

INDIAN MAE THE SECRET WAY



For Changeling: The Dreaming™

IN ANIMAE: THE SECRET WAY



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THE TOOTH FAIRY

by Angel McCoy

*Ring around the rosie. A pocket full of posies. Ashes. Ashes.
We all fall down.*
— a children's rhyme

She awoke when she felt the sun touch her cheeks with a gentle caress. For a long time, she didn't move, letting the cool breeze shift through her leafy hair and soothe the aches of the Long Slumber. Finally, she opened her eyes, letting the light seep in gently. She found herself gazing into another pair of eyes, liquid brown and blinking. Surprise made her freeze, like a statue. The two stared at each other for a long time, nose to nose. Then, with a twitch of its fluffy tail, a perk of its tufted ears and a skitter toward the knothole, the squirrel made its escape. She decided it was time to get up.

As she crept from the crook of her bed, she looked around her room at its green-growing walls, and her furniture of twisting vines. Golden sunlight streamed in through the open knothole, bathing half the room in warmth. Shadows and a chill lurked in the other half, reminiscent of the past winter and the harbinger of Winter to come. In the corner, the

squirrel had made a nest. It had collected its acorns and piled them next to the tiny bed of leaves and fluffy fur-sheddings. She considered cleaning it away, dropping the tree seeds back to the ground where they could take root and form new saplings, but in the end, she liked the thought of sharing her home with someone, even if it was just a squirrel.

She stood and stretched her long limbs, lifting branchy arms and pointing knotted toes. With a first unsure step and then a second, she limbered herself up slowly, flexing her arboreal body out of its sleep-stiffness. Her forest-green eyes glinted with the light of a new day and a new awakening. She smiled.

She spent most of that first day in flurried activity. She swept away last year's leaves, trimmed dead branches, and planted a few seeds. To her, home was a beautiful grove in the Dreaming. Her house was a giant, hollow oak filled with many

rooms and windows. It had changed little in the time that she had slept. Her vegetable companions had not forgotten her. They shivered and turned up their leaves at her arrival. She greeted each and every one of them with a tender kiss.

On the second day, a great rumbling shook the grove. It made the plants tremble and the ground quake. She clutched the nearest tree, her smooth-bark cheek pressed against it, eyes closed in terror. The tremor passed and eventually she looked around. The plants all drooped with sadness. With silly dances, she made them laugh and re-lift their faces. She reassured them it would not come again. But they knew differently. They had not slept through the darkening days as she had. To her chagrin, the rumbling returned, and then repeated. Finally, she decided she had to discover its cause.

She perched at the edge of the knothole and looked out upon the Land of Unfulfilled Dreams. Immediately, she understood what had happened. Where a forest of trees and flowering vines had once sheltered the land, now she saw only a sparse orchard of harvested wood and Krofted man-caves. Someone had spread the rock into long, solid rivers upon which the meat people walked. She cowered down, barely peeking over the edge as a growling monster of metal roared past her grove. Inside, the ground quaked and shivered.

She slinked back and curled up in a clover patch. Sappy tears streaked down her face as she cried. The plants stroked her and whispered murmurs of comfort, but nothing helped. She was terrified and saddened by what she had seen. So much, too much had changed. In her sorrow, she nearly slipped back into the Long Slumber.

A peal of tinkling laughter brought her from her languor. She lifted her head from its mossy pillow, got up and crept toward the knothole, curious as to what had produced such a beautiful sound. To her surprise, a pair of blue-stockinged legs hung directly in front of her doorway from above. Blue satin slippers covered the feet. She moved closer and heard children's voices.

"Dread Pirate Kent orders you to quit laughing," a small voice commanded.

"Oh, Kent, please. We're not playing that anymore," another replied with childish authority. And through it all, the silver giggles danced among the eaves of her home.

She continued to watch them every day from her knothole as they climbed the tree, or ran around it with a song about roses and posies and falling down. Her laughter joined in on more than one occasion, a deeper, more timeless version of their own. As the days passed, she began to look forward to their arrival and missed them when they were gone.

There was one boy and two girls. Kent displayed a desire to chase, kidnap or shoot the girls with his toys. With his messy shock of blond hair, and his rugged, dirty boy-clothes, he looked as rough-and-tumble as he was. It annoyed him that Caryn and Sara preferred to sit on the grass and dress their lifeless dolls in frippery and frills.



Sara looked up to Kent and Caryn. Kent called her, "Sis," but Caryn called her, "Little Sara." A thin child, she looked so petite and fragile, like a leaf that could be carried away on a strong breeze. She resembled the dolls with her pale skin and long, straight strawberry hair.

Caryn was different from the other two, more alive and healthy. She had long, pointed ears and a stream of silvery curls that shimmered with an inner light. Her clothing never dirtied and when she spoke, the other two children listened. Caryn was more than just meat. One day, Caryn happened to glance up into the knothole, and see a pair of gleaming sylvan eyes.

She had never intended for the children to see her. She didn't think they could. When Caryn met her gaze, she knew without a doubt that the childling had discovered her secret. She slipped back into the shadows, hiding until curiosity overcame her and she had to sneak back to the knothole. Caryn saw her again. The two repeated the process over and over, turning it into a game of peek-a-boo that they both enjoyed immensely.

Neither Kent nor little Sara could see what Caryn could, but the childling convinced them that there was a fairie living in the tree. She made up long and intricate stories about the things the fairie had done and seen. Although Kent poo-pooed the claim, he often peered up at the knothole when he thought the others wouldn't notice.

Little Sara believed. So much so that one day she brought a gift for the fairie. The little girl stood at the base of the tree and looked up with innocent hazel eyes. "Fairie," she stage-whispered, "I've got something for you." She even waited for a response, but none came. After several minutes, her faith unshaken, she closed her eyes and made a wish.

"I wish," she stated loudly enough for the fairie to hear, "I had a puppy like Tina's." Her fresh-peach features squinched up with concentration, then she opened her eyes and tossed the gift toward the knothole. It took her three tries, but finally the bundle hit its mark and bounced inside.

The swatch of pink flannel tied with purple ribbon lay undisturbed for a good while. The fairie watched the child's upturned and smiling face, so sweet. "What a beautiful thing," the fairie thought, "for meat." Sara skipped home and the fairie gave a tentative poke at the gift. When she finally opened it, she found a seed. It was perfect and white — one of Sara's baby teeth.

One quiet afternoon, she didn't bother to go to the knothole. She knew the children wouldn't come. They had talked about going to visit Grandmother with Mom and Dad. Only when she heard a small voice calling, "Hey! Hey, tree lady!" did she climb to the knothole to look out. To her great surprise, she discovered an upside-down Caryn peeking into her knothole.

The child's hair hung like a curtain of spun silver in a wash of light and her eyes blinked like diamonds. "Hi," the little girl said. "Can you come play with me?"

Caught off-guard, the tree lady forgot to flee and hide. She stood there twining her fingers and knotting her toes until the little girl's face had flushed beet-red from hanging topsy-turvy for so long. She wasn't sure what to think as Caryn giggled — that bell-tone sound that rippled with special magic — and disappeared out of sight.

"Don't worry," Caryn said from somewhere above, "I won't hurt you."

The tree lady waited, watching the knothole for Caryn to drop back into view. When she saw Caryn's blue-stockinged legs swing in, her eyes opened wide and she stumbled back into the shadowy half of her room. Her limbs shook with a dry, leafy shudder and her knees knocked with woody rattlings.

Caryn slipped into the Anchor as if she belonged there, looking around with bright and curious eyes. She studied the tree lady with a giggle and commented simply, "You're naked." Her gaze scanned around and spotted the squirrel's nest in the corner and she oohed with such tender awe, approaching on tip-toe to look closer at the tiny babies nestled in the center. Squatting down, hands on knees, she cooed to the ugly, pink meat things, apparently not finding them nearly as revolting as the tree lady did.

After that, Caryn came to visit often and their friendship grew. Caryn would read to the tree lady about faeries and talk with quiet sadness about the bad things happening in the Land of Unfulfilled Dreams. The tree lady listened and learned, her heart splintering at the sight of crystal tears in pretty Caryn's eyes.

On a rainy afternoon in mid-summer, Caryn and the tree lady sat singing a lullaby to the baby squirrels. The little girl's clear bell-voice mingled so nicely with the tree lady's warm timbre. As the squirrels curled up and drifted off to dream of nuts and sunshine, a breeze blew in seeking shelter from the rain. The tree lady quieted abruptly to watch the breeze swing around the room.

Caryn seemed oblivious, but the tree lady could see him. She stared at his opalescent body, marveling at how it glowed with the translucent colors of Glamour. She followed the dance of his windy arms and legs, their graceful flow and constant movement. She looked into the swirling blue-gray clouds of his eyes and found mystery and the promise of mischief.

The breeze blew into every corner, slid under the bed and whisked up into the eaves. He tugged at Caryn's silken locks and set the tree lady's leafy hair to shivering with a caress. Leaning close to her ligneous ear, the breeze whispered, "I am Susurraa, and you are beautiful." His compliment brought a primrose blush to her cheeks. For a good while, the breeze flirted around the tree lady and teased the unaware Caryn. Eventually, however, he grew bored with the game and took to a corner where he coalesced his airy self into a solid mimicry of meat, so that Caryn, too, could see him.

Susurraa stepped from the shadows with a blustery chuckle at Caryn's surprise. He bowed deeply to the childling, swinging his arm in a wide arc that sent dust bunnies skittering



across the floor in the wake of disturbed air. His voice, when he spoke, was a whisper that smelled faintly of spring.

"Salutations," he breathed. "I am Susurraa." He flashed his eyes in the tree lady's direction, then smiled with jaunty pleasure as she blushed again. In his mortalesque form, he wore a flowing, white poet's shirt over loose-fitting jeans dappled as if stained by a bleaching. His flaxen hair whipped against his pale cheeks and waved around sky-blue eyes.

Caryn stood and dipped a noble curtsy to the breeze. "How do you do," she replied as taught, and shared her most becoming smile. "My name is Carynae. I'm a sidhe — a lady of House Fiona, but I'm still a childling, so I can't tell you what to do yet." The innocent honesty in her tone indicated clearly that she meant no insult and so none was taken. Caryn looked down at her friend and gently pushed back a shock of leaves that had fallen forward to hide the renewed blush. "This is my friend, the tree lady," Caryn introduced. "She doesn't talk."

Susurraa's eyebrows floated upward and his head tilted to view the tree lady from a different angle. "She doesn't talk? But I heard you both singing. That is why I decided to breeze by."

With a sad shake of her head, Caryn replied, "No, she rustles and taps and makes pretty sounds, but she doesn't talk." Her childlike acceptance of the fact seemed complete.

"I talk," the tree lady murmured, "but she never hears me."

Caryn carefully straightened the leaves of the tree lady's hair one by one, but did not respond to the murmur. Susurraa, on the other hand, heard it. His head bobbed in understanding and he replied with a sigh, "Her senses are not attuned to those such as us. She is too bound by the confines of meat. You are lucky she can even see you. In order for her to hear you, you must make yourself more like her."

"How do I do that?" Caryn asked, thinking that the comment was intended for her.

"How do I do that?" the tree lady echoed, her eyes shining with hope and verdant happiness at the thought. "There are so many things I would like to tell her. My name, for one." She smiled, her oak-colored lips turning up at the corners.

"Shhhhhh...", Susurraa hushed Caryn with a touch of his wispy finger to his lips. "She can speak. I hear her. I will teach her how to speak to you, too."

Caryn's surprise drew her up tall. She stared wide-eyed at Susurraa, mouth open in a perfect oval. "She can?" Her aquarelle gaze lit up at his nod of assurance. She clapped her hands and bounced on her satin-slipped toes. Before anyone could stop her, she threw her arms around the tree lady and hugged her tightly. "Oh, I'm so glad, tree lady," she twinkled. "I thought there was something wrong with you." She gushed her happiness without restraint until another whispered "shhhhhh..." from Susurraa reminded her to step back and wait quietly like a good girl.

The tree lady, overwhelmed by Caryn's exuberant hug, didn't immediately notice that Susurraa held his hands out to her. When she did, she stood from the floor, unbending with languid grace, and went to him to place her hands in his. His touch was cool and light, barely gripping, fingers constantly repositioning. Unsure, she glanced over her shoulder at Caryn for support and found it in the little girl's nod, smile and shining eyes.

Susurraa drew her woody hands to his chest. "Feel me," he whispered, looking deeply into the tree lady's eyes. "See how solid I am?" He guided her hands over his smooth chest and shoulders, his neck and jaw. "This is what you must make yourself — solid, flesh-like." Susurraa smiled in appreciation of the way the tree lady's eyes got so big and so deep, like the forest at night when you can't tell where the foliage ends and the open air begins.

"Use your Glamour," Susurraa continued, releasing one of her hands to rest meatish fingers against her solar plexus. "Draw it up from here and dream yourself in the image of the meat people. For now, choose one you think is beautiful and imagine yourself as her."

The tree lady closed her eyes, her palms cupping around Susurraa's neck, and pulled on her Glamour. It unfolded like a flower inside her and filled the room with the aroma of loam and moss. An iridescent light swelled around her and slowly the tree lady began to change. The first thing she noticed was the heaviness. Her weight shifted and recentered, planting her feet even more firmly on the ground. In contrast, her leafy hair lifted and her head became lighter. The tree lady imagined herself with fleshy limbs and satin hair like Caryn's.

Caryn giggled.

Susurraa sighed through his smile, gazing with humor-lit eyes at the tree lady and muttered, "Practice. We'll practice."

The tree lady had remade herself in a very imperfect assimilation of Caryn's image. She had similar flesh and hair, but the clothing appeared to have been painted onto her naked body, a child's attire stretched thinly across a woman's figure. Nevertheless, it was a step in the right direction. The tree lady beamed with pleasure.

"I am O'akhen," she said aloud, her voice warm and deep. Caryn heard her.

O'akhen practiced and eventually formed a solid meat disguise of her own. Short walnut hair flipped around wildly upon her head, the curls waving as if caught in a perpetual breeze. Her skin had the creamy warmth of oak, carved into high cheekbones and sensual lips. Her eyes, like the forest after a spring shower, splintered with rays of sunshine. Tall and elegant, she wore a ginger skirt that showed off her sleek limbs and snugged tight to her slim hips. A loose-fitting blouse of goldenseal silk lay in whispery folds against her upper body. The sleeves, too long, brushed a feminine ruffle over her hands.

Once O'akhen had mastered the art of making a Husk in the image of meat, she allowed Caryn and Susurraa to take her into the Land of Unfulfilled Dreams. When she walked down

the street, many turned to get a second look at her exotic beauty. The experience both frightened and excited her. So much had changed from what little she remembered of the time before the Shattering. The differences were overwhelming. Her friends explained things and taught her the proper words and phrases to use when speaking to the meat people. When she said something wrong, they apologized for claiming that she was from a land called France and didn't speak the language very well. The meat people always accepted this with a tolerant smile.

With her new body, O'akhen was able to meet and talk to Kent and little Sara. She kept her secret and didn't tell them that she was the fairie in the tree, but they liked her anyway and she played with them often. Time passed. Sara got a puppy for her birthday. Kent got a black eye from the bully that lived on Lincoln Street. Caryn talked more and more about the freehold at O'Reilly's and all the changelings she met there. Susurraa came and (as was normal for his kind) never stay in one place for long. O'akhen continued to learn about the world, the meat, the Inanimae and the changelings.

Toward the end of summer, when the heat had grown nearly unbearable, O'akhen and her friends spent their time in the glade or in Caryn's backyard, under the shade of O'akhen's oak tree. They ventured out only at night when the sun had gone to bed and the shifting breezes brought a breath of fresh air to the concrete suburb. On one such day, Caryn was teaching O'akhen how to play Old Maid, when Susurraa came whooshing in through the knothole. He Krofted himself into his mortal mien and rushed over, sending the cards flying on his breeze.

"Come quickly!" he hissed. "Come quickly! There is a burning."

O'akhen and Caryn jumped to their feet, never having seen Susurraa so distraught, and followed him out into the Land. They cast concerned looks to one another as they watched the paroseme repeatedly hurry ahead, then glide back to rejoin them. Neither O'akhen nor Caryn knew what a burning was, but they could tell it had agitated Susurraa and that made them worry.

"Quickly, quickly," he encouraged with hushed intensity. He didn't slow down until they could all see a heavy, black-gray cloud of smoke rising from the end of the street, blocking the sun and dirtying the air.

Metal monsters, trucks, screamed and flashed their eyes with an urgent rhythm. A crowd had gathered in the street, the people watching, whispering, pointing and shaking their heads; their expressions twisted in horror and fright. The acrid smell of blistering paint and burning memories hurt their noses and dried their mouths. The crowd stared as curtains melted, glass burst and hot red-orange tongues licked out of the windows. The meat people muttered encouragement to the yellow-armored warriors who sprayed rivers of water at the fire, but the flames just chuckled and ate away more of the building.

O'akhen studied, with subtle fascination, the way the fire caressed over the cut wood, blackening it and breaking it down. She had seen fire before, in the forests of old, before the Sundering, when it would streak across the land destroying everything in its wake. In those days, the fire had made way for new growth. It was not something to be feared, but merely another part of the process. Life preceded death, and death preceded rebirth. For some reason that she did not understand, Caryn and Susurraa did not share her neutral philosophy. They looked very upset by it all.

As the friends blended in among the watching meat people, Caryn pointed and said, "There's Kent!"

O'akhen looked. Kent had black all over his face, streaked with tears to show the crimson flesh underneath. A tall man with a dour expression held the child on one arm, the other wrapped around the shoulders of his wife. Together, their faces turned toward the burning house. The father barely moved, barely breathed. The mother's mouth trembled with silent prayer, her hands twitching and twisting together near her stomach, her womb.

Suddenly, a child's scream pierced the air, striking through the fire's explosive pops and ragings to reach the crowd. Like a captured rabbit's death screech, it shrilled with terror and pain, then stopped abruptly, cut off before it was done. The crowd froze.

For a heartbeat, maybe two, the only sound was the fire's laughter. Then one small boy began to cry and his sobs brought the people magically back to life. They sought each other's eyes, hoping someone would deny what had just happened, explain the reason for it. But no one had any answers. "The little girl..." they whispered, "... the little girl... little Sara... little Sara... Sara..."

Caryn whimpered and hid her face against O'akhen's side. Susurraa shivered and paced, then suddenly shifted back to his natural form and streaked up into the sky. O'akhen didn't know what to think or feel. The whole scene was so alien to her. She remembered when the forest folk had rejoiced in the fires, celebrated them as a renewal. For a moon-turn following, the replanting festivals had brought much joy. Never before had she seen such sorrow for death and destruction. Where were the words of praise for the cycle? Where was the talk of new growth?

As she stood there examining faces and trying to figure it all out, a voice crackled near her, "Do you like my creation?"

O'akhen recognized immediately that the voice did not come from a meat person. She turned to gaze upon an incandescent entity garbed in flesh. His long hair reflected the sunlight, a variety of fiery highlights all melted together. The locks of differing lengths waved with a life of their own. His skin had a ruddy tone, a permanent blush or sunburn. Black leather encased his muscular body, unconscious of the sun's heat. With matte depth, the clothing swallowed the firelight and red-blue-yellow flashings from the metal monsters. Many of the meat people watched him,

some openly, some from the corners of their eyes. His beauty and danger held a fascination that drew their attention and held it, almost hypnotically. Most striking were his eyes. They flickered with an inner flame, passionate and treacherous.

"You did this?" O'akhen asked quietly, switching to her elemental voice, as he had, so that meat ears could not hear. "Why?"

The flame flashed an arrogant smile and replied, "Because I could." His gaze licked over O'akhen with brazen familiarity. He saw her confusion, read the question in her eyes, and out of the warmth of his heart decided to give her more than the standard, flippant reply. He chuckled crisply and shifted his weight with a graceful sway. "Because I am a solimond and that is what solimonds do. We destroy." He turned to let his eyes consume the crowd, take in their shock and sadness. "They do not understand," he disclosed. "The Shattering has made them forget the old ways. But we solimonds have not forgotten. And you, I see it in your eyes, have not forgotten either."

"I remember," O'akhen replied vaguely, turning to watch as the father knelt to embrace his wife and child more fully and bury his face in their smoke-tainted hair. "But they are hurting. Sara has been burnt."

With a nod and the good graces to look slightly dismayed, the flame followed O'akhen's gaze to the incomplete family. "Yes," he hissed quietly, "that is unfortunate. But she was only meat. Fat and flesh burns just as well, if not better, than the Banal structures they cling to." With a shrug to discount or forget his own guilt in the matter, he added, "Sometimes there are casualties in war. That's just how it is."

"War?" A growing unease clutched at O'akhen's heart. She began to suspect that there was more to all this than she wanted to know.

"Why, the war for freedom, of course," the flame sputtered, surprised by the question. "Freedom from meat. Haven't you noticed how they enslave us? How they turn our homes into parking lots and our bodies into building blocks for their structures? They must be taught to respect us. It's tit for tat, I say."

O'akhen frowned at the flame, still too newly awakened to completely understand what he was saying. Her head and heart spun with confusion. What he said made sense. She had seen the way the meat people tore down the forests, the way they carved the rock and dirtied the air and water. None of this came as a surprise. The Winter sat heavy on the horizon and she knew it. But what about little Sara?

She looked down at Caryn as the childling stirred against her and lifted tear-filled eyes to whimper, "I wanna go home now." O'akhen nodded slowly, petting Caryn's hair. When she raised her eyes again, the solimond had disappeared into the crowd.

Later that evening, O'akhen retrieved the pink-flannel bundle tied with a purple ribbon. She had kept it all those months. Climbing down from her tree, she crept to the corner of the yard and dug a hole. In the warm, damp earth, she buried the Sara seed. With great care, she covered the perfect white baby-tooth and patted the fragrant dirt down firmly upon it. Her warm-wood voice filled the night, singing, "Ring around the rosy, a pocket full of posies. Ashes. Ashes. We all fall down."

For 10 years, O'akhen walked the Land of Unfulfilled Dreams with Susurraa to learn about the world beyond her glade. And every time she returned home, she checked to see if the Sara seed had germinated and sprouted. It never did. On the day she gave up and admitted the painful truth to herself—that the seed would never grow—O'akhen finally understood exactly how much the world had changed.

She hid in her grove, amidst the dandelions and marigolds. She meandered, stroking the cat-tails and detangling the ivy vines. She couldn't get Sara's image out of her mind. At one point, O'akhen realized that she had loved the little girl. She had loved meat. She sat at her knothole and

looked down into the backyard, remembering the giggles. They were gone, replaced by the distant honkings of metal monsters and the slamming of doors on man-caves. O'akhen came to the conclusion that the solimond was right. It was a war. But the flame was also wrong. Winning was not worth casualties such as little Sara.

The next day, as if she sensed that O'akhen needed her, Caryn came home from college. O'akhen was surprised to see a beautiful lady, draped in layers of airy gauze and silk embroidered with leaves. Caryn wore the colors of the forest and the air in honor of her childhood friends. The two talked on the grass, in the glade, for most of the day. They shared the things they had seen and done. They reminisced about spring breezes, squirrels and pirates. O'akhen told Caryn about the seed and admitted, with sap tears streaming down her face, that she had finally given up.

Caryn held her friend with such tenderness, whispering murmurs of comfort. "My darling," she tolled with adult wisdom and the sadness that comes with it, "some things never renew."





INTRODUCTION

Remember the world as it was when we were young enough not to believe in magic, yet somehow, it believed in us; a world where everything was alive — rivers, trees, dolls and statues; where even the stones had names.

You don't live in that world any more, and it has been a long time since you last visited. We all get older — even changelings — and we begin to divide the world into the living and the dead, animate and inanimate. As we get older, it becomes easier to take the inanimate world for granted. Why not? It can't talk, let alone move or think.

And yet it is a lie.

Remember when you had dolls, how they scuttled around the doll house when nobody was looking. When you woke up and looked into the little rooms, the dolls would freeze in new positions, waiting for you to turn away. Were they shy or simply unable to come to full life when you were watching? Remember, if you can, the voices of stuffed animals, velveteen rabbits and wooden puppets. They chattered to you incessantly in those days, but the world has changed since then and all the flannel people are now silent.

Do you recall how the trees would whisper to you on a warm summer evening or how you could *almost* make out words in the babbling of a brook? Even the summer breeze held promises of secrets, unspoken or whispered just out of hearing. And then there were the rocky outcroppings that, when viewed from the proper angle, appeared to take human form... almost as if they could get up and walk away at any moment.

This book is about that world, and what has happened to it while you've been away. Some of the lakes and stones grew up and became spirits and little gods, voices tied to the woods and

sacred hidden places. Some of the dolls grew up and now they call themselves mannikins and automata. They've been busy fighting their own wars and questing after their own needful things. They hold their own courts and work their own magic. They live their own lives.

It is a secret, strange, yet beautiful world. It's inhabitants have missed you as much as you have missed them. They are as curious about human hearts and souls as you are about doll parts and tree trunks.

Changeling, like all great stories, has conflict. The conflict is between Glamour and Banality, between Commoner and Noble, between the kith, all of which lend a sense of turmoil and urgency to life. The Inanimae have to deal with conflicts as far-reaching as any experienced within the realm of the fae. Unlike the flash-point conflicts of the Kithain, Inanimae conflicts can take years, decades or even centuries to come to a boil. Other times, Inanimae politics can blow into war with terrible swiftness, especially when the solimonds are involved.

When playing Inanimae, it's important to remember that they are alien creatures who have no human component to their existence. They have no human childhood to use as reference points. Inanimae may take human-like shapes that resemble attractive women, or huge hulking men, but they are humanoid in vague appearance only.

The Inanimae look at the world through the lens of their empire, and have a deeper connection to the Dreaming and the realm of the fae than even the sidhe. This deep magic makes them bizarre, unpredictable, and oh so susceptible to the Banality pervading the modern world.

How to Use This Book

Inanimae: The Secret Way provides players and Storytellers alike with a glimpse into the existence of a variety of estranged fae spirits that chose neither to return to Arcadia during the Shattering nor to adopt the Changeling Way and take on human form. Instead, these fae entered into Glamorous objects and natural phenomena in phylum to remain within the Earth in their own preferred fashion.

Because the Inanimae detailed here are intended to be used by both Storytellers and players as characters, a great deal of information on them and their ways is provided — enough to play **Changeling** chronicles that are wholly Inanimae-oriented. Notes on constructing and playing Inanimae chronicles are also provided.

Much of the material presented in **Inanimae: The Secret Way** is written by actual writers residing in the World of Darkness. Because they range from hapless mortals to human “meat” changelings to the Inanimae themselves, some portions might appear contradictory or unnecessarily vague, but there is a method to the madness. It is hoped that in this way, the secrets of these most secretive courts of faerie spirits can be revealed without being broken.

Contents

In the fiction section that opened this book, you have already been introduced to the primary investigator of the world of the Inanimae, “The Tooth Fairy.”

Chapter One: The Lost Days offers an overview of the world of the Inanimae, including the secret history that began before humanity, and that continues to this day in all the places we aren’t watching.

Chapter Two: Empires of the Inanimae is a full discussion of the dominant surviving elemental and Krofted cultures found in the World of Darkness. Inanimae are the inheritors of a vast body of ancient traditions, courtly manners and intricate magic that equals anything created by the Kithain.

Chapter Three: Taxonomy of Secrets describes the various phyla (or kith) of the Inanimae.

Chapter Four: Building Your Face contains specialized character creation rules for playing members of the most prevalent inanimate kith or phyla, including assorted new Merits and Flaws, full information on the game effects of the inanimate modalities of Glade and Kroft —(the “Seelie and Unseelie Courts” of the inanimate world) as well as Jeu (Seemings) and other vital character information.

Chapter Five: Secrets of the Stones focuses on the specific nature of inanimate existence and how it differs from the life of most changelings. In particular, this section concentrates on the strengths and limitations as well as the rules of the unique relationship Inanimae have with their material bodies, or *Husks*.

Chapter Six: Arts of the Inanimae includes all the elements of how the Inanimae interact with magic and Glamour. The ancient Arts or “secrets” of the courts of the Inanimae are covered in detail and with minimal adjustment, they can be





adapted for use by other fae. Other topics covered in this chapter include a brief examination of sentient faerie treasures and the role played by the Realms of Glamour within the Dreaming.

Chapter Seven: Dance of Light and Shadow is an examination of roleplaying the Inanimae from a Storyteller's perspective. It includes chronicle ideas, guidelines for integrating Inanimae into other World of Darkness games. Also included are additional history and rules, and an assortment of character templates for both Storyteller characters and sample player characters.

Appendix: Character Templates contains six character templates that can be used to start play quickly, or used as a springboard to generate ideas for creating your own characters.

Lexicon

Inanimae: The Secret Way introduces a number of new terms that will not be familiar to most **Changeling** players. Several of these terms are described here.

Anchor — Similar to a Kithain freehold, however, these places hold a personal attachment for Inanimae. If an Inanimae's Anchor is destroyed or corrupted she will die. Anchors exist both in the mundane world and in the Dreaming.

Dreamform — This is the form an Inanimae takes when not in a Husk.

Facade (or Flesh Facade) — Essentially, it is an Inanimae's mortal seeming. It is the form that Inanimae take so that they can interact with mortals and changelings.

Gladeling — An Inanimae whose Anchor is still natural and has not been Krofted.

Glass Circle, The — An organization of Kithain who study the Inanimae.

Husk — The more commonly used term for the Facade.

Husk-riding — Used to describe an Inanimae who is in his Husk form.

Jeu — Equivalent to a Kithain's seeming. Determines how long an Inanimae has been awake.

Krofted — Anything crafted by humankind. This term is also used for those Inanimae who have chosen a form created by mortals: mannikins, golems, etc.

Land of Unfulfilled Dreams — The mundane world.

Meat — Mortals, also changelings who have taken mortal form.

Phyla — The kith of the Inanimae.

Sessile Ones — A word used by the Kithain to describe Inanimae.

Slivers — Inanimae Arts.

Slow Empires — The empires of the Inanimae; divided into air, fire, stone, water, wood and the Krofted.

Slumber — The time that Inanimae spend dormant in their Anchors.

Somnolence (or Long Slumber) — When an Inanimae Slumbers for a long time. This occurred to almost all Inanimae during the Shattering.



CHAPTER ONE: THE LOST DAYS

*True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.
— William Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet*

I first realized that the Sessile Ones were trying to contact me when I started noticing that the graffiti in the subway station was increasingly addressed to me. Of course, I'm used to being directly addressed now and then by an anonymous spray-paint slogan on the wall — you have to be, in this rather odd line of work — but it's different when the messages are so direct. Vague riddles and possibly soothsayer warnings pale in comparison to "Martin We Stones Need Speak." Especially when the messages stop being scribbled across the walls and start being inlaid, mosaic-style, into the very tiling of the subway tunnel, in every station I stopped for weeks. That's not the gentle hinting of synchronicity, that's a command performance.

Unfortunately, they forgot to provide me with any sort of time or place when "We Stones" would "Speak." Some would blame this oversight on the glomes' lack of interest in the frantic timetables and schedules of ephemeral meat, but I think their shyness had something to do with it as well. They didn't want every half-baked

alchemist and Mick Jagger fan in the city who could read the writing on the wall to show up at an interview where the Stones would be revealing one or two of their long-buried secrets, did they? So I waited for them to contact me, and took the subway more often than I needed to in order to give them all the opportunity they needed. They were more or less always going to be wherever they were, and I had the feeling they assumed that it would be the same with me.

About a month later, it paid off late one night when I was riding back home and they got on the train at one of the Museum Mile stops. The doors slid open and three glomes — or rather, a glome and two golem — got in and sat together in the bench across from me. You didn't have to hear the glomes' Husks crunch as they moved to know they were my appointed interview with the Stones. They were so obvious with their white, pupil-less marble eyes and sculpted Ken-doll hair that I actually felt both amused and sorry for them at their big shapeless coats and heavy gloves. It's a sign of the glomes' alienation

from the meat world that the majority of them are so terrible at disguising themselves to fit into the human crowds outside their museum dominions — they just don't realize that if three men walk onto a train and one of them is Abraham Lincoln, the second is a four-foot-tall cherub, and the last is not only nine feet tall but recognizably a Rodin, all the floppy hats in town aren't going to make them draw any less attention.

It's no wonder they don't advertise their habits any more than they do.

The glome, at least, was the usual nicely sophisticated example of his kind. Nice semblance of human proportions, the usual big patent-leather shoes, black sack suit. He wore gloves, of course, but he pulled them off with a certain style. Even the fact that he was about nine feet tall and would have weighed about 300 pounds if he'd been made of meat worked to the benefit of his Facade. He just looked like a really big, scary bald man.

"Where are you guys headed?" I asked him, figuring him for the brains of the party.

He chortled a single syllable of amusement to some private jolly in his rocky head. "Nowhere fast."

I winked. Abraham Lincoln and the cherub crunched over to the doors of the car, standing guard against the normsies, and the glome and I had ourselves a chat as the train rumbled back and forth through the bedrock under the city. I don't know why they brought the Rodin along and didn't ask — he was possibly extra muscle, or maybe just bored in whatever sculpture gallery they'd busted him out of for the night.

The Nature of the Inanimae

Being capricious creatures and not without a sense of humor, faerie spirits have the potential to inhabit absolutely anything, and often did before the Shattering wrenched the worlds apart. Rocks, dolls, hidden waterfalls, swords, armor, giraffes, philodendrons, verdigris-encrusted statues — the fancy of the Dreaming is literally limitless in its hunger for form, and extends far beyond mere human children.

Everything in the world was born with the capacity to be Dreamed somewhere deep within itself, so everything possesses — or possessed — the potential to be alive. Although the world has changed since its beginning and many parts of it have forgotten how to dream, some fugitive elements still remember. These vessels of the Dreaming endure in the hidden corners and secret enclaves of the world, remembering as best they know how, the lost days when every waterfall could talk and every tool was alive.

They are the Inanimae, the last children of the Great Slow Empires that now sprawl across the Earth in mute, immobile ruins. Even to most of the changelings, they are a myth too fantastic to have survived.



Spontaneous Generation

When the Mythic Age retreated from the Earth, and the Dreaming rolled up like a scroll, the world changed in many fundamental ways and many old things were sundered from one another. Among the things that were rendered impossible in the world that emerged — our world, the World of Darkness — was the spontaneous generation of living organisms from non-living matter.

In the Mythic Age, everything carried the seeds of life within itself and could evolve into living creatures under the right conditions. For example, cheese would actually transmute into a mass of worms if kept in a warm place. These were not maggots, but a species now lost to the waking world; if caught and cooked properly, they gave those who ate them the ability to understand the speech of animals.

River water gave birth to rare fish with crowns on their heads and the ocean spray produced entire herds of strange horses. Stones hatched into serpents or, if prepared according to a rigid set of instructions, could become living magical creatures in the shape of human children. All of these species are now extinct for all practical purposes, because the circumstances that allowed their creation are no longer possible.

Now, in the Autumn of the world, life has been forced to follow only a few prescribed channels and no longer generates spontaneously out of non-living matter. The division between the living and the inanimate became much wider, forcing the Inanimae into an increasingly narrow field of paradox and impossibility.

As it turned out, the glome — “call me Chris” — is one of the last of the real experts in the art of Husk fashioning and reconditioning. Most of the inarchitects are pretty knowledgeable about Huskwork, but Chris managed to talk about it all night.

A History of the Inanimae

— By Count Trevor Aldred, House Eiluned

The history of the Inanimae, the Sessile Ones as my mentor rather inaccurately calls them, is at once fascinating and frustrating. Like the history of any lost race, it is fragmentary at best, often indirect and secondhand. You ask why I am endowed with so much knowledge — or at least hearsay — of these creatures? The stories would be enough to fill a sennight's worth of quiet winter evenings. But that's not what you traveled so far to hear. Suffice to say that, in the days when we were yet welcome in this land, I made the study of these beings my — hobby is too dull a word — my passion. I learned many

of their secrets, endured countless trials and after a thousand summers, I well knew their worth. Upon my return, the passion was strong enough to burn away at the Mists, so that a glimmer illuminated my waking mind. Once I knew where to look, I began to unravel the old secrets. This information is the product of years of reading old tomes, befriending the newly awakened Inanimae and hearing the rare whisper of forgotten lore from the deep recesses of my soul. This information is not common as Fiona's court gossip, and you, gentle readers, should be respectful. So, with that said, read on....

The Mythic Age

I am the wind that breathes upon the sea, I am the wave on the ocean... I can shift my shape like a god.

— *The Black Book of Caermarthen*

In the days when dreams and reality were one and the same, forms were fluid. Fae spirits were as diverse as dreams themselves. In ancient times, we could become anything — or nothing — at a whim. Life could be created from mere thought, or more accurately, one kind of life could be created from something else.

But time passed, and I suppose the fact that we noticed its passing should have been a warning. Certainly, nature turned in its great cycles, night to day, winter to autumn, but all change was limited to those most basic transformations. When the world progressed beyond these turnings, the changes began. The fae cared little at first, scarcely noticing until hovels begat villages and villages begat cities. Suddenly, the Sundering was upon us. The Dreaming and the mortal realm drifted apart as gradually, and yet, as inevitably as the continents. Choices were forced upon the free spirits who remained — some bound themselves to almost-human forms, becoming the faeries of mortal myth; others chose treasures of nature in which to rest and take refuge, becoming what we call Inanimae. The Inanimae, though fixed in shape, were of a limitless variety. The countless phyla formed great groups known as the Slow Empires. These empires were much too complex, too vast, too utterly alien in scope to be truly understood by the Kithain, let alone mortals. Yet it's the great puzzle of it all that makes it so appealing to me. Perhaps they were like us in some ways and had their own courts, festivals and ceremonies. I believe it likely that life in the Slow Empires was more primeval than we can imagine. Those Inanimae were inexorably tied to the great cycles and perhaps their goals were to find ways to forestall any changes that would threaten those ties.

After the Sundering

Mortals, as a rule, are dull-witted and blind to what they do not wish to see. But in olden days, the Dreaming was not so distant, and the mundane world was not the crushing force it is today. Even after the Sundering, the beings we know as chimera were as real to mortals as they were to us. In those times, we assumed human guise only for sport and amusement; should we let that illusion of flesh fall, humans would be struck

The Ship of the Four Quarters

One of the great treasures of the fae of old was the Ship of the Four Quarters. Shaped much like a Viking longship, it was invested by the Inanimae with the power to control the five elements. Conar of Dougal oversaw the ship's construction, but it was Kyria Vowseeker of House Gwydion who journeyed to the lords of the five empires, sealing pacts of assistance with each one. The ship moved freely on the waters; for a short while, it could also travel on the land — through rock and tree, through the air or even across fire. Only one person was required to steer the ship, so long as that captain was of noble blood. Wars were fought over the possession of this powerful vessel, for many princes and kings (both mortal and fae) coveted it, and rightly so — imagine the usefulness of a ship that could travel inland, far from any port or river, even over mountains!

Although the ship figures in several faerie legends, its fate is not clear. One story suggests that it was destroyed in defense of a fading trod, while others maintain it sailed to Arcadia. A third rumor, and the one I find most likely, is that a captain of the ship broke a taboo — which could have been anything from returning the ship to water every sundown to keeping the ship from being used in the Making War — resulting in the ship flying to pieces as each of the empires took back what was theirs.



The Endless War

Other Inanimae seem to hold an ancient grudge against the members of the Empire of Flames, accusing them of betraying all Inanimae and instigating the Making War. Whether this is true or not I can't be sure, but it occurs to me that though the war began with the taming of fire, it took place long before fae spirits were confined to one form. Could not the bearer of the first gift of flame have been any one of us — a firedancer, a dryad or even you or I? Perhaps we will never know, and I dare say they should stop worrying about it — persecution of the noble solimonds is pointless and robs all fae of a warm beacon that throws a light against the gathering darkness of Winter.

dumb by our terrible beauty, though we would not suffer from their yet-tenuous Banality.

Though the Inanimae generally concealed themselves, humans could sense them. Some of the Sessile Ones became divine beings in the eyes of the mortals who dwelt near Anchors. While some Inanimae were indifferent, others enjoyed the inexplicable but amusing gyrations their "followers" went through in attempts to please and appease. A few of these fairies willingly took on the expected role, either out of altruism or gratitude — after all, a sacred grove would never be felled, and the occasional minor miracle kept the mortals completely faithful. It is rumored that many of the megalithic circles found across Europe were built at the suggestion (or perhaps command) of some of the earliest Krofted members of the Empire of Stone. Some of my dimmest recollections lead me to believe that, whatever else it may have meant to willworkers, shapeshifters, Kithain or mortals, Stonehenge was one of the first great Krofted Anchors.

Mortals were not the only ones misled. Some Inanimae gained great amusement at being mistaken for the bodiless spirits worshipped by the willworkers and the shapeshifters. This still happens today; I know of a young Fianna who, in wolf and human form, cajoled a dryad for several hours, calling her a "glade child" and begged her to bestow a gift of some sort. She finally gave him the only thing she had to bestow. The young werewolf didn't learn how to move trees as he wished, but he did become the most — ah — fertile of his tribe.

Though the Sundering had separated Sessile from the rest of the fae, some connections between the two survived. Occasional alliances and the not-infrequent disputes between fae and Inanimae were the basis of any number of meetings. Some of the greatest questers of my house journeyed deep into the realms of the Depthless, the High Ones, the Granite Lords and even the Lords of Fire in their hunt for wisdom. The searchers who returned (and few they

were) were revered among our people; even today, in the autumn of our world, we remember the springtime deeds of Kyria, Elbanaon, and Tyrissa and the hero Capriana, my one-time mentor and companion to Eiluned herself. Ever in love with the tang of sea air was Capriana, and only on a rolling deck was she able to find sleep's peace. She was among the first of our kind to venture into the depths to face the limitless majesty of the Depthless Ones and the very first to return with her sanity intact.

