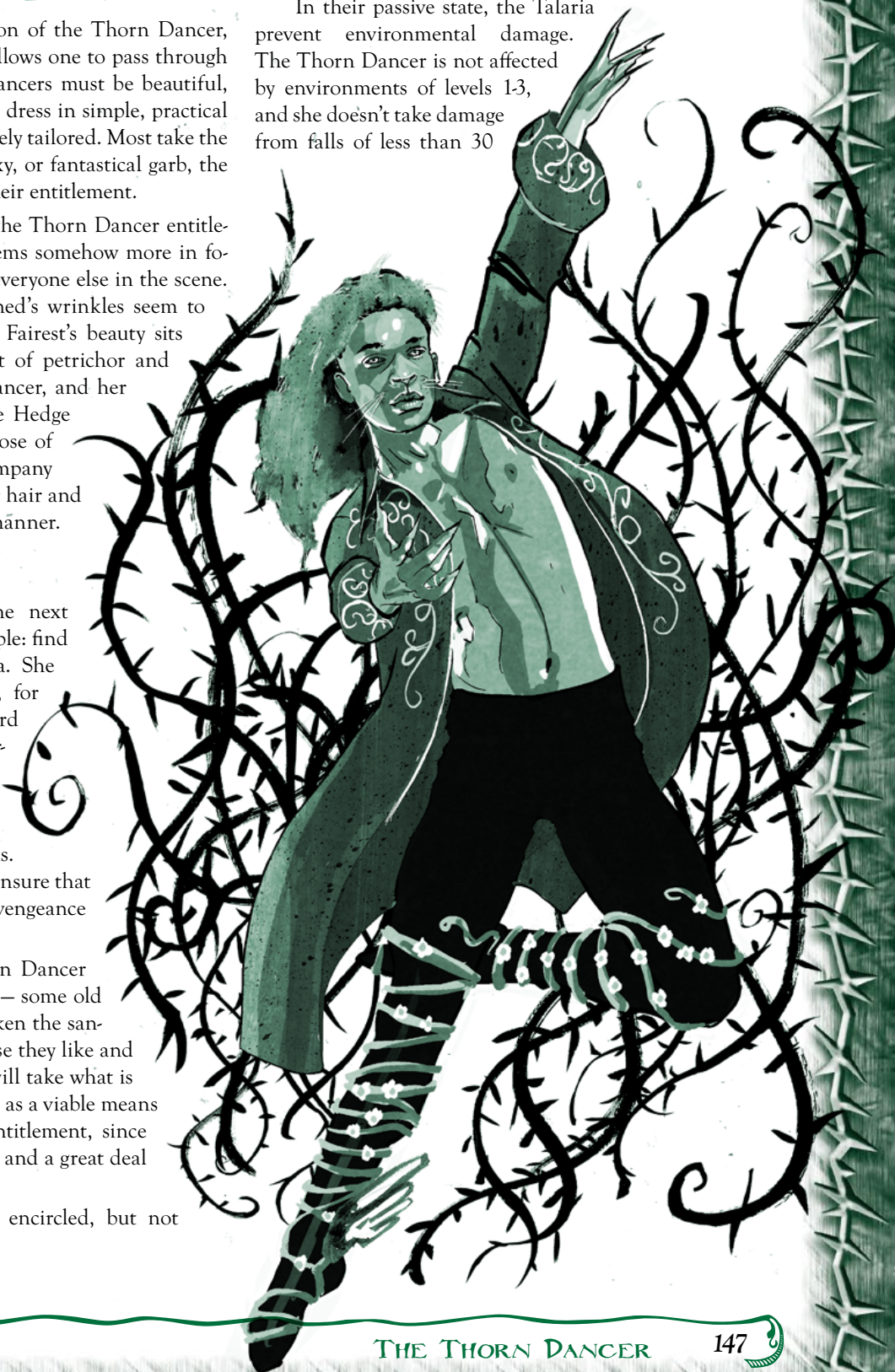
This doesn't mean the Thorn Dancer cannot choose her next successor – some old and clever dancers have simply taken the sandals off and fallen asleep near those they like and trust, hoping that the deserving will take what is hers. The Wyrd acknowledges this as a viable means of bequeathing the token and entitlement, since there is an element of uncertainty and a great deal of trust involved.

Heraldry: A winged sandal encircled, but not pierced, by the vine of a rose.

