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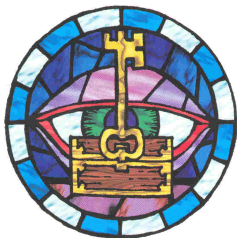
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The Toybox



IMMORTAL E • Y • E • S

The Toybox



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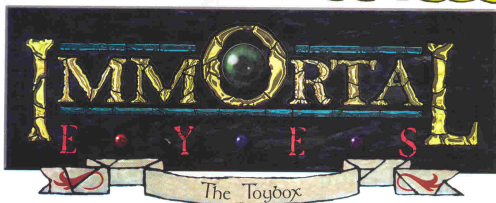
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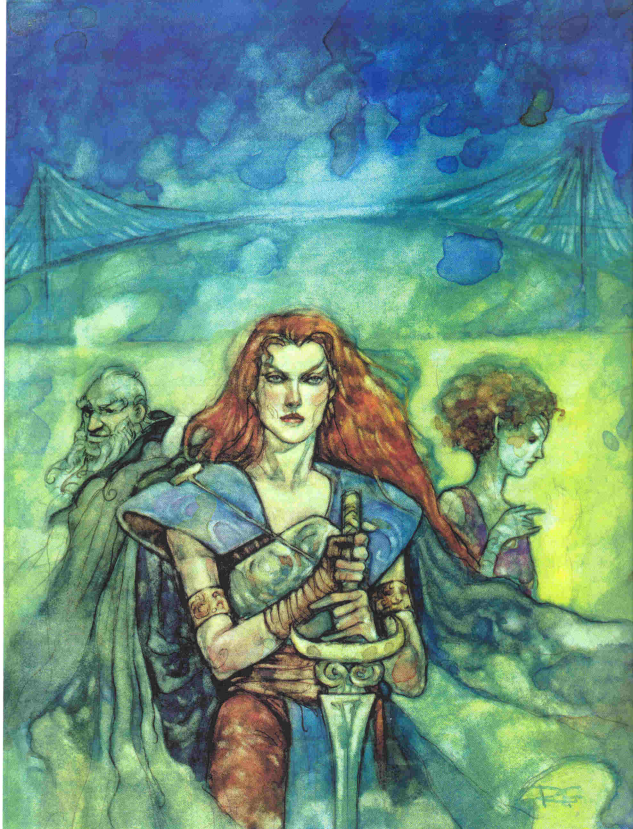
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Introduction

*This song is for the people of San Francisco, who may
not know it yet but they are beautiful...*

— Scott McKenzie, "San Francisco"

Immortal Eyes: The Toybox is a new kind of World of Darkness supplement called a chronicle sourcebook. This means that it will supply you with the tools you need to create your own chronicle, but is not meant to be the end-all, be-all source of idea for your chronicle creations. Indeed, you should feel free to change, alter, fold, spindle and mutilate the characters, settings, and action depicted herein to your heart's content. Change is necessary in order to make a chronicle that is in your style.

The setting contains enough information for you to do all this, although you will have to familiarize yourself with the principal characters in the back-story of the chronicle (especially those in charge or who are very active) and you will have to come to intuitively understand the geographic layout of the city and the bay area.

This book is just the first in a three-part series of chronicle sourcebooks. When completely published, they will make up the **Immortal Eyes** chronicle.

The Immortal Eyes Chronicle

This series of chronicle sourcebooks will give you a host of tools to use in running your regular **Changeling** chronicle. You will be able to run many different chapters (game sessions) based on it, but you should also be aware that it is intended as a long-term, over-arching saga as well. Although each sourcebook will give you more of the total picture of where the overall back-story is heading, you need to decide before you start playing the **Immortal Eyes** chronicle whether you wish to involve your players with the epic quest which holds together all three sourcebooks.

Backstory: The Quest of the Eyes

If you've played the sample story, "Toys Will Be Toys" in the Appendix of *Changeling: The Dreaming*, then your players' quest for the Immortal Eyes has already begun. You have only to turn to Book Two of this sourcebook to find a number of other stories along the same path as the quest.

Although we can't give you the full details of the quest in this sourcebook for space reasons, you have been given enough supplementary material with this sourcebook to run other plots in your stories as well as the main, quest-oriented one. You should be able to get months of enjoyment out of this sourcebook before it is time to move on to the second part in the trilogy, *Immortal Eyes: Shadows on the Hill*.

Just so you know what you're getting into, the trilogy of sourcebooks will take the characters from the now-familiar San Francisco bay area to the islands of Hawaii, and finally across the ocean to one of the legendary homes of the fae, Ireland. As you continue this chronicle, your characters will become the focus of an epic saga that could

conceivably have world-changing effects based on their actions. This is no walk on the beach! It is the hero's journey in classic style — and your characters will go through the depths of the underworld before (potentially! hopefully!) returning from it.

A Rainbow City Chronicle

If you aren't the kind of Storyteller who likes to run this sort of chronicle, don't despair. We have also provided extensive city information about the San Francisco bay area. In fact, the entirety of Book One could almost be considered a supplement in and of itself — it gives you enough information for you to run your *Changeling: The Dreaming* chronicle the way you would like. You can even raid Book Two for characters you'd like to include. Unlike other city sourcebooks previously published by White Wolf, Book One is meant to be a general introduction to the Bay Area's history and geography, useful for any story set in the World of Darkness.





How to Use Book One

Chapter One: Setting provides you with some general information about the bay area as well as local changeling customs. Chapter Two: History gives you the history, both real and chimeric, of San Francisco and its environs. Chapter Three: Geography gives you a brief rundown of the bay area, in addition to hardcore information about the city itself. It also provides you with information about specific Kithain sites in the city.

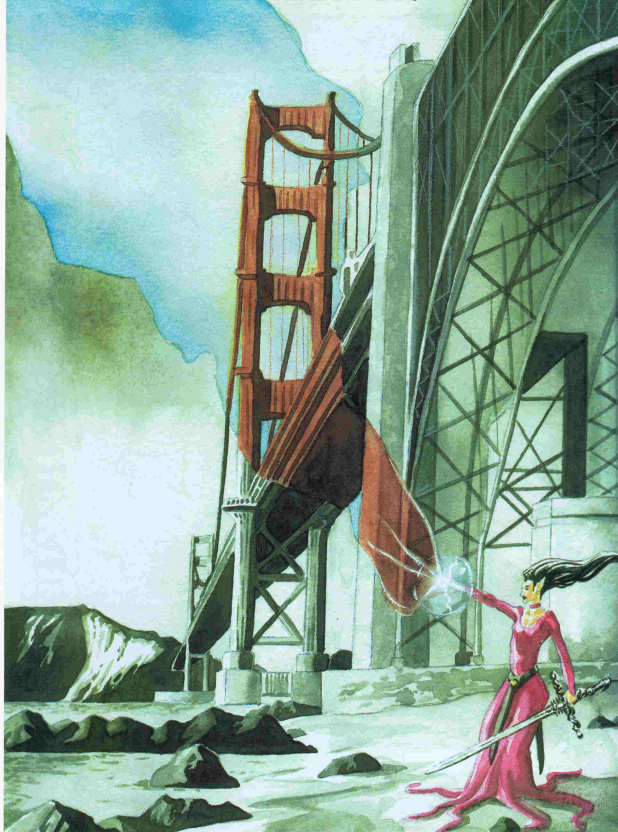
How to Use Book Two

Chapter Four: Nobles details the Kithain nobility of the city. It is broken down by household for easy reference. Chapter Five: Commoners describes the commoners of the city as well as providing information on many of the local motleys. Chapter Six: Scenes contains three stories

for use by Storytellers. These stories allow a Storyteller to involve the characters in the quest for the Immortal Eyes without actually becoming a part of it. The Appendix provides details on the heroes of the Immortal Eyes trilogy, as well as a complete chronology of the Toybox novel.

A Final Word

However you decide to use Immortal Eyes: The Toybox, remember that as a Storyteller, you are responsible not only for your troupe having fun, but also for your own enjoyment. The Toybox is meant to be just that: a box full of toys that you can pull out and use with glee. Tapping into this sense of childlike joy (tinged with no small amount of mischievous cunning) will help you immensely in plotting the stories you will run.



Book One: The Rainbow City

Chapter One:

Setting

Overview

San Francisco is the oldest major community on America's West Coast. Situated on a narrow peninsula that separates the San Francisco Bay from the Pacific Ocean, the city was the center of California's gold rush and the state's first capital. Although decades ago surpassed in both size and economy by Los Angeles, and in more recent years by its neighbor to the south San Jose, San Francisco still regards itself as the center of West Coast culture and California's first city. It seems a brilliant jewel surrounded on three sides by water and bordered by mountains on the south. Measuring slightly less than seven by seven miles, and with a population that hovers around the 700,000 mark, the city's reputation and history far exceed its physical size.

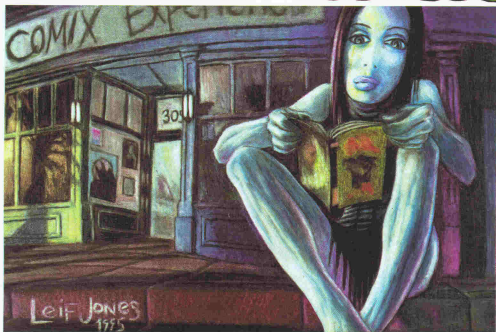
Although the city is recognized as the center of the area, many other communities line the shores of the bay. To the east lie the city of Berkeley and the University of California, and Oakland with its working seaport and economic woes. At the south end of the bay is San Jose—

Silicon Valley. To the north lies Marin, perhaps the wealthiest county in the U.S.

The entire bay area is surrounded by high steep hills and mountain ranges, effectively cutting it off from the rest of the state. Bay area residents like to refer to anything beyond the hills above Berkeley and Oakland as "back east." The bay area has a well-deserved reputation for liberal politics. Berkeley was a hotbed of radicalism in the mid- and late 1960s, and San Francisco has always enjoyed a reputation as a city where "anything goes." Although much of the state of California is firmly conservative Republican, bay area politics have long favored liberal Democrats.

The Chimeric Bay Area

The bay area is one of the most heavily-populated (in terms of Kithain and chimera) areas in Concordia. This is chiefly due to the tremendous number of small freeholds and glens which dot the landscape, providing shelter from the chill Autumn. The cities' characteristic permissiveness has meant that the average Banality is lower in most



people than in other parts of Concordia — an average of 6 instead of 7. There are paradoxically quite a few Autumn People in San Francisco, especially now. Perhaps it is conscious resistance against wildness that causes this, or perhaps it is the specter of death, in the form of earthquake and fire, which hangs over the city.

There are more nobility in the bay area than in most Concordia fiefs because of the presence of the royal thronehold of Pacifica (Queen Aeron's own hold), and because of the curious noble history (particularly dealing with the Great Trod concealed within the city; it was the first such Trod opened after the reunion of Earth and Arcadia in 1969). The commoners here are roughly average for the area, but thanks to the abundance of nobility they are much more bitter, activist, and separatist. In fact, radical elements of the original rebellion still lurk in the shadow of the Golden Gate, and some say the seeds of that fruit have taken root again.

Some Kithain sages have postulated that the proliferation of chimeric sites in the bay area also attracts a number of other folks: Prodigals and Gallain who make the large metropolitan area their home. For this reason Duke Aeon, who rules the Duchy of Goldengate, has

become a stickler about enforcing the Escheat, especially the Right of Ignorance amongst the Prodigals.

Because of its wide variations in landscape, architecture and community, San Francisco is a microcosm of the world, a city of opportunities and great adventure as well as dark secrets and bizarre mysteries.

Climate

Climatically, the bay area is isolated. The hills surrounding the area trap breezes from the Pacific Ocean, providing the area with one of the most stable climates in the world. Daily high temperatures rarely vary more than five degrees from an annual mean temperature of 60° F. Pacific currents warm the coast in the winter and provide cooling fog banks in the summer. While the bay area enjoys moderate temperatures, just 20 miles east, past the ring of hills, the inland valleys suffer through freezing winters and summers with temperatures frequently soaring over 100°.

The bay area is comparatively arid, receiving around 15 inches of rainfall a year. Thunderstorms are almost nonexistent and skies most often cloudless — the hot, bright sun cooled by the hazy traces of fog that hang in the

air year round. A few hot spells occur, usually in May, June, September or October, but temperatures in the hottest part of the city rarely exceed the high 80s, and only on the rarest of occasions do temperatures dip below freezing on the coldest winter night. Rain is a wintertime phenomenon, beginning usually in November with periodic rainfalls through January, February and March. Although daytime downpours are not uncommon, a good deal of the rain seems to fall in the early morning hours while most people are asleep. Summers bring almost no rainfall at all. The lack of true seasons results in a general greening of the area over the winter, with wildflowers blooming in November, followed by a gradual browning through the whole of the summer — the most dangerous period for fires. Though the arid climate makes for relatively sparse vegetation, flora is a mixed bag of eucalyptus, pine trees, palms, cacti, and exotic foliage like jade plants, bird of paradise, and towering century plants. Few of these are native to the area, but were long ago imported from Australia, the Canary Islands, and other places.

Fog

The fog is truly the bay area's most active weather. Forming a couple of miles offshore, the fog usually rises 800 to 2000 feet above the ground, passing over the city like scudding gray clouds running on fast forward. The fog

rarely hugs the ground as one would expect, but drifts overhead, making for gray days — "milky skies," as local weathermen describe them. Fog is heaviest in the summer when the cool ocean currents react with the warm air. The fog usually burns off in the early morning, returning in the late afternoon or evening, but the western portions of the city, the Richmond and the Sunset, dwell under a near-continuous blanket of gray for most of the summer, receiving at best a few hours of sunshine in the afternoon. Conversely, the East Bay gets less fog and the daytime temperature is usually five to eight degrees higher than San Francisco. The temperature of the city itself varies as much as ten or twelve degrees depending on the neighborhood.

But the fog is unpredictable, sometimes gathering itself into a 2000 foot roiling wall rising above the city's central mountain range, other times flowing through the lower passes in spectral wisps that pour down into the lower streets of the city. The fog also visits the bay, passing in and out through the narrow Golden Gate, following the currents of the shifting tides. Often a gigantic column of fog can be seen rolling up through the Gate, engulfing the bridge and Alcatraz Island, and continuing across the bay to eventually crash into Albany Hill on the far shore. All the while, the city itself is bathed in sunlight.





Changelings benefit from the fog in many ways, the chief of which is that they are able to use it to conceal their Glamour. For example, using Wayfare to "vanish into the fog" is perfectly acceptable and doesn't need to overcome Banality if no one can see you leave.

People and Economics

The residents of the area are as diverse as any found elsewhere in America. The Anglo, African-American, Hispanic, and Chinese populations are perhaps the largest, though sizeable Japanese, Russian, Samoan, Philippine, Vietnamese, Indian and many other ethnic communities exist. The city itself has no racial majority.

California has, for more than a century, enjoyed the reputation of a boom state and, with a continually growing population and constant expansion, steady economic growth has long been taken for granted. In the last few years, however, both population and economy have stabilized, leading to a recession and the highest rates of unemployment the state has ever known. The computer and software industries are still strong, but almost all other areas of development are down. Oakland remains an active international port, but the area has lost the major portion of its shipping to Los Angeles, San Diego, Portland, and Seattle. The financial boom of the 1980s has given way to the bust of the 90s. Many downtown offices in San Francisco stand unoccupied. A fragile ecology already strained by the sprawling growth of a suburban population has put limits on expansion, and the scheduled closing of several local major military bases has further fueled fears of a serious recession. For the first time ever, recent years have seen more people moving out of the state than moving in.

Only the homeless population continues to grow. Drawn to the area by a friendly climate and a tolerant populace, their numbers seem always on the increase. In the city the homeless inhabit parks and squares day and night, sleeping in doorways and panhandling for food. Various proposals have been made to solve the problem, but none seem effective.

For some reason, more changelings enter the Chrysalis in the bay area. This fact caused the previous monarch of Pacifica to appoint a group of knights yeomen — Chrysalis-hunters — to go forth and constantly patrol for new Kithain. These knights are known among Kithain as The Rainbow Order.

Traveling to the Bay Area

Most visitors to the Bay Area arrive by air. The largest airport is San Francisco International, located a few miles down the peninsula. Oakland operates a smaller, but rapidly growing facility almost directly across the bay. San Jose International Airport serves the South Bay. San Francisco operates the most non-stop flights to U.S. and Canada as well as select European and Asian destinations as well. An hourly shuttle flies to Los Angeles around the clock, a trip lasting 59 minutes.

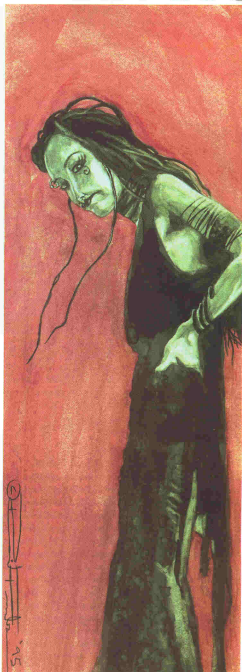
For those driving in from the east, the most common route is I-80, a federal highway that passes through Sacramento after crossing the Sierra Nevada Mountains at the Donner Pass, near Lake Tahoe and Reno, Nevada. During the winter months this highway is often snowbound, and travellers need tire chains to make the crossing. Heavy snowstorms and small avalanches occasionally close stretches of the highway for a day or more at a time. Weekend skiers visiting the Sierras often happily find themselves trapped and forced to spend a couple extra days in the mountains before returning to work. Overland bus lines running into the area follow the same route, as does the Amtrak passenger line. The Amtrak station is located in Oakland.

Sea travel is limited. Despite San Francisco's long history as a port city, few passenger ships dock here, save the cruise lines that run in and out of Fishermen's Wharf. However, Oakland still services many freighters unloading shipments from South America and the Far East. Richmond, to the north, is the site of Endron's major oil refineries and receives many tankers at its docks.

Getting Around the Bay Area

The communities around the bay are linked by an extensive network of expressways, but traffic is heavy most of the day and night, and frequently jammed during peak hours of travel. Public parking, particularly in the city, is difficult to find and often very expensive.

BART is the Bay Area Rapid Transit System, a modern subway and elevated rail system constructed in the mid-70s. This system links San Francisco to the rest of the bay area via a submarine tube running under the bay. Three separate lines run north to Richmond, west to Concord, and south to Fremont. Additional spur lines are currently under construction, but the long-range dream of



a system linking to San Jose in the south and Marin County and Napa Valley in the north seems a long way away. The system offers regular trains between 5 AM and 1 AM, with reduced service in the evenings. Fares are charged by distance traveled and deducted from a computer ticket.

Additionally, the various counties offer fairly efficient bus services, and taxis are found most everywhere. A number of ferries give smooth, scenic rides to points around the bay.

Tourism

One of the city's major industries is tourism. San Francisco, even as far back as the late 19th century, has proven itself a popular spot with visitors. Although some early guests of the city found it rude, brash and devoid of attractions, many found its weather and exuberant population charming. Located thousands of miles from the population centers of the East, San Francisco feels less restraint and has developed its own code of mores and standards. Although more conservative than the days when sailors were shanghaied on the Barbary Coast and tourists ventured giggling into the opium dens of Chinatown, it still enjoys a reputation as an "adult city" offering a vast variety of entertainments. Restaurants abound, as do clubs and theatres. Chinatown is a standard attraction, as are rides on the antique cable cars and shopping around Union Square. Fisherman's Wharf, on the northern edge of the city, is the most popular attraction, annually drawing more tourists than any other place in the U.S. save Disney World.

Events

Festivals and parades are popular with the city, many of them offering a diversion for the tourists. The most famous and most popular is the Lesbian and Gay Freedom Day Parade, held the last Sunday of June. Staged down the main thoroughfare of Market Street, the parade draws a quarter of a million spectators who madly cheer the various floats, costumes, and displays. Unlike similar events in many other cities, gay pride in San Francisco is a cause for celebration, not confrontation.

But any excuse to dress up and parade around the streets seems good enough for San Franciscans. The annual parades and festivals begin in late January or

early February with the celebration of the Chinese New Year and the Golden Dragon Parade winding its way up Stockton street from Market. The downtown next hosts St. Patrick's Day on March 17, celebrated in a manner common to most American cities — with a parade and lots of green-dyed beer. April Fools' Day sees the unofficial St. Stupid's Day parade staged through the financial center, finishing up with a penny toss at the sculpted "Banker's Heart" in front of the Bank of America Tower. Japantown's Cherry Blossom Festival also takes place in April, followed by Cinco de Mayo, celebrated in the Mission District on the weekend nearest to May 5. June is host to the Haight and North Beach Street Fairs, as well as the lengthy Carnival parade staged in the Mission. Across the Bay, Oakland stages a musical festival called Festival at the Lake, fittingly enough, on the shores of Lake Merritt.

The Fourth of July is celebrated at Crissy Field north of the Presidio with an all-day picnic and free rock concerts, climaxed by evening fireworks. The end of the month finds the annual Polk Street Art and Music Fair. August is host to Fleet Week, when the U.S. Navy puts carriers and submarines on public display while the Blue Angels buzz the city. Early October is the time of the Castro Street Fair, followed by a grand turnout for Halloween at the end of the month. The Exotic Erotic Ball is held every year about this time. Originally The Hooker's Ball, those attending wear only the most daring of outfits and cameras are welcomed. Additionally, there are any number of charity events and free concerts staged in Golden Gate Park, Crissy Field, Union Square and other places. Guest artists at these concerts often include well-known bay area musicians like Carlos Santana, Paul Kantner, Jerry Garcia, and Grace Slick.

Even sporting events are an excuse for San Franciscans to get into costume and strut their stuff. The annual Bay to Breakers Run is a world-class professional event drawing runners from all over the world; but by far the most entries are the locals who, dressed up in the most outlandish costumes imaginable, stagger their way through the seven-mile race across the city from the bay to the Pacific Ocean. Clown suits, leather straps, bathtubs, business suits, wetsuits with flippers, and almost anything else one can imagine: all are considered proper running attire for the Bay to Breakers.



Changeling Holidays in the Bay Area

In addition to celebrating the traditional changeling holidays, Duke Aeon has declared special holidays for the fief of Goldengate alone. Among them are his own birthday (March 31st) and the birthday of Queen Aeron (July 27th). The Ducal and Royal Birthdays are gala occasions at Pelican House, where the duke (and the queen, if she is in attendance—which is not always the case) give out many chimeric trinkets which usually vanish with the morning's light. Preparations for the birthdays go on for months in advance, devouring much Glamour and money but usually resulting in a beautiful reverie at the end of the day's festivities.

As well, there is Starlight Night (May 13th), when the duke uses his own sceptre to cause the bonfires of all the glens and freeholds in the city to alight with brilliant chimeric light that is visible from the rooftops. The traditional celebration is to view the beautiful display from the vantage point of Coit Tower (see Geography), and afterward the childlings run through the streets, chasing chimera who have been set alight with Glamour in a kind of action-packed "moving piñata" experience. The current purpose of Starlight Night is to

appreciate the true beauty of the city at night. Its origin is apparently a paean to the love that the duke has for his Goldengate.

Duke Aeon himself participates in both the Gay Pride March and the Castro Fair, in solidarity with his kinsain brother and out of respect for the satyr Hector.

Accommodations

Most tourists are Americans, usually from the East, but San Francisco is also the favorite American city of European vacationers. The most popular hotel locations are around Union Square and on Nob Hill. Accommodations in the center of the city average about \$100 per night minimum for two-person occupancy, the rates gradually declining as one gets nearer the Tenderloin or heads south of Market Street. Restaurants number in the thousands, catering to nearly every taste and ethnic variety. It is said that one could dine out every night for ten years and never visit the same restaurant twice. Dining out is a favorite pastime of San Franciscans and relatively cheap, although one wishing to spend large amounts of money encounters no difficulty. Theatres are bountiful, favoring the small avant-garde productions but also hosting major shows

from New York. There is a credible symphony and a grand-styled opera house. Bars and nightclubs of all types abound. (see Chapter Three: Geography, for a sample changing nightclub, Chaingies.)

The Laws of Hospitality

The custom of the bay area fiefs is that Kithain must offer hospitality of house, hold and hearth to those of their kith and court, as a matter of courtesy. Whether or not individual Kithain know or respect this is another matter. Usually those Kithain with Etiquette 2 or more will know of this custom. Although different Kithain interpret these laws differently, it is generally held by force of custom that guests accepted by the owner or leige of the freehold or house are given into a sacred trust. This state of grace means that they are given the best of the larder for food, the best bed for sleeping, and the best drink for drinking. It is considered extremely bad luck to cause any accepted guest harm in any way, or through inaction cause that guest to come to harm. Even if you accept an enemy of yours as a guest for some reason, you must honor this law — breaking it invites the worst of luck and fate. There is only one notable exception to the Laws of Hospitality: those who are considered oathbreakers and honorless cannot demand hospitality. They do not fall under the same rules, and cannot expect the same treatment.

Residency

The cost of bay area living is one of the highest in the nation. Skyrocketing real estate values in the 1980s have resulted in a situation where less than ten percent of local residents can now afford to own their own homes. Rental rates also increased and, until limited by various forms of rent control, threatened to drive most residents out of the city.

With a recession on, steady employment is scarce, though skilled office workers and anyone with computer industry skills can usually find a job. Blue-collar workers and unskilled teens find things far more difficult.

Nonetheless, many find the sunny, mild climate and scenic splendor enough to make up for the difficulties. Despite the mounting problems, the bay area and the city specifically enjoy an optimistic if sometimes unrealistic outlook. Locals prop open front doors of

department stores, restaurants, markets, and even banks in the morning, allowing the fresh, cool breezes to circulate freely. Glass partitions dividing the customer from the storekeeper, or even the bank teller, are rarely seen in the city. Taxicabs use no shields to protect drivers from their passengers. Disasters such as the 1989 earthquake are met with a positive resolution unfamiliar in the East.

Hard Facts

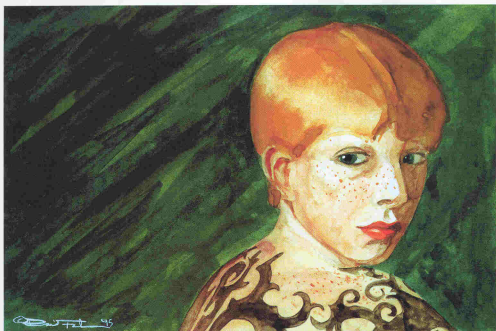
Utility service is provided by Pacific Gas & Electric, known as PG&E. Pacific Bell (commonly PacBell) is the telephone company. Because of the sudden proliferation of fax machines and a shortage of numbers, the bay area has recently changed area codes. San Francisco, Marin, and the peninsula retain the old 415 number while the East Bay changed to 510.

The city provides water. The bay area lacks local supplies of fresh water and gets most of what it needs from the inland valleys or the Sierra Nevada mountains. San Francisco makes use of the Hetch Hetchy reservoir, pumping the water for nearly two hundred miles through aqueducts that run up the peninsula. A seven-year drought which was becoming a serious threat was broken the last two winters when rainfalls returned to normal levels.

Trash collection is provided by private "scavenger" companies contracted by the communities and licensed to serve specific areas. Bay area residents have a "garbage" bill among their other utilities, and most communities have instituted comprehensive recycling programs.

Two major newspapers serve the city: the *San Francisco Chronicle*, published mornings and afternoons, and the *San Francisco Examiner* (the Hearst paper), published in the afternoon. The two papers publish a joint Sunday edition. Herb Caen, a columnist with the *Chronicle*, has been a journalist in the city for decades. Many eagerly seek the opinions and political support of this well-known celebrity.

The largest and best known banks are Bank of America ("B of A"), Great Western, and Wells Fargo. The super-market business is dominated by Safeway, and Walgreen's is the commonest franchise drug store. The usual fast food franchises and 7-11s are common as well, but not so much within the city.



Mood and Atmosphere

San Francisco is the perfect stage for any drama, comedy, or tragedy. If you wish the mood to change, simply change the weather. On the darker side, the fog rolling in can cause a sense of despair, isolation, and ennui to fall over the city. The toll of the AIDS epidemic has been sorely felt in the city's wild heart, and death lingers in the air. Oakland, Richmond, and

large sections of Berkeley are ecological wastelands, where drive-by shootings are common. There are many places no one would want to go. On the lighter side, it is a city of freedom, of wild pleasure, and of a passion for the arts and culture. San Francisco, therefore, is the ideal backdrop for the up-again, down-again life of a changeling. Cold, hard reality takes its toll, but there are moments of transcendent beauty as well.



Chapter Two: History

Geologists disagree as to when the bay itself was actually formed. However, they do agree that it once stood above water, before the land subsided and the melting ice caps raised the ocean level. The Sacramento River poured down from the central plateau of California, cutting a canyon through the rocks separating Marin from the peninsula and forming what is now the entrance to the bay: the Golden Gate.

The Ohlone

The Ohlone were among the first peoples to settle around the bay and were part of the Pleistocene migration of Asian peoples crossing over to North America via the land bridge between Asia and Alaska. They arrived here about four or five thousand years ago. The huge shell mounds found around the bay are silent testimony to their long occupation. The largest of these mounds, found near Fremont, is 30 feet high, 600 feet long, and 200 feet wide. The oldest layers of these mounds are presently below water level, indicating that the bay has risen markedly since the Ohlone first arrived.

The Ohlone were not really a tribe, but a culture group; numerous tribelets inhabited the area. It is estimated that at their peak, the Ohlone numbered some 10,000 and the neighboring Miwok another 3000.

Exploration

In 1542 Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo sailed north from Mexico in the San Salvador to become the first European to explore the California coast. Searching for "the Strait of Anian" (the fabled Northwest Passage), he made it as far north as the Russian River before finally turning back. Spotting Point Reyes on his return, he named it Cabo de Piños, but missed the entrance to the Bay.

The year 1579 found English privateer Sir Francis Drake in the area. Having spent his voyage raiding Spanish ships, he landed the *Golden Hind* just north of the Golden Gate in what is now called Drake's Bay (named by George Vancouver in 1792). He called the land Nova Albion and claimed it for the queen, supposedly leaving a bronze plaque on the shore. After six weeks he and his crew

sailed out and, like Cabrillo, failed to notice the entrance to the bay.

Some have claimed that Drake actually did discover the bay and landed in Marin county. A bronze plaque was found here in 1936 by a department store clerk on a picnic near San Quentin Prison. Presently at the Bancroft Library in UC Berkeley, it has since been deemed a forgery.

In 1595 Sebastián Cermeño, a Portuguese captain sailing out of the Philippines, landed the *San Augustin* in Drake's Bay. A storm sunk the ship and the survivors were forced to set out for home in a small launch. They finally reached Acapulco safely but, like so many others, missed the entrance to the bay. Before leaving the area, Cermeño renamed the area Punta de los Reyes — King's Point.

In 1602 Sebastián Vizcaíno, one of Cermeño's officers, sailed north with the hope of salvaging the cargo of the *San Augustin*. He carefully explored the California coast and discovered Monterey Bay but he, too, failed to discover the entrance to the bay.

As the Spanish empire began to contract, trade with Manila in the Philippines decreased and Alta California was left more or less untouched for the next two centuries.

The Nunnehi

For much of the history of the San Francisco Bay Area, the nunnehi were the only remotely *fae* presence. Most Kithain had not yet found their way to this place. Even the most adventurous *pooka* seemed to give the earliest explorations a miss. In fact, it is not certain who the first Kithain in the area was: certainly whoever it was found the nunnehi a powerful and daunting force. This was before the opening of the *trod*, and therefore there weren't quite as many groves and glens as there are today.

The nunnehi aided the native people, as is their wont, although they were unable to prevent the horrors of colonization. They made pacts with the seal-people (*selkies*) as well, many of which still hold today. The family groups of natives near the bay also honored them. The nunnehi fought battles with spears made of moonlight, riding horses made of wind. They celebrated the turning of the hoop of the year. Theirs were an idyllic life, filled with Glamour. This was the time of the pure lands, the time before European invasion.

Some Kithain sages believe the nunnehi shamans protected San Francisco Bay from the explorers with a great illusion, although some say other sorcerors did this, and some believe it was simply a mistake on their part. The fact remains that the fog still rolls in. Nunnehi lore holds that the fog is an extension of the blanket of magical protection the elder nunnehi wove to conceal the bay.

Colonization

By 1769 the Russians were beginning to explore the North American coast in search of furs. The Spanish, alarmed by their intrusions, decided to reinforce "their" coast. Gaspar de Portolá, a Mexican dragoon captain, was made governor of both Alta and Baja California and sent north with approximately sixty men. Among other things, he was expected to install Franciscan friars in the Spanish missions, replacing the Jesuits who had been ordered home after being expelled from Spanish dominions in 1767 by King Don Carlos III. Portolá's objective was Monterey Bay, discovered 160 years earlier by Vizcaíno. Portolá's ship passed Monterey on September 30, but failed to spot the bay. By the end of October they had made their way far up the coast and were in the area of Pacifica, just south of San Francisco.

Finally landing, Portolá sent Sergeant José Ortega north, accompanied by a small band of men, while the captain and his chosen group climbed the western ridge of Montara Mountain. From here they could see the *Farralone* Islands in the west and Drake's Bay to the north, but were thoroughly confused as to their whereabouts.

On November 2 a band of men returned from a deer-hunting trip with reports of a vast, marshy estuary to the east. The next day Ortega returned from his trip north, having discovered the bay and its entrance from the sea. He had explored as far as the tip of the peninsula overlooking the Golden Gate. On November 4 Portolá crossed Montara Mountain's "Sweeney Ridge" and descended the eastern side, sighting the bay for himself. He ordered Ortega to explore south along the bay and up the eastern side in an attempt to reach Point Reyes; but the sergeant and his men were turned back by swamps and unfriendly natives. After a council, the group decided to leave the area and sailed away south. They missed Monterey again, finally arriving in San Diego in January of 1770. Soldiers rather than sailors, they did not recognize the importance of the immense bay they had discovered and in their report decreased its significance.

Five years later, on August 5, 1775, Lieutenant Juan Manuel de Ayala anchored his ship *San Carlos* at what is now Fort Point, becoming the first to sail through the Golden Gate. Ayala's expedition spent the next forty-four days in the bay, anchored off Angel Island. While Ayala recovered from an accidental gunshot to the foot, two of his officers explored the bay in launches. Ayala meanwhile christened such places as Angel Island, Sausalito, and Alcatraz (the latter name given to what is now known as Yerba Buena Island, misidentified by an English sea

captain in 1826). Upon Ayala's return, the decision was made to establish a Presidio and mission in the area.

On March 28, 1776, Captain Juan Bautista de Anza and Lieutenant José Moraga arrived in the area with a band of men. Anchoring at the northern tip of the peninsula, they drove a cross into the ground and established what is now known as Fort Point. The next day they traveled southeast to a small pond and creek. Here they drove a second cross into the ground, marking the spot as the site of a mission they would call Laguna de los Dolores. Leaving men to guard the two sites, de Anza returned to Mexico while Moraga traveled to Monterey to collect the Franciscan father, Junipero Serra, and the two hundred or so colonists being sent to the area.

Mission Dolores was dedicated on June 29, 1776, just five days before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The Indians were soon rounded up and baptized, housed in barracks, and set to work gardening and weaving cloth, all of which quickly destroyed their culture.

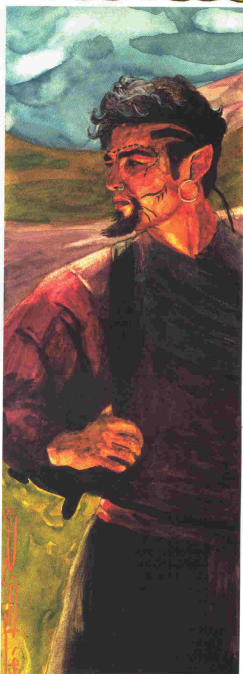
While the mission was "civilizing" the Indians, the small band of soldiers at the Presidio languished. Unpaid, nearly forgotten, they depended on the holy fathers of the mission for a good deal of their food and provisions. The Presidio was built on an inland bluff, and at first no fort was erected to protect the Gate. When Englishman George Vancouver visited in 1792, the Spanish government criticized the Presidio for allowing him to note the lack of adequate defenses. An adobe fort was then built on the cliff and garrisoned by seven soldiers. So poor was this garrison that when a Russian ship entered the harbor in 1806 and fired a salute, a contingent of soldiers had to row out to the ship and borrow enough gunpowder for the fort to properly return the fire. Isolated and nearly forgotten, San Francisco would prove to be Spain's most northern colony on the West Coast.

The first adobe mission was replaced by a larger one constructed in 1794. This building still stands today in the heart of the City's Mission District.

The Californios

By 1810 Mexico was in open revolt against Spain. San Francisco's Presidio and mission, isolated as they were, were more or less forgotten by both contestants as the struggle raged on. The garrison, without shipments of supplies from Mexico, went into serious decline, the soldiers more and more forced to rely on the fathers at the mission for everything they needed.

In 1821 Mexico finally declared its independence, word of this only reaching San Francisco the next year. In 1834 Mexico passed the Secularization Act, stripping the



The Fall of the Nunnehi

The nunnehi of the area were nearly destroyed by the activities of the faithful of Mission Delores. The "civilization" of the Native Americans meant that they no longer fed the moon-eyed folk their tide of the kill, nor did they leave presents for them or allow their children to go up into the hills into their ranks. Indeed, even those clearly chosen to be nunnehi were forced to turn aside from their nature and their nunnehi-spirits died from the incipient Banality.

For a long time the nunnehi literally took to the hills, hiding in hollows and caves only they could see and enter. The cold wind of Banality swept through them and destroyed all but the most hearty. The nunnehi warriors now left represent the last of the moon-eyed people, possibly for all time.

almost feudal missions of their land and power. Attempting to enforce their claim to Alta California, the Mexican government handed out huge grants of land, some as large as 48,000 acres, to favored individuals. Mariano Vallejo was among the best known of the Californios, managing to amass 175,000 acres that included most of what is now Napa and Sonoma counties.

Soon the bay area was divided into huge, sprawling cattle ranches that provided an active trade in hides and tallow, most of which was shipped out of the bay. San Francisco also became a convenient port for whalers working the Pacific Ocean. The Indians, having been turned out of the missions, either returned to the wilderness or went to work on the vast ranchos.