The Inanimae played their part in history and song, though the legends have been warped and changed so that the truth is too deeply buried to ever resurface. For example, who do you think guarded the sword Excaliber when Arthur was only a pup? What *was* the stone that held the sword so safely? Who was the Lady of the Lake? So many threads of Inanimae legends dangle just under our noses.

The War of Making

In the age after the Sundering, the War of Making was felt by all the Slow Empires. Its seeds, however, lay in the solimonds' betrayal, deeply sown before the Sundering. This was when fae of flame taught mortals how to control flame and thereby control the other Inanimae. Wood burns, water boils and metals melt and can be reshaped, allowing mortals to shape stone or wood. At first, mortals used this knowledge wisely. Then, as time passed, they began to wield this power more ruthlessly, using their newfound knowledge to enslave the other Inanimae. This is basis for the war: The Inanimae whose Anchor is in a natural state (a granite outcrop, for example) has a completely different temperament than one with an Anchor that's been shaped or changed by another's hands (a stone block in the wall of a cathedral). It's not unlike the differences between the Courts of Kithain society, I suppose.

The battle for supremacy continues to this day, and it appears that the Krofted Inanimae have the upper hand. A

Magickal Ties

The Verbena, modern descendants of the ancient Wyck, have strong ties with many among the Slow Empires. Verbena holy places — especially groves, springs and stone circles — were commonly Anchors. Though the Inanimae Slumbered through the Interregnum, most had a dreamy awareness of what went on around them and knew the protection and respect afforded them by the witches. Upon waking, these Inanimae expressed their gratitude and made vows of alliance with the keepers of their Anchors. A coven can have no better guardian.

— Vashtye, Verbena Sorceress

few parosemes have confided to me that the numerous defeats of the Making War were largely responsible for the Shattering itself.

The Shattering

And this is the new world formed by Law.

— Michael Moorcock, *Stormbringer*

The Shattering was devastating to our kind, but in a way it was worse for the Inanimae. For the Kithain, the storm came upon us in only a handful of years, but the Sessiles felt the chill of Winter decades before us. They tried to warn us of what was coming, but fools that we were, we didn't listen. As more and more dryads sank into Slumber, as the wavedancers vanished like seafoam on the wind, we muttered about the dark portents, yet still did nothing. The true depth of our peril eluded us until the trods themselves began to collapse.

When the nobility took the long road to Arcadia, did the Inanimae try to follow? I do not think so, for though they may leave the mortal realm as we can, the Sessile Ones are psychologically and spiritually bound to their Anchors. I say this because I have observed dryads who, in the middle of a forest, refused to leave their own special groves. They, instead, watched until fire or ax had done its fatal work.

No, I believe most stayed with their Anchors until Slumber overtook them. A newly awakened glome told me a story that has been repeated, with minor variations, by all too many. This glome's Anchor was on a hilltop surmounted by a castle freehold. For a short while after the last of the trods collapsed, a small band of commoners clustered around the hill like beggars huddled together for warmth. They did their best to protect and encourage the glome, and he likewise protected them. But as the freehold's balefire burned low and died away, their bonding weakened. The commoners scattered like rats from a sinking ship, and the lonely glome slipped into Slumber.

The Interregnum

When it comes to history during the Kingless Times, I'm at a distinct disadvantage as you no doubt can guess. My sources, while never effusive, positively dry up when asked about those dark times. The satyr chronicler Malachi says that all the Sessile Ones slipped into Slumber. Sad to say, many of these beings sank beyond Slumber and are forever lost to our world. Oh, I suppose some woke now and again — they've never told me otherwise — but it's safe to say that during this period, the Inanimae had little interaction with those fae left behind. It appears that after a couple of centuries of darkness, the commoners had largely forgotten about the Sessile Ones. Interestingly enough, what information comes to me from that period was told by a Namer, or willworker, as they seem to prefer. She called herself Vashtye and was quite knowledgeable in the old lore of the fae. A few of the Namers, especially those of the societies of Merinita and Verbena, remembered and protected Anchors as best

they could; this was despite being hunted themselves. Yes, those were dark times when Banality rode on a black horse of iron and steam, seeking to silence our kind forever.

In spite of help from their allies, the Industrial Revolution exacted a heavy toll on the Inanimae. The sacred trees were cleared, feeding the factories that belched their filth into the sky, which in turn rained poison onto the earth. From mines and cities ran poisonous effluent. Having lost their Anchors, far too many of these bound fae returned to the depths of the Dreaming or wherever such spirits go and were lost to the waking world forever. Many Anchors of the Glade were Krofted during this time; it could be said that the greatest blows of the Making War were struck without any activity on the combatants' part.

The Resurgence

The Resurgence made itself known to those who Dreamt in their Slumbers. Several commoners have told me of odd tremors near the groves, of whirlpools and whirlwinds that erupted on clear days, buffeting them but otherwise doing no harm. Less dramatic but no less wondrous is the story Malachi told about the first Inanimae he ever saw, back when he was just a kid (in both senses). It was on the night before the moon landing that heralded the Resurgence. He lay on a grassy hilltop, contemplating the wondrously tiny ship that would circle the lunar sphere when he heard a low, deep rumble. A large stone beside him had acquired the crudest semblance of a face, a visage that continued to form and refine with crackles and pops. Then it spoke, its voice as slow and low as a tectonic shift, and all the young satyr could make out were two words: "They come." And the following day, we did.

The Accordance War

It's safe to say that Inanimae aid did not decide the course of the Reassertion (known popularly as the Accordance War); few were awake at that point, and only a fraction of those were inclined to get involved. This is probably why the majority of Kithain think the Inanimae are still lost in slumber.

The first into the fray were the fiery solimonds. When the war began in earnest, a handful of these creatures became rallying points, bolstering the spirits of the beleaguered troops, sometimes leading charges armed with banner or sword. Lady Tessa Nyrian, a dear friend of mine, will readily attest to the power these noble soldiers had for morale. With cheers and songs of encouragement, a solimond rallied a routed band of rebels, acting as rearguard for their retreating companions. These valiant warriors stalled repeated assaults by a larger and better-armed force of sidhe knights. Tessa admitted with some admiration that the commoners held that bridge to the last man. These brave, bright warriors made conspicuous targets, however, and by the close of the war, the armies had to soldier on without their support.



A Whispered Correction

The ondines were more common participants than the good count suspects. While it's true enough that their combat effectiveness was limited, many scouts were led astray or even seduced to a watery prison — or grave — by the ondines. And while it's true that ondines are sickened by polluted waters, they nonetheless braved the taint to aid their distant cousins and honor ties to the past.

But don't blame Count Aldred. Even an Eiluned can't know everything, and that truth is their cross to bear.

— Mikhaila, sluagh Seeress of the Delving Keep Freehold

If the solimonds were the first to take up arms, the glomes were among the last; they readily honored pacts made a millennium ago, but their definition of "readily" meant the war was almost won before the Heavy People got involved. Lady Nyrian claims to have seen such a creature aiding young David Ardry's escape from New York City. She saw the pasty-gray man with chiseled features supporting a barricade despite four fae sorcerers throwing their Primal might against it. It is possible that Ardry found Caliburn in a glome's keeping, the high king has never offered an explanation within earshot.

I don't know for certain if any kuberas took part in the conflict. I did hear a rumor that a now-Slumbering dryad engaged in weapon smuggling, but the truth of the matter hasn't been proven to my satisfaction.

As Inanimae go, parosemes were common participants in the war, mostly as scouts and messengers. The Kithain who fought beside them learned caution, however, for the silfar had a habit of trading sides without warning or simply disappearing in the middle of a scouting mission. I had both the fortune and misfortune to work with ("command" isn't an appropriate term) the flighty creatures on the Shennandoah campaign, and the intelligence they delivered was only barely worth the aggravation they caused.

The mannikins were easier to deal with, making excellent spies and guards. Foes discussing their plans in the alleyway wouldn't look twice at the shop dummy lying by the dumpster beside them. Unfortunately, most of those who chose sides chose the wrong one. Not that I hold grudges, of course.

As one may guess, ondines made poor soldiers when out of their element. What may surprise you is that the mer folk were seldom useful even in their natural environment. As scouts, their range is limited compared to the silfar, and their reports were as accurate as any pooka's — which you can puzzle out for yourself. In the cities where the more important campaigns were waged, the waters were generally too filthy for the mer folk to tolerate.



In all fairness, there were a few occasions where ondines were of service. Aubrick Hammerhand, a troll of my acquaintance, swears that he received a mortal wound during a bridge battle (and I concur, since it was I who dealt it) and tumbled into the river below. As the waters closed over him, Aubrick was amazed to feel comforting arms enfold him and soothing voices singing away the agony in his chest. Still more amazed were his companions when he was pulled from the placid water, weak but alive, the killing wound already closed and healing.

Though I can't prove it, I suspect the waterfolk were responsible for preventing needless bloodshed a time or three. During the Key Harbor Skirmish, in the bitter days following what the commoners called the Night of the Iron Knives, a battered company of sidhe found themselves trapped on a fishing boat, facing a large mob of commoners bent on avenging their fallen leaders. Just before the rebels set fire to the boat, as the valiant knights prepared to leap onto the wall of rebel steel, a peace descended upon the scene. The fires of battle madness and hate went out of the warriors' eyes. After a few moments, a troll commander ordered his boggan medics to begin binding the wounded of their foes, and the knights offered an honorable surrender. I have spoken with veterans on both sides of the skirmish and have no doubt that this minor miracle occurred. As yet, no one has claimed responsibility, not even the ondines, but it seems very much in their nature to try such a stunt. It is my conclusion that the ondines were more interested in patching up a dispute they couldn't really comprehend than promoting a given side. Ondines, you see, are terminally nostalgic creatures and wish nothing more than a return to the "good old days" where Kithain and Empire were all one big happy family. Such a time may never have existed, but if the delusion made the rebellion less bitter, then it served a purpose.

You may well ask to whom did the Inanimae give their allegiance. In fact, both noble and commoner had members of the Sessile Ones among their ranks. Those of the nobility, whose minds weren't completely muffled by the Mists, had an advantage over the Earthbound commoners. We could recognize the Sessiles for what they were, and we remembered enough of the ancient pacts of alliance to sway them to our cause. As for the rebels, they had their own advantages, born of luck more than knowledge. During the Interregnum, many of the common folk had protected the sacred groves, the springs and the crags; though this was done out of sentimentality rather than foreknowledge or cunning, the true owners of those Anchors were grateful nonetheless.

Today

In the decades since the end of the rebellion, the Sessile Ones have become increasingly plentiful, yet hidden from the Kithain. It is due to the Inanimae reluctance (or indifference) to get involved in changeling society that makes them largely unknown to the Kithain. In the past couple years, however, I've noticed a change. The Sessile Ones are being seen — letting themselves be seen, I should say — by more and more changelings and even a few mortals. Whether this move comes from individual decisions or a collective choice spanning empires of phyla, I don't yet know. But you can rest assured, I intend to find out.

The Evil that Fae Do

Just as ancient pacts of alliance are honored between those who remember them, wrongs done two millennia ago may come back to haunt the living. Sir Mendolir of House Fiona learned this lesson to his cost. A great gathering of kingdom officials and the local populace came to witness Mendolir's investiture as baron. Holding the baronial coronet above the knight's head, Count Hozen asked if there were any among the populace who knew a reason Mendolir should not be made baron.

A gravelly voice grumbled, "I! I say Mendolir is an oathbreaker and a murderer of the Heavy Folk!" Everyone looked aghast at the figure who stood nearly 10 feet tall, with blocky features like rough-cut quarry stone. He strode toward the dais, shouting his accusations. "I am Gurrat! This one vowed to defend the Anchors of my people. Yet he fled with the others, and those he swore to protect were Undone! Only I am left. He must pay!"

It was clear from the puzzled expression on Mendolir's face that up to that moment he had no recollection of his vow. Then his eyes widened with panic as he remembered. In desperation, the trapped knight tried to blast the glome to pieces, but blossoms instead of fire leapt from his fingertips; the Dreaming remembers broken oaths. Gurrat left the hall with the struggling knight over his shoulder. Mendolir begged for aid from the transfixed crowd, and he continued to scream and plead until he was out of earshot. Mendolir was never heard from again, and no search was conducted, for all knew that no body would ever be found.





CHAPTER TWO: EMPIRES OF THE INANIMAIC

Severance,
The birds of leaving call to us,
yet here we stand
endowed with the fear of flight.
Overland
the winds of change consume the land,
while we remain
in the shadows of summers now past,
— Dead can Dance, "Severance"

The first time I saw the ondines was when they invited me to tea. The invitation arrived in the mail, with my names (all but two of them) beautifully scripted on the envelope above my post office box number. Naturally, there wasn't a return address, but many of my associates are like that.

The invitation itself was on beautiful grayish-green paper — and even though it was a bit rumpled and the ink had run a bit, you could tell it was from Dempsey & Carroll or one of those other fine old stationers. It was even watermarked, the way only stamps and money are watermarked these days, with a magnificent blue-ink design of a snail, executed in that contour line style, where you draw the entire picture without lifting your pen from the paper.

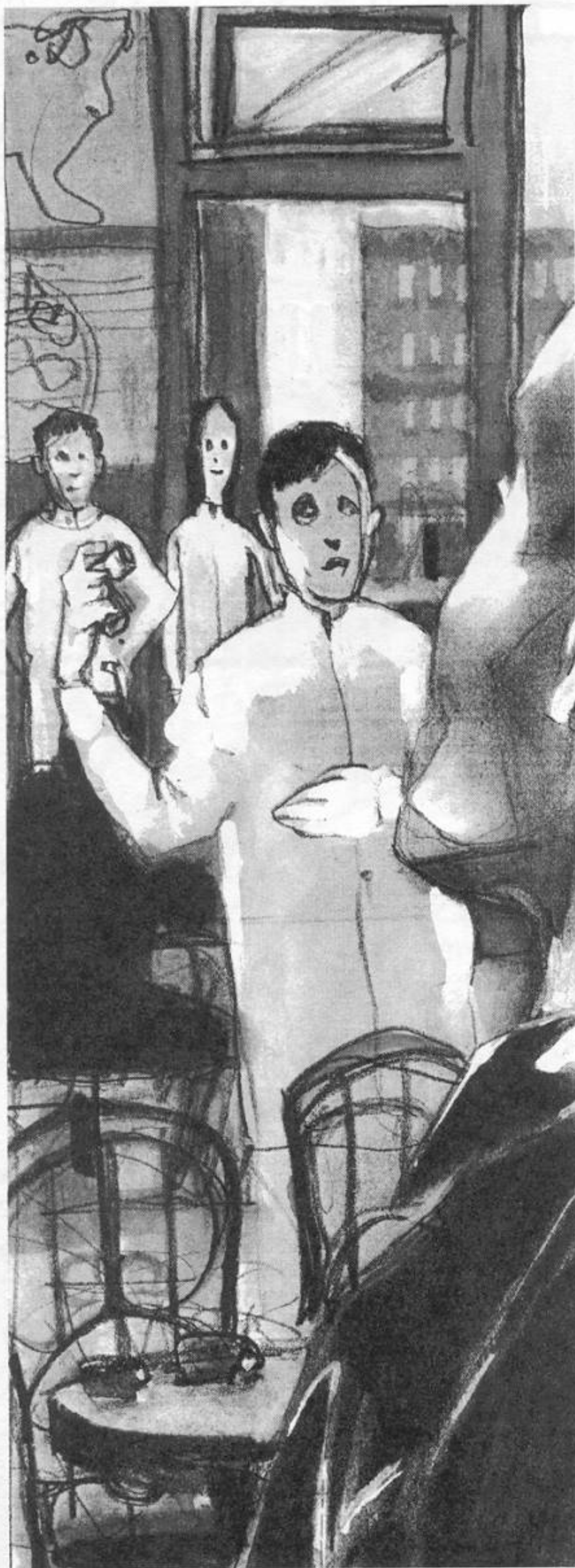
The ondines wished for the honor of my company at tea, so I went. Needless to say, there aren't any tea rooms worth the name in this city — it's still a bit provincial as such things go — so the note invited me to Pequod's, one of the quieter coffee-

houses near the university. It's nice enough, if you go for old maps and bookstore music.

I got there early; they got there a half-hour late. There were three of them, two boys and a girl. They all apologized at great length about how they had lost track of time. They told me how bad they felt, how they hoped it hadn't been an inconvenience. That's the thing about ondines — just how unbelievably sorry they say they are about everything. Whether they ever actually mean it or not is a matter of some debate in the Circle.

They offered to pay for all the drinks while we talked, and made an effort not to look put out when I ordered coffee. The girl had a Diet Coke, the younger male ordered a pot of tea that had a rather pretentious Chinese name — Ching Wo maybe — with lots of sugar added in, and the older male drank only water.

They were all short, as ondines usually are. The older male was the tallest at five foot nine. Then came the other boy, and the girl was smallest at five four. They were dressed in typical ondine



Facade-wear: cool, intense colors with lots of high-buttoned collars and baggy sleeves hanging down, probably to hide disfigurements that they all seem to have. I knew better than to try and make small talk about their particular wounds — they're supposed to love talking about that stuff with other ondines; it's sort of their password system, but they knew full well that I was only meat and being reminded of the difference would have shut them up for the rest of the day.

Besides, it was obvious. The younger boy walked with a limp; the older boy frantically pulled at a medicinal inhaler of some sort twice during the afternoon, and the girl was too thin. Both boys called themselves "Jeff"; she went by "Karen."

After the pleasantries, it emerged that they weren't going to talk about the ondines at all. Instead, in typical cornerless style, they were going to limit themselves to gossiping about the other courts and who was feuding with who, all the high school cliquishness again. But it was all grounded in specifics, none of the general "Members of the X Court Feel Y About Z" stuff I get paid for.

I begged them for specifics. "Can you at least give me an overview of the politics in the empires?" I finally asked in exasperation.

They glanced at one another for a moment and then the older Jeff broke into a sad smile. "Oh, of course, sorry. It's just that, well—"

"Meat wouldn't understand," echoed Karen and the other Jeff at once.

"But we'll try to tell you in the form of a story," added Jeff Junior.

And so each took turns telling me a story — a parable — of how the courts relate to one another and to all the other bizarre subcultures of this World of Wonders we live in. Don't blame me if it doesn't make sense. Blame the kids who blink too much and rub their eyes.

Stuff That Speaks

The distinction between human beings and inanimate objects does not need to be spelled out to sensible people or other folk who are resistant to enchantment. Inanimate objects — like trees, rocks or furniture — are incapable of life or any of the symptoms thereof.

According to conventional wisdom, inanimate objects do not move of their own volition and they, in fact, do not move at all, except when pushed along by an external force. When trees sway, it is because the wind is blowing against them. When the wind blows or flames dance, it is because air flows from hot places to cold places. When rivers flow toward seas, or books fall out of shelves, it is because they are in the thrall of gravity. Unless acted upon by an outside force, the non-living world is frozen in place, inert.

Inanimate objects, in fact, have no volition at all in the sensible universe. Things do not "want" anything, nor strive toward any goals or ambitions. They do not dream or speak or

Song for Lissa

Don't close your eyes, stay in the body a little longer. Don't dream. I know it's not your spirit's native country, but remember all the joys and marvels of this place, where the colors are so heavy and where the ground itself pulls you down to embrace you. Remember all the things we've seen.

— from the copybooks of the Glass Circle

think; they only exist as things to be utilized or manipulated by human beings.

Of course, this definition is complicated by the fact that changelings are not sensible people, but are, in fact, the exact opposite. After all, they have good reason not to trust conventional wisdom — doesn't conventional common sense also say that there are no such things as faeries?

Rather, changelings move through a world where the distinction between living beings and inanimate objects blurs to the point of breaking down. Chimerical reality is a perpetual riot of movement, song and activity, where even the most inconsequential or trivial bits of dream-stuff can gain and lose the appearance of intelligence from moment to moment. Many a changeling has worried that she was slipping into Bedlam the first time she heard the cakes in a bakery start singing as she walked by, or when she saw books on a library shelf grow arms and start dancing the fox-trot.

Chimera, however, are notoriously unstable, lapsing in and out of existence as readily as a changeling can open and close his eyes. This is especially true of intelligent, free chimera — although it is an open question whether imaginary creatures are created spontaneously by the Dreaming or simply migrate along secret routes behind the mind's eye, giving the appearance of popping in and out of existence.

Within the chimerical world, common objects can and often do mutate into beings of fantastic mobility, sprouting arms, legs and faces in order to carry out their own vague urges. Most are unencumbered by minds as humans would define them — instead, these little chimera (also called “wonders” or “edible people”) operate according to a limited number of impulses, few of which make much sense to larger folk. How these impulses evolve or why a particular ephemeral chimera will exhibit a certain behavior remain a mystery to all but the Síocháin, who have not been asked.

The common explanation is simply that chimera, like the dreams of sleep, emerge from the Dreaming to express something previously hidden that has some kind of connection to the Dreamer. Changelings make chimera in their own faerie images, at least to some extent. If a chimera is



gluttonous and whines constantly for food, it is likely that its dreamer craves food — or something like it — to an equivalent extent, or else carefully avoids eating. Often, the mentalities of the ephemera serve as counterpoints to the personalities of their changeling creators, or they reveal clues to their characters' hidden facets. Bans and geasa, in particular, often resurge in the otherwise mindless chatter of ephemera, as the Dreaming labors to fill all absences within its body.

Only a minority of chimera possess any real understanding of death or any drive toward self-preservation. They are, on the whole, fragile creatures. Any attempt to teach them about Undoing tends to cause them to hide deeper in the fabric of the Dreaming, or else they dissolve in a fit of confusion if no avenue for escape presents itself. Otherwise, the ephemera slip in and out of the Dreaming without warning and, often, without any awareness or fear of what is going on.

Those embodied spirits with the will — or simply whim — to hold onto their forms for extended periods have a different, more complicated story to tell. They grow attached to their material shells, trapped in form by their own fascination with earthly existence. No longer willing to slip into the Dreaming, these fae struggle to keep their borrowed eyes open, to stay in the waking world for as long as they possibly can.

Thus, are new Inanimae born into the world.

The Making War

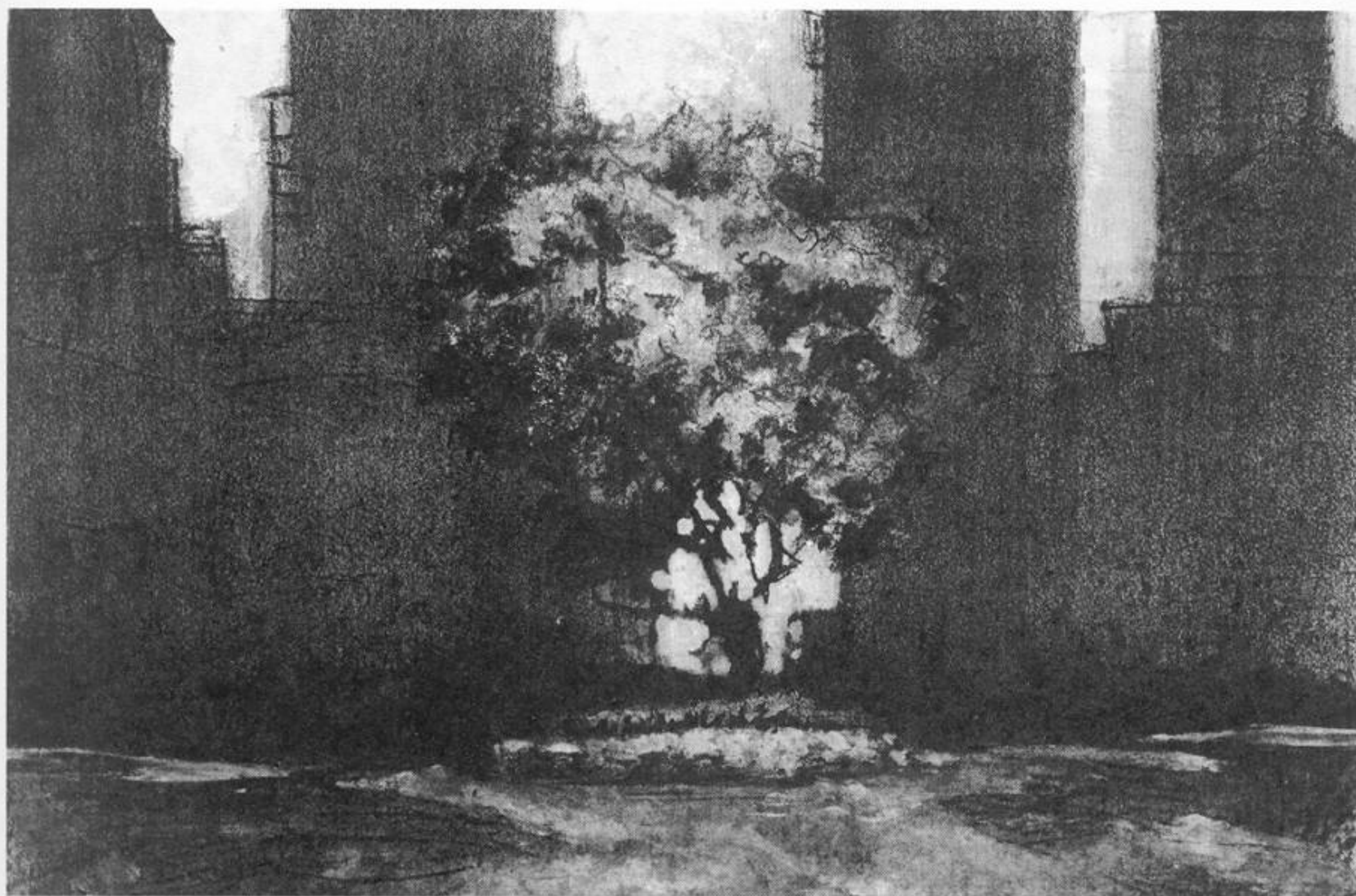
The Making War is, perhaps, the most defining event in Inanimae history, and its ramifications are still being felt to this day. When the solimonds chose to grant the knowledge of making to the humans, they began a process that transformed the empires and determined how they would survive the coming Winter.

The war started when the emperor of the solimonds called his people together. He explained that the beings that had made them adopt the Codex and join with their Anchors had begun to change the face of the world. He told his people to go forth and help these humans make the world, and so the solimonds would continue to evolve and remain powerful, learning new wisdom, and new ideas.

This lofty goal went wrong once the knowledge granted by the solimonds began to spread. Emissaries arrived from the other empires, asking what was happening, many of their members were changing beyond recognition, eschewing the old ways and becoming active and dynamic, like the fae who call themselves Kithain.

The flashpoint that touched off the war came with the arrival of the first mannikin. Anchored in an ancient idol, this human-like creature presented himself at the concord of all five Imperial leaders. Dressed all in black, he pronounced that the Inanimae would forever be split, and that the clouds of war was gathering. After this creature had





Count Aldred on the Making War

The Making War defined the split between the gladelings and the Krofted. It was started by the solimonds, and as a result they have been scattered and hunted. Although the War began eons ago, it is still being fought. However, it seems to have developed into a cold war, with tensions running high between the two camps. I have hopes that the factions will soon find a route to peace, and that the solimonds will return to the fold.

departed, the marshall of the glomes demanded an explanation for the transformation of some of his soldiers. The emperor of the solimonds attempted to explain his views, and how his people felt that the Inanimae had to change or be Undone like the Tuatha de Danaan. His pleas fell on deaf ears, and the four other empires declared a united front against the solimonds.

The war was bloody and fierce. To help defend themselves, the solimonds conscripted many of the newly Krofted Inanimae to their side, for they understood the solimond point of view.

Finally, just weeks before the Shattering, the gladeling forces smashed the solimond homeland, occupying it. The solimonds were scattered to the four winds, vowing to return. The gladelings, whose numbers had hemorrhaged, claimed victory, although they were now barely the majority.

And then the Shattering struck.

Five hundred years later, Anchors began to awaken, the sidhe were still 100 years away from returning, but the static ones began to stir. Although they were not as numerous as they are becoming in this Indian Summer, the Inanimae who did awaken discovered a shocking fact: Krofted fae outnumbered gladelings two to one.

Now this gap is widening further as the Resurgence awakens many slumbering fae. The gladeling lords look about and see the future belonging to the Krofted. The solimonds have had to wait 600 years, but their vindication is in sight.

Awakenings

When an Inanimae awakens from his Long Slumber, he wonders at the changes in his environment. There are changes in the Dreaming. The mundane world and even his Anchor may have been Krofted, changing his very being. Thousands of Inanimae still slumber within their Anchors, awaiting a catalyst to return them to the waking world.

The most common catalyst is a surge of Glamour near an Anchor. For example, changelings undergoing the Chrysalis

nearby could possibly awaken a Slumbering Inanimae. Sometimes if a new freehold is established near an Anchor, the balefire will awaken a slumbering Sessile. Certain cantrips can awaken Inanimae as well. A sorcerer skilled in the Art of Primal can sometimes coax forth a slumbering Inanimae, though the exact means of doing so have been lost in the Mists.

As the Inanimae wakes, the first thing to be done is a spring cleaning of sorts. Grand coral manors are burnished to a fine gleam; cloud castles come closer into focus. Drawbridges are lowered; pennants are raised, etc. Krofted Inanimae awaken and perform a similar housecleaning, but generally the results are seen in the real world, as their Anchors are no longer extant within the Dreaming. A paroseme living in a tuba would awaken and slowly remove the patina of tarnish on it; a glome in a graffiti covered wall would begin leaching out the paint, or transform the graffiti into creative and Glamorous patterns.

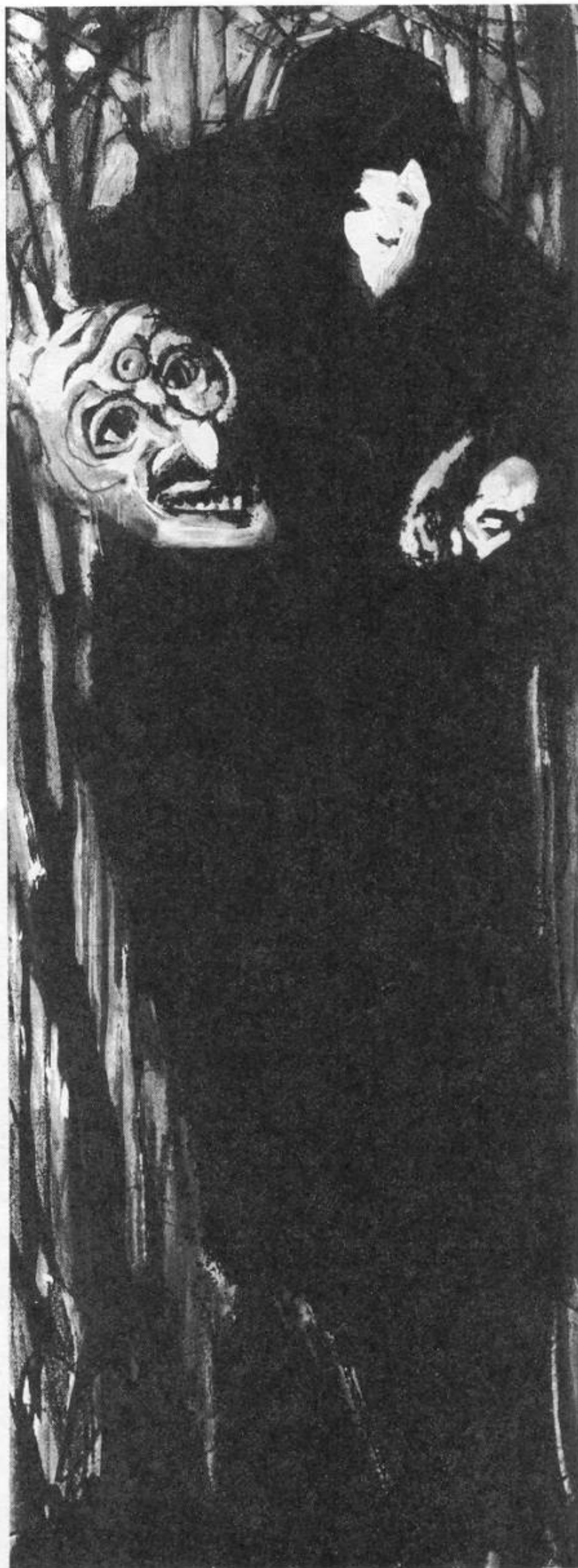
The next stage in the awakening is a gradual awareness of the outside world. The Inanimae watches the surroundings and tries to get a handle on the world around him. If his surroundings have changed tremendously — a tree that was once part of a forest is now the only tree in a city park — the poor kubera may spend months if not years trying to get his bearings.

Eventually, the Inanimae will take on Husk form for the first time and start looking about. Fortunately, when an Inanimae awakens, she sends out signals similar to the Chrysalis of a new Kithain. These ripples in Glamour are much more subtle than the fountain of Glamour generated by a Chrysalid. The signals are easily detected by other Inanimae, but only Kithain with strong Kenning can detect these beings.

The period of recalibration can be shortened if contact is made with other Inanimae. These other fae can help the awakening Sessile adapt in a kind of Saining. As with the Kithain, this period of adjustment is called fosterage. If a Kithain reaches the Inanimae and takes her under her wing, fosterage can have interesting effects. Inanimae fostered by Kithain may think that they are Kithain, and may lose part or all of their heritage as Inanimae. Such poor creatures often quickly become Undone, as they forget their Anchors and find it almost impossible to recover Glamour.

Count Aldred on the Saining of Inanimae

When an Inanimae stirs, it seems that they go through a process quite similar to our Chrysalis. I know that older Inanimae often take younger ones under their wing to aid them in adapting to the current world, but other times, newly awakened Inanimae seem to know exactly what is going on.





Fosterage

If an Inanimae is lucky enough to be found early in his awakening, he will be taken as a fosterling. The Slow Empires have fostering compacts, making certain that any Inanimae re-awakening, be it of the Glade or Kroft is taken care of. The exception are the solimonds who must find their way to another solimond for fostering. Even so, when a new solimond is discovered by an Inanimae of another phyla, it is guided as quickly as possible to another solimond.

Fosterage begins with the crafting of a Husk or Facade. The fosterling learns how to craft a mortal seeming that will fit in with her surroundings. Often at this stage, any Husk created has very pronounced traits that mark it as housing a supernatural creature, hair made of leaves, or sky-blue skin. The teacher makes certain the Husk is passable before allowing her fosterling into the world. An Inanimae who tries to travel with an obviously exotic Husk is in very immediate danger of being withered away by the touch Banality.

As the teacher teaches the fosterling about the world and how to survive, the fosterling begins to come fully into his own senses. First, vague memories of the Shattering return, and slowly the events leading to the Inanimae's Slumber. Occasionally, a memory may surface reminding the Inanimae of a hatred for his teacher. (However it is considered bad form to kill one's teacher during fosterage.) These memories return without the aid of a teacher, but they return much more quickly when guided.

Often before the end of a Fosterage, the teacher offers to introduce the fosterling to the local court. Then, once the fosterling has learned enough to survive, he's left to fend for himself. Often, Inanimae who do not find a teacher never learn enough to survive more than a day or two within a Husk, and constantly drop back into Slumber. Eventually however, through a difficult hit-or-miss process, even orphaned Inanimae usually learn enough to carry on, although their perceptions of the world and Dreaming may be skewed.

Appearance and Masks

*Would you like my mask?
would you like my mirror?
cries the man in the shadowing hood
You can look at yourself
you can look at each other
or you can look at the face of your god*

— Loreena McKennitt, "Marrakesh Night Market"

The Inanimae are quite different from their Kithain cousins in that they are not born into mortal bodies. In order to survive the pressing weight of Banality, they must form their own bodies, called Husks. An Inanimae who remains in Dreamform for long outside of his Anchor withers away and may be lost forever.



Husks

When an Inanimae decides to leave her Anchor and go forth into the world, she must clothe her form in a substance that will shield her fragile fae spirit from the ravages of Banality. The reasons that Inanimae first take on Husks vary greatly. It might be to try this strange substance known as "chocolate," or to find the ducal freehold to take stock of the local court.

Husks begin looking like a pre-adolescent, and then ages rapidly. As the Inanimae is exposed to Banality, and it takes root within her soul, her Husk will age even faster. By the time an Inanimae must return to her Anchor, her Husk will resemble an old person. Once she's regenerated, her Husk will once again look youthful and spry.

The first time an Inanimae wears a Husk, it resembles his form within the Dreaming. A kubera becomes a sharp looking fellow with skin of wood and hair of feathery leaves. With practice, however, this Husk becomes more and more human-like, and when dressed in clothing, the kubera will be able to pass for human in most places. There are always tell-tale signs to watch for, but practiced Husk-users are very hard to spot.

Each phylum of Inanimae tends to look a certain way when they take on a Husk. Ondines move very gracefully and fluidly, and always have pale sky-blue eyes. Kuberas range from lithe to solid, and always have smooth, polished skin, ranging from café-au-lait to mahogany. They have hair with green highlights. Solimonds are flaming red-heads with striking tans. They also tend to burst with energy. Glomes are built like mountains, with slate-gray hair and eyes. Glomes also move with ponderous deliberation as if they will not be moved. Mannikins look just like you or me, except they have a plastic look to them, and move with a slight jerkiness. Paroseme are almost as thin as sluagh, and have many quick and bird-like movements. They also tend to look like birds, with beak-like noses and sharp piercing gazes.

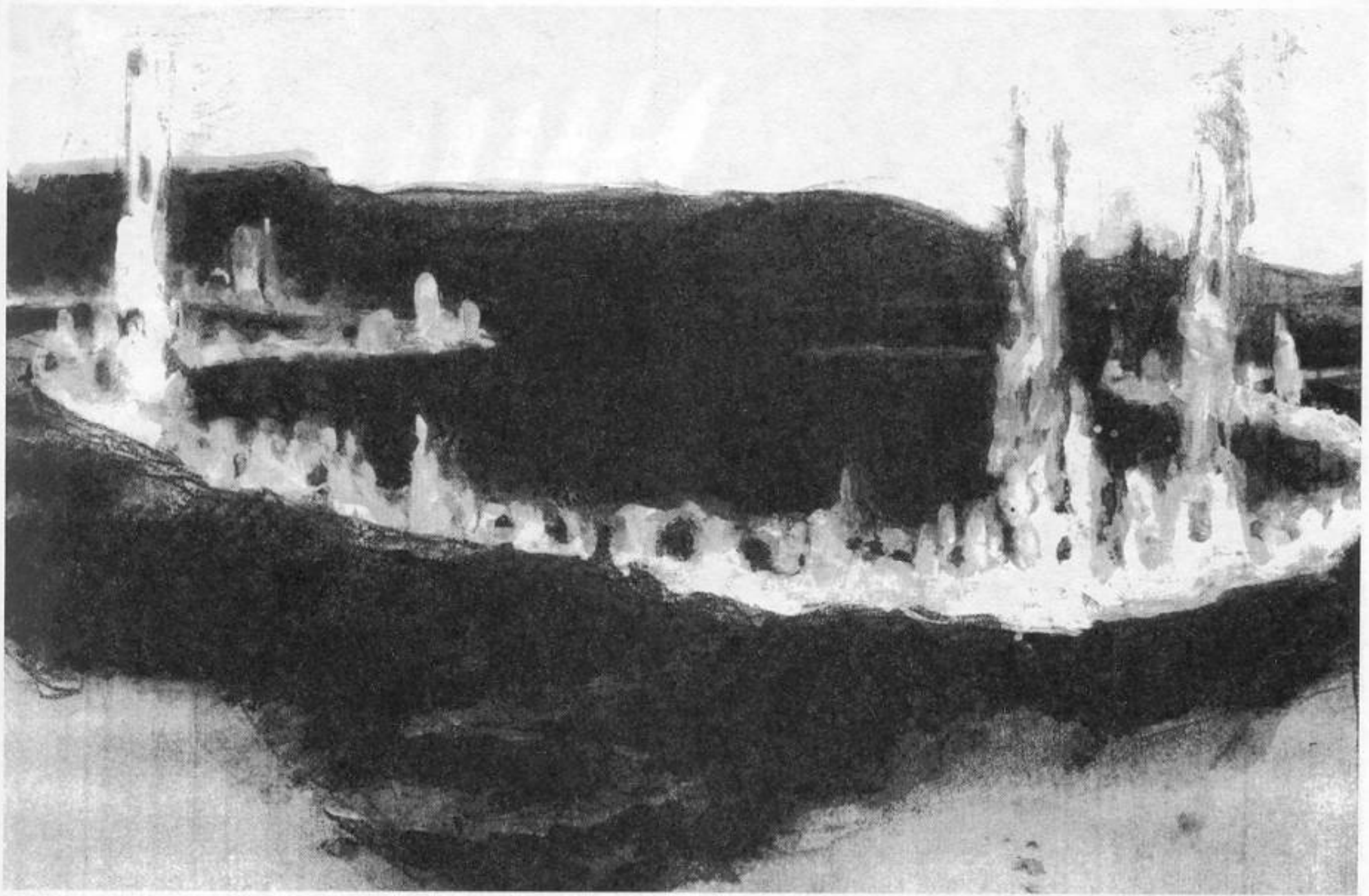
When an Inanimae enters her Anchor, a freehold or the Dreaming, the Husk fades away to be replaced by her Dreamform. The Sessile Ones can maintain their Husks while in such a place though the concentration required is usually not worth the effort.

If a Husk is destroyed, the Inanimae is immediately thrown back into his Anchor, and in most cases, succumbs to the Slumber.

Dreamform

When within the Dreaming, at her Anchor, or within the confines of a freehold, an Inanimae shows her true form, the extension of her Anchor that is sentient. This is her Dreamform.

Each Inanimae can take the identical form of her Anchor or a humanoid form that looks as if it was crafted directly from that Anchor. A kubera can look like an ancient oak, or an old man with a beard of moss, and thick arms that can still break a whippersnapper like a twig. A paroseme that lives in a chinook becomes either a breeze whipping around a room, or becomes a misty apparition that looks like a phantom made of cloud.