HERALDRY TOKEN: TALARIA (•••••)

In their Mask, the Talaria are a set of old sandals, not quite out of fashion but definitely something to wear only in casual spaces. In their mien, however, the Talaria are a pair of gladiator boots made of blooming vines that wind all the way up to the wearer's mid-thigh. Small wings flutter at the heels whenever the Thorn Dancer moves.

In their passive state, the Talaria prevent environmental damage. The Thorn Dancer is not affected by environments of levels 1-3, and she doesn't take damage from falls of less than 30



yards/meters (**Changeling: the Lost** p. 190). When activated with Glamour, as long as the Thorn Dancer is in the Hedge, the Talaria grant her immunity to Conditions inflicted by the Thorns (though Conditions inflicted by creatures like hobgoblins and briarwolves still apply). She may spend one point of Willpower/person to extend this gift to others.

Catch: The Thorn Dancer may choose to take the Reckless Condition instead of spending Glamour to activate the Talaria. The Talaria do not blow up or otherwise suffer due to this choice, but the Dancer certainly does.

Drawback: A changeling moving through the Thorns unscathed draws attention like a lamp draws moths. The Thorn Dancer gains the Notoriety Condition every time she activates the Talaria in the Hedge.

UNSCATHED (••••)

Additional Prerequisites: Socialize 2, Athletics 3, Expression 2, at least one specialty relating to movement (e.g., Wrestling, Parkour, Ballet, etc.)

This entitlement Merit grants the following blessings:

- **Glamour gain:** This Merit blessing lets the changeling regain 1 Glamour whenever she regains Willpower through her Needle in direct pursuit of her role. She may spend the Glamour immediately on anything she likes or store it in her heraldry token for later use. The token can store up to her Wyrd in Glamour. If she can neither spend nor store it, it's lost. All stored Glamour empties at the end of the story.
- **Enhanced New Specialty:** This Merit blessing grants hazy, passive memories of her predecessors' encounters, along with inherited expertise. Gain a new Specialty relevant to the title's duty, such as Expression (Song), Persuasion (Fae Hagging) or Athletics (Escaping Bonds). Rolls made with that Specialty achieve exceptional success on three successes.
- **Additional Thread:** This Merit blessing grants sudden flashbacks. Once per chapter, the player may accept the Shaken Condition (**Changeling**, p. 344) for the character to remember a terrifying or traumatic experience from a predecessor's life as the title's bearer and gain that predecessor's Thread in addition to her own for the chapter. She must still abide by the usual limitations on anchor-based Willpower gain (**Changeling**, p. 95).

- The Thorn Dancer gains the Arcadian Metabolism and Hob Kin Merits automatically, as the Hedge is her stage and she and her predecessors know it – and its denizens – well.

- Any Clarity attacks made against the Thorn Dancer in the Hedge are down two dice instead of one.

Touchstone: The first song that made the Thorn Dancer cry after they took up the title.

Curse: The Thorn Dancer is extremely susceptible to Clarity attacks anywhere other than the Hedge. Any Clarity attack suffered in the mortal world, Arcadia, or elsewhere adds damage dice equal to the ranks invested in this merit.

Beat: The Thorn Dancer willingly helps someone cross through an enemy-infested region of the Hedge without payment or oath.

LEGENDS

- Once, a Thorn Dancer snubbed a Spring King and his whole court for a lowly drudge of a hobgoblin. The Summer King prepared to punish the Thorn Dancer for her insults – until the Dancer told him the hobgoblin was his Avowed wife, trapped in this form after being lost in the Hedge for years. She told the king where he might find the locket with his wife's heart trapped inside. When the King returned with the locket, the Thorn Dancer was nowhere to be seen.
- Once, a Thorn Dancer was killed by her enemies, though who exactly on that long, long list did the deed no one can say. Her motley found her body burned to ashes, but her voice wailed through their dreams, singing a song of such sorrow that they all awoke in tears. They must find the fiend who destroyed her or be driven to madness by her voice.
- Once, a Huntsman fell in love with a Thorn Dancer, and they made a merry game of chase through the Hedge. The Huntsman was sent by the Arsenic Duchess, and perhaps the reason he remains in the Hedge is some fear that she will find out his failure: that he was able to love even without his heart, and that made him weak. Perhaps, even now, he seeks out the current Thorn Dancer to bring her back and prove himself.

SIBYLLINE FISHERS

The internet never forgets.