By 1835 the first structure was erected in what was to eventually become the village of Yerba Buena (and later San Francisco) by William A. Richardson, a British seaman who had remained in the area after his ship sailed back to England in 1822. Married to the Presidio commandant's daughter, he established himself as the Bay's first harbormaster and pilot, later serving as a trade broker for the many English and American ships visiting the region. His first home was a mere sail stretched between poles, soon replaced by a wooden shanty and later, a two-story adobe structure named Casa Grande. Although now several blocks from the bay, before the filling in of Yerba Buena cove the waterfront was nearly at Richardson's front door.

The Americans

By the mid-1840s, Americans were moving over the Sierra Nevada mountains into California. In 1846 Fremont led a band of 60 armed men into California, only to

be turned back by the Mexicans. He returned a few weeks later on June 14, and this time he and his men stormed General Mariano Vallejo's Sonoma estate. Vallejo surrendered without resistance and later, over numerous brandies served by the polite general, Fremont and his men announced the formation of a California Republic, sewing together a rather rude flag decorated with a grizzly bear and raising it over Sonoma Plaza.

The village of Yerba Buena became part of the states less than a month later when, on July 9, 1846, the ship Portsmouth unloaded 70 American soldiers and marines. Led by Captain Montgomery, they marched ashore and raised the American flag over the town plaza, soon after renamed Portsmouth Square in honor of the event.

In January, 1847, the town's name was officially changed to San Francisco, a move intended to emphasize the town's relationship with San Francisco Bay. To avoid confusion, the small town of Francisca on the North Bay was persuaded to change its name to Benicia.

MARKET STREET and O'FARRELL

O'Farrell, the man responsible for the odd layout of San Francisco's streets, was in fact kinaen, one of fae blood. Related to a nocker family, he had an innate sense of where the lines of power in a place were. He put Market Street diagonally across the city in an effort to forcibly channel the tremendous ley energy he felt coming from Mt. Talmalpais to the north. His primitive geomancy only partly succeeded, although he was to never see his work in action — the only reason Kithain know this lore is because it was read in his journal after he died, a journal which is still held by the O'Farrell nocker family. It is said that this journal also has maps of the underground rookeries and caverns that honeycomb the land below the streets.

Later, in 1969 when the Great Troad was opened, O'Farrell's ley-channel held firm and caused a proliferation of small freeholds throughout the city.

The Gold Rush

On the site of present day Sacramento stood the fort of John Sutter, formerly an officer in the Swiss army. He called his 50,000 acres of land New Helvetia, and ruled it as a benevolent despot. Sutter's fort was often the first civilization seen by travelers crossing over the Sierra Nevada Mountains. It was here, in a stream near a sawmill, that Sutter's employee James Marshall first discovered gold on January 24, 1848. Sutter realized what a gold rush might do to his plans and tried to keep the discovery a secret, but rumors kept spreading. The floodgates opened



in May when Sam Brannan marched through the streets announcing the discovery of gold along the American River, making his point by brandishing a bottle filled with gold nuggets. Brannan, always astute, had wisely prepared himself for the public announcement by making sure his hardware store was fully stocked with mining and other necessary equipment.

In a flash the town nearly emptied of able-bodied men as the flight to the gold fields began. Merchants quickly sold out of mining equipment and calls went out to South America, Hawaii, and the Pacific rim, in search of shovels, pans, rope and other goods. Alerted by the sudden demand, prospectors from Peru, Chile, China, Hawaii, and Australia were soon landing in the city. By December a small chest of gold nuggets had found its way to Washington D.C. President Polk made the gold strike official when he announced it to the public. San Francisco was soon to become the gateway to the gold fields.

By the end of 1849 the city's population stood near 20,000, over ninety percent male. Inflation was sky-high. Breakfast cost six dollars and a bottle of whiskey, thirty dollars. The favorite pastimes were gambling, drinking, and whoring. Describing the City in El Dorado, Bayard Taylor wrote: "Hundreds of tents and houses...scattered all over the heights, and along the shore for over a mile. Yankees of every possible variety, native Californians in

sarapes and sombreros, Chilians, Sonorians, Kanakas from Hawaii, Chinese with long tails, Malays armed with their everlasting cresces, and others in whose embrowned and bearded visages it was impossible to recognize any especial nationality."

1848: The Commoner's Gold Flood

Nothing attracts the commoner kith like dreams of gold. Even the most practical boggan will drop his needlepoint to pursue such dreams. When word spread of the gold strike, changelings from all over the world heard the call.

Nockers in Boston and New York who thought they could smell the gold from across the country built themselves steam engines to power changeling ships around the Horn, fighting off the nunnelhi raiders and changeling pirates in the southern seas, especially the Gulf of Mexico. In this time, as well, hordes of wild and strange Gallain began to appear without warning, also seeking after the legends of the gold. This is the first time in the city's history where a number of Kithain and other enchanted beings came together in a cosmopolitan of the Dreaming, the first wave of strange inhabitants from far away.

The proliferation of so many changelings in one place (and the utter wildness of the time) increased the

need for Glamour, and thus caused a cultural backlash. Many Kithain became street entertainers, and a thriving red light district grew up around the Barbary Coast area (where Miss S's House now stands). In the early 1850s, a herd of satyrs crossed the country largely on foot to take part in the gold, culture, and pleasures of the city. Driven by their lust for both gold and the exotic fleshmarkets of the wharves, they were instrumental in making the Barbary Coast the triumph of wild debauchery that it was. It was this herd that formed the basis of the Society of Aristophanes and the Wine Country's Brotherhood of the Barrel. The satyrs were a political faction all their own, but doing what they would, when they would resulted in stern retributive actions on the part of the ad hoc citizen's government.

Banality Hits

For a time San Francisco was a wild place, especially during the almost lawless Gold Rush days. But with the advent of the Second Committee, and the Red-Light Abatement Act, the city started to swing back in the direction of Banality. Even the Society of Aristophanes ceased throwing their Greek Revival parties in the gardens of their Nob Hill mansions.

Mortal politics and the like tend to mean nothing to commoners; but if they impact on the source of Glamour, then the fate act with swiftness. The commoner leadership of the time met in private and emerged with several ideas to change the demeanor of the city. One such way was to create a beautiful green space in the midst of the rapidly developing urban area — a space which might inspire dreams and provide a place for the heart.

Golden Gate Park

With the intent of raising San Francisco's image in the eyes of the world, community leaders like Sam Brannan and William Ralston began campaigning for a city park. William Hammond Hall was chosen to design it and work began in 1870. Reclaiming the land from the shifting sand dunes proved no easy task but, despite doubts voiced by some newspapers, the project progressed. In 1890 it was handed over to John McLaren, a crusty Scotsman. Forbidding such things as "Keep Off The Grass" signs, he worked tirelessly for years creating one of the world's great urban parks. Dedicated to keeping the park as natural as possible, it was only over his vehement objections that statues and other such monuments were erected in the park, and then only allowed in the most obscure and hidden places.

Nonetheless, the eastern end of the park was to see additional development. The first building erected was the Conservatory of Flowers, put up in 1879. James Lick, who had intended it for his San Jose estate, had shipped it in crates from Dublin. When Lick died, Crocker and others bought it for \$2600 and donated it to the city. In 1916 the California Academy of Sciences' North American Hall was opened and, in 1919, the M.H. de Young Memorial Art Museum followed.

The Mid-Winter Fair of 1894

San Francisco hosted California's first World Fair, the Mid-Winter Exposition of 1894. Over park superintendent McClaren's objections, it was staged in Golden Gate Park. Held during a depression year, the fair was nonetheless a success, running from January to July and counting over 2.5 million visitors. The exotically flavored fair featured major buildings designed in Egyptian and East Indian styles. Attractions included an Hawaiian village, a Cairo street scene, and an Eskimo village complete with fur-clad "Eskimos" paddling kayaks about a small pond. A favorite sideshow attraction was Boone's Arena, featuring trained animal acts. Attendance at Boone's increased dramatically after a lion killed one of the trainers during a performance.

Electricity was the exciting new discovery of the age and San Francisco's fair was dominated by the lofty, centrally located Tower of Electricity. At night a revolving shaft of light, visible for miles, was beamed from the top of the tower. Although most of the structures were torn down at the conclusion of the fair, the Music Concourse and the Japanese Tea Garden were spared and still stand today.

The Power of Fairs

Not forgetting their carnival pasts, the changelings of San Francisco desperately loved celebrations and fairs and would go to great lengths to attend them, enjoying the lessening of the crowd's Banality and finding amusement in the bright lights and beautiful music. The tradition of attending fairs as changelings en masse began on Imbolc of that year and since then, every major exhibition and fair has seen its "wild nights" when all the changelings come out to play, ancient rivalries are put aside, and merriment is had by all.

The Earthquake and Fire

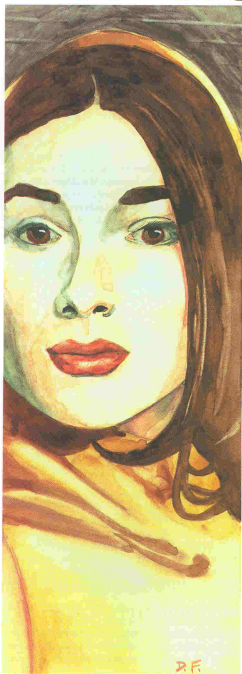
San Francisco's Great Quake struck at 5:12 AM, April 18, 1906. The first tremor rattled the city for forty seconds. After a ten-second pause, a second tremor began, stronger than the first and lasting twenty-five seconds. The San Andreas Fault — only discovered in 1893 running offshore San Francisco — had shifted. The epicenter was at Point Reyes on the coast where a locomotive was toppled from its tracks. It is estimated today that the quake would have measured 8.3 on the Richter Scale.

Although the city was hard hit, Santa Rosa to the north and San Jose to south — where over 100 people were killed — suffered the worst damage. Conversely, Oakland and Berkeley across the Bay felt only a small tremor. Stanford University, down the peninsula, suffered tremendous damage to its campus and buildings.

San Francisco's sidewalks buckled and water and gas lines broke. Brick facades were shaken from building fronts while structures unfortunate enough to have been built on loose landfill sank and slid off their foundations. Interiors collapsed and many people died asleep in their beds. In the city's cemeteries, 500 tombstones toppled over, all of them falling east.

Unfortunately for the city, among the first casualties was Fire Chief Dennis T. Sullivan, fatally injured when his unreinforced brick firehouse collapsed on him. Most of San Francisco's firehouses suffered similar fates, paralyzing these facilities while at the same time than 50 fires were breaking out across the city. By early afternoon these fires had grown into three major conflagrations. One major blaze was out of control south of Market Street, while another raged north of Market near the waterfront. A third fire ravaged an area known as Hayes Valley, just west of City Hall. Communications within the city were wiped out and the aqueduct carrying San Francisco's water supply up the peninsula broken. The winds were easterly that day, the reverse of the usual, and hot winds from the inland valleys quickly fanned the flames into firestorms that lifted smoke five miles into the air. Scorched sheet music from an incinerated Market Street music store came down in Marin, across the bay.

The U.S. Army piled out of the Presidio to join in the fight, which soon came under the command of Brigadier General Frederick Funston. For three days the fires burned out of control despite the use of such desperate tactics as the dynamiting of buildings in an attempts to create firebreaks. Despite all efforts, the fire destroyed almost all of the city west of Van Ness Avenue before finally being brought under control.



Some refugees ferried over to Oakland but most stayed in the city, moving to the Presidio and Golden Gate Park where tent cities were quickly set up. Over 250,000 were left homeless, roughly two-thirds of the city's population. Although the extent of the disaster was played down as much as possible, it is now believed that 3000 or more perished in the earthquake and subsequent fires. Earlier reports, intended to sway insurers and future investors, lowered the death rates and claimed most of the damage was the result of fires, and not the quake.

Although most of the banks chose to abandon their cash, trusting their heavy, airtight vaults to protect it, A.P. Giannini, founder of the small Bank of Italy managed to get his capital out of the burning city hidden on a wagon. After the fire, while others had to wait weeks before the red-hot vaults cooled and could be safely opened, Giannini was one of the few resources of ready cash. With this boost his bank rose to prominence, eventually renaming itself the Bank of America and becoming one of the leading banks on the West Coast.

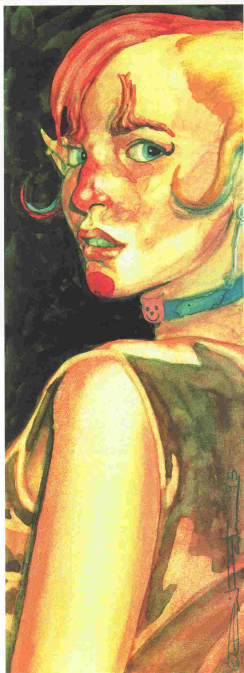
Reality Strikes Back

Despite the fact that the changelings of San Francisco were forced to live in a relatively Glamour-scarce environment (not due to the lack of Glamour but to the tremendous number of changelings and Gallain), they enjoyed a relatively comfortable existence in San Francisco due to the general good mood and feelings of its inhabitants. When the great quake hit, it caused a tremendous backlash of depression. The cold hard facts of the death and destruction of the quake made a lasting impression in the hearts of the populace, one that pushed Banality to an all-time high. Many changelings were lost to Banality during this time as their mortal forms were crushed, destroying their faerie soul as well. Although a few attempts at a mass Wake occurred, very few of the Gallain and commoner changelings who died kept their faerie soul. To this day, many commoner adults make pilgrimages to Colma and to places like the Portals of the Past and other quake memorials, to honor those who fell in the aftermath.

However, those who did survive the earthquake and its rush of Banality were quite pleased to learn that a new kind of spring greeted them, and soon several fairs left both the city and its Enchanted populace rejuvenated.

Rebuilding the City

Within three years the city was springing back to life. Of the 28,000 residences destroyed by the flames, over 19,000 had already been replaced. Downtown, new office



buildings were being erected on the burned out blocks, larger and grander than before. In 1912 work began on a new Civic Center, designed to replace the lost City Hall. Meanwhile, plans for a world's fair called the Panama-Pacific Exposition to be held in 1915 went on unabated.

The Panama-Pacific Exposition

Celebrating the opening of the Panama Canal, the Exposition opened on February 20, 1915, and, despite a war then raging in Europe, was a grand success. 600 acres of bay-shore tidal land on the north side of the city, stretching from Fort Mason to the Golden Gate, were walled off and filled in to provide a site for the fair. The fair was graced by a grand rotunda called The Palace of Fine Arts and dominated by the 432-foot tall Tower of Jewels. This tower, encrusted with 50,000 pieces of colored glass, was nightly washed by 36 independent tinted spotlights.

Building Bridges

San Francisco had long stood isolated in the center of the bay, reached only by ferry or the long drive up the peninsula. But in the 1930s the city would relinquish its isolation for the increased prosperity promised by two major bridge projects.

The Bay Bridge, linking downtown San Francisco with Oakland across the bay, was begun in May of 1933. It involved the relatively easy bridging of Oakland to Yerba Buena Island by means of a low truss bridge, and the more difficult span from the island to San Francisco with a double suspension bridge. A huge tunnel was bored through Yerba Buena Island to connect the two bridges. Double-decked, seventy-six feet high and fifty-eight feet wide, this tunnel is still the largest bore of its type in the world. Rincon Hill on the city side was partially leveled to form the anchor point for the bridge's main pier. Originally equipped with rail lines on the lower deck, it was opened to traffic in November of 1936.

The Golden Gate Bridge was begun just a few months earlier, in January of 1933. Twin 746-foot towers were sunk amidst the swirling tides of the Golden Gate and huge cables hoisted, from which the rest of the bridge would hang. The longest suspension bridge ever attempted, it was to take its toll in human life. In February, 1937, ten men were killed when their scaffolding suddenly gave way. This single level bridge, featuring pedestrian walkways, was opened on May 27, 1937.

The Reverend Doctor Marstell

Doctor Marstell was the name of a "pet" bum, a favorite of the work crews who strung the Golden Gate Bridge. He had the apparent ability to see through the flaws of the bridge's design before the engineers could, warning work crews to overtighten certain bolts and double-weld others, and even going so far as to stand in front of a wire spool, denying anyone access to it if he thought it was going to be put to an incorrect purpose. He was brilliant in his way. The workers avoided so many problems by listening to the good Doctor's advice that they began to bring him lunch and hand off their old clothes to him. He was something of a living good luck charm, even if he did smell like turpentine and coal smoke. When the bridge was nearly built, the foreman somehow overheard Doctor Marstell muttering himself about every perfect bridge claiming a life — and how much he sought that perfection. Not knowing that this would be the last time he would see Marstell, the foreman ran him off the bridge, fearful that he was drunk enough to stumble off the side and fall.

The next morning, they found Marstell on the lower pedestal of one of the great supports, his body broken by the fall. To this day, many changelings and mortals alike have seen the presence of a ghostly figure working the rigging at night, although none will openly speak of it.

The Golden Gate International Exposition

Most people called this fair "Treasure Island," after the artificial island on which the fair was held. Located on the shoals of the north face of Yerba Buena Island, the rectangular, 400-acre Treasure Island required three years of dredging and filling.

The fair was meant to celebrate the completion of the two great bridges, but its theme was "A Pageant of the Pacific" and a particular style — dubbed Pacific Basin — was named the official design approach. Highlights of the fair included the giant statue of the goddess Pacifica, the Court of the Moon, the Tower of the Sun, and the ninety-foot Arch of Triumph. Opened in February of 1939 and closed in the winter of 1940, the exposition hosted over 17 million visitors. More commercial than earlier expositions, it featured many popular entertainers of the day, including Sally Rand and her "Nude Ranch." By the time the fair closed its gates, World War II was at hand.

World War II

World War II meant growth for the city of San Francisco. The major staging point for the war in the Pacific, the Bay Area became a focus of shipyards, troops, and industry during the early 1940s. Many contemporary institutions have their roots in this era, including the giant Kaiser Medical Plan, originally developed by Kaiser Aluminum to provide needed medical care for the families of the vast number of workers moving into the area.

1950s

Following the war, the U.S. experienced a general economic depression while a new thing called a Cold War heated up, threatening nuclear extinction. Alienation led to separation and soon a new generation emerged that questioned the values of all that had gone before. The beat generation of Kerouac and Ginsberg was born, huddled up in the North Beach area and on Telegraph and Russian Hills. Poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti opened his City Lights bookstore while Ginsberg was prosecuted for obscenity, and beat clubs like the Purple Onion and the Hungry i opened on Broadway. But by the end of the decade, "beatniks" had become fashionable and the territory was overrun by tourists.

1960s

The 1960s started off with a bang when, inspired by beatniks, the Ban the Bomb movement, and Civil Rights issues, the New Left hit the spotlight. When the House Committee on Un-American Activities tried to meet in San Francisco City Hall they were met inside the rotunda by hundreds of angry protestors bearing placards reading: "Witch Hunters Go Home!" Panicking, the city police brought in fire hoses and washed and clubbed the protestors out of the building. The scene inspired a generation of protestors and the Free Speech movement spread across the country.

By 1967 the idea had become the Free Love movement and San Francisco was the center. On Haight street, the old middle-class neighborhood was giving way to a new breed of youthful mystics. Indulging in marijuana, LSD, and other drugs, they created a cultural style that was revealed to the world during 1967's Summer of Love. Before long, a shrewd promoter named Bill Graham had rented a creaky old auditorium on Fillmore street and was promoting concerts featuring local acts like Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother and the Holding Company, and the Grateful Dead. These shows featured bizarre lighting effects and seemingly endless supplies of free psychedelics.





The Haight quickly became a haven for drifters and undesirables, and the movement itself degenerated into a fashion statement and an excuse to get high — but some things were left changed forever.

The notion of free love was one destined to be interpreted broadly. A small night club on the corner of Grant and Broadway made national news when Carol Doda began performing topless. Local clubs offered competition and within a few months bottomless dancing was introduced. For several more months Carol Doda drew customers by continually enlarging her breasts with regular injections of silicon. About this time a pair of brothers named Mitchell moved to town from nearby Antioch. Opening two adult theatres, one on each end of the Tenderloin, they began developing a local pornographic film industry that eventually went nationwide.

In October of 1966 a young woman was murdered near Riverside, the first of a series of murders committed by a killer known to this day only as "The Zodiac." Taunting his victims and authorities with letters sent to newspapers, he would kill four more times in the next three years, his last victim a cab driver in San Francisco. Although papers were still receiving letters as late as 1978, his identity was never discovered. A retired area detective claims to know

the man's identity but, unable to produce any evidence, he refuses to name his suspect.

1970s

The decade saw increasing tensions as the Vietnam war raged on, widening the rift between opposing opinions. The radical Black Panther movement in Oakland joined with the anti-war forces in Berkeley to lash out at authority and the establishment.

Tensions spilled over when in 1973-74 when a Black Muslim splinter group calling themselves the "Death Angels" randomly murdered fifteen people in San Francisco over a period of six months. Eventually arrested, four of the accused were sent to prison and four released.

The Symbionese Liberation Army also made the headlines. Kidnapping heiress Patty Hearst in broad daylight, they demanded a ransom requiring the Hearst family to distribute free food to the poor of Oakland. Hearst later joined forces with the SLA and was accused of helping commit at least one bank robbery.

The decade also saw the assassination of city mayor George Moscone and supervisor Harvey Milk, San Francisco's first openly gay elected official. He was shot down by Dan White, a former councilman refused reapp-

pointment to his office. White pleaded the infamous "Twinkie defense," claiming that additives in fast food had made him mentally unbalanced. When White was sentenced to less than five years, San Francisco's gay population and supporters erupted in an evening of violence now known as the White Night Riot. Released after serving his term, Dan White committed suicide a short time later.

The 1980s

The latter part of the decade brought a new prosperity to San Francisco, and to America as a whole. Eschewing its old image as a small, low-rise town, the city's new era actually began in the mid-1970s with construction of the massive Bank of America Tower on California Street. Soon, other highrises were going up all over the downtown area, spurred on by the Reaganomics of the 1980s. With the construction of the city's now trademark TransAmerica Pyramid, this unprecedented boom forever altered the skyline of the city.

The 1989 Earthquake

On October 17, 1989, at 5:04 PM, San Francisco was hit by a 7.1 magnitude earthquake, the strongest since the quake of 1906. 67 people were killed, 43 when the double-decker Cypress freeway built on Oakland's soft bayshore mud collapsed upon itself. A section of the upper deck of the Bay Bridge collapsed as well, resulting in the death of another driver and a massive commuter problem that would last for a month or more. In the Marina district, where homes are built upon uncompacted landfill, settling houses touched off a fire that consumed an entire block.

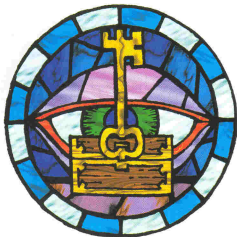
However, overall damage was slight. Cracked expressways were repaired or torn down, and after several months the temporary scaffolding erected everywhere to repair cracked masonry and stucco on hundreds of buildings began to disappear. Like the phoenix that is the city's symbol, San Francisco is always reborn from the flames.

The 1990s

The current decade has already seen a leveling off of the bay area's population, and that of California as a whole. The state apparently "full," people are now leaving California in favor of the northern coast, particularly Portland and Seattle. The growing number of homeless in the streets is a continuing problem and a depressed economy with no obvious means of recovery have left a state that has known only constant growth — a state containing one-eighth of the U.S. population — in search of a future.

Always the land of spectacular disasters, California grabbed the national news again in October of 1991 when a firestorm swept through the East Bay hills, killing several people and destroying more than 3000 homes. Fed by the same hot, dry, inland winds that spread the 1906 fire through San Francisco, it was one of the most destructive urban fires on record.

When the acquittal of four policemen accused of beating Rodney King touched off protests around the country, the still politically conscious downtown San Francisco was no exception. Several different groups of protestors marched down Market Street and over Nob Hill. Looters broke store windows and emptied shops and stores on Market Street and around Union Square.



A Prelude to War

Being an account of the beginning of the Accordance War

by Thomas Rhymes

No one knew, especially not the commoners. Little did they know what would happen when the Apollo 11 spacecraft touched down on the moon, the symbol of the Deansing, and a man walked upon it for the first time. Most of the changelings on Earth were not especially focused on Banal things such as moon rockets, although a surprising number of childlings had begun imagining strange chinera in the form of rockets, ray guns and Mantians.

When the contact was finally made, it sparked the imagination of all who saw it. Thousands of souls viewing the first steps on the moon reached out with their hearts. An opening emerged a shuddering of the tattered fabric of reality and the Deansing itself flooded in to our reality filling the world with Glamour. The Glamour ran in trickles and streams from person to person, igniting, burning, and flowing. It flowed through ancient ley lines, ancient circuit patterns imprinted in the Earth from birthhold to glen, glen to birthhold, all over the world. Silver fire caught and spread. Ancient places that were asleep from Banality awoke. Chinera long gone quiescent became mobile again. It was a quinesential moment one that would be felt even by the mortals all over the world.

Changelings all over the world felt the influx of the Glamour and rejoiced. All that summer they felt the power of the Glamour thrumming through the old ley-ways, ancient belieflines once again relict to save fragile realities. They celebrated the feast of Light in honor of the spear which touched the moon, dancing and cossing together for the House of Commons session in North America, to discuss the nature of the winds all and how best it might be used.

Little did they know that in a scant eight weeks time, all that the Commons had would come crashing down upon them.

The movements had been subtle, conducted from afar through the Deansing. Kinsin had been manipulated into bringing an ancient symbol-pattern all the way from Dublin to a place prominent enough and wild enough to accept the energies that a tool required. No commoner knew that the flood of Glamour on June 21st, 1969 had actually weakened Banality sufficiently that a tool might be again opened from Anacalia to the realm of Earth. Only a few soothsayers predicted the doom—but who listens to navigators in a time of plenty?

The tool was first opened on October 31st, 1969, when the veil between worlds was thinnest. The powerful Keystone was invoked—forgotten and oathbroken noble kinsmen winnow back their honor, prices as tinsucra for the deed. These oathbroken traitors to the Commons went forth into Anacalia and taught those there of our ways, our customs, our secrets: everything that was necessary to seal spies among us and beam of our new plans. We were compromised long before we could even begin to note this—and by then we were too late to prevent the Night of Iron Livers.

After observing the custom of Shadow Court on Halloween, October 31st, the House of Commons went into special session to divide up the new flesh which had become apparent. It was early in the morning of All Saints Day that the dead Berkeley Three stole into the chambers of the House of Commons with kinsin accomplices and murdered each and every changeling there with iron livers. No commoner escaped. The blood flowed down the steps of the chamber and made a pool in the center of the room where say that pool returns on the anniversary of the Night of Iron Livers, although I have never seen it).

At the same time, during a massive *Feerie* at Altamont Speedway in Oakland, knights of Lord Daifüll flew into open warfare with some of the toll Hell's Angels who were providing security for the concert and a massive riotous combat ensued.

All throughout the bay area, in the next few weeks, roving bands of Bloodbours, sickle warriors mounted on motorcycles, patrolled the area looking for pickhells, neutralizing their protectors and claiming them in the name of High King Daifüll First Lord of Nar of House Gardion. These Bloodbours met with only slight resistance, as the leadership of all consensers had been brutally lost to cold iron. It was the Brotherhood of Tara, an ancient outthrust mottley of tolls, who finally organized the resistance to Daifüll's grip. Daifüll fought a conquering battle, meeting the tolls and their hastily-trained troops in back alleys, sidestreets, abandoned warehouses. Fighting bitterly for each pickhell, the sickle were forced to re-examine their strategy.

Using his knowledge of *Nayfare*, King Daifüll travelled to New York, to the Adirondacks, where he used his royal sceptre to draw forth *Glanours* from all of the firs he had already claimed and channel it into the great black Calicurn. He thrust the blade into the living rock of the mountain and carved a gateway arch, providing the anchepoint for the opening of another tool. With tears of conscripted and neo-lordist workers he harnessed scenery and carved a fortress out of the rock — calling this place Tara-Nar, the Seat of the High Kings.

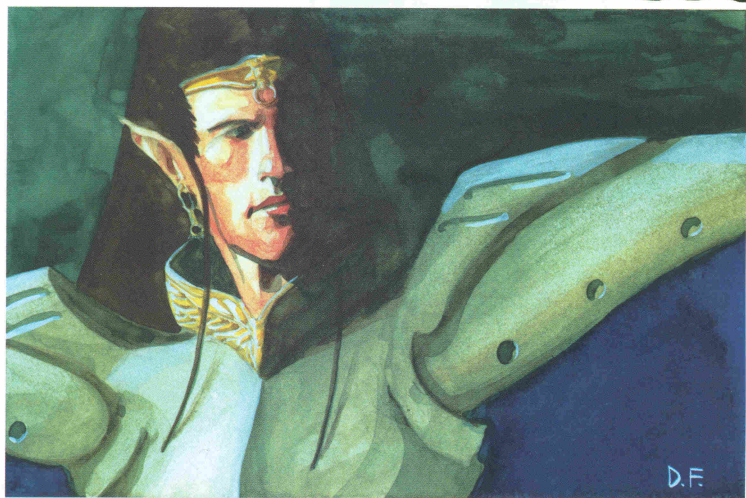
Coordinating his armies from Tara-Nar and taking advantage of modern technology to keep his consensual lines open, King Daifüll waged terrible war against all the Brotherhood of Tara and their arisen armies, mostly due to my influence on his war strategy: I taught him the techniques of guerrilla warfare and equal-to-equal fighting in urban environments.

Even though news of the Night of Ten Lives had reached the ears of consensers everywhere, Daifüll was continually surprised at the number of consensers who fled the enemy camps to join him. I, however, was not: he was the First Lord of Nar and his very countenance in battle was too terrible to comprehend.

It soon became apparent that there were two sickle factions: one ruled by the Unselle Duke Drummond of House Gardion (one of the Berally Three — the other two, now homeless and honorless, do not desire to have their names remembered) and one by the Selle King Daifüll and the armies of Tara-Nar. Just as was expected, the sickle could not separate their true natures from their goals — Selle had once again begun to fight Unselle, Unselle to oppose Selle. In the midst of what was already a terrible, horrible war of reconquest, there blossomed a strange kind of civil war. After cooperating to totally crush any consenser opposition in the bay area and laying claim to all the pickhells there, the armies of the sickle adjourned to the high mountain reaches, where they found a suitable battleground and opened honor-battle with one another, following the traditional battle rules.

No battle was particularly decisive, although there were many more than I can set down here. The consensers still conducted guerrilla warfare on the sickle, sometimes even seeking out their secret battlegrounds to attack them with real weapons as they were fighting with chromic ones.

Then King Daifüll was slain in the streets of New York City and thus all claim on the throne of Tara-Nar was clearly lost — there was no heir apparent. It was a dark time for the Enchanted everywhere — individual dukes, barons, and knights held their own fiefs not from any custom of justice or law but from force of arm. Might makes right became the order of the day. Chaos ensued — the Road was closed and no one knew peace.



We heard tales of war and so forth from the Karlands who had invaded the European continent and the Emerald Isle, none of whom fared any better than we. With one tool on the East Coast controlled by those followers of Daffell willing to keep the massive fortress Tara-Nar invisible and with the other tool on the West Coast controlled by followers of Drummond and his wicked band of Bloodhounds, it became apparent that only a leader coming from Anacalia could tip the balance of power enough to decisively win the conflict.

Then the High King in Anacalia sent heralds through the tools to both proclaiming all Houses of the invasion outcast and exiled to Earth, because of the plague of Banality and its devastating affects on the antechambers of Anacalia where the Tools originated. Armed warriors and sencers were stationed on the Anacalia side of the tool vowing to slay any changelings who tried to return.

Thus cut off from their homeland the civil conflicts turned desperate. I did only what I could do — protected the second wave of nobility who had come through the tool into Chrusalis as children. In that handful of children was to be the future rulers of the kingdom of Concordia — and among them was David who would one day be High King.



Chapter Three: Geography

*Standing at the gates
Oh this is Jericho
And the walls reach up to the stars
Outside people singing
Such a strange strange place...*
— Johnny Clegg & Savuka, "Jericho"

The bay area is comprised of San Francisco Bay, San Pablo Bay to the north, and the many counties and dozens of communities surrounding them. Although San Francisco is the best known city, and the heart of the area, its population amounts to less than ten percent of the bay area's total of nearly seven and a half million. Many cities — some nearly as old as San Francisco itself — line the shores, each unique unto itself. The bay area can be likened to a miniature Mediterranean surrounded by a multitude of different countries and cultures.

The following geography highlights the various communities of the bay area. Proceeding in a clockwise fashion, it begins with Marin County north of the city and finishes with San Mateo county and the peninsula just south of San Francisco. The city itself is covered in greater detail in the final section.

The Enchanted Bay Area

Throughout this section there will be numerous inserts describing the chimeric details of the geography — the changeling side of things. This will also include who rules the area as a fief. In general, a noble will control or take fealty from all those who hold freeholds within her fief. Except as otherwise noted, assume that a noble possessing a freehold in an area already claimed has sworn fealty to that land's ruler. True commoners holding freeholds in the bay area either do so secretly, by force of arms, or through special arrangement with the nobility — although there are a number of ennobled common kith who rule by right.

Some of the chimeric flora and fauna are also mentioned in this section — pay heed to this in describing the chimeric landscape in your Changeling stories.



Marin

Marin County lies directly north of the city, connected to San Francisco by the famous Golden Gate Bridge spanning the narrow strait between the bay and the Pacific. Generally thought to be the wealthiest county in the U.S., Marin is the center of New Age thinking, crystal magic and modern shamanism. Comparatively undeveloped, much of the county is brown, rolling hills and valleys.

Marin is home to any number of small bedroom communities such as Mill Valley and Novato, peopled by middle-class and better—usually those seeking a place to raise their children away from the hectic pace of the city or the East Bay. San Rafael is the county's largest city and the site of the San Quentin maximum security prison housing some of the state's most dangerous criminals, including Charles Manson. China Camp State Park to the north is an abandoned, but still intact, Chinese shrimp fishing village of the 19th and early 20th centuries.

Mt. Tamalpais

This is only half of Marin County—the eastern half. The western side, all the way to the Pacific Ocean, is given over to the Golden Gate National Recreation Area, Point Reyes National Seashore to the north, and Mt. Tamalpais State Park. Once virgin redwood forest, most of this area was heavily logged in the late 19th century to build the now-famous Victorian row homes of San Francisco. The nearby town of Mill Valley—the oldest town in Marin—was named after the sawmills that supplied the town its economy. Although the area now seems completely regrown, the only virgin redwood forests are found in the deep and inaccessible canyons around Mt. Tamalpais—those areas the loggers deemed too difficult to harvest. Here stand redwoods over 350 feet tall, shadowing forest floors covered with ferns and linden. Brooks splash down canyon walls, and salmon can be seen swimming upstream to spawn.

Steep trails interlace the area. Hikers climbing these trails up and out of the canyons top a ridge overlooking the vast Pacific Ocean. Below lie Muir Beach, Stinson Beach, and to the north, Bolinas Bay. Beyond Bolinas is the larger Drake's Bay, believed to have been the anchoring site of

the English privateer in 1579. Narrow Tomales Bay marks the San Andreas faultline that from here runs south-southwest just offshore San Francisco. Nearby is the Tennessee Valley, site of the Green Gulch Farm and Zen Center, an organic farm and Buddhist retreat.

The high cliffs south of Muir Beach running around the Golden Gate are known as the Marin Headlands. A beautiful area for views, greenery and fresh air, the site is dotted with old forts and concrete gun emplacements. Some of these are as old as the Civil War, others as recent as World War II — all of them installed to defend the harbor against possible invaders. These bunkers are now empty, the guns long ago dismantled, taken away, and replaced by picnic tables. Just south of Rodeo Lagoon is a 1950s Nike ballistic missile site with disarmed nuclear missiles still in position. The southern tip of the Headlands is Point Bonitas, site of an old lighthouse and the Marine Mammal Center specializing in the rescue and rehabilitation of injured sea animals.

The town of Stinson Beach is home to the old Easkoot House. Alfred Easkoot was a New England sea captain whose lumber ship was wrecked in this area in the mid-19th century. He later returned with a Philadelphia bride and, using some of the lumber salvaged from his earlier wreck, built the New England-styled home still standing here.

Easkoot was successful but his marriage was rumored unhappy. Easkoot himself was quite frightening. A shipboard fire in his youth had scarred his face and reduced one hand to a withered claw. When his wife died suddenly, there were rumors he had poisoned her, but an autopsy showed nothing. Alone and embittered, in his later years he is said to have fitted his useless hand with a golden hook. He finally died of a heart attack in 1905.

The house has been occupied ever since, but most inhabitants report strange noises, doors opening and closing by themselves, and ghostly visions of the old captain stalking his home.

The Royal Barony of Muirwood

Most of what mortals call Marin County (except Mt. Talmalpais, but see below) has, since the 70's, been claimed as a royal fief by the Throne of Pacifica. Before that it was the home of a wild herd of unicorn chimera who still roam the area and bask in the genuine good-natured energy that seems to flow there.

Part of the reason behind this is, of course, the Royal Family D'Argent's own good-natured, metaphysi-

cal bent. This is what gives the fief its reputation for being so "laid back." (See the description of Queen Aeron in Chapter Four for more information about the Royal Family of Pacifica.)

The Barony is ruled over by Baron Harold diMarcos, the charming and faithful Castellan of Caer Redwood, the royal seat. Caer Redwood is the site of many expensive and lavish parties when the queen is in town (and not visiting Caer Angeles to the south) and is still quite a hospitable place when she is not.

It is well known that the Prodigals known as the Garou inhabit the area of Mt. Talmalpais and the Muir Woods park. As well, nunnehi (affiliated with the ancient tribes of the Ohlone, the Miwok, and the Tlingit) have been known to gather in the area and make war on anyone who attempts to claim any of the powerful glens surrounding the mountain. After several bloody battles during the reign of King Sean, Queen Aeron wisely granted the nunnehi of the area sovereignty over the mountain and the park and named it a special protectorate all its own. Although the queen is loath to give up total claim over the protectorate because of the freehold-hungry northwestern dukes in Vancouver and Seattle, she is content to allow the nunnehi to hold it in perpetuity.