Dreamforms are extremely susceptible to Banality. As such, if an Inanimae is even touched by iron while within her Dreamform, she is immediately snapped back to her Anchor and is driven into a state of Slumber.

ANCHORS

An Anchor is the single most important thing in any Inanimae's life. It is the Inanimae's soul, heart and body. Inanimae cannot survive without their Anchors, and should the Inanimae be Undone, the Anchor quickly withers or decays. Anchors are as varied as the individuals who inhabit them. The one thing they all have in common is that they reflect the fae within. A kubera who is healthy and full of Glamour has an Anchor that's a beautiful pine with healthy needles and a full spread of branches. If the same kubera is succumbing to Banality, his tree slowly sickens. Its needles turn brown and drop off. In the same way, if an Anchor is destroyed, it is almost certain to destroy the Inanimae within.

ANCHORS in the Waking World

Within the mortal sphere, Anchors appear no different to the mortal eye than their mundane counterparts. However, even to mortals, there is something about the vicinity of an Anchor that feels magical. When near a rock holding a glome, a mortal might feel spooked, as if someone was watching him. Also, Anchors often became sacred places for

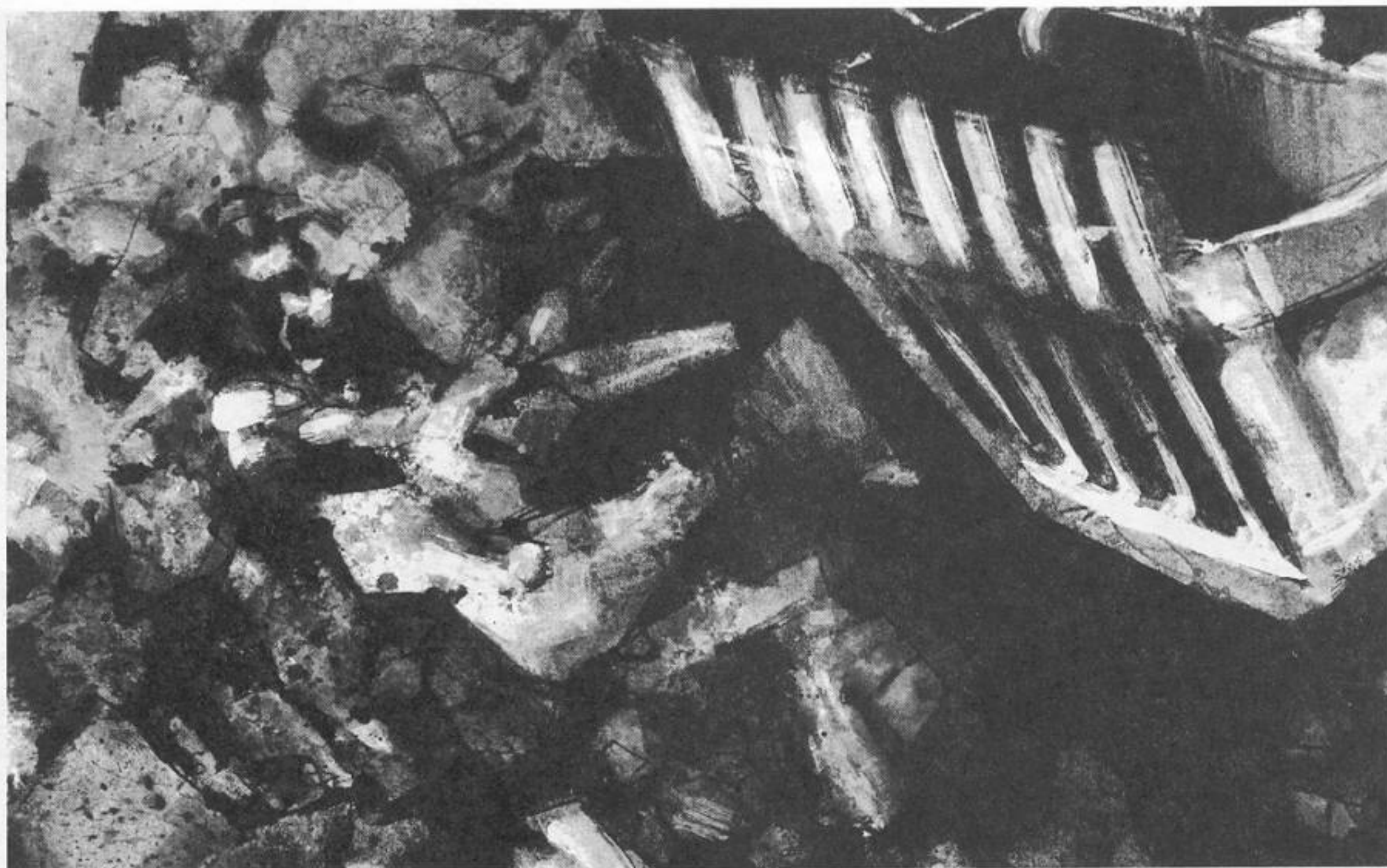
the sense of creativity and wonder that is felt when around them. Unless a mortal is hag-ridden with Banality, he will try to avoid harming an Anchor if possible. However, this minor compulsion is easily overcome if there is a job to do, such as clear-cutting a forest.

To supernatural creatures the perception of an Anchor can range from a spiritual object of power that needs to be protected, to a battery that waits to be drained. Werewolves and Mages can both sense an Anchor if the Inanimae within is active. Werewolves must have the ability to sense spirits, and may be confused as to what the inhabitant of the Anchor truly is. Mages sense the Glamour within the Anchor and often those of the less natural-type orders see Anchors as resources to exploit.

Kithain can use their Kenning to discover an Anchor. If successful, an Anchor will glow with a nimbus of Glamour. This aura is much easier to spot if the Inanimae is awake and active.

ANCHORS within the Dreaming

Each Anchor exists simultaneously within the Near Dreaming, the waking world, and is a link into its empire's homeland in the Deep Dreaming. Like the Djinni's lamp, within an Anchor is a home, furnished and decorated to suit the tastes of the fae who lives there. Gladeling Anchors tend to be sparsely furnished and everything is made from the same material as the Anchor. Krofted fae often have much more diverse homesteads, with furnishings like a human or Kithain home.



Within the Dreaming, Anchors resemble buildings made from the Anchor or affiliated materials. Ondine Anchors often resemble castles of multicolored coral, where as solimond Anchors are generally made of living flame. These Anchors are somewhat fixed in one place within the Near Dreaming (as much as anything is fixed in the Dreaming), but a massive change in the Anchor, such as Krofting, can alter its position.

The Destruction of an Anchor

If the unthinkable happens, and an Anchor is destroyed, an Inanimae has very little time before she follows into oblivion. When an Anchor is destroyed, the Inanimae is thrust into the world without any protection from Banality, becoming true fae. Banality quickly erodes these unfortunates in a matter of hours, sometimes minutes.

Without an Anchor, the Inanimae cannot regain Glamour, cannot protect himself from Banality, and is adrift, almost without a soul.

If riding a Husk, the Inanimae is very lucky. The Husk will protect the fae from Banality somewhat, as she tries to find a new Anchor within a very small time window.

Slumber

Slumber is the state where the Inanimae is held immobile within her Anchor, waiting for the moment to become active again. There are two kinds of Slumber. The first and most common is shock-induced Slumber. When a Husk is destroyed,

an Anchor is threatened, or whenever there is some sort of massive trauma, the Inanimae may abandon her active life and enter Slumber. These Slumbers rarely last more than a few weeks.

An Inanimae may enter Slumber voluntarily, usually to regenerate a Husk, or to protect themselves from Banality. If this is the case, the duration of the Slumber is only one tenth of the usual time. After that, the Inanimae may awaken.

The second type of Slumber is what happened during the Shattering. This is commonly called the Somnolence. Somnolence can last for months, years, even centuries. Only the gravest of Trauma will force an Inanimae into Somnolence. When the Shattering arrived, it threw almost all the static ones into Somnolence, and it was only the Resurgence that has begun to re-awaken them.

Banality

The dead gray fist of Banality closes around the Inanimae as inexorably as it does with the other fae. When the Shattering came, and the trods collapsed, the empires fled the oncoming leaden wave of disbelief and fled to their Anchors, awaiting a renewal. With the Resurgence, many of them felt that this time had come. However, they have all discovered that Banality is as present as it ever was, and lies in wait for them with what seems like particular relish.

Like the sidhe, the Inanimae aren't used to the unbelief in the mortal world. They find themselves extremely fragile and weak in the face of it. While within their Anchors or

Husks, they are protected from some of Banality's effects, but naked disbelief hits them very hard, sometimes sending them into Slumber.

Inanimae do not suffer from Banality's curse in the same way that the sidhe do. Their curse is much more insidious. As they gain Banality, they age in body and mind. Many older Inanimae are so weighted down with Banality that their Husks are born as ancient men or wizened crones, and they can barely remember what has gone on the day before.

The Grown and the Shaped

The courts of the Kithain strive and struggle with their internal demons. Each Kithain is drawn to the Seelie and Unseelie side of her psyche. No matter which court a changeling currently owes her loyalty to, there's always a spark of the other. The division within the Inanimae world is at once more subtle and more profound.

Those Sessile who remain with the Anchor that they originally bonded to ages ago are called gladelings. The Inanimae that have had their Anchors modified by sentient hands are known as Krofted.

Originally, all Inanimae were gladelings. Occasionally, an unlucky Inanimae Anchor would be crudely modified by a human or another fae. The Inanimae within would usually be shocked into Slumber or destroyed. If the Inanimae survived the process he would change, with a corresponding shift in attitude. These Inanimae were shunned by their brethren, and were so lonely they would slip into Bedlam. This would change with the coming of the Making War. After the war, it was the gladelings who, although nominally victorious, were so vastly reduced in number that they realized that they were now the minority. When the gladelings realized they could no longer understand this world, they began to retreat into Somnolence. Soon, the Sundering forced their Krofted brethren to follow.

Gladelings

Only now have the gladelings begun to awaken. These fae are primal in temperament, and they feel that they are the upper crust of Inanimae society. They stop short of calling themselves noble, leaving that conceit to the sidhe, but even the most egalitarian of gladelings see themselves as being purer breeds than their shaped counterparts.

All gladelings feel so closely identified to their element, that their personalities have a raw primal edge to them. All Inanimae are alien and strange, but gladeling Sessile have a unique viewpoint that even Krofted Inanimae often find them inscrutable.

As the numbers of gladelings have dropped, they have begun to feel a siege mentality. Older, more experienced gladelings have started becoming so paranoid about their Anchors remaining untouched that they will try to stop anyone from approaching them. This paranoia may eventually lead to Bedlam.

Krofted

The Inanimae who survive their Anchors' Krofting become changed. They lose some of their connection to the deep primal nature of gladeling fae, but in exchange they become closer to their Kithain cousins, and mortal Dreamers. After the Making War, the Krofted Inanimae found themselves in the majority. This shifted the balance of power in each empire. Before all the chips could finish falling, however, the Sundering placed almost all the Inanimae into Somnolence. Now that the Inanimae are re-awakening, these changes in demographics may affect politics very quickly. There are many Inanimae who entered Slumber as gladelings, who re-awakened as Krofted. Many more were destroyed during the Interregnum. Most Krofted fae resent the attitude of the gladelings, and have many differences of opinion. Krofted fae feel they should actively pursue contacts within the changeling and mortal worlds, whereas gladeling Sessile prefer the passive guardianship of their Anchors. They only get involved in the outer worlds if necessary. Krofted fae find it easier to craft their Husks, having been molded by human hands already. They also find it easier to interact with Kithain as their mental processes are slightly more modern than their Sessile cousins. Krofted Inanimae often make contracts with others who can be guardians to their Anchors, so they have more freedom to explore while Husk-riding. Needless to say, these contracts are only entertained with the most trusted friends. If this oath is exchanged with a Kithain, it becomes binding within the Dreaming; if broken, the Inanimae snaps immediately back to the Anchor, often with murder in her eye.

The Phyla

The faerie spirits who inhabit the inanimate have their own intricate civilization, with ceremonies as grand and meaningful as anything devised by the sidhe, conflicts more cataclysmic than a troll's dreams, and delicate political structures that would make a boggan weep with fascination and joy. It should come as no surprise that the faeries of the rocks and skies have built themselves such an exquisitely complex civilization — none would doubt that they've had time enough to work on it.

Because every faerie is unique, the Inanimae have diverged from one another over the ages, forming various groups of closely related spirits or "phyla." These phyla — inanimate "kith" — are, in turn, grouped into larger societies known as the Great Slow Empires or the "Inanimate Courts." Those phyla described here are only the most common to exist within each of the empires. Other phyla certainly exist, but they are exceedingly rare. Most scholars of the Glass Circle number the Slow Empires at six — Stones, Tears, Skies, Flames, Seeds and Dolls — and make no attempt to classify them according to their relative influence or profluence in the modern world, arguing that the status of "Slow Empire" is less a matter of gross political



power and more a matter of the symmetry of the mystic body of the Dreaming itself. The fact that the organ of the Dreaming formed by the Empire of Flames is atrophied and apparently diseased does not mean that the Dreaming no longer has that organ, only that there is a grievous imbalance at work.

Spirits belong to an empire according to the materials they choose to inhabit, as follows:

Empire of Stones (glomes): dense solids, rock in both raw and worked forms, metals

Empire of Tears (ondines): liquids, waterways, bodies of both standing and running water

Empire of Skies (parosemes): gases, weather disturbances, clouds, mists and odors

Empire of Flames (solimonds): naturally occurring ambient energy, lightning, wildfire

Empire of Seeds (kuberas): vegetable life

Empire of Dolls (mannikins): images carved, molded and otherwise shaped by human hands.

The "Empire of Flickers," if recognized, is composed of those spirits who take their bodies from conditions of artificial light, including film, television broadcasts and computer transmissions.

More Than Bodies

A given Inanimae's affiliation with one of the empires is more than a simple matter of taxonomy. The choice to inhabit some substances and not others is a function of one's faerie psychology, one's unique natural role within the grand Story of the Dreaming. Because of this, Imperial ties are signs of a deep kinship of spirit, a bond as close or closer than those shared by members of mortal families. If one is a member of the Empire of Tears, then one shares certain similarities in mentality, attitudes and behavior with all the other liquid spirits in the world that go beyond the brute likeness shared by aqueous phenomena.

For the Inanimae, each of the empires is a world in itself, comprising its own almost unfathomable structure of government and magical power, protocol and fellowship, feuds and loyalties. The empires hold vast territories throughout the waking world, marking off their borders according to the ancient divisions between sea and sky, land and sea, vegetable and mineral, that which burns and that which is burned. Compared to such primal and universal borders, the shifting lines between human nations and cultures seem hopelessly nonsensical to the Inanimae, and only those who make a special study of the meat will ever hope to understand the distinction between, for example, the Kingdom of Willows and the Kingdom of Grass.

Kuóeras

The plant people dance from tree limb to tree limb and dress in leaves. The kubera are watchers, thinkers and protectors. During the Making War, they were the strategists and

sergeants. Gladeling kuberas generally have ancient groves or towering single trees as their Anchors. Other Anchors could be beautiful fields of flowers or any other plants. Krofted kuberas have elaborate walking sticks, or bushes that have been carved into intricate shapes. Gladeling kuberas have decent relations with Krofted ones, although they see them as slightly duller cousins.

Ondines

These gentle folk swim through the murky depths alongside leviathan, and live in clear mountain streams along with the silvered trout. Their peaceful natures made them the ones to quench the fires of the solimonds when it became time to make the peace at the end of the Making War. Their Anchors are any body of water, be it an open lake or a mighty iceberg. Gladeling ondines live in natural waters, like springs and mountain rivers. Krofted ondines live in reservoirs or dammed rivers. The one place an ondine should never live is in water that is polluted. There is a group of ondines that will bear the touch of tainted water, but these sad Inanimae have forsaken the peaceable way of their brethren and will attack anyone foolish enough to approach their lairs. The gladeling ondines accept their brothers openly, with the exception of the Tainted Ones. The Krofted ondines openly accept their wild brethren, but are trying to reclaim the Tainted Ones. This bone of contention makes for heated arguments, which anyone but other ondines would mistake for gentle conversation.

Count Aldred on the Phyla

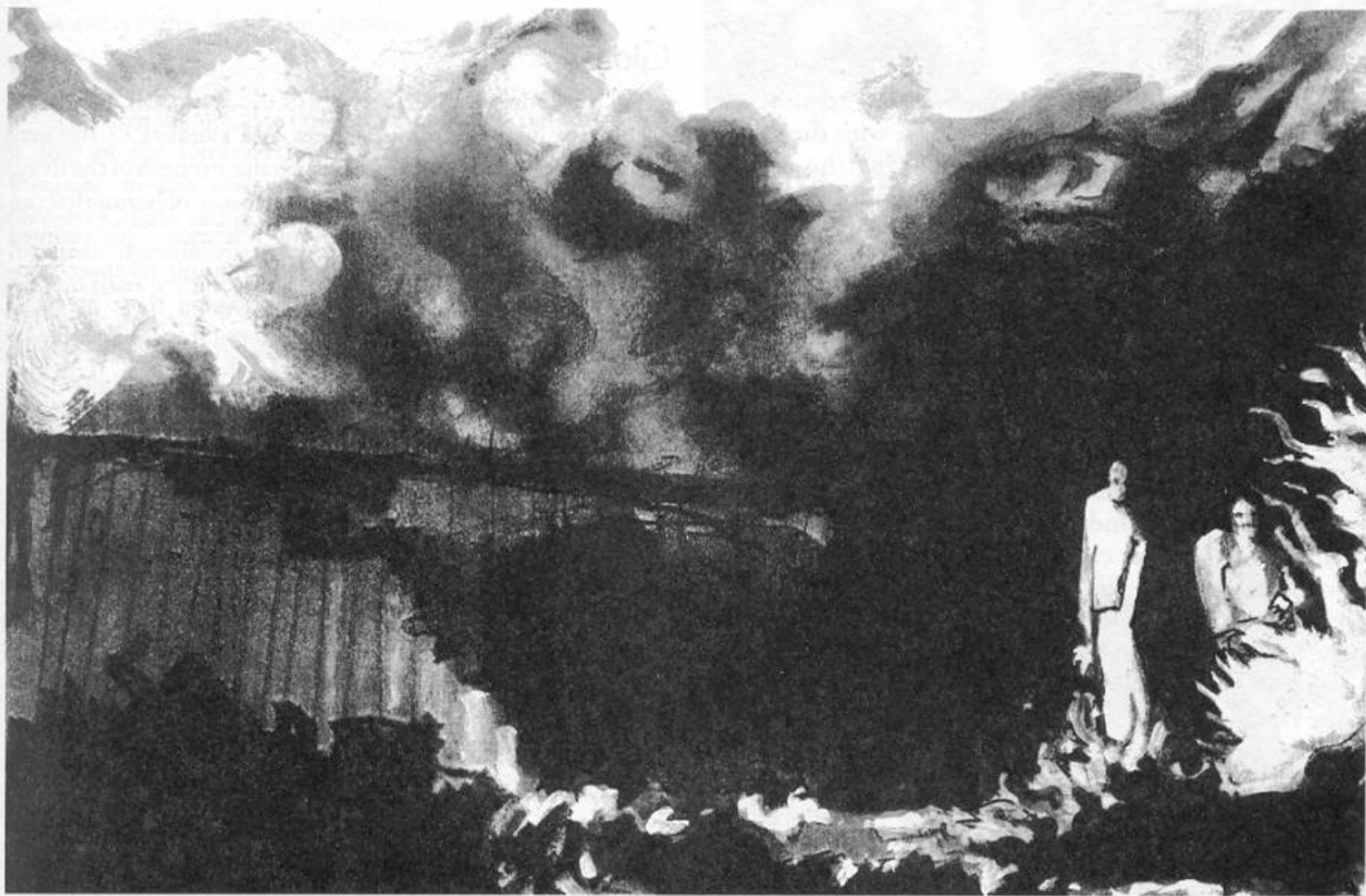
The kith of the Inanimae are as varied as our own. I have met several, and have heard rumors of even more. Here are the descriptions of the kith I personally encountered.

Golems: These stony fellows look like the creatures of legend, crafted from living rock. They are very respectful of authority and take their oaths very seriously.

Statue-folk: I once thought that these fellows were a more refined golem, but lately I have come to learn that they are a different kith altogether, and somewhat like the sidhe, in that they oversee the courts of the Inanimae.

Plant-folk: These folk (the dryads and oakmen who are spoken of in many legends) are tranquil and observant, and fine folk to spend an evening conversing with.

The Fire-folk, the Naiads, the Wind-folk, and the hidden kiths all have their own quirks, and they must be approached in their own way. There are strange tales of Inanimae awakening within computers and cars, but I have yet to hear any first-hand accounts of such.





Parosemes

Flitting from cloud to summer breeze to northern chinook, the parosemes glide through life with the song of the winds to keep them company. During the Making War, the parosemes wafted around learning where the solimonds were teaching and informing the glomes where to strike. Parosemes have a terrible time keeping their mind on anything for any length of time, and they enjoy inflicting this view on others. Parosemes live wherever the winds blow — a vicious crosswind between buildings, the booming sound of a tuba, a cold wind that blows from the north. The fabled Mach One was an old, powerful paroseme who toyed with airplanes until Banality conquered his realm. Gladeling parosemes live within any natural occurring wind source. Krofted parosemes live within anything that can produce wind, such as brass or woodwind instruments, or even a set of wind chimes. Gladeling parosemes ignore their Krofted brothers publicly, but every time a jazzman scats to the beat of the wind against the window, there could be two parosemes jamming right along. Krofted parosemes feel they are just as valid as their gladeling brothers, and strive to be accepted by them.

Glomes

The glomes are the memory of the static folk. They live within the vast mountain ranges and slumber in the very bedrock of the Earth. Glomes possess the strength of the living Earth and have a devotion to duty and sense of honor that can make a troll look like a conniving schemer. This vaunted sense of honor is possibly strange seeming to most non-Inanimae, but when it comes to following their precepts, glomes are relentless. The central tenet of the glome philosophy could loosely be translated as "eye for an eye." This also means that if you sacrifice an eye for a glome, he will sacrifice one for you if asked. The glomes were the front-line soldiers during the Making War, and to this day, gladeling glomes do not speak with solimonds nor will they willingly enter into contact with other Krofted Inanimae, save other glomes. Gladeling glomes live within natural rock formations, and can live within unsmelted ores. Krofted Anchors include abstract art, stone skyscrapers or anything made of metal (except iron). Gladeling glomes are reserved and solitary, watching and waiting. They remember the Making War where they lost so many kin, and rarely speak to Krofted Inanimae. Krofted glomes are much more gregarious and are generally thought of

when glomes are mentioned. They have washed their hands of their brethren, and think of them as unable to accept the present. Both are alike in their disdain for the solimonds.

Solimonds

The firefolk were once the most free of the Inanimae. They roamed the Dreaming in the flashes of light in the sky, living in a huge palace within the sun itself. They would reach the mortal world through campfires and occasionally rampage through an area, burning and destroying. Then they decided to teach their gifts to humanity. This act touched off the Making War, which split the Sessile into the Glade and the Kroft. When the war ended, a tenuous peace existed, where the gladelings found themselves outnumbered by the Krofted. The unifying thread was the casting of the solimonds as the enemy. The solimonds who will speak of the war claim that they only created as many Krofted as needed to help defend themselves. Be that as it may, in these times, the solimonds have been scattered to the winds, and are only tolerated by most phyla, and openly hated by others. Solimonds live anywhere with heat and light, often in places like volcanoes. Many solimonds live in camping ground firepits, being places where fire once was and will be again. Some solimonds can live within balefires as guardians of freeholds as well. In ages past, the solimonds thought they were immune to Krofting, for who could control fire. Then the first solimond found himself trapped in a gas stove — the Krofted solimonds had arrived. The reality of this may change the way solimonds feel about the war and could affect everything about this empire.

Mannikins

The final empire, the one whose destiny is tied so closely to that of the Dreamers is that of the mannikins. These Inanimae are few and far between. They straddle the line between Kithain and Inanimae. Not changelings, but not truly Inanimae, mannikins are more often found in the company of Kithain than with other Inanimae. The mannikins were neutral in the Making War, being almost exclusively Krofted to begin with. Gladeling mannikins are incredibly rare, and are only found where the elements have naturally formed something that resembles the human form. Anchors include puppets, sculpture, and the ubiquitous department-store mannequin. Mannikins are aloof to everyone, but seem to treat solimonds with gentleness in comparison with other Inanimae. Perhaps they know something about these mistreated Inanimae, or perhaps they simply understand the solimonds' desire to bring Krofting into the world.

The Empires

The Inanimae all belong to an empire. These empires are divided along phylum lines, and are more analogous to Native American nations than an actual geographical area. However each empire has a homeland within the Dreaming. Every member of an empire may at any time visit their homeland



through a portal in their Anchor. They can bring companions, provided their companions are enchanted. Only the empire of the mannikins has no known location. This lack of homeland allows them to travel to any homeland they wish. Each empire has a political structure unique to itself. Politically, they often have Byzantine relations with each other, that are baffling to even the most skilled Machiavellis within Kithain society. The homelands of the Inanimae may be reached by ancient trods, many of which are still sealed, forcing pilgrims to travel the twisting dangerous paths of the Dreaming. Inanimae may induct other fae into their empires as citizens, but never other Inanimae.

The Compact

After the Making War, the homeland of the solimonds was placed under siege. The occupation forces were made up from all the other empires. During the Interregnum, many of the forces withdrew or were destroyed. Now that many Inanimae have awakened, many gladelings have called for a re-establishment of the blockade. Fortunately for the solimonds, the majority feel it is time to heal the breaches in Inanimae society.

Empire of Tears

The ondine empire is an Athenian-style democracy. Any ondine may cast a vote on any issue. A speaker articulates policy, but her decision may be called into review by a vote of not less than 20 ondines. The speaker is elected for three years, and is

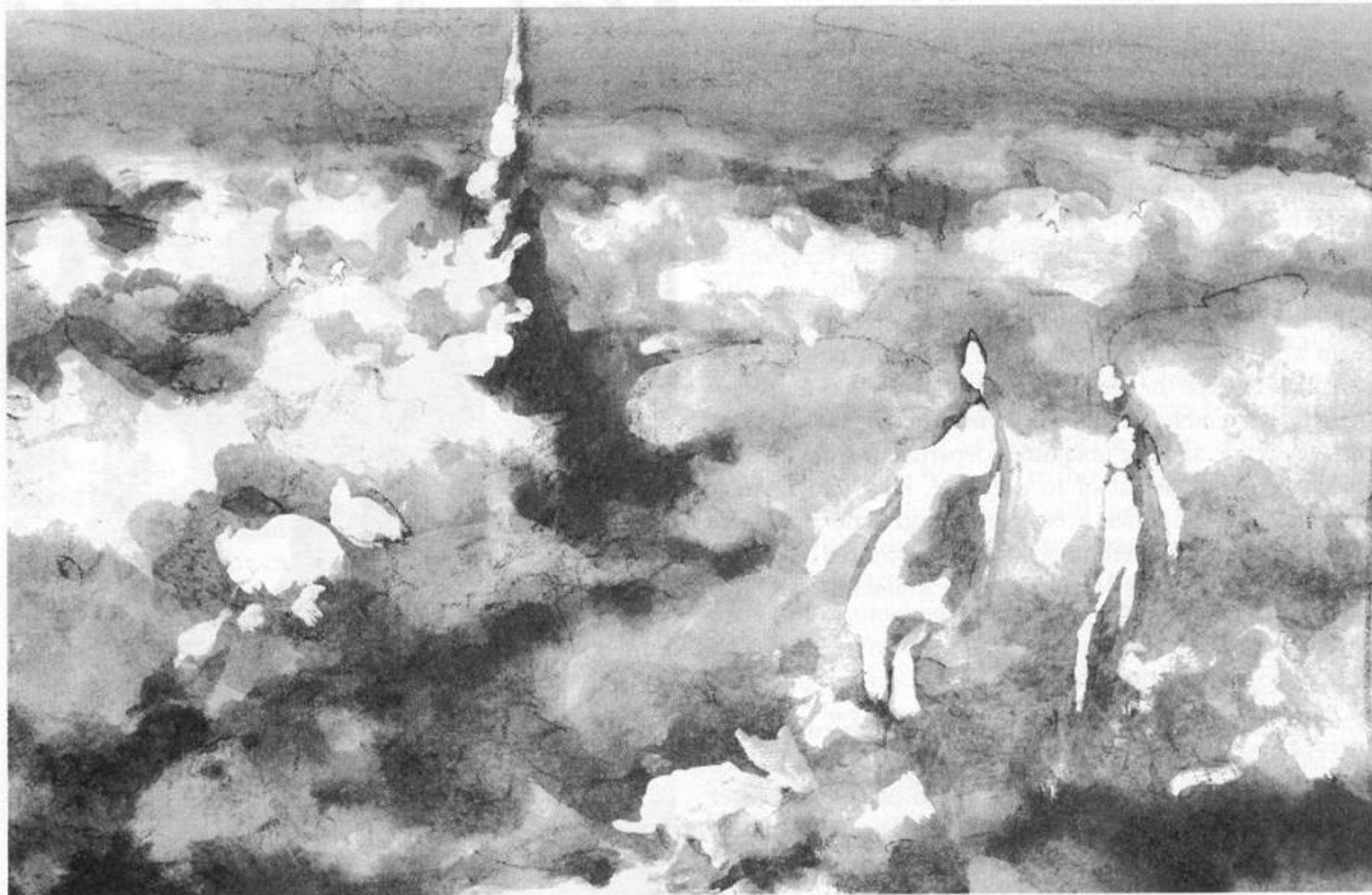
considered to be the wisest and most intelligent of all ondine-kind. The current speaker is Nina, who lives within a small cove of warm water in the Pacific Ocean.

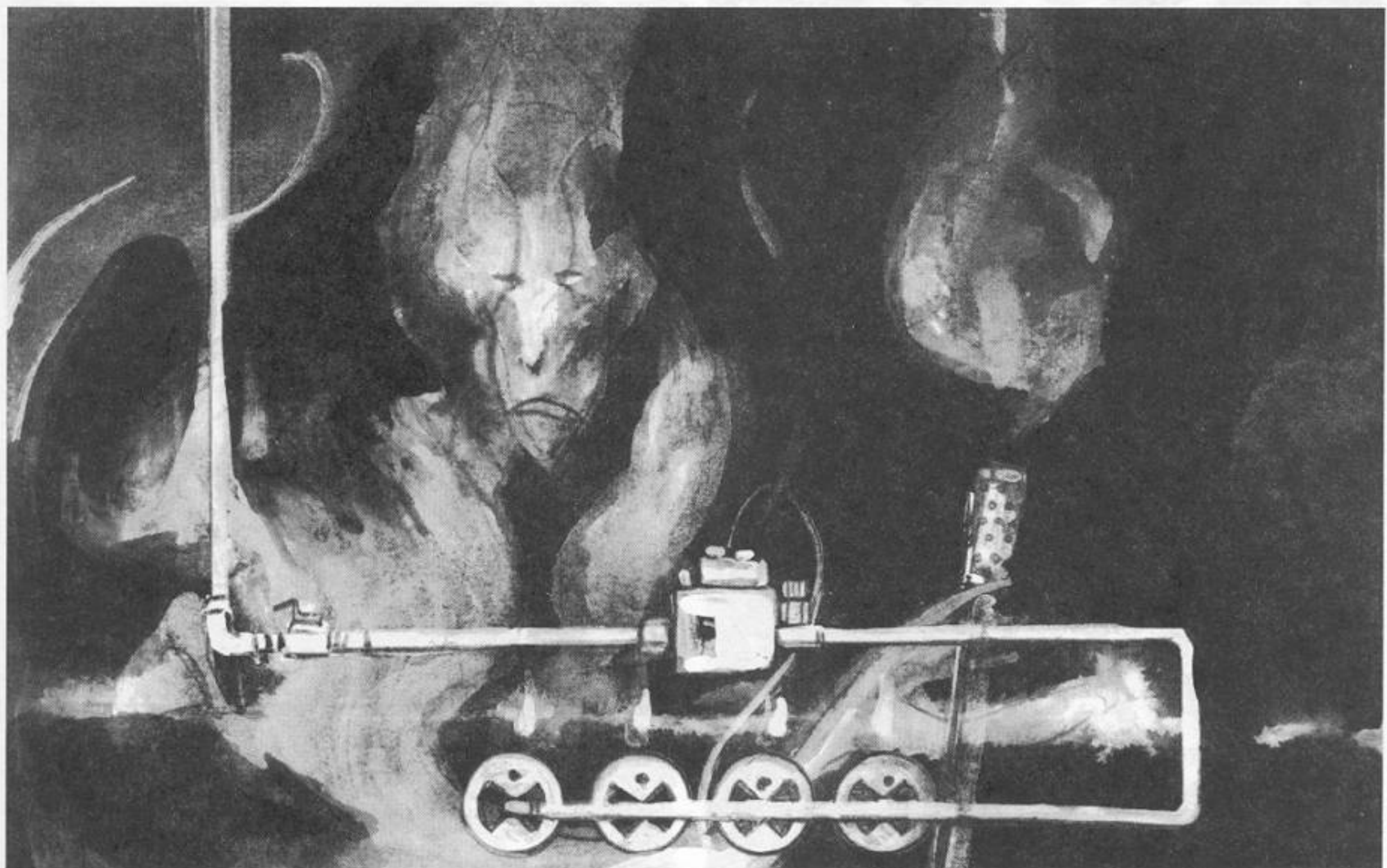
The homeland of the ondines is a vast ocean that extends over every horizon. It is 20 miles deep, and within it is a vast city of coral buildings and highways. Anyone who travels to this reality had better have the ability to breath under water. Many of the pirate captains in the Fiefs of Bright Paradise know how to navigate this trackless sea through the Dreaming as a shortcut, for this ocean has links to every body of water on Earth and in the Dreaming.

Politically, the Empire of the Waters has no enemies. The ondines remain on friendly terms with all the other Inanimae and although they generally claim to have forgiven the solimonds, they do tend to turn frosty when one is around. Many people think that this could also be because fire and water have never been terribly complementary.

Empire of the Stones

The Empire of Stones is a strict hierarchical society. Each glome knows his place within the greater whole. However, the empire is also a meritocracy, and advancement is swift to those who can advance the causes of all glome-kind. The current marshall of the glome forces is R'kash, a gladeling living within a mountain in the Pyrenees. His general staff is made up entirely of Krofted glomes who have been promoted to their rank because of their familiar-





ity with the modern world. Recently, the general staff has been campaigning for a softer line on solimond persecution, but the marshall will listen to none of it.

The glome homeland is a huge citadel, grown from a living mountain. Three times it has been under siege, and each time, the invaders were repelled and crushed. Within the heart of this citadel is one of the few sources of chimerical iron. Supplicants who wish to get some must prove their worth in a harrowing gauntlet.

Politically, the glomes remain the most polarized. They insist that the solimonds must be scoured from the Dreaming, and will not release the hold on the solimond homeland. The ondines lead the forces asking the glomes to forget the old hatreds, but with little success.

Empire of Skies

The parosemes have a government that can best be described as anarchy meeting tribalism. Once a year, this empire has the 13 oldest active members join and debate measures that affect all parosemes. They then make long ornate proclamations that are summarily ignored by all their members.

The current council is made of six gladelings and six Krofted. The leader is still Mach who lives at the top of one of

Count Aldred on the Empires

The matter of the Inanimae empires is quite strange. I have had them refer to their empires as what sounds like a place, and at other time, an empire seems to represent a population. An acquaintance of mine claims to have visited a vast forest land thought to be the home of the kubera plant-folk. On the other side, I have heard of no less than three fire-emperors.

Whatever the political make-up of the Inanimae realms, there seems to be some massive strife between the stolid golems and the hunted fire-folk. The tight-lipped Inanimae have so far not yielded any details on the root of this conflict, but it must stem from the Making War.



The Riddle of Trees

Since you have approached us with respect, we shall tell you why the cutting and the burning do not concern the Wood. It is not enough to say that the oak springs from the acorn, or that the rosebush grows from seed. The oak and the acorn are one, and the oak lives on in the acorn even after the oak has been cut.

As long as there is seed, we are stronger than death. If your Husk flowers and fruits and goes to seed, then you will be reborn as you were when the seed sprouts, even though your Husk has been cut and burned and shaped in the meantime.

We know death, but we know that even death is but a seasonal sleep, a pause in the dance of bodies.

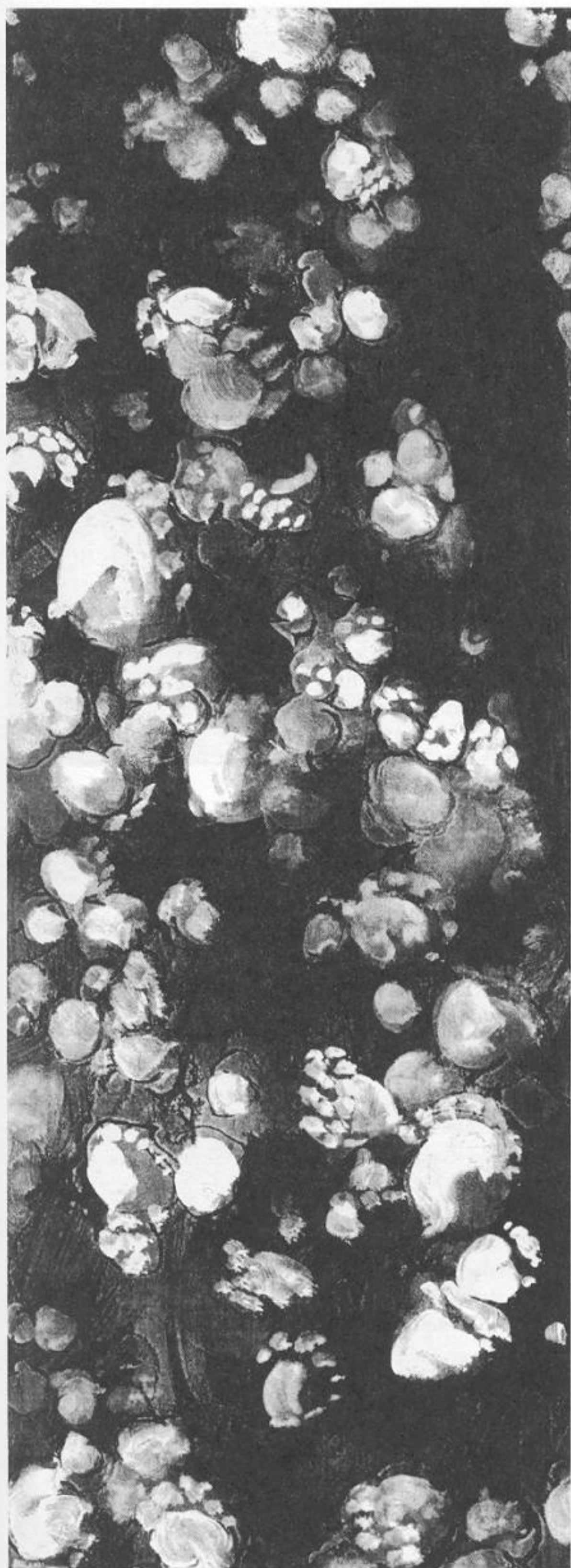
the highest mountains. Mach is the only known paroseme who can issue a command to his empire, and have others obey out of sheer respect.

The homeland of the parosemes is located within the Deep Dreaming, and resembles an entire country made of clouds and glass. Ghostly animals graze on cloud-like grass, and wispy folk wind their way around the delicate countryside on foot or on the wing. At the center of this realm is a huge tower made from a cumulus cloud in the shape of a unicorn's horn, as solid as marble. At the top of this tower is the council chamber where the High Council meets.

The Empire of Skies currently trades with the Empire of Tears, trading rain for evaporation. The Empire of Stones is currently considered too boring to have anything but the most cursory of diplomatic relations. There are no plans to join in the blockade of the Empire of Flames, but the gladeling councilors are constantly agitating for a move in that direction. As to the Empire of Dolls, no one says anything.

Empire of Flames

The Empire of Flames is not what it once was. The Making War shattered the solimonds and spread them in a diaspora, making them unwelcome fugitives wherever they went. As a political entity, the empire was once a complex imperial monarchy with tiers of nobility and pageantry and ceremonies to rival those of any sidhe court. Since the war, several groups claim to be the true court-in-exile. The Homeland itself is ruled by a puppet emperor, a fat Krofted fae named Kksh, whose Anchor is a gas fireplace in central Manhattan. Kksh is supported by the glomes, and claims he is the rightful emperor.



Once a bronze vista of palatial estates and a horizon of flame lighting the sky, the solimond homeland is now a shattered ruin. An eon of siege and occupation has taken its toll, reducing the towns and cities to wrecks. The sole exception is the capital. Virtually deserted save for those who follow Kksh, and the glome soldiers who patrol the streets.

The only other empire with diplomatic relations to the Empire of Flames, quixotically enough, are the glomes. They only recognize the rule of Kksh. Any other claimant is ignored at best, attacked at worst. Many solimonds only hold the Empire of Flames within their hearts, refusing to return to their homeland until it is under their control again.

Empire of Seeds

The kuberas' empire is a sylvan grouping that shares its lives and goods. The kubera have a monarch who is proclaimed every 10 years by a sacred rite that no one has ever seen. This monarch has a privy council that helps her make her decisions. The current monarch is Her Royal Majesty Queen Driyanna. She is halfway into her 10-year rule and is a gladeling. She is trying to bring the two courts together, and is having mixed success.

The kubera homeland is a vast forest in the center of the homeland realms. Within the center of this forest is a city grown entirely from trees. Many tree-homes are still choked with ivy, but as the kuberas awaken, the city becomes more and more lively.