Everyone loves an Oracle. The desperate and hopeful both come in droves for a sliver of insight and pay dearly for it. Changelings have ways of getting a glimpse of the future in dreams and auguries, but the Sibylline Fishers have the power of secrets dredged up from the dark places of the Thorns, long walks on the Dreaming Roads, and the endless depths of the BriarNet. Nothing is ever forgotten, and things which people deliberately hide *want* to be found again. The dirty secrets of politicians, corporate conspiracies, and whispers of bargains all take on a life of their own, and the Fishers collect the fragments in quantity. But all answers require a question, and all Fishers must be willing to accept the questions too.

This entitlement is Legion, though while some may form an enclave to live and work together, others keep their distance. Thieves, hackers, and gossips who collect and spend secrets like currency are all potential Fishers, though some detectives or scholars come upon the title and find more than they bargained for.

PRIVILEGES AND DUTIES

Secrets come to the Sibylline Fishers in bits and bytes whenever they walk the trods of the BriarNet. A bird fluttering by trills out that a boyfriend is abusive; the pebble that works its way into their shoe pesters them about being thrown at a girl in third grade on purpose instead of by accident; or a Thorn that scratches and draws blood whispers of murderous plans. Each secret is real, but without context they are rarely useful or timely. Though the most trivial of secrets come to the Fishers whether they wish it or not, darker and more dangerous secrets must be deliberately sought out. It is the Fisher's duty to connect the secrets they keep with those that need to hear them. One Fisher flaunts his services as a mystical oracle openly, while another makes their fortune as an information broker on the web. Whatever their preferred catch, it isn't something that they can successfully hide for long. Mortals and other creatures often hear rumors that the Fisher is someone who knows things and might be willing to share for the right price. Worse, True Fae and Huntsmen consult Fishers and frequently pay generously for the privilege, leaving them in peace afterwards as long as they get what they came for.

ORIGIN TALES

The first Fisher set out to trawl a sea of data in the BriarNet, seeking to solve the murder of a mortal loved one. They swore to keep looking for answers, and though the Fisher died, the promise did not.

One of the first secrets ever hidden by mortal-kind in millennia past fell in love with a fisher on the waters of the Aegean and promised that the fisher would one day catch her. The secret joyfully led her on, seducing her into the depths so they could be together. The fisher and secret became one, and all Fishers uphold that kinship.

The Sibylline Fishers are much older than the BriarNet itself. They originally went by a different and more powerful title until one of the True Fae stole it. The Sibyl of Shattered Vision claims the power and authority of the true mortal oracles, leaving frauds and fetches in their stead. One of the Lost escaped by taking the Lady's eye, and with it a fragment of her foresight. She and her Huntsmen are blind to Sibylline Fishers, but she still seeks to recover what was lost.

MASK AND MIEN

Sibylline Fishers cannot hide their title. There is no reprieve for the oracles. In the Hedge, secrets find them. In the mortal world, they try to avoid them for a time, but their title considers them on duty for those who seek answers. The title marks each Fisher with the closed eye of the entitlement. Mortals see it as a half-moon scar on the forehead, a tattoo on the Fisher's palm, or etched into any phone or device they use regularly.

The Fisher's mien gains a third eye (or a new-to-them eye, if they already have more than two). This oracle's eye appears like their others, though if they peel the lid back it only reveals a pitch black orb. The Fisher cannot hide or cover this eye. If their hat or hair covers its traditional resting place on the forehead, the eye may instead appear on the Fisher's collarbone, outstretched hand, or in the signature line of an email.

BEQUEATHAL

Fishers find their titles the way a fisherman might land a once in a lifetime catch — luck and fate have a hand in it, though persistence can land it too. It's a well-respected and sometimes feared title, though many prospective Fishers don't realize just how all-consuming it can be until they've already taken it up.

As a rule, the Fishers like to know who their fellows are. They're drawn together by a common bond and often form motleys or working relationships. Secrets are currency between them, and rivalries run deep. Even when there is no loyalty, they treat other Fishers with respect and wary sympathy. All share a burden other changelings can't fully comprehend, and there is no easy way to release the title. Only death or the complete eradication of every secret from the Fisher's mind frees them — a task that's nearly impossible and incredibly traumatic.

There are six actual Sibylline Fisher titles — a number thenobles don't disclose — though not all are necessarily active at once. Though the titles are formally identical, each individual Fisher tends to customize theirs with cultivated or inherited identities and usernames, making it appear as though there are dozens of Fishers at any given time. The Crystal Fisher, the Sibyl of Detroit, and El Adivino des Espinas were all just different titles for the same Sibylline Fisher.