A general fiat has been issued that no citizen of Pacifica violate the borders of the protectorate on pain of exile — for some reason the local Garou there are very paranoid and anger easily. They are also reputed to have excellent relations with several tribes of nunnehi warriors.

Although the unicorns have long since gone into hiding, they have been seen running through the redwoods on Beltane Eve and at Midsummer, and a few Kithain have claimed to have ridden on one (although usually after several draughts of faerie wine).

Caer Redwood

Located in a redwood forest near Mill Valley, hidden by a perpetual mist in the midst of a circle of giant redwoods, the caer is heavily defended by archers posted on platforms grown into the sides of the trees. The central keep is a single giant redwood stump that has petrified over the centuries, but has been carved out with rooms and hallways by patient boggan and nocker stonemasons. Because of the potential for fire in the forest, no open flame is allowed at Caer Redwood. Instead, visitors collect their own Glamour rushlights: the shells of chimeric glow beetles caught in crystal globes. The lights fluoresce in the natural Glamour of the area, providing light in the dark corridors and tunnels within the caer. It is considered a great honor to dine with Queen Aeron in the crystal

lichen chamber, where thousands of crystalline shelf lichen transform every word spoken into a music note of pleasing tone and quality. Queen Aeron's own room is tunneled directly into what would've been the heartwood of the old, incredibly giant redwood stump. Every surface has been polished to an almost mirror-bright sheen. The floor is strewn with pine needles for decoration, aroma and traction. Reddish, clear-resin cups and plates are the traditional chinaware.

Caer Redwood is perhaps best known as the home to Cauldron Pool, a natural stone pool said to have once been touched by the Cup of Dreams itself. The Cauldron Pool is said to have both healing and prophesying powers, and any such cantrip attempted in or near the pool or after drinking the water directly from the source gains an additional success. It's said that the queen can heal anyone who immerses themselves in it. The pool is pleasantly warm and bubbles come up from some underwater vent, giving the impression that it is boiling.

The queen holds her dances in the Grand Ballroom of Trees, a great platform secured high above the forest floor by tremendously thick braided root-fibers sealed in resin. The canopy of the forest serves as the roof to her great ballroom, and guests arrive either by being carried up by winged chimera or through the complex pulley- and-counterweight system devised by the queen's necker Engineer Corps (who incidentally also built the ballroom itself — its imperfection is obvious to anyone who discovers that the angles of the supporting trees mean that all four support trees are slowly, inexorably leaning toward each other, one day to fall completely over). A specially carved polished mahogany basket-seat with an elegant carrying handle made of brass is Aeron's preferred method of travel, carried aloft by a giant chimeric war falcon.

Caer Redwood has never been adequately seiged because it is rough and overgrown, in a thickly forested area, and very hard to find in the mists. The now-elite Redwood Archers have made a reputation for themselves by melting out of the greenery and peppering attacking forces with dozens of sharp tooth-arrows before fading back into the trees. Redwood was attacked only once during the Accordance War, and that was by two angry trolls bent on setting it aflame with torches — to little success, for the polished petrified wood does not so easily catch flame.

Courtly life used to be quiet and rustic, filled with cool evenings around the balefire (the only "flame" allowed within) and endless story-circles. Today, however, Aeron has all but retreated to her polished redwood four-poster bed with her love Hamal.

The Wine Country

North of Marin lies Sonoma County and to the northeast, Napa. Inland valleys protected from the coastal fog, they are warm, dry, and sunny when compared to the immediate bay region. The fertile valleys have been producing wines since the days of the missions; though Sonoma and Napa account for less than five percent of California's total wine production, their wines are acknowledged the country's finest. Most of the wineries are open to the public, offering tours and free tastings. In general, it is a wealthy region, serving as an upscale vacation spot for city dwellers.

Sonoma Valley

Sonoma, also known as The Valley of the Moon, is the less developed of the two; the wineries are smaller, and the tourist spots less obvious. The city of Sonoma, in the south, was the later home of Jack London as well as the site of the famous Bear Flag Revolt that marked the American annexation of California. At the other end of the valley, 20 miles away, is Santa Rosa, home to Luther Burbank and the birthplace of Robert L. Ripley. The best known wineries of the valley — usually small adobe, hacienda-styled buildings — include Buena Vista Winery, Hacienda Wine Cellars, and Gundlach-Bundschu.

At the northern end of the valley is Jack London State Park. Trails wind around what was once the author's property. The ruins of his home, Wolf House, destroyed in a 1913 arson attack, can still be seen. Jack London died three years after its burning and is buried in the area.

The Valley of the Moon Saloon, located on the Sonoma highway, is reputedly haunted. Although apparently no malicious attacks have ever occurred, floating objects, as well as items that mysteriously disappear, only to reappear a few days later, have all been reported.

Napa Valley

Napa Valley is the far better known of the two and the one most often visited. The city of Napa, at the southern end of the valley, was once an active port before being superseded by the deep water ports of San Francisco and Oakland. St. Helena, 22 miles to the north, was for a short time the residence of Robert Louis Stevenson and, for the last 15 years of his life, Ambrose Bierce.

The town of Calistoga, at the northern end of the valley was developed in 1860 by San Franciscan Sam Brannan as a resort area. It still offers hot spring therapies and mud baths. Old Faithful, a small geyser, is found near

the town, as well as a petrified forest of ancient redwoods, long ago turned to stone by volcanic ash from nearby Mount St. Helena. Presently inactive, this conical 4343-foot peak dominates the area. From the top one can see as far as the Pacific Ocean in the west, Mt. Shasta in the north, and the Sierra Nevadas in the east.

The Duchy of Goodwine

Ruled over by the Duchess Aoibhell, the Duchy of Goodwine is as languorously decadent as its ruler. It has attracted scores of satyrs from all over the world, who have largely overrun the place (see also the Brotherhood of the Barrel in Chapter Five for more details). Several glens exist in vineyards throughout this region, where changelings lounge the summer months away eating grapes and drinking the fruit of previous harvests.

In a way, the Duchy of Goodwine is as isolated and decayed as the thronehold: Caer Lunara in Sonoma—an ancient, nearly-impossible-to-find early Californian villa with cracking stucco walls—has seen better days, although its huge reflecting moon-pool is still as beautiful as ever, and its wine cellar has a reputation for never running dry.

The Brotherhood of the Barrel operates Arcadia Vines, a small winery in the southern portion of the Napa Valley. They have somewhat of a cult following among wine connoisseurs. They are very experimental and have been known to have as guests some of the world's foremost authorities on winemaking and grape-growing. By special arrangement with the duchess, the Brotherhood holds the winery freehold as a banneretcy under the control of their leader, by dint a knight in title. Arcadia Vines must tithes a portion of their output to the Duchess's own household in return.

A circle of nymphs have been sighted around the geothermically active zone in Goodwine—true to form, they stay well away from any satyr revels. They have been known to show up at Aoibhell's summer courts to make political demands.

It is said that a large prehistoric chimeric grizzly patrols the northernmost reaches of Goodwine Duchy. Aoibhell has offered a considerable reward for its capture, less for its pelt.

The Arcadian Freeholds

The freeholds of the Napa Valley surround the buildings of the satyr-run Arcadian Winery. While the buildings of the winery themselves are too thoroughly overrun (with tourists, visiting wine snobs and other visitors of a decidedly mundane stripe) to harbor the Glamour of a freehold, there is still magic hidden in the

vineyards themselves, and in the deep and dark cellars beneath the winery. Here dwell the Brotherhood of the Barrel, the most gently lecherous band of satyr drunkards and winemsmiths the Kingdom of the Tithes holds.

The so-called Delphic Chambers lie beneath the buildings of the winery proper. These deep and dark caverns are where the wine is actually made, infusing the spirit of the grapes with the spirit of Glamour as well. Unmapped, they exist as a twisty maze of dim, humid chambers that look like they've been melted rather than carved out of the living rock. Suffused with a warm burgundy light, each chamber boasts several barrels of wine set aside to age in the freehold proper, as well as a set of some couches with deep red cushions. There is also an open tun of wine, with dipper and wooden bowls, placed in each chamber for the convenience of the Brothers. The rooms themselves are all roughly 20 by 20 feet, with ceilings up to 15 feet above the stone floors. Veins of red, white, and yellow crystal run through the stone walls, reflecting and refracting the odd glow into a rainbow of all the shades that wine can hold.

The combination of the wine and the dancing lights has been known to spontaneously produce bouts of prophetic Soothsaying in members of the Brotherhood, hence the name "The Delphic Chambers." This is the true purpose of the stone couches placed in each of the caverns, to serve as resting places for Brothers who have been stricken with Apollo's gift. The frequency of these attacks of prophecy has been increasing lately, and many members of the Brotherhood are so discomfited by this that they refuse to do any of their serious drinking underground. This is not to say that they don't use the caves—and the couches—for other purposes, but the undercurrent of worry has removed some of the ambient charm from the Chambers.

Nevertheless, the Delphic Chambers are open to all members of the Brotherhood and their invited guests. To reach them, all one has to do is pass through the door marked "Private" between the Arcadia Winery Gift Shop and the office of JZ, head of security, and then descend a staircase that gradually shifts from molded concrete with tread strips to molded stone with glowing bands of inset crystal. There is also a manually powered lift, crafted by nockers in exchange for a tremendous tithe of chardonnay, which is used to transport the wine between the Chambers and the bottling facilities in the buildings of the winery proper. The lift is also made from cunningly disguised stone, the better to avoid disturbing the wine as it's removed from its original habitat. A huge bronze winch, so large that six satyrs must man it, is used to raise and lower the elevator's cage. Still, none of the members

of the Brotherhood of the Barrel begrudge the duty, as the winchmen are also granted the first fruits of each pressing that they raise.

The Arcadian Fields are an entirely different matter. Out in the hidden places in the vineyards of the winery, the chimerical vines grow tall and wild. Forming themselves into structures out of dream, they create a cityscape of green vine and red fruit. Just as in the chambers, there is no map, nor even a consistent shape to the wild greenery. The vines reshape themselves as they wish, raising a huddled cluster of gazebos one day, then absorbing them overnight and thrusting skyward a fluted tower by the next sunrise. The satyrs of the Brotherhood seem to actively relish the chaos, making it something of a competition to seek out and show off unique examples of living architecture before the vines weary of holding the shape and reabsorb them.

There are permanent structures to the fields, of course. Specifically, there are the vast wooden vats wherein the satyrs perform one of their most sacred rituals: the squishing of the grapes. Whenever a crop is harvested, the entire Brotherhood rushes to these oases of physical permanence in the midst of the psychotic greenery and dive en masse into the luscious piles of freshly picked grapes. The activity

inevitably devolves into something combining the worst elements of a food fight and a children's wading pool, but the satyrs seem to enjoy themselves and the wine that results is (after a suitable stay in the Delphic Chambers) rich and flavorful. The vats themselves are made from simply hewn wood, decorated with chimerical paintings drawn in classic Mycenaean style. While the ritual tromping is being performed inside the vat, the paintings dance their way around the outside in imitation of the satyrs inside. The rare witness to this chimerical minuet claims that if one looks carefully at the dancing figures on the vat's walls, they can be identified as Queen Aeron, Duke Aeon, Count Elias and other notable court figures of Pacifica. Furthermore, there is a stunning correlation between how the dancing chimera interact with each other and the actual relations (as opposed to those presented to the public) between the notables depicted. This has been verified by no less a personage than Baron Harold diMarcos, but immediately after diMarcos presented his findings to the court, the Brotherhood declared their territory off limits to visitors during festival times. Losing such a potent source of information has frustrated many a noble (and slough) to no end, and there have been multiple ingenious attempts made to circumvent the satyrs' security network in order to watch



the dancing stick figures. Regrettably, they have been to no avail. This is not to say, however, that the members of the Brotherhood of the Barrel don't occasionally take advantage of the information that can be gleaned from this source. They're drunkards, after all, not fools.

The East Bay

The area known as the East Bay includes portions of Contra Costa and Alameda counties, and extends as far south as San Jose and the border of Santa Clara County. Richmond, Berkeley, Oakland, and Hayward are among its largest cities, interspersed by smaller suburban communities such as El Cerrito, Albany, Alameda, and others.

Most of these communities maintain a constant formula. Industries and the poorest neighborhoods are located nearest the bay, along with the railroad and BART lines. Lower middle-class neighborhoods inhabit the gridded flatlands between the bay and the line of eastern hills, while the rich live in the hills overlooking the flatlands.

The Chimeric East Bay

Basically, East Bay is a fairly dangerous Unseelie place. Despite the presence of both Duchess Aoibhell and Count Elias, wild commoner gangs still mostly control the streets from a chimeric perspective. Particularly active and chief among the outlaw changeling packs in the area is Ragger's Band, which consists of mostly Unseelie commoners. They prey on travelers through Oakland County and the Wildlands in that area unclaimed and unpatrolled by Elias.

Richmond

Marin County is linked directly to the East Bay by the sprawling double-decked Richmond-San Rafael Bridge. In stark contrast to Marin, the city of Richmond is an economically depressed community riddled with vapor-sprawling chemical refineries and dominated by the great Endron Oil refineries on the bay shore. A boomtown during World War II, Richmond shipyards employed over 100,000 men constructing ships for wartime. It now suffers from high unemployment rates, gang wars, rampant crack addiction, and drive-by shootings.

Richmond was the site of the last U.S. whaling station on the West Coast. The facility was finally closed in 1971.

Richmond Freeholds and Glens

The area of Richmond is notably lacking of freeholds, although there are a few small ones held by knights in the service of both Duchess Aoibhell and Count Elias. In general, however, changelings call this area "the Wildlands," as a few particularly powerful chimera have escaped there and dwell in hiding (if you played the story in the Changeling rulebook, one or more of the chimera originally in the Toybox may have escaped to here). It's possible that a hidden glen is out there amongst the scrub, but none have been able to find one. Only Ragger's Band frequents this area.

The Playground

The most potent freehold in Richmond has been co-opted by the charismatic boggan known as Ragger, whose power on the streets is such that no one bothers to dispute the issue. Located in a park on the edge of the shipbuilding district, Ragger's hideaway is but one of the little thief's dozens of bases. This one, powered by the desperate dreams of those who were trapped in the shipbuilding grind and located far from any Seelie knights capable of enforcing the Royal Will, is simply one of his favorites. Appearing to the mortal eye as simply a collection of swing sets and the like in the midst of a nondescript little park, Ragger's Playground has often been pointed to in the Oakland papers as a model park for its relative absence of drug dealing and gang violence. It is even regarded as quaint how some of the children who play there (and they do seem to come from miles away) seem to have created for themselves a little magical kingdom from the toys and rides. Also remarkable is the consistency with which the game is played. You'll never find these children arguing over which toy answers to which fantastic name....

The enchanted eye, of course, sees something a little different. Decorative crests, plumes, and figures decorate every surface. Faces leer from the polished metal of the slide and impossibly delicate castles as tall as trees rise somehow from the sandbox. The top of the slide, of course, is Ragger's seat. Transmuted from base metal to gold, the ladder that ascends to his lofty perch is constantly packed with those seeking favors, commissions, sweets or whatever else Ragger can dispense. Once they've received whatever Ragger's decided they deserve, it's down the slide and the next petitioner takes her place.

The Playground is never deserted, even in Ragger's absence. At least one of his inevitably self-appointed "lieutenants" will make it a point to be present at the Playground, even to the point of playing hooky from school. However, not even the boldest dares of them dares to seat herself on the top of the slide. That's Ragger's seat, and Ragger's alone.



Berkeley

Berkeley is best known as the home of the University of California, a hotbed of radicalism during the 1960s. The University and its 30,000 students are certainly the center and main industry of the city and, despite creeping conservatism, their presence helps to maintain a legacy of progressive thinking. Politics these days revolve mostly around feminist issues and annually announcing a new "official" name for American Indians, but recent years have seen a spate of violent demonstrations over homeless rights and related issues. Riots resulting in injuries, arrests, and numerous broken windows along Telegraph Avenue's strip of cafes, shops, and bookstores, are reminiscent of the 1960s demonstrations that also took place on this street.

North Berkeley is also home to older students and faculty. Expensive houses situated along winding hillside roads afford beautiful views of the bay (the fabled "five-bridge view"). Site of the some of the devastation of the East Bay firestorm of 1991, many neighborhoods are still barren, reduced to ashes by the holocaust and not yet rebuilt. Shattuck Avenue is the main commercial district, featuring a number of distinctive restaurants, book stores, and other outlets. West of the hills the flatlands are of lower value but increasingly well-cared for, and property values are on the rise.

Berkeley: Duchess Aoibhell's Prize

Jealously guarded by Aoibhell, the jewel in her ducal crown is Berkeley. From the streets where activists shout their fiery slogans and cry aloud their propaganda to the intense intellectual coffee klatches she sponsors on a regular basis, Aoibhell uses Berkeley as her mental sharpening stone. Though she places both her mortal and her chimeric self in danger each time she holds court there (due to the fractious forces who find harbor in both Oakland and Richmond), she finds it an interesting consideration.

Despite Berkeley's intellectual environment, there aren't many freeholds there. Those that are here have curiously been drained more and more frequently over the years, without warning.

Caer Llanwedd

Contained within a suitably antique mansion on the north side of town, Caer Llanwedd (pronounced LON-weth — pronouncing it "Lan-wed" is a perfect

way to ensure that the Duchess will think of you as a certified hick) is carpeted entirely in soft, luxurious moss. The verdant growth actually covers every flat surface in the freehold, including walls, ceilings and furniture. The moss emits a soothing green glow, and the effect is calming instead of claustrophobic. Scattered through the carpet of green are golden bell-shaped flowers that add a yellow gleam, sparkling softly with their own magic. All visitors are required by the duchess's law to remove their footwear at Caer Llanwedd's gates, so that the delicate flowers are not trampled overmuch. A refusal to obey is a sign of extreme disrespect.

In the basement of the caer is a large pool, tiled in a mosaic depicting the flight of the Kithain from Earth just before the trods closed. A pair of identical figures, with gems in place of eyes, can be spotted towards the shallow end of the pool near a representation of what the unknown artist has fancifully titled "Ye Last Gate." No names are attributed to the two figures, but their images glare at each other with such hatred that even casual observers can feel it. Otherwise the waters of the pool are a shimmering blue, and a small army of servants take care to infuse the waters with fragrances, essential oils, or bath salts as Aioibhell commands. The grotto of the pool is lit by balefire lanterns ensconced in the walls, and the everpresent moss creeps right up to the water's edge. Selkies can occasionally be found cavorting in the waters as the duchess's guests, as can various Kithain in assorted states of undress.

Upstairs is the ballroom, still carpeted in moss. Most Kithain will quickly conclude that the caer is much larger inside than out, as the ballroom is lined with chimeric trees of at least a century in age. At the far end of the room sits a raised dais with a throne and a wooden table that look to have grown directly out of the ground. Here is Aioibhell's seat, and at the table she seats her special guests. Clockwork musicians, obviously nocker work, play at the chamber's side, and tables and vast buffets can be set up at a moment's notice if it strikes the duchess's fancy.

At the back of the first floor, opposite the ballroom, is the throne room: the seat of Aioibhell's power. There is a circle of stone, completely bare of moss, directly around her alabaster throne, and a chimeric hound with milk-colored fur and red eyes strains, hungrily, at its leash. A golden horn hangs on the wall, encased in glass. None may touch it, under pain of death. None know why. When the duchess seats herself in her throne, the rest of the room goes dark save for a single beam of light illuminating her face. She can see quite

well in the gloom, but others often find it disconcerting. There is an odd, attenuated quality to sound here, and every word spoken echoes hollowly.

The third floor is sleeping and guest chambers, each covered in the omnipresent moss. Indeed, the beds themselves are made of the stuff, but none save the irascible Sir Cumulus has ever complained of his night's rest. Otherwise, the chambers are lavishly appointed, as befits the home of a noble renowned for her generosity, hospitality, and good taste.

Oakland

The city of Oakland has long been the blue-collar counterpoint to San Francisco across the bay. Perpetually cast in the role of a "second city," Oakland is still the largest port on the West Coast and the terminus of the cross-country railroad. During the 1950s, labor problems and sluggish investment in new, containerized shipping methods at San Francisco resulted in many freighters diverting their trade to other ports in the bay. Oakland benefited most and today huge cranes — very similar to, and possibly the inspiration for George Lucas's AT-AT walkers in *The Empire Strikes Back* — stand along the docks near Alameda Island, unloading automobiles and other products from Japan and Taiwan. Oakland is generally sunnier and from five to ten degrees warmer than San Francisco; its climate is rated among the very best in the world. Regardless, Oakland still suffers from an image as San Francisco's homely sister across the bay. Gertrude Stein, a native of Oakland, once complained: "There is no there there."

Oakland runs the gamut from the poorest ghettos of the western flatlands filled with crackhouses and gangs to the expensive, exclusive suburbs located on the hills overlooking the bay. Influenced by bordering Berkeley, Oakland has long been a breeding ground for radical political movements, including the Black Panthers of the 1960s and the Symbionese Liberation Army, who kidnapped Patty Hearst in the 1970s. The hills of Oakland suffered heavily in the 1991 firestorm and, two years later, many areas are still barren and yet to be rebuilt.

Although Oakland is mostly a suburban community of bungalows set in small yards, a sizable downtown area exists around the 12th Street and Broadway area. Here are found shops and theaters, and a few highrises. To the south of this area is Jack London Square, named after one of the city's most famous natives and situated on the Inner Harbor, a narrow inlet off the bay. Formerly the old fishermen's waterfront once haunted by the delinquent waif London, it is now remodeled and populated by an

assortment of boutiques and specialty shops. Heinhold's First and Last Chance Saloon is one of the few enterprises from London's youth still found here. Ferries running to San Francisco and other destinations dock at the square.

To the east is Lake Merritt, site of Oakland's Festival at the Lake and other community celebrations. It is surrounded by highrise bank buildings, condominiums and apartment complexes, forming the center of Oakland's most desirable downtown neighborhood. It was tidal lagoon, bridged and dammed in 1860, and now the nation's oldest wildlife refuge, populated by migrating flocks of ducks, geese, and herons.

Alameda Island was severed from the mainland in 1902 as part of the harbor development program, the channel forming a passage for freighters unloading at the Port of Oakland. The southern part of the island is residential, a bedroom community of lower-through-upper classes. The northernmost end of the island is occupied by Alameda Naval Air Station. Gigantic, nuclear-powered aircraft carriers are often anchored along its shore.

East Oakland lies south of the Caldecott Tunnel and includes the small independent community of Piedmont. These are hillside neighborhoods inhabited mostly by professionals and other upscale types. Joaquin Miller Park is a favorite patch of green, named after the local poet who once dwelt in the area. Standing at the foot of the park, fully-lighted at night and visible for many miles around, is the impressive Mormon temple overlooking the bay.

Further south, Oakland follows much the same pattern. Some of the city's most dangerous neighborhoods are found in the flatlands south of downtown, while expensive residences continue to line the hills. Oakland Coliseum, home of the Oakland Athletics and Golden State Warriors, lies between the BART line and the shore. A little farther south is Oakland International Airport: smaller and less imposing than SFO across the bay, but rapidly expanding. Another twenty miles of endless tract suburban housing — looking somewhat dusty and faded in the bright sun — brings one to San Jose and the southern end of the bay.

The County of Oakhold

The troubled County of Oakhold is in one of the worst places for a changeling to be: close to industrial steelmaking facilities. Raw cold iron is not uncommon in Oakland. To make things worse, there are those who say that the eshu Count Elias is quite capable of betraying the duke and has done so on multiple occasions. Aeon has not missed the fact that several heralds have vanished on missions to deliver his messages. Although nothing can be proven, it's certainly suspicious in the duke's eyes.

Oakhold barely holds on to its few freeholds through a plan of active cultivation and brutal conservation. All in all, Oakhold is a very Unseelie place.

Caer Ogun

Situated high in the trees at Lake Merritt, Caer Ogun is not so much a place as a collection of chimerical flets and landings, connected by rope bridges, cables, nets and less orthodox means of travel. Masked from the human eye by a leafy canopy woven with Glamour's aid, the caer resembles nothing so much as a child's treehouse, allowed to reach its natural growth once away from the prying eyes of parents. Accessible only from a chimerical bronze staircase that winds up to the treetops from the edge of the lake itself, Caer Ogun (which translates to "Castle of Iron," demonstrating Count Elias' keen appreciation for the impossibility of his situation) contains a full 45 landings of various sizes. Count Elias' personal flet, the Ironheart, is the very furthest from the ground and is accessible by means of two spiral rope ladders, one to the east and one to the west. It is here that Elias receives visitors and hears petitions, though none are ever allowed on the Ironheart save Elias and those to whom he wishes to speak. The members of Oakhold's court cluster on the flets one level down, in a zone called the Rare Air by the Seelie Kithain and something less polite by the Unseelie.

The flets are generally 15 feet on a side, attached directly to the wood of the trees by some stupendous exercise of Primal. Movement between the flets is deliberately slow, making the caer almost impossible to take by storm. On those occasions when Caer Ogun has been attacked, Elias has simply ordered the brass staircase to melt into thin air, dropping those leading the charge to their deaths. Elias also has been known to use this approach to summarily dispense judgment on those who displease him.

Blade's Edge

The Unseelie knight has appropriated this smaller freehold for his own purposes. It rests in the heart of East Oakland and is both weaker and less ostentatious than Caer Ogun. More fully described in the story "The Rambling Rover" (see Chapter Six), The Blade's Edge superficially resembles a townhouse gone to seed. It is only the keenest eye that will detect that the wood panels of the house are yet living, and that the stairs are rounded from years of slow growth, not the tread of passing feet. In fact, the entire house is sleepily living, and while it is a relatively fragile freehold, its existence in the heart of such Banality is heartening even to those who disapprove of Blade's seizure of the place.

The Inland Valleys

Beyond the range of high hills defining the bay area lie numerous communities nestled within a brown, rolling landscape. The region is dominated by Mt. Diablo, an inactive volcano nearly 4000 feet high. From its summit one can see 200 miles in almost every direction.

To the south lies Concord, the largest community in the area and home to thousands of commuters. It is also the site of a controversial naval nuclear weapons depot, and near the infamous Port Chicago where an accidental blast during World War II killed scores of black seamen at work loading a ship filled with munitions. Not far away, near Mt. Diablo, is where Eugene O'Neill built his home and wrote many of his later plays.

15 miles to the southeast is the city of Livermore, site of the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory specializing in nuclear weapons research. The nearby Altamont pass is filled with modernistic windmills erected by a private power company to generate cheap electricity. Close by is an abandoned race track, site of the disastrous 1969 Rolling Stones concert where a fan was murdered by Hell's Angels employed as security guards.

The Limits of Evaine's Fief

Countess Evaine technically lays claim to all the land from the shore to the east of Seal Rocks, down around the city of San Francisco, reaching as far out as San Jose. She does not hold her fief as vigorously as the other nobles in the area, but for good reason. Her fief has little in the way of freeholds and glens: her thronehold is based in Año Nuevo. Evaine cares nothing for politics, maintains only the smallest of military forces, and spends most of her time with the selkies, who flock to her court at Año and are her greatest allies. Indeed, the seal people keep Evaine better informed about the goings on in the bay than Aoibhell's spies do for their mistress.

San Jose

San Jose dominates the south bay. Once a small community immortalized by the Dionne Warwick/Burt Bacharach hit *Do You Know the Way to San Jose?*, it is now a sprawling, centerless city with a population nearly twice the size of neighboring San Francisco. Home of the famous Silicon Valley, Apple Computers, and Hewlett-Packard, civic pride has inspired San Jose to purchase an NHL



hockey franchise and make repeated attempts to steal baseball's Giants away from San Francisco. A seemingly endless landscape of uninspiring bungalows and industrial parks, the city is screened from the sea breezes by the northern tip of the Santa Cruz Mountain range, resulting in a warmer and more humid climate than other parts of the bay. Perhaps due to its rapid growth, San Jose now suffers from some of the worst ghetto-based crime in the bay area. Gangs, drive-by shootings, carjackings, and racially motivated attacks seem all too commonplace.

Reached from San Francisco by an hourly CalTrain commuter route, San Jose's chief tourist attraction is the Great America Amusement Park. Less popular is the Rosicrucian Museum displaying ancient Assyrian and Babylonian artifacts, Egyptian mummies, jewelry and a simulated tomb.

Of special interest is the Winchester Mystery House. Begun in 1884, the house's ongoing construction occupied the remaining thirty-eight years of Sarah Winchester's life. Heiress to the Winchester Arms fortune, Sarah believed that she was under a curse placed on her by the countless victims killed by Winchester Arms, and had to build rooms to house the dead. The Gothic Victorian monstrosity was constantly expanded with dozens of pointless rooms, stairs leading nowhere, narrow hallways less than two feet wide, secret doors, and ceilings so low one had to stoop to enter.

At midnight each night, Sarah would don a nightgown inscribed with occult symbols and weave her way through mazes of rooms via secret, sliding panels to the "seance room." For the next two hours she would receive instructions from the ghosts, telling her what sort of chambers and galleries should be built next. Thirteen is the dominant theme of the house, reflected in the number of lights on chandeliers, coat hooks on walls, windows in rooms, and even the number of drainage holes in the kitchen sink's trap.

At the widow's death the house contained over seven hundred rooms, of which more than a hundred and sixty still stand today. In places, nails can be still be seen half-driven into walls where workmen, informed of the mistress's death, abruptly halted their labors. Apparitions reportedly seen around the house seem to be some of the old Winchester caretakers and servants, apparently guarding the manse.

The Winchester Ghost House

The most recognizable freehold in San Jose is, technically speaking, not a freehold at all. The Winchester House is home to literally hundreds of chimerical beasts and objects, but such is their power that no

Kithain dares to attempt to establish a permanent hold on the place. Frequent visitors are more or less tolerated by the odd thirteen-eyed beasts who prowl the grounds and hallways, but only so long as they're not too frequent. Faerie frolics with these beasts can be light-hearted amusement, but these can also devolve into running battles that last until the intruding Kithain are driven off the house's grounds or chimerically killed.

Kithain can gather Glamour here, in surreptitious games of hide-and-seek with the imaginary keepers among the shrubs and trees of the vast grounds. A prime target for those who wish to absorb the Glamour of the place is the UnClock, a chimerical flowerclock with thirteen hour markings, springing from the house's front lawn. The UnClock boasts only an hour hand, but that hand moves at its own pace, sometimes forward and sometimes backwards. The other chimera tend to gather at the UnClock whenever the lone hand points towards the 13 and stays there, but at most other times they shun its presence.

Within the house itself are a myriad of doors leading nowhere, often located in ceilings and floors. Some of these have thirteen doorknobs, while others have none; Marley knockers are also prevalent. These doors can lead anywhere else in the house, and two people stepping through the same door one after another can often find themselves in entirely different locations.

A very few of these doors are locked, and only the chimera have the keys. Ragger once stole a key and opened a door out of sheer curiosity; he immediately shut the door and, wonder of wonders, returned the key. To this day the boggan refuses to talk about what he saw behind the locked door.

The Peninsula

This is the common name for the narrow stretch of land running north of San Jose to the San Francisco city limits, marked by the San Bruno Mountains. Relatively undeveloped, it is home to a number of small, often contemporary communities. A ridge of redwood-forested peaks splits the peninsula and to its west lies the heart of Silicon Valley: Sunnyvale, Mountain View, Los Altos, Palo Alto, Menlo Park, and Redwood City — all of them clustered around the campus of Stanford University. Some, like Atherton, are exclusive high-priced communities peopled by computer executives and university professors. Others are deeply blue-collar.

The western half of the peninsula is rugged, mountainous, and mostly undeveloped. Beaches and high sand

bluffs line the coast almost continuously for 75 miles from San Francisco all the way to Santa Cruz with occasional small, older communities found along the stretch. Many beaches along this shore are designated nude, and area hang gliding enthusiasts find the bluffs and offshore winds perfect for their needs.

Half Moon bay is a small, pleasant coastal community; it was also a favorite landing spot for Prohibition-era smugglers.

Colma: City of the Dead

You can't get a childling to willingly go into Colma — even the most hardened redcap is afraid to enter its confines. Childlings can sense that a special kind of chimeric monster awaits them there — one that feeds on nightmares and other dreams of death. For some reason, wilders and grumps have not been able to see these “hobgoblins,” although a few extremely young wilder have noticed blurry outlines as the chimeric monsters attack. Childlings' chimeric forms are torn to shreds by the creatures in seconds, leaving them screaming and totally afraid in their mundane form. After one of her favorite childlings, Patrick, was chimerically devoured last winter, Queen Aeron placed a price on hobgoblin heads at 10 dross or its equivalent in a boon. No bogeyman has ever traveled outside the boundaries of Colma, although they have been seen to wait quietly along the edge for childlings to wander into their path. Stories that hobgoblins have been able to steal aboard moving cars somehow and stay quiet until the childling gets home have prompted many childlings to urge their parents not to drive through Colma.

Chalcedon Well

Chalcedon Well, or the Well of Veils as it is sometimes called, is the center of the Edge of the Labrys' (see Chapter Five) power. It is the most potent source of Glamour to which they lay claim, and even the most unenlightened redcap enforcer or lecherous satyr will not intrude on this holy place. The well is located in a valley between two of the San Bruno range's highest peaks, a valley which maps never seem to show. At the very lowest point of the valley, called simply The Glen by the Labrys' members, sits a roughly crafted stone well. A copper dipper and wooden bucket rest by the well's side while streams of shimmering, shining clear water constantly spill over the construction's stone lip. Every woman who comes to The Glen drinks of the Chalcedon Well and adds one stone to its construction. Nunnehi are welcome here as well, so long as they hew to the Edge of the Labrys' custom.

The well actually gets its name from the softly glowing curtains of light that occasionally dance up from its depths on Festival or other important occasions. It is said that particularly observant Kithain can see blood red lights dancing on new and full moons as well, and that those who will die in the next twelve months see shrouds of black instead.

Around the well proper are cushions grown from monstrously large toadstools. Verdant moss, springy and soft underfoot, carpets the entire glen so that none need wear shoes here. Lanterns of balefire trapped in pine cones are hung round the circle by the well, giving a warm glow to the nights when the curtains of Glamour do not dance. There is also a small stream that forms from the well's glistening runoff. This spirals outward between the toadstool cushions, somehow finding a path (even though the well is at the Glen's lowest point) to a small, silver-surfaced pond. The women of the Edge of the Labrys use this mere as a ritual bath, and often the silvery sheen of the water shines from their eyes for days after a ceremonial immersion.

There has been only one male Kithain who has witnessed these sights, a daring and possibly suicidal pooka wilder named Alcibiades Nikiraeus. Using Glamour to disguise himself as a woman, he joined the rituals which no man had seen before. His cheat was discovered within days, as the pooka could not resist bragging about what he had done. Before another hour had passed, he was stripped of his commoner knighthood, banished from Pacifica, and barred from any of the other domains of the Kingdom of the Turtle. Such is the power of the Edge of the Labrys, when they chose to wield it.

Bays, Islands, and Bridges

San Francisco Bay is undoubtedly one of the world's greatest natural harbors. There are actually two bays: the larger San Francisco Bay in the south, and San Pablo Bay in the north. At any given time one can see freighters steaming in and out of Oakland, tankers headed for Richmond, Navy destroyers and aircraft carriers docking at Treasure Island and Alameda, and Coast Guard helicopters practicing rescue operations. On weekends, thousands of private sailboats ply the waters from San Pablo to San Jose — though few weekend sailors feel competent enough to sail beyond the Golden Gate and out to sea.



The bay is relatively shallow and channels are continually dredged for the deep water ships. Aquatic life is scarce, though seals and sea lions are often seen, and sharks are rumored to patrol the bay. A humpbacked whale, affectionately named Humphrey, has twice found his way into the bay in recent years, once beaching himself near Candlestick Park, the other time swimming far up the Sacramento River before rescuers managed to get him turned around and headed back out to sea.

Angel Island is the largest island in the bay, a cone-shaped mass lying just offshore near Tiburon. Once covered with redwoods, it is barren now, long ago stripped for its lumber. It has served various functions: as a military base, prisoner of war camp, and immigration station. It is currently a designated wildlife refuge.

Alcatraz is the bay's most famous island. Originally a military base, then a military prison, it finally served as one of the U.S.'s toughest maximum security facilities. The prison was closed in 1963 and is now a tourist attraction administered by the Golden Gate Parks commission. Tours of the prison and exercise yard are available and ferries regularly leave the dock at Fishermen's Wharf.

Yerba Buena Island and Treasure Island lie in the center of the bay and mark the half-way point of the Bay Bridge spanning the waters between the San Francisco and Oakland. No two islands could be quite so different as this pair. Yerba Buena is a natural formation, a rugged outcropping of rock covered with vegetation. Treasure Island, lying directly to the north and connected to Yerba Buena by a narrow causeway, is flat and roughly rectangular: an artificial island made from mud dredged from the bottom of the bay.

Although a number of bridges span the bay, the greatest, if not the most famous, is probably the San Francisco-Oakland bay Bridge. A double-decker structure linking Oakland with San Francisco, it is actually two separate bridges anchored to Yerba Buena Island in the middle of the bay.

Golden Gate Bridge, completed about the same time, is the more famous of the two and an internationally recognized symbol of San Francisco. Stretching over the narrow Golden Gate strait, at the time of its construction it claimed the world's longest bridge suspension. Painted a bright, rusty red, it is considered an engineering masterpiece. Single-decked, with five lanes, it connects the city with Marin and the northern coast.

The San Rafael-Richmond bridge is built over shallow waters and is a rambling, double-decked affair not nearly as pleasant looking as some of the other bridges.

To the south is the long San Mateo Bridge that runs from Hayward in the East Bay to San Mateo County on the

peninsula. The Hayward side of the bridge is low, only a dozen or so feet above the water. Nearing San Mateo, the bridge arches high in the air, allowing room for ships to pass beneath it.

Just south of the San Mateo Bridge is the far older Dumbarton Bridge, built across a narrow spot on the bay. Far to the north, above San Pablo bay, is a small but high bridge passing over the Carquiner strait.