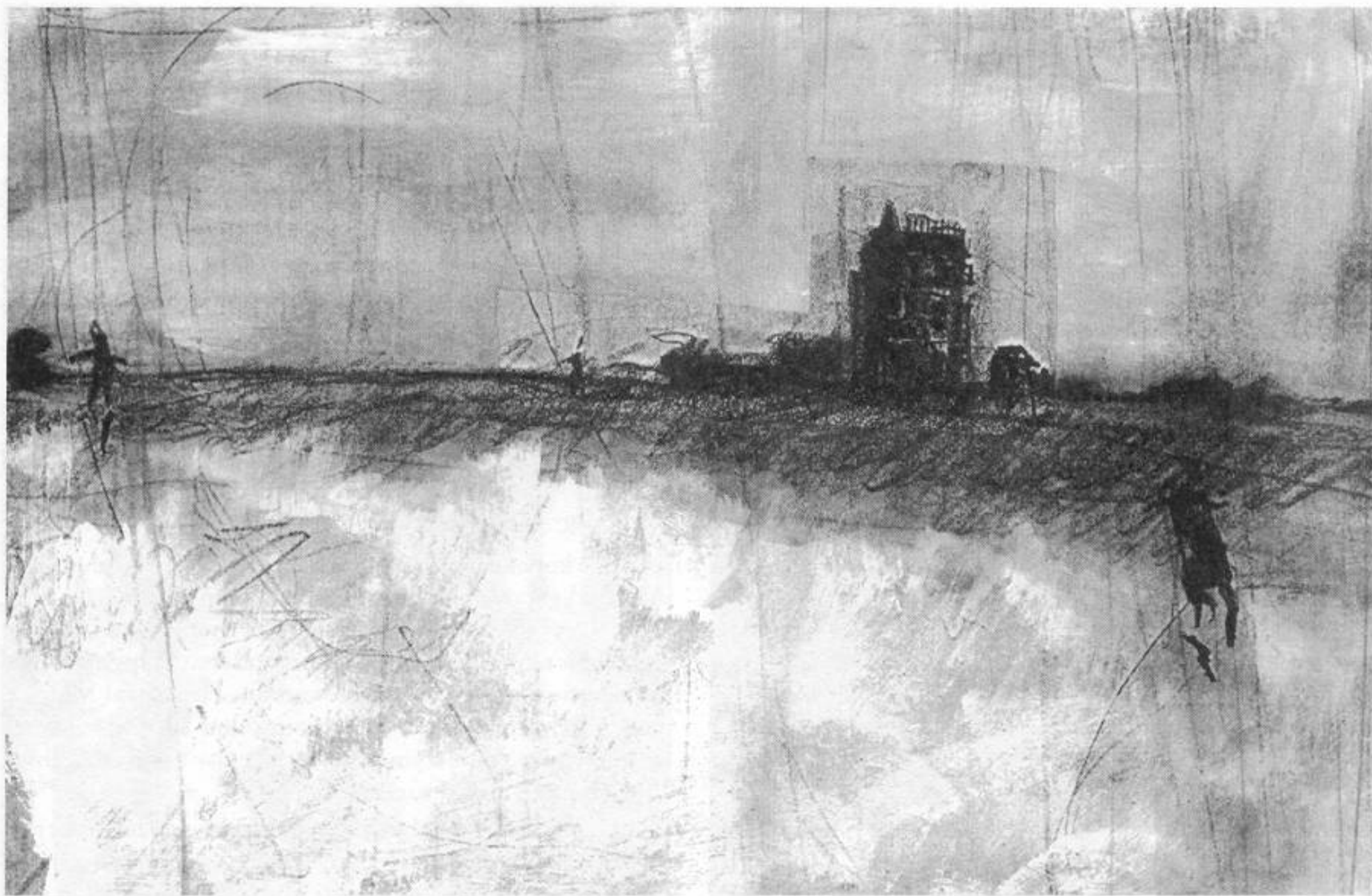
Politically, the kuberas support the glomes, but they are not entirely comfortable with the treatment of the solimond homeland. Being the most transformed by the Making War has left the Empire of Seeds not terribly sympathetic to the cause of solimond re-integration.

The Empire of Dolls

The mannikins claim to have no empire and no homeland. They gather occasionally in quiet pockets of the Dreaming, to keep their own counsel, and will appear occasionally to give advice within the courts and chambers of the other empires. When speaking for the mannikins as a whole, the emissary wears a black robe. Even the marshall of the glomes listens when a black-robe brings tidings.

Deep within the Dreaming it is rumored a small Victorian townhouse sits upon a field of Kentucky bluegrass. The well-appointed interior is the site of the mannikin council. This is but a rumor, and the mannikins have never invited anyone to their meeting place. There are other darker rumors about where these elusive Inanimae come from, but nothing has yet been proven.

Politically, the mannikins seem to serve as catalysts for change. When a black-robe appears, shifts in policy follow. Many Inanimae wonder what the secret of the black-clad fae are, but the leaders of the other empires will not reveal



what is said. Once in a long while, a black-robe will address an entire empire, and without fail, war is soon to come. The solimonds have not had an official black-robe visit since the fall of their homeland. Some claim that when the nation is reunited, the mannikins will send their emissaries again, others claim that the mannikins will only send an emissary to the true king. Either way, the mannikins, who should be the most sympathetic to the solimonds, have remained mute.

The Codex Primeval

The Codex are the fundamental laws of all Inanimae. These were agreed upon before the Bonding, and have remained in force ever since. Each precept of the Codex has evolved, and gladelings interpret certain tenets differently than Krofted ones. Also, different empires have their own interpretations. Bound within these laws was the Glamour that bound the fae spirits to their new forms, and as such, if the Dreaming determines that the Codex is being violated, it may retaliate, as it would with any oathbreaker.

- *The Anchor is life. Never destroy an Anchor, or allow an Anchor to come to harm through inaction.*

This is the ultimate law of the Inanimae. No matter what war or conflict arises, an Inanimae may never do harm to another Anchor. To do so is the equivalent of becoming

Dauntain. Even in their greatest fury, the glomes could not bring themselves to destroy solimond Anchors. However, they often would stop Husk-riding fae from returning to their Anchors, forcing them into the Dreaming or into Slumber, making them easier to deal with.

Those who break this precept, find their Anchor withering away, dissolving. Soon they will be Undone. If they manage to stop this decay, they will be marked forever, shunned by the lowest of the low.

- *Leave the Land of Unfulfilled Dreams to those who live within it. You are eternal.*

This precept is interpreted differently by gladeling and Krofted Inanimae. Sessile fae often feel that this means that they should not interfere with the lives of Mortals or Kithain, and point to every broken promise or doomed love affair as proof. Krofted Inanimae interpret this to mean that they may act within the world, so long as they allow those who live within it to make their own choices. It seems the Dreaming agrees with this second interpretation.

However, should this precept be flagrantly violated, such as if an Inanimae were to kidnap a high king, the consequences may be profound.

- *Do no harm, unless you are harmed. Let justice be your goal, never vengeance.*

As always, this is the precept that has the widest interpretation. Differing ideas of justice, harm and vengeance make this

the precept that is the most contentious between the various empires. What the glomes see as justice, the solimonds and ondines claim as vengeance, and what offends the paroseme can be remarkably random. This precept was meant to keep the peace, but has made inter-empire squabbling seem more like Mafia infighting than reasoned conflict.

If an Inanimae crosses a line between justice and vengeance, she is removed from the protection of this precept. Often however, the line is defined by the aggressor, and so many actions that would be called excessive are tolerated by the Dreaming.

- *To your empire you are subject; honor and serve it to the best of your ability.*

This precept is open to individual interpretation. Most glomes see this as strict duty to the military-style hierarchy, whereas the kuberas and ondines tend to interpret this as trying to live in accordance with the philosophical axioms of their empires.

So long as an Inanimae is not openly treacherous to its brethren, this precept is intact.

Inanimae life

There are myriad facets of Inanimae life that outsiders only may get glimpses of. There are wheels within wheels, each empire has a culture of its own with its own rituals and holidays and dialects. However, there are certain important dates and times of the year that are important to all Inanimae.

Lingua Inanimica

The Inanimae often seem to be making nonsensical sounds, parosemes sound like the blowing wind, a glome makes a noise like stones grinding together. The reality of this is that the Inanimae can speak with each other by speaking the language of their empire. There is a common language, called low Inanimica, that all Inanimae speak, which is impossible to learn if one is not Inanimae. There is also another dialect in each empire, based upon its element that only its inhabitants can understand. Again, the mannins can only speak low Inanimica, but apparently they can understand all the other forms.

Festival Days

Equinoxes and Solstices

Each Equinox and Solstice is a holiday. Each empire holds a celebration in honor of the date it is affiliated with. It is at these four times a year that the leaders of the four intact empires meet. The solimond puppet is also there, but is generally ignored.

The Autumn Equinox belongs jointly to the parosemes and ondines. All are invited to the underwater palaces of the ondines, their oxygen supplied by their paroseme co-hosts. They celebrate with long feasting, and great gifts are given at this time.

The Winter Solstice is hosted by the glomes, and is the greatest tourney held within the Dreaming. The festival is





similar to a martial-skills Olympics, and the winners of these competitions are showered with praise, and if glome, rapid promotion.

The Spring Equinox is the kubera faire. Inanimae craftspeople, musicians and others come to celebrate the renewal of life and the end of winter. It is at this time that the leaders of the empires will make any joint proclamations necessary.

The Summer Solstice was once a beautiful masque of stately beauty and grace, as well as a four-day university as the solimonds gathered to share their knowledge. Now it a drunken bacchanal, as the puppet emperor holds court with fire-wine dribbling down his face onto his tunic. The only solimonds who attend are fawning quislings trying to gain favor. Seeing this state of affairs keeps many Inanimae from attending the Concordia of Fire.

The mannikins claim to have no yearly ritual, but often there are rumors of time stolen on New Year's Eve, between 11:59 and midnight. Within that minute, it is whispered that the mannikins all awaken and have one day to live as mortals. When they return to their Anchors, the time rewinds to midnight again, and the year goes forth. If this is true it would explain a great deal about why the Hidden Empire has information that no other empire seems to have.

Remembrance Day

This is celebrated by the solimonds who are still in exile. This somber day of remembering their homeland is marked by gloomy progressions, flickering flames in the night, and the singing of dirges. The glomes have outlawed the ceremony within the homeland of the solimonds.

The Moot

This is when the kubera gather in a huge glade on highsummer located somewhere in the vast forests of Russia. At this gathering, the kubera are permitted to petition their monarch. If the 10-year reign is over, the monarch is sent into Somnolence and a new one is chosen. An invitation to this gathering is highly prized, and those who don't have one can never seem to locate the event. Last year, High King David was invited, by personal request of Queen Driyanna. His Majesty declined with apologies. The result of this snub has yet to be felt.

Secret Societies

Within each of the empires there are groups that have formed, as with any society. These are the most well known of the groups within the empires. There are other groups rumored to live in shadow, but so far have not come forth to identify themselves.

The Solimond Liberation Front, Solimond Libre, etc...

These groups range from ragtag mobs to organized cells. Each has one goal, to retake the solimond homeland, and re-establish the Empire of Flames. Some of these groups tend to act as terrorists, striking at Husks, and sending indirect attacks at Anchors. Others simply try to be diplomatic and explain the motivations behind the Making War. Until these groups find a way to unite despite their difference, solimond liberation is a distant goal.

Gaia's Fist

This is a group of gladelings that claim that they will never accept the Krofted. They all take their hatred of the Krofted to such extremes, that truly deranged members have been known to try to destroy Krofted Anchors. This group works within the Imperial courts and within the homelands to drive the Krofted out. They are a only a vocal minority, and many Sessile who secretly may agree with their views publicly deny supporting them.

The Brotherhood of the Hand

This is a group of Inanimae, Krofted and gladelings alike, that is trying to close the gap between the two courts. It stands united as an example of what the two courts can do together. This group has a very small contingent of glomes, but happily this number is slowly growing, despite orders against joining. This group welcomes solimonds into its ranks, and often this is the only place where the firefolk can find the company of other Inanimae. This group maintains and gathers political power with the aim of furthering its goal.

The Empire of the Machine

This group is spoken of as a story that older Inanimae tell to their fosterlings to scare them. Supposedly, it is a gathering of insane fae that, once Krofted, found themselves obsessed with the artifacts of man. They seek out the most complex machines and electronics and attempt to Anchor within them. Once attached, they seek to abduct newly awakened Inanimae and force them, with electric rituals, to join their unholy ranks.

The Concordiat

This small knot of scholars is all that is left of the great solimond universities. Gathering once every six months, Inanimae from each empire meet to discuss and share knowledge. The Concordia records have one of the most extensive amounts of fae lore in existence. The Glass Circle often will consult the nobles of Concordia about certain matters. The professor of advanced trod travel (esq.) has recently claimed to have found a route back to Arcadia, but soon after the announcement, he vanished. Curiously, his Anchor seems to have gone with him. The position is currently vacant.

Relations with Others

Kithain

The Inanimae have only limited relations with the Kithain... because of their nature, the Sessile are naturally mistrustful of all creatures of meat, even those who have faerie souls. The Inanimae are also far more rare than their

Kithain cousins. The combination of limited contact and the fact that few of them exist causes some Kithain to believe that the Inanimae do not even exist. In fact, many Kithain believe that the Inanimae did not survive the Shattering or if they did, they all retreated to Arcadia.

Recently, the Inanimae have started to become more involved in the courts of Kithain. Many of the Sessile have come to discover the value of cultivating these fae as allies. Among the Sessile, the Krofted are the most likely to be found in the company of the Kithain. In many cases, a Krofted Inanimae (and even a gladelings skilled at Husk-making) may not even reveal his true nature of his Kithain friends. This accounts for the fact that many Kithain claim to have never seen an Inanimae when, in fact, they may be close friends with one.

Still others maintain that the Inanimae should remain separate from all meat. That they can never hope to comprehend the ways of the Slow Empires and that relations with them can only end in disaster.

Other Supernaturals

The Inanimae avoid other supernaturals whenever possible. Most Sessile believe that nothing good can come from such relations and in most cases, association with "the others" usually ends in catastrophe. They are especially fearful of those who seek to despoil their Anchors and even drain their Anchors of Glamour.

There have been rare occurrences of an Inanimae befriending a particularly Earth-friendly mage (such as a Verbenae) or even one of the shapeshifters. This is extremely rare, however, and it may take many months or even years before an Inanimae (even one known to the mage or werewolf) can be coaxed into showing itself.

Mortals

Because they are creatures of spirit rather than meat, the Inanimae do not have the same level of interaction with mortals as do the Kithain. In most cases, the Inanimae avoid mortals — fearing them as the destructors of nature. Yet this is not always the case. Recently, there have been more and more cases of Inanimae revealing themselves to humankind. They have found that, like in ages past, fostering a relationship with some mortals can create a safety-net for their Anchors. Some mortals, when they realize that there *really* is a spirit living in the forest, become dedicated followers and protectors for the Inanimae. The recent resurgence of the nature worship and New Age philosophies has aided the Inanimae much in their cause, or perhaps it is because of the reawakening of the Sessile that these beliefs are once more on the rise....



CHAPTER THREE: TAXONOMY OF SECRETS

Inanimae Jeu

Inanimae refer to their Jeu with the same terms that the Kithain refer to their seemings. However, the terms refer to how long they have been active rather than their apparent age.

Childling

Childling Inanimae are those who have just re-awakened, and have only recently left the tutelage of their mentor. They are often awkward within the mortal and Kithain worlds because they are not fully acclimated. Inanimae are generally considered childlings until they've been around for at least four or five years. Many childling Inanimae are Krofted and the number of gladelings continues to dwindle every day.

Beginning Glamour: 3

Beginning Banality: 5

Beginning Willpower: 2

Number of Starting Slivers: 3

Wilders

Inanimae Wilders have been active for several years and understand the ropes of the mortal and Kithain worlds, if not fully comfortable within them. In this Jeu, the Inanimae is yet to be wholly weighted down by Banality. This is the largest group of active Inanimae, which consists of the largest group that has re-awakened since the Shattering. This group is having to deal with the largest shift in its demographic, as the empires realize that thousands of gladelings have become Krofted.

Beginning Glamour: 6

Beginning Banality: 4

Beginning Willpower: 3

Number of Starting Slivers: 3

Grumps

Inanimae are only considered Grumps if they've managed to avoid Slumber for many years. This category includes the very few powerful Sessile who have survived through the Interregnum. It contains those who have been active since the first wave after the Resurgence. These older and more experienced Sessile run the workings of the empires, and tend to be the official emissaries to Kithain courts.

Beginning Glamour: 6

Beginning Banality: 6

Beginning Willpower: 5

Number of Starting Slivers: 4

Phyla

The inanimate world is populated with solitary, unique creatures that defy attempts to classify them into neat categories or kith. The dreams of rocks and dolls are strange and fugitive. They confound the logic of meat people. The Inanimae that embody those dreams are likewise difficult to fit into rigid classification systems.

Once, this was less much true than it is now, but the near extinction of many of the formerly prominent inanimate races has left many painful gaps in the world. Whole phyla have vanished forever from the world, having been either driven back into the Dreaming, or having simply died out.

All that remains of the once-great empires of the inanimate is a handful of phyla. Scholars point to these inanimate phyla as the "fittest," the best suited of all the faerie spirits in adapting to the terrifying modern World of Darkness. In fact, fitness has had little to do with these races' survival. Several other phyla still exist, but their numbers are smaller even than those mentioned here. Like so many faerie things, it has been more a matter of luck, poetry and historical accident.

GLOMES

(GLOAMS)

heavy people

Within the somber Empire of Stones, the glomes are those who forged the strongest of the early alliances with human folk. The strength of these pacts and embassies served the glomes well, for enough numbers still survive in this age of banal darkness to be counted as a phylum. As the world grows colder, the heavy people grow increasingly sluggish — all the heavy peoples have become sleepy with the centuries, but this is seen in few places so poignantly as the older glomes.

In ancient times, members of this phylum served as emissaries and diplomats between the true nobility of the Great Stone Empire and other types of spirits, including humanity. The glomes' comparatively tiny size (few grew larger than 11 feet tall, even before the Shattering) and energetic temperaments made them natural go-betweens for the more glacially minded dynasties. Also, in the first days of the world, it was common for glomes to travel along the trods in their stone ships and other fantastic vehicles as they carried messages from mountain to mountain.

Now that most of the great mountains have fallen asleep — perhaps for the last time — the little glomes are left to fill the centuries as best they can. As they are a deeply contemplative race, most glomes are content to spend the empty decades exercising their memory and exploring the shadowy epochs of Stone that lie behind the present. Slumber is also a powerful attraction for such slow creatures. The Glass Circle estimates that in an average century, a typical glome spends 80 years in Slumber, 18 years remembering, and two years interacting with one another and with less heavy folk. Even when active and social, many glomes feel occasional, profound pangs of shyness that borders on reclusiveness. They retreat to their Anchors, sometimes for weeks on end.

Few things are dearer to the glome spirit than tradition. Of all the major Inanimae races that remain in the Earth, only the glomes can be bothered to make any sort of systematic study of the history and lore of the meat world. This is not out of any drive to understand the meat or to answer the Heart Riddle — about which most



glomes could not care less — but arises simply out of the fact that tradition is comforting to such slow creatures.

And slow they are. Glomes are deliberate about everything they do. They do not make friends quickly, much less fall in (or out) of love. Even when they do, it is the result of a minimum of several months of carefully reasoned consideration. Once they have made a decision, it is equally difficult for them to go back on it — as the saying goes, “a rock never changes its mind.” Many currently extant glomes are still fiercely loyal to the memory of dear companions who departed the Earth during the Shattering and never returned.

This deep reluctance to do anything without thinking it through first does not mean that the heavy people are emotionless or completely rational beings. When a glome loves, it loves not only for the long term, but to the point of self-destruction. Many stories tell of glomes who fell so deeply in love that they suffered mutilation and even Undoing to aid the beloved.

When a glome hates, it is with a pure and implacable hatred that makes the ordinarily placid glomes famous for being among the most frightening enemies imaginable in all the inanimate world. A glome that has been driven to the point of anger becomes a force of unyielding fury that will not stop attacking with every method at its disposal until his opponent is crushed beneath him.

Appearance: The subtleties of building a human Husk are often lost on the taciturn, introspective glomes, who consider themselves hospitable when they bother to put on even the semblance of a humanoid form. Glomes are uniformly massive, with Husks ranging from a lower limit of about six feet to a practical limit something over seven feet. Bigger glomes are possible, but they find it increasingly difficult to move about normally as their size increases, as well as becoming more susceptible to the need for Slumber. These Husks tend to have facial features and other fine details that are more or less roughly carved into the living stone, although extraordinarily social, glomes are known to form exquisite faces that appear nearly as delicate as meat itself. In Husk form, their eyes are like those of statues, unblinking and often pupil-less. While there is no natural “hair,” individuals who wish to appear more human often mold an equivalent texture onto their heads or else make use of wigs. Build is always stocky, with wide shoulders and heavy joints.

Lifestyle: The natural density of glomish Husks requires them to Slumber for greater periods than most other phyla in phylum to conserve Glamour. When awake, glomes cultivate relationships with members of the other courts and even with the meat, sometimes paying humans with gems in exchange for serving as messengers and companions — reading, playing board games, and so on. Their preferred activities include designing and constructing architectural monuments and additions to existing urban tunnel systems, collecting lore (which they then painstakingly inscribe in their handmade books with stone pages) and continuing their seemingly interminable correspondence with one another. All glomes love to hear gossip about what their stony fellows are up to in various parts of the world, and any creature who can provide them with this information stands a good chance of being treated as a friend.

Outlook

Kuberas — Their obsession with material wealth and physical pleasure will be their undoing.

Ondines — A kindly people.

Parosemes — Flighty and irresponsible. They cannot be relied upon for anything.

Solimonds — Though they claim to be our allies they are dangerous and fickle. Do not trust them.

Mannikins — Their ways are mostly unknown to us. In many ways, they are more alien than the meat Kithain, for they are neither of meat or Inanimae... they are something in between.

Kithain — We have more in common with the trolls of the Kithain than we do with many of the Inanimae. Perhaps we should seek an alliance with their kind.

- **Childlings** are extremely cautious about the new world in which they have awoken. They spend much of their time carefully analyzing their new surroundings. They often have a very difficult time maintaining a Husk for extended periods of time.

- **Wilders** find it far easier to keep to the human configuration, and are the blocky-shouldered, thick-jawed stony figures familiar to most Inanimae. Increasing numbers of glome wilders have been seduced by the Kroft into inhabiting statues carved by human artists — these Husks are prized among glomes for their smooth likenesses to the meat, a quality that only the finest Sessile Huskcrafters can duplicate. These Kroft wilders, known as “golems,” are still a distinct minority within glome society, as many more serious heavy ones consider the practice to be detrimental to intelligence.

- **Grumps** spend much of their time searching out childling glomes (and other childling Inanimae) to make certain that they are properly cared for. Generally wise in the ways of the modern world, grumps are also the most likely to have contact with fae other than the Inanimae.

Affinity: Petros

Birthrights

- **Strength of the Stone** — All glomes gain an additional two Health Levels (add two levels of Bruised) and two dots of Strength at character creation, even if this raises the Trait above 5. This Birthright functions at all times, even in the presence of mortals.

- **Immunity** — Glomes are immune to the effects of all poisons and diseases.

Frailty

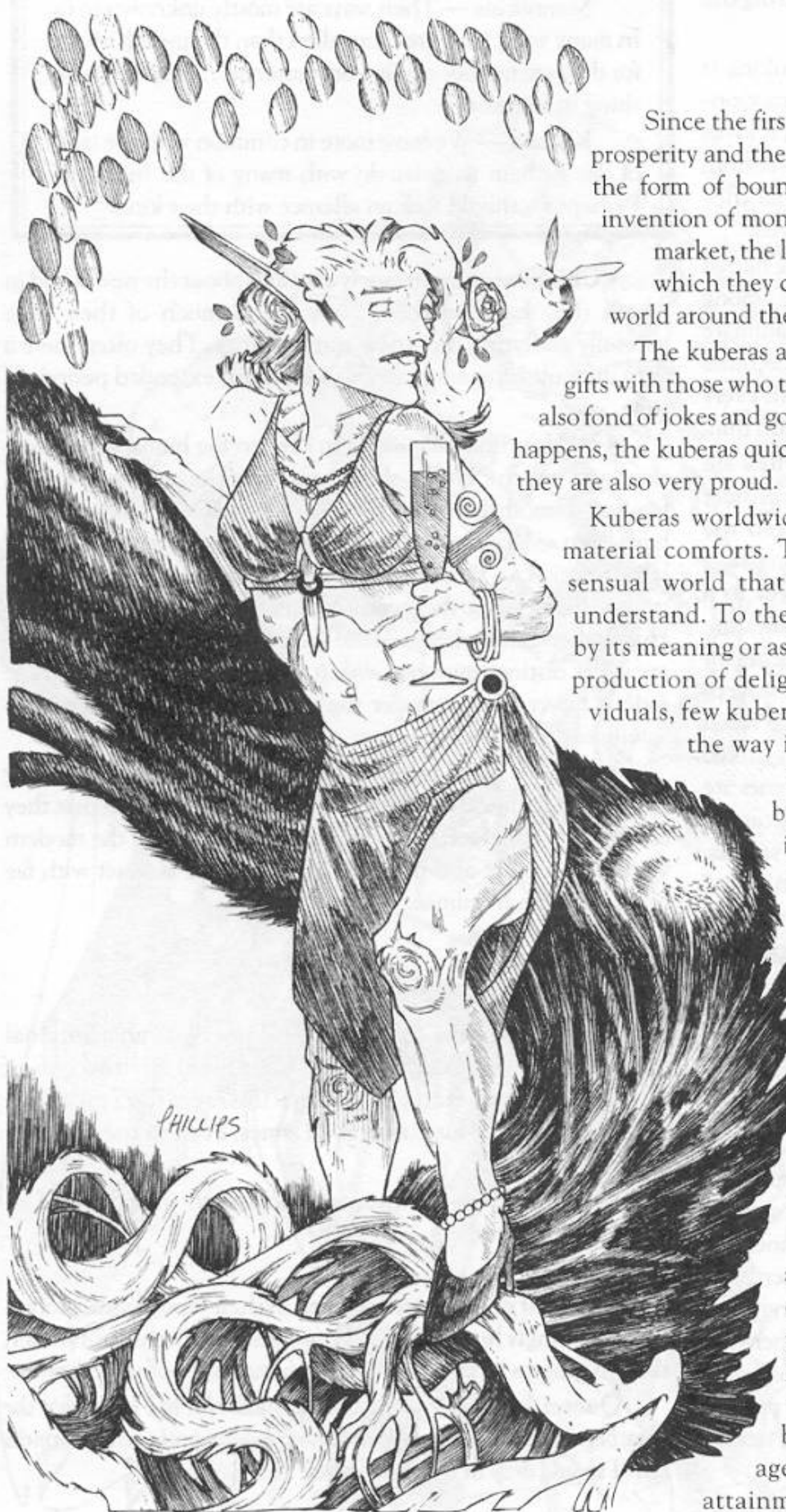
- **Weight of the Stone** — Even in their Husk forms, glomes are exceedingly heavy. The exact weight is up to the Storyteller, though glomes in excess of 1,000 pounds are not uncommon.

Quote: *I apologize for leaving so suddenly, but I fear that the meat began renovations on the site of my building project some months ago. I should drop in to double-check their work.*

KUBERAS

(KOO-beh-rahs)

dryads, nymphs



Since the first days of the world, kuberan have been concerned with prosperity and the increase of material wealth, whether this wealth took the form of bountiful harvests or rich gemstone deposits. Since the invention of money, they have also turned their attentions to the stock market, the lottery, gambling rackets, and game shows as avenues by which they can multiply not only their own riches but those of the world around them.

The kuberan are a merry, gregarious people who enjoy sharing their gifts with those who they consider to be "deserving" at the moment. They are also fond of jokes and gossip as long as none of the jokes are on them. When this happens, the kuberan quickly lose their sense of humor. They may be merry, but they are also very proud.

Kuberan worldwide are famous for their pursuit and abundance of material comforts. They possess a natural and uninhibited love for the sensual world that few of the Inanimae can keep up with or even understand. To the kuberan, the value of something is not determined by its meaning or assigned worth, but by how readily it lends itself to the production of delight. With the exception of rare, open-minded individuals, few kuberan acknowledge that the world can mean more than the way it feels on their Husk's lips, ears, loins, or belly.

For this reason, they are often considered shallow by other Inanimae, who see the kuberan as squandering their Glamorous selves on a meaningless chain of romantic conquests, expensive furnishings, and exquisite meals that they can't actually taste. Still, something about the lifestyle of the kuberan gives them a knack for making Glamour through spending Glamour, and so their services as brokers, go-betweens, moneychangers, and Glamour-merchants are always in great demand.

As members of the Empire of Seeds, kuberan are mostly gladelings, but they do not let this interfere with their pleasures. They mingle freely with the meat and are often very haughty.

Appearance: Kuberan can possess any coloring and bone structure, but can be recognized by their ears, which are universally narrow and elongated, particularly about the lobes. While kuberan can be of any build (especially in youth), most tend toward a graceful, quite erotic plumpness, most notably around the belly. This potbelly increases with age, and is prized among the kuberan as a mark of attainment — it is actually a sign that the swelling Husk is re-asserting its vegetable nature, becoming a tree. All kuberan

love personal adornment and will tend to have elaborate high-fashion hairstyles, heavy or bright jewelry, and expensive clothes. Most are also experts in cosmetics and their use.

Lifestyle: Kuberas spend more time among mortals and the Kithain than any other Inanimae. They revel in all forms of sensual delights and often go so far as to find employment in the mortal world in industries that cater to their desires. It is not uncommon to find kuberas working in various facets of the adult entertainment industry.

- **Childlings** can be a bit ponderous in their natural form, but they still love dancing and social gatherings. They are full of life and excitement over their newly discovered world. These spirits spend a great deal of their time mingling with the meat, promoting sensual arts like winemaking and grand cuisine and, in general, living the Glamorous life.

- **Wilders** are gregarious, supremely confident plant-people, full of wisecracks and scams. They crave expensive food and fashionable clothes and will fund these appetites through any number of entrepreneurial or criminal schemes. They love dancing and acrobatics.

- **Grumps** are the glue that holds extended kubera forests together. They are almost entirely rooted and, hence, occupy themselves with staying in close proximity to their trees where they can meddle from afar in the affairs of others. Many simply spend the seasons counting and recounting their assets.

Affinity: Verdage

Birthrights

- **Fertile Minds** — Kuberas are able to increase the fertility or productivity of any enterprise, whether childbearing, farming or stock market dividends, as long as they themselves are not the primary beneficiary of this enterprise. The extent of this power, which can turn even a minimal starting stake into a comfortable fortune, or turn a marginal plot of land into a lush garden, lead other fae to believe that the green spirit of money itself is a child of the kuberas. Everything they touch turns to gold, sometimes literally: seeds, lottery tickets, bank accounts, raw food, soil, or generative organs.

The exact effects of this Birthright are in the hands of the Storyteller and he can feel free to exact a Glamour cost for certain effects.

- **The Glow** — Because kuberas have devoted so much of their lives to getting what they want without inhibition, they

Outlook

Glomes — They are slow and ponderous. They do not understand the joy and excitement to be found in the meat world.

Ondines — A cool and sensual people. It is a pity that they are always in pain while in this world.

Parosemes — They understand the joy of freedom... perhaps more than any of us.

Solimonds — Dangerous beasts. They are our most dire enemies.

Mannikins — Strange creatures. They seem sad — as if they have lost something.

Kithain — They always welcome our company and we enjoy their company as well. The satyrs, especially, seem akin to us.

tend to possess a warm aura of indulgence satisfied, something like the pampered look of contentment shared by movie stars, exotic supermodels and millionaires. On an unconscious level, this aura signifies pleasure and good times to everyone who notices the kubera, rendering the onlooker open to seduction. Unfortunately, the Glow also makes it difficult for kuberas to drop out of the spotlight, as crowds wonder if they've seen the mysterious stranger somewhere before.

The kubera gains + 2 dice on all rolls involving any kind of social activity.

Frailty

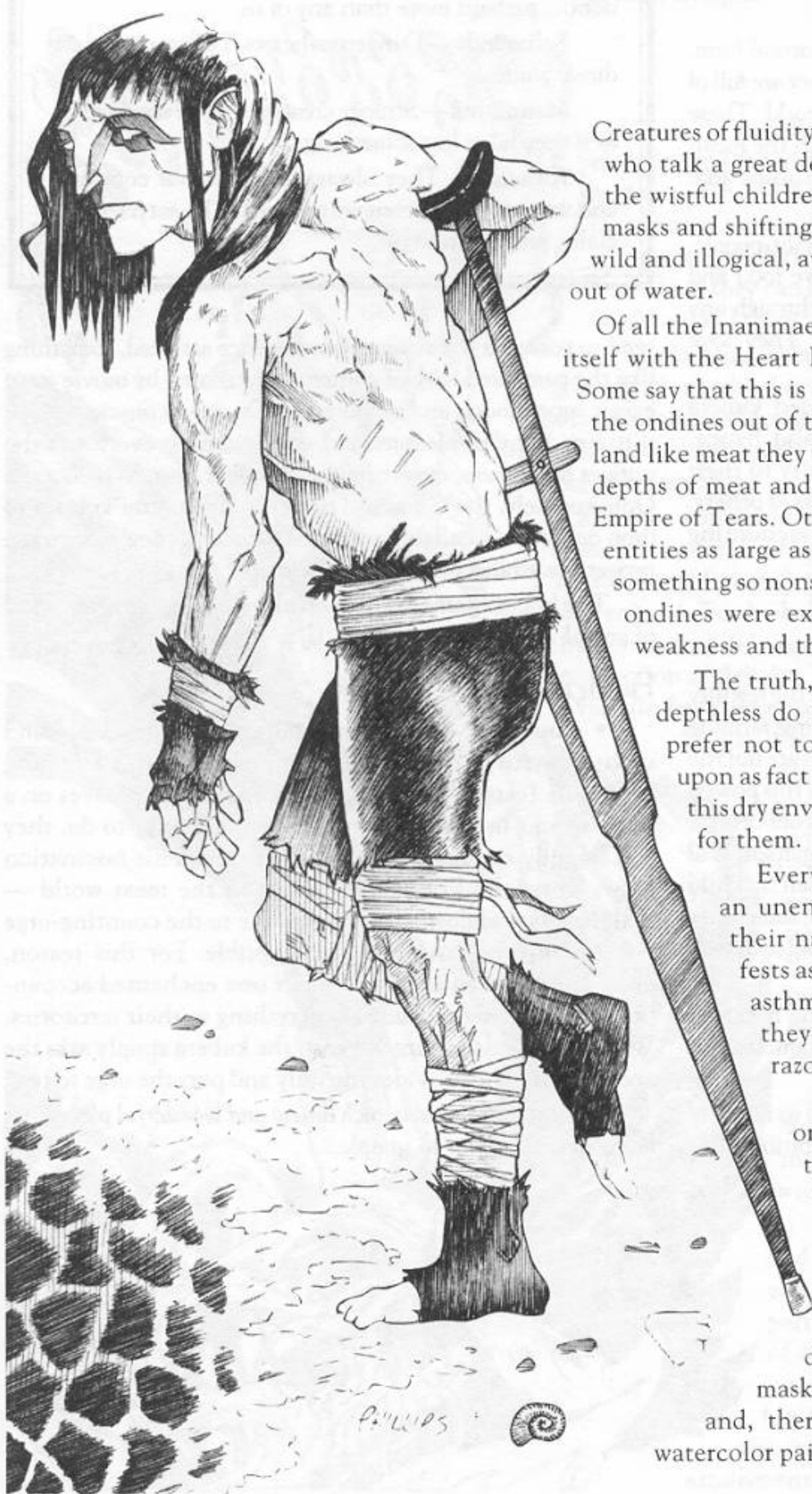
- **Counting** — Numbers and counting fascinate and slightly mystify kuberas. When presented with something countable (cars in a parking lot, beans in a jar, leaves on a tree, squares in a sidewalk) and nothing better to do, they will happily occupy their time counting. This fascination grows worse the longer a kubera is in the meat world — childlings are almost entirely immune to the counting-urge but grumps are dangerously susceptible. For this reason, older kubera often employ at least one enchanted accountant to keep careful count of everything in their territories. When the counting-urge strikes, the kubera simply asks the accountant, who provides the tally and puts the urge to rest.

Quote: *The world is such a new and wonderful place... so many new pleasures to sample....*

ONDINES

(Ohn-DEENS)

heart collectors, nereids



Creatures of fluidity and fancy, ondines are haunting but shy beings who talk a great deal without telling you who they are. They are the wistful children of mirrors and secrets, crafters of bottomless masks and shifting webs of misdirection, and their beauty is both wild and illogical, awkward but touching in the way of all such fish out of water.

Of all the Inanimae, the ondines' phylum is best suited to concern itself with the Heart Riddles and other matters of the human soul. Some say that this is the reason that the wave kings and queens cast the ondines out of the sea in the first place, so that by walking dry land like meat they would be better placed to understand the secret depths of meat and, perhaps, eventually bring a soul back for the Empire of Tears. Others, more cruel, less poetic or both, doubt that entities as large as the depthless would concern themselves with something so nonsensical as the "soul," and instead argue that the ondines were exiled from the waters as punishment for their weakness and their lying ways.

The truth, needless to say, depends on the listener. The depthless do not speak with land voices and the ondines prefer not to talk about themselves. What can be agreed upon as fact is that the ondines dwell on land now, and that this dry environment is a constant and often painful struggle for them.

Every ondine labors under a handicap of some sort, an unending reminder to them that dry land is not their native country. For most, this generally manifests as a difficulty in walking — a twisted hip, severe asthma, or the inescapable feeling that every step they take on the land is as painful as walking on razors or as precarious as walking on eggshells.

Appearance: When maintaining a Husk, ondines appear almost perfectly human to all but the most keen observers. The only distinguishing marks are the universally sad, haunted eyes and the noticeable difficulty walking. Of course, these traits are not exclusive to the Heart Collectors, who sometimes surround themselves with red herrings in phylum to discourage unwelcome attention. Behind the mask, ondines are made of delicately tinted water, and, therefore, tend to shimmer and blur like damp watercolor paintings. Their coloring can be any combination

imaginable, but they prefer cool tones and pastels. Build tends toward slimness, often taking on a somewhat “under-nourished” look by meat standards.

Lifestyle: These shy creatures spend much of their time in the company of their own kind. Rarely do they seek out others. Yet they have a fascination for the world of flesh that often overcomes their inherent shyness and causes them to venture out into the world.

- **Childlings:** They are the most shy of the ondine and only in the rarest of circumstances do they leave the company of their own kind.

- **Wilders:** At this “age” an ondine’s curiosity begins to overcome his natural shyness. It is often the ondine’s curiosity about the nature of humanity that causes him to venture forth into the world. Such questions (like what is the soul, and is there such a thing as true love) overwhelm the ondine as he seeks answers to the Heart Riddle.

- **Grumps:** Ondines who have reached this age often come to believe that there is no answer to the Heart Riddle. Far too often, those who have come this far choose to retreat once more into their Anchor and can be difficult to rouse.

Affinity: Aquis

BIRTHRIGHTS

- **Watery Form** — Ondines can slip through even the smallest cracks by allowing themselves to become fluid. The ondine is still vulnerable to physical attacks while in this form. Use of this Birthright costs no Glamour; changes, however, last only long enough for the ondine to slip through a crack or other aperture — the ondine cannot remain in this form. This Birthright can never be used in the presence of mortals.

- **Song of the Siren** — Most ondines have incredibly beautiful singing voices and can charm other beings with their singing. Any who are within hearing distance of an ondine’s singing voice may be affected. The ondine must roll Manipulation + Performance (difficulty 7). Each success causes anyone in the audience to become entranced with the ondine for one hour for

Outlook

Glomes — Strong, powerful and slow. They are the wisest of our kind.

Kuberas — Beautiful creatures, yet they are too self-absorbed.

Parosemes — They dance in the skies and among us. If they could learn to stand still for even a moment there is much we could learn from them.

Solimonds — They will destroy us all if given the chance. They live for destruction and nothing else.

Mannikins — They are strange and unknowable. They avoid both our kind and the Kithain.

Kithain — Perhaps we avoid them because we covet their meat bodies. They are constant reminders that we do not belong in this world.

each success earned. Anyone under the effects of the Song can make a resisted Willpower roll to shake off the effects. Those under the effect of the Song become susceptible to suggestions of the ondine. Almost any suggestion will be followed as long as it is not suicidal or directly in conflict with the character’s beliefs.

This Birthright can be used at any time, even in the presence of mortals.

Frailty

- **Wounds** — Ondines were not meant to walk on land and each of them bear a stigma because of this. All ondines have a permanent disability of some type and it is often painful. It may be a painful limp, bad asthma, open wounds that will not heal, massive scar tissue, etc. Anything the player can think is allowable, though they must always be approved by the Storyteller.