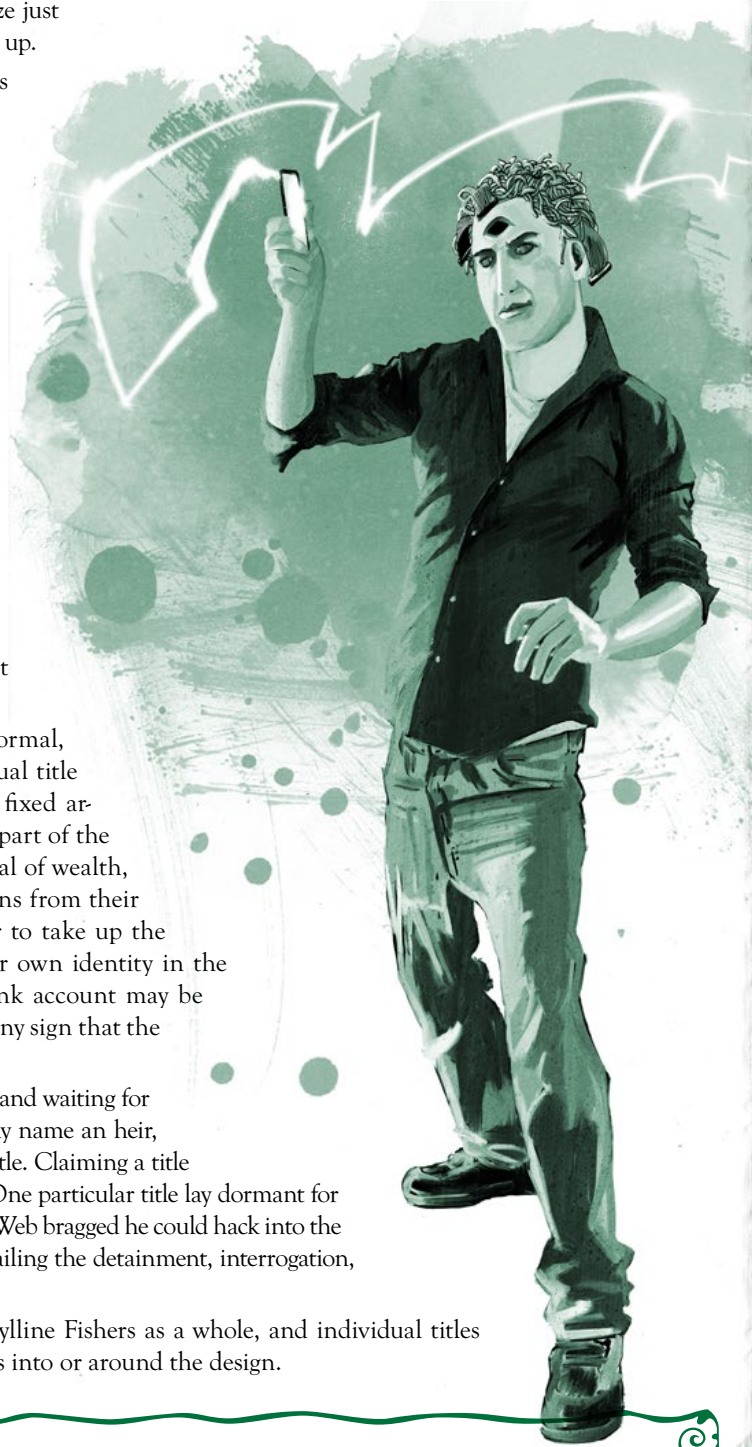
It's unusual for a legion entitlement to have informal, undefined titles, but each Fisher defines their individual title by the secrets they accumulate rather than based on fixed archetypes. The secrets one Fisher accumulates become part of the title itself, and a newly titled Fisher inherits a great deal of wealth, old Bargains, and even journals, notes, and instructions from their predecessor. However, an individual chooses whether to take up the old or forge a new path for themselves. Creating your own identity in the information game can be difficult, and the Swiss bank account may be temptingly full, but enemies may also be watching for any sign that the Fisher who knows too much is still alive.

The titles hide when they're not held, a secret buried and waiting for someone worthy to discover them. An existing Fisher may name an heir, but upon the Fisher's death the heir must still claim the title. Claiming a title without any previous exposure to the Fishers is possible. One particular title lay dormant for years, only reclaimed when a brash member of the Crystal Web bragged he could hack into the CIA's ops servers and discovered a Glamour-filled file detailing the detainment, interrogation, and subsequent death of the Fisher who'd encrypted it.