The Trolls of the Bridges

Duke Aeon has appointed many trolls as guardians of the city's many bridges. They keep watch on the enchanted activities taking place in and around the bridges, and all have Treasures which allow them to sense the presence of changelings crossing into the city. Most of them remain unseen in a bridge's high girders, although they do, from time to time, masquerade as bums, tourists or joggers. Few cross over the bridges of San Francisco without the duke eventually finding out.

The City: San Francisco

The city of San Francisco lies isolated from the rest of the bay area on the tip of its peninsula. Visible from all around the bay area, at night, with its gleaming towers and pinnacles alight, it reminds visitors of the City of Oz. An "adult" city, it has since its creation enjoyed a reputation as a "wicked city" where adult pleasures and vices are tolerated to marked degree. Nearly surrounded by water, some have likened it to Bad Boy Island from the tale of *Pinocchio*. Author Fritz Lieber, creator of Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser, was a longtime resident of the city. Undoubtedly his famous fictional city of Lankmar was at least in part inspired by San Francisco.

San Francisco is known for its hills, and more than 40 major hills reach as high as 300 feet and more. Three 900-foot mountains nearly split the southern part of the city. These mountains are steep, but nonetheless thickly populated with houses perched precariously on the slopes. Mt. Sutro is the site of Sutro Tower, a 900-foot tall, red-and-white painted steel colossus erected as a broadcast antenna capable of reaching most of the city and surrounding area. Although Golden Gate Bridge and the TransAmerica pyramid are the best known symbols of the city, this dominating tower is the landmark most familiar to residents. Centrally located, it is visible from nearly every

point in the city and a handy way of ascertaining one's general location.

Fresh, fog-laden breezes from the Pacific continually sweep the city, carrying smog and pollution across the bay where it accumulates against the line of hills and eventually settles on Oakland and the rest of the East Bay. Despite the reputation for fog, the eastern portion of the city, particularly downtown and the Mission District, enjoy mostly sunny days year round, the fog only creeping in at night.

San Francisco is not an overpowering city and is in fact rather small when compared to New York or Los Angeles. Building ordinances, with the obvious exception of the skyscrapered Financial District, limit most structures to three or four stories.

Proud of the fact that San Francisco is the oldest major city on the coast, historic structures are respected and developers find difficulty tearing anything down. Franchised restaurants and chain variety stores are far less common than in other American cities and those that do exist usually lack the "golden arches" and other tacky symbols associated with these outlets. As with most of the bay area, the more expensive residences are found uphill while the flatlands are home to economically less advantaged.

San Francisco enjoys a sense of independence and isolation known to few U.S. cities. Long the center of West Coast culture, and at first reached only by sea around Cape Horn or overland, it some time ago developed a singularly independent nature. Even in these days where air travel has brought everyone within a few hours of each other and tens of thousands of commuters come and go daily via the bridges, San Francisco insists on doing things its own way. Aside from obvious examples such as the Gay Pride Parade, San Franciscans are quick and sure to move on other issues. When U.S. involvement in the Middle East escalated into Desert Storm, within hours San Francisco became the first (and only) city to declare itself a "refuge" for war protesters and military deserters. But there is little agreement on most other issues. It is has sometimes been said that San Francisco is a city populated by 700,000 individual special interest groups.

Earthquakes are the city's other legacy. The infamous San Andreas Fault runs just off the coast, and other equally dangerous major faults lace the entire bay area. The earthquake of 1906 and the resultant fire nearly destroyed the city and, it is now believed, resulted in the deaths of several thousand people. Another major quake in 1989 did millions of dollars worth of damage and killed dozens. Experts agree that it is only a matter of time before the area is devastated by a truly terrible quake. It could happen at any moment but

most residents, enchanted by the climate and scenery, cheerily assume that it won't occur until "some time in the future." It is not for nothing that San Francisco is sometimes called "The City that Waits to Die."

San Francisco Geography

San Francisco is a complex city divided by hills and valleys. Many different neighborhoods — with different peoples, cultures, and economies — exist in close proximity to one another. The following geography begins with the city proper, the downtown area, then moves to the more residential, outlying districts.

Downtown

Downtown San Francisco is the eastern part of the city, mostly north of Market Street, extending to Fishermen's Wharf in the north and as far west as Van Ness Avenue. It includes such landmarks as Nob Hill, Telegraph Hill, Russian Hill, Chinatown, North Beach, and Union Square. Nearly this entire area was destroyed by the fire following the 1906 earthquake. Rebuilt over the next couple decades, it enjoys a rare architectural consistency. Neo-classical styled row buildings of three and four stories line most streets, replacing the redwood Victorians claimed by the flames.

Most areas are crowded with residents and visitors day and night. Traffic is congested, a condition exacerbated by the steep hills. Parking is difficult, if not impossible, with most street parking banned during rush hour periods and parking structures charging outrageous hourly prices. Fortunately for residents, there are many shops, markets, and restaurants to serve them, making ownership of a car mostly unnecessary. The weather is almost always fit for walking and scenic views abound. Buses run frequently and reliably, and taxis are available everywhere. Stretched limos, usually white, prowls the streets in search of tourists willing to pay the hefty hourly rates to be shuttled around the city in luxury. And, of course, there are the famous cable cars.

Cable Cars

The passenger-carrying cable car was invented by Scotsman Andrew Hallidie of San Francisco. The first operating line was on Clay Street and began service in 1873. Based on similar systems used in mines, Hallidie hoped to improve on the horse-drawn omnibuses then laboring up and down the city's steep hills.

Cable cars are powered by a moving cable that passes under the streets. The car is equipped with a "grip" which, reaching down through a slot in the street, clamps to the moving cable, drawing the car along. Cable cars cruise at a speed of ten and half miles per hour — no more, no less.

Hallidie's design was quickly copied and soon cable car systems were found all over the world, from Providence, R.I., to Melbourne, Australia. Within a few years, however, the electric-powered trolley was invented. Requiring less maintenance, and generally safer, they quickly replaced cable car systems in most cities, save those with the steepest hills. San Francisco's various cable car systems once stretched over most of the city, but by the 1950s, the last two remaining lines were scheduled for removal. Only a last-minute citizen's movement saved the cable cars and they are now designated a National Historic Monument (the only mobile one). Expensive and far less safe than most forms of public transportation, they are a symbol of San Francisco.

#99: The Chimeric Cable Car

Number 99 is perhaps the result of hundreds of people wishing for, dreaming about, and wanting to see cable cars in San Francisco. In actuality, Number 99 is currently a hot dog stand converted from an old streetcar. It's not supposed to move, but when the time is right (usually when no human is around), Number 99 silently glides the streets again on a chimeric cable. Unlike other cablecars, Number 99 isn't restricted by its track or cable, although it usually takes backstreets and side alleys and even then only late at night or early in the morning. Since it is painted gaily and adorned with hundreds of found items, many people think it is some kind of roving art piece or motorized cablecar meant to simulate a real one. For this reason, it can travel in plain view of humans, as long as it starts moving outside of human sight.

A favorite thing for childlings to do in the city is to try to get the boggan grump Petra to give them free hot dogs and "make the car go!" She has gotten so many requests for free hot dogs that she has instituted a complex point-based system for childlings who bring her interesting items to use in her found-art pieces. Toll for riding the streetcar is also an interesting piece of junk.

Other Mass Transit

At the hub of the bay area, downtown San Francisco is well-served. Electric and diesel buses run regular routes to all parts of the City. Electric trolleys, usually referred to as the Muni, travel underground along Market Street,

emerging a few miles away to disperse along different routes. The Muni lines share the underground with the BART system, which runs one level deeper. From central San Francisco one can catch frequent BART trains south to Daly City, or travel under the bay all the way to Richmond, Concord, or Fremont.

Main Thoroughfares

Market Street is the city's main street. Beginning across from the Embarcadero and the Ferry Building, it cuts diagonally across town, eventually turning and twisting its way up Twin Peaks. Clogged with cars and buses, it is several lanes wide. As it cuts across the streets on an odd angle, and has limited left turns, it is often difficult for a driver to find a way across Market when trying to get from one side of the city to the other. Market Street is a major shopping avenue featuring places like Nordstrom's and the Emporium. A number of fine hotels are also located along here. Women's shoe stores seem particularly abundant.

Southwest of Powell and Fifth Streets, the neighborhood begins to undergo a quick change. Upscale stores are replaced by bargain clothing outlets and adult theaters as one enters the area known as the Tenderloin. Street people are more abundant and drugs more commonly for

sale on the street. Market continues to serve as a commercial strip until it begins its rise into the mountains.

Van Ness is a six-lane, divided street that marks the early limits of the city. It bustles with traffic and is lined by auto dealers (including Ferrari), appliance outlets, furniture stores, and restaurants like the Hard Rock Cafe.

Chinatown

One of the city's most famous landmarks, Chinatown is a tourist attraction and world unto itself. Narrow Grant street is home to the Chinatown familiar to tourists. Beginning at Bush, it is entered by Foo Dog-guarded gates. The commercial shopping district found here continues north for several blocks. Strung with overhead lanterns and banners, the street is lined with innumerable restaurants, chintzy souvenir shops, overcrowded gift stores, and countless live sea food stores, more authentic tea markets, and Asian bakeries. The small alleys and cul-de-sacs of Chinatown house near-infinite restaurants, goldfish stores, and secreted Buddhist shrines.

A short stretch of Stockton also runs above the tunnel. Little used and comparatively remote from the rest of the city, it is the site of the expensive Carlton-Ritz Hotel, opened just a few years ago. Of stunning classical design, it was formerly a college. Since it's located away



from tourists and downtown, it has become a favorite with shy celebrities and foreign diplomats wishing to avoid publicity. The hotel features a white Rolls-Royce courtesies car and motorcycles of policemen are frequently seen lining up in the horseshoe front driveway.

The Chinatown of the 19th century was a well-known haven of opium smugglers, Chinese slavers and prostitution. Chinese gangsters, hatchet men and highbinders stalked the streets, fighting in vicious tong wars with axes and revolvers. Even then, however, it had the reputation as a "must-see" for the daring tourist.

Vicious Asian gangs roam Chinatown, many probably spawned in the foreboding Chinese housing project on the south side of Pacific between Stockton and Grant. Rarely interfering with tourists or anyone outside the Chinese community, these gangs prefer to extort shop owners for protection money, and war with each other over drugs and other illegal trade. The 1970s massacre at the Golden Dragon restaurant, where several patrons were killed and many more wounded, was an exception. In the midst of a war over the illegal fireworks trade and mistakenly believing that members of a rival gang were attending the restaurant, the gunmen entered and opened fire indiscriminately. Although denied by some, these gangs are the direct descendants of the vicious tongs of earlier days and closely watched by police.

Civic Center Plaza

The center of San Francisco's government, this area contains the opulent Beaux Art-styled domed City Hall, the Opera House, Davies Symphony Hall, the Main Public Library, and other facilities. Part of a larger design never completed, most of the buildings were constructed just prior to World War I, replacing the buildings destroyed by the earthquake and fire. A farmer's market operates here on Saturdays and Wednesdays and the plaza is busy most days with business people, shoppers, bureaucrats, protesters, and the everpresent homeless. Bordered on the north by the Tenderloin and on the west by a span of depressed housing projects, the sunny plaza and its benches are a magnet for the unemployed and unoccupied. To the east is the United Nations plaza dominated by the Federal building, an unpleasant-looking 1950s high-rise housing the FBI, IRS, and other institutions.

In the late 80s and early 90s, with the rise of the homeless, the broad plaza became a campsite for hundreds. After more than two years and any number of complaints — many from the tuxedoed and evening gowned opera and symphony crowds — several additional shelters were opened by the city and the homeless driven out in 1990. By day they are everywhere, but at night forced to leave the area.

The Grande Ballroom

Side by side with an unusual manifestation of Banality, the Civic Center Plaza nonetheless is a central gathering point for the Kithain of San Francisco. Each day the shadow of the Federal Building sweeps over nearby United Nations Plaza, bringing with it a deadening zone of Banality. For Kithain trapped within that creeping darkness, it is as if the world has suddenly become painfully, personally real in its everyday drabness. Just as many human suicides choose the Golden Gate Bridge for their final plummet, some Kithain choose the United Nations Plaza for their last taste of Glamour.

This is not to say that the Civic Center Plaza is a morgue for dreams. Nothing could be further from the truth. When the mortals are not looking, or even sometimes when they are, great fae dances are held here. The stone of the Plaza, drab and bubblegummed to mortal eyes, appears to Kithain to be cunningly inlaid with semi-precious stones of staggering size. Were the scene to be viewed from the air (and were no Kithain or mortals in the way to obstruct the view) the plaza would seem to be a map of the moon, done as it might have been instead of how it is. Turquoise represents the seas which we "know" to be dusty rock, amethyst shadows the edge of the night side, and gleaming alabaster traces the faintest suggestion of a smiling face.

However, the Plaza is not merely to be gazed at. It is intended to be danced upon, and danced upon it is. The Kithain form great circles, often sweeping unsuspecting mortals into their midst, while the street buskers and fiddlers play for all they're worth. Often the din from this gloriously ragged revelry is loud enough to tickle the ears of the opera-goers. In fact, the struggle between the street people and the theatergoers for the "right" to the Plaza was as much a war between the nobles and the commoners as anything else, as the sidhe preferred the more refined entertainments inside, whilst many of the common kin preferred a less restrictive evening's entertainment.

Embarcadero

Embarcadero is the name of the main street running along the eastern edge of the city, but also refers to the general waterfront area. A double-decked freeway formerly ran down the center of the Embarcadero, spoiling views of the bay and Ferry Building but, damaged by the 1989 quake, it has recently been torn down.

For more than a century the wharves were the bustling center of San Francisco's economy, visited by whalers

and traders, shipping out gold and bringing supplies in. It is now a quiet, nearly desolate place, the long wharves unpopulated, their warehouses for the most part empty. A few salvage and diving companies operate out of here but the commercial shipping trade died years ago, moving over to Oakland's containerized facilities across the bay. The few wharves not completely abandoned now house private pleasure craft and an occasional surprise like Greenpeace's *Rainbow Warrior*, hidden away at a dock just south of the Bay Bridge.

The Ferry Building

A quaint anachronism to mortal eyes, the Ferry Building is a bit more spectacular when one looks through Glamour-tinted shades. While the plaques boast that once thousands of feet crossed its floors every day, chimerically speaking they still do. That's right, chimerical feet, detached from any semblance of a body, constantly pace back and forth, hurrying from one gate to another in a mad dance which none can explain. Somewhat predictably, the local Kithain have taken to calling these chimera the "Happy Feet," and San Francisco's childlings consider dodging them as they scurry to and fro tremendous sport. The building itself gleams as if made of new-forged bronze when seen by Kithain, and its faux-Moorish touches acquire a startling authenticity. Inside, a stairway of cool white stone winds up and up and up, higher than one would think the building could contain. Huge smooth banisters sprout from the walls, large enough to slide down. It is odd that a building that once was a gateway to labor for so many has become such a playground in its old age, but the ways of Glamour are strange.

Supposedly, the roof is a favorite haunt of a bean sidhe, or banshee. Lately this creature has been seen again, singing songs that discerning listeners claim to be Duke Aeon's compositions. The duke, through his courtiers, has no official comment on the matter.

Fishermen's Wharf

San Francisco's number one tourist attraction is Fishermen's Wharf. Running along the north shore of the city for more than a half-mile, from Pier 39 to Aquatic Park, it is a crowded place busy nearly any time of the day or evening, year round. Actual fishing activity in and out of the area is far less than it once was, though charter boats are available for the sport fisherman. Fresh seafood markets abound, as do restaurants and stalls serving clam chowder and shrimp cocktails eaten on the street. Street

artists and entertainers are everywhere, singing, dancing, playing guitars.

Most of the main promenade is given over to the tourist attractions like Ripley's and the Guinness Records Museum, boutiques, restaurants and nightclubs. The old cannery buildings have been remodeled into open air shopping malls. Pier 39 is the most famous attraction on the wharf and now features a dock invaded and completely taken over by native sea lions. Forbidden by law to harm or drive the protected creatures off, owners of the pier have instead moved the boats out and installed special floats for the creatures to bask upon, creating one more tourist attraction.

A number of ferry lines operate off the wharf, offering trips to Alcatraz, Angel Island, Sausalito, Tiburon and Vallejo, as well as tours of the bay. Helicopters can also be chartered. The piers east of 39 house a number of cruise ships that make trips up and down the West Coast. A World War II vintage submarine is docked in the area and available for tours while the Hyde Street pier features several authentic early sailing vessels and steamships.

Ghirardelli Square is nearby. A shopping area, it is also home to the San Francisco's famous Ghirardelli chocolate. Aquatic Park, at the foot of the square, is an old facility. Few bathers dare the cold waters; it is mostly used by sunbathers sprawling on the broad concrete steps above the narrow beach. The curving public pier shelters the water from the waves and currents of the bay. The National Maritime Museum stands at the foot of the park.

The island prison Alcatraz is a favorite tourist spot, drawing nearly a million visitors a year. A barren rock swept by cold winds coming through the Golden Gate, it was believed by the local Miwok tribes to be the haven of evil spirits. First made a military prison in 1859, after extensive improvements over the decades it was transferred to the U.S. Prison Bureau in 1933. The government, deciding it needed a "super-prison" for its most dangerous charges, increased security on the island then moved in such well-known criminals as Machine Gun Kelly, Alvin "Kreep" Karpis, Robert Stroud (the "Birdman of Alcatraz") and Al Capone. In 1946 the prison endured a riot that lasted several days and left three inmates dead. In 1963, a year after a successful escape by three inmates (it has never been learned if the escapees made it safely to the mainland), the prison was officially closed and the island abandoned.

In November, 1969, 90 Native Americans sailed from Sausalito in the pre-dawn hours to take possession of the rock. National attention focused on them and the issue of Native American rights while government efforts to remove them from the island continually failed. Life on the

cold, bleak island was hard though, and despite donations from many concerned groups and individuals, the number of occupants dwindled. In June of 1970 a fire sprang up, destroying two historic buildings and a lighthouse dating from 1854. A year later, federal marshals moved in and escorted the few remaining protesters off the island. The island is now administered by the Golden Gate National Recreation Area and can be visited by ferry during daylight hours.

Fishermen's Wharf

In many ways this area is similar to the Embarcadero. Many of the seal-kind cluster here to play among the protected sea lions along the wharf proper.

As much Glamour can be found inside as outside here, and Ripley's is a favorite spot for visiting Kithain. Reveling in the bizarre and the outré, the museum sports even more fantastic sights and sounds to the eye enhanced by enchantment — believe it or not. For Kithain, the interior of the building is a gleeful maze, conforming to no floor plan and no law of physics. New sights and sounds abound, ever popping out of the most unlikely angles to surprise, delight, and alarm Kithain of all ages. The museum staff learned long ago not to worry about people wandering through the exhibits randomly, as a sizable percentage of the staffers are Kithain themselves.

The Rock

Alcatraz is one of the few spots that even the Kithain of the city leave alone. While there have been a great many nightmares about the place, there have been few dreams, and Glamour is scarce there. In addition, the site is a potent Haunt, attended by scores of Hierarchy wraiths who are themselves besieged by the Renegade and Heretic spirits of the city proper. The intangible combat between these forces pours enough violent emotion into the waking world for Kithain to suddenly drop into Bedlam here, just from the psychic spillover from the warring spirits.

Financial District

Despite the growth of cities like Los Angeles, San Diego, Portland, and Seattle, San Francisco remains the financial center of the West Coast and the home of the Pacific Stock Exchange. Although there are taller skyscrapers on the coast, San Francisco's sixty-odd story Bank of America Tower and the unique pyramid-shaped TransAmerica Building are among the best known and most widely recognized. San Francisco's now distinctive

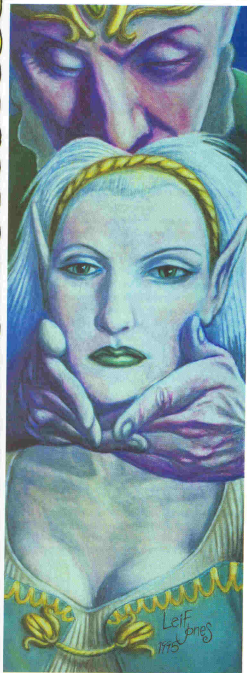
skyline is a recent development. It was long a city of low-rise buildings; the few multi-story hotels and business offices were formerly congregated around Powell and Sutter, and atop Nob Hill. Rampant development began in the 1970s, first with the erection of the Bank of America building, followed soon after by many others. The tallest building in the city (and only a few feet higher than the hulking BoA tower) is the distinctive TransAmerica pyramid at 855 feet. Nearby stand the four massive Embarcadero towers lined up in a march down to the bay. Filled with multi-floored shopping plazas in the lower levels, they end at the sunny plaza of Vallencourt Fountain which overlook the water and is usually busy with skateboarders.

The Financial District occupies the land at the eastern foot of Nob Hill, on ground that used to be part of the bay. Formerly Yerba Buena Cove, this area was steadily filled in over the years as streets ended in wharves extending out into the bay. Beneath the foundations of San Francisco's skyscrapers lie the remains of fires, earthquakes, and more than a hundred wooden sailing ships that once lay derelict in the harbor when crews deserted for work in the gold mines. Busy by day with bankers, stockbrokers and others, the area seems dead after dark and on weekends.

Jackson Square

This historic area lies just north of the Financial District, in the shadow of the TransAmerica Pyramid and the Embarcadero Center, squeezed in between the waterfront, North Beach, and Chinatown. Once the infamous Barbary Coast, it is now one of the quietest parts of downtown. Surprisingly, while the rest of the city burned during the 1906 fire, the Barbary Coast remained relatively untouched. Many of the area's buildings are mid-to-late 19th century brick low-rises, former warehouses and distilleries. Once the sites of some of the most infamous dives and brothels in America, they are now home to antique shops, graphic design firms, and the occasional attorney's office. At the northern end of the district lies Levi Plaza, headquarters of the famous jeans manufacturers. Any number of buildings in the area are of "unreinforced masonry," a fact noted on warning plaques affixed to such structures following the 1989 earthquake.

The immediate area has long been a hotbed of literary and intellectual figures. California's first magazine, The Golden Era, was published out of offices on Montgomery Street near Jackson in the 1850s and helped launch the careers of Bret Harte and Samuel Clemens (also known as Mark Twain). Oscar Wilde paid a visit to neighborhood artist Jules Tavernier in 1882; later, John Steinbeck and William Saroyan used to spend nights drinking in the



now-vanished Black Cat Cafe. The Marxist artist, Diego Rivera, dwelled here in the 1930s. The particular block now occupied by the TransAmerica Pyramid once held a small office building populated by writers, artists, and political radicals. Twain, Harte, Ambrose Bierce, and Joaquin Miller were all frequent visitors to its first floor bar and restaurant. George Sterling and Maynard Dixon visited years later and Sun-Yat-Sen, publishing his newspaper, *Young China*, from a second floor office, plotted the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty.

Nob Hill

Long known as the haunt of San Francisco's millionaires, the outrageous mansions raised by railroad barons and silver bosses that once stood atop this 338-foot high rock were long ago destroyed by the fire following the 1906 earthquake. Only the brownstone Flood mansion remains intact on the corner of California and Mason; it currently serves as headquarters for the exclusive Pacific Union Club. The Hopkins, Stanford, Crocker and other mansions were all lost, leaving only a few deserted ruins as a lonely reminder of their past glory. Opulent hotels now grace the hilltop: the Mark Hopkins, Stanford Court, and the world famous Fairmont Hotel. Nearby Huntington Square is a small green with a fountain and benches, frequented most often by young, upscale residents of the town houses on quiet Sacramento and Clay Streets. Next door to the square stands the imposing structure of Grace Episcopal Cathedral, a smaller scale version of Notre Dame in Paris. Directly across the street is the equally massive Masonic Temple.

Lower Nob Hill is the neighborhood south of California, spread across the broad southern face of the hill, roughly situated between Stockton and Polk Streets and extending as far south as Geary and the Theatre District. This is a residential neighborhood filled with neoclassical row apartment buildings three, four, five, or more floors in height surrounded by numerous markets, cleaners, delis, and diners.

Hidden in amongst the endless row apartment buildings are a dozen or more longstanding private clubs. The most notorious is perhaps the Bohemian Club found at Post and Taylor. Organized in the late 1800s by artists and newspapermen, it soon evolved into a businessman's club with an arts slant. Former members include Ambrose Bierce and Jack London.

The San Francisco Academy of Arts also occupies quite a number of buildings in the area, its main headquarters on Powell between Bush and Sutter. This, along with always active Theatre District nearby, lends a bohemian slant to much of the lower hill.

"Snob Hill"

As the streets and rents rise, so too do the faerie towers. For the narrow houses march up the narrower streets, their facades become more and more fantastic to the faerie eye. Parapets, towers, onion-shaped domes, and chimeric gargoyles (not to be confused with the real ones who occasionally crouch here) become more and more frequent, and a rainbow of shades can be seen in the windows. The entire area is somewhat steeped in Glamour, and even the blandest personalities living here seem somehow perked up by their surroundings. Many of the condensations of dream that adorn these lovely houses seem to be made of colored crystal or glass themselves, and when the traffic is just right, they vibrate so that a mighty chord is created. This is the Voice of the Hill, and its wordless song attracts Kirhain from Seattle to Guadalajara. Of course, it doesn't hurt that the duke's palace can be found here amidst the few remaining ruined manors. To Kirhain eyes it appears as a magnificent mansion. It is here that Duke Aeon holds court.

The Bannock Club

Its name derived from the Welsh "bannog," Club Bannock is a home away from home for all sorts of Kirhain of a literary persuasion. To gain admittance past Hugo, the troll doorman, one must tell a fantastic story about how one actually became aware of the place. The members inside at the time vote as to whether or not the story's good enough, and if it is, the applicant admitted as a member for life. If not, she is summarily pitched out into the street, often with a copy of Strunk & White's *Elements of Style* tossed out after her.

Behind its leather-wrapped doors, the club is every bit the image of a turn-of-the-century gentleman's club. Thick, overstuffed chairs and green shaded lamps are everywhere, as are tables of darkly polished oak. Wine, the Arcadia Winery's finest, is served in crystal goblets to members by a chimeric butler, Jeeves, with nary a whisper. The only people allowed to speak in the club are the members, and should a guest so much as cough, they will be summarily removed. Jeeves, a resident for nigh unto a century, has never spoken a word.

There is a second level of the club as well, restricted to the club's Inner Circle. This is a series of lushly appointed chambers, all thickly carpeted and gently seasoned with thick, aged volumes. Though it has limited access, the club's library is here as well. It consists of both common and rare titles written by the

Kirhain of the club's favorite authors. Guy Gavriel Kay, Harlan Ellison and Ambrose Bierce (himself a former club member) are particular favorites, though there is a large contingent that favors for Yeats, Shaw and hometown favorite Armistead Maupin. A balcony sprouts from the wall whenever an Inner Circle member wishes to look out over the members below, but this piece of woodwork is rarely forced to manifest these days.

North Beach

North Beach is a favorite area with young, upscale singles. Occupying the lowlands between Telegraph Hill and Russian Hill, and bordered on the south by Chinatown, North Beach is a brightly lit and active nighttime area.

North Beach was long the city's Italian enclave. Though still populated by many older Italians, and sporting any number of Italian restaurants big and small, the area has undergone many changes in recent decades. Famous in the fifties as the stomping grounds of Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg and Lawrence Ferlinghetti, famous "beat" clubs like the Purple Onion and the Hungry i still stand on the north side of Broadway across the street from the City Lights bookstore. Next door to them are North Beach's contribution to the early 1960s: America's first topless bars.

North around the corner, narrow Grant Street is filled with crowds patronizing the restaurants, pizza parlors, and the three blues clubs found along this stretch: the Saloon (the city's oldest bar), the Last Chance Saloon and Grant Green at the end of the block. All feature one or two bands a night, seven nights a week.

Washington Square Park is a flat green, by day a place for art shows, lunch and old Italians sitting on benches, by night a place troubled by drug dealers and other criminals. The Church of St. Peter and Paul, known for its twin spires, faces south onto the park.

South of Market Area

Known as the SoMa, it is that area south of Market Street composed of streets running at an angle to the normal north-south axis of the city's plan. Like most of the area immediately south of Market, it is smooth flatlands, populated by banks and businesses near the waterfront with more and more hotels and shopping areas as one moves inland. Upscale near Market, the neighborhood quickly deteriorates as one travels past Howard and Mission. Off Market, the area is a mixed bag of old, sleazy city populated by junkies and muggers, and upscale, high-rise condo developments with doormen and secure parking facilities. Restaurants and nightspots proliferate in some spots while other streets

display bleak panoramas of abandoned warehouses. Some of these older buildings have seen renovation and now rent out as "artist's lofts." The struggle between reclamation and decay seems as yet undecided.

Second Street near Market has lately become the headquarters for many electronic development firms, earning it the name "Multimedia Gulch." It is near the foot of what is left of Rincon Hill, now leveled to serve as the foundation of the Bay Bridge's main pier. A number of condominiums and townhouses have been lately erected along the waterfront in this area, replacing the old, disused warehouses and light industry that used to stand here.

Located on Fifth near Mission is the pillared San Francisco Mint. No longer operative, it is open for tours. Farther down the Fifth are the offices of the San Francisco Chronicle.

The Transbay Terminal is located at First and Mission, a depot for buses from Oakland, Marin, and San Mateo. A large bus station with shoe repair shops, dry cleaning outlets, diners, and a cocktail lounge, it has long been a refuge for many of San Francisco's homeless. The train station is found at Fourth and Townsend and runs hourly trains to San Jose and back.

Telegraph Hill

The lowest of the three major downtown hills, Telegraph still affords some of the best views available. Located north of the Financial District's skyscrapers, it is distinctively marked by the white, cylindrical Coit Tower, erected in 1933 by Lillie Coit in honor of San Francisco volunteer fire fighters. Climbing to the top of the tower, or even standing on the small plaza beneath it, one is afforded a magnificent view encompassing everything from the Golden Gate Bridge in the west to Berkeley and Oakland in the east.

Telegraph Hill was long ago blasted for its rock by entrepreneurs seeking ballast for outgoing ships. Although the blasting was finally halted by city order, the eastern face is quite sheer and badly cracked. Homes perched along this edge face uncertain futures as earth tremors and alternating droughts and rainstorms create small landslides, undermining foundations.

The Hunting Grounds

This is where the nobles of Aeon's court go to slay dragons. Well, perhaps not dragons, but all other kinds of chimeric beasts lurk in the tumbled stone beneath the teetering homes of the wealthy. Monsters from Beneath the Bed, gone feral since the beds they lurked under vanished, skulk behind the weeds and under piles of broken rock, extending their long arms to catch

unwary Kithain. Imaginary Friends, seduced and abandoned by their long-gone Kithain companions, form gangs of vengeful chimera who seek to take their vengeance on any intruders. Other, less identifiable beasts lurk here as well. Here is where the abandoned chimera of San Francisco come to seek solace, and here is where the nobles come to hunt them. Sir Cumulus is the current Warden of the Ducal Game Preserve, and his duties as such consist primarily of making certain that none of the hunters become themselves the hunted. There have been numerous fatalities in chimeric combat, and to be counted among those fallen here has become almost a token of perverse pride. Lately, commoners have taken to sneaking into the Ducal Preserve, bagging a few chimera, and then strolling out. This drives Sir Cumulus positively apoplectic, and as much at the thought of the Preserve being emptied while his responsibility as out of any concern for the daring poachers who intrude upon his tiny fief.

The Tenderloin

A narrow territory roughly south of Geary Street between Mason and Van Ness, the Tenderloin borders on and spills over into the Civic Center Plaza, as well as the tourist areas around Union Square. Unlike many urban neighborhoods which once enjoyed better times, San Francisco's Tenderloin has always been known for its crime and seedy denizens. Traditionally the neighborhood of oppressed minorities, it is currently populated by sizable Vietnamese and Laotian communities, refugees from their homelands.

Prostitutes, pimps and drug dealers prowl the streets while muggers and carjackers lurk in alleys. The corruption spreads to nearby areas, visiting the Theatre District, rubbing shoulders with the tourist areas, and invading Civic Center plaza. The streets are dirty, littered and typically increasingly degenerate as one proceeds further downhill. Daytime is reasonably safe, but nighttime is an entirely different story.

Aside from the usual shops and markets, video rental stores, head shops, porn shops and adult theaters are all common fare. Not surprisingly, the Tenderloin contains some of the city's cheapest hotels.

Iggy's Head Shop

Decorated with a large R. Crumb drawing reputed to be the legendary Kithain "chemist" Iggy, this store offers the widest range of illicit paraphernalia and Grateful Dead memorabilia to be found anywhere. Under the swinging



wooden sign in the shape of the Crumb cartoon, a plain wooden door leads into head shop paradise. A haze of Technicolor smoke is everywhere, sweet-smelling and gentle. Lamps line the walls, flowering and branching into hookahs which would impress Aladdin's genie. Chimeric plants grow up through the worn wooden floorboards, making the store seem a meadow of red poppies, morning-glories, and ragged weeds. The plants grow from the walls and ceiling as well, as do the omnipresent mushrooms. These fungi, also chimerical, glow blue when the store lights are turned off. The owner, a permanently blissed-out bogan grump known only as "Herbie," claims to be able to read fortunes from the mushrooms' patterns. Then again, he claims that the plants eat anyone who tries to rob the place, so who knows? All that is certain is that A) the store never has been robbed and B) Herbie owns both a very large chimeric axe and an almost-as-large non-chimeric shotgun. In either case, even Ragger's kids tend to watch their step inside. It's more pleasant for everyone that way.

Theatre District

San Francisco's major theatre district lies on Geary Street roughly between Mason and Leavenworth. The large theatres like the Curran and the ACT (American Conservatory Theatre) host Broadway shows and other major productions. Dozens of smaller theatres are also found in the area, some no more than second floor walk-ups over markets and restaurants. The well-known club Trader Vic's is found in the neighborhood, in an L-shaped alley northwest of Taylor and Post. Medium-priced hotels are found in the area, as well as a number of upscale restaurants. But the Tenderloin is nearby and street hustlers, prostitutes and pimps are common.

Union Square

Union Square is the closest thing to a "center" found in San Francisco. Site of the annual Christmas tree lighting and other civic events, it is a sunny, landscaped square dominated by a tall pillar with a figure of winged Victory atop it. This monument was dedicated to Dewey, the victorious admiral of the Spanish-American War. Situated atop an underground parking garage and populated by street musicians, lunching office workers, and the occasional strolling police officer, it is a typically pigeon-populated urban green spot featuring weekend art sales and occasional noisy demonstrations. Despite a small contingent of street people from the nearby Tenderloin, criminal activity is limited or non-existent. The square, in the heart of the tourist district, is well-lit and well-policed.

The square is also in the center of the hotel and shopping district. The venerable and swank 12-story St. Francis Hotel caters to some of the city's most famous guests, and is the usual campsite of presidents and other U.S. officials. It was while leaving the St. Francis that President Gerald Ford was shot at by would-be assassin and former Charles Manson follower, Sarah Jane Moore. The St. Francis was also the scene of the infamous Fatty Arbuckle case, in which the popular silent film comedian was the prime suspect in the suspicious death of a young starlet. In those days, San Francisco was a favorite weekend party spot for Hollywood celebrities bored with the few diversions offered by a relatively new Los Angeles. Behind and rising high above the old St. Francis is the ultramodern St. Francis Westin, a 36-story glass tower with external elevators riding up and down its eastern face.

The Sir Francis Drake Hotel, one block up Powell on the other side of the street, tries to compete with the St. Francis and features a doorman dressed in a beefeater costume. The hotel is larger, but less convincing, the interior somehow reminiscent of the hotel in Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining*.

Climbing the hill is broad Powell Street, the main artery of the area, lined with bookstores, camera shops, electronic outlets, a few restaurants, some outrageously priced, and the occasional "adults only" store dealing in video tapes and rubber goods.

At the foot of Powell is Hallidie Plaza, San Francisco's version of Times Square. Here the tourist and businessman stand next to the vagrant and homeless from the Tenderloin just next door. Street vendors prevail and there are always musicians performing for the crowds lined up for the cable car. Preachers of a dozen different faiths, most proclaiming the San Francisco the "new Sodom," compete for the attention of people desperately trying to ignore them. The most pitiful folk beg for coins from passersby while perennial chess games are staged year round on the concrete cubes set along the broad sidewalk of Market Street. Pickpockets work the area, but violent crime is minimal, at least during the day.

Outlying Districts

Bernal Heights

Bernal Heights lies south of Mission District, beyond Army Street, rising sharply from the surrounding flatlands. Nondescript in nature and nearly strictly residential, its wooden row housing follows the usual pattern of higher rents nearer the summit. Expressway I-280 runs through a

low stretch of land south of Bernal, separating it from the hill beyond known as McClaren Park.

Candlestick Point

Found along the southern shore of the bay, this is the location of Candlestick Park, home of the San Francisco Giants and 49ers. Cold and windy, often foggy, there is an ongoing campaign to close it up and build a new stadium nearer the city.

The Castro

San Francisco's well-known gay district, while still potentially shocking to Midwestern sensibilities, has become relatively respectable these days. Populated mostly by professionals, the Castro offers a wide variety of fine restaurants, book stores, and other shops.

Chinatown

The one constant in the ever-shifting Castro Glamour scene has been Chinatown. A club for those who are defiantly out of the closet, it stands almost alone as the rest of the Castro buttons down and attempts to become respectable. Run by the satyr Hector and his longtime companion, the redcap Sam the Clam, Chinatown is a veritable geyser of wild Glamour, staying open until the disco ball in the center of the ceiling is a bleary eye staring at the new dawn. The dance floor dominates the club, and is inlaid with blinking red, yellow, and blue lights. Hector claims that these are the original lights from the disco in *Saturday Night Fever*, while Sam merely rolls his eyes when asked.