Quote: *I missed you. Time seems to be passing by so quickly — is the world growing older or are we simply moving faster? Have you been well?*

PAROSEMES

(Pair-o-SEEDS)

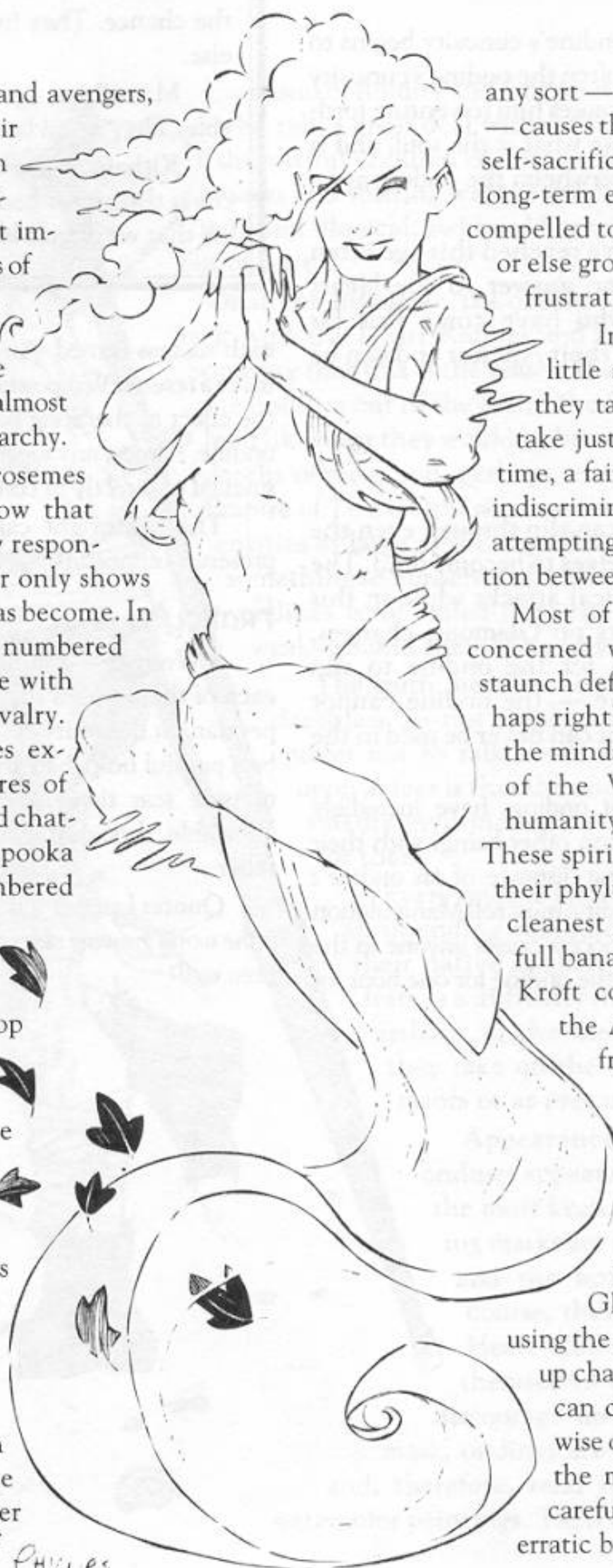
sprites, sylphs, silfar

Noble vagabonds, riddlemasters and avengers, the parosemes wear the truth on their sleeves and change their Husks as often as the wind changes direction. The surviving bands of parosemes are the last important Anchor that keeps the vestiges of the Empire of Skies tied to the Earth. Without their strong example and civilizing activities, the innumerable rogue odors and lying mists of the air would almost immediately dissolve into absolute anarchy.

Those who remember the parosemes from the world's younger days know that because these flighty spirits are now responsible for enforcing phylum in the air only shows just how grim the battle for the sky has become. In a kinder age, the parosemes were numbered among the least concerned of all fae with weighty matters like honor or chivalry. Instead, they concerned themselves exclusively with the frivolous pleasures of argument, intellectual discussion and chatter for its own sake. Along with the pooka and other like-minded fae, they numbered among the best and most prodigious liars ever created, with the ability to bewilder the wise and delight the foolish whenever they stoop to play with heavier beings.

Now that the parosemes have shouldered the burden of re-taming the wild bedlam of the atmosphere, but they still love to talk. However, their unending verbosity is more often spent negotiating with other creatures of the Dreaming in their constant quest to make alliances that will prove strong enough to return the Sky to its formerly harmonious state.

Parosemes wander the breadth of the world, rarely staying in one town or changeling fiefdom for longer than a mortal year. Confinement of



any sort — whether physical or occupational — causes them irritation and torment. Those self-sacrificing parosemes who volunteer for long-term embassies among heavier races are compelled to either take impromptu vacations or else grow gradually brittle and banal with frustration.

In general, the Making War makes little sense to these subtle creatures, so they take it no more seriously than they take just about anything else. At any one time, a fair number of parosemes is switching indiscriminately between the modes or else attempting to maintain a roughly neutral position between the Glade and the Kroft.

Most of those parosemes who are most concerned with the Battle for the Sky are staunch defenders of the Glade, arguing (perhaps rightly) that the madness that pollutes the minds and destroys the attention spans of the Wind Court is a symptom of humanity's efforts to shape the atmosphere. These spirits display all the rarefied tastes of their phylum, choosing Husks only from the cleanest alpine breezes and suffering the full banal effects of both containment and Kroft contagion. The knightly phyla of the Air are almost exclusively drawn from these traditionalists.

Truly Krofted parosemes are exceptionally rare, numbering perhaps enough to fill a classroom. They are almost all tricksters, liars and malicious troublemakers who delight in posing as upstanding Glade advisors and emissaries, then using the trust the charade grants them to stir up chaos. The damage that such creatures can cause is well known, causing many wise or conservative rulers to watch even the most benign Glade paroseme very carefully at the first sign of contagion or erratic behavior.

Still parosemes through and through, the Krofted have inhumane delicate tastes and take their Husks only from the recirculated air found in sealed climate-controlled buildings. The forced confinement often drives them quickly mad.

Appearance: In their natural state, all true silfar are invisible, although heavily tainted specimens will be apparent due to the unhealthy miasma or haze that permeates their sickly Husks. Those parosemes willing to take the risk of contamination may reveal themselves to other faerie spirits as more-or-less solid “sculptures” of mist.

All members of the former Empire of Skies can identify one another by sight because their sensory apparatuses are tuned to more rarefied levels of light and opacity.

Lifestyle: Flighty creatures, parosemes find it hard to stay in any one place for long. In a similar manner, even though they often make friends easily, they often soon forget those they have left behind.

- **Childling:** To these fae, the world is a great place to be explored. They let nothing stand in their path of exploration.

- **Wilder:** These fae tend to be a little wiser and more cautious than their younger kin. They often serve as messengers for the other phyla.

- **Grump:** Exploration takes on a new meaning to those who have existed for this long in the meat world. Grumps seek true meaning and understanding of the world around them and how they relate to it.

Affinity: Stratus

Birtherights

- **Vaporous Husks** — Any paroseme can dissolve its Husk at will by spending one Glamour point, assuming vaporous form. In this state, the paroseme gains the ability to seep into small openings or cracks and is not susceptible to physical attacks. Use of this Birtheright costs one Glamour for each turn that it is maintained.

This Birtheright cannot be used in the presence of mortals.

Outlook

Glomes — Ponderous beings. They do not understand the meaning of freedom.

Kuberas — Great lovers and sensualists.

Ondines — They are the source of life.

Solimonds — They understand freedom as we do, but they are far more destructive. Perhaps one day they can be brought back into the fold.

Mannikins — They move in their own world and are not truly a part of ours.

Kithain — They are as curious about our kind as we are about theirs. It seems strange that creatures of faerie would be willing to take on the limitations of flesh.

- **Flight** — Parosemes can actually lift themselves into the air and fly. When flying, the paroseme can move up to five times as fast as he can. Use of this Birtheright costs one point of Glamour per scene (or hour).

This Birtheright is subject to the usual dangers of chimerical flight in the presence of mortals in that the Inanimae risks being shunted into a random place in the Dreaming.

Frailties

- **Chatterbox** — Parosemes simply cannot stop talking. Even when physically forced to shut up, their uncontrollable urge to fill the world with sound causes them to compulsively tap their feet or fingertips to the great annoyance of those around them. Their unending verbosity more often finds an outlet in debating with the enemies of the Sky than in gossip or metaphysical speculation.

Quote: *I look forward to meeting the rest of your family.... Wait! I hear the wind calling... I must be going.*

SOLIMONDS

(SO-lih-moands)

salamanders

The solimonds are the driven children of the bright and dancing fire, the wild laughing wrestlers against foolishness and sloth. The sun is their father and the flame that burns at the heart of volcanoes is their mother. Once, they were the proud warriors of the Empire of Flames, but that court has since been overthrown and few of its children have managed to remember their names.

According to the stories, the solimonds themselves caused the downfall of the Flame Court in the morning of the world, for those spirits who first committed the sin of falling in love with the meat were numbered among them. Driven by this ill-advised passion for humankind, these traitorous creatures spent ageless days secretly watching the little meat men and women, studying the workings of their strange and miraculous hearts in the way that lovers have always studied the most trivial habits of the beloved.

They could not bear to hide forever, however, for subtlety and restraint are alien to the solimond nature. As the days wore on, the watchers revealed themselves to the meat one by one, showing them with the secret workings of the Flame that have the power of metamorphosis and truth. In so doing, they doomed the inanimate world to enslavement at the hands of flesh, for the humans were quick to put their tamed fires to practical use.

Everything that needs to be said about the essence of the solimonds can be found in that single display of all-encompassing lust, magnanimous generosity and idiotic — yet innocent — impetuosity. They were one of the noblest of all the phyla, and that very nobility led them unwittingly to bring down the Making War and sunder the inanimate world from itself for the remainder of Time.



As the meat made its first tentative experiments with the power of the Flame in its hands, the inanimate empires had no choice but to turn their faces from the treasonous fires who had turned to devouring Seedlings, boiling Wavelings, and reshaping Stones into instruments for the exploitation of their own kind. All Inanimae, Kroft and Glade alike, know the horror of the Making War, and the only possible punishment for inadvertently causing the War was excommunication.

So it was that the fires were cast out of the Glade, their seal broken and their children scattered. Natural Flame Husks were methodically sought out and quenched by the Glade, eventually being almost completely eliminated from the natural world. Only those fires in the service of the Kroft were protected by their own unnaturalness, but these poor enslaved creatures have since become dumb and pass from form to form without ever waking up.

In the fullness of time, only the solimonds and a scant few other fire spirits remained in the world untouched by human hands. Fugitives and outcasts without a court of their own, the solimonds wandered the sun-blessed face of the world, keeping their own council and pursuing their own quests to where their passions take them.

Although, today, the fires still feel the old attraction to the flesh, centuries of persecution and Making have not caused them to be so charitable toward those Inanimae who were remade by human will and now dwell within the Kroft. Never given to stifling their true convictions, the solimonds look around and see a world where humans have been enslaved by the very spirits they first molded to suit their own whims, and the horror they feel as they watch their old beloved mortals in the thrall of dolls and other junk drives them into a white-hot, righteous fury.

With very few exceptions, all solimonds who still walk the world are passionate aveng-

ers of the Glade, using their purifying wisdom to cleanse the flotsam from its stranglehold around the necks of human beings. Their dedication to burning away the Kroft has redeemed the bright warriors in the eyes of all but the oldest and most conservative grumps — the Glade has almost had time to forgive the crimes of its fiery court, now that it is nearly too late to do any good.

If the solimonds were not a phylum of exceptional spiritual character, they would not have survived the centuries of ex-communication. However, they are numbered among the finest creations of the Dreaming, making worthy examples from whom even the sidhe can learn a few of the secrets of nobility.

Solimonds are universally brave, outspoken and tempestuous. They say what they mean, do not speak when they have nothing important to say, and have a gift for poetic gestures that they rarely display. When a solimond is enthusiastic about something — anything, no matter how trivial or mundane — that enthusiasm is contagious, energy sparking from their spirits like oak knots snapping in the fire.

Their word is their holiest bond, to the extent that the mere act of telling a lie wounds them terribly. Truth comes easy to them and they find it difficult to recognize anything else.

The Art of Memory was never the forte of the fires, and the solimonds are rarely able to keep their memories beyond a handful of years before they burn away. Even in the short term, they have no head for trivia or any wisdom that does not persevere from ages past — little facts are too weak for fiery minds and are almost always consumed by the burning love, quick fury, and timeless willpower of the bright warriors' own hot spirits.

Appearance: Solimond Husks naturally tend toward the tall, athletic builds that characterized them so long ago as the "warriors of the flame." With the exception of truly corrupt specimens, they are uniformly muscular and trim, suffused with an inner glow that would indicate good health in the meat. Their hair tends to flow naturally, jutting in waves and even unruly spikes in all directions. Preferred skin tones are ruddy, growing warmer and darker in robust individuals who have Glamour to spare, and tapering off into a tepid, sallow color in those sick with Banality. All solimonds can be distinguished by the fact that they all radiate heat at all times — most noticeably in cooler ambient environments — and that their eyes are the flashing color of fire.

Lifestyle: These orphans of the Fire Empire inhabit Husks for poignantly brief but intense periods, literally burning themselves out in a handful of years before being forced to find a new natural source of fire to mold. In the meantime, they occupy their time on Earth in the hot pursuit of various personal quests and crusades. On some level, the solimonds still remember the task set before the Flame was to purify the world through transformation, and so they move throughout the dreaming countries of the fae in a continual drive to trigger radical change, testing the worth of all they encounter. The ages have made many of them solitary, but there is still a wide gregarious streak in their character — many solimonds have joined the knightly phyla of meat changelings or other, stranger fellowships.

Outlook

Glomes — Stodgy and stifling. A glome can smother you with hours of pointless conversation.

Kuberas — Burn! Burn! Burn!

Ondines — They are the one thing we fear for they alone can quench us.

Parosemes — They are the most like us... they understand our lust for freedom.

Mannikins — Odd creatures. They can be fun, but they are not like us.

Kithain — We know little of them other than that they burn nicely....

- **Childlings** are uncontrollable, wild flames. They are new to the world and want to experience everything at once. Once all solimonds were of the Glade but now many have joined the Krofted. Childling solimonds, more than any other, can be found among the Krofted and they revel in the opportunities that it offers.

- **Wilders** are more common and make up the bulk of the solimonds' crusade of redemption against the Krofted. Most of these spirits, in fact, begin by inhabiting Kroft fires with some connection to Glamour — cottage hearths, sacred candles, traditional forges, eternal commemorative flames — but forswear their Kroft modality and become champions of the Glade instead. Most kindle fierce attractions toward those creatures weaker and cooler than themselves, feeling responsible for their protection.

- **Grumps** are much more aware of the fear and hatred that many of the other phyla have for their kind. Some grumps are beginning to curb their kind's activities in an attempt to form alliances with the other empires.

Affinity: Pyros

Birthrights

- **Clarity of Vision** — Once a solimond knows what it wants, it allows nothing to get in its way. Subtract 1 from the difficulty of all Willpower rolls a solimond makes in the pursuit of one of its goals.

- **Gout of Flame** — By spending a point of Glamour all solimonds can let loose a gout of flame. This flame is normally chimerical, but can be Wyrd (if the Inanimae has Called Upon the Wyrd. The flame causes 6 dice of damage but can be increased by 2 dice for each additional point of Glamour invested.

Frailties

- **Ring of Truth** — Solimonds are constitutionally unable to understand the concept of lying. Not only can they not learn the Subterfuge Ability in phylum to tell or recognize lies, but if they attempt to consciously manipulate the truth, they must make a Glamour roll or immediately take 2 points of temporary Banality.

Quote: *Everything comes to an end. I am going to walk down to the warren of gibbering smoke and it and I will extinguish one another. Remember for me that I love you, and remind me of it when you next see me. I will be different, but you will know me by my eyes. Do not weep.*

MANNIKINS

toys, dolls

In the modern age, the mannikins are by far the most numerous of all the surviving inanimate phyla. Even by the most conservative Glass Circle estimates, there are several thousand wakeful mannikins in Concordia alone, and perhaps up to 10 times that number in Europa. Less careful investigators put the population figures much higher, with some paranoid types claiming that the plastic people nearly outnumber the living by this point.

Regardless of their exact numbers, the mannikins have managed to infiltrate nearly every aspect of the mundane world. Their exact goals and motivations are unknown, however. The mannikins are firmly on the side of the Kroft and seek to sway the other Inanimae to their way of thinking, that much is known. There are many theories as to their intentions toward the meat world, but they are just that—theories.

Unlike the other Inanimae, mannikins are difficult to stereotype. In many ways they are the most "human" of the phyla, though there is always a noticeable difference. Many mannikins devote much of their time exploring this difference. No matter how hard a mannikin tries, there is always something slightly alien about his appearance

and demeanor. This alienness is usually only detectable by mortals on a subconscious level, but it is enough to keep the mannikins from really fitting in, which is what they seem to desire the most.

Appearance: Until recently, mannikin Husks were molded without exception to fit a blandly pleasant scale of human beauty. Typical models are taller than the human average, with both male and female versions tending toward six feet, and are always slim and angular in build. Facial features tend toward an elegant blankness that can be confused with beauty by the native, but there is still something fascinating about the sight of a mannikin in its natural state.

Though the majority of the mannikins do, in fact, take the form of store mannequins, many of their kind inhabit toys and other things with human-like form.

Lifestyle: The sheer numbers of the mannikins have allowed them to spread beyond their original department store dominions, and exist productively among the meat as shopkeepers, scholars, professional escorts, and members of a hundred other occupations.

Affinity: None

Quote: *Why do you look at me like that? I am a creature of the Dream just like you.*



Gender

As with most doll Husks, mannikin bodies are unusual in the Inanimaic world for being naturally predisposed toward mimicking one of the meat genders. These Husks can mimic either of the meat genders, although female models are a substantial majority and a small but increasing number of Husks are being created which mannikin Husks are universally molded to be physically attractive in a blandly generic way.

Outlook

Glomes — They are too slow... They are best left behind.

Kuberas — These folk show some promise. They have a zest for life unmatched by the rest of the Inanimae.

Ondines — They were not meant to walk on dry ground. Why are they here?

Parosemes — Irresponsible and unreliable.

Solimonds — They are the destroyers, yet they are the makers as well. From fire and destruction come new life.

Kithain — We keep ourselves separate from them for they fear that which they do not understand. They are lost in their medieval paradigm and, therefore, can never understand us.





CHAPTER FOUR: BUILDING YOUR FACE

*Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from
hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape....
— William Shakespeare, Hamlet*

This chapter is all about creating an Inanimae character. It offers specific guidelines on choosing appropriate Traits, plus information on backgrounds, Merits, Flaws and new Inanimae Arts (called Slivers). Changes to established Backgrounds are also noted in this chapter.

COURTS

☉ **Gladeling:** An Inanimae whose Anchor is still in its natural state. Gladeling fae tend to have a superior attitude about their Anchor.

☉ **Krofted:** An Inanimae whose Anchor has been modified by human hands. Krofted fae tend to understand the mortal world much more clearly than their gladeling brethren.

Legacies

Choose Legacies just as if you are making a normal changeling character. See Legacies in *Changeling: The Dreaming*, pp. 129-135.

Jeu

The Inanimae have adopted the Kithain terms, childling wilder and grump to indicate how long an Inanimae has been awake in the mundane world. Since how long an Inanimae has been awake does not affect her physical appearance, the term seeming did not seem appropriate. So, the French term *Jeu* (meaning playing or acting) was chosen.

• **Childling:** You have only recently awakened to the world.

Character Creation Summary

The process of creating an Inanimae character is similar to that of building a changeling character. Several aspects, however, are quite different. Those changes are defined here.

- **Step One: Character Concept**

Choose a concept, Court, Legacy, Jeu (seeming) and phyla

- **Step Two: Select Attributes**

Prioritize the three categories: Physical, Social, Mental (7/5/3)

Choose Physical Traits: Strength, Dexterity, Stamina

Choose Social Traits: Charisma, Manipulation, Appearance

Choose Mental Traits: Perception, Intelligence, Wits

- **Step Three: Select Abilities**

Prioritize the three categories: Talents, Skills, Knowledges (15/9/5)

Choose Talents, Skills, Knowledges

- **Step Four: Select Advantages**

Choose Backgrounds (5) and Gifts (5)

- **Step Five: Finishing Touches**

Record beginning Glamour, Willpower and Banality as determined by your Jeu

Record phyla Birthrights and Frailties

Spend freebie points (15)

Choose Merits and Flaws

Temper Scores — Glamour: 5, Banality: 3, Willpower: 2, Slivers: 3

- **Wilder:** You have been active in the world for at least a few years.

Temper Scores — Glamour: 6, Banality: 4, Willpower: 3, Slivers: 3

- **Grump:** The Inanimae has been awake since the Resurgence, or possibly even longer.

Temper Scores — Glamour: 6, Banality: 6, Willpower: 5, Slivers: 4

Phyla

See also *Phyla*, pp. 37-38

- **Glome** — The stone-bound Inanimae whose military frame of reference makes them intense and difficult to change.

- **Kubera** — The watchers and healers of the Inanimae. These are the plant-bound fae responsible for legends of dryads and the like.

- **Ondine** — Water-bound fae who believe in the sanctity of life, and who work to heal the breaches in Inanimae society.

- **Paroseme** — Wispy wind-spirits who live in the clouds. They are known for their flighty state of mind.

- **Solimond** — The fire-folk who started the Making War. They are trying to reclaim their place in the face of overwhelming odds.

- **Mannikin** — Elusive fae who live within statues and other human-like references. They see beyond the present and are the holders of secrets.

Backgrounds

Inanimae characters can have all the Backgrounds listed in the *Changeling* rulebook (pp. 146-150), except Holdings, Influence and Title. Also, there are modifications to the following Backgrounds. Two new Backgrounds are listed as well.

- **Contacts:** Inanimae can have contacts in both Kithain societies, and in the mortal world.

- **Dreamers:** The Dreamer Background is fairly rare for Inanimae characters because of their limited contact with mortals. If the character has the Dreamers background, the player must figure out how the Inanimae lured the human(s) to her, and what their musing threshold is, as described in the *Changeling* rulebook.

- **Husk** (new Background): Your degree of skill at fashioning a mortal Husk or Facade.

- **Regard** (new background): Your level of respect among the Inanimae empires.

- **Resources:** Inanimae with physical resources are very rare. An example of such would be an Inanimae that has been active since the Resurgence, and has accumulated some money. Another may be a glome with a vein of gold near his Anchor.

- **Retinue:** Before the Shattering, pagan groups would often choose an Anchor as the central site of their worship. The Inanimae within then acted as patron guardian and spiritual advisor. After the Shattering, this custom declined, although many Anchors were treated as sacred sites. Since the Resurgence, some neo-pagan groups have discovered active Inanimae, and have become protectors and servants.

Slivers

Slivers are the Inanimae versions of Arts. Wilders, Grumps and all mannikins can also choose to take Kithain Arts. (See *Changeling: The Dreaming* pp. 171-188.) See also *Slivers*, pp. 78.

- **Petros** — The power of stone. Petros has skills involving warrior's skills and control over rock.

- **Pyros** — The powers of flame. Pyros gives power over the flames of the heart as well as true flame.

- **Verdage** — The power of the plants. Verdage grants the power to manipulate the living world, shaping it to the caster's will.

- **Aquis** — The power of the waters. Aquis has power to see what is hidden and can control the flows of the river of Time as well.

Spending Freebies

- 5 points for a Sliver
- 4 points for an Attribute
- 3 points for Glamour as Realms
- 2 for Abilities or Willpower
- 1 for Backgrounds

• **Stratus** — The power of wind. Stratus deals with travel and distances to cross. Stratus also has the power of Mirage, to confuse and misdirect others.

Realms

Realms control which aspect of the world an Inanimae's Slivers can affect. Wilders, grumps and all mannikins can also choose to learn Kithain Realms. (See *Changeling: The Dreaming*, pp. 188-189. Also see, *Realms* pp. 87.)

- **Air** — Non-living environments (weather, geography)
- **Earth** — Non-living objects (cars, homes, clothing)
- **Fire** — Natural living objects (animals, humans)
- **Water** — Living creature's mental environment (senses, consciousness)
- **Spirit** — The supernatural (Kithain, Prodigals, Chimeras)

New Backgrounds

Husk

This background deals with how skilled the character is at crafting his Husk. At lower levels the Husk resembles the Dreamform, and unless hidden will cause mortals to recognize the Inanimae as a supernatural creature. This invariably will expose the Inanimae to Banality, as disbelieving observers comment on the Inanimae's appearance. If the Inanimae has no rating in this Background, her Husk is identical to her Dreamform.

- Very minor changes (skin tone, human shapes)
- Minor changes (hair becomes more human like, facial features become less broad)
- Human appearance (Inanimae can pass casual observation as human)
- Nearly perfect (Inanimae seems human to almost everybody save under detailed examination)
- Undetectable (It takes advanced diagnostic techniques to determine that the Husk is not human.)

Regard

This background determines how well known and how respected the character is within Sessile society. This background is similar to Kithain "Title" but is a more generalized trait. Each empire is different, and shows respect in different ways.

- Minor regard (kubera medicine man, paroseme scout)
- Small regard (ondine scholar, solimond rabble rouser)
- Established regard (glome officer, mannikin emissary)
- High regard (paroseme council member, glome colonel)
- Extreme regard (member of ondine assembly, mannikin black-robe)

Example of Character Creation

Anthony needs to create a character. He decides he wants a strong type with a strong sense of duty, a soldier. He chooses a glome as his phyla, and because he wants to play a more modern-minded character, he decides that he will be Krofted. Finally, he decides his character's been around a while, and makes him a Wilder.

Next he assigns his traits. He makes his priority the physical traits, then social, then mental. Anthony's character will be strong but dim. He puts four dots in Strength, two in Stamina and one in Dexterity. He puts two in Charisma, one in Manipulation, one in Appearance. Finally, he puts one each in Wits, Intelligence and Perception.

Next he assigns his Ability priorities, which are Skills, Talents and Knowledges in this case. Anthony concentrates his points in martial Abilities like Brawl and Melee, but he decides that his character has an obsession with carving, and, therefore, takes three dots in Crafts. After distributing all his points, he's ready to choose his advantages.

First, he chooses his Slivers. Since his glome will be a loyal member of the Empire of Stone, Anthony chooses to take three dots, all in Petros. So that he can affect his enemies, he chooses two dots in Spirit and one in Fire as his Realms. For his Backgrounds, Anthony chooses two dots in Regard, and three dots in Husk. This makes him a minor officer in the glome hierarchy, and gives him a Husk that will pass inspection in most cases.

Next, he fills in his Glamour, Banality and Willpower ratings.

Finally, he has 15 freebie points to spend. Anthony decides to spend five points to raise his Petros rating to four. He spends another five, three to raise his Willpower, and two to raise his Brawl. Finally, he's a little worried about slipping into Slumber, so he spends his last five to raise his Glamour, and his Remembrance.



The Storyteller's Role

Often when players get together to play, they make up characters that have conflict with each other. A lot of the time these conflicts make it impossible for the players to work as a group. With Inanimae characters there is a lot of potential for this kind of conflict. Different phyla, and sides on the Making War, even camps within a single kith can be a divide that shatters a group. As a Storyteller, it's up to you to make sure that the characters in your game can work together. If you don't, the group may simply dissolve into bickering and stop the progression of the story. It's up to you to balance the desire of your players to have unique and interesting characters, with the need of the story to have a group that will work within its framework.

Once Anthony has bought the merits and flaws he wants for his character and uses his extra freebies, he's ready to go, provided he checks his character with his Storyteller.

Merits and Flaws

Merits

Natural Husk (3 pt. Merit - All phyla)

Your Husk is extremely lifelike. Even if you only have one dot in the background, your Husk seems to pass for human. The benefit of this merit is that people are so certain that you are human they may actively deny some evidence to the contrary.

Imperial Ambassador (2 pt. Merit - All phyla except solimonds)

You may travel into any homeland and get +1 to any reaction roll with an Inanimae official. You can also claim diplomatic immunity in any Kithain court. This may or may not work depending on any local treaties.

Famous Anchor (3-5 pt. Merit - All phyla)

With this merit, your Anchor becomes a famous and cherished monument. Hundreds if not thousands will try to protect your Anchor from harm. The fame of your Anchor depends on the cost of the Merit you have bought.

Flaws

Pig-Pen (2 pt. Flaw – glomes)

You have a nasty habit of leaving dirt and dust in your wake. Wherever you go, you leave a faint but noticeable trail of detritus. The grit looks like the same material as your Anchor.

Babbling Brook/Long-Winded (1 pt. Flaw – ondines/parosemes)

You have to comment on everything; you can't seem to stop talking. In highly stressful situations you may need to make a Willpower roll to fall silent.

Pyromania (5 pt. Flaw – solimonds)

You must set fires. You cannot stop yourself. You almost get a sexual thrill from watching flames. To avoid setting fires you must make a Willpower roll each morning. If you fail, you will set at least one fire that day. This is a very dangerous flaw, and will eventually get you in trouble with mortal law-enforcement.

Water Under the Bridge (5 pt. Flaw – ondines)

Rivers and streams flow endlessly to the sea, and so does your memory. Every day you awaken, remembering nothing that happened the day before. To recall what happened to you, you must make a Willpower roll.

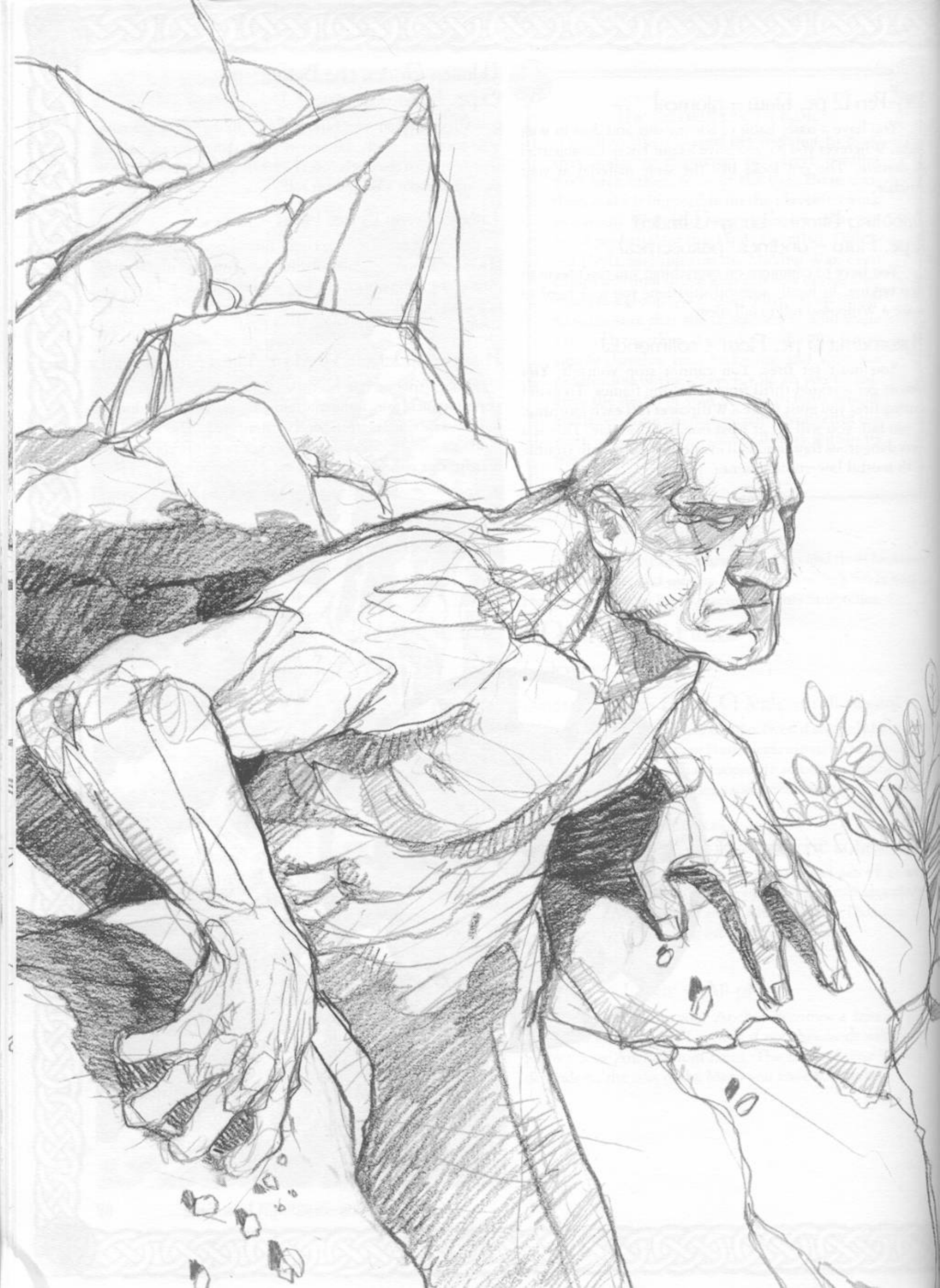
Hibernation (5 pt. Flaw – kuðera)

Every autumn you become listless and wan; with the arrival of winter, you fall into Slumber. You can only be active during the spring, summer and autumn months. To remain active during the winter, you must spend one Glamour per week.

Polluted/Defaced (1-3 pt. Flaw – all phyla)

Your Anchor has been damaged, either indirectly by pollution (acid rain, industrial dumping, smog, etc.) or directly by human action (graffiti, construction, etc.). This affects you by making you sickly and weak. For each point of Flaw you have bought, this removes a die of soak dice.





CHAPTER FIVE: SECRETS OF THE STONES

*May the spirit never die
Though a troubled heart feels pain
When this long winter is over
It will blossom again
—Loreena McKennitt, "Breaking the Silence"*

This chapter offers a look at all the rules necessary for playing an Inanimae character. Everything from how to gather Glamour to how an Anchor works is covered in this chapter. It is possible that some aspects of playing an Inanimae character may not be fully covered — detailing every conceivable permutation for every rule is an impossible task for any game

— but we have done our best to cover as much as possible. If you encounter a rule that doesn't work for you, or a situation that is not covered by the rules, feel free to use your own creativity to fill in the gap. Most of the rules in *Changeling* apply to Inanimae as well. Only those rules that are specifically mentioned here supersede the rules in *Changeling*.

Glamour

Inanimae gain Glamour in much the same way that the Nunnehi do. (See *Changeling Players Guide*.) The deep affinity that all Inanimae have to the elements, provides them with their wellspring of Glamour. Inanimae have an advantage over their Nunnehi cousins because in certain circumstances they can also gain Glamour from mortal artists as the Kithain do. There are many legends of artists being inspired by a certain tree, river or brisk spring breeze. There are also stones that contain power, such as the Stone of Scone. Any or all of these may have been Inanimae attempting Reverie with a mortal. The more common manner for Inanimae to gain Glamour is to spend time in his Anchor.

The uses of Glamour for Inanimae are very similar to that of Kithain. They can use it to Call Upon the Wyrd, to cast cantrips or to enchant mortals.

Harvesting

The Inanimae are the protectors of their empire. They have joined with their element, and as such, have made a commitment to protect, guard and nurture it. By doing this, the empires may draw Glamour from the fabric of their empire itself. To gather Glamour, the Inanimae must find something that is part of her empire. A solimond may start a campfire, and a glome may sit upon a stone monolith.

Gladelings must always locate a natural source of their elements, though Krofted Inanimae can use elements found in cities or other populated areas.

System: Once she has located her source, the Inanimae must spend at least one hour in contact with the source (dangling her feet or fingers in a flowing stream, sitting in the branches of a tree, climbing or sitting upon a rock or in a stone cave).

Once the appropriate place or object is found, the Inanimae reverts to her natural fae form and attempts to root. She then rolls Perception + Kenning against a difficulty determined by her Banality and her location;

Place	Difficulty
Anchor	Banality + 0
Almost Exact Substance (same as Anchor, but not Anchor)	Banality + 1
Vaguely Similar Substance (same empire)	Banality + 3
Inanimate Object (different empire)	Banality + 4

The number of successes rolled determine how many successes can be gained.

The Reaping

In a hurry, the Inanimae can rip the Glamour from the bones of the Earth. Although this is faster than Harvesting,

there is a chance to increase Banality and snap the Inanimae into Slumber.

System: Reaping functions in a similar manner to Harvesting and requires the same setting, though it can be performed instantaneously and does not require the Inanimae to spend an hour in contact with the source. Once the Inanimae has found her source, she rolls her Banality rating (difficulty 6). The number of successes determines the amount of Glamour points gained. A botch earns the Inanimae a permanent point of Banality. Glamour gathered through Reaping is considered to be tainted. The player should record Glamour points acquired in this manner differently on her character sheet to make it clear that they are "tainted." While it provides an extra success when used to power destructive cantrips (such as Flames), for positive cantrips like Healing Waters, the Glamour provides one less success than it normally gives. The Storyteller is free to invent other side effects of Glamour gained through this means.

Musing

Many artists speak of their favorite lake, forest, or mountain that inspires them. The Inanimae, with their slower and more gentle views on the pace of life, will sometimes find a connection to the artist who seek out their Anchors as sources of Inspiration. Although these relationships are rewarding for both parties, they are often doomed, as the artist flickers out after a life time, and the Inanimae goes on.

System: For Reverie to be possible, the artist must stay near, or in contact with the Anchor of the Inanimae. When the artist approaches the Inanimae, she may use her Slivers to draw that mortal closer, or she can spend Glamour to make her Anchor appear as a tranquil haven in which to create. The artist must roll his Banality (difficulty is the Inanimae's Glamour) or he will be drawn to the Anchor. Once the artist visits the Anchor more than once, the Inanimae may attempt Reverie with that artist as a Kithain does.

Calling Upon the Wyrd

Calling Upon the Wyrd for Inanimae is the same system as for Kithain. (See *Changeling: The Dreaming*, pg. 211.)

Banality

The dead gray fist of Banality closes around the Inanimae as inexorably as it does with the other fae. When the Shattering came, and the trods collapsed, the empires fled the oncoming leaden wave of disbelief and fled to their Anchors, awaiting a renewal. With the Resurgence, many of them felt that this time had come. They have all discovered, however, that Banality is as present as it ever was, and lies in wait for them with what seems like particular relish.

Like the sidhe, the Inanimae aren't used to the unbelief in the mortal world. They find themselves extremely fragile and weak in the face of it. While within their Anchors or Husks,

they are protected from some of Banality's effects, but naked disbelief hits them very hard, sometimes sending them into Slumber.

Inanimae do not suffer from Banality's curse in the same way that the sidhe do. Their curse is much more insidious. As they gain Banality, they age in body and mind. Many older Inanimae are so weighted down with Banality that their Husks are born as ancient men or wizened crones, and they can barely remember what has gone on the day before.

System: If an Inanimae's permanent Banality score ever becomes higher than his Glamour score, then for each new point of Banality gained, the player must immediately make a roll to see if the Inanimae fades into Somnolence. The player must roll his character's permanent Glamour score against a difficulty of his character's permanent Banality + 2 (though the difficulty can never exceed 9). If the roll succeeds, the Inanimae continues to be active. If the roll fails, then the Inanimae is slammed back into his Anchor and into Somnolence, where he will remain in Slumber for one year per point of Banality over his Glamour score. Once the required time has passed, the character's permanent Banality drops to two points below his Glamour and he has no temporary Banality. If this roll is botched, the Inanimae is Undone forever. This roll need only be made once, immediately after the character's Banality exceeds his Glamour. Additional rolls are necessary for each additional point of permanent Banality he gains.

If an Inanimae's permanent Banality ever reaches 10, he is immediately Undone.

The Husk

The Husk is of vital importance to all Inanimae. It is only the Husk that stands between an Inanimae's Dreamform and the withering glare of Banality. Without a Husk an Inanimae would be quickly dissolved into nothingness and be Undone.

System: The quality of an Inanimae's Husk is determined by the level of the Husk Background that she has purchased. Whenever an Inanimae is in the presence of mortals, she risks gaining Banality if her Husk is not good enough. The amount of Banality that an Inanimae gains in this manner should not be an exact science and is mostly up to the Storyteller. In general, whenever an Inanimae is in the presence of mortals (or any unenchanted being) the player must roll her Husk rating against a difficulty equal to the highest Banality rating in the area. If the roll fails, the character gains one (or more) points of Banality. If the roll is a botch, the player must immediately make a Slumber check. This roll is usually only required once per scene, though in special circumstances additional rolls may be required. For example, if an Inanimae were playing with some young children the Storyteller might require one roll at the beginning of the scene (most likely at difficulty 3 or 4). If, during the scene, several adults should show up, the Storyteller might require another roll.

Slumber Checks

Slumber checks are taken when a character experiences a shock or event that may cause him to snap back to his Anchor and enter Slumber. The following events immediately cause a Slumber check. The Storyteller is free to invent other reasons that a character may be required to make a Slumber check or ignore those below. If you feel that having a character enter Slumber in the middle of story would ruin the fun, you can rule that a character who fails a Slumber check feels that he must enter Slumber at the end of the story — perhaps his devotion to the task at hand is strong enough to keep him going. Additionally, any character who fails a Slumber check (though not a Somnolence check) can spend a point of Willpower to remain active for an additional day per point spent.

Most Slumber checks require the player to roll his character's Glamour rating against a difficulty equal to his character's Banality.

- Destruction of a Husk (immediate Slumber; no roll is necessary)
- Temporary Banality rating is higher than Glamour rating
- Aging threshold of a Husk
- Gaining a permanent point of Banality
- Temporary Glamour reaches zero
- Botching a Husk check in the presence of unenchanted beings

In addition, the following things may force a Somnolence check

- Destroying an Anchor
- Dreamform killed (immediate Somnolence; no roll necessary)
- Permanent Glamour rating reaches zero
- Anchor is Krofted

Some Inanimae wear heavy clothing or otherwise disguise themselves in an attempt to be shielded from prying, disbelieving eyes. If characters attempt to cover their strangeness with disguises and heavy clothing, the Storyteller should feel free to assign modifiers, either to difficulty rolls or when assigning the number of Banality points gains.

Aging

When an Inanimae takes on a Husk, the Husk appears to be roughly 10 to 12 years old, in good health. Husks age quickly, however. For every week that the Husk is used, it ages one year. In one year of constant use, the Husk can go from Childling to Grump. This process is accelerated by exposure to Banality. For every point of temporary Banality gained, the Husk ages five years. Each time a threshold is crossed, from childling to wilder and wilder to grump, the player must make a Glamour roll, with a difficulty equal to the Inanimae's Banality rating. If this roll fails, the Husk immediately dissolves and the Inanimae returns to the Anchor and enters Slumber.

The only time the Husk is not aging is when it is in physical contact with the Anchor.

When the Husk reaches advanced age, it begins to decay. The Inanimae must return to his Anchor, and he can gently let the Husk to slip away, and begin crafting a new one.