Heraldry: A stylized closed eye represents the Sibylline Fishers as a whole, and individual titles incorporate their own personalized ciphers and symbols into or around the design.

HERALDRY TOKEN: PYTHIA PROGRAM (• TO •••••)

A digital token, the Pythia Program is a construct of Glamour as much as a product of coding. The Fisher accesses it on any internet-capable device, regardless of whether it's actually connected at the time. In its Mask it appears as a rather bland and unpolished website or app. Upon activation, the program sorts through the ocean of little secrets the Fisher has run across when out on the Information Superhighway and elsewhere in the BriarNet, providing enough immediate knowledge to speak concerning the past, present, and future.



The Past: Each prophecy grants Investigation Clues or Social Maneuvering leverage equal to the token's rating. The Fisher may use this information as soft leverage, a bribe or payment, or hard leverage.

The Present: While active, the Pythia Program also aids in uncovering secrets and functions as Cracking Software (**Chronicles of Darkness**, p. 271) with a dice bonus equal to the token's rating against both mundane computer systems and in the BriarNet.

The Future: The Sibylline Fisher doesn't just see what was and is, they can use the Pythia Program to shape what might be. When speaking prophecy, the Fisher uses the Pythia Program to request a favor from the Wyrd itself—extracting a promise regarding the subject that the Wyrd will fulfill in the future. The Fisher pays the debt to the Wyrd up front, accepting damage, a detrimental Condition, or another appropriate price the Storyteller sets.

Catch: The Fisher has been formally petitioned and has not received any compensation for it, nor do they expect to.

Drawback: Other Hedge denizens recognize that the Fisher always knows a little too much. Gain the Notoriety condition.

THIRD EYE (••••)

Additional Prerequisites: Computers 3, Investigation 2, Wyrd 3

This entitlement Merit grants the following blessings:

- The changeling regains 1 Glamour whenever she regains Willpower through her Needle in direct pursuit of her role. She may spend the Glamour immediately or store it in her heraldry token for later use. The token can store up to her Wyrd in Glamour. If she can neither spend nor store it, it's lost. All stored Glamour empties at the end of the story.
- This blessing grants hazy, passive memories of her predecessors' adventures, along with inherited expertise. Gain a new Specialty relevant to the title's duty, such as Computers (Security) or Streetwise (Black Market). Rolls made with that Specialty achieve exceptional success on three successes.
- Once per chapter, the player may accept the Shaken Condition (**Changeling**, p. 344) for the character to remember a terrifying or traumatic experience from a predecessor's life as the title's bearer and gain that predecessor's Thread in addition to her own for the chapter. She must still abide by the usual limitations on anchor-based Willpower gain (**Changeling**, p. 95).
- No secret can stay hidden forever. The changeling automatically knows the precise wording of any fates or destinies connected to those they meet. Any time you make an Investigation roll to uncover a secret, you gain the 8-again quality.
- When in accordance with their duties as an oracle, their words have a gravity which cannot be easily ig-

nored. Make a Presence + Expression roll. A small group of listeners levies a -1 penalty, a small crowd a -2, and a large crowd a -3. The Fisher gains the Connected (Persistent) condition. (Conditional)

Touchstone: A mortal supplicant that keeps coming to the Fisher for advice since she took up the title. (Conditional)

Curse: The Lost suffers a Clarity attack when one of her own secrets is revealed, even when doing so voluntarily.

Beat: The Fisher connects a secret to the individual that is trying to keep it hidden.

LEGENDS

- There are only six Fishers, but rumor has it that there was a seventh among the first generation of modern Sibylline Fishers. The Helldiver Fisher claimed to have found a backdoor code in the BriarNet's programming that would let him dig for secrets across other realms. He found interesting and unusual secrets in the Underworld and Hisil, but then claimed he could access a version that would give him admin privileges. He never returned from his planned expedition, but neither has a seventh title ever been confirmed.
- Once, a Huntsman came for one of the Fishers and took her back to Arcadia. The other title holders came together and found something to blackmail her Keeper with. The True Fae returned her along with an apology and a favor owed. None of them can remember precisely what they used to get her back, however.
- One of the Fishers went rogue a few years ago. He found a secret so heinous that he gave away all the wealth he'd accumulated, hired hits on the other members of the entitlement, and then sold every scrap of his memories at a Goblin Market so he could resign the title. He's living a new life now, but his successor followed in his footsteps within a year. There's no telling if or when the memories of what they found will surface again.
- The war he started turned the trod into a warzone. To this day they don't know he's taken the place of one of the Kings and continues to sabotage them even now.
- Once, a Rider died to defeat his own motley of Spiderborn to keep them from freeing a group of hobgoblins from the control of a Goblin Queen they worshiped. The Goblin Queen remembers this Rider and is indebted to him to this day.
- Once, a Rider grew so paranoid about the extent of her Keeper's power she began to believe she herself was an instrument of their tyranny. Unable to trust her own judgment, she exiled herself into the Hedge to destroy her own mind, so not even the True Fae could control her. Some say she succeeded, and whatever is left lurks the Hedge.