Off to one side is a bar that spans nearly the length of the dance floor, paneled in mahogany and offering a wider selection of alcoholic beverages than might be believed. Below the bar, in the famous Grey Box, Hector keeps his assorted stashes. Hector has proudly boasted that he's sold to everyone including his own grandmother, who told him that his stuff had fewer seeds than her other supplier. Several times the police have tried to bust Hector on drug raps, but since Hector has his own information sources, the mysterious Grey Box (actually a Treasure which allows only the owner to actually see its contents) is always missing. Usually notes reading "Getting warmer, doc," are there instead, and a great many police officers have spent a great many afternoons wild goose-chasing around Chinatown for a stash of mushrooms that may simply be no longer there. At this point, since Hector only deals in pot and hallucinogens, as well as making sure no one ever ODs

on his stuff, the cops tend to leave Chainages alone. This laissez-faire attitude extends to security as well, as Sam the Clam is generally capable of handling any problem that arises.

Along the other side of the dance floor is a row of tables with high black chairs. This row is deliberately situated across the dance floor from the bar itself. The floor is usually so crowded and so energetic that a great many drinks never make it across to one of the tables. Either they're spilled or drunk along the way by those trapped in the milling, dancing throng.

Fillmore

The small Fillmore District has long been a black neighborhood. Economically depressed, it still retains its character. Lively at night time, it is cursed with crack problems and associated crime.

Fort Funston

This is the southernmost point of the city's shoreline. A quiet stretch of white sand beach overlooked by high cliffs, it is a favorite spot among bay area hang gliders.

Fort Mason

Located on the bluffs overlooking the Golden Gate, Fort Mason was first manned by Spanish soldiers in 1797. It came into the hands of the U.S. Army in 1850 and during World War II, 1.6 million men passed through this facility on their way to and from the Pacific theater.

Now a park open to the public, it is mostly rolling grasslands and trees with a few old barracks buildings, and used as a park by local residents. Three old piers jut out into the bay. Tied up at one of them is a World War II Liberty ship, also open to the public.

Golden Gate Park

A broad band of green in an arid city mostly covered in concrete, Golden Gate Park is an oasis of exotic flora, meadows, lakes, and facilities for nearly every conceivable sport or diversion. Begun in 1871, the area was slowly reclaimed from the thousands of acres of sand dunes that once covered the area. Beginning with quick-rooting barley, vegetation was slowly introduced that eventually anchored the soil.

The park is a half-mile wide and three miles long, plus the narrow strip to the east known as the Panhandle. Roads meander through the park, some of them closed to auto traffic on weekends, and trails lace the hills and glens.



Eucalyptus and cypress trees are the most prevalent, but stands of palms, tree ferns, redwoods and other natural-styled plantings are found everywhere. Formal, landscaped gardens of roses, rhododendrons, and others also decorate the park.

The eastern end of the park is the most developed and features the Steinhart Aquarium inside the California Academy of Sciences building, the de Young art museum, the Victorian glass Conservatory, and the Japanese Tea Garden left over from the 1894 World's Fair. A paddock in the western end of the park holds a dozen bison. Athletic facilities run the gamut. There are baseball diamonds, football and soccer fields, a polo field, riding trails, horseshoe pits, fly-casting pools, archery ranges, stables, playgrounds and even a nine-hole golf course. Most of these are cleverly hidden from sight, allowing strollers to imagine the park as undeveloped and natural. At the western edge of the park, facing the sea, stand two huge windmills, originally installed to pump water from underground to supplement the skimpy rainfall.

The narrow "panhandle" of the park extends another half-mile east. Landscaped and open, the fine Victorian homes lining both sides are prized residences.

The Tea Garden

The Japanese Tea Garden is one of the strongest of the freeholds within the Park proper. The tremendous effort and devotion put into sculpting the plants and landscape of this particular area has produced dividends on both the aesthetic and the spiritual level. To the ensorcelled eye, the Tea Garden looks almost precisely identical to its appearance in the mundane world. Most Kithain old enough to understand realize what a great compliment this is to the gardeners.

The Windmills

The windmills, on the other hand, are pure childling territory. A chimeric pile of broken armor sits at the bottom of each one, and often Kithain children merely stand by those piles of armor and blow as hard as they can. The windmills invariably oblige the childlings and speed up, causing untold squeals of glee. One of the windmills is frequented by an eshu wilder named Ainsel, who is fond of going for rides on the spinning vanes themselves. Usually Ainsel can convince two or three other Kithain to go riding with her, and around and around they go, gaily colored imaginary banners streaming in the wind behind them.

The Jousting Field

The Panhandle of the park is more often used for martial pursuits, mock combats and feats of arms being the rule here. The ground is littered with chimeric bones of titan beasts long dead, and it is considered a signal honor to slay a chimeric beast here that none have slain before. The actual jousting green is long, flat, and smooth, and under the influence of Glamour it shines a greenish-gold. Lined by trees that are far too large for their relatively young age, the grass of the jousting field is odd in that it takes no prints. Even the stallions of the Kithain, when they bother to ride flesh-and-blood beasts, leave no mark of their passage.

The Irish Garden

Of course, the most potent glen in the entire park is in the relatively low-key exhibit of flowers transplanted from Ireland. The numehi have avoided the site for time out of mind, even though there is a tremendous surge of Glamour there. None have yet been able to understand why a very nice, but hardly spectacular arrangement of flowers has such a charge of enchantment hovering around it. Theories as to why the exceptionally large roses and other flowers have such an otherworldly potency to them include everything from the power inherent in a handful of Irish soil (hogwash) to the idea that the park is actually a werewolf caern. The latter argument is somewhat undermined by the fact that no Garou will actually come near the place. And so the debates rage, but no one really cares as long as the Glamour is plentiful and the skies are blue.

Haight-Ashbury

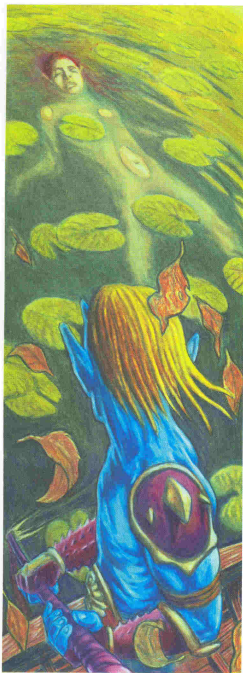
This area is fully detailed in the appendix of *Changing: The Dreaming*.

Hunter's Point

Hunter's point was a navy shipyard during World War II. Temporary housing for the shipyard's 35,000 workers now serves as a public housing facility. Far from the rest of the city, out of sight and out of mind, Hunter's Point is a fearful place haunted by gangs, drugs, and guns.

Japantown

Bordered by California and Geary, Van Ness and Fillmore, this area is the traditional center of San Francisco's Japanese community. Originally settled by Japanese sugar workers, it was emptied out during World War II when



innocent Japanese were rounded up and incarcerated in prison camps. Returning after the war, the Japanese found their old neighborhood populated mostly by blacks. The small area now reclaimed is basically a shopping center marked by a 100-foot tall pagoda and called the Japanese Cultural and Trade Center. Along with shops and restaurants, the development includes the Kabuki movie theatre complex and the Kabuki Hot Springs baths.

Lake Merced

This small lake serves as a standby reservoir for the city. It is isolated, surrounded by homes and stands of trees. The main campus of San Francisco State University overlooks the lake from the east.

Lincoln Park

Lincoln Park is a remote area on the far northwestern corner of the peninsula atop the headlands overlooking the Golden Gate. Trails run along the face of the cliffs as well as along the top. Accidents are not uncommon in this undeveloped area. A special Cliff Rescue unit is maintained by the city to save those who suffer falls or become otherwise stranded over the cold, churning waters around the mouth of the bay. From the tip known as Land's End, one can look down on wrecked ships left partially exposed by retreating tides. Foghorns, no longer necessary in an era of radio navigation but still operated out of nostalgia, ring up and down the Gate during heavy weather.

The rocky China Beach lies at the foot of the cliffs. Although often sunny and pleasant, cold waters and deadly currents make swimming dangerous and unattractive.

The Marina

This is a quite fashionable neighborhood of Mediterranean revival houses overlooking the bay and the marinas of the prestigious St. Francis and Golden Gate Yacht Clubs. Still expensive and exclusive, real estate values have fallen sharply since the quake of 1989 when this neighborhood suffered some of the worst devastation in the City. Originally the site of the 1915 Panama Pacific International Exhibition, the neighborhood is built upon landfill, mainly rubble from the quake of 1906. The uncompacted soil quickly liquefies during tremors, causing buildings to sink on their foundations. A gas main fire touched off by such settling during the 1989 quake burned down an entire block of homes.

The Mission District

The Mission is a sprawling flatland neighborhood of residences, shops, and stores. If it has anything resembling a center, it would be the intersection of Mission and 24th street, or along Dolores Boulevard to the west. Hemmed in by hills and mountains, it is the warmest part of the city and the site of official temperature readings taken by the U.S. Weather Bureau. Formerly the home of San Francisco's sizable Irish community, it is now mostly Hispanic with a wide variety of other ethnic groups including Spanish-speaking Chinese immigrants from Peru. Many of the wooden row buildings along the main streets are brightly painted with Mexican-styled murals and other art works.

Various gangs, mostly Hispanic, roam this solidly blue-collar neighborhood, warring over turf, drugs, and women. A large number of clubs, restaurants, and bars attract nighttime visitors, but neighborhoods off the main drag can be risky late at night. Regardless, by day or night it is one of the city's liveliest neighborhoods.

The area is named after Mission Dolores, first established on the peninsula in 1776. The ancient mission still stands, the oldest building in San Francisco and still an operating Catholic Church. A small cemetery, one of the few in the city, stands out back, but nothing marks the graves of the more than 5000 Native Americans believed buried in the immediate area. Originally located on a flat plain near a pond from which Mission Creek ran to the bay, the old adobe building now stands oddly sandwiched between low-rent frame row houses.

The Mountains

A chain of three mountains beginning just south of the eastern end of Golden Gate Park and extending nearly to the city limits dominates the city's central skyline. They form a natural barrier to traffic as well as the fog that pours in off the Pacific. All three peaks are thickly populated, save the highest summits, and suburban in nature. As always, property values increase with altitude and homes near the peaks fetch prices nearing a million dollars, despite 30-foot lots, postage stamp backyards, and uninspiring stucco, row architecture. Winding roads cross these mountains, affording fantastic views of the city. Lesser peaks, like Diamond Heights and Mount Olympus, lay at the eastern foot of the mountains and are similarly populated.

The western flanks of the mountains are cool and foggy much of the year, particularly in summer. The eastern flanks are sun-warmed, the heat rising from them

holding back the creeping fog which mounts in a wall sometimes a thousand feet high above the peaks.

Beginning in the south, Mount Davidson, at 925 feet, is the tallest of the three, though only by a few feet. It is surmounted by a great, concrete cross. Twin Peaks, at 910 and 904 feet, is a double peak bristling with a half-dozen 150-foot microwave towers. Mount Sutro, 909 feet, is capped by a 900-foot red and white steel broadcast tower that seems to dominate the entire City. High-rise apartments on the northern slopes of Sutro afford beautiful views of Golden Gate Park and beyond.

Ocean Beach and Sutro Heights

Running the length of the western edge of the city, Ocean Beach is a broad expanse of gray sand separating the pounding Pacific surf from the sea wall and the Great Highway beyond. Often chilly and windswept, the cold water and treacherous currents make it mostly unsuitable for swimming. Sunbathing is possible on warmer days and a few hardy surfers dressed in wetsuits are usually seen out among the waves. The broad concrete steps at the base of the long seawall are usually buried in drifting sand that has to be periodically bulldozed back toward the water to prevent it from eventually topping the wall and invading the city. Otherwise, the beach is a nice place for a leisurely stroll, along either the water's edge or the broad promenade above the sea wall two hundred yards from the shoreline. It is a place to run a dog, build a sand castle, or fly a kite.

At the northern end of the beach, around Fulton, the land rises in a series of rocky cliffs known as Sutro Heights. The popular Cliffhouse restaurant stands atop these cliffs, overlooking Seal Rock and its raucous sea lions. West of the Great Highway the cliffs rise higher still, to a plateau overlooking the ocean. Once the site of millionaire Adolf Sutro's mansion and grounds, it is now open park land with little save a few specimens of exotic palm trees to remember the great home that once stood here.

Pacific Heights

After building their Nob Hill extravaganzas, then the mansions that lined Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco's moneyed set turned to the rounded uplands called Pacific Heights. Today inhabited mostly by upwardly-mobile young professionals, it is a quiet part of town, high enough to provide views of the bay to the north and downtown to the east. A few foreign embassies, including the Russian one, maintain residences in this secluded neighborhood.

A number of historic Victorian mansions surround hilly, tree-covered Lafayette Square, including the Haas-Lilienthal house and the Spreckels mansion — the latter built with profits from the Hawaiian sugar industry. Alta Plaza Park, a dozen blocks west, is another high patch of land surrounded by sumptuous residences and affording views over the Marina and the bay.

POTRERO Hill

Located south of downtown, and now separated from the neighboring Mission District by a coursing expressway, the Potrero community has long enjoyed a sense of privacy and isolation from the city. Long a blue-collar retreat, rising real estate values have resulted in homes on the hill commanding high prices. A growing population of upscale yuppies inhabit the heights while the area surrounding the hill is composed of depressed neighborhoods of varying ethnic character.

San Francisco General Hospital is located on the western face of the hill.

The Presidio

The Presidio has been occupied by the military ever since the late 18th century, when the Spanish decided to establish northern outposts in an attempt to enforce their claim to the California coast. Long ago taken over by the U.S. Army, it has seen little development and its 1400 acres, reclaimed from the sand dunes years ago, are green and leafy, covered by eucalyptus trees. Soon to be abandoned by the Army, it will be handed over to the city and turned into a park. In the meantime it is headquarters for the Sixth Army and houses over 6000 soldiers and a National Military Cemetery covering twenty-nine acres. The nearby hospital treated many of the worst wounded of the Vietnam War, some of whom are still confined to this facility.

The main entrance to the Presidio is at Lombard Street. Here a gate flanked by statuesque figures of Liberty and Victory leads to a quadrangle of buildings beyond. For the most part, the Presidio is open to the public.

The western edge of the Presidio is a series of cliffs overlooking breezy Baker Beach below. On the beach stands the huge replica of a 95,000 pound cannon originally installed on this site in 1905 by the Army to defend the bay. At the top of the cliffs, near the Bridge, stands a brick fortress built in 1850 to guard the bay. Known as Fort Point. It is dwarfed by the massive pier of the Golden Gate Bridge behind it. On the northern edge of the Presidio is a flat green meadow, Crissy Field, where Fourth of July fireworks and other outdoor festivals are staged. On its

eastern edge stands the Palace of Fine Arts, a leftover from the World's Fair of 1915. Next door to it is the Exploratorium, a huge hands-on technological museum and art gallery inside a vast warehouse-like structure.

The Richmond

The Richmond District lies north of Golden Gate Park and runs from Arguello Street in the east all the way to the sea. It is a seemingly endless neighborhood of pre and postwar row-styled flats and apartments made mostly of stucco. The main routes across the area are Geary, slow-moving and congested, and Fulton Street running faster along the Park. The district is divided into Inner and Outer Richmond by Presidio Park Boulevard, a six-lane divided route shaded by trees that leads through the Presidio to the Golden Gate Bridge.

The Richmond — sometimes called "the Avenues" or simply "the Aves" — is a family-oriented area and home to an increasing number of Chinese. Clement Street, a block north of California, is now known as New Chinatown, a long commercial strip of common and exotic stores, book shops, and restaurants oriented more toward local trade than the tourist dollar.

The Richmond, like most western parts of the city, suffers more heavily from fog. Although winters are generally bright and clear, summer brings fog banks rolling in off the ocean. Daylight sees the fog burned back toward the ocean, allowing the area a few hours of sunlight before the night falls and the fog again advances. Nearer the ocean the effect is heightened and during August the far western avenues may see no more than a couple hours of sun a day.

The Sunset District

The Sunset District is a huge tract of postwar development lying south of Golden Gate Park. Running from the central mountains to the ocean, and extending as far south as Sloat Avenue and nearly the city limits, the Sunset is as near to a suburban community as can be found in San Francisco. Developed after World War II in conjunction with the FHA, it is a characterless expanse of tract housing set on some of the city's most level territory. Row housing predominates in the north while the southern sections enjoy single-family homes with small yards — a thing rarely seen in the city. Most are made of stucco and styled ersatz Spanish.

The city's zoo is found here, at the furthest southwest corner of the neighborhood. Small, but increasingly improved, it features a new primate exhibit and an insect zoo.

The last part of the city to see development, the Sunset is fog-bound during the summer, even more so than its neighbor, Richmond, to the north.

The Western Addition

Lying west of Van Ness Avenue, bordered by the main thoroughfare of Geary on the north and roughly Fell on the south, the Western Addition extends as far west as the edge of Golden Gate Park and includes the small University of San Francisco. The area derives its name from being one of the first residential areas developed outside the central city. Technically, it encompasses many other neighborhoods such as Fillmore, the Lower Haight and Japantown. Once solidly lower-middle class, it has become a somewhat seedy neighborhood sharing a border with the Tenderloin. Some of the best neighborhoods are found around Alamo Square, a high plateau of green parkland. A famous view of San Francisco showing a row of Victorian houses in the foreground and the spires of downtown in the background is taken from Alamo Square.

Mostly untouched by the 1906 fire, the Western Addition offers some of the finest examples of San Francisco Victorian row houses, known popularly as "painted ladies." Professional colorists earn their livings creating and executing color schemes that highlight the redwood gingerbread decorating these houses. Once built for the middle class, these old Victorians, mostly Italianates and a local hybrid called Stick-Eastlake, are now in high demand, fetching prices of three-quarters of a million dollars and more.

A point of interest is the old Fillmore Auditorium on the corner of Fillmore and Geary. It was the site of much

of the late 1960s music scene when under the hand of master promoter Bill Graham. Another interesting location is a vacant lot on Geary between Scott and Steiner streets. This was former site of Jim Jones' People's Temple before the move to Guyana and the resulting Jonestown Massacre. The building mysteriously burned to the ground in 1990.

Sight and Sound: The Fillmore

Rock and roll never forgets, particularly not if you keep on reminding it. The Fillmore West is a place of pilgrimage for every Kithain with the rhythm in their veins, and late at night you can hear the guitars and fiddles cranking from inside. It is a point of honor among wilders and the occasional grump to sneak into the echoing main hall, where dancing lights that remain from shows long gone dart among the rafters. Ducking past security, these invaders set up their equipment and play as long as they can. Particularly daring groups set up on the main stage, while more prudent ones head for rooms in the tunnels beneath the building. But they all come, and no changeling act is said to have arrived unless they've made the living lights dance at the Fillmore.

Chimeric shy chords live hidden here as well, though occasionally a particularly talented Kithain performer can coax these remnants of songs sung long ago into joining their voices. This is extremely rare, and extraordinarily powerful. To date, only two acts in the past ten years have coaxed the full complement of chimeric chords from their hiding places: the Canadian chanteuse Loreena McKennitt and the local act Aeon.



Book Two: Dramatis Personae

Chapter Four:

Nobles

*Oh for a muse of fire
That would ascend the brightest heaven of invention
Kingdoms for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.*

— William Shakespeare, *Henry V*

The Kingdom of Pacifica is home to Kithain of all stripes and persuasions. The Napa Valley holds the gentle debauchers of the Brotherhood of the Barrel, while out on the Peninsula the Edge of the Labrys takes a somewhat more activist stance. Ragger's band of pickpockets and thieves runs wild on the streets of San Francisco even as eshu and satyrs engage in epic struggles in Haight-Ashbury over who gets to represent the hottest new bands. Kick over a rock anywhere in Pacifica and you'll find a slugh hiding underneath; nockers and redcaps abound. Simply put, Aeron's realm is densely populated indeed and nearly any kind of Kithain you can imagine lurks somewhere within its borders.

This chapter is intended as a quick guide to some of the more notable citizens of Queen Aeron's kingdom, the nobility. Information on some of the more notable commoners of Pacifica can be found in the following chapter.

The Queen's Court

Queen Aeron

Born Erin Hartman in 1969, Aeron awakened to her faerie self when she was 10 years old, on her Uncle Sean's farm in the Wine Country. Sean, King of Pacifica at that time (and approaching his Last Winter) immediately named her Tanista, the heir apparent to the throne. Since her Saining, Aeron has received training from every sort of tutor available: in the six years it took for her to ascend to the throne, she has been through every sort of trial, course of tutelage and simulated political conflict her tutors could devise. She learned the use of the sword, the bow, the machine gun. She learned psychology and the Arts and was tutored in the ways of the Gallain and the Prodigal by native teachers.

Still, all of this training did not change Aeron's behavior — she was an extremely bratty childling and



went on to become a fairly spoiled wilder. King Sean would not allow her to live in a freehold until she reached 18, the age of majority, and was able to assume the throne.

Sean was so taken by his niece that he was unable to see her obvious character flaws, and the fearlessness and wild passions of House Fiona exacerbated her selfish, demanding nature. It was not until his death that her mettle was truly tested. When Aeron was 16, the Radical People's Front attacked King Sean with iron blades. He was ambushed in his pickup truck on his way to visit one of his favorite wineries in the Wine Country.

Aeron threw herself into a period of mourning that lasted from Beltane until Samhain. During this black time, her selfish, immature self seemed to die. On the night of October 31st, 1985, she led the knights loyal to her in a hunt of commoner radicals that would later become known as "Aeron's Reaving." She personally took the blood-price for the death of her uncle quietly, with great resolve.

So avenged, Aeron assumed the throne, confirmed as the Queen of Pacifica by King David himself. Something had happened to change her during the first years of her reign — she made a lot of policy changes (such as the instigation of the custom of hospitality and the establishment of a Commoner's Reeve to administrate the commoner population of Pacifica) during that time. She attended court with regularity, and made sure to always be seen at King David's court whenever it was in Caer Angeles.

It was here she met the satyr Hamal, a struggling acting coach. It was instant and complete romantic love at first sight. There would be no fainting, weak courtly love for Aeron, who had learned that her time was short in this world and that she must seize what she wanted for the moment.

Within a week, Hamal had taken up residence in the queen's own apartments, scandalously refusing to even announce his intention to court her formally. Within a month, Aeron had delegated her authority to underlings, leaving it up to her royal baron Harold Marcos to rule her fief for her, making only the most sweeping of executive decisions. To this day, she lays abed most days, watching decadently as her court begins to spiral into chaos, letting Hamal tell her that it's not her fault, that it's her job to serve herself, her pleasure — and through such self-service, she will cause her kingdom to blossom into a self-aware, self-developed place. Enlightened and complete, each citizen will be fulfilled as she is fulfilled.

No one can speak to Aeron without her holding her ears closed to their words. No one can tell Aeron of their fears for her, for her fief. Inside her, there is a need to cause the burning extremes of Banality and Glamour to become one uniform reality. She is painfully close to slipping over to the Unseelie. What she doesn't realize is that this will alter the character of her own kingdom — indeed, there are powerful forces already at work that will benefit greatly if she changes Courts.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Troubadour/Rogue

House: Fiona

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 6

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Animal Ken 2, Athletics 4,

Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 1, Intimidation 4,

Kenning 3, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Craft 2, Drive 3, Etiquette 4, Leadership 3,

Melee 4, Performance 2, Stealth 3, Survival 3

Knowledge: Computer 2, Enigmas 3, Law 2, Linguistics

4, Medicine 3, Mythlore 4, Occult 2, Politics 4,

Science 2

Backgrounds: Chimera 3, Contacts 4, Dreamers 5, Greymare 2, Holdings 6, Resources 4, Retinue 5, Title 6, Treasures 4

Arts: Chicanery 2, Legerdemain 2, Primal 4,

Soothsay 3, Sovereign 5, Wayfare 3

Realms: Actor 5, Fae 5, Nature 3, Prop 3, Scene 2

Glamour: 8

Willpower: 7

Banality: 5

Treasures: Aeron possesses a recurved longbow called Hawk's Cry. It is enchanted so that any bird's feather placed in the nock will become a chimeric arrow of surpassing accuracy. Aeron carries Hawk's Cry into battle, handing it

to her squire when she closes to fight and drawing her weapon, Nightbiter. This blade is a Treasure which can change its chimeric black blade-shape and size to several different forms, including battle axe, broadsword and spear. Aeron is proficient in each form's use. She also possesses a fine coat of draconian mail taken off the first creature she slew at Midsummer's Hunt, riding out with the king.

Image: Aeron's cloud of fiery hair hangs down below her knees when totally unbound—a prospect she does not relish, as it requires hours of combing and brushing before her hair becomes even remotely manageable again afterwards. Her bright, dark eyes mark her ancient Native American ancestry, which might also explain something of her reticence to bring war against the nunnehi.

Roleplaying Hints: Lost in a sensuous dream that is quickly turning nightmarish, you know that something is horribly wrong but have no idea what it is. Even worse, you know that you should be able to stop it but have no idea how. You feel so put upon, as everyone is asking you to decide this, declare that, ride off and slay this, adjudicate that—can't they all just see that you want to be left alone? Only Hamal understands you, and you are terrified that he might someday leave you, just as Uncle Sean did. You have no idea how you got along before you met Hamal, and the things you did back then—riding off to slay chimeric beasts, settling silly border disputes—seem so ridiculous to you now. It's more and more difficult for you every day to keep your mind on what you're doing. You'd rather just let yourself drift.

When dealing with Kithain, bored but imperious is the key. You are still Queen, after all, and your word is still law. Still, no matter how stern the stuff you were once made off, you're going soft and decadent. Furthermore, you don't care who knows it. While you haven't descended near the "off with her head" paranoia of Carroll's Queen of Hearts, there are times when it gets awfully tempting....

Hamal

A nice guy with an almost supernatural talent for making the most disastrous choice possible, Hamilton Hecht had bounced from Boston to New York to Chicago before landing in Los Angeles. Marking time in various courts as a jester and storyteller even as he marked time in the theatrical profession working dinner productions of "The King and I," Hecht's big brainstorm came as he worked at a Burger King with two other actors, a screenwriter, and a double major in English and dance who worked nights as a street mime. There were dozens of unemployed actors better than he was, all looking for an edge, so he would find an edge to sell to them. He finally settled on "acting lessons" as the edge in question, and, using the contacts in the arts he'd gleaned from skulking around the court of Caer Angeles, acquired enough queries from potential students to hang out his shingle.

Just as there were better actors in LA, though, there were better acting coaches, and Hamal was forced to survive on a bottom-feeder's market. Desperate, he worked his court contacts as hard as he could, and garnered an invitation to one of the times when High King David would be holding court. It was there that he met Queen Aeron of Pacifica and, giving the performance of his life, quite literally charmed the pants off her.

Even as Aeron swooned for him, Hamal realized the magnitude of the opportunity before him. He quickly relocated to the San Francisco area, installing himself in the Royal Apartments less than a week after his arrival. This shocked the bluesnoses of the court to no end, but they were in no position to deny Her Majesty anything.

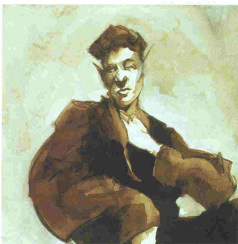
However, even as Hamal settled in, he noticed how hard Aeron was working, and how little visible return she was getting on her efforts. Motivated by wholesome concern for his lover's health, as well as a fair bit of slightly less wholesome lust, Hamal urged her to work less and let things take care of themselves. Surprisingly, Aeron agreed and the situation snowballed out of control into her current, near-total abdication of her responsibilities. Now Hamal is trapped into reinforcing the cycle which he began so long ago, afraid that should he rouse Aeron from her sensual miasma, she would remove him as a matter of policy. For the moment, Hamal's fear for his meal ticket is still stronger than his concern for anyone, or anything, else.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Wayfarer/Peacock

House: Commoner

Seeming: Wilder



Kith: Satyr

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 3, Brawl 1, Dodge 2,

Expression 3, Kenning 1, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Drive 1, Melee 2, Performance (Acting) 4,

Security 1, Stealth 1, Survival 1

Knowledge: Computer 2, Enigmas 1, Investigation 1, Law 2, Occult 1, Science 1

Backgrounds: Chimera 2, Contacts 2, Dreamers 3,

Gremayne 1, Mentor 5, Resources 1

Arts: Chicanery 2, Soothsaying 2, Primal 1, Wayfare 1

Realms: Actor 4, Fae 1, Prop 3, Scene 1

Glamour: 6

Willpower: 5

Banalities: 6

Treasures: Apart from his garb, there's not much chimerical to Hamal. He does carry a chimeric dagger of silver with a blood-red gem set in the hilt, but otherwise he's woefully unprepared.

Image: Hamal is not so much handsome as cute, with an appealingly disheveled look. In human guise he's almost six feet tall, carrying about five extra pounds, and green eyed. Fond of dressing in black (black shoes, black shirt, black socks, black pants, and black briefs), he'll spend up to half an hour artfully mussing his hair each morning.

In satyr mien, Hamal is still a devotee of the all-black look, with flounces and robes going in every which direction. He belts all this with a scarlet sash, the only stripe of color in his entire wardrobe. His curly hair darkens several shades, almost to black as well, and the green of his eyes brightens. Hamal can never sit still, and is constantly twitching, bouncing, and looking for new amusements to occupy any spare seconds he might have laying around.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a poster child for Attention Deficit Disorder, and this sentence is probably too time-consuming for you to finish. You had a great opportunity, getting involved with the queen, but things have gotten out of control and you don't see a way out that isn't going to be extremely painful. Fidget frequently and, if you think you can get away with it, bluster with your unofficial court position. You feel completely isolated, insulated as you are at Caer Redwood with the queen, and would be more than amenable to sneaking off with a sympathetic band of commoners for some good old-fashioned carousing.

Lady Hannah

Queen Aeron's personal handmaiden and body squire, Lady Hannah is first to encourage the queen in her romantic debauchery. A friend from the tutor-classes that Aeron took as a teen, Lady Hannah has achieved the most enviable position of having the ear of the queen, but none of the responsibilities such status might normally bring. Indeed, she is free to roam, debauch, and break hearts to her own heart's content. Although not as pretty as the queen, Lady Hannah is known for her rapier wit and sensual lifestyle. Some whisper that there may be more between them than simple loyalty — indeed, some say that they are involved in some kind of strange love triangle together with the Baron Marcos.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Troubadour/Rogue

House: Eiluned

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Dodge 1, Empathy 1,

Expression 4, Kenning 1, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Crafts 2, Drive 3, Etiquette 2, Firearms 2,

Melee 1, Performance (Dance) 4, Stealth 1

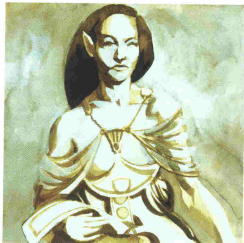
Knowledge: Enigmas 3, Linguistics 2, Politics 3

Backgrounds: Chimera 3, Contacts 3, Dreamers 3,

Gremayne 2, Holdings 1, Mentor 5, Resources 4, Title 1

Arts: Chicanery 2, Primal 3, Soothsaying 2, Sovereign 3,

Wayfare 1



Realms: Actor 4, Fae 4, Nature 1, Prop 3, Scene 1
Glamour: 7
Willpower: 6
Banalities: 4

Treasures: Lady Hannah's sword is chimerical, the slim white blade being an image spun over a simple ivory letter opener. The sword is unnamed and is generally worn unsheathed. Hannah's armor is more decorative than effective, made of shimmering plates of glass in rainbow colors. Her helm is fantastically carved, and so heavy that it's just as well she almost never wears it.

Image: Sensuous rather than classically beautiful, the Lady Hannah has the curves of a belly dancer. With long, black hair and a complexion darker than that of most sidhe, Lady Hannah has an exotic look that most of the men and some of the women of the court find irresistible. Even in fae mien, she is more curvaceous and darker than the average sidhe, and she wears gowns of green and gold that accentuate both her voluptuous form and her cleavage. Hannah is generally draped in gold and silver trinkets, and a chorus of jingling bells follows her as she stalks through the corridors of Aeron's power.

Roleplaying Hints: A sexual and political predator, you are constantly on the lookout for the next conquest. It matters little whether your triumph is in court or under the covers, as long as you win. Keep careful track of your victories, for they will inevitably be of use later. What interests you is not the actual bedding of your suitors, but rather the idea of having power over so many people. The one person in Court you will absolutely not target is Hamal, partly because you maintain that much loyalty to Aeron and partly because should Aeron be shocked into competence, many of your little games would come to an abrupt end.

Baron Harold di Marcos

One of King Sean's most talented junior advisors, Baron di Marcos was swept into prominence during the dark months leading up to Aeron's Reaving. Originally ticketed to take over the troublesome County of Oakhold, di Marcos made himself an integral part of the court's machinery during such times as the queen herself seemed unable to make decisions concerning her realm. His tireless efforts to ensure that the mills of government spun smoothly, as well as his uncanny knack for having at his fingertips all of the information pertinent to whatever the day's crisis was, brought the baron rewards when the queen regained her sense of purpose.

Aeron was quite aware of how lax her direct governance had been during her period of mourning. During those heady days when she once more acted the part of a queen, she was

determined to reward those who had served her and Pacifica well by governing when she could or would not. Baron di Marcos was among the first whose actions were brought to her attention, and she recognized how his skills and the flame of his ambition could best be turned towards the kingdom's ends. With that in mind, she canceled his appointment to Oakhold and instead installed him as her chief advisor. His job was, and is, to keep his hands on the reins of government from day-to-day, and to keep his ear to the ground. As Queen Aeron's obsession with her satyr lover has grown, more and more matters of policy have fallen into di Marcos' domain as well. Since he is still reluctant to offend his liege by usurping her authority overmuch, di Marcos overtly wields his new authority only in the gravest of crises. As the kingdom's needs grow greater and his disgust with Lord Hamal grows, however, Baron di Marcos becomes less and less reluctant to take what steps must be taken to ensure order.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Regent/Beast

House: Gwydion

Seeming: Grump

Kith: Sidhe

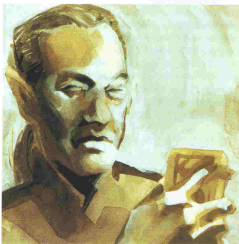
Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 5, Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Dodge 3, Empathy 2, Expression 4, Kenning 1, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 4, Firearms 1, Leadership 3, Melee 3, Survival 1



Knowledge: Computer 3, Enigmas 1, Investigation 1, Law 2, Politics 5

Background: Chimera 3, Contacts 5, Dreamers 1, Greynare 1, Holdings 4, Resources 4, Retinue 3, Title 3, Treasure 2

Arts: Legerdemain 3, Primal 3, Soothsay 3, Sovereign 4

Realms: Actor 5, Fae 4, Prop 1, Scene 1

Glamour: 7

Willpower: 9

Banalities: 7

Treasures: The Baron possesses a deck of playing cards which speak to him, informing him whether or not he has been lied to. This Treasure has been kept hidden from everyone else in Pacifica, even Queen Aeron. The cards are not always accurate, but they have a superb track record. When going a-hunting, diMarcos girds himself with his light mail, spun from silver and moonbeams. Should the occasion demand it, he wears a serviceable chimeric longsword which he simply calls Thirst.

Image: A handsome man in his mid-twenties, Baron diMarcos began to go gray while still in high school. Almost six feet tall, he is slender but well-muscled, and can often be seen spending hours at swordplay, training after a difficult day in the political trenches. His face is angular, with high cheekbones and eyes that are rarely open wider than slits. The Baron's hair is long and silver, held in place by a silver clasp with a single garnet in it. As for clothing, diMarcos prefers unpretentious garb in his House colors, though cotton and wool are more to his taste than silk. His one concession to fashion is a pair of black buccaneer boots, an affectation from his childhood days.

Roleplaying Hints: You would make Machiavelli proud. The perfect administrator and power behind the throne, you take pride in making things run smoothly. All things considered, you would prefer that no one even knew that you held the reins, but there's no helping that. You've been growing less and less patient with the queen's eccentricities of late, and you find yourself acting more and more openly. Speak quietly and say as little as possible to get the point across. Let others do the rambling. They give away everything you need to know that way, and after all, knowledge is power.

The Duchy of Finvarr

Duchess Aoibhell (Ch-vell)

Another classmate of Queen Aeron's, the Duchess Aoibhell is far better suited to rule than her friend. A few years older than her liege, the former Alanna Bell first met the heir whilst undergoing training in the Arts from the same tutor. While she found the young princess charming,

she also saw through the young Aeron's wiles and recognized the flaws which King Sean had been unable to see. Still, times were good and the land was strong, and Sean would surely rule for a great many years yet.

Alas, King Sean was taken not many years after, and a desperately unready Aeron ascended the throne. Aoibhell, who by this time had already been granted her duchies by King Sean, did what she thought was her best to stem the chaos that followed by staying in Berkeley and refusing to meddle in the business of Aeron's Court. She also put as charming a mask as she could on the spastic social scene of the court by taking it on herself to throw the balls and grand fetes which glued the nobility together, affairs which should have been run by the queen.

It was during this time that she and Baron diMarcos first came to each other's attention. With the same perceptiveness that first allowed her to identify Aeron's weaknesses, she quickly pegged diMarcos as the author of the court's remarkable strength of purpose whilst the queen mourned. Subtly lending him her support, she made quite certain that his position as eminence grise would be unassailable. She also conceived quite an affection for the quietly handsome nobleman, one which she takes great pains to cover up. The baron, who unfortunately took her at face value the first time he met her, is quite unaware of the duchess' feelings for him. Indeed, he refers to her in private as "Duchess Tinkerbell," and seems unaware of her contributions other than her legendary parties. She has, of course, taken pains to ensure that diMarcos never learns of the aid she lent him.

These days Aoibhell is filled with foreboding. Her still-epic parties have taken on a manic edge, and her recent "Masque of the Red Death" ball was viewed as being utterly tasteless. (Inviting a Kindred Prodigal to attend the party as the Red Death personified was, all agreed, a bit much). Still, she lives in hope: hope that Aeron will free herself from Hamal's lascivious clutches, hope that her stewardship of her holdings will be a blessing for both land and inhabitants, and hope that someday, perhaps, the scales will fall from Baron diMarcos' eyes. Until then, she rules quietly and revels loudly.