The fae form of an Inanimae is eternal, can only be destroyed through the annihilation of her Anchor. However, during an active period, the Inanimae may go through several mortal lifetimes within the space of a decade. Not truly being of the mortal world, they need several go-arounds to understand the implications of aging.

Slumber

Slumber is something that all Inanimae face at one time or another. Whenever an Inanimae suffers from too much Banality, he is forced into Slumber for a time. Inanimae generally remain in Slumber only for a relatively short period of time. Somnolence is the longer version of Slumber. An Inanimae who enters Somnolence is probably gone for the duration of the chronicle. Somnolence can last years or even decades.

An Inanimae whose Husk form is killed is immediately forced into Slumber. Additionally, that character gains a permanent point of Banality.

Effects of Slumber

Slumber has the same effect on Inanimae that the Mists do on the Kithain. The duration of the Slumber is reliant on the Banality score of the Inanimae as per the Mists chart. (See **Changeling: The Dreaming**, pg. 208.) As for memory loss, the Inanimae do not lose their memories of past lives so easily. The effects of the Mists on memories

of Inanimae are considered to be two levels higher (i.e. if the Banality of a character is 4, the memory loss is as if the Banality of the character was 2).

Bedlam and the Sessile

Because of the constant connection of Anchors to the Near Dreaming, Inanimae have built a resistance to the perils of Bedlam.

To enter the first stage of Bedlam requires that the Inanimae must conform to at least five of the warning signs, not including those that have to do with mortal lives (which the Inanimae do not have anyway).

To enter the second stage, the Inanimae must have a Glamour rating at least four points higher than her Banality score. Once in the second stage, Bedlam proceeds as it does with Kithain.

Additionally, Inanimae spending time in the Dreaming are not affected by Bedlam (though it does count as a warning sign). They can spend as long as they want in their Anchor, in a freehold or in the Dreaming without ill-effects. Conversely, they do not gain the advantage of having Banality removed for spending time in the Dreaming. (See **Dreams and Nightmares**.) Their immunity to the madness of the Dreaming makes Inanimae sought after guides within the wilds of the Dreaming.

ANCHORS

Anchors are extraordinarily important to Inanimae. Not only are they a ready source of Glamour, but they are the Inanimae's tie to the mundane world. In a sense, an Inanimae without an Anchor would be like a Kithain without a mortal body; it is the Anchor that keeps the Inanimae tied to this world and keeps his essence from drifting off into the Dreaming or simply dispersing altogether.

Anchors for gladelings are always natural places of the greatest purity, while Krofted Inanimae can be bound to anything of natural origin that has been crafted or fashioned in some way.

ENTERING ANCHORS

Inanimae can abandon their Husks and re-enter their Anchors at any time. If this is done in the presence of any unenchanted beings, the Inanimae immediately gains a point of temporary Banality.

To bring anyone into their Anchor, an Inanimae must spend a Glamour per person in the mundane world. Also, this may not be done if there are unenchanted observers present.

The other way to bring others into one's Anchor is to have them enter the Near Dreaming, and travel to the site of the Anchor. At that point, all the Inanimae has to do is open her front door.

Krofting an Anchor

When an Anchor is Krofted, the change is complete and catastrophic. Most gladelings live in fear of their Anchor becoming Krofted. It is an unspoken agreement among all gladelings that they will offer assistance to one another in order to protect any Anchor from suffering this fate.

System: When an Anchor is taken from its original place while the Inanimae within is active, he must immediately make a Slumber check. If the Inanimae is still active, she may take on Husk form to try and stop the process, but if the Anchor is not in its original place the Inanimae suffers a +2 difficulty to all rolls.

Once the Anchor is changed by human or changeling hands, another Slumber roll is immediately required. The player must roll his Glamour again, (difficulty 9). If successful, she makes the transformation into a Krofted Inanimae. If the roll fails, she suffers the usual effects of a Slumber check. If this roll is botched, the Inanimae is Undone, and the Anchor is destroyed.

Destruction of an Anchor

If this happens while the Inanimae is riding a Husk, she is very lucky. The Husk will protect the fae from Banality

somewhat, as she tries to find a new Anchor within a very small time window. If not within a Husk, the fae spirit loses one permanent point of Glamour every hour until he is Undone. If riding a Husk, the Inanimae only loses a point of Glamour every day.

To save herself, the Inanimae must find a new Anchor before losing all her Glamour. To do so, she must choose an object that is as close to her original as possible. Once found, a roll must be made. The number of dice is equal to Glamour + Willpower. The difficulty of the roll is determined by how similar the new Anchor is to the old. If the object or location is in the same place (i.e. a new tree in the same glade), the difficulty is 6. If within the same empire, but a gladeling is attempting to enter a Krofted Anchor, the difficulty is 8. If within the same empire but not at all close to the original Anchor, the difficulty is 9. If the roll is successful, a **permanent** point of both Willpower and Glamour must be spent to bind the Inanimae to the new Anchor. In addition, once bonded to the new Anchor, the fae is thrown into Slumber for a length of time based on his permanent Banality rating. (See the Mists chart.)





CHAPTER SIX: ARTS OF THE INANIMAE

*Days will pass, your words to me,
it seems so long; eternity
but I must wait until its over.
— Enya, "Evacuee"*

Inanimae Cantrips

The Inanimae control Glamour in different ways than the Kithain. Before the Sundering, the Inanimae possessed almost limitless power, fueled by the natural elements all around them. When these fae clove to their Anchors, their abilities to weave Glamour became limited. Inanimae "Arts" are referred to as Slivers. These talents are innate to all Inanimae, but each family has one Sliver at which they excel. Glomes practice a Sliver that represents the strength and timelessness of stone. The powers of creation and growth belong to the kuberas. The sole exceptions to this rule are the mannikins. They retained the ability to practice Kithain Arts, and, therefore, lost their tie to any one Sliver. Along with that, they lost the ability to master any form of faerie magic.

Each family of Inanimae has its own views on Glamour and its use. In addition to their puissant powers, when an Inanimae learns to wield a Sliver, she immediately gains abilities that relate to the Sliver's governing aspect.

Inanimae can teach their Slivers, but only to other Inanimae. Kithain simply do not have the deep connection to nature and the elements that the Inanimae possess. The known exception to this are the mannikins. They gave up the ability to master any form of Glamour, and in exchange they can learn both the Kithain Arts, and Inanimae Slivers. However, mannikins can not reach level five in any Art or Sliver.

System

Inanimae cast cantrips in a similar manner to the Kithain. First, the player chooses a Sliver and a Realm. Next, the player chooses the Materiel that will be used to facilitate the cantrip. As with Kithain cantrips, the Storyteller assigns the difficulty based on the Banality of the target or the caster (see **Changeling: The Dreaming** pg. 205) and then, depending on the quality of the Materiel used, the difficulty is lowered, though never below 1. The dice pool is the Sliver's associated Attribute + Realm rating. Just like normal cantrips, Glamour can also be used to affect the cantrip's difficulty.

Anchors and Cantrips

An Inanimae's Anchor can act like a buttress for his cantrips. The power of the Anchor is so tied in with the Glamour of the Inanimae that proximity to it aids the cantrip's power. An Inanimae's proximity to her Anchor determines how many successes are added. In addition to all the other horrible consequences of a destroyed Anchor, the Inanimae cannot cast any cantrips until it is restored. The player must gain at least one success before these additional successes can be added.

Range	Number of Successes
Within 100 ft.	1
Within 50 ft.	2
In contact with/or inside	3

Slivers

Before the Sundering, the fae could draw Glamour out of thin air... it existed all around them. They could use it to change their world however they saw fit. The Sundering, and even moreso, the Shattering, changed all that. Those fae who took human form learned Arts that allowed them to use Glamour. Those who clove to the rocks, plants and other inanimate things retained their abilities in a different manner; they used their affinities to control Glamour, each controlling part of what was once whole. These talents are called Slivers. Each Sliver has its own focus and power, and yet many overlap or are complementary. This is because, all of these powers were once unified, and only after the Sundering did they become separate. Indeed, those Inanimae who know more than one Sliver are considered to be very puissant sorcerers.

The one unifying thread of all of these Slivers is that they are linked innately to the family of Inanimae that developed them. As a result only a member of the Sliver's family can reach the highest aptitude within it. The sole exception to this are the mannikins. Mannikins have no Sliver. They are the closest to Kithain of all the Inanimae and though they can use Kithain Arts as well as Inanimae Slivers — they can never master the highest level of any Sliver (or Art for that matter).

Each Sliver can be controlled by one of two Attributes. At character creation, the player chooses which Attribute among those listed she will use for that Sliver. Once chosen, it can't be changed.

Petros

Glomes love the Earth; they savor the rock and its strata. They claim to hear a song in the grinding of tectonic plates, and some say that they can sniff out a vein of precious metals a mile inside a mountain. Their love of stone, and the strength and patience of the living rock have given them insight into how to use those attributes of rock that they most admire. This Sliver is about strength, defense, and the love of stone. Adepts of Petros can shatter the very Earth

itself. Anyone who learns this Sliver immediately gains the ability to climb a rocky surface so long as there's even a hint of a hand or foothold. Any attempt to climb a stone surface has its difficulty reduced by four.

Attribute: Strength or Stamina

Living Rock

This level of Petros roots the Inanimae with the very bedrock of the Earth. This power allows the wielder to mold, form and change the appearance of stone. The wielder of this Sliver can change the nature of rock — from making it reddish with iron oxides to full transmutation from one type of mineral to another. The other aspect to this Sliver is the ability to mold and sculpt stone and rock with bare hands.

System: The number of successes determines the size of the stone that can be affected and the profoundness of the effect. Storytellers may deem more successes necessary for complex tasks such as transmuting stone into precious metals or executing a very detailed or complex sculpture. This power can never be used to create iron.

Cantrip Type: Chimerical or Wyrd

1 success — small stone/minor change (smaller than a fist, change color or mass slightly)

2 successes — small stone/major change (smaller than a fist, transmute minerals, sculpt)

3 successes — large rock/minor change (human-sized rock)

4 successes — large rock/major change

5 successes — huge rock/minor change (medium-sized boulder)

Sculpting rocks larger than listed above, or using effects that are more powerful are at the Storyteller's discretion. They may require an extended roll.

Stoneskin

By using this power, an Inanimae can transform his skin into a hard, rocklike substance, protecting him from damage. The Inanimae's skin takes on the appearance of whatever rock he is closest to. In fact, when an Inanimae is hiding among rocks with this power in use, those searching for him add a +2 difficulty to all Perception rolls. This does not affect supernatural Perception rolls such as Heightened Senses. The effects of Stoneskin last for one scene, combat or when the Health Levels are used up.

System: Every success grants the caster or target extra Health Levels, and makes them seem like they are made of rock. Once used, these Health Levels are gone until the cantrip is recast. Multiple casting of this cantrip cannot be made to "stack" extra Health Levels.

Cantrip type: Chimerical or Wyrd

1 success — one Health Level

2 successes — two Health Levels

3 successes — three Health Levels

4 successes — four Health Levels

5 successes — five Health Levels



☪☪☪ Ironarm

By drawing on the mystic power of the Earth, Ironarm allows Inanimae to perform prodigious feats of strength, or to bestow those benefits on another.

System: Each success adds one to the target's Strength pool. The effects of this power lasts for one scene or combat, though never more than an hour.

Cantrip type: Chimerical or Wyrð

- 1 success — plus one Strength
- 2 successes — plus two Strength
- 3 successes — plus three Strength
- 4 successes — plus four Strength
- 5 successes — plus five Strength

☪☪☪☪ Stasis

This power allows an Inanimae to slow things down to a more geological time frame. The target begins to move much more slowly, and takes longer to perform tasks. This power can even be used to slow someone down so far that they become virtually frozen.

System: Each success increasingly slows down the target. This power works for one scene or combat and for only as long as the caster keeps the subject in sight.

Cantrip type: Wyrð

- 1 success — one action every 2 turns
- 2 successes — one action every 3 turns
- 3 successes — one action every 4 turns
- 4 successes — one action every 5 turns
- 5 successes — one action every 6 turns

☪☪☪☪☪ Quake

This power allows an Inanimae to rend the very Earth. She can cause the ground to shake, and can split rock, earth and stone. This can be used to shatter any stone, and can cause violent earthquakes.

System: The number of successes determines the power and possible range of the earthquake. If the effect is only chimerical then only the chimerical landscape is affected, not the physical. In addition, all fae, enchanted beings and chimera are affected if they are within the area of effect. The exact effects of this cantrip on the chimerical landscape are up to the Storyteller.

Cantrip type: Chimerical or Wyrð

- 1 success — minor tremble/30 feet
- 2 successes — major tremble/100 feet
- 3 successes — minor quake/500 feet
- 4 successes — major quake/1000 feet
- 5 successes — The Big One/5 miles



Verdage

The kuberas treasure the Earth and the plants that spring from it. They see beauty in the simple grace of a dandelion, and a rich tapestry in the history of a mighty oak. This Sliver is about the nurture and control of the natural environment and understanding the links of life within its web. Anyone who learns this Sliver can identify any plant species and know a little about it. To identify a plant, the player rolls Perception + Verdage (difficulty 6). The number of successes reveals how much information about the plant is gained.

Attribute: Charisma or Manipulation

☉ Solarium

This power allows an Inanimae to control plants in a similar way that Living Rock controls stone. With this ability an Inanimae can cause plants to grow or wither, and get them to move or bloom.

System: Each success allows a more startling effect to be caused. It is within the players' and the Storyteller's discretion to determine the exact effects of this power. The chart under Living Rock (see above) can be used to provide a general guideline. Solarium can not be used to make walking plants or give them intelligence, but it can be used to animate a plant (like a tree reaching out and grabbing someone with its limbs).

Cantrip Type: Chimerical or Wyrd

☿ Babel

Babel is virtually identical to the first level of the Primal Art with one exception: Babel allows the Inanimae to speak with any object, animal or person at his or her level of comprehension. Whereas a conversation with a rock using Primal is limited at best, with Babel it is the rock's spirit that is contacted, making conversation clearer and less ambiguous, allowing for easier and clearer conversation.

System: Each success determines how willing the contacted spirit is to communicate with the caster. The exact level of knowledge possessed by the item in question is up to the Storyteller.

- 1 success — uncooperative
- 2 successes — needs convincing
- 3 successes — cooperative
- 4 successes — helpful
- 5 successes — extremely helpful and cooperative (will offer information beyond what the character asks)

Cantrip type: Chimerical

☿☿☿ Coalesce

By taking organic material, the Inanimae can shape and craft objects. Only objects using plant matter can be created with this power. No mineral or metal parts can be used.



System: To create an object, the Inanimae must take the components and fashion them into a rough facsimile of the object he is trying to create. The number of successes determines how long the created item will last. Needless to say, nothing that uses electricity or chemical reactions can be made. With enough successes, however, the Inanimae can modify the objects, making wood as hard as steel, for example.

Cantrip type: Chimerical

- 1 success — one turn
- 2 successes — one hour
- 3 successes — once scene
- 4 successes — one month
- 5 successes — permanent

Web of Life

Similar to the scrying power of Soothsay, this power can allow an Inanimae to predict the future by measuring an event's impact or prospective aspect on the Web of Life. This power can give general information, but occasionally provides stunning insights into the consequences of a proposed action.

System: Any information gleaned from this Sliver is up to the Storyteller, but the information can be couched in terms that seem to relate to the biosphere e.g. "The Raven weeps on the branch of the oak to see this heinous thing." Alternatively, emotions or visions are possible. The number of successes determines the clarity of the information received.

Cantrip type: Chimerical

Mold

With this power, an Inanimae can change any organic substance to another. Flesh becomes wood, and vice versa. Bone replaces skin; Chlorophyll replaces blood. Mold can also be used to completely change forms. No matter how profound the change, an aspect of the original form remains. A tree transformed into a human may have nut-brown skin and greenish hair. Its personality would reflect its original form: A willow would be morose, an oak strong and silent, a birch slender and strong. A human turned into a tree would still seem to suggest a human form within the bark.

System: The more successes achieved, the more extensive and complete the change. The exact effects of this power require careful Storyteller supervision. The changes created by use of this power are technically permanent though they could easily be undone by another use of the same power.

Cantrip type: Chimerical or Wyrld

- 1 success — only subtle changes
- 2 successes — minor changes
- 3 successes — major changes
- 4 successes — almost complete transformation
- 5 successes — complete transformation



Aquis

The ondines' deep connection to water allows them access to the tranquillity and timelessness of the sea. Their Sliver concerns itself with primarily the power of the mind, time, and the maintaining of peace. At its highest level, Aquis harnesses the power of the tides themselves. Anyone who learns this Sliver can breathe and travel underwater with the same ease that they do on land.

Attribute: Intelligence or Perception

☉ Aura Perception

By using this Sliver an Inanimae can discern many important details about a target from examining its aura. Each living and some non-living creatures project an energy field. That field information is broadcast to those who can perceive it.

System: Using Aura Perception can determine the emotional state of a target, what kind of creature it is, or if the target is lying or enchanted. This power can also be used as a more detailed form of Kenning. It can reveal the target's Court, Legacies and even how banal the target is. The number of successes determines how clear or accurate the information is.

Cantrip type: Chimerical

- 1 success — only vague images
- 2 successes — some minor facts (high or low Banality)
- 3 successes — good perception (Court)
- 4 successes — fairly clear perception (exact level of Banality)
- 5 successes — clear, detailed perception (Legacies)

☹☹ Hold

With this power the Inanimae can arrest any movement or action, holding it in place. Hold is often used to enforce a truce between those who would make war upon each other by holding sword arms in place and stopping arrows in mid-flight.

System: This power absorbs kinetic energy, allowing the wielder to make bullets drop from their trajectories, or turn a crushing blow into a light tap. This power can also hold back kinetic energy temporarily, such as stopping an arrow and then allowing it to resume its course at a later time. The number of successes determines how powerful a kinetic force can be stopped. Items affected by this power are stopped for one turn. The duration can be extended by spending one point of Glamour for each additional turn.

Cantrip type: Wyrd

- 1 success — a tiny amount (something traveling very slowly — a leaf falling)
- 2 successes — a small amount (something moving slowly — a slow walk, gentle toss)
- 3 successes — a reasonable amount (something falling 10-30 feet)
- 4 successes — a great amount (something moving quickly — an arrow, slow moving vehicle, fast animal)
- 5 successes — a huge amount (something moving very quickly — a car, a bullet)



Tempus Fugit

This power acts exactly as the Kithain Art, Quicksilver. See *Changeling: The Dreaming*, pg. 187.

Cantrip type: Wyrd

Friction

Water's form is dictated by its temperature. With this power, an Inanimae may heat things to their boiling point or freeze them solid. This power only works on non-living things.

System: This cantrip changes the temperature of an object, and can melt or freeze virtually anything. The number of successes determines how hot or cold the object becomes. By rapidly freezing and heating something, this cantrip can cause it to shatter.

Cantrip type: Chimerical (if used on a chimerical item) or Wyrd

- 1 success — warm/cool
- 2 successes — hot/cold
- 3 successes — scalding/freezing
- 4 successes — boiling/frozen
- 5 successes — magma/liquid nitrogen

Healing Waters

This power acts exactly as the Kithain Art, Heather Balm. See *Changeling: The Dreaming*, pg. 179.

STRATUS

Paroseme are tied to the air and the clouds. They fly free and clear, dancing out of reach of their enemies, leaving them confused and far behind. They are masters of distance and misdirection. This Sliver is concerned with travel and illusion. Anyone who learns this Sliver gains the ability to predict weather. The Inanimae rolls Perception + Kenning (difficulty 5) and can predict the weather for one day per success.

Attributes: Charisma or Dexterity

Marathon

Paroseme go where they will, when they will. Marathon helps them travel. When cast upon a target, that target can travel faster than normal. This power does not actually increase speed, but for some reason shortens travel time. Some parosemes claim it opens trods into the Near Dreaming that are shortcuts to their destination.

System: For every success, travel time is shortened. This power doesn't grant extra actions, just shortens traveling time between two points.

Cantrip type: Wyrd

- 1 success — reduced travel time by 1/3
- 2 successes — reduced travel time by half
- 3 successes — reduced travel time to 1/4
- 4 successes — reduced travel time to 1/8
- 5 successes — reduced travel time to 1/16

☉☉ Conceal/Confuse

This is the power of simple illusion and camouflage. Illusions created with this Sliver can confuse the mind in minor ways. It can trick eyes to overlook the target, or cause a target to hear sounds that aren't there. These illusions are limited to one or two senses.

System: Illusions created with this power are simple and static. They are simple audio or visual phantasms. Creatures with Heightened senses may attempt to see through them. This power can also be used to camouflage a target with its surroundings. To detect a creature concealed in this fashion requires either supernatural senses or Perception + Kenning (difficulty 9) with a number of successes equal to that of the cantrip. The number of successes determines how long and/or how detailed the illusion is.

Cantrip type: Chimerical

☉☉☉ Flight

This Sliver acts exactly as Kithain Art, Windrunner. See *Changeling: The Dreaming*, pg. 187.

☉☉☉☉ Illusion

This power grants the ability to cast illusions that can fool more than one sense. Save for their automaton nature, these illusions seem to speak, move, or touch. Within the Dreaming these are very temporary Chimera that vanish when the cantrip expires. These illusions cannot damage anything, either physically or chimerically.

System: The system is the same as Conceal, but these illusions can fool all five senses. These illusions cannot perform any tasks. If the caster wants the illusion to perform a complex action, he must spend a Glamour and concentrate on the action. The illusion will perform the action so long as the wielder concentrates. If these illusions attempt to damage someone, they may create discomfort, but cannot cause actual damage or pain.

Cantrip type: Chimerical

☉☉☉☉☉ Phantasm

Whereas Illusion brings forth shadows, Phantasm creates true Chimera imbued with all the powers and Redes of denizens of the Dreaming. These illusions exist until slain or until the power of the cantrip expires.

System: When creating these powerful chimera, the rules in *Changeling: The Dreaming* can be used. Every success counts as a background dot in Chimera. (See *Changeling: The Dreaming* pg. 146) Alternatively as a quicker solution, the system is the same as Conceal or Illusion, but the Storyteller and player should bear in mind that this cantrip can create truly powerful chimera. These Chimera, although created by the Inanimae may have minds and motivations of their own.

Cantrip type: Chimerical



Pyros

It is rumored that the Kithain Art Pyretics was taught by solimonds to certain Kithain before the Shattering. Certainly Pyretics and Pyros both have many of the same aspects to them. Pyros is more flexible, having more discretion than the simple incendiary powers. Solimonds are hot-blooded creatures whose love of flame and discord are evident in their Sliver. Anyone who knows this Sliver will never need matches again — they can light small fires anywhere.

Attribute: Strength or Charisma

☉ Flame

With this power, an Inanimae can control flames. She can change their size, heat, or light, and can cause substances to burst into flame.

System: The size, light, or heat of the fire is determined by the number of successes achieved. To change more than one aspect of a fire, the player needs to spend an extra success per aspect affected.

Cantrip type: Chimerical or Wyrd

1 success — lit match/warm/flashlight

2 successes — small campfire (1 Health Level)/hot/firelight

3 successes — normal campfire (2 Health Levels)/boiling/100-watt bulb

4 successes — small bonfire (3 Health Levels)/searing/halogen bulb

5 successes — large bonfire (4 Health Levels)/hellfire/arc light

☹☹ Tortured heart

With this power the Inanimae can reach into the heart of her target and pull the strings of emotion. This power can enhance or reduce an emotion that already exists; it cannot create an emotion from nothing.

System: The character can modify emotion or emotional ties within his target. To do so, there must be an emotion already present, and the modification can de-emphasize it, not reverse it. Love can be turned into disinterest, but not hate. The number of successes determines how complete a modification can be made.

Cantrip type: Chimerical

1 success — minor emotional change

2 successes — small emotional change

3 successes — complete emotional change

4 successes — major emotional change

5 successes — overwhelming emotional change

☹☹☹ Ares' Fist

This power grants the skills of a great warrior. The fire of Mars infuses the limbs of the wielder turning him into a martial artist of great skill and power. This puissance extends to armed combat as well.



System: Every success scored is the equivalent of both one dot in Brawl and one in Melee. Using this cantrip can allow these scores to go above five. If so, the target gains the Brawl specialty (unarmed combat), and the Melee specialty (melee weapons).

Cantrip type: Chimerical or Wyrd

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 Strings of the Soul

This is a more powerful version of Tortured Heart. With this, an Inanimae can stir great heated passions, or bank the embers of the heart. With this Sliver, emotions can be created and woven to the wielder's desire.

System: This cantrip works virtually the same as Tortured Heart, except that it can reverse emotions, change one to another, and create them completely from nothing. The number of successes determines how powerful an emotion can be created.

Cantrip type: Chimerical

1 success — minor emotion

2 successes — small emotion

3 successes — complete emotion

4 successes — major emotion

5 successes — overwhelming emotion

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 Inferno

With this power, the full control of fire is possible. This cantrip can create objects of living flame, or engulf an entire area in fire. There is one danger in the use of this cantrip: If a flame-creature is created, there is a possibility that it can break free of the caster's control and wreak havoc. Creating flame-creatures is forbidden save in dire circumstances. If reckless use of this cantrip is found out, a group of solimonds will band together and seek out the offender.

System: If creating straightforward flame, start with five successes on Flame, and scale upwards. To create flame objects, the number of successes determines how complex or large the creatures are. Only the caster can handle the objects or creatures safely, all others take fire damage. If this power is used to transform a living creature, that creature is unharmed by the transformation. By spending a Willpower point, the created object can be made safe to handle. The Storyteller may at her discretion lower the difficulty of creating flame-objects if the caster finds an example of the actual object he wishes to transform.

Cantrip type: Chimerical or Wyrd

Kithain Arts

Kithain cannot learn Slivers and most Inanimae cannot learn Arts. The exception to this are the mannikins. Most Inanimae see Arts as artificial constructs to control that which is uncontrollable, whereas their Slivers are natural means of using Glamour that is more harmonious to the Dreaming. Many Kithain see Inanimae Slivers as parlor tricks right up to the point where it's too late to save themselves.



A word on Sovereign

Inanimae aren't usually affected by Sovereign. They are affected only if they've taken a voluntary title with a Kithain Court. Once the title is accepted, they are as susceptible to Sovereign as any other changeling.

Inanimae Realms

Introduction

Like Kithain, the Inanimae have split the world into fragments that their powers affect. Unlike the Kithain, the Inanimae Realms correspond to the four elements, Air, Earth, Fire, Water and Spirit. Each Realm represents an aspect of the Inanimae's environment. All Inanimae begin with one free level of their family's Realm. The principle of opposing forces applies here, it is more difficult for a kubera to learn the Air Realm, conversely, parosemes find it difficult to learn the Earth Realm.

Inanimae Realms work like Kithain Realms, in that they're needed to cast cantrips, being the way that Glamour affects the world. Unlike Kithain Realms, the Inanimae Realms aren't step-by-step. If a Realm is learned, it encompasses the entire sphere of that Realm. The level of the Realm indicates how skilled the Inanimae is in understanding and controlling that Realm.

The advantages of having a high skill in any particular Realm is that, as an Inanimae gains knowledge, he becomes aware of that Realm in a more profound sense. In fact, it's possible to detect things going on within that Realm. Someone with a high-level skill in the Earth Realm may sense or even predict an earthquake. Those who are skilled in the Fire Realm can sense fires. Air savants can tell how the wind is blowing. Water savants can tell when seas are rough and dangerous. Spirit savants can sometimes catch glimpses into the Umbra or Deep Dreaming.

Air

This is the element that surrounds the globe. Its sphere of influence is the non-living environment. If a cantrip is to affect the weather, the air, temperature or anything else within the surroundings of the caster, or target, this Realm is needed. This Realm is similar to Scene for Kithain.

Fire

This element affects all non-supernatural living objects, be they plant or animal. If a living creature has a magical or supernatural aspect of its own, the Spirit Realm is needed. If a cantrip is cast that requires to affect anything that is alive, this is the Realm that must be used. The sole exception is the mind of a creature. Solely the physical aspect of the creature can be affected. This Realm is similar to Nature for Kithain.

Water

This element controls a living creature's mental environment. Any cantrip to confuse the senses or alter perception needs this Realm to be effective. This Realm, like that of Earth, cannot affect supernatural creatures, to do so requires the Spirit Realm. This Realm is similar to Actor for Kithain.

Earth

This Realm affects non-living objects. Cantrips that involve or have a non-living object as a target needs this Realm to be active. This Realm is also used to affect crafted objects. This Realm is similar to that of Prop for Kithain.

Spirit

The Realm of Spirit governs all the supernatural aspects of the Inanimae's world, including other fae. Unlike the other Realms, this Realm affects both the environment and the creatures as well. Any Awakened creature, or creature of Glamour (chimera, enchanted humans etc.) is affected by the Realm of Spirit. This Realm is similar to that of Fae for Kithain.

The Elements

Each Inanimae has an Elemental Affinity. These affinities determine how easy it is to learn the Slivers and Realms associated with other elements.

Earth (kuberas, glomes): Opposed: Air, Favorable: Water, Neutral: Spirit, Fire

Air (parosemes): Opposed: Earth, Favorable: Fire, Neutral: Spirit, Water

Fire (solimonds): Opposed: Water, Favorable: Earth, Neutral: Spirit, Air

Water (ondines): Opposed: Fire, Favorable: Air, Neutral: Spirit, Earth

Spirit (mannikins): Neutral to all other Elements

It always is more expensive to buy opposed-element Slivers and Realms. Neutral Elements cost less and Favorable Elements cost the same as the Inanimae's Affinity.

Experience Point Costs

Slivers

Affinity	Experience Cost
Favorable	Sliver level x 5
Neutral	Sliver level x 6
Opposed	Sliver level x 7

Realms

Affinity	Experience Cost
Favorable	Realm level x 3
Neutral	Realm level x 4
Opposed	Realm level x 5

Materiel

Like the Kithain, Inanimae need an activating force to awaken their power. The key to unlocking their Glamour is Materiel. Materiel are pieces of their kingdom. They are carried or performed, and when used, act much in the same way as a Bunk does. The only circumstance when Materiel is not needed is when an Inanimae is using her own family Sliver while in contact with her Anchor. Each Sliver has Materiel components to it, and the rarer and more esoteric the Materiel, the more powerful the activation.

Each Sliver has a type of Materiel component to it. To successfully cast a cantrip, the particular Materiel must be used. A different Materiel may be used if the caster spends a Glamour point.

The Materiel is similar to a Bunk in that depending on how rare or complex the Materiel is, the lower the difficulty becomes. It's up to Storyteller discretion on how powerful a Materiel is, but there are certain guidelines outlined below.

Petros — The Materiel for Petros is some kind of mineral or metal. The rarity of the mineral is a deciding factor, as is the way it is used. The more the mineral is altered or changed, the more the effect. Some minerals such as lodestone were thought to have magical properties, these types of Materiels can be more powerful. The only metal that can never be used as Materiel is iron.

Verdage — The Materiel for Verdage is different plants and herbs. The rarity of the plant, or the elaborate preparation of a salve or potpourri, the stronger the Materiel. Certain woods have magical properties in myth and legend, such as St. John's Wort, Oak, Ash, Thorn, etc. The Storyteller may wish to research some plant properties with the player to come up with ideas.

Aquis — The Materiel for Aquis is water that has been changed or is in different form. Snow, ice, morning dew, heavy water, or rain, are all examples of Aquis Materiel. Other ideas could be distilled or polluted water. These could be used for cantrips involving purity or corruption.

Stratus — To control the power of air, the Materiel for Stratus is music. The music must be whistled or blown with an instrument such as a woodwind or brass. The complexity of the music determines how powerful the Materiel is, alternatively, for some truly powerful cantrips, a tune of striking purity and simplicity may be needed.

Pyros — The Materiel for Pyros cantrips is to burn different fuels, in different manners. To destroy something rare within the power of flame is a powerful Materiel, but simply burning a sheaf of loose-leaf paper wouldn't be (although making paper airplanes, lighting them and throwing them would be a moderate Materiel). The power of the Materiel is determined on the rarity of the fuel, the difficulty of lighting the flame, and power



of the fire. (Lighting a building on fire may be excessive, but it would get results.)

Example of Inanimae Cantrip Casting

John decides his glome, Auric, will use Petros 3 (Ironarm) to up his Strength pool so he can lift the heavy portcullis.

First, he checks his Realms. Affecting himself requires Spirit, because he's a sentient being. He has two dots in Spirit. He adds those dice to his Strength which is three, so his dice pool is six.

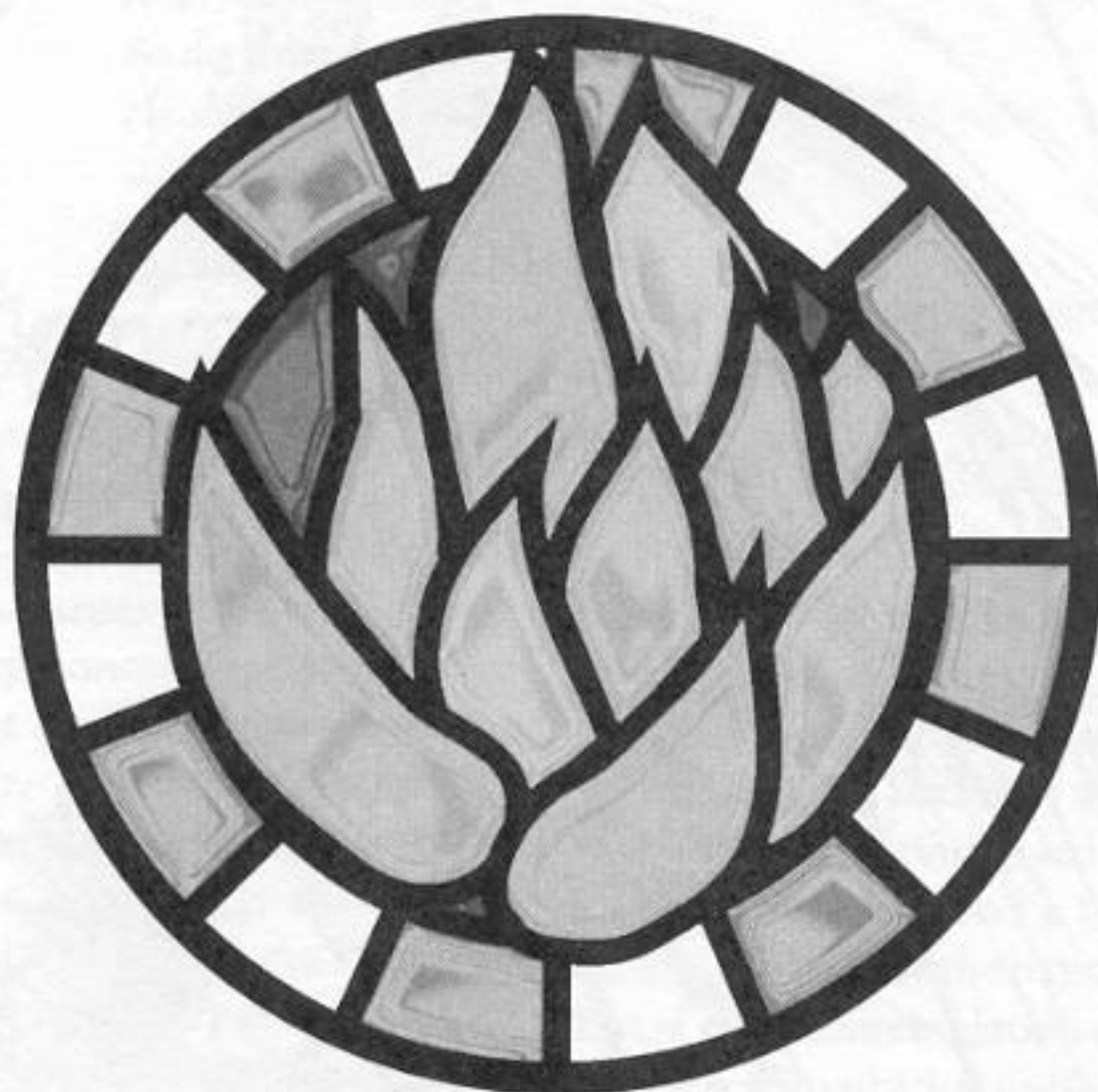
Because this effect is in the real word, Auric spends a Glamour to make the cantrip Wyrd. There are no observers, so the Storyteller assigns the difficulty number as John's Banality + 4. Auric is young and recently out of Somnolence so his Banality is only 3. John's starting difficulty is 7.

To activate the cantrip, Auric pulls out a piece of sandstone and grinds it in his hands. The Storyteller thinks that this is a relatively easy Materiel, so his difficulty is only reduced by 1.

John rolls six dice and gets 1, 6, 7, 7, 5, 8. Three successes, and three strength levels, this brings his pool to six, more than enough to lift the portcullis.

Inanimae Cantrip Casting Summary

- Step 1: Choose Silver
- Step 2: Choose Appropriate Realm
- Step 3: Calculate Dice Pool (Silver Attribute + Realm level)
- Step 4: Choose Materiel
- Step 5: Calculate Difficulty (highest Banality level + 4)
- Step 6: Modify Difficulty (Glamour, closeness to Anchor, level of Materiel)
- Step 7: Roll Dice
- Step 8: Spend Glamour to make cantrip Wyrd (if desired)





CHAPTER SEVEN: DANCE OF LIGHT AND SHADOW

*By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns in his bed at night.
— William Allingham, *The Faeries**

Dance of the Elements

Using the Inanimae in a chronicle presents unique challenges to Storytellers and players alike. These fae are very different from the Kithain we've all come to know and love (or love to hate). They are alien in most senses of the word. These are not the Western changelings of Concordia, nor even the Eastern fae of the **Land of Eight Million Dreams**, for as dissimilar as those two groups are, at least they both live primarily among the unseeing mortals of the world. The Inanimae do not have even that strong of a connection to their fellow exiles from Arcadia. Having bonded with non-living items and elemental substances, many of them have a sense of the world that goes beyond geographical boundaries. Changelings see two worlds at once, and their philosophies are born of this unique perspective. Their mortal seemings give them a connection to the real world, a foundation upon which a player may base her roleplaying. How much more alien, then, is a character who does not have that connection?

This chapter is intended for the Storyteller's use; it provides some insights into running a chronicle for Inanimae

characters, including suggestions for themes, moods, settings and story ideas.

The Patience of Stone: Glomes

The movements of the great masses of stone upon the face of the world are slow and steady, qualities that are also evident in the demeanor of the people who are bonded to the stone upon which so much is built. Glomes are patient individuals who do nothing hastily, and they almost always take the long view of things. Several months could easily pass while a glome considers a course of action, and a few days is little more than a deep breath. Glomes are the most reclusive of the Inanimae; most are lost in their contemplation of the past and would happily spend their days Slumbering until the eventual arrival of Spring. How then do such characters become engaged in stories involving others who experience life on a bit faster-paced scale?

As students of history and keepers of lore, glomes are well suited to filling the roles of revered and ancient sages, experts on esoteric knowledge that player characters need to complete a task or to proceed with a quest. When a glome discovers that his knowledge is incomplete or discovers a new topic that piques his

interest, he may find that motivation enough to tear himself free of the embrace of the earth and wander out in search of the lore he seeks. Though many glomes may be happy enough simply to wait for those who annoy them to leave, that patience does not extend to those who threaten a glome's physical form or his Anchor. A glome awakened by such a threat would be even more likely to take action if the nature of the threat proved widespread and likely to impact others of his kind. The depredations of mortal strip miners would be one such threat, while the activities of a ring of sculpture thieves would be another.

The Vibrancy of Growth: Kuberas

No matter how badly mortals mistreat the planet, nature will always find a way to flourish, and the kuberas are the faerie manifestation of that verdant fecundity. Though some remain reclusive and prefer the company of the plants to which they are bonded, many find that their natural desire to increase the fertility of the land around them extends very naturally into the societies they often find themselves near. Kuberas are not content with improving only their own lot; they wish to see those around them benefit from the bounty as well. Growth and multiplication take many forms, from the accumulation of wealth to the spreading of one's seed. Though kuberas cannot actually reproduce with changelings or mortals, the act is pleasurable and engenders in others a state of mind that might lead them into a tryst with their own kind, a tryst that can bear fruit.

These Inanimae may be among the easiest to involve in the affairs of changelings and mortals, for their greatest potential for growth may actually lie with others not of their own kind. A kubera might have grand financial plans that require the assistance of someone with the necessary savvy, or she might be a ruthless competitor who tears down the works of others in the course of promoting her own growth. Death is a natural part of life, and nature understands the value of competition in culling the weak from the flock. A kubera who fosters prosperity and shares her growth with many people can earn a great many friends among those with whom she shares, while simultaneously earning enemies among those who wish to know the secrets of her success. Even those kubera who are completely immersed in the worlds of changelings and mortals will not forget the trees and glades from which they awoke, and threats to such are sure to attract their attention. Perhaps a kubera might become involved in putting a stop to the actions of logging companies or helping activists who lobby for the preservation of natural sites. Though death is a natural occurrence, in the World of Darkness, the death of the natural world happening at a pace too quick for comfort.

The Spies Among the Blind: Mannikins

Mannikins are all around us... they watch us from department stores and childrens' bedrooms. Though they often seem to be closer to the Kithain because of their physical appear-

ance, in many ways they are more alien. The mannikins are an insular lot. They tend to keep to themselves and to the few mortals with whom they choose to associate. Few know of their plans or goals. Dark whispers of vast conspiracies echo in the halls of the Kithain courts while the Inanimae simply wait and watch. To the gladelings, they are most certainly enemies, being creatures of the Kroft, yet the Inanimae are uncertain of their motives.

The mannikins of the department stores are considered to be the most dangerous. Their exact numbers are unknown, but most of the Sessile believe them to be quite vast and growing every day. Where these new faerie souls are coming from is a matter for conjecture. Some believe that they come from the Dreaming, while others believe that they are formed from the spirits of captured Kithain and Inanimae. Rumors also persist of a vast network of trods, known only to the mannikins, that run between department stores around the world allowing the mannikins to instantly communicate and travel.