SPIDERBORN RIDERS

We are the children of the in-between.
The Hedge is our home, and like us, it needs to be free..

The Spiderborn Riders crawled through the bramble and out of the durance like most changelings, but it is what they make of their scars that defines them. They believe that bowing to freehold monarchs or finding a day job can be as binding and stifling as the edicts of their Keepers, and instead they choose to ride trods, sleeping in unclaimed groves under the starry sky and keeping the Hedge, their one true home, safe for their fellow Lost. When privateers roll into town, when a Goblin Queen grows too demanding, or anywhere chains rattle to take and enslave, eventually the Spiderborn arrive to do battle. Their unbending ethos and uncompromising resolve are oftentimes a liability when diplomacy is required, but when the rubber meets the road, the Riders can be counted on to do what they do best.

To be Spiderborn is to cling to the pain of what is left of the durance, to listen to one's fellow Lost and internalize their pain until one thing coalesces with crystalline clarity: never again. Their heraldry incorporates the spiderweb to represent the tyranny of the durance; the lightning striking is the Lost themselves, fighting against the Gentry and their traps.

Harmless, and even productive rules like *no littering* cause them anxiety and feel too much like a Keeper's whim. Interacting with law enforcement and similar institutions can feel like the durance itself. The Spiderborn have left many Icons behind in their escapes, but to them glory lies in embracing who they are *now*. With heads held high, they ride to fight their boogeymen. All Riders know that their journey inevitably demands the ultimate price, as they dare challenge the greatest dangers of the Hedge, but they ride their way until that day comes.

PRIVILEGES AND DUTIES

The Spiderborn Riders roam like the wind and believe their free spirit is the one thing they can never lose. They bow to no freehold and accept no master. They prefer to kill an enemy rather than putting them in chains, and are

ORIGIN TALES

- Escaping from the durance, a desperate changeling found another bound in a cocoon. The changeling within, knowing her would-be savior's attempts to be for naught, instead begged her to go and to live free for the rest of them. In doing so she passed on the first blazon of the Spiderborn.
- Estranged from her freehold, the changeling decided to try their luck in the Hedge. She refused to bargain away pieces of herself in exchange for assistance. At her most lonely, she found a grove where a vest hung from a tree branch, shaking in the wind.
- Distraught by his nightmares of the durance, he drew the attention from a flickering sky goddess. Taking pity on the poor misshapen thing, she asked if there was anything she could do. He asked to be free, and so he was.

immediately wary of oaths that infringe upon their decision-making. A Spiderborn noble can offer anything in a bargain, as any truly free being would be able to, but the moment they lose the ability to make their own choices the colors on their vest grows gray and dull, and fall from the fabric.

A Rider never surrenders a fellow changeling to privateers, or even a mundane criminal to earthly authorities. They help anyone out of their chains if asked – whether that bondage is a literal set of handcuffs or the rule of a tyrannical Goblin Queen. This often makes for heroic tales where a Spiderborn rides into a grove and fights a one-woman war against a powerful hobgoblin. However, in their zeal the Spiderborn can also be unpredictable, defying the orders

of those they've aligned with and insisting on carrying out their own plan of attack against a common foe.

MASK AND MIEN

All Riders wear a vest, and every badge tells the story of who they are. Patches show their victories and sacrifices, the people they have saved from predatory chain-bearers, and fellow changelings they guided to safety. To those who know how to read them, these insignias spell out their story. The noble is never without their vest. Once a Rider is in, they fly the colors until the day they die, or until they leave the title behind.

In their mien, the Rider's heraldry becomes part of their body, be it in the form of a tattoo, a patch on cloth-like skin, or a pattern in their fur. The spider web and the lightning are always apparent, proudly displayed in a place of importance.

BEQUEATHAL

To earn their colors, a changeling must prove she's willing to give her all for another person's freedom and right to be who they wish to be. It's said that any changeling who embarks on a quest to rescue another from chains, and whose task takes them to the Hedge, can find themselves walking the hidden paths and thorny roads that lead to the Spiderborn Grove. There, trophies and mementos remind visitors of past Riders and their deeds, and if a worthy changeling finds her way there by way of Wyrd or whimsy, a vest awaits them.