Court: Unseelie

Legacies: Fool/Saint

House: Liam

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 4, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 5, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 4, Expression (Speech) 3, Kenning 5, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 1



Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 3, Firearms 2, Leadership 4, Melee 3, Security 2, Stealth 2

Knowledge: Enigmas 4, Investigation 1, Mythlore 2, Occult 1

Backgrounds: Chimera 5, Dreamers 5, Gremayre 4, Holdings 5, Resources 5, Retinue 5, Title 5, Treasures 3

Arts: Chicanery 2, Primal 2, Soothsay 4, Sovereign 5, Wayfare 1

Realms: Actor 2, Fae 4, Nature 1, Prop 1, Scene 4

Glamour: 8

Willpower: 6

Banality: 5

Treasures: Aoibhell possesses a sword which is capable of both flame and frost, which she calls Equinox. The blade is a Treasure, a Civil War cavalry saber passed down for generations in Aoibhell's mortal family. The Duchess also has many chimeric trinkets and toys, ranging from necklaces that heat up in the presence of Glamour to a clockwork bronze bird that can find anyone in the world should it be given proper direction. Aoibhell's armor is of rings of brass cunningly fit together by her court smith. Heraldic designs are beaten into the metal, and the engravings are enameled red.

Image: A vision in blues and purples, the Duchess Aoibhell is a crimson-haired beauty of classical form. Slender and curvaceous, she has startlingly blue eyes and a wicked smile, both of which have been the despair of the men and Kithain who surround her. She exercises restraint in her jewelry, preferring simple pieces of silver adorned with pearls or opals. Her gowns are always long

and flowing, but she has been known to exchange court garb for red and black treads for the hunt.

Roleplaying Hints: Quite aware of what's actually going on at Caer Redwood, you keep your disapproval, not to mention your razor-sharp intelligence, to yourself. If diMarcos will hold together things politically, you'll take care of the social end and hopefully everything will work out. You don't want to think about the consequences if they don't. Be kind to your servitors, gracious to your guests, and respectful to the queen. Hamal and Hannah have nothing but your contempt, though you show this only in the subtlest of ways. In the meantime, be the perfect hostess and get the real work done behind closed doors.

Lady Marina

A diminutive cherub, Lady Marina can most often be found grinning like a maniac after having poked a hole in one of Duchess Aoibhell's intricately-planned policies. Fond of muttering "Boingy boingy boingy," and other non-sequiturish phrases, the Lady Marina has a rapier wit. Aoibhell's court probably counts its blessings daily that the Lady Marina is too tenderhearted to strike with its point.

In her human guise, Marina is the prodigy of a professorial pairing at Berkeley, with the end result that she has to worry far less about the Autumn People than most childlings. As her human father specializes in AI and her human mother focuses on abnormal psychology, both relish the chance to observe their daughter's unique perceptions in hopes that she may offer insight into their respective fields. They would never dream of enforcing a bland, mundane worldview upon her (though they try to keep the marijuana where she can't get at it yet). Marina has Enchanted both parents multiple times, to the point where her mother is debating the possibility of writing a paper on the experience. Cognizant of this, Lady Marina is attempting to permanently ensorcel both mother and father in a manner similar to the trap of permanent enchantment. Many are aware of her ambition but few take it seriously. Instead, if they worry about the lovable Marina at all, it is to fret that Aoibhell is pushing her too hard with court responsibilities, and that the childling really is being asked to do too much. The childling herself doesn't seem to mind, though...just ask her and she'll tell you how happy she is, probably boinging all over you in the process.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Crafter/Rake

House: Dougal

Seeming: Childling

Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 5



Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 5
Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 2, Dodge 4, Empathy 5, Expression 2, Kenning 2
Skills: Crafts 1, Performance 1, Stealth 3
Knowledges: Computer 2, Enigmas 2
Backgrounds: Chimera 3, Dreamers 3, Greymare 5, Holdings 1, Mentor 3, Resources 1, Retinue 1, Title 2, Treasures 1
Arts: Chicanery 3, Legerdemain 3, Soothsay 2, Wayfare 1
Realms: Actor 1, Fae 4, Nature 1, Prop 1, Scene 1
Glamour: 10
Willpower: 7
Banalities: 2

Treasures: Lady Marina's sword is a tiny thing, more of a dagger than anything else. It glows with a fierce white light, and the more indignant Marina gets, the brighter it glows. She also possesses a chimeric coin that always comes up heads. That is, unless Marina wants it to come up tails, or land on its side, or simply not come down when its flipped.

Image: Lady Marina is a tiny porcelain doll, with rosy, round cheeks and thick red hair. "Raggedy Ann" is one of the appellations with which she has been tagged, and the nickname has stuck. She has small hands, even for a childling of her tender years, and a delicate frame. Marina wears deep green, but inevitably musses her good court gowns by running down corridors, playing in the mud, etc. All of her jewelry is silver ("cos it makes me prettier"), and there's nary a gem to be found on her person.

Roleplaying Hints: If there is a fountain of youth, it's located in your personality. You are infectiously bubbly, brimming over with life, good spirits, and a contagious innocence. Darth Vader, were he in your presence long enough, would start singing show tunes. Not the ones from Phantom of the Opera, either. Effervesce all over anyone you meet and try to draw them into your games. If they won't play, don't give up hope. They'll come around later. Say "boingy boingy boingy" to express everything from glee to disappointment — it's all in your tone.

Baron Jacob

A grump in name only, Baron Jacob has the wondering spirit and innocent demeanor of a child, not to mention a young man's zest for both life and combat. Now approaching the princely age of fifty, he has served Aoibhell and her predecessors for nearly twenty years of that span. Always a devoted and organized steward, his is the responsibility for executing the logistics of the Duchess' grandiose plans. More to the point, he understands her political use of these spectacles and has moved small mountains in order to achieve the effects she has wanted.

Although he has a gentle spirit, Baron Jacob also has a discerning eye and he would not hesitate to criticize any actions of Aoibhell's which he found to be unworthy. His silence on a matter is generally all the support she needs to take action, no matter how many holes Marina might have punched in it. Jacob firmly backs Aoibhell in general, though, and regards her as one of only two nobles in the entire kingdom actually upholding their responsibilities. The other, of course, is Baron diMarcos, and Jacob has been subtly attempting to play matchmaker between the baron and his duchess for years. He has met with minimal success, however, as the relentlessly energetic diMarcos regards Aoibhell's servant as a useful relic of days gone by. There is no love lost between Baron Jacob and Count Elias, and the two have nearly come to blows on several occasions.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Paladin/Wretch

House: Gwydion

Seeming: Grump

Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Empathy 2, Expression 2, Kenning 4, Streetwise 1

Skills: Crafts 2, Firearms 2, Leadership 3, Melee 3, Security 2, Survival 2

Knowledge: Enigmas 4, Investigation 2, Law 1, Mythlore 1, Occult 2, Politics 2

Backgrounds: Chimera 4, Contacts 2, Dreamers 1, Gremayne 2, Holdings 3, Resources 3, Retinue 2, Title 3

Arts: Chicanery 1, Legerdemain 2, Primal 4, Soothsayer 1, Sovereign 2, Wayfare 3

Realms: Actor 1, Fae 3, Nature 2, Prop 4, Scene 2
Glamour: 7

Willpower: 7

Banality: 8

Treasures: Baron Jacob's armor is made from a flayed gryphon (hence his belt buckle). The helm, shaped with an eagle's beak hanging over his brow, grants the wearer the ability to see in even the darkest night, so long as there is a single sliver of moon showing. The Baron also owns a titanic chimeric greatsword, decorated with a series of crosspieces done in silver and ebony.

Image: Gifted with a long, flowing beard and hands that look like they could still crack walnuts, Baron Jacob has aged gracefully. His silver mane is almost as long as Baron diMarcos', but Jacob's carriage is that of the honorably retired warrior. He still wears his armor, lacquered with the images of fantastic beasts, underneath his cloak of flowing purple. He also wears a swordbelt of black leather, with a gold buckle in the shape of a gryphon's head.

Roleplaying Hints: A retired warrior and devoted servant, you are often found gazing wistfully back into the past. You have dozens of stories about the Accordance War, but you only tell them if you're certain you're not

going to offend anyone. You don't suffer fools gladly, and have wide discretionary powers with which to remove them from your duchess' presence. Be polite and expect the same from others. Discourtesy has no place in any court that you are part of.

The Duchy of Goldengate

Duke Aeon

A tragic figure, Duke Aeon has a legacy of survival instead of triumph. Raised to the throne of Goldengate after his father, the previous Duke Æthelred, succumbed to cancer, Aeon has done his best to hold his duchy together even as his personal life fell apart. Certain of his subjects have nicknamed him "Círon," after the Tolkien character whose role was stewardship over Gondor's long years of slow decay.

Aeon was an energetic, forceful ruler when he first came to the throne. Although saddened by the tragedy which granted him his Riagh, he was determined to build upon Æthelred's triumphs and water the bloom that was flourishing so brightly. At first, all seemed well. An incredible influx of Kithain, fueled by the opportunities for creative spirits in Silicon Valley and later Multimedia Gulch, arrived to swell the ranks of his subjects. The arts community remained vibrant and strong, and it looked as if the best years of Goldengate were still ahead. With his beloved Duchess Calientra as his helpmate and lover and the burgeoning national prospects of his hand (also called Aeon), Duke Aeon could see only joy in the future.

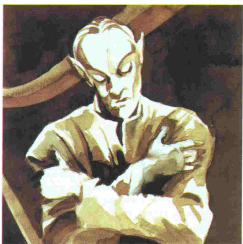
Then the wine-sweet taste of success turned sour. Queen Aeron's ascent to the throne produced chaos, as much too much was asked of the lesser nobles. Aeon's attention was split between Pacifican matters and those of Goldengate. With the dual eye fixed on greater crises, the Shadow Court grew strong in Oakhold. As Baron Harold diMarcos, Aeon's choice to rule Oakhold, was summarily kept at court by matters of state as well as his queen, Oakhold was granted to the inexperienced eshu Count Elias. This move was widely viewed as a token concession to the commoners of the bay area, and many in the court made their disdain at Elias' appointment clear. They made minimal efforts to support Elias' rule and the eshu rapidly grew embittered towards his "benefactors." While Elias still feels that he owes something to Aeon, whose efforts on his behalf have never been less than sincere, his obvious wavering in allegiance has done nothing to alleviate Aeon's problems. And finally, there was the death of Calientra.



Aeon's eponymous band was hardly a huge national success, but it had done well enough to demand the occasional tour. Showcasing the duke's jangling riffs on his Rickenbacker 12-string, Aeon's concerts attracted hordes of Kithain who turned the concerts into veritable fests of Glamour. As the duke was the band's inspiration, so was Calientra the duke's. The arrangement was satisfactory to both the duke and the other band members, who regarded Calientra with affection and reverence. On Aeon's last tour, things seemed to be going better than ever, with larger crowds and more plentiful Glamour. However, at a gig in Sacramento disaster struck. No sooner had Duke Aeon rung down the curtain with a final shout of "Goodbye, Sacramento" than chaos exploded backstage. A gang of Dauntain burst through the security cordon of trolls and abducted Calientra from her position at the stage's wings. Aeon reached the backstage just in time to see her hauled out of the theater, still struggling. Following in a rage, he saw the Dauntain hurl her into a van and drive off. Borrowing a fan's car, Aeon set off on a perilous chase through unfamiliar rain-slicked streets. Through a combination of blind hatred, native skill and creative use of the Arts the duke finally closed the gap on his prey, only to have victory turn to ashes at the final moment. Calientra's body, ashen pale, was thrown out of the van's rear doors even as Aeon prepared a rescue. Heart sick, he stopped the car and hurried to her huddled form on the pavement, but it was too late. A cold iron blade had done its work, and Calientra breathed her last in the arms of her beloved.

Calientra's death wrecked Aeon. He canceled the remainder of the tour and returned to Goldengate to brood. During this time Lady Alyssa assumed control of the duchy much as Baron diMarcos had assumed control of the Kingdom, but Alyssa's interregnum proved thankfully much briefer. A sadder man, Aeon took the reins of power firmly in hand a few scant months after Calientra's death, with only a certain coldness of manner present to remind others of his ordeal. Both Aeon and Goldengate seemed truly to be on the mend.

This past spring's Beltaine celebration produced a major setback for those who hoped that the duke had healed. Among the presents left at the ducal celebration was an enchanted harp of ebony, an anonymous present to His Grace. In fact a "gift" of the Shadow Court, the harp was ensorcelled so that Aeon would believe the spirit of his lost Calientra was contained within the black wood and silver strings. It would often play by itself, and Aeon would frantically scribble down the notes, convinced that his love was trying to communicate with him by song. In reality, nothing so romantic was occurring, and the entire affair was a plot of the Shadow Court to keep the duke distracted and impotent. Not surprisingly, it succeeded. The harp became



his obsession, hidden away in his chambers far from any others. The lone servant who came across the treasure was dismissed and geased never to speak of the matter. Aeon's attention to ruling became minimal, and the land suffered as a result. His weakness, in conjunction with Aeron's, created the opportunity that Malacar and his masters sought so that they might put their malefic plans into action.

Of late, though, the matter of the harp has resolved and Aeon has returned to himself. While still a sad man, he is once more an actor instead of a spectator, and he is attempting to wrest triumph from the tragedies that threaten to overwhelm Goldengate. He is fully cognizant of the magnitude of the threat facing the Kithain of Pacifica, and has resolved that he shall take whatever steps necessary — even the ultimate sacrifice, should it be required — to ensure the safety of his duchy and kingdom. His enemies, it must be noted, remain less than impressed.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Regent/Scrooge

House: Fiona

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 3,

Empathy 4, Expression (Singing/Songwriting) 4,

Kenning 4, Streetwise 2

Skills: Crafts (Instrument Repair) 2, Drive 3, Eti-

quette 4, Firearms 3, Leadership 5, Melee 4,

Performance 4, Stealth 2

Knowledge: Computer 3, Enigmas 3, Law 1, Linguistics 2, Mythlore 2, Occult 2, Politics 3

Backgrounds: Chimera 5, Contacts 4, Dreamers 5, Greymare 2, Holdings 5, Resources 3, Retinue 5, Title 5, Treasures 4

Arts: Chicanery 2, Legerdemain 2, Primal 3, Soothsay 4, Sovereign 4, Wayfare 2

Realms: Actor 2, Fae 5, Nature 1, Prop 4, Scene 3

Glamour: 9

Willpower: 7

Banality: 6

Treasures: There is nothing in Goldengate that can compare to his 12-string white Rickenbacker guitar. A Treasure that can sing with an almost human voice, the instrument intensifies Glamour; it can also intensify the emotions of any who hear it played properly to a dangerous pitch. Multiple times at Aeon shows, the duke has gazed out over a crowd stunned into silence by the power of his playing and his Treasure.

Aeon is also armed and armored, of course. His armor and blade are both chimerical, and the sword in fact sometimes seems to be an extension of the seamless silver armor the duke wears. Though the metal of the armor is polished bright, it never seems to reflect any who stand before it.

Image: Tall, blonde, and slim in the way that only standing in front of stage lights for three hours a night, every night, can keep you, Duke Aeon comes from the Geddy Lee school of "Name That Time Signature" rocker. A fantastically talented musician, the duke is coiled muscle and bone from head to toe and down to his incredibly long, dexterous fingers. While he specializes in neo-progressive music, he manages to avoid the fashion excesses of those whose musical leanings he shares. He may write polyrhythms like Peter Gabriel, but Aeon has never yet dressed up like a plant; nor has he taken fashion cues instead of musical ones from Brian May of Queen. Instead, Aeon tends towards long duster jackets of white or sky blue, sometimes made of silk. He is also fond of baggy pirate pants and poet shirts, and occasionally he'll don buccaneer boots for a show when the mood strikes him. Aeon tried facepaint during the early 80s, but he hasn't attempted that in years, not since getting booed off the stage one night while opening for Rush. His face is thin but stunningly handsome, with startling blue eyes that look like they can swallow you whole. His lips are thin but red, and he has long earlobes and high cheekbones like many of the sidhe kith.

In fae mien, he is still hypnotically handsome but all traces of the ordinary fade from him. Aeon's robes are rich but simple, most often in shimmering blue and white. He

wears but one piece of jewelry, a gold band set with a diamond cunningly carved into the shape of a rose blossom. This serves to remind him (as if he needed any reminder) of his lost Calientra. He generally carries both his guitar and his sword, and is as likely to break into song as unsheathe the blade.

Roleplaying Hints: You've seen so much sorrow that you're considering a move from rock to country. All that remains is for your truck to stop working and your dog to die, and you'll have it perfectly. The experiences of the past few years have saddened you, but also made you stronger. A lot of the levity has been burned out of you, leaving terrible purpose and strength. Everyone, including your enemies, is still underestimating you, and you'll make people pay for that. Be attentive to others, but never forget your relative positions. Your tolerance for nonsense is at zero, and anyone attempting to dissemble in front of you is in for a hellish time.

Princess Alera

The heir to the Duchy of Goldengate, Alera is a lover of mischief and games but has a fine touch for knowing when to end the games and when to start listening. No one knows whether she was an orphan or a runaway, but she came to Aeon's freehold fully aware of her potential and her burgeoning powers. Her arrival at Aeon's court caused such a stir that her Saining was overseen by the queen herself. It was during those halcyon days, when Aeron's Reaving had just ended but Hamal had not yet come onto the scene, and Aeron took great joy in setting before the young princess all of the same gifts which King Sean had set before her. The court sages nodded and mumbled, and agreed that Alera would be a fine choice to follow Aeon on the throne. Then Duke Aeon and Duchess Calientra went on their fateful tour, and nothing was ever the same again.

Calientra's death had a devastating effect on the young princess. Her cousin no longer spent time with her, and Alera decided that it must be her own fault that Aeon didn't want to see her any more. She had been a bad girl, and thus was being punished. With this in mind, she resolved to be the best princess the world had ever seen, and threw herself into her studies and duties with a frightening intensity. As Aeon learned to deal with his loss and guilt, though, Alera's disposition mellowed. She stopped blaming herself and learned to unleash her dazzling smile once again. Now her merry laughter can be heard in the halls of court once again, usually in chorus with the merriment of the innumerable Kithain whom she has charmed.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Orchid/Peacock

House: Fiona

Seeming: Childling

Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Dodge 2, Expression 4, Kenning 2, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Etiquette 2, Melee 1, Stealth 3

Knowledge: Enigmas 2, Mythlore 1, Occult 1, Politics 1

Backgrounds: Chimera 4, Greymare 5, Holdings 4, Mentor 5, Retinue 4, Title 5, Treasures 2

Arts: Chicanery 2, Legerdemain 2, Primal 2, Soothsay 1, Sovereign 3

Realms: Actor 3, Fae 4, Nature 1, Prop 2, Scene 2

Glamour: 9

Willpower: 6

Banalities: 3

Treasures: Alieria's Treasure is a talking doll named Tally, which tells her whether or not something she is doing is the right thing. Mind you, she doesn't always heed her advisor's counsel, but it's always there for the princess to listen to.

Alieria has a tiny sword which she calls Beebite. It is barely long enough to kill, but inflicts dreadfully painful wounds, as many of the courtiers have inadvertently discovered. She also has a set of magical marbles which come when she calls them, and which seem to have a knack for getting underfoot when someone is in a hurry. Naturally, it is impossible not to trip when the marbles insert themselves in your path.



Image: Alieria is your worst nightmare. She's tiny, with blonde curls and dimples, and cute beyond anyone's tolerance. Her smile could light up a room, and often does. She has delicate hands and feet, and wears pink dresses covered with lace and bows. Alieria wears only what jewelry would be ladylike, usually understated rings with stones that set off her blue eyes and peach-pretty complexion. All in all, she's sweet enough that you almost need insulin to stay in the same room with her.

Roleplaying Hints: While you are very aware of what being a princess means (all your teachers told you so), now that Aeon is better you can have some fun again. Get yourself into trouble as many ways as you can, and rely on your smile and your position to get you out. You haven't quite figured out yet that other people have feelings, but you're getting there. Be bubbly. In Aeon's court, somebody has to.

Layla

A commoner child, Layla is an eshu as quiet as her best friend, the Princess Alieria, is noisy. She is a willing participant in her friend's games and japes, reveling in the fun as much as the Princess does. However, she is also capable of summoning the serious face which older Kithain expect to see on those who have been caught with their hands in the cookie jar, and as such has saved herself and her adorable companion from censure, or at least embarrassment, on dozens of occasions.

Layla is extraordinarily knowledgeable about the layout of Aeon's palace, aware of every hidey-hole and secret passage. She has shown most of these to Alieria, but holds a few back, just in case. Layla is a fearless fighter when the situation demands, and also shows some potential with the Arts. Alieria has demanded that her friend be allowed to sit in on her specialized tutoring. As the distracted Aeron relented rather than expend effort on the issue, Layla is receiving an education worthy of a duchess.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Bumpkin/Riddler

House: Commoner

Seeming: Childling

Kith: Eshu

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 3,

Expression 3, Kenning 2, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Etiquette 2, Performance 2, Stealth 4

Knowledge: Enigmas 1, Mythlore 1, Politics 1

Backgrounds: Chimera 2, Greymare 4, Mentor 3



Arts: Chicanery 2, Legerdemain 2, Primal 1, Sovereign 1, Wayfare 2

Realms: Actor 2, Fae 4, Nature 2, Prop 1, Scene 2

Glamour: 7

Willpower: 5

Banality: 3

Treasures: Layla has made friends with the Monster Under the Bed. It's a small monster, looking more like a second tier Muppet than anything else, and it's afraid of both lights and loud noises. Still, it's orange, fuzzy, and cute, and Layla loves it.

Image: Slender and serious, Layla has a smile that lives in her eyes. She is relatively dark-skinned, with long hair that she binds up with colored ribbons. Layla wears plain dresses of cream or yellow, though Alieria is constantly giving her jewelry to wear. She moves with a sinuous grace that would be at home on a dancer, and can wriggle into hiding places that even the much smaller Alieria finds a tight squeeze.

Roleplaying Hints: You are quiet, preferring to let actions speak louder than words. When it is time to summon words, you are surpassingly eloquent, and both you and Alieria know that it's your talents that have allowed the pair of you to escape from innumerable scrapes. Alieria is your best friend, and you'll do just about anything for her, no matter how harebrained the scheme. You make friends with difficulty, but once you decide that you like somebody, you decide that you like them for life.

Lady Alyssa

A quietly competent, brutally honest sidhe, Lady Alyssa spent the time of Duke Aeon's sadness shouldering greater and greater burdens. She and Baron diMarcos have found that they have a great deal in common on a professional level, and constantly exchange information and aid. She also is in constant contact with Baron Jacob, though she discounts his reports as having an unnecessary rosy tint to them. Indeed, Alyssa is renowned in commoner circles for having had a cold iron rod placed someplace very uncomfortable at birth, which explains her bright and sunny disposition. Other wags have commented that this also explains her lack of flexibility on court issues. Of course, it is not fit to make these jests too loudly, for Lady Alyssa has a way of knowing who is talking about her....

Lady Alyssa and Sir Cumulus have been court fixtures for years, and their working relationship is the stuff of legend. No one else is capable of reducing the old windbag to stuttering silence in a matter of seconds, and Alyssa's skill with a verbal harpoon earns her respect from even the smirking Sir Blade. There is no love lost between those two, however.

Firm in her disapproval of Queen Aeon's actions (and until recently, Duke Aeon's as well), Lady Alyssa remains a loyal subject. She is more concerned with preventing crises than with salvaging them, and is totally unconcerned with credit for her actions. Of particular fascination to her is the pooka Rasputin, gently removed from his position as Court Jester for jesting too close to the truth. The removal of this warning voice strikes her as dangerous, and she is a firm proponent of returning him to his former prominence.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Hermit/Beast

House: Dougal

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 3, Appearance 5

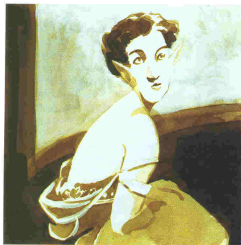
Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Empathy 1, Expression 4, Kenning 3

Skills: Etiquette 4, Leadership 2, Firearms 2, Melee 3, Stealth 2

Knowledge: Enigmas 3, Law 2, Mythlore 2, Occult 2, Politics 3

Backgrounds: Chimera 2, Contacts 4, Dreamers 2, Greymare 2, Holdings 1, Resources 3, Title 2



Arts: Legerdemain 1, Primal 3, Soothsay 2, Sovereign 3
Realms: Actor 3, Fae 3, Nature 2, Prop 2, Scene 3
Glamour: 6
Willpower: 7
Banalities: 6

Treasures: Lady Alyssa's armor consists merely of a modest leather jerkin and leggings. She wears no helm, and her shield is a simple targe. It is her sword that is the wonder, a blade scarcely an inch across yet stronger than steel. Absolutely straight, the sword seems to have a knack for finding chinks in armor where it would be sworn that none existed.

Image: Sporting the classic English features, Lady Alyssa looks (and acts) as if she just stepped from the frames of a Merchant-Ivory film. With high cheekbones, a fair complexion that is vulnerable to the rare blush, and curly brown hair, Alyssa is the image of Old Country Propriety. She wears severely cut gowns in dark colors, accented by simple jewelry with stones in her house colors. A sword is belted at her side, but no one can recall ever seeing her draw it. It's just as well, really; most people who have seen her naked blade haven't seen much afterwards.

Roleplaying Hints: Prim, proper, and prim: these three words define you. Exceptionally upright, you are a stickler for protocol and deference. There's a reason people suspect you've got a cold iron rod inserted someplace delicate, though any comment so crude around you will provoke an explosive response. Unleash your wicked wit on rare occasions, usually when Sir Cumberbund has really gotten himself into a lather. Otherwise, make sure that everything is orderly. There is no higher goal.

Sir Cumulus

Alternately known as Sir Cumberbund, Sir Cucumber, Sir Kumquat, and Sir Cumbersome, Sir Cumulus manages the difficult feat of simultaneously being a pillar of virtue and a windbag. The master of protocol for Duke Aeon's court, Cumulus knows all of the words to all of the ceremonies and insists that every last one of them be said. He also is a veteran of the Accordance War, having done mighty feats in those stirring days, and will go on endlessly about his small-unit tactical maneuvers at the Battle of Yarrow Glen. Generally the only way to shut him up is to put a drink in his hand, though duct-taping his mouth runs a close second.

With all that in mind, however, Cumulus is a genuinely good Kithain with nothing but Pacifica's best at heart. He is passionately devoted to his duke and will gladly lay down his life in Aeon's service. The Shadow Court has his undying hatred, and it is shocking to hear such salty language coming from the mouth of this kindly gentleman.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Paladin/Grotesque

House: Gwydion

Seeming: Grump

Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 4, Dodge 1,

Empathy 2, Kenning 1, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Drive 3, Etiquette 5, Firearms 2, Leadership 3, Melee 3, Survival 3

Knowledge: Enigmas 2, Investigation 2, Law 1, Mythlore 3, Occult 1, Politics 2

Backgrounds: Chimera 4, Contacts 2, Dreamers 2, Crement 1, Holdings 2, Resources 2, Retinue 1, Title 2, Treasures 4

Arts: Primal 3, Sovereign 3, Wayfare 4

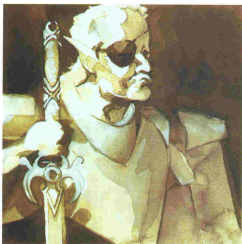
Realms: Fae 3, Nature 1, Prop 3, Scene 4

Glamour: 7

Willpower: 6

Banalities: 7

Treasures: Sir Cumulus' famous Treasure is his sword, Arcbiter. The centuries-old blade is nothing less than a hand-held lightning bolt under Glamour, and it slices armor and flesh with equal ease. There is nothing of mercy in the blade, only power. Cumulus also sports blue dragonscale armor, with gauntlets carved from the beast's claws. At the knight's hip is a golden goblet, a gift from the Brothers of the Barrel. It both sweetens and strengthens any drink placed within. Even Mad Dog 20-20 becomes a



fine chardonnay through this chimeric winecup's influence.

Image: Sir Cumulus is a grizzled old warrior with red hair and a black eyepatch, wearing the latter in best pirate style. He is immaculate in his appearance and keeps his dragonscale armor polished so brightly it gleams. His remaining eye is bright blue, and his nose is red from perhaps a few too many draughts of the Brothers of the Barrel's best. While Cumulus' best days are behind him, he is still barrel-chested and muscular, as many a younger knight has discovered come Pennons. He may have lost a step in speed, but he has gained several decades' worth of cunning.

Roleplaying Hints: Bluster your way through everything. You've seen everything before and you prefer drawing on your vast experience for a similar situation to actually thinking about the one in front of you. It's a black and white world, with no room for relativism. Only by holding fast to what makes you Kithain can you remain Kithain, and that means keeping all of the traditions. Even the ones that embarrass the heck out of you.

The County of Oakhold

Count Elias

If ever a Kithain were caught between a rock and a hard place, it would be Count Elias of Oakhold. His appointment a scant five years ago was something of a political booby prize. While the sheer size of the holding makes it a prize, the truth is that Oakhold is unmanage-

able, essentially a buffer state to be held against the encroachments of the Shadow Court.

Elias arrived in Oakhold buoyed by the very highest of hopes. He was aware that the county had something of a bad reputation, but was convinced that what lay before him was an opportunity of epic proportions. His stated goal was no less than to turn Oakhold into the showpiece holding of Pacifica. Of course, this was before he settled into his fief and discovered the truth about his glorious opportunity.

In short order, Elias was made aware of the facts: A) his court consisted of disillusioned grumps who stayed at court as often as they could to hide from the Unseelies on the street; B) not only were the streets crawling with Unseelie Kithain, but said Unseelies also made up the majority of Oakhold's population and reported only to a certain eshu named Blade, not the count; and C) as far as Duke Aeon's courtiers were concerned, he was on his own. Elias still held the duke himself in the highest regard, but Aeon was distracted and his flunkies were vehement in their opposition to a county as important as Oakhold going to a commoner. To top it all off, Elias quickly discovered that Oakhold's Glamour resources were pitiful and dwindling fast.

Exchanging rosy optimism for realpolitik in record time, Elias quickly made the maneuvers necessary for survival in this political wilderness. He revitalized the court, replacing defeatists with those who at least believed in the possibility for improvement. He embarked on a draconian conservation plan to save as many glens and other sources of Glamour as possible. Recognizing where the true power in Oakhold lay, he became friends with Sir Blade and brought him into the Oakhold decision-making process. This also neutralized Blade's counterculture cachet and ensured that those Unseelie Kithain who followed Blade's lead would also adhere to those dictates that Blade had a hand in. On the other hand, this necessitates a certain Unseelie bent to his policies as well as a coldness towards those whom he feels abandoned him to Oakhold's mercies. This combination has led to a groundswell of support for the spurious rumor that Elias has gone over to the Shadow Court. It is not that Elias himself is Unseelie. Rather, he is an utter pragmatist, not yet experienced enough in the dances of court politics to mask those actions which might offend.

Court: Seelie (but questioning)

Legacies: Saint/Outlaw

House: Commoner

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Eshu

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4
Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 1, Expression (Speech) 3, Kenning 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 3
Skills: Etiquette 3, Leadership 3, Melee 3, Performance 2
Knowledge: Computer 2, Law 1, Linguistics 2, Politics 3, Science 1
Backgrounds: Chimera 4, Contacts 5, Dreamers 4, Gremayne 2, Holdings 4, Resources 4, Title 4, Treasures 3
Arts: Chicanery 4, Legerdemain 2, Primal 3, Sovereign 3, Wayfare 2
Realms: Actor 1, Fae 4, Nature 3, Prop 1, Scene 3
Glamour: 8
Willpower: 6
Banality: 5

Treasures: Under Glamour, Elias' rings can grow into a suit of golden armor that completely encases him yet is as supple as leather. His blade, a scimitar he calls Azif, is a Treasure rescued from an antique shop and hums with the buzzing of insect wings when it is wielded in battle. There is a flame-bladed dagger at Elias' hip, a blade which is pure chimera. However, this blade has been seen to drip a chimeric venom, and Elias' occasional choice of this weapon as a tool for administering justice has met with some disgust. Elias also has a chimeric longbow of ensorcelled ash, but he almost never uses it.

Image: A handsome black man, Elias is a solidly built six foot two. With close-cropped hair and a simple stud earring, he radiates a solid unpretentiousness. There are gold bracelets on his wrists and a gold chain around his



neck, but other than that he wears little adornment. His clothes are either white, gold, or black, depending on his mood for the day, and he always dresses in some combination of the three. Azif rides at his hip, and his flame-bladed dagger in an arm sheath, but Elias is so open and friendly that these seem to be non-threatening costume pieces more than anything else.

Roleplaying Hints: Tapdance as fast as you can, because you're juggling too many eggs and the Shadow Court is about to ask you for an omelet. You've made a lot of promises to a lot of people in order to get Oakhold running smoothly, and you can't honor all of those promises to all of those people. You're quite aware of where the real power in Oakhold lies, and the longer you're there, the more you realize how isolated you are even from Goldengate. Smile frequently and be as charming as possible. You're a natural born politician, doing your best to do what's right even as you discover that's impossible. You honestly want what's best for Oakhold, you're just not quite sure what that is any more.

Lady Lomasi

Count Elias' personal soothsayer and conscience, Lady Lomasi is all of nine years old. A relatively recent arrival in Oakhold, she carries out her duties with the sort of gravitas only a small girl can muster. Lomasi is a firm believer in Right Makes Might, Superman, Truth, Justice, and the Changeling Way, and is constantly deeply offended by the compromises Elias must make daily in order to maintain his hold on Oakhold. She frequently serves as a sort of moral litmus test for Elias' more questionable maneuvers, and her impressive scrying talents tend to lend weight to her disapproval. At the moment she is furious with the count for having taken Sir Blade, against her advice, to Duke Aeon's last Beltaine celebration. While she does not know the exact nature of the tragedy resultant from that blunder, she is quite aware that many of the duke's recent troubles can be traced to it.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Sage/Riddler

House: Eiluned

Seeming: Childling

Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Dodge 4, Empathy 4, Expression 1, Kenning 3

Skills: Etiquette 2, Performance 2, Stealth 2

Knowledge: Enigmas 4, Mythlore 2, Occult 2



SIR TROY

Whip-fast with a blade, Sir Troy is fond of boasting of his prowess in both battle and bed. Much to the chagrin of his many detractors, Sir Troy effortlessly backs up his boasts, at least on the field of battle. As for the other, well, the less said of those rumors the better.

One of the scores of Kithain who came west in search of the mythical land of instant software-company millionairehood, Troy Eshelman presented himself to Duke Aeon with his customary swagger and was rapidly shuffled over to Oakhold by the less-than-impressed Lady Alyssa. He fit right in at Elias' chaotic court, arriving just as the count was creating vacancies by sacking members of the existing court. His attitude and obvious skill with a blade made Troy an instant candidate for promotion, and within three weeks he had established himself as a fixture in Elias' councils.

There is a rivalry, mostly one-sided, between Troy and Blade. Troy hates and envies the Unseelie eshu, both for his power and his prowess. Blade, on the other hand, simply isn't that aware of Sir Troy's existence. One who is aware of Sir Troy, however, is Lady Alyssa. Her suspicion of him is met with hatred, as Troy correctly assigns to her the blame for his removal from the seat of power. It is Sir Troy who is in fact responsible for the missing heralds, an opening gambit in his campaign against the woman he believes wronged him.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Wayfarer/Savage

House: Fiona

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 3,

Kenning 1, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Drive 3, Firearms 2, Melee 4, Security 2, Stealth 2

Knowledge: Computers 4, Investigation 1, Linguistics 1, Politics 2

Backgrounds: Chimera 3, Contacts 2, Dreamers 1, Gremayne 1, Resources 3, Title 2

Arts: Chicanery 3, Legerdemain 3, Primal 3

Realms: Actor 3, Fae 1, Prop 3, Scene 1

Glamour: 6

Willpower: 7

Banality: 6

Backgrounds: Chimera 2, Dreamers 2, Gremayne 3, Title 2

Arts: Chicanery 2, Soothsay 4, Sovereign 1

Realms: Fae 4, Nature 2, Prop 2

Glamour: 8

Willpower: 4

Banality: 2

Treasures: Lady Lomasi does not bear a sword. Instead, she constantly carries around with her a crystal ball which glows with its own bluish light. When removed from Glamour the sphere is revealed to be a souvenir snow-globe, but it is an invaluable aide in the young lady's scrying. Curiously enough, she never finds the ball heavy, even though she carries it everywhere with one hand.

Image: Tiny and anorexic-thin, Lomasi might almost be mistaken for a slugh. Her elfin features are parchment-white, and her wide, wide eyes are dead black. Her hair is a rich chestnut color, but it hangs long and straight without adornment. In her human guise her mother tends to French braid her mane, but at court she lets it hang free. Her dress is in somber tones, with lace edging and wedgewood or cloisonné jewelry. It is rare for Lomasi to wear gems, as she claims that they interfere with her soothsaying abilities.

Roleplaying Hints: You are right. Always. Never forget that. Elias is wrong. A lot. Never forget that either. Do what you can to make him do the right thing, but you know it's not going to work. You know a lot of things. You'd like to share them with people, but people never listen. People are stupid.



Treasures: A sword and bow are all the equipment Sir Troy has, and he likes it that way. His blade is a slightly curved longsword that hints of katana ancestry, but with a Western-style hilt. The balance of the blade, which appears to be forged from alabaster, is so perfect that it adds a die to any attack roll made with it. The sword itself has been named Last Kiss, and Troy takes great pleasure in informing his opponents of this. As for the bow, it is a simple recurve made from pitch-black wood. The string is made from human hair, and has never snapped. Troy claims that the hair is that of his first lover, who gave it to him as a gift even as he left her. Whether or not this is true, those who see Troy shoot do sometimes hear him whispering to the bow, almost as if he were asking its permission for its use.

Image: Sir Troy is almost snake-like in his fae guise. Hooded eyes, a thin, flat face, and ears that press back against his shaven skull all make him look more like a cobra than a sidhe. Only his goatee gives away his mammalian heritage. Sir Troy wears a trio of dangling gold earrings in each ear and a silk shirt of many colors that's constantly rippling into new rainbow displays. His pants are gray and baggy, affording him a swordsman's freedom of movement. For the most part, Troy eschews armor, preferring speed to protection.