The toy mannikins are considered to be the most innocuous, but they could in the end, prove to be the most dangerous. Full of energy, they never tire of playing and are wonderful companions and "imaginary friends" for children lucky enough to possess one. The danger comes from the fact that these Inanimae have the ears and hearts of the youths of mortal society. Their influence on upcoming generations (and that which they may have had in the past) is unknown.

The Fluidity of Water: Ondines

Creatures at once ever-changing and constant, the ondines are the children of water, and their forms and moods can take as many different forms as that element. They are fond of secrets and misdirection, and their words and deeds usually hide unguessed meanings, much in the way a reflection in the surface of a still pond obscures what lies beneath the water. A hidden current underlies anything they say and do, however, for ondines always carry with them a great sadness, no matter the emotion they portray. This melancholy has many causes. The sea is the repository for many lost trinkets, and so the ondines are creatures of nostalgia who collect memorabilia to try to remember a past they did not live. The past they can remember is one now denied them, for they are no longer welcome in the depths of the sea from which they came and must make due with shallower bodies of water and dry land. Though they find surcease from their pain in the emotional games they play with humans, this meddling eventually reminds them that they themselves cannot truly find love. Their sadness remains hidden, quiet and deep, unaffected by the turbulence on the surface.

While the kuberas come into contact with mortals by virtue of their desire to spread fertility and plenty, ondines seek out changelings and humans explicitly as targets for their emotional meddling. This makes it quite easy to involve ondine characters in stories involving characters who are not Inanimae. Perhaps an ondine wishes to teach

another character the meaning of sadness, and becomes involved with her purely to break her heart, especially if it involves seducing her away from a faithful lover. An ondine character might become smitten with what he thinks to be true love and goes to any lengths to achieve or preserve it; this could result in the character undertaking great tasks to impress the object of his desire, or perhaps, deliberately attacking someone else with an interest in his love, to be rid of the competition. Ondines' tendencies to collect items of nostalgia can also serve as a story springboard. A small and seemingly worthless object in such a character's possession might prove to contain a vital clue to an important task, or the character might have "collected" a "trinket" of great personal value to someone with the necessary connections to get it back.

The Caprice of Wind: Parosemes

The wind blows across the mountain-tops and vast country fields. This same wind winds its way among towering skyscrapers and down suburban streets. Unlike most other Inanimae (especially the gladelings) parosemes are comfortable equally in either the country or the city, just so long as they have open places to soar. Parosemes rarely spend too long in one place, and because of this, they rarely make long-lasting friendships. They can be difficult to handle during a chronicle for this very reason. On the flip-side, their insatiable curiosity and constant movement often involves them in situations that it could be difficult to involve other fae.

The Passion of Flame: Solimonds

Firey passion is the root of all solimonds. They have an undying thirst for adventure and there is no other fae whose passions run as deep as the solimonds. A solimond in love can be as devoted and passionate as the most romantic sidhe knight and a solimond who is angry can make an angry troll seem timid.

The solimonds offer unique difficulties for Storytellers because of the fact that they exist on the fringes of Inanimae society. Whether of the Kroft or of the Glade they are mostly distrusted by all other Inanimae because of their destructive capabilities — and tendencies. Storytellers who wish to involve a solimond in a regular chronicle will face a number of difficulties, the first and foremost being how the other characters react to his presence. Ultimately, the Storyteller can leave this to the players to rationalize, though it might be best to have some influence in this decision.

Dealing with the Making War

The Making War is a central point of all Inanimae stories. The ongoing conflict between those of the Glade and those of the Kroft. Krofted Inanimae seem to feel that joining the Kroft is the only way for the Inanimae to survive the coming Winter. The mannikins side with the Krofted in this, though they seem to have a purpose beyond this, which is unknowable even to those Inanimae who have joined the Kroft.

Individual Storytellers can decide for themselves how much they want to involve the Making War in their stories. Like the Seelie and Unseelie Courts, Inanimae of the Glade and of the Kroft will sometimes cooperate, though this is far more rare. These beings are so different that they often have difficulty understanding each other on any level, much-less working together.

Kroft vs. Glade

The comparison between the Seelie and Unseelie Courts is inevitable when speaking of the Glade and the Kroft. As most Inanimae will tell you, however, there is not as much choice involved. Most Kithain believe that they have at least some choice as to which Court they follow, though others would argue that an individual changeling really has no choice at all, that his path is chosen by Dán. Being Krofted is a state of being, if not more so, than a mind-set or a belief. Very few gladelings, if any, believe that they should join the Kroft, or if they do, they soon become Krofted. An Inanimae who become Krofted, has no way of changing back — he is now forever what he has become. This change affects the Inanimae in a multitude of ways including how the Inanimae views the world. Gladelings who become Krofted seem to change their perceptions and philosophies almost over night. In a sense, he becomes a completely new person, reborn into a new life, a new body and a new set of beliefs.

CHARACTERS

Sit back and relax. Think of the characters your players have made. How do they fit into the world you have created? What are their goals and motivations. Do you envision them as great heroes... battling terrible evils and making vast sweeping changes to the world and everyone around them. Or should their story be of a more personal nature. How the characters fit into the story can be of utmost importance. If the wrong type of characters are thrust into the wrong story, the result is likely to be unfulfilling for both the Storyteller and the players.

Conflict

With its origins firmly rooted in war gaming, roleplaying often focuses on physical conflict. Besides, what adventure story is complete without a final showdown between the hero and the villain. Not all conflict needs to be physical — a fact that is often forgotten in roleplaying games. Stories and chronicles revolving around the Inanimae do not always lend themselves to combat as easily as Kithain stories do. These are a secretive people who seek to shape the world from behind the scenes rather being thrust into the center of things. They are also a dying people and because of this they fear the spotlight and attention that active conflict might cause. They are far fewer in numbers and because of this they know that a concerted effort by any one group (Kithain or even other supernaturals) could possibly wipe them from the face of the Earth, forever.

Because of this fear of being open, the Inanimae have become masters of secret conflict. The glomes especidÖly have mastered the art of setting their plans in motion and silently waiting for their plans to come to fruition. It is this kind of conflict that Storytellers should focus on when telling stories involving Inanimae, whether the Inanimae are the protagonists or the antagonists in the story.

Inanimae as Protagonists

The Inanimae, especially the gladelings, serve well as protagonists in most changeling chronicles. Most Kithain characters, especially those who are Seelie, will gladly aid gladeling Inanimae in saving natural places. An Inanimae may even appear in a story involving mostly Kithain and offer assistance, possibly without any explanation for the assistance. Gladelings are probably the most likely to be found as protagonists in a Seelie Kithain chronicle, though it is possible that the Unseelie may find allies among the Kroft or even among the solimonds.

Inanimae as Antagonists

Though the majority of this book is presented for players who wish to play Inanimae as protagonist characters, there is certainly plenty of room for Storytellers to draw upon the rich history and setting of the Sessile as antagonists. How the Inanimae are used as antagonists depends greatly upon the nature of the chronicle the Storyteller is telling.

The mannikins are constantly plotting to bring about a universal sameness that most Kithain believes helps grow Banality in the world. These alien beings can serve as an excellent source of mystery and opposition to a group of Seelie Kithain.

Endings

How many times in the course of recalling an old game chronicle have you said to yourself, "I really wish we could have ended that." True, all things come to an end, but the end is not often satisfactory or complete. It is up to the Storyteller to make sure that the ending is satisfying to the players. This does not necessarily mean that it is satisfactory to the character, characters may die or meet other tragic fates, but it is always good to have a solid ending for individual stories and eventually your chronicle. Some chronicles go on and on with no end in sight until one day the players simply get bored and turn to something else. Too often, Storytellers fear having an actual end in mind. The reasons for this are many but the most common one is probably that he fears that the players will be unwilling to set aside characters that they have spent years or months developing. Ultimately, having an ending in mind for the chronicle can be much more satisfying than one day just dropping the game. If the players know that you have an end in mind they are also more likely to maintain interest because, just like when you are reading a good novel or watching a movie, you want to know how it ends. If, once

the chronicle has wrapped up you and the players decide that they want to continue playing, you can have them make new characters and begin an entirely new chronicle or you can even pick up where the previous chronicle ended... perhaps with some players playing old characters while others move onto new characters.

Story Ideas

The following are a few possible story seeds that Storytellers can use for inspiration.

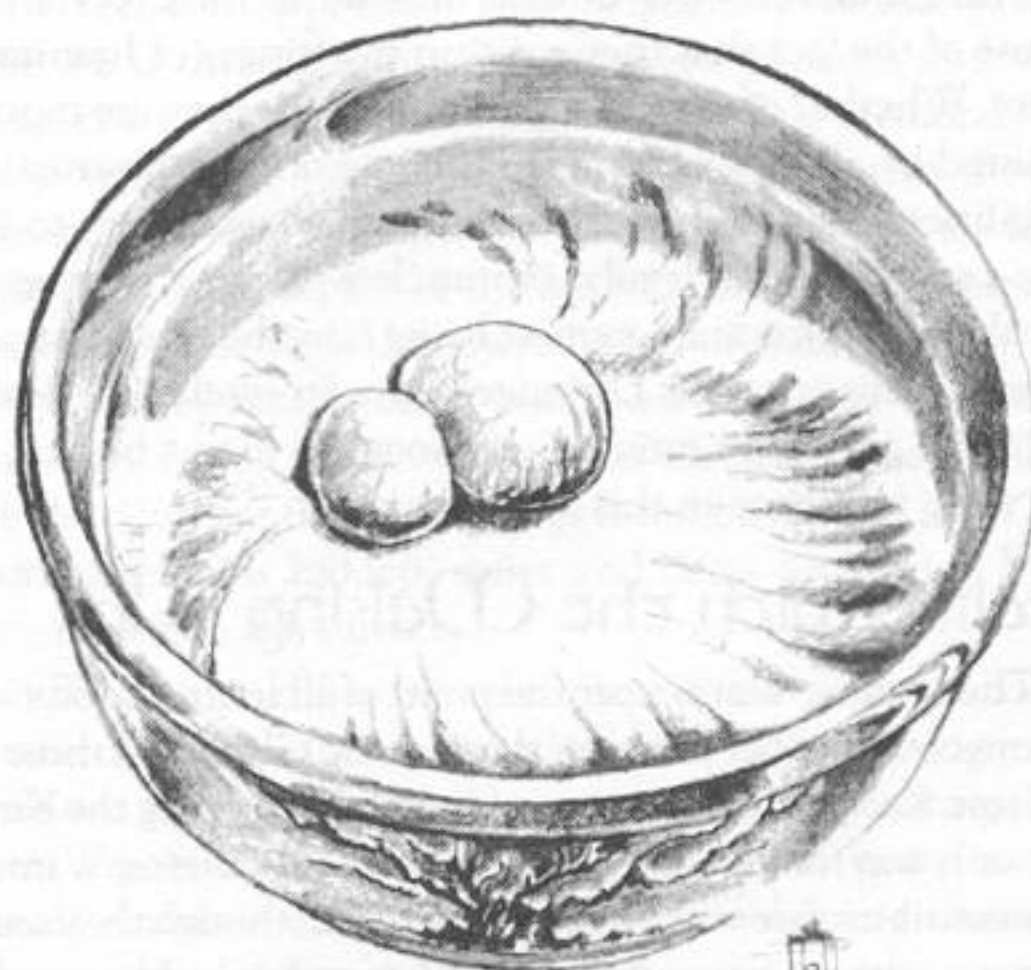
- A group of Kithain is drawn into the glome/solimond conflict.
- A mannikin blackrobe shows up at a Kithain court with dire portents... how will the Kithain react; what will they do?
- Several Inanimae enlist the aid of some Kithain to seek out other Inanimae who are in Slumber or, perhaps, to save an Anchor from destruction.

TREASURES

An Inanimae Treasure is the antithesis of everything a nocker holds dear: Intricate ornamentation gives way to elemental simplicity, and the natural replaces artifice. Even the creations of the mannikins seem primitive next to those of their animate cousins. Still, this lack of complexity should not be mistaken for a weakness; the artifacts of the Inanimae are as full of arcane secrets as their creators and as willfully misunderstood.

Soup Stones (Level One Treasure)

In times of trouble and famine, these smooth, unadorned stones make their way into pots and kettles of all kinds. Each Soup Stone carries a simple glome enchantment: the transformation of water into a delicious and fully nourishing soup or stew. Working the magic is as simple as placing the Soup Stone



in boiling water and wishing for your supper; single stones have been known to provide dozens of changelings or mortals with a hearty meal, and awestruck boggans gossip about the time when several Soup Stones were cooked together to feed an entire crowd of hungry refugees.

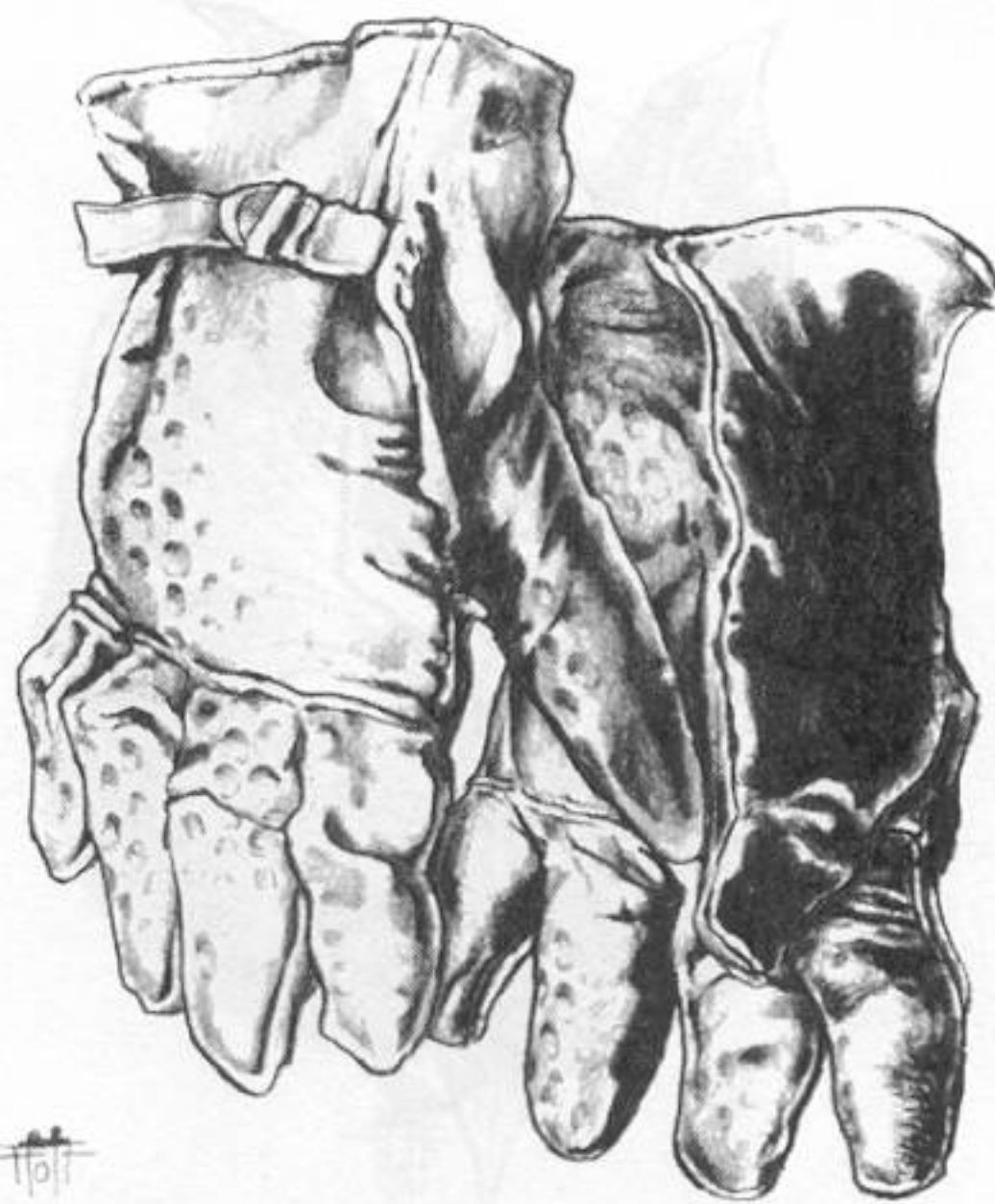
All known Soup Stones have this limit in common: They're only good for three square meals per day. Anyone who tries to squeeze in a extra snack or two ends up with nothing more than some lovely rock-flavored water. Court chefs like to keep a Soup Stone on hand for unexpected guests and childlings familiar with the folktale "Stone Soup"; those redcaps foolish enough to try to eat one in an attempt to curb their endless hunger have reported that the meal, while tasty enough, tends not to stay down. Soup Stone flavors vary based on the locale from which an individual stone was taken: For example, Louisiana stones cook up a spicy gumbo while Boston stones produce hearty chowders.

Truthwater (Level Two Treasure)

Scattered here and there across the mountains of the world are lakes and ponds so crystal clear that passers-by who stop to look therein can see straight through to the Dreaming itself. Ondine loremasters have learned how to bottle the waters of such pools without destroying their Glamour, thereby producing the notorious Truthwater elixir. A deep draught of this sweet-tasting water gives the drinker the ability to detect falsehoods, and pierce illusions or disguises at a glance. (In mechanical terms, the character gains an automatic success on any relevant Alertness, Empathy, or Kenning rolls for one scene.) With Truthwater's aid, bold knights have escaped from the labyrinthine strongholds of the Shadow Court, and loyal chamberlains have prevented the substitution of simulacra for reigning monarchs.

The use of Truthwater, voluntary or otherwise, is not without its drawbacks. The ability to see through the deceptions of others is accompanied by a powerful urge toward honesty; those changelings who drink the elixir must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 8) to tell lies, omit details, and the like while the enchantment lasts. Savvy lordlings take advantage of this property to perform subtle interrogations under the guise of hospitality. Truthwater saves its worst side effects for pooka: Any pooka who consumes some is overwhelmed by the need to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Unless the pooka immediately spends a point of Willpower and remains quiet for the remainder of the scene, she will babble truths nonstop. Silent pooka who can't take it anymore and burst out talking will have to spend additional Willpower to shut up again. Needless to say, anyone using Truthwater on a pooka is asking for a vengeful prank or even an enemy in return.

Note: Changelings afraid of getting slipped a Truthwater mickey need not worry. The truth hides nothing, and the same goes for Truthwater. Its mystic power turns anything containing it — bottles, mugs, even other



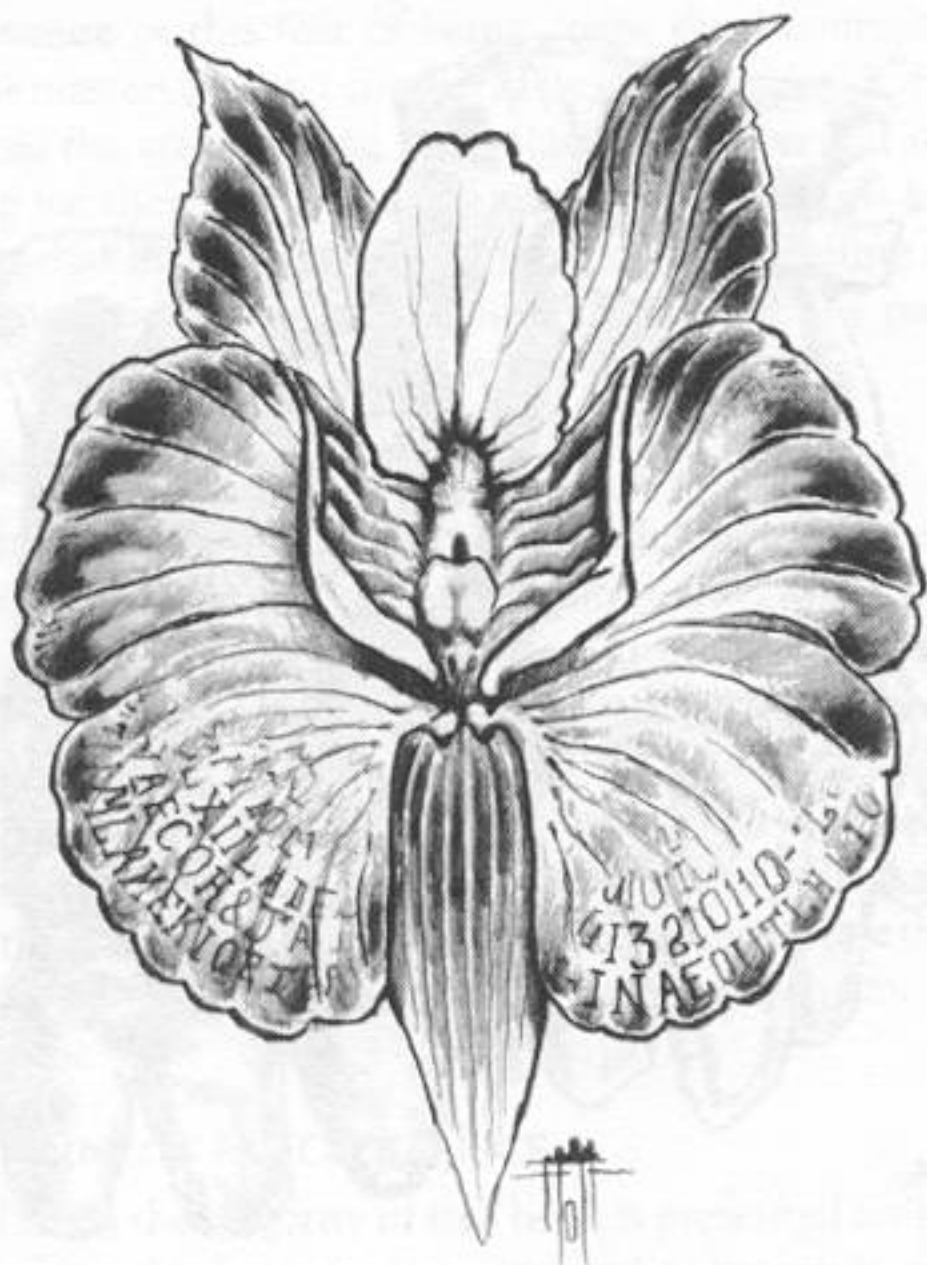
liquids — as transparent as glass or clear plastic. Suspicious Kithain in the know therefore avoid hosts' offers of bottled water and hard liquor.

Salamander Skin (Level Three Treasure)

At one point in his *Travels*, Marco Polo notes his encounter with a mysterious cloth that would not burn, a cloth the locals call "salamander skin." Banal critics and interpreters of his text gloss this as a fanciful reference to sheets of asbestos, but the Kithain know better: The cloth Polo saw really was the skin of salamanders — or solimonds, to be more precise. Those Seelie crafters who work with the material claim that solimonds shed their skins whenever they Slumber, casting off their mortal flesh as they return to rest in their fiery Anchors. The Skin that remains behind retains the solimond's essence, protecting it against flames mundane and magical. Only the fire of its source Anchor is hot enough to consume Salamander Skin, and a changeling hoping to acquire some must be quick if he wishes to recover it before it burns up.

Small amounts of Salamander Skin can be procured in this fashion, enough for a pair of gloves, boots, or shoes. Larger articles of clothing (jackets, smiths' aprons, complete suits) require the Skins of several solimonds and are, thus, correspondingly rare; Storytellers should require players wishing to begin with Salamander Skin garments of this size to pay an additional one or two Freebie Points. Because of the demand among dragonslayers and smiths in particular for such goods, it is rumored that some Unseelie tailors prefer to acquire their Skins more... directly.

Any part of the body covered by Salamander Skin shares in the Skin's mystical immunity. Skin gloves let you plunge your hands into molten dreamsteel; Skin shoes



allow you to walk on lava (if you're foolish enough to do so in the first place). In combat or stress situations, this protection is less certain. Small garments are no proof against fire or heat-based attacks, while larger garments function as armor, adding to a character's Soak roll (but only against the fire or heat portion of the attack). Use the Armor Types chart on pg. 249 of the **Changeling: The Dreaming** rulebook to determine the amount of protection granted by a Salamander Skin garment. (A Skin shirt has an Armor rating of 2; a vest or jacket, 3 or 4; a complete suit, 5 or 6.) Salamander Skin clothing has the additional benefit of shielding its wearer from all temperature extremes. Unfortunately, it also has a weakness: The enchantment fails to work if the garment in question becomes wet.

Forget-Me-Nots (Level Four Treasure)

Forget-Me-Nots are pressed flowers and waxed leaves the kuberans endow with a single special ability: A changeling who places one between the pages of any handwritten or printed text (books, files, notes, printouts, letters, etc.) and spends a point of Glamour, is able to copy the contents of that text into the Forget-Me-Not. The entire process takes just seconds, and the copy is perfect — no signal degradation. It may be subsequently "downloaded" by placing the full Forget-Me-Not (each flower or leaf holds only one text at a time) inside a blank notebook or journal, and waiting overnight. In the morning, a complete hard copy is ready for use.

The development of Forget-Me-Nots is apparently a deliberate cross-pollination of childling play and cutting-edge technology, with an environmental consideration thrown in for good measure. Sluagh spies are particularly delighted to

have a portable, Glamour-powered scanner in their arsenals, and Kithain archivists find Forget-Me-Nots a perfect means of copying even the most fragile ancient texts. An entire freehold of Silicon Valley nockers is currently hard at work attempting to adapt Forget-Me-Nots to electronic media. They've assured Queen Aeron that a digital oak leaf and the drive to read it are close to the production phase.

The Master-Puppet (Level Five Treasure)

The mannikin developed this nasty piece of work out of a sense of pure maliciousness and cosmic irony. Legend has it that the infamous Jack Visegrip cried out, "Who's pulling the strings now, meat sock?" as he completed his creation. The Master-Puppet he built is a featureless marionette made of plain wood and cheap string, a design upon which his successors have never seen the need to improve. To work its charms, the would-be puppeteer must first shape the Puppet to resemble the individual she wishes to torment (Dexterity + Crafts, difficulty 8). Like a voodoo doll, some sort of personal connection to the target must be incorporated into the design for this process to work: The Puppet's costume can be made of the target's old clothes, the paint used for its face might contain a drop of the target's blood, and so on. Once the puppeteer produces a successful likeness, she must spend a point of Glamour to link Puppet and target. If she changes her mind and wants to control someone else, she will have to start all over again, constructing a new Master-Puppet.

At this point, the fun begins: By spending another point of Glamour, the Master-Puppet's user may control the physical motions of the target at any distance for one scene, provided she has a line of sight. (Soothsay and other scrying Treasures



or techniques count here.) You can make your victim dance jigs, trip over an invisible root, punch his best friend, or bump into strangers. You simply need to mime the desired action with the Master-Puppet, and the target follows suit. The Puppet doesn't allow you to affect the target's mind or emotions, nor does it let you force the target to do something *directly* harmful to himself, but the mannikins prefer it that way. A free mind feels the terror of an unruly body more acutely, and corpses can't be humiliated.

There are additional limits to the puppeteer's control of her victim. Whenever a target is compelled to act, he may make an extended resistance roll (Willpower, difficulty 8). When the total successes on any single resistance roll exceed the puppeteer's Willpower + number of successes on the original creation roll (maximum of 8), no further control attempts are possible for the remainder of the scene. Targets may also spend Willpower points to free up their motor functions; each point spent counts as a success on their resistance roll. Finally, all Master-Puppets may only be used as many times as they have strings (five is the standard number). A single string snaps at the end of each control period; although a given string may be retied (so that the Puppet can continue to function), the breaking of the final string causes the Master-Puppet to fall to the ground and shatter.

Aiolos' Bag of Winds (Legendary Treasure)

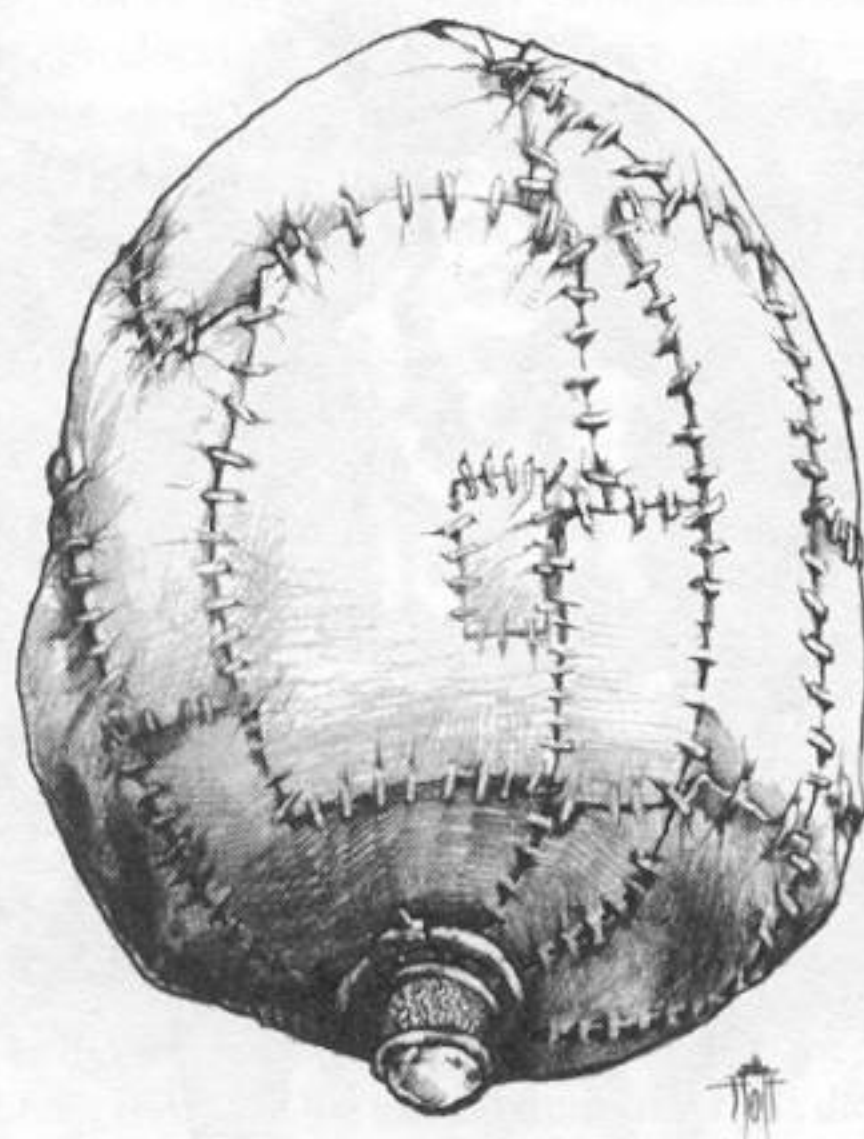
He gave me a bag made of the skin taken off a nine-year ox, stuffed full inside with the courses of all the blowing winds, for the son of Kronos had set him in charge over the winds, to hold them still or start them up at his pleasure.

— Homer, the Odyssey

Shortly after his escape from Polyphemos the Cyclops, the Greek hero Odysseus sojourned with Aiolos, the wind god. Aiolos sealed all the breezes of the world into a magical bag, promising Odysseus that he would have smooth sailing to Ithaca as a result. That plan failed: As Odysseus slept, his sailors opened the bag, believing there was treasure inside. Free at last, the winds burst forth, blowing the ship miles and years away from home. The bag itself flew off into the sky, never to be seen again by mortal eyes.

So goes the legend. The reality is that the Bag of Winds somehow disappeared into the Dreaming where the parosemes found and refilled it. Since then, it has repeatedly returned to the mortal world, usually in the service of the silfars and their allies. During the Accordance War, commoner leaders used it to rescue an entire squadron in danger of Sidhe ambush; the noble knights watched in amazement as their seemingly doomed foes were suddenly airlifted to safety. The Bag's current location is unknown, but the parosemes are in no hurry to recover it. They reason that the heavy people have never been able to hold onto it for long.

Changelings lucky (or unlucky) enough to have seen the Bag of Winds report that it looks like a worn leather



bladder, inflated with air and sealed with a wax stopper. Any additional observation will detect the bound winds as they circle about inside, rippling the Bag's mottled surface and keening in their search for a means of escape. All that pent-up motion points to one conclusion: The Bag of Winds is quite possibly the most potent Treasure known to the Kithain. He who controls the Bag controls the weather and is capable of generating effects ranging in size and power from obscuring mists and fogs to terrible thunderstorms and blizzards. Some tales even suggest that tornadoes and hurricanes are within the controller's reach.

"Control" is the operative term here. Only a paroseme has enough intimate knowledge of the skies to use the Bag with any substantial degree of safety. All others, mortal or immortal, must rely instead on their innate strength of will and their knowledge of certain ancient rites concerning the heavens. Even adepts and master of Gremayre find themselves hard-pressed when ordering the winds about. Opening the Bag for any reason is a gamble, and those who fail to maintain their control find themselves caught up in a cyclone of insane fury and hellish force. Most of the time, their friends never find all of the pieces. The depleted Bag just floats off into the sky, taking at least a year and a day to recharge before it returns for more earthly mischief.

Movers and Shakers

Eva Chapman

Young John Chapman had strange and powerful dreams, visions of an America covered with apple trees, a land in which no one ever went hungry. He'd sit and stare at the trees his



ancestors had planted, fruit trees born in distant England, and he'd ponder how to make his fantasy reality. One day he had the answer: He picked up his Bible, shouldered a bag of seeds he'd bought at the cider mill, and walked out his front door into a legend. John Chapman spent 50 years wandering Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, planting apple trees and preaching good will to all he met. When he died in 1845, his friends knew which of his names to place first on his tombstone: "Johnny Appleseed."

Dreamers that powerful are rare and precious, and the fae guard them all the more closely. John's protector had been watching him since birth, but then she had no other choice: She was a kubera, and the Chapman family orchard contained her Anchor. The young boy's Glamour woke her up, sent shocks running through her tangled roots. His dreams helped her withstand the Banality of mortal life in a small New England town, but they also disturbed her. She couldn't put her branches on it, but she sensed that the visions haunting John had their origin elsewhere. Someone (or something) was sending the child a message or perhaps even a set of instructions.

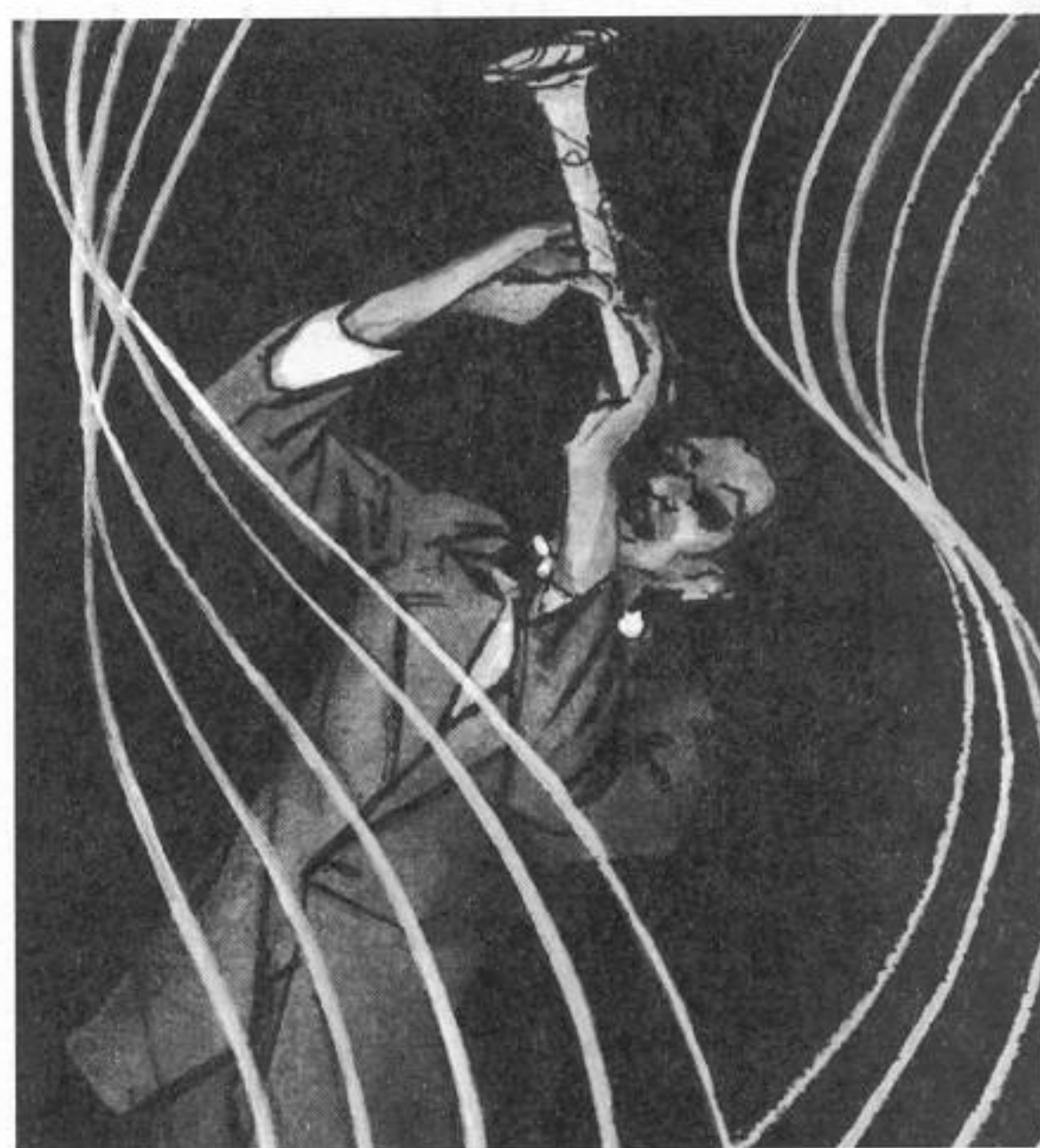
When John set out on his dream-compelled journey years later, the kubera made arrangements to follow him. She kept him safe from the dangers of the frontier; her Arts insured that no wild animal ever harmed John, that the Indians and settlers he encountered met him with peaceful spirits. She took the seedlings he planted and set them to growing straight. After John passed away, she discovered that she could use any one of his hundreds of apple trees as an Anchor. His dream was stronger than death, and she was caught up in it.

Today she goes by the name of Eva Chapman, watching over not only John's trees, but those of others as well. Eva uses her network of multiple Anchors to travel and to promote the creation of urban green spaces. In many ways, her waking existence is a continuation of John's work. She has not forgotten the problem of his dreams' mysterious source, receiving her biggest clue in 1969. The wave of Arcadian Glamour accompanying the returning Sidhe certainly felt like what she had sensed almost two centuries earlier. When she heard that Queen Mab had reestablished the Kingdom of Apples and that its southern border roughly corresponded to the area of John's travels, she began to get suspicious. In Welsh, *ynys yr Afallon* means "island of apples," and Eva intends to find out just what Avalon has to do with Johnny Appleseed.

Chops Harper

If you're a changeling and you're hip to the American jazz scene, then you've probably seen Chops Harper at one time or another — he's the cat with the connections, the insider who knows all the best musicians *personally*. Need to get backstage passes? Talk to Chops. Want a table near the front? Chops can arrange it. And he's been doing just that for the last 70 years or so. He may disappear every now and then, but he's always back in time for the latest craze, and he's always somewhere in the entourage of the hottest players around. The spotlight's not his thing, but he does his best to make sure it's on whatever jazzman he's backing at the time.

For most Inanimae, a rep like that is a serious liability. For Chops, it's the only gig in town: His name is mud among his fellow parosemes. He's *persona non grata*, Public Enemy Number One. Worst of all, as far as the silfars are concerned, he's a





serious square. His crime: He went and turned himself into every parosome's worst nightmare, a heavy.

Back in the day, Chops was just another lazy bayou breeze, wafting his way through New Orleans on a hot summer night. Story goes that he happened to breeze by Preservation Hall at show time and got himself hooked on the positive music. Dixieland went north, Chops went with it, only this time he'd given up the winds for a woodwind: He'd gone and anchored himself to a clarinet. — a solid object! Well, the silfars weren't about to stand for that, and Chops hasn't been welcome at their gatherings since.

Not that he cares: The music is everything to him. He hasn't missed a beat in years, switching Anchors from clarinet to saxophone to trumpet and back, going on tour all over the world. Those changelings who muse jazz musicians and singers say that Chops has a habit of enchanting whoever's playing his current Anchor and offering them a deal: The ultimate in breath control lessons in exchange for Glamour. Blow, man, blow!

Joe Magarac

Big industry needs big heroes, and Joe Magarac — Pittsburgh's own "man of steel" — fits the bill perfectly. He burst onto the scene sometime during the first half of the 20th century, tossing 850 pound iron bars around Hunkietown like feathers and stirring molten metal with his bare hands. When he won a bride in a contest of strength, he promptly gave her to the runner-up, claiming that a wife would only get in the way of his work down at the mill. That combination of brawn and brainlessness endeared him to the boys at Furnace No. Seven. After all,

when you've got a legendary strongman working on your team, production quotas aren't an issue anymore.

Motivating all of that muscle was Joe's giant heart. If a fellow worker was killed on the job, he picked up the slack, giving his overtime pay to the man's family. Insults about his surname (it means "jackass" in Hungarian) were met with a smile and the explanation that, since he worked like a donkey, he didn't see any shame in being named after one. In the end, he died to save his friends from unemployment, melting himself down to provide the steel their mill needed to stay in business.