Rarely is a Spiderborn stripped of their colors for traitorous

behavior, such as cavorting with Keepers or their servants, but such a thing happens from time to time. When one such noble loses their colors, their vest crumbles and forsakes them. A new one appears where a changeling who has proven their mettle can find it.

At last, every Rider is welcome to make the decision of what to do with their lives, and if hanging up their vest is their wish, they may let go of the colors. Be it because they have elected to marry, or have grown too slow to ride, or even due to ideological differences, a Spiderborn rides one last time and then they are gone. The former Rider keeps their colors to bestow upon a prospect that comes knocking when the Wyrd finds it suitable to connect the two.

Heraldry: A blue web ripped to pieces by a lightning bolt. The web represents the tyranny of the durance, and the lightning stands for the Lost who will fight it.

HERALDRY TOKEN: THE COLORS (• TO •••••)

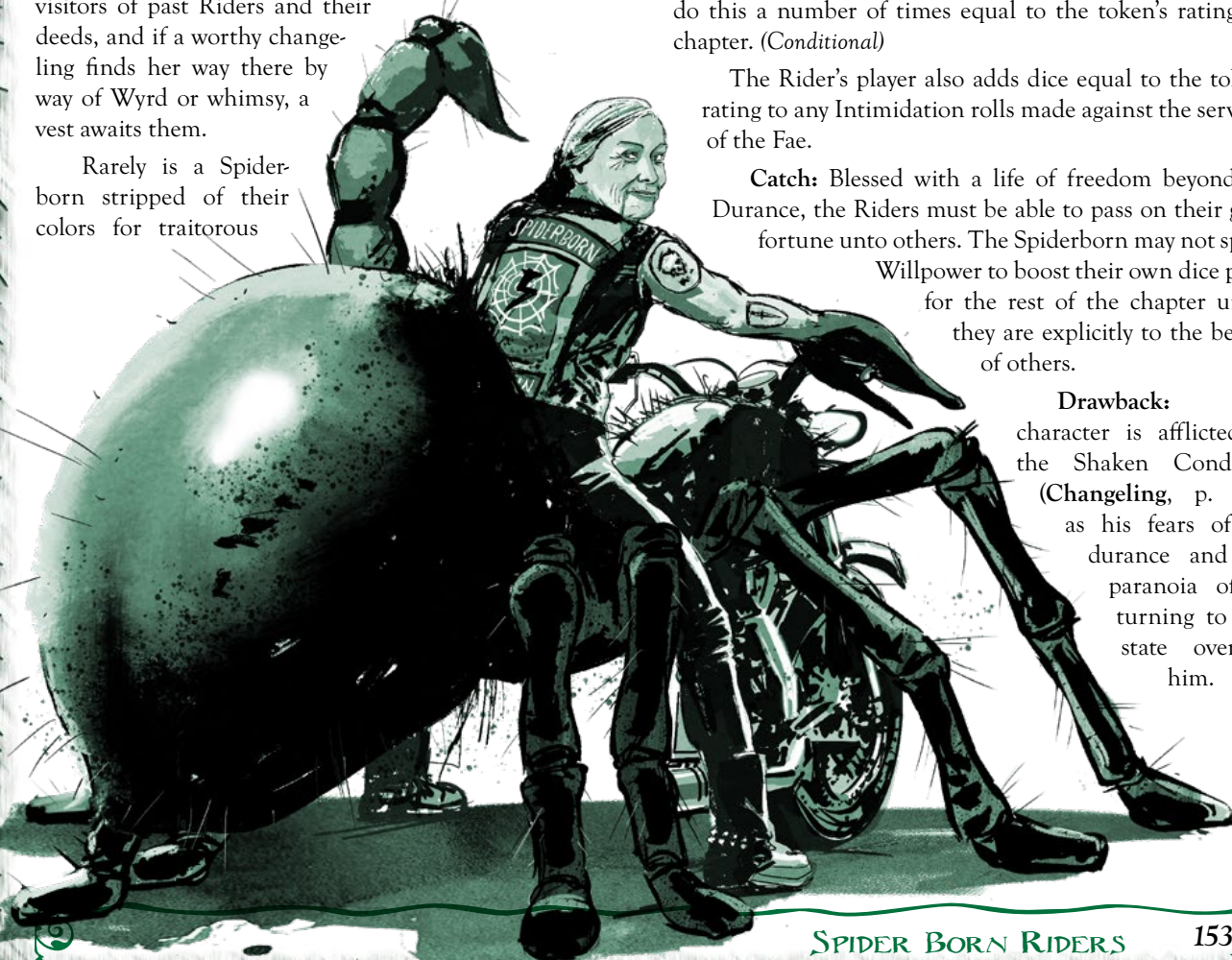
Colors are worn by the Spiderborn Riders on cut-off vests to identify membership. Some call them insignias, with badges also being a popular choice, but it all means the changeling is flying the colors.

With a glance and a handshake, the Spiderborn may spend 1 Glamour to gain insight on all the oaths, pledges and formal bonds another individual may possess. He may do this a number of times equal to the token's rating per chapter. (*Conditional*)

The Rider's player also adds dice equal to the token's rating to any Intimidation rolls made against the servants of the Fae.

Catch: Blessed with a life of freedom beyond the Durance, the Riders must be able to pass on their good fortune unto others. The Spiderborn may not spend Willpower to boost their own dice pools for the rest of the chapter unless they are explicitly to the benefit of others.

Drawback: The character is afflicted by the Shaken Condition (*Changeling*, p. 344) as his fears of the durance and the paranoia of returning to that state overtake him.



BREAKER OF CHAINS (...)

Additional Prerequisites: Resolve 3

This entitlement Merit grants the following blessings:

- Regain 1 Glamour whenever the character regains Willpower through her Needle in direct pursuit of her role. She may spend the Glamour immediately on anything she likes or store it in her heraldry token for later use. The token can store up to the character's Wyrd in Glamour. If she can neither spend nor store it, it's lost. All stored Glamour empties at the end of the story.
- The Rider gains hazy, passive memories of her predecessors' adventures, along with inherited expertise. Gain a new Specialty relevant to the title's duty, such as Drive (Motorcycles) or Intimidation (Stare Down). Rolls made with that Specialty achieve exceptional success on three successes..
- Once per chapter, the player may accept the Shaken Condition (**Changeling**, p. 344) for the character to remember a terrifying or traumatic experience from a predecessor's life as the title's bearer and gain that predecessor's Thread in addition to her own for the chapter. She must still abide by the usual limitations on anchor-based Willpower gain (**Changeling**, p. 95).
- Gain the Indomitable merit. If the Spiderborn already possesses the Merit she gains two additional dice to resist supernatural mental influence. (*Conditional*)

- When trying to find their way in the Hedge the Spiderborn may spend 1 Glamour to be led not where they may want to go, but where they are needed the most.

Touchstone: A mortal from before they took up the title who reminds the Spiderborn how much they have changed, and why their true home is now in the Hedge.

Curse: Clarity attacks suffered while the Spiderborn has refused to assist another changeling in the Hedge or others add damage dice equal to ranks invested in this Merit.

Beat: Whenever the character manages to free another from a dangerous bargain or make the Hedge a safer place for all Lost, take a Beat.

LEGENDS

- Once, a Rider with no name took to the Information Superhighway to destroy the Highway Kings, and the war he started turned the trod into a warzone. To this day they don't know he's taken the place of one of the Kings and continues to sabotage them even now.
- Once, a Rider died to defeat his own motley of Spiderborn to keep them from freeing a group of hobgoblins from the control of a Goblin Queen they worshiped. The Goblin Queen remembers this Rider and is indebted to him to this day.
- Once, a Rider grew so paranoid about the extent of her Keeper's power she began to believe she herself was an instrument of their tyranny. Unable to trust her own judgment, she exiled herself into the Hedge to destroy her own mind, so not even the True Fae could control her. Some say she succeeded, and whatever is left lurks the Hedge.

Once upon a time, you fled through the Thorns, wanting nothing more than to get away, to get home.

But the place you ran through along the way was more than just the brambles that catch and tear. The Hedge is home to hobgoblins and faerie creatures, a source of wonders and delights even as it's home to snarling, snapping briarwolves.

You just had to learn your way around.

The Hedge includes:

- Storytelling advice for setting your adventure within the Hedge, including systems for creating Groves and new locations for motleys to visit.
- Rules for Hedge sorcery, including how to craft your own rituals.
- An exploration of the Dreaming Roads, the Bastions that connect to them, and fellow travelers you might meet along the way.
- A collection of storyteller characters and new Entitlements for use in your game.

CHANGELING
THE LOST
SECOND EDITION