Roleplaying Hints: Damn, you're good. You're not the best yet, and that rankles, but you're getting there. Pick up all you can from Blade and anyone else who's demonstrably better than you are, but anyone whom you can whip is less than dirt to you. You embody all the old pre-Accordance War arrogance of the nobility, and there's no love lost between you and any commoners. Count Elias is a special case, but only so long as he's the count and you're not.

The County of Selkrest

Countess Evaine

A proponent of a peace greener than most, the Countess Evaine's preoccupation is twofold: greater and greater feats of the Arts and her friends, the selkies. These seal-like creatures have committed her to a policy that prioritizes the environment over all else. All other matters of policy are secondary, and she has relented on other matters of court when offered concessions on environmental issues.

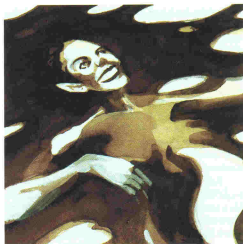
Her position in current matters is ambiguous. She is less than fond of Duke Aeon, citing his preoccupation with his lost love as the reason she finds him to be ultimately useless as a ruler. Count Elias is the bane of her existence, both for Oakhold's often Mordorian landscape and for his personal slipperiness. While Evaine is dedicated to the proposition of correcting the crises afflicting Pacifica, she finds herself almost without allies with which to do so. Her trust lies in her courtiers, especially Baron Neville and Lady Aine, and the selkies. This attitude has won her few friends at court, so even when her counsel is sage (such as her advocacy of the selkies), it is discounted as coming from a less than trustworthy source.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Saint/Scrooge

House: Eiluned

Seeming: Wilder



Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Dodge 3,

Empathy 5, Expression 2, Kenning 4, Streetwise 1

Skills: Crafts 3, Etiquette 2, Leadership 3, Melee 2, Performance 2

Knowledge: Computer 1, Enigmas 4, Investigation 2, Law 2, Linguistics 2, Mythlore 3, Occult 5, Politics 2, Science 1

Backgrounds: Chimera 5, Contacts 1, Dreamers 3, Gremayre 4, Holdings 3, Resources 4, Retinue 4, Title 4, Treasures 2

Arts: Chicanery 4, Legerdemain 3, Primal 2, Soothsay 4, Sovereign 5, Wayfare 2

Realms: Actor 3, Fae 5, Nature 5, Prop 3, Scene 2
Glamour: 10

Willpower: 8

Banality: 4

Treasures: Countess Evaine possesses a ring which enables her to breathe water, making her friendship with the selkies that much closer. The ring itself is a simple band inset with mother-of-pearl, and only close examination will reveal that it is a Treasure.

As Evaine is a powerful sorceress, she generally has no need for her blades, but a pair of identical chimerical silver shortswords hang at her belt. Each is marked with runes cursing anyone whom the blades bite. Evaine can also don armor should the situation require. Her set is a gift from the selkies, and appears to be made entirely of forged water. While wearing it, Evaine is surrounded in rippling, sun-dappled waters which somehow manage to deflect almost any blade in her direction. The last of her important chimera is Yakov, a man made from matchsticks. Yakov's head is constantly burning, and it is his flame that Evaine uses to begin any and all fires in Selkrest. Furthermore, should hostile magics be directed at the countess, the color of Yakov's head changes from healthy yellow to venomous green.

Image: Countess Evaine is large for a sidhe, coming as close as one of that kith may to "Earth Mother" status. (When other sidhe ladies call her "hippie," they aren't just talking about her politics.) With full face and figure, she has a healthy glow to her skin that comes from many hours working with her hands in the sun. While her garb is as rich as any in Pacifica, there is often brown dirt under her nails to match the shimmering green of her gowns and emeralds. Evaine wears a no-nonsense pair of silver shortswords, and is equally proficient with left or right

hand, but the need for her to use them is rare. As she often can be found swimming nude with her friends the selkies, she prefers to have her black hair relatively short. However, she does grow it long once a year for Beltaine.

Roleplaying Hints: Sorceress, guardian of the environment, feminist, and noblewoman, you've got it all under control. It's about time the Kithain got serious about protecting the earth, and you've made a lot of contacts with Garou about doing just that. The rest of the nobles of Pacifica probably can't tell a spotted owl from a snail darter, but you'll save them from themselves. Thank the Goddess for Neville and Aine, because without them you couldn't find your own head in the morning. They can handle the details, the big picture is all yours.

Baron Neville

The aged, faithful servant of Countess Evaine, Baron Neville is a dedicated servitor with only his mistress' best interests at heart. This is what the countess Evaine believes of her steward. The fact that she is, of course, completely wrong, makes things far more interesting in Selkrest than they should be.

Aide to the countess' family since time out of mind, Baron Neville has grown steadily more bitter about his being perceived as merely part of her court's machinery. Though the holdings granted to him are sizable, he hungers after more recognition and more power. With this in mind, he has hitched himself to Count Elias' star, seeing in the ambitious count a candidate for Aeon's title. Blade's influence over Count Elias worries Neville perhaps less than it should, as he views himself as quite capable of weaning Elias from the eshu's counsel should it become necessary. In the meantime, he bides his time at Selkrest, careful to never show his utter disinterest in his countess' environmental goals and selkie friends.

Court: Seelie (barely)

Legacies: Crafter/Grotesque

House: Liam

Seeming: Grump

Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 2, Empathy 1, Kenning 1, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 5, Firearms 2, Leadership 1, Melee 2, Security 2

Knowledge: Enigmas 1, Law 3, Politics 3

Backgrounds: Chimera 4, Contacts 2, Dreamers 1, Gremayre 2, Holdings 2, Resources 3, Title 3



Arts: Chicanery 1, Primal 2, Soothsaying 2, Sovereign 2, Wayfare 4

Realms: Actor 3, Fae 2, Prop 3, Scene 2
Glamour: 7

Willpower: 6

Banality: 8

Treasures: Baron Neville has a trio of chimeric items worthy of notice. His dagger, Heartsdrinker, can flash in an instant into longsword form, and the silver blade has a rust-stained blood groove. When pressed to the hunt or battle, the Baron dons his unique set of bone mail, crafted from the ribs of a chimeric beast long since banished from Pacifica. The armor encases the baron completely in rings of bone, making a sinister yet comical figure of him. As for the third, it is a jeweler's loupe that lets him scry through gems. The item makes any attempt to Soothsay easier, provided a jewel is the focus of the Art.

Image: Baron Neville looks like a kindly grandfather. With a bushy Santa Claus beard and enough of a paunch to make him look jolly, Neville dresses to accentuate his avuncular image. His clothes are neat but frumpy, often in earth tones. He is fond of clawhammer jackets and silver-buttoned vests, but makes sure that there's enough wrinkles to make him look friendly as opposed to ossified.

Baron Neville is in fact going bald, and often wears a hat of one sort or another to cover this up. He does not wear a sword, but a twelve-inch silver dagger does hang at his belt. It is, of course, ceremonial.

Roleplaying Hints: You may look like Grandpa Walton but you act like Grandpa Munster. Evaine is so wrapped up in her sealskins that she thinks you're part of

the furniture, and Lady Aine, who should be your inferior, is even worse. You've had it with the attitude, so you're going to see if you can hook up with someone on the rise. In the meantime, it's the kindly grandfather act for you. Get wine and smile as you do it. Don't outwardly fret when everyone forgets you're a baron; you're used to it by now. Payback will come some day, and you can't wait.

Lady Aine

Lady Aine, it must be said, should have been born a pooka. She is a practical joker extraordinaire, and her pointed use of these talents has served to recall the duchess from some of her wilder flights of eco-separatism. Aine is never actually caught in her joking, however, and she has an uncanny knack for maintaining a face of granite even as the wildest feats of Chicanery and Legerdemain blossom around her.

In her professional capacity as advisor to the countess, Aine shares many of her liege's concerns but has a far more practical viewpoint when it comes to implementation. She worries that Evaine spends a trifle too much time with spellbooks and selkies and not enough on the day-to-day details that make a Holding function. Her agreement with Evaine's environmentalist agenda gives credibility to her occasional calls for perspective, and as such she is much more effective than Baron Neville at getting Evaine to deal with those devilish details. Aine has also championed the cause of the Edge of the Labrys (see below) and has added feminist concerns as well as environmental ones to Evaine's plate.

Like everyone else in Selkrest, Lady Aine is completely fooled by Baron Neville. She regards the steward as being incapable of any sort of subversive action, and as such dismisses any quirks in his behavior as merely the infirmity of the old. It is precisely this sort of patronizing attitude that has led Baron Neville to seek an alliance with Count Elias, and while he is still as polite as ever to Lady Aine, should his plans succeed Selkrest would hold no place for her.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Bumpkin/Fool

House: Dougal

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 1, Athletics 3, Brawl 1, Dodge 2,

Empathy 3, Expression 3, Kenning 2, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Crafts (Weaving) 3, Etiquette 1, Firearms 1, Leadership 2, Melee 4, Performance 1, Stealth 1, Survival 2

Knowledge: Enigmas 3, Linguistics 3, Mythlore 4, Politics 3

Backgrounds: Chimera 3, Contacts 2, Dreamers 2, Gremayne 3, Holdings 1, Mentor 2, Title 2

Arts: Chicanery 4, Legerdemain 3, Primal 1, Wayfare 1

Realms: Actor 2, Fae 3, Nature 3, Prop 2, Scene 3

Glamour: 8

Willpower: 5

Banalities: 6

Treasures: Aine's armor is her pride and joy. Taken from chimeric creatures with skins like quicksilver, it has been polished and brightened until it gleams like the sun. Her gauntlets and greaves are of the same material, and in battle she almost looks like the creatures who once bore that same hide. Her sword is relatively short, with a vicious sawed edge to it. Aine calls the blade Scalpel, a name which has not endeared her to Baron Neville.

Image: Aine is, to be blunt, ravishingly beautiful. With a waterfall of red hair and fine-boned features, she looks as if she should be under glass instead of in the field. However, she looks equally at home in armor or robes, and often jokes about blinding opponents with the glare from her ornate silver breastplate. She wears a longsword at her side and shimmering blue and gray robes, at least when she's not out digging in the garden or swimming with the selkies. Her hair has never been bound up. Some of her detractors say that her gray eyes actually glow at night, but this is jealousy, not fact.

Roleplaying Hints: A deadly joker one minute, you can be deadly serious the next. Women's issues, particu-



larly in this damned backwards patriarchal court system (Why the hell is it still a "kingdom," anyway? It's not like Aeron has outdoor plumbing) are number one on your priority list, but you feel that deflating overstuffed male egos is as valid a move in the struggle as attending a march. After all, if you don't change the way people think, you'll never get them to change the way their rules are enforced.

Automatically assume that the women are in charge of any party you encounter. Even if it's not true, it puts the men off balance. Keep the conversation on your terms, and if it looks like it's getting out of hand, pull rank. Practical jokes are your guilty pleasure, and you indulge (always with a straight face) whenever you can.



Chapter Five: Commoners

*What hempen homespins have we here
Swaggering so near the cradle of the fairy queen?
— William Shakespeare, A Midsummer Night's Dream*

This chapter provides an overview of some of the commoners in San Francisco that characters are likely to encounter. Bear in mind that these are hardly the only changelings in the San Francisco area, and that there are uncouth bands and motleys scattered from the Coit Tower to Alameda and beyond.

Ragger's Band

Ragger is a boggan childling of astonishing charisma and unearthly pickpocketing skills. The combination of the two have led him to the top of cutpurse society in San Francisco, and not a wallet is rifled anywhere in the city of the Golden Gate without his knowing about it. The band is made up mostly of childlings, as older Kithain tend to move out of pickpocketing into more serious areas of criminal activity. Most of Ragger's operatives are street children like himself, though a surprising percentage drift in from the suburbs and wealthier neighborhoods for the sheer thrill of theft. However, not even the most dissipated thrillseeker among the members of Ragger's band will ever seek to deprive him of his share of the spoils. Ragger has

ways of finding out when things like that happens, and when Ragger discovers something unpleasant, Henry the troll regards it as a personal duty to make Ragger's life less unpleasant.

The band's muscle, Henry, is a hulking troll and one of the few wilders working for Ragger. In a pinch, Ragger can call on up to 30 followers for a confrontation. He has close to three times that many informants and freelancers on call, and has made himself quite the little kingpin. In addition to Henry, the ranks of his operatives include the satyr childlings Hal and Toe, a nocker grump named Theo who functions as an in-house fence, a slough with a bad case of Trent Reznor envy who goes by Rave, and Chuckie D, another boggan barely five years of age who's decided that he's going to be Ragger's successor. Ragger's own opinion on this matter has yet to be recorded.

Ragger

A true child of the streets, if asked four times who his human parents were, Ragger would give five different answers. In all honesty, the boy simply doesn't know,

having been kidnapped out of a supermarket at age two and then abandoned when his abductors realized that they had no idea whom to call to make their ransom demands. Reggie, as he was known then, would quickly have perished had not a spinster slough named May spotted the infant from behind her drawn shades and recognized him for what he was. She hurried downstairs, swept the boy up, and took him for her own. It was a fate preferable to a brief existence on the street, May decided, and so she attempted to raise Reggie as her own.

Perhaps owing to his unusual upbringing, Reggie (or "Ragger," as May began calling him) underwent his Chrysalis before his third birthday. While May was a generous and devoted soul, her mortal frame was nearly burned out. She couldn't keep up with the rambunctious child. Ragger grew up with few reins on his pleasures, and the streets called to him with a siren song. With his natural dexterity enhanced by his inhuman skills, Ragger found picking pockets, stealing wallets, and breaking into cars to be at least one child's play. Before long word was out on the streets that the "Wild Child" was the best five-finger discounter out there, and he began to gather around him other like-minded childlings. Some came to learn from him, some came to challenge, but all fell under his charismatic spell. By the time Ragger was nine, he was the undisputed king of the filches and cutpurses of San Francisco. Other fagins sent bully-boys and enforcers around to carve their territories out of Ragger's flesh, but the little hoggan always managed to sidestep trouble one way or another. His would-be tormentors either returned to their employers empty-handed, or ended up joining him.

May died around this time, plunging Ragger into a brief but deep depression. He was rescued from this funk by Henry, a troll who had originally been sent by a rival beggar-king to introduce Ragger's face to a brick wall. Henry had almost immediately fallen under Ragger's spell, and when the surrogate mother May was gone, the surrogate father Henry was there to take her place.

Currently Ragger and his band operate out of a boarded-up house in the Fillmore. On the outside the place looks like a bomb hit it, but inside it's a combination of a fortress and a toystore. Ragger himself, when not out on the streets making his own fun, rules his little band of cutpurses from the basement of this magnificent club-house.

Court: Unseelie

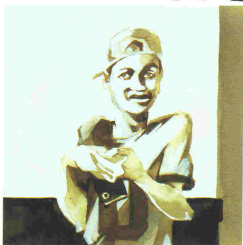
Legacies: Rake/Wayfarer

Seeming: Childling

Kith: Boggan

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 5, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3



Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Dodge 4, Expression 3, Kenning 1, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Leadership 3, Melee 1, Security 3, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Knowledge: Enigmas 2, Law 2, Linguistics 1

Arts: Chicanery 4, Legerdemain 2, Primal 1, Sovereign 2, Wayfare 2

Realms: Actor 5, Fae 4, Prop 3, Scene 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Dreamers 5, Greymare 3, Holdings 2, Resources 3, Retinue 3, Treasures 3

Glamour: 9

Banalities: 2

Willpower: 7

Image: Ragger would seem to be a product of mixed Indian and African ancestry. There's a constant smile in his eyes that always verges on a sneer, and his fingers are impossibly long and thin. Currently he sports a near-buzz cut of his curly black hair, but as he constantly wears a backwards-turned 49ers baseball cap, it's not as if his hairstyle matters much. Barely four and a half feet tall, Ragger finds it impossible to sit still for more than seven or eight seconds at a stretch. His fingers are constantly dancing, and often he will lift a wallet from one of his companions without even realizing he's doing it. Ragger generally wears a madcap motley of team jerseys and baggy pants, but he's been known to slum in flannel on occasion.

Roleplaying Hints: The world is your oyster, and you've just acquired a taste for seafood. San Francisco is a sandcastle waiting for you to kick it over. You're surrounded by friends who realize how great you are, there

isn't a kid on Nob Hill who has more Sega cartridges than you do, and even if there were, you could whip his ass and his father's too. You have no idea what's impossible, simply because for you nothing has been yet.

When dealing with "adults," put on the airs of a businessman. Talk about prudent moves and long-term investments, though it's quite obvious that you haven't planned past 3:15 tomorrow afternoon. Look to Henry to back up your decisions 100%, and have absolutely no doubt that every member of your little band of thieves will back you as far as you care to go. The possibility of a situation where you might come out on the short end hasn't even occurred to you yet.

Henry

Some people make careers out of being hired muscle. Henry is more like hired bone. A troublemaker tossed out of school at age 14 for drug offenses, Henry stole his father's car in a rage, wrapped it around a tree, and promptly vanished into the haze of a Chrysalis on the mean streets of San Francisco. Even at fourteen, Henry was over six feet tall and well capable of taking care of himself. By the time he hit sixteen, various Unseelie lords and gangsters had contracted him as security on some of their highest-risk operations. When a certain uppity boggan began cutting into one of his employers' profits, Henry was contracted to take the "Wild Child" out of commission, permanently if need be. Through a combination of Sovereign, fast talking, and good old fashioned charisma, Ragger talked Henry into signing on with him instead. In a matter of weeks, Henry had decided that Ragger's safety was his responsibility, and it was Henry that Ragger turned to when his foster mother died. Henry now fills the role of the perfect father figure, strong and protective without ever saying no.

Court: Unseelie

Legacies: Beast/Bumpkin

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Troll

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 5, Dodge 1, Streetwise 4

Skills: Drive 3, Firearms 3, Melee 4, Security 3, Survival 2

Knowledge: Investigation 2

Arts: Primal 5, Sovereign 1, Wayfare 1

Realms: Actor 3, Fae 2, Nature 4

Backgrounds: Chimera 3, Contacts 1, Mentor 2,

Resources 1

Glamour: 6

Banality: 6

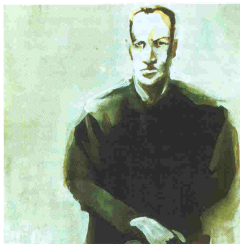
Willpower: 8

Treasures: Henry carries a studded and spiked length of lead pipe, affectionately named "the Dentist" for its unerring habit of knocking the teeth out of an opponent's mouth.

Image: Not quite so large as a tree yet only slightly more mobile, Henry probably would have had a long career as either a professional football player or a tract of low-income housing had he not been derailed in high school. Massive without being the slightest bit fat, Henry has muscles where other people don't even have places. With a square jaw and a Marine buzz, he'd look almost military if it weren't for his Rollins Band tattoos and omnipresent reflective shades. Extraordinarily pale, Henry has coal-black hair and a thin-lipped mouth. He often wears military garb from thrift stores, being especially fond of West German army gear and romper-stomper boots.

When seen as a troll, Henry goes from frightening to terrifying. His limbs look like gnarled tree branches, his fists and feet like clubs. With a face like a rough draft of Mt. Rushmore, he intimidates other Kithain merely by looking at them.

Roleplaying Hints: Ragger is the kid brother you never had. That is, you had a kid brother before you ran away, but the little brat was never nice to you the way Ragger is. At this point, you'd take a building apart brick by brick if someone who hurt Ragger were inside. You can't be bought, or even rented.



You don't talk much. Simply stare at anyone who speaks to you until they get the hint and go away. If talking is called for, let either Ragger or "the Dentist" do it for you. While you've got good people instincts, your education stopped at about a fourth grade level, and anyone who condescends to you about this is going to find themselves in a whole new world of pain.

The Oakland People's Front

United mostly against Queen Aeron's court, the Oakland People's Front is a ragtag alliance of uneasy bedfellows who demonstrate a frightening solidarity only as long as there is some external pressure upon them. Once the latest outrage of the court has become old news, the various members of the OPF are at each others' throats again. It has been remarked that the OPF is more a loose-knit tribal organization than anything else, and there is much truth to that. Each band under the OPF's banner tends to stick to its own turf, associate only with its own, and shun or even attack other members of the OPF who don't respect their little fiefdoms.

One of the more powerful of the groups in the OPF is the Happy Jacks, a loose affiliation of eshu and satyrs who control the Inner Harbor. Among their competitors for power in the group are the redcaps of the port area who call themselves the Kleggers, the Greylady Sluagh of Alameda, and the Spyz (trolls, eshu, and nockers) of West Oakland. If left to themselves, these factions would surely turn on one each other in a whirlwind of mutual destruction, but fortunately there is a solitary presence capable of uniting, even temporarily, the squabbling bands into a potent political force. Sir Blade, an Unseelie eshu of uncommon charisma, holds Oakland for the Shadow Court by dint of his iron control of the OPF. While Count Elias putatively holds Oakhold, it is as much by Blade's sufferance as anything else that Elias' reign continues.

Lately, Blade has begun importing massive quantities of cold iron weapons into Oakhold at the Shadow Court's behest. Count Elias is as of yet unaware of the weapons' existence, but word of the operation is certain to reach him soon. When it does, only a fool would believe that there won't be opportunity for those weapons to be used.

Blade

Always a vocal and dedicated leader, Barry Shaw slipped quickly and easily into the role of leader of the African-American student group at Occidental College. A mastermind of organization with an exceptional flair for public speaking, Barry won several battles against the

Society of Telemachus-dominated administration of the school to include more African-American Studies courses, particularly on the oral and musical traditions of West Africa. As there were several eshu on the faculty whose hiring directly resulted from Barry's tireless work, they made certain to have the wilder knighted as a reward for his imagination and perseverance.

However, his agenda for change was too slow for some of the more radical members of his group, and too fast for certain members of the administration and faculty. When some of the former broke into the university president's office, the latter took the opportunity to set Barry up for a fall. All of the official evidence pointed to Barry, and he was permitted to "resign" his place in Occidental's Class of 1992 before being actually thrown out. To this day he remains bitter about his railroading and the dismantling of all he'd worked for. At first living out of his parents' home in Rockridge, he immediately set about rebuilding on the streets of Oakland what he'd lost on the walkways of Occidental. However, after a few short months the streets, along with his parents' constant harping on his "failure" at school, started tempering his idealism. Initially getting into low-level pot dealing to finance some of his neighborhood initiatives, he got more and more involved with the trade, and, as his parents' influence over him waned, his over the city grew. From pot he expanded into other chemicals, and as he did so he had to keep his couriers, bagmen, and other operatives in line. The only way to do this, of course, was discipline anyone who got out of line. It was then a swift stumble from "discipline" to brutality to the sort of amoral manipulation which Blade practices today. Equally capable of giving ten thousand dollars to a dilapidated church in a bad neighborhood or brutally raping that church's choirmistress, Blade's suburban morality has been wiped clean by the ethos of the street. At this point he may well be the Kingdom of Pacifica's most powerful commoner.

Court: Unseelie

Legacies: Rogue/Courtier

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Eshu

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 1, Brawl 2, Empathy 2, Expression 3,

Kenning 2, Streetwise 3

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 3, Leadership 1, Performance 3, Stealth 1

Knowledge: Investigation 2, Occult 2, Science 2

Arts: Chicanery 3, Soothsay 2, Sovereign 3, Wayfare 2



Realms: Actor 2, Fae 2, Prop 2, Nature 1, Scene 1
Backgrounds: Chimera 3, Contacts 3, Dreamers 3, Gremayre 1, Resources 3, Title 1, Treasures 2
Glamour: 6
Banalities: 6
Willpower: 8

Treasures: A scimitar with a gold-chased hilt, visible in the "real" world as an ordinary fencing cutlass. When imbued with a point of Glamour, the sword is capable of dancing in midair by itself, and of fencing most capably as well. (Consider it to have Dexterity 3, Melee 4, and Dodge 3.) Occasionally, Blade will fight with the scimitar in his hand instead of letting it fly free.

Image: In mortal form, Blade has a wiry athleticism and a piercing gaze that very few can look away from. With a long, thin face and high cheekbones, Blade has a smile that's raptor-esque when it's not intended to charm, and absolutely stunning when it is. Beardless but sporting a long black mohawk, Blade tends towards loose but expensive clothing that afford the same freedom of movement that a fencer's garb does. Under Glamour, these clothes can be seen to be richly embroidered with patterns that a scholar would identify as dating back to the historical Ghanan culture. Blade does tend to tote an old fencing cutlass (his Treasure) around with him. It is a very visible symbol of his authority and skill as well as a weapon of potency. Blade also carries some extremely heavy-duty

throwing knives; at least four can be seen on his person at all times.

Roleplaying Hints: While the Shadow Court may give you the occasional bit of direction, you're involved with them simply because their goals mesh with yours. Besides, they know enough not to tell you what to do, merely what they want to see done at some point. Oakhold is yours, and you're going to build something on its streets that was too fragile for the ivory towers of academia. If it has to be born in hot blood and cold iron, so be it. The Shadow Court understands what you want and will give you the slack to create it (or so you think), and you're using them, not the other way around.

You have some genuine fondness for Count Elias and give him high marks for trying, but Aeon, Aeron and the rest of that lot have got to go. Satyrs are far from your favorite kith, and you'll probably find an excuse to leave a room that one's in. Unless, of course, you find a way to make the satyr leave the room, preferably feet first.

The Holy Temple of Light and Sound, a.k.a. the Aethanaeum

Originally founded as a conciliatory gesture by a lady knight of House Fiona, the Holy Temple has become a haunt of the commoners who prefer flash and dash with their worship. Located in the heart of the Haight, it masquerades as a simple rehearsal space. Only under Glamour does the Temple's true splendor come out. Every song ever sung or played here lurks chimerically behind the pillars of the room, and these musical beasts can be coaxed into song with a minimum of effort.

The congregation is skewed towards a necker/satyr/eshu demographic, and few sidhe come here any more. By unspoken agreement there are no harsh words or blows inside the Temple's walls, though the street outside has certainly seen its share of scuffles. Hector, the satyr who runs the nightclub Chaingies, often leads lay rituals here.

Hector

A veteran of the Haight's glory days, Hector partied with the Airplane and the Dead, the Tubes and the Residents, and anyone else he ran into. A canny businessman with a green thumb for certain types of mushrooms, over the course of three decades Hector turned a window box full of fungus into Chaingies, one of the city's more popular spots for breaking new bands. So far out of the closer he's halfway out the front door, Hector is unabash-

edly and expansively gay. Chaingies is always one of the sponsors of the myriad bay area Gay Pride events, but otherwise Hector is apolitical, content to play the aging decadent to the hilt. Indeed, he sometimes seems to take a perverse pleasure in playing the "leather daddy" stereotype to the point of self-parody. Always on the lookout for new talent, he can often be spotted lurking at the back of another club, sifting through hours of mediocre college bands in hopes of finding someone worthy of gracing Chaingies' stage.

Hector has actually been involved long-term with Sam the Clam, the redcap who tends bar at Chaingies. Despite all of Hector's highly public flirtations, the two have been together for well over a decade and show no sign of slowing down now.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Wayfarer/Grotesque

Seeming: Grump

Kith: Satyr

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 2,

Expression 2, Kenning 4, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 1

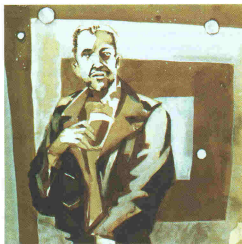
Skills: Crafts 1, Drive 1, Firearms 2, Leadership 1,

Performance 2, Security 2

Knowledge: Computer 1, Enigmas 3, Law 1,

Mythlore 2

Arts: Chicanery 1, Legerdemain 2, Primal 3, Sovereign 1, Wayfare 2



Realms: Actor 5, Fae 3, Nature 1, Prop 3, Scene 2
Backgrounds: Contacts 4, Dreamers 5, Gremayne 1, Holdings 1, Resources 4, Retinue 2, Treasures 1

Glamour: 7

Banality: 7

Willpower: 7

Image: Bearded and graying, Hector always wears black pants, a tasteful black leather collar, and a black biker jacket. Underneath one is likely to find anything from Hector's extremely hairy pelt to a buttoned-down Oxford with red power tie. It all depends on whom Hector was talking to that morning — but he's equally likely to wear the tie for a new band or go barechested for a record company AR executive.

In a curious genetic quirk, one of Hector's eyes is green while the other is blue. He laughs this off as evidence that his mother was a Siberian husky, but the difference is even more pronounced in his satyr mien. In that form, Hector's feet coalesce into hooves, explaining his legendary preference for going barefoot.

Roleplaying Hints: Life's a party, and it's your responsibility to make certain that everyone has as good a time at it as you do. Let love rule! Let music pour forth from the speakers, yea verily, and let the people groove to it. You'll serve booze without checking ID and sell 'shrooms to nuns if they ask for them, simply because who are you to do less than you can to help others have a good time?

On the other hand, remember that there is a bottom line, and that it had better be in black ink, not red. Be expansively friendly, sprinkling your conversation with words like "atrocious," "tacky" and "jejune." Take the traditional stereotype of the leather-clad gay and play it as over-the-top parody, while making it very clear that you know it's a parody even as you play it. You are quite aware of his image, and love having fun with it. Furthermore, anyone who dismisses you as a Quentin-Crisp wannabe is also likely to underestimate you in political and business matters. That's just the way you like it.

You've got a special "fondness" for Larana, by the way, and it ain't pleasant. The slut's responsible for wrecking more good groups than Paul Carrack and VH-1 combined.

Larana

A refugee from the fast-paced music scene of Poughkeepsie, New York, Laura Nilan headed west with dreams of hitting it big as a vocalist for a band. With her parents' grudging blessing and a promise to return if things didn't work out in a year, she packed up her '87 Sundance with some clothes and her cassette collection, and floored it west on I-84. A few weeks and several wrong turns later,

she found herself in San Francisco, trying desperately to hook up with a band while waiting tables. After a half-dozen auditions, though, the painful truth made itself known: Laura (or Larana, as she was now calling herself) couldn't sing a note. Recasting her dream of staying in the music business, though, she decided that she was going to go into the talent end of the industry. Again, her dreams were a bit beyond her capabilities and her role on the San Francisco music scene eventually settled into that of media personality/uber-groupie. Along the grapevine of SF's unsigned bands, Larana is referred to as "The Kiss of Death," both for her reputed talents in the bedroom and for the fact that any band in which she takes an interest soon loses its bite. This, of course, is due to her unfortunate talent for Ravaging her protégés, and she's earned Hector's undying enmity for ruining so many good bands.

Court: Unseelie

Legacies: Scrooge/Orchid

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Eshu

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 1, Athletics 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 1,

Expression 4, Kenning 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 2, Firearms 3, Melee 1,

Performance 2

Knowledges: Computer 3, Linguistics 3, Politics 2

Arts: Chicanery 3, Legerdemain 3, Soothsaying 1

Realms: Actor 4, Fae 2, Scene 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Dreamers 5, Gremayre 1,

Resources 4, Retinue 1, Treasures 1

Glamour: 5

Banality: 5

Willpower: 7

Image: Long, thin, and slinky, Larana may well have singlehandedly resurrected the sleeveless crushed velvet dress. Exquisitely pale, with sharp features and long fingernails, Larana is the latest thing in post-goth pallor. She's never seen without her sunglasses, even in the middle of the dingiest clubs San Francisco has to offer. Under Glamour, Larana acquires a whole new grace, even as her jewelry snakes around her in fantastical patterns.

Roleplaying Hints: One way or another, you're going to feel the lightning of being onstage in front of ten thousand screaming fans. If you can't get it by being there yourself, you'll take it from someone who's been there. It's not the music so much as the rush the music gives that drives you, and that rush is getting harder and harder to



come by. You are more selfish than malicious. As for politics, well, they're someone else's problem. In conversation, name-drop frequently ("why, the last time I heard that joke Mick was telling it to Fee and Freddie") and if anyone doesn't get your references, they don't deserve to breathe your oxygen. Act friendly in a condescending way, and offer small favors freely. You'll demand large ones back later.

The Edge of the Labrys

A feminist motley with a decidedly hard-edged philosophical bent, the Edge of the Labrys is loosely centered on Palo Alto, the home of Stanford University. Actually run by a nymph who dwells in the undeveloped western side of the Peninsula, the Edge staunchly supports Queen Aeron and Duchess Aiobhell more out of gender solidarity than real agreement with their policies. In fact, the members of the Labrys sincerely wish for a return to the activist days of Aeron's Reaving, and woe betide Hamal should he find himself in Palo Alto after dark.

Vala

A junior at Stanford, Valerie McKinnon is quietly one of the brightest stars of the school's economics program. Also quietly, she helps run the Lesbian/Bisexual/Questioning group on campus, a position which allows her to devote certain of her energies to the Edge of the Labrys as well. Vala's own orientation is uncertain, as no one has ever seen her involved with a woman or a man. An

extraordinarily private person, she is a model of creative efficiency.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Hermit/Riddler

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Sluagh

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 5, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 4,

Expression 2, Kenning 3, Subterfuge 2, Streetwise 2

Skills: Crafts 3, Security 3, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Knowledge: Computer 4, Enigmas 4, Investigation 3,

Law 2, Mythlore 2, Occult 4, Politics 1

Arts: Legerdemain 3, Primal 3, Soothsay 3, Sovereign 1

Realms: Actor 2, Fae 2, Nature 3, Scene 4

Backgrounds: Contacts 3, Dreamers 1, Gremayre 2,

Mentor 2, Resources 1, Treasures 4 (a sphere of ever-

shifting colors that can detect the mood of any one person to whom Vala is speaking, and which glows bright red when they are lying)

Glamour: 8

Banality: 4

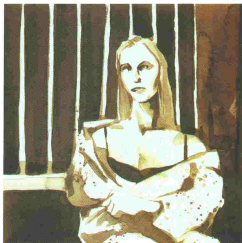
Willpower: 9

Image: Tall and gangly, Vala has long blonde hair and a wardrobe straight out of a Laura Ashley catalog. Always proper, she carries a briefcase and wears thick-framed black glasses. Impeccably organized, she has been dubbed the "Font of Pencils" by all who know her, as she always seems to have three or four extras in her briefcase. When seen as a sluagh, Vala's hair seems to shadow all of her face except her eyes, and her awkwardness melts into an oddly insectlike dexterity.

Roleplaying Hints: Listen until whoever you're with has run themselves down, then turn loose your sarcasm. A maximum of two sentences should be enough to get your point across. You are well aware of the value of information, far more so, you suspect, than most of the people with whom you are dealing. This is of course an advantage you will use to the fullest for the sake of the Labrys, as well as your own personal goals. Fortunately, the two tend to coincide.

The Society of Telemachus

One of two satyr-dominated societies in Pacifica (the other being the Brotherhood of the Barrel), the Society of Telemachus dominates the cultural life of the commoners of Berkeley. Named for Odysseus of Ithaca's son, the



Society is a combination debating society and liberal thinktank. Indeed, the Society has a rough détente with the Edge of the Labrys, working with the women of that group to further certain women's issues in both town and gown politics. However, as the Society is satyr-run, there are inevitable limits to the cooperation between the two groups. The Society is very much woven into the fabric of UC-Berkeley, and is very much a product of its place and time. Orbital chapters of the Society of Telemachus have sprung up at UC-Santa Cruz and UC-Santa Clara, but the group's power is concentrated in Berkeley. While satyrs do make up the largest fraction of the Society's membership, all Kithain are welcome within the halls of debate. However, the group is primarily Caucasian in its makeup, and this does lead to certain blind spots in the Society's worldview (see Blade, above).

Honerius

A veteran of the academic wars of the East Coast, Honerius (a.k.a. Henri Remillard) bounced from school to school in non-tenure track positions for years. It wasn't until nine years after he received his PhD that he landed in UC-Berkeley's Philosophy Department, which he discovered to his delight was chock-full of satyrs and other Kithain. Unlike most graduate programs, which tended to smother their students in devastating Banality, Berkeley's actually encouraged them to blossom as individuals! It was thirty years ago that Honerius came to this conclusion, and the Society of Telemachus is his work, dedicated to preserving the spark of creative individuality in every

student, no matter how Banal they might seem at first. His comrades have passed on or succumbed to Banality, but Honerius remains as spry and argumentative as ever. With a tongue like a sword and a wit like a scythe, he is the trendsetter in Berkeley's ivy-covered halls. His voice is respected in town matters as well, and not just for reasons of sheer volume.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Sage/Fool

Seeming: Grump

Kith: Satyr

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 1, Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Empathy

1, Expression 5, Kenning 4, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Etiquette 2, Leadership 3, Performance 2

Knowledge: Enigmas 5, Investigation 1, Law 3,

Linguistics 4, Mythlore 3, Occult 3, Politics 3

Arts: Legendmain 3, Primal 2, Soothsay 3, Sovereign 3

Realms: Actor 2, Fae 4, Nature 1, Prop 1, Scene 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 3, Dreamers 3, Gremayre 2,

Resources 3, Retinue 3, Treasures 2

Glamour: 5

Banalities: 8

Willpower: 7



Image: A man of medium height with curly white hair and a thick beard, Honerius dresses in prototypical wacky professor garb: jams, t-shirts, and sandals. Thick glasses complete the ensemble, and Honerius can often be seen running his sausage-like fingers through his hair or beard while mumbling vague philosophical points to himself. Under Glamour, Honerius' true shame becomes known: a creeping case of mange. His horns seem to curve back and in to draw attention to the problem, and any mention of it drives Honerius insane with anger and embarrassment. Of course, he constantly asks everyone he meets "Is it (his bald patch) getting bigger?" and pity the fool who answers "Yes."

Roleplaying Hints: Question everything. If someone says, "The sky is blue," your response should be A) "Do you really think so?" B) "So that's what you call blue," or C) "Is that really pertinent to the discussion at hand?" However, your purpose is to spark debate and cause people to question all of their assumptions, not to simply annoy. Take Socrates' notion of the societal gadfly and make it your own. After all, he probably stole it from one of your ancestors.

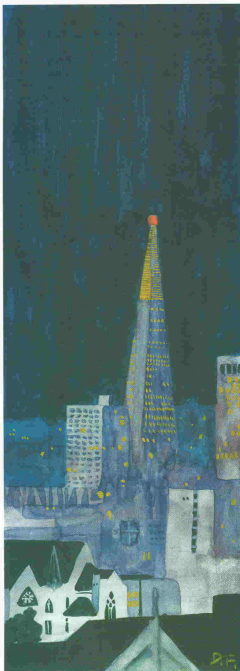
The Brotherhood of the Barrel

Governed by Sir Erhardt, a knighted satyr, the Brotherhood infests the Arcadia Winery and its associated vineyards. Satyrs from all over the world flock to Arcadia Winery's gates for the chance to work there, and the vineyard is essentially run as an holding independent from the rest of the duchy.

Sir Erhardt

Born in Germany but transplanted to the US at an early age, Erhardt was bitten by the wine bug early. His parents gave him careful instruction as to how to pick, pour and drink a wine, and this paid great dividends with the ladies in college. However, he saw no way into the wine industry, and had resigned himself to a lifetime as a librarian, organizing meetings of the Society of Telemachus in the student meeting rooms.

Lighting struck during one of his wine tours of the Valley. Turning into an obscure vineyard called Arcadia, he found the place in utter disarray. Disgusted by the waste, he stormed into the director's office to give the man a piece of his mind. The director, a French satyr named



Jean Losique who knew absolutely nothing about wine, agreed when Erhardt announced that he could do a better job running the place, and offered Erhardt both the job and the honorary knighthood that came along with it. It took Erhardt under a minute to say yes, and he's still wondering why it took him that long.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Paladin/Beast

House: Brotherhood of the Barrel

Seeming: Grump

Kith: Satyr

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 1, Brawl 2, Dodge 5, Empathy 4,

Expression 3, Kenning 3, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 2, Leadership 3, Melee 3 (specializing in the use of the broken-off wine bottle), Security 1, Stealth 2

Knowledge: Computer 1, Investigation 1, Law 2,

Mythlore 4, Occult 2, Research 5, Science 4

Arts: Chicanery 4, Legerdemain 3, Soothsay 2,

Wayfare 2

Realms: Actor 4, Fae 4, Nature 1, Prop 1, Scene 2

Backgrounds: Chimera 2, Contacts 2, Dreamers 3,

Gremayne 2, Holdings 3, Resources 4, Retinue 3 (the Brotherhood, who don't go in much for being called a retinue), Title 2

Glamour: 7

Banalities: 5

Willpower: 6

Image: Blessed with the most spectacular drooping mustachios in all the Kingdom of Pacifica, Sir Erhardt looks like he'd be better suited to cavorting across the Alps in lederhosen than running a highly profitable winery. His eyes hide behind thick glasses, but just because his vision's wonky doesn't mean that his gaze isn't sharp. When dealing with mortal matters, he can most often be found in a simple white shirt and jeans, simply because he expects that at any given moment he's likely to be hauled out into the muck of the vineyards to deal with some emergency or other. As incongruous as it seems, Sir Erhardt keeps the mustache when in fae mien. It droops out from under his long nose, which itself peeks out from his wine-red enameled helm. Sir Erhardt is actually almost constantly armored, and always wears work clothes for the same reason: he constantly expects the worst. His mail is made from bands of some great beast's hide, tanned into leather and colored with the vineyard's best. Only the helm is enameled, and

that, it is snidely noted, is because Sir Erhardt manages to take one on the chin in practically every Tourney or Hunt he attends. (Still, this tends to attract much sympathy from gentle-minded Kithain ladies; Sir Erhardt is a lover, not a fighter, and he's not anywhere as bad at combat as he seems.)

Roleplaying Hints: You are a nice guy with way too many responsibilities. You're being nibbled to death by ducks. You're a satyr, after all, and the business end of running the Winery depresses you horribly. Thank goodness you have JZ to help you out. The others, though you love them dearly, are absolutely no use at all, except, of course, when it's time to drink the profits. It's much like being a kindergarten teacher, you suppose, but someone's got to do it and it might as well be you. Now if only you got paid like a member of the teachers' union...

One of your deep dark secrets is that you're actually quite literate, and prefer reading to doing just about anything else. You also have a well-hidden, very dry sense of humor which manifests itself precisely when others don't expect it. You hate violence, and will go to almost any length to avoid it. That end of things you abdicat

almost entirely to your head of security. You're a people satyr, not a details satyr, and eventually, you're quite certain, everything will come out all right...more or less.





Chapter Six: Scenes

*This serene madness, this deceptive rashness
Wonder wonder, tundra tundra
Gritty splendor, sink into the sand
And now I'm lost.*

— Toyah, "Prospect"

The following three short stories are designed as companion pieces to *The Toybox*. They weave around and through the stories told in the first book of the *Immortal Eyes* trilogy, allowing the players to become part of the legendary doings of Leigh and her companions without merely dogging their footsteps or mimicking their actions. Alternatively, the Storyteller may allow the players to actually play the heroes of the *Immortal Eyes* trilogy. You can still use these stories in this case, though they would certainly need some modification. For the sake of clarity, these stories assume that the players will be playing their own characters. It is also assumed that the troupe has gone through the introductory story in the *Changeling* rulebook, "Toys Will Be Toys." The events of that story are tightly connected to each of these.

The three stories work best if played in sequence. The first, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," is essentially an introductory adventure, with little peril to the characters. It touches the surface of the deeper events shaping San Francisco at the time, but offers little insight into either the actors or their motivations. The second, "The Rambling Rover," delves deeper into the mysteries

of Duke Aeon's Court, and also shows off more of Queen Aeron's realm by taking the characters out of San Francisco. It is somewhat darker in tone, and offers greater potential for the characters to suffer injury or worse. Finally, the sequence closes with "If It Offends Thee...", in which the characters come face to face with two of the greatest perils the Kithain of Pacifica face. As always, feel free to modify any and all elements herein: whatever you feel necessary to provide a more dramatic game.

1. When Johnny Comes Marching Home

I'll assume puberty takes care of this problem.

— Berkeley Breathed, *Bloom County*

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is a short adventure demonstrating how the actions of Leigh, Mor-

gan, Valmont, and their companions affect the other Kithain of San Francisco. Much as *The Hobbit* serves as a light-hearted introduction to the epic *Lord of the Rings*, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is the first step on the characters' slippery path to involvement in the epic events of *Immortal Eyes*. It is intended for new characters and new players, allowing both to become comfortable with the world of *Changeling* while still hinting at the power of the challenges that lie ahead. The story works better if the characters are predominantly Seelie, but Unseelie characters can take part as well. They may simply find it difficult explaining precisely "why" they're chasing all over San Francisco trying to catch a toy soldier. It doesn't quite jibe with the image.

The Storyteller must make certain that the soldier is not caught until the very end of the story. Feel free to make up all sorts of wild and improbable escapes from even the cleverest traps the players devise. Both the Roadrunner and the Energizer Bunny should serve as inspiration here. After all, if a redcap simply eats the toy soldier ten minutes into the first session, things rather abruptly grind to a halt.

As for the soldier itself, "Johnny" is generally human sized, but can alter his stature in an instant. This enables him to run between people's legs or up drainspouts by shrinking down to the height of a real toy soldier. It also, if the players get a little too close to catching him at first, enables him to suddenly grow to 14 feet tall, quickly punt an offending character out of the way, and take some rather large steps in the direction of escape. As always, use discretion.

Theme and Mood

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is specifically intended to be lighthearted and humorous. It shows the whimsical side of being Kithain, and the characters are supposed to have as much fun as the players. The grand and glorious matters of duty, honor, and gear only slightly impinge upon the madcap frolicking. It is only towards the end, as the competition for the soldier grows more intense — and perhaps dangerous — that you should allow the unpleasant side of things to surface even slightly.

Don't be afraid to make Storyteller characters look ridiculous in their pursuit, even if the players themselves ever grow frustrated. Watching someone else take a spectacular pratfall can sometimes wonderful way to feel good about one's self. After all, the irony of "Johnny" is that a mindless chimera manages to outwit both the players and their rivals for the entire duration of the story.

Act One: FORWARD, MARCH!

Scene One: Just a Few Blocks Away...

The scene begins with the characters strolling through the streets a few short blocks from the Toybox Cafe. It's a beautiful, sunny fall day, and the streets are filled with shoppers, laughing children, and street performers of varying levels of competence. There is magic in the air today, a magic even those with no Kithain blood can feel, and the characters should be in a good mood. As a matter of fact, they should probably be in a good enough mood to contemplate buying a balloon or two from the vendor who's just wandered into the intersection where they're standing. The vendor is obviously a satyr, and this should be enough to pique at least one person's curiosity. If not, LittleJohn might acquire a hankering for one of the characters' company, and will thus impose his presence upon the motley.

One way or another, LittleJohn will bring up the wacky events at the Toybox (from "Toys Will Be Toys"). While his version isn't quite accurate, it does cover most of the bases (Malacat's arrival and subsequent anti-social activities, the opening of Emperor Norton's toy chest, the scramble into the streets afterwards, and people chasing after the chimera. If the players don't want his company, he will hint that he knows something about these events that the characters don't. Play the "I know something you don't know" card for all it's worth. LittleJohn was not actually at the Toybox when the chest was opened, but heard from someone who was there. In any case, the players should know all about the spectacular series events, and they should also be subjected to various wild surmises as to what it all means.

Just as the conversation finishes, a chimeric toy soldier will scramble past. LittleJohn will make a grab for it, losing his balloons in the process. If the players chase after the soldier, all to the good. But they won't catch it — at least, not yet. If they ask LittleJohn what's so important about catching this particular chimera, he vanishes into the crowd.

LittleJohn

Once upon a time, there was a satyr named Robyn who was an absolute firebrand of an orator. He was among the fiercest of the rabblerothers speaking out against the

return to the sidhe's old ways of governance, claiming the age of lords and ladies was long past. He was even among those who planned the initial, bloody uprising that became the Accordance War. As revolution turned to treachery, then to bloody war, Robyn was expected to take as prominent a role in leading the commoner forces to glorious victory over the returning oppressors. Unfortunately, he was a coward.

He cracked and ran. His troops were mowed down, his subordinates were slaughtered, and he ran. In self-mockery, he changed his name to Littlejohn and bounced from freehold to freehold, always running as soon as anyone had an inkling as to his identity. The years took their toll, and he landed, weathered and cynical, on the streets of Goldengate. Now he makes his way as a small-time hustler, living in the shadow of the court so that daily he can torment himself with his failure. Robyn the revolutionary is dead. Long live Littlejohn the street hustler.

Court: Unseelie

Legacies: Rogue/Crafter

Seeming: Grump

Kith: Satyr

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 1, Empathy 1, Expression 2,

Kenning 3, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Crafts 2, Stealth 1, Survival 3

Knowledges: Enigmas 3, Mythlore 3

Arts: Chicanery 3, Legerdemain 1, Primal 2, Wayfare 3

Realms: Actor 4, Fae 3, Nature 2, Prop 3, Scene 2

Backgrounds: Chimera 3, Contacts 4, Dreamers 2,

Gremayre 1, Resources 1, Treasures 2

Glamour: 9

Banality: 6

Willpower: 5

Treasures: Littlejohn possesses several chimerical balloons which, in fact, allow him to float up into the air. He usually carries these chimerical balloons along with several real balloons.

Image: Littlejohn looks exactly like the sort of old man your mother warned you about. Then again, in this case Mom would have been right. Bearded and manic, Littlejohn always wears a yellow trench coat and floppy black fedora. He doesn't ever deviate from this uniform, even in the heat of summer, and has won some local notoriety as "Columbo the Balloon Man." In satyr form, his ears become pointed and poke up through the fedora, and small horns sprout from his forehead. Littlejohn also



becomes extraordinarily hairy when seen in his faerie mien, to the point where the stuff curls out of his ears, nostrils, and coat sleeves. No matter what the situation or weather, he has a bunch of balloons in his hand, which he sells for ridiculously low prices.

Roleplaying Hints: While it's not recommended that you say "Want a balloon, little girl?," it wouldn't be entirely out of character. Alternate between being effusively friendly and annoyingly ingratiating. You are secretly starved for affection, but your nature won't allow you to take it when offered. Mumble, rasp, and spit frequently. If the players seem too eager for your information, draw out the process as long as possible and hold them up for all they're worth. If they seem disinterested, spill it in their laps.

Once the soldier appears, though, let greed take over. That's your chimera to retrieve, and heaven help anyone who gets in your way. Lie, cheat and steal to get what's yours. You've got a lot of favors out on the street. It's time to start using them.

Scene Two: Downhill All the Way

The players have a choice of chasing after Littlejohn or trying to catch the soldier. Should they choose the former, they will rapidly lose him in the crowd but again see that darn chimera strutting across their path, almost daring them to follow. Hopefully, the players will take the bait and the chase will begin. The soldier will zigzag downhill towards the Western Addition, at one point running between the legs of a huge, leather-jacketed redcap. If the players are hot on the soldier's tail, a collision

might well be in order, particularly if the redcap tries to catch the chimera as it scoots between his legs. In any case, at this point LittleJohn will appear, pelting pell-mell after the soldier and shouting "Catch it!" to the redcap. As this particular specimen of redcaphood is not terribly bright, he will immediately start chasing the players in the same direction the soldier and satyr have gone in. If they're smart, the players will just keep running.

The focus of this scene should be the players avoiding both Ralph and the policemen alerted by the sight of a punk chasing a bunch of kids down the street. As both the soldier and LittleJohn have again dropped out of sight, escape should be the players' sole priority. If they insist on standing up to Ralph, let him pound lightly on them for a few rounds until the police get too close, then have him run away. At that point, all the players have to do is avoid the police (and their attendant Banality).

Ralph

As a child, Ralph's immigrant father told him stories from the old country of how trolls steal children away and replace them with troll-children, especially if the children had been bad. On those not-so-rare occasions when Ralph's father was drunk, he'd take out his frustrations on the boy, screaming at him that he was in fact a troll-child and not his flesh and blood at all. A sweet and innocent child, Ralph bought every word of it, and it was no surprise to him when he underwent his Chrysalis and emerged as a redcap.

Since he was a redcap, Ralph reasoned, he was in fact not his father's child. It would therefore be best for him to leave the house, since he didn't truly belong there. By the time anyone explained to Ralph the way being a changeling actually works, it was far too late. He's run the streets as muscle for years now, and can't ever imagine going back.

Court: Unseelie

Legacies: Savage/Bumpkin

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Redcap

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 5, Dodge 1, Streetwise 2

Skills: Drive 3, Firearms 2, Melee 4, Security 2

Knowledges: Investigation 2, Mythlore 2, Occult 1

Arts: Chicane 1, Primal 3, Wayfare 1

Realms: Actor 2, Fae 1, Nature 2, Prop 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 3, Dreamers 1, Gremayre 1, Resources 1

Glamour: 7



Banality: 7

Willpower: 4

Image: Ralph is large and impressive, in the same way as a rhinoceros or elephant. He's absolutely huge and wears nothing but studded leather and torn jeans. Ralph's smile is far too wide, and there's a persistent rumor that he refers to nockers as "the other white meat." Ralph's head is shaved, though he has a black mustache and goatee. When seen as a redcap, Ralph's head flattens out and his hide turns lumpy and scaly.

Roleplaying Hints: Big and stupid, you will do what LittleJohn tells you to do, well, because he told you to do it. To call you a follower is an understatement; ants and termites have more initiative. You're not really bad at heart, just running with a bad crowd. If the players ever take the time to talk to you, you'll probably like them a whole lot. For the moment, though, you want to get that soldier and they're in the way. Too bad for them.

Scene Three: Up the Down Drainpipe

After escaping the attentions of Ralph, the police, and anyone else they might have antagonized in their madcap dash through the city, the players round a corner and see the soldier charge straight into a drainpipe on the side of a three-story house, with LittleJohn in hot pursuit. As a matter of fact, LittleJohn is so intent on the chimera that he never notices the wall to which the chimera is attached. The result of this inattentiveness is a sickening thud and one very dazed satyr.

From inside the drainpipe, the rattling sounds indicate that the toy soldier is somehow continuing onward and upward. However, the characters' first priority should be the thoroughly woozy satyr now muttering to himself at the foot of the drainpipe. If the players seem intent on ignoring him, have him appear to be injured (and then play it for all the sympathy it's worth).

If questioned about the soldier, LittleJohn will eventually break down and admit he heard that there was likely to be a reward for bringing any of the chimera back. If further questioned, he'll admit that he heard they could be dangerous.

At this point, the toy soldier will rattle out of the top of the drainpipe and start scurrying along the gutter. When the characters are distracted, LittleJohn will pull a bunch of balloons from somewhere and float to the rooftop in an attempt to catch the soldier. There will be a series of small popping noises as the soldier fires his gun, followed by a series of loud ones as each of the balloon bursts in turn. LittleJohn falls, and the chimera continues onward. The satyr is not hurt badly, and immediately gets up to chase after the soldiers. Ralph chooses this moment to show up, quite upset, and the chase is renewed.

Act Two: Lions and Tigers and Chickens, Oh My!

Scene One: Towards the Point

Pursued by Ralph, the players move through the Lower Haight, occasionally catching glimpses of the soldier but not LittleJohn. They should nearly catch the soldier at least once, only to lose it as it scurries across a street full of traffic (or something similar — let circumstance dictate the nature of the hair's-breadth escape). The soldier marches under cars, over sleeping street people, through piles of garbage, up walls, and other places where physics never intended a toy soldier to go. Finally, the soldier will march across a sewer grate and, agonizingly, drop down into it. The sound of its footsteps receding into the blackness at the sewer's bottom should fade away, giving the impression that for the moment, things are hopeless. It is at this point that Sorry Martin will appear, full of good cheer and proudly showing off the chickenhawk chimera on his shoulder.

What has really happened is that LittleJohn, after being embarrassed, trampled, concussed, shot at and reintroduced to the effects of Earth's gravity, has decided to

let someone else take the knocks for a while. Hence, he has called in another of his dupes, Sorry Martin, to find the soldier either by himself or by working with the characters. Martin also has explicit orders to bring the soldier back to LittleJohn, no matter what the cost.

As soon as Sorry Martin makes his presence known, he will immediately introduce himself, announce that he's here to help, and outline a grandiose plan as to how they can all capture the runaway toy. He will introduce the chickenhawk as "Killer" and then offer to let the characters pet him. If they attempt to do so, the bird will growl at them (hey, it's chimerical) and attempt to bite.

SORRY MARTIN

A product of an insulated life, Martin stayed inside to read during recess instead of playing ball with the other children. While this has helped develop his intellect, it's stunted his physical and social growth something fierce. His parents moved from the East Coast in hopes of finding an intellectually stimulating and yet ecologically sound lifestyle, and they encouraged their son Martin to read whenever and whatever he wanted. At an early age he stumbled onto Yeats and became enthralled with the poet's notion of the Celtic Twilight (much to his parents' chagrin, as they were hoping he'd find something in a Ghanan motif to pique his interest). Still, he was convinced he'd never find dim Faerie, only read about it.

A chance meeting with one of Ragger's band on an otherwise deserted schoolyard convinced Martin otherwise. It initiated his Chrysalis, and also convinced him that he needed help in this decidedly non-Yeatsean fairyl-land. This was the genesis of Killer, who's loyal, honest, sarcastic, and always ready to come to his friend's defense. In short, he's everything a nerd's best friend should be, and it is some ways tragic that such a friend had to be invented for Martin instead of being found. Martin's fae name comes from his habit of apologizing for everything he does, and it's quite the joke among Ragger's Band. Of course, Martin still runs with them when he can, trying desperately to fit in.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Wayfarer/Grotesque

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Eshu

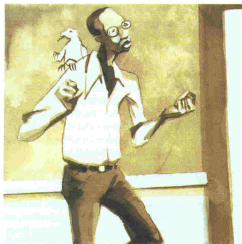
Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 1, Brawl 1, Dodge 1, Empathy 2, Streetwise 1

Skills: Firearms 1, Security 4, Stealth 1



Knowledge: Computer 3, Enigmas 3, Investigation 3, Mythlore 2, Science 3

Arts: Chicanery 1, Soothsay 3, Wayfare 1

Realms: Actor 2, Fae 3, Prop 2

Backgrounds: Chimera 4, Contacts 3, Dreamers 2, Gremayre 1, Resources 2

Glamour: 8

Banalities: 5

Willpower: 4

Image: A young African-American man with thick glasses and a late-70's wardrobe, Sorry Martin displays the telltale signs of the computer geek. Martin slouches, making him seem much shorter than his 5' 9". His hands are constantly in motion, as if he were typing along with what he was saying. On his shoulder sits Killer, a chimerical chickenhawk with a bad attitude and a molting problem.

Roleplaying Hints: You're 100% into getting this soldier back for Littlejohn, though you think he was being ridiculous when he told you to take out anyone who got in your way. Still, it's a big honor, being trusted to get something this important back, and you won't botch it. A little bit callow, you tend to shoot your mouth off and then have Killer get you out of trouble.

Killer the Chickenhawk:

A combat machine, Killer is about a foot tall and looks like a cross between, well, a hawk and a chicken. However, Killer has been anthropomorphized like a cartoon animal, and can often be seen puffing away on a cigarette and making disgusted faces at some of the things Martin says. His wings end in fists, and he will offer to box

with opponents fair'n'square before taking them down with his variety of dirty tricks.

Killer is utterly devoted to Sorry Martin, and will actively seek to kill anyone who harms his friend. Martin, to his credit, does not actively take advantage of this fact overmuch. Indeed, it might be stretching it to think that Martin has even noticed the correspondence between the number of times when he's gotten in trouble and the number of times Killer's bailed him out.

Killer's statistics are as follows:

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3, Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 4, Intimidation 4, Dodge 4, Melee 4, Stealth 3

Killer will prove his mettle by promptly dealing with Ralph, who chooses precisely the wrong time in the conversation to arrive. Killer will merely drive Ralph off, and the combat should actually be played for laughs. After this show of good faith, Martin's plan should be a bit more palatable to the players.

The plan in question involves tracking the chimera's path through the sewers through a combination of Soothsay and map reading, and, when the soldier hit a dead end, jumping down into the sewers and personally grabbing it. If any of the players has a better idea, run with it. However, Sorry Martin will come with the players, even if he has to tag along behind making puppy dog eyes at them.

Scene Two: Back Up the Hill

At some point during their tracking expedition, the players will notice that the soldier has reversed direction and is now headed back up the hill. In truth, it heard the summons to muster with the rest of the troops and is doing its best to heed the call. However, the players are likely to see it as sheer contrariness, and only the actual sight of the lost soldier climbing up out of a sewer grate will give them the encouragement they need. From this point on, the chimera is easily catchable. It's tired, it's not terribly enthusiastic about rejoining the rest of the army, and it's had a hard day. The characters should be able to catch up to it in no time. As soon as they grab it, though, Bad Things start to happen.

First of all, Killer will swoop down and make a play for the soldier. Sorry Martin will also be attempting to get his hands on the chimera, and will use whatever means necessary to get it. It's pure coincidence, of course, that Ralph also comes charging into the fray at this point, hellbent on revenge on Martin and his chicken. Just to add to the confusion, Littlejohn finds the temptation of the chimera too much to resist getting involved personally and also leaps into the fray. Things get ugly, and the soldier

will take potshots at whoever's closest (Dexterity 3, Firearms 4, 1 shot per round, damage 4). All in all, it should look like the closing moments of a Mel Brooks movie.

With any luck, the players will win. The battle will end with one or more of the characters gripping tightly onto the soldier. At this point, while the players debate what to do with their catch, a battalion of toy soldiers will appear. Observing proper military form, they will request the return of their comrade. Hopefully, the players will acquiesce, and the wayward toy will rejoin the ranks of his peers.

II. The Rambling Rover

*Will there be any pen-pushers up there in heaven?
Does clerking and wage-slaving win you God's love?
I pity you worms with your semis and pensions
If you think that'll get you to the kingdom above.*

— Richard Thompson, "God Loves a Drunk"

"The Rambling Rover" is a short adventure exploring the underside of one of the major subplots of *The Toybox*. It has a greater scope than "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," as well as greater ambiguity and a much less clear-cut ending. Ranging from the court of Duke Aeon to the wineries haunted by the Brotherhood of the Barrel, "The Rambling Rover" is a chance for the players to flex their investigative muscles as they track down the roots of a mystery which affects all in Aeon's holdings. In addition, it moves the characters further out into the wide world of the Kithain, exposing them to more of the wonders, and dangers, of changeling existence.

"The Rambling Rover" is designed as a follow-up adventure to "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." It relies upon the events of the earlier story for its setting and initial impetus.

Theme

"The Rambling Rover" is all about obsession, truth, and honor. Most of the true evil that has been wrought in "The Rambling Rover" has been done in the name of honor, or as a result of a fixation cloaking itself in honor's guise. Even the characters are not immune to these twin forces. Asked to uncover the origin of Aeon's magical harp as a favor to a member of the Duke's court, the characters will find the trail winding into places they'd rather not see. However, they have no choice but to travel forward, yielding to those same motivations that worked in tandem

to weave the mystery which they are called upon to unravel.

Hopefully the characters will recognize the way in which they are falling into the same traps that snared their predecessors. The rogues' gallery of life's victims whom they encounter will serve as object lessons in what they might become. If the characters do not learn their lessons well, they may well end up in the same classroom until Banality overwhelms them—or worse.

Mood

Despite its jaunty title, "The Rambling Rover" is a piece with a gradually darkening mood. The initial enthusiasm of the seemingly simple quest is slowly tinged by the sinister emotions that helped generate the mystery. By the end of the story, the characters should be almost desperate to find the truth, and for their sakes, not for that of their patron at court. Everyone the characters encounter has a dirty little secret, and all of those secrets are about to come out.

Furthermore, not all of these secrets are pertinent to the plot, but the characters may well insist on exposing them anyway. Hopefully the characters will realize when they've gone too far in search of the truth. The full ramifications of the players' actions may not become immediately apparent, but the group will realize that there are consequences, both physical and psychological, for going too far no matter what the cause.

In conclusion, if "Johnny" was a Warner Brothers cartoon, "The Rambling Rover" is a film noir. Complete with boozy informants and burnout cases who can still hear the call of honor, the story is both an introduction to the wider world of the Kithain and a warning that even a world of Glamour has its own harsh edges.

Background

This story takes place immediately after the false harp which had imprisoned Duke Aeon's higher faculties has been destroyed. It is a small triumph, though, in the face of the ill omens and dangers now afoot in San Francisco. It is known that the harp was originally given to Duke Aeon as a gift the previous Beltaine, but not who gave the gift or, more threateningly, why. The duke's court is painfully aware of the questions the harp's presence has raised. If one such malign object could be gifted to the duke himself with no one the wiser, what other articles of mischief are loose in the Kingdom of Pacifica? What if the next "gift" is something deadlier? And how was such a potent Treasure smuggled into as closely guarded a festival as Duke Aeon's Beltaine celebration? Everything points to treason and betrayal, and the court's mood is sour.

With that in mind, certain members of the court have taken it upon themselves to lighten the gloom somewhat. What Duke Aeon and his courtiers need, they reason, is to hear a story of a fresh triumph, preferably one that is both humorous and glorious at the same time. Inevitably, the characters' chase after the chimerical soldier is settled upon as perfect. An invitation is issued, a proclamation made, and the stage is set for "The Rambling Rover."

Act One: "There are sober men a-plenty..."

Scene One: An Invitation

The characters find themselves summoned to court to give an accounting of their exploits chasing after the runaway chimera from the previous story. The invitation, hand-delivered by a nattily attired courtier, should give the impression that the characters are expected to debrief Duke Aeon and his advisors, and that the invitation is to be considered an honor.

When the characters arrive at court, they are ushered into the Great Hall and asked to perform that most difficult of tasks, waiting. They are forced to endure at least an hour's exhibition of filibustering, politicking and groveling while waiting for their turn to speak. If they listen, the characters will hear something about "that damned harp," as well as fierce debate over what sort of assistance should be offered to Leigh. Eventually, though, the players' turn comes. At least one of the characters will be called upon to make a Wits + Expression roll (Difficulty 7) to tell the tale of their misadventure to the court at large. However, most of the nobles, courtiers, and hangers-on will spend the recital either preoccupied or openly disdainful of such minor deeds. This is more a reflection of the court's state of mind than of the individual nobles' personalities, but it should leave the characters with a sour taste in their mouths.

The characters will probably realize that they were summoned more as entertainment than anything else. There is a whiff of the Unselie in the air, and once the players have finished they will be ignored by the majority of the court. Observant characters will notice that Duke Aeon seems more distracted than anything else, absently nodding as the tale is told and either ignoring or simply not noticing the snide comments of the court wits. After the tale is finished, he will tell them that it was "...absolutely fascinating, and an excellent job you did, rounding up that dangerous whatever-it-was..." He will then sink back into brooding as the characters are shuffled off and a petitioner for a Holding takes their place before the duke.

Scene Two: Ostrubing News

Just when the players get thoroughly fed up with the lot of nobles, Baron Neville will approach them. He will offer them refreshment, comment on the other courtiers' appalling lack of manners, and apologize on their behalf for their rudeness. (Characters with high Perception ratings will probably notice that the label of the bottle of wine from which Neville pours is "Arcadia Vineyards," and that the winery's logo is a reclining satyr figure with a flagon. All dignity and charm, he will then cut to the chase. Swearing the characters to secrecy, he will take them into a coatroom or similar antechamber and inform them that Duke Aeon's mind had been slipping because he'd become fixated on, of all things, a harp, presented anonymously as a Beltaine present. In whispers, Neville will add that he had been quite worried for the duke, who had seemed to be inching closer and closer to Bedlam. The invitation to the Unselie Court to celebrate Samhain as Aeon's guest proves precisely how disturbed Duke Aeon had been. Why, rumor even had it that His Grace even briefly believed the spirit of his long-lost love to be trapped inside the instrument. The long and short of it, however, is that the situation was dangerously close to being out of control. While things are better now that the harp has been destroyed, it remains troubling that such a potent object of malign power was slipped into His Grace's hands. Such a thing should not be allowed to happen again. With that in mind, it behooves the members of the court to find out how it happened this time.

Neville will then set the players the task of finding out who is responsible for getting the harp into His Grace's hands. If possible, he will get them to swear an Oath of the Long Road that they will find the culprit, which will add a certain amount of urgency to the players' quest. Failing this, he will do his best to impress upon them the importance of what they're doing. In either case, Neville will offer a reward for a successful conclusion to the hunt, as well as a business card with an address scribbled on the back. "A good place to start," is all Neville will say about the address, and then he will take his leave.

Scene Three: The Address

The fog has rolled in by the time the players leave court, headed for an address in the heart of the Mission district. An unseasonably chill breeze pushes the haze to and fro without clearing it. Characters skilled in Soothsay may get inklings of something unpleasant coming, but nothing specific. Each streetlight seems to have a halo as the characters navigate the streets, looking for the elusive address. Eventually, though, their quarry looms up out of the fog. It is an unspectacular two-floor brick house, with

badly peeling paint on its shutters and porch. The entire house gives the impression of something once meticulously cared for but now gone to seed. There is no doorbell, only a tarnished brass knocker.

When the players knock, there will be silence. After a second knock, a sudden crash will be heard. Eventually, the redcap Maire will stumble to her door and bootily ask the players what the \$=&% they want at this \$=&%ing hour of the morning, and why the \$=&% they can't go get real jobs and stop bothering working women like her. (It will in fact be evening when the players reach Maire's house; just bear in mind that Maire doesn't get out of the house much these days.) Assuming they are not stunned into silence by the ferocity of Maire's initial outburst, the players will quickly be able to gain her confidence and garner an invitation inside.

Scene Four: Inside Maire's Home

The feeling of rapid decay should be even stronger inside. Maire is obviously tottering on the thin edge of Banality, and little touches (like plastic casing on the furniture) should reinforce this. Maire will offer the characters refreshments and will generally try to mother them even though she's had a few too many. As soon as she is asked about the harp, Maire will immediately sink down into a large overstuffed chair in the middle of the room and start sniffing. In fits and starts, she reveals to the players how Duke Aeon dismissed her a few short weeks ago from her position as a steward. If asked about the harp, Maire will tell the players that all her troubles started when the \$=&%ing harp first showed up. She will be unable to remember exactly who presented it to the duke, but she will be able to recall that a bunch of the satyrs from the Brotherhood of the Barrel were in court quite a bit in those days, arguing against a higher tax on wine. In particular, she recalls one named JZ.

It turns out, incidentally, that Maire was fired for abusing her employer's property. Specifically, she grew fascinated with an ebony harp that His Grace kept in a private chamber which she was responsible for cleaning. Eventually, one day, when she thought no one was looking, she had to have just a little nibble. Unfortunately, she chose a moment when His Grace was coming to visit his treasure. He caught her in the act and, acting without his usual leniency, banished Maire from his court. Furthermore, he placed her under a geas not to speak of the matter, or of the harp to anyone until such time as he granted her permission. (As Aeon is a man of honor, following the destruction of the harp, he officially released her from her

geas.) The harp, as far as Maire could remember, was unharmed by her culinary assault.

Maire's apartment is an uncomfortable place, full of intimations of mortality. The characters will likely be glad to leave it, and Maire, behind. Outside, the fog has turned into a drizzling rainstorm. It looks to be an unpleasant evening. If the characters drove to Maire's, someone has slashed their tires. Characters with Soothsay will have strong premonitions that something nasty is on the way. Then again, most characters without Soothsay probably will as well.

MAIRE

An immigrant from Eire, Maire was promised work in America in both her fae and human miens. As she was a young girl at the time, and still somewhat of a romantic, she took the former, and promptly found herself abandoned by her prospective employer. He had apparently had the bad grace to go and die on her before she arrived, and so in very ill humor Maire took her bags to the next freehold...And the next, and the next, and the next... Her indomitable spirit, combined with the fact that very few motleys wanted too many redcaps among them, kept her moving further and further west. When asked why she didn't head back east, she replied, "Already been there. Don't like it at all."

Eventually she landed in Goldengate, and became attached to the underside of the ducal court. She performed her duties well, at least until she caught sight of a certain magical harp. Now she sits at home and broods on the matter, obsessed with a magic she only dimly understood.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Bumpkin/Savage

Seeming: Grump

Kith: Redcap

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Talents: Athletics 1, Brawl 3, Empathy 1, Kenning 1, Streetwise 3

Skills: Crafts 2, Etiquette 2, Stealth 1

Knowledge: Law 2, Mythlore 3, Politics 4

Arts: Primal 3, Sovereign 1, Wayfare 1

Realms: Actor 2, Fae 2, Prop 1

Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Dreamers 1

Glamour: 5

Banality: 8

Willpower: 6

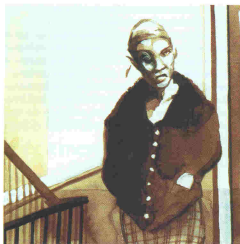


Image: With kerchiefed head, button-down sweater, and long plaid skirt, Maire is the picture of parochial school propriety gone to hell. A long way from the promises made of America on the Old Sod, Maire's visage bears the weight of 55 winters. Short, but not small, she has a tendency to waddle when she walks. Maire's eyes are a bright green, perhaps the only remarkable thing about her appearance.

Even when seen as a redcap, Maire's appearance is somewhat ordinary. Yes, she has the omnipresent wide mouth, but it's more likely to be wide with chattering than chewing. Of course, her eyes do go from green to red, but that's hard to notice among the creases and folds of her well-lined face.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a sloppy drunk, and Duke Aeon's dismissal kicked what was nearly your last support out from under you. Now there is only the bottle between you and Banality, and you have a sneaking suspicion that it's not so much a barrier as a funnel. Still, at this point you'd almost welcome the release from the nightmare that changeling existence has become for you.

When dealing with the characters, go off on extended tangents about your views on the politics of the court. As these are primarily worm's-eye views of the lords and ladies, they are astonishingly accurate. Cut your conversation with profanity and crying jags, as well as long moans about what a pleasure it was to serve Duke Aeon before he changed. Curse the harp a few times as well, just on general principle.

Act Two: "...and drunkards barely twenty..."

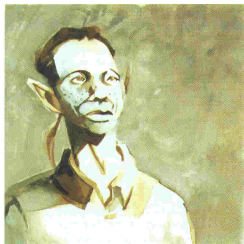
Scene One: To the Vineyard

The next morning, refreshed and with new tires, the players head out to the Napa Valley and the Arcadia Winery. As the wineries of the Napa Valley spread out before the characters, they will detect an absolutely astonishing number of satyrs. The goats are out tending the fields and otherwise keeping busy working, an astonishing thing for members of this particular kith. Eventually, the players will find Arcadia Vineyards, pull in, and promptly find themselves on a tour of the winery given by a satyr whose name tag reads "Scheff." In fact, satyrs are absolutely everywhere. They're in the gift shop, the vineyards themselves, the custodial staff, the valet parking carhop crew, and anywhere else one might imagine. The tour itself is nothing special. The characters are first shown a short slide show, then taken briefly out to the vineyards. Next, downstairs to where the wine is made and aged, then back up for an extremely unsuitable shove into the gift shop. Anyone attempting to slip off the tour will find themselves face to face with JZ, another satyr who just happens to head Arcadia Winery's security staff. He will pull the offenders (and their companions) into his office and proceed to do something entirely unexpected: beg.

Scheff

A beach bum extraordinaire, Scheff's spent years living doing the professional house guest thing. He'd crash with vague acquaintances at night, then slip out in the morning, set up shop with his electric bass on a boardwalk somewhere, and just let the coins come raining in. This process would continue until well after the sun went down, at which point he'd latch onto one of his seemingly infinite acquaintances and trundle home with them. While Scheff (who originally came to California as an actor, and who did his time in fast food joints waiting for his big break) found the lifestyle liberating, he also recognized its inherent weakness: lack of any kind of retirement plan. That's where JZ came in.

Scheff, who'd been Sained at age four or so, was one of the commoners at the Aeon concert who helped JZ through his Chrysalis, and JZ wanted to return the favor somehow. When he glommed onto the job as Arcadia Winery's head of security, he hired Scheff as a tour guide, figuring that both his own purposes were served and that he was doing a good deed by Scheff. So far, he's been right on both counts.



Court: Seelie

Legacies: Troubadour/Rake

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Satyr

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 1, Athletics 2, Expression 4, Kenning 4

Skills: Crafts 3, Etiquette 2, Leadership 1, Stealth 2

Knowledge: Mythlore 2, Occult