That last act wasn't as selfless as the tall tale claims: Joe was a solimond, and the Bessemer converter he jumped into was his Anchor. A strange combination of immigrant dreams and working class fantasies, Joe returned years later to help another blue collar community fight its battles. Pittsburgh's commoner community was days away from total defeat in the Accordance War when Joe last woke up; the molten man-mountain's skill in battle quickly convinced the Sidhe to sue for peace. Unfortunately, the glory Joe gained from that fight didn't last long: As the American steel industry sank into ruin, he found it more and more difficult to stay alive, let alone awake. His red-hot skin began to cool and dim, and his joints seized up with rust. The day the mill containing his Anchor closed its doors for good was the last time anyone, mortal or fae, cast eyes upon Joe. No one knows whether he's just deep in Slumber or lost forever to Banality.

Mr. Punch

When in the course of supernatural events it becomes necessary for the knee-capping, the window-breaking, and the general-purpose mayhem, the Kingdom of Pacifica knows who



to call: Mr. Punch. Like the marionette that serves as both his Anchor and his namesake, Punch is a twisted little man, an enforcer and thug-for-hire. He comes cheap, often working for little more than expenses and the sheer pleasure of whacking anything he can lay into. Animal, vegetable, mineral — if it needs a beating, Mr. Punch is your mannikin.

His methods are simple: Locate target, apply blunt object to target, don't get caught. Add high-pitched, squeaky cackles whenever possible. Guns and blades are not Punch's style; he's happiest when he has a baseball bat, crowbar, or two-by-four in his hand. As for morals and scruples, well, he has yet to exhibit any, at least in this incarnation. Punch is anarchy and violence rolled up into one ugly, hunch-backed package.

That combination isn't necessarily good for business, however. Someone as random and arbitrary as Punch cares little for ideology or even professionalism. Thus, the Shadow Court thinks twice before offering him work, and even redcaps complain about his lack of finesse. The result is that he spends most of his time nursing beers in rundown taverns, hoping for fights to break out. (His puppet sensibilities don't leave him much room for initiative.) Those few changelings brave (or stupid) enough to buy him a drink (usually ogres looking for a pointer or two) have discovered one weakness in Punch: His fear of a chimerical

crocodile. According to Punch, this sausage-eating beast has been tracking him across time and continents, and he's not looking forward to meeting it.

Red Mountain Woman

Deep in the heart of Texas stands Enchanted Rock, a hill of exposed pink granite some 325 feet high. It's a favorite destination for scout troops, rock climbers, and geology classes from all over the state; a hike to the top takes only a few hours and offers a wonderful view of the surrounding Hill Country for miles in any direction. The Rock gets its name from local Native American legends: Both the Tonkawa and the Comanches believed it to be a site of immense spiritual power, a bridge between worlds. There's even the tale of a conquistador who escaped an Indian war party by somehow "melting" into the Rock. When he reached safety days later, he claimed to have heard disembodied voices speaking to one another through the stones themselves.

In the World of Darkness, these legends and tales are historical facts. Enchanted Rock casts a spirit-shadow, reaching far into the Umbra and allowing travel beyond the fields we know. Both the Garou and the Nuwisha have known of its existence for centuries, and both were involved in the process whereby the Rock became the center of its own state park. However, there is no caern near Enchanted Rock for the simple reason that the Rock guards itself. It does so by projecting its dreams in the form of a glome known only as Red Mountain Woman. Extremely active for one of her kind, Red Mountain Woman walks her boundaries by day and lights ghost fires by night. Those who seek her out to learn the wisdom of the ages are not disappointed — provided that their motives are pure.

Recently, Red Mountain Woman's counsel has been in great demand. Both Chief Greyhawk, Sidhe ruler of the Kingdom of the Burning Sun, and his counterparts in the Nunnehi Nations have visited her to discuss the possibility of a more equitable and permanent peace between the Kithain and the Nunnehi. The upshot of these conversations with the separate leaders has been her unprecedented entry into changeling politics: She has offered to host a summit held (where else?) on Enchanted Rock. The few other glomes aware enough to hear the subterranean rumblings of her proposal are highly dubious. To act after mere years of consideration is precipitous at best, and they predict disaster. Red Mountain Woman doesn't seem to be particularly worried by their naysaying, but it's difficult to read any emotional cues from someone so (literally) stony-faced.



Sieglind

In the Old Country, Sieglind was a nixie seer; she and her ondine sisters made a habit of dispensing warnings and prophecies to passers-by. Brooding Nordic heroes were their preferred target, if only because such men were grim enough to fully appreciate the news of their impending dooms. Eventually the stream of warriors riding off to die in blood-soaked feuds dried up, and Sieglind began to think about relocating. In the 1690s, her best prospect was an obscure German apocalyptic cult named in her honor: the Society of the Woman in the Wilderness. She followed them to the woods outside of colonial Philadelphia and made her home in Wissahickon Creek, a local stream important to the Lenni Lennape tribe. (The Society's leader, Johannes Kelpius, lived in a cave near her banks and routinely consulted her for visions of the world's imminent demise.) Sieglind spent most of the 1700s asleep — covered with mills, the Creek had become a major industrial center, and Banality was in the air.

That changed during the 19th century. Business moved on, and family mansions and resorts soon joined the now-quiet mills. Painters and writers came from all over to witness the Wissahickon's wild beauty and capture it in art; Edgar Allen Poe was one such devotee. Glamour's return roused Sieglind, and she set to work protecting her haven from the future she saw coming. A few decades later, the Pennsylvania State Assembly declared Wissahickon Creek a state park and set it aside for Philadelphians' relaxation and recreation. Mills and hotels were torn down, and nature was allowed to reclaim the ruins.

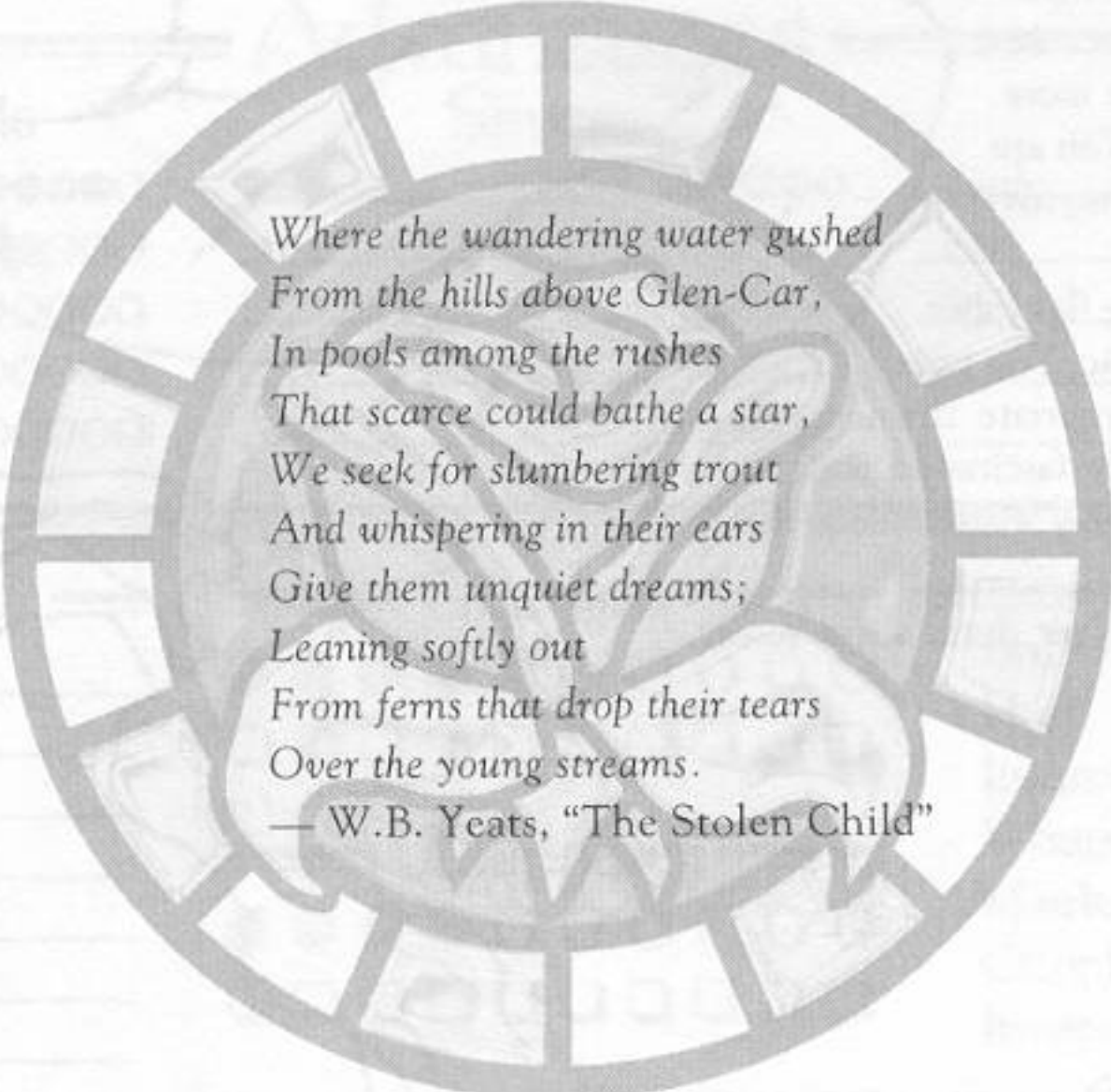
Today Sieglind spends most of her waking hours caring for the Creek and doing her best to keep the city out. Philly's changelings have known of her for years, and their relations are quite good. The local freeholds recognized Sieglind's sover-

eighty some time ago, and she in turn grants their subjects free access to whatever Glamour they can find along her course. The Seelie fae have her permission to hold their festivals and rades within her bounds. In addition, the Sidhe Resurgence jump-started her stalling career as an oracle. Sidhe monarchs consult her regularly, and Crystal Circle sages question her about the onset of Winter. She's even returned to telling the fortunes of mortals, basking on the shores of the Wissahickon during summer and uttering welcome and unwelcome truths to visitors walking the park's trails.





APPENDIX: CHARACTER TEMPLATES



Where the wandering water gushed
From the hills above Glen-Car,
In pools among the rushes
That scarce could bathe a star,
We seek for slumbering trout
And whispering in their ears
Give them unquiet dreams;
Leaning softly out
From ferns that drop their tears
Over the young streams.
— W.B. Yeats, "The Stolen Child"

Paroseme Musician

Quote: (Sound of Mozart's "Flight of the Bumblebees" as if played by the piccolo.) *Neat huh, I used to live inna cloud, but th'last time I woke up, I wuz livin' in this neato flute!*

Anchor: A small gold piccolo with silver chasing. In the Dreaming, it is a floating bungalow made of silver, tied by a tether over a large field.

Background: You used to fly free, hovering and wafting wherever you wanted. Occasionally, you would swoop down and blow around knocking things over, or messing up someone's carefully crafted hairstyle. Then the vista of days and nights spent in play came to an abrupt end with the Shattering.

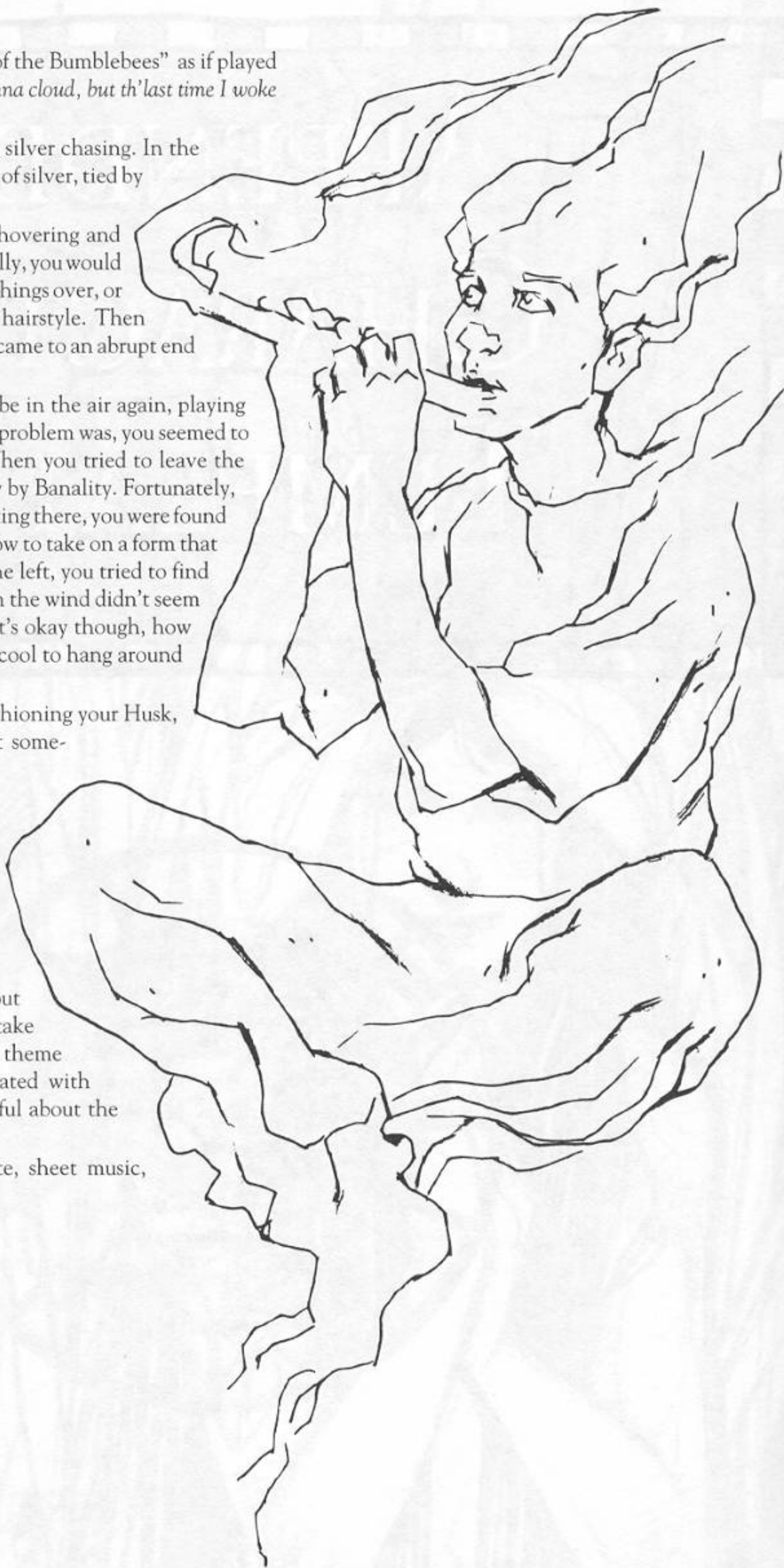
When you awoke, you expected to be in the air again, playing with the birds and other parosemes. The problem was, you seemed to be trapped inside a small silver tube. When you tried to leave the tube, you found yourself being torn away by Banality. Fortunately, you quickly returned to your Anchor. Sitting there, you were found by another paroseme. She showed you how to take on a form that could survive in this new world. After she left, you tried to find your old playmates, but the ones living in the wind didn't seem to be as friendly as they used to be. That's okay though, how you've met some new fae that are kinda cool to hang around with.

Once you were skilled enough at fashioning your Husk, you stole your own Anchor, and hid it somewhere safe.

Concept: You are now the embodiment of a melody within an instrument. You are flighty but it's because you have been Krofted, you are more centered than most paroseme. You are always looking for new ways to improve your tonal quality.

Roleplaying Hints: You are flaky, but thrilled to be able to make music. You take any opportunity to create appropriate theme music to any situation. You are fascinated with Kithain and other fae, but are very wistful about the loss of your original friends.

Equipment: A gold and silver flute, sheet music, spare valves, metal polish.



INANIMATE: THE SECRET WAY

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Court: Kroft
Legacies: Peacock
House: Dandy

Jeu: Childing
Phyla: Paroseme
Circle:

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Husk ●●●○○
Mentor ●●○○○
Regard ●○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Slivers

Stratus ●●●○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Realms

Earth ●●○○○
Fire ●●○○○
Sprit ●○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Other Traits

Glamour

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

Willpower

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

Banality

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

Health

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

Experience

Attributes: 7/5/3 Abilities: 13/9/5 Arts: 3 Realms: 5 Backgrounds: 5 Freebie Points: 15 (5/3/2/1)

Ondine Naiad

Quote: *Come, bathe, let the waters enfold you and cover you. Let the dust of the road fall away.*

Anchor: A small mountain stream. In the Dreaming, a small underwater cottage made of riverbed stone.

Background: You have little memory of what it was like before you joined with your beloved river, but that doesn't matter, because all that matters is your river. You carefully tended the plants and animals that came to you to drink, live and survive. Occasionally, you would go to your homeland to vote in a plebiscite. Life was idyllic. Then the Shattering occurred, and you were dragged into Slumber.

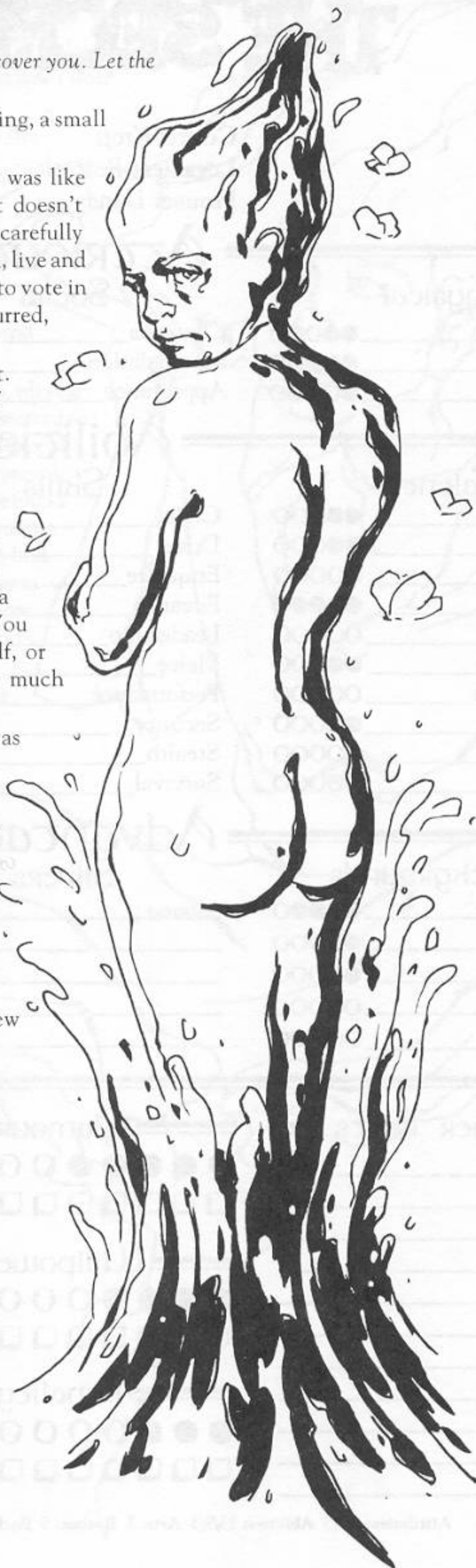
When you awoke, the world was very different. The banks of your river had things on them, made of pulped plant matter, and Krofted ores. You would get sick because something was invading the water of your river. When this happened, you would often fall back into Slumber.

Now you have re-awakened, and your river is clean again. From a glome not too far away, it has been explained that you now live in something called a "park." This information means nothing to you. You would return to the homeland to re-aquaint yourself, or venture into the new world, but there is far too much cleaning to be done to your home.

Concept: You are a protector. You see your river as a haven for all living things, and only creatures who seem polluted would you turn from your banks. You used to be a political creature, involved in the empire, but now you concentrate on renewing your home.

Roleplaying Hints: You are accepting of all, and see everything as part of a great plan, even the solimonds. You love to sit and watch animals or people frolic in your waters, and as a result you treat most folk as an indulgent mother.

Equipment: You own nothing, but there are a few nuggets of gold along your riverbed.



IN ANIMAE: THE SECRET WAY

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Court: *Glade*
Legacies: *Bumpkin*
House: *Pandora*

Jeu: *Wilder*
Phyla: *Ondine*
Circle:

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Chimera ●●●○○
Husk ●●○○○
Treasure ●○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Slivers

Aquis ●●●○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Realms

Earth ●○○○○
Water ●●●○○
Sprit ●●●○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Other Traits

Glamour

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Willpower

●●●●○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Banality

●●●●○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Health

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

Experience

Attributes: 7/5/3 Abilities: 13/9/5 Arts: 3 Realms: 5 Backgrounds: 5 Freebie Points: 15 (5/3/2/1)

Glome Commando

Quote: *Ok, fire-boy, I ain't never gonna see my rock again, but you're lucky. You're about to go home again — in chains.*

Anchor: The dedication stone of a United States Armory. In the Dreaming, your Anchor is a stone keep with a Imperial flag flying from it.

Background: You were a mighty boulder of granite, standing tall, master of all you surveyed. You served within the glorious Glome Army with distinction, and you were a hero during the solimond campaign. With your last promotion, you were getting ready to take command of your own legion, and then, the Shattering struck.

When next you awoke, you were horrified to discover that you had been Krofted into a building. When the shock wore off, you vowed to go on. Soon, a scout from the 17th corps found you, and showed you the ropes. He treated you like a boot, but you understood the need for retraining.

When you were released from training, you tried to return to your old outfit. There were very few who remembered you, and those that did, were

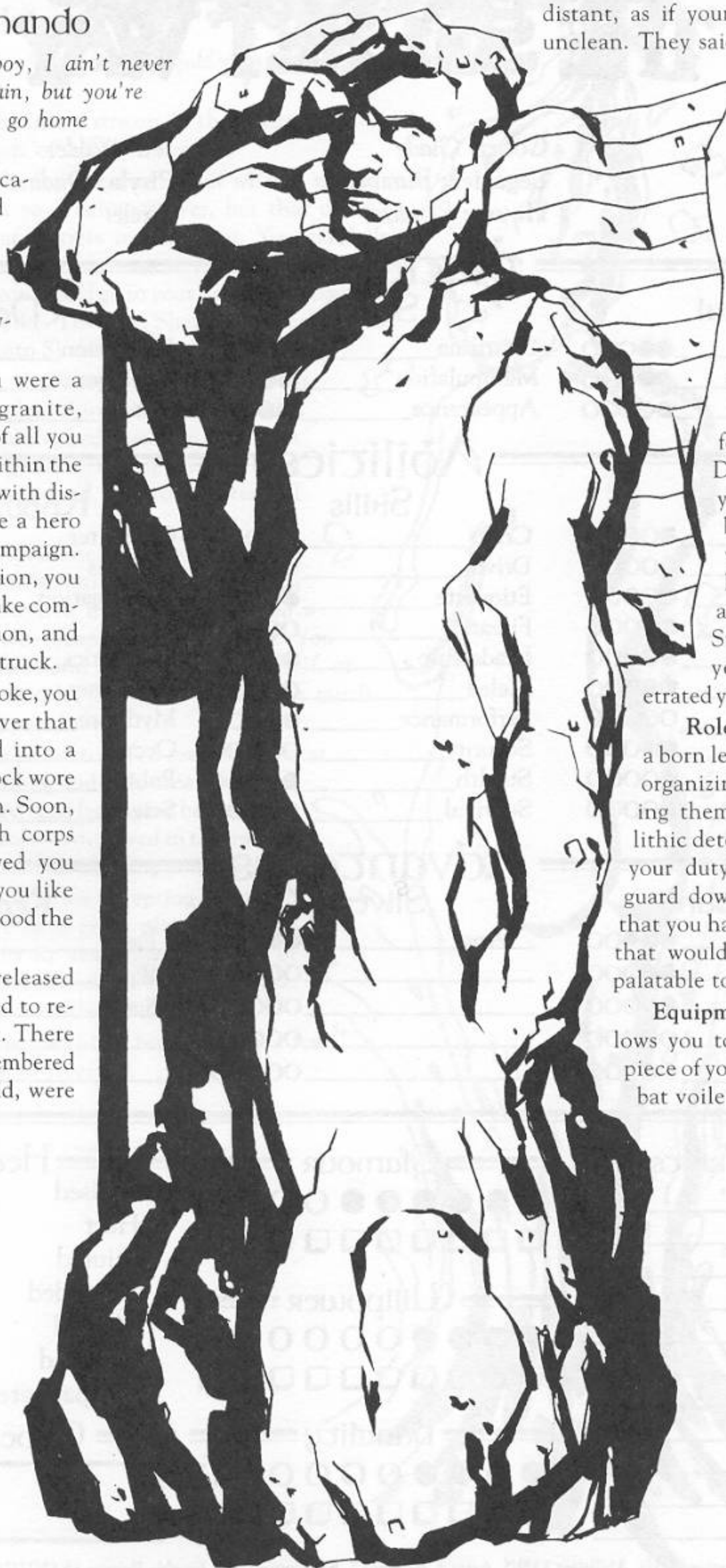
distant, as if your new status made you unclean. They said you would be bad for morale, so they assigned you to hunting solimond fugitives.

You weren't sure if they were right, but you were a good soldier, and you followed orders. Now you hunt down the fire-folk and bring them back to the Empire of Flame for judgment.

Concept: You are a four-square, G.I. soldier. Duty means everything to you, and you do everything by the book. Now that you are Krofted, you are having second thoughts about what the Empire of Stone teaches, but as of yet, nothing has penetrated your rock-hard discipline.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a born leader, and actually enjoy organizing objectives and reaching them. You act with monolithic determination in regards to your duty. If you ever let your guard down, others might realize that you have a dry sense of humor that would make you a lot more palatable to deal with.

Equipment: A treasure that allows you to track targets, a small piece of your Anchor, a set of combat voile (camouflage).



INANIMATE: THE SECRET WAY

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Court: Kroft
Legacies: Ringleader
House: Regent

Jeu: Grump
Phyla: Glome
Circle:

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Contacts ●●●●●
Husk ●●●●●
Regard ●●●●●
Resources ●●●●●
●●●●●

Slivers

Petros ●●●●●
Aquis ●●●●●
●●●●●
●●●●●
●●●●●

Realms

Earth ●●●●●
Sprit ●●●●●
●●●●●
●●●●●
●●●●●

Other Traits

Glamour

●●●●●●●●●●
□□□□□□□□

Willpower

●●●●●●●●●●
□□□□□□□□

Banality

●●●●●●●●●●
□□□□□□□□

Health

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

Experience

Attributes: 7/5/3 Abilities: 13/9/5 Arts: 3 Realms: 5 Backgrounds: 5 Freebie Points: 15 (5/3/2/1)

Solimond Freedom Fighter

Quote: *Death to the imperialist pigs and their puppet prince!!!* (Sound of a grenade being thrown.)

Anchor: Ottawa Eternal Flame monument. In the Dreaming, this is a subterranean warren with walls made of fire.

Background: You were studying lore at the great university when the Making War started. Although you never thought that solimond philosophy needed to be backed by force, you supported your empire.

Your moderate views were destroyed when the glomes invaded the Empire of Flame. The university was destroyed, your people were scattered. All because of a point of philosophical difference. What was so bad about being Krofted anyway? At that moment, you vowed to fight until your homeland was free once more.

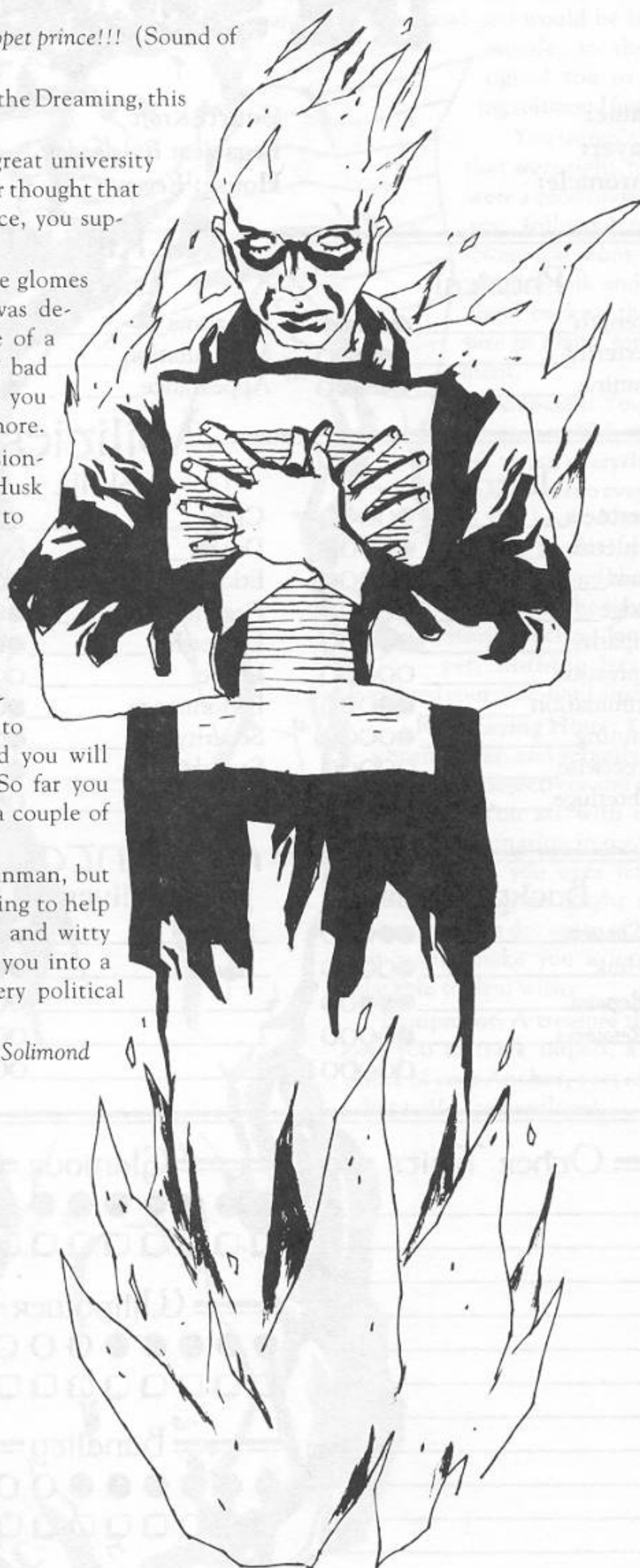
Over the next few centuries, you would occasionally sabotage glome works, or while riding a Husk showed mortals where Anchors were, and how to Kroft them.

Now, as more and more of your brethren awaken, and the numbers of the Krofted have swelled, it is time to strike and restore freedom to your empire.

Concept: You are a fiery rebel with the intellectual power behind your rhetoric. You are burning to free your homeland. No other goal matters, and you will violate any moral code or law to see it occur. So far you haven't broken the Codex, but you've skirted it a couple of times.

Roleplaying Hints: You tend to be a lone gunman, but you will join forces with anyone who appears willing to help you achieve your goals. You cultivate an urbane and witty exterior, but any discussion of politics will send you into a tirade, and you have an opinion on almost every political situation.

Equipment: chimerical weapons cache, copy of *Solimond Manifesto*.



INANIMATE: THE SECRET WAY

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Court: Kroft
Legacies: Rogue/Hermit
House:

Jeu: Grump
Phyla: Solimond
Circle:

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Chimera ●○○○○○
Contacts ●○○○○○
Husk ●○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Slivers

Pyras ●○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Realms

Earth ●○○○○○
Fire ●○○○○○
Sprit ●○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Other Traits

Glamour

●●●●●●●○○○
□□□□□□□□

Willpower

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Banality

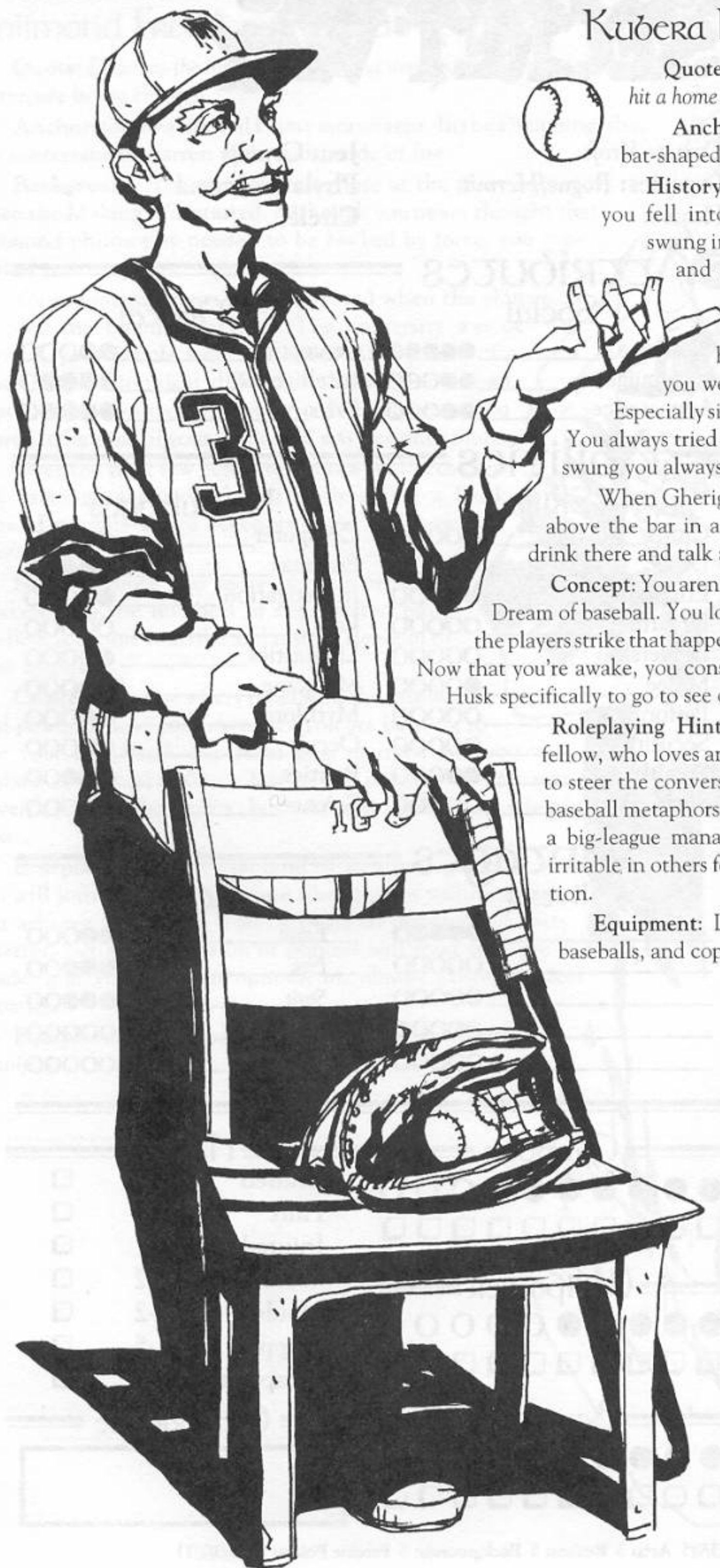
●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Health

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

Experience

Attributes: 7/5/3 Abilities: 13/9/5 Arts: 3 Realms: 5 Backgrounds: 5 Freebie Points: 15 (5/3/2/1)



Kubera Baseball Maven

Quote: *Did I ever tell ya about the time the Man hisself hit a home run wit' me? See, it wuz the bottom of the fifth...*

Anchor: Lou Gherig's Bat. In the Dreaming, a cozy bat-shaped townhouse.

History: You used to be a proud hickory tree, but you fell into Slumber. You awoke as you were being swung in a fast arc. You felt your head hit something, and the roar of thousands of voices. You were then thrown to the dust.

It took a while to figure out what had happened, but once you realized who and what you were, you relaxed and enjoyed your new status. Especially since the best hitters fought to go to bat with you. You always tried to help anyone wielding you, and batters who swung you always seemed to do better.

When Gherig retired, he took you with him. You ended up above the bar in a sports saloon. When Husk-riding, you often drink there and talk about baseball.

Concept: You aren't just an Inanimae, you are also hooked into the Dream of baseball. You love to live and talk the game. When there was the players strike that happened a few years ago, it forced you into Slumber. Now that you're awake, you constantly promote the game. You will take on a Husk specifically to go to see one.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a broad minded happy-go-lucky fellow, who loves anything about baseball, and go to great lengths to steer the conversation around to it. You see things in terms of baseball metaphors, and have gained the nickname 'skip' just like a big-league manager. Most people who would find this trait irritable in others forgive it in you, because of your sunny disposition.

Equipment: Lousiville slugger, Rawlings mitt, half-dozen baseballs, and copy of Ken Burns' *Baseball*.

IN ANIMAE: THE SECRET WAY

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Court: Kroft
Legacies: Peacock/Wayfarer
House:

Jeu: Wilder
Phyla: Kubera
Circle:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
Dexterity ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
Stamina ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒

Social

Charisma ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
Manipulation ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
Appearance ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒

Mental

Perception ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
Intelligence ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
Wits ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Contacts ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
Husk ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
Retinue ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒

Slivers

Verdage ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒

Realms

Air ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
Earth ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
Fire ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒

Other Traits

Glamour

☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒

Willpower

☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒

Banalitz

☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒

Health

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

Experience

Attributes: 7/5/3 Abilities: 13/9/5 Arts: 3 Realms: 5 Backgrounds: 5 Freebie Points: 15 (5/3/2/1)

Mannikin Mannequin

Quote: *Does this make me look fat?*

Anchor: Department-store mannequin.

Background: Once you seem to remember that you were clothed in marble, but those memories are fuzzy and indistinct. Now you are the most glamorous mannequin in the nicest store in the good part of town.

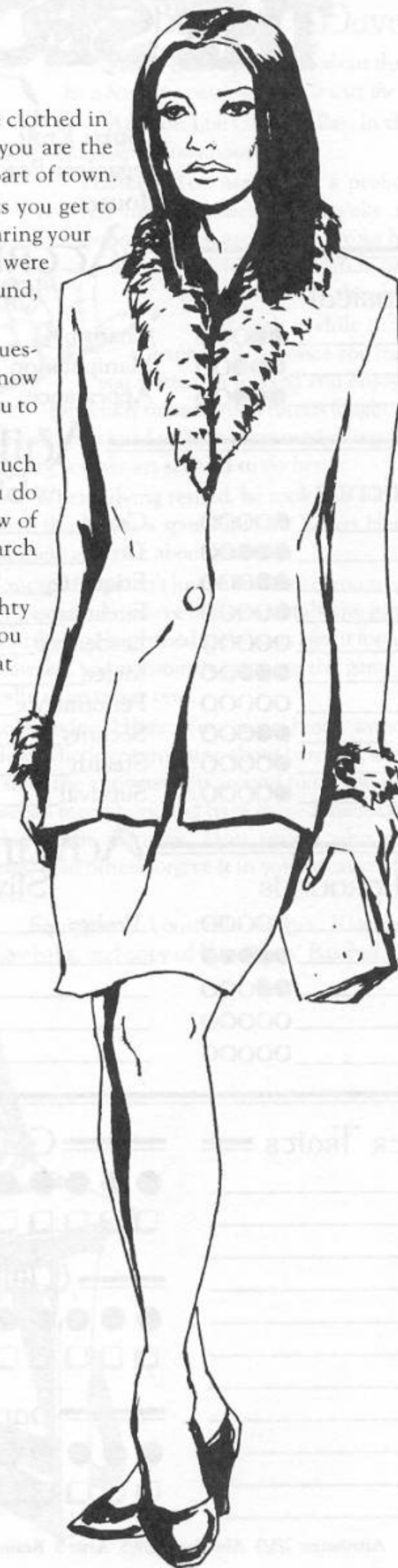
Since you reawakened you have enjoyed the new outfits you get to wear, and the effect you have when out among the Quick, wearing your Husk. You were recently at the local Kithain court and were quietly amused at the gaggle of changelings following you around, lovestruck.

Recently, other Inanimae have contacted you, asking questions about your home and asking for advice. You don't know why, but deep within you something is stirring and forcing you to re-examine your values.

Concept: You are a vapid bubblehead. You don't think much past your next soiree or romantic conquest. However, you do have depths that even you have forgotten. Others who know of your past may ask you tough questions that you will have to search your soul for the answers.

Roleplaying Hints: You seem on the surface to be a flighty creature, all beauty with no brain. However, once in a while you lapse into a thoughtful silence and bring forth an insight that stuns those around you.

Equipment: Copy of *Vogue*, Chanel suit



IN ANIMATE: THE SECRET WAY

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Court: Kroft
Legacies: Rogue/Wayfarer
House:

Jeu: Wilder
Phyla: Mannikin
Circle:

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Contacts ●●○○○
Husk ●●●○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Slivers

Chicanery ●●●○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Realms

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

Other Traits

Glamour

●●●●●●●○○○
□□□□□□□□

Willpower

●●●●○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Banality

●●●●○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Health

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

Experience

Attributes: 7/5/3 Abilities: 13/9/5 Arts: 3 Realms: 5 Backgrounds: 5 Freebie Points: 15 (5/3/2/1)

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ARMOR

INANIMATE: THE SECRET WAY

Expanded Background

Contacts

Holdings

Dreamers

Mentor

Regard

Retinue

Possessions

Gear (Carried)

Chimerical Items

Treasures

Chimerical Companions

Anchor

Description

Character Sketch

INANIMAE: THE SECRET WAY

Even Stones May Dream

During the Age of Myth, everything in the world was born with the capacity to dream, therefore, everything possesses — or possessed — the potential to be alive. Although the world has changed since its beginning and many parts of it have forgotten how to dream, some fugitive elements still remember. These vessels of the Dreaming endure in the hidden corners and secret enclaves of the world, remembering as best they can the lost days when every waterfall could talk and every tool was alive. They are the Inanimae, the last children of the Great Slow Empires that now sprawl across the Earth in mute, immobile ruins. Even to most of the changelings, they are a myth too fantastic to have survived.



Inanimae: The Secret Way features:

- ☉ A complete history of the Inanimae, from their origins during the Age of Myth to the modern day
- ☉ Complete rules for creating and playing Inanimae characters
- ☉ Guidelines and suggestions for Storytellers who wish to include Inanimae in their chronicles



Games for Mature Minds

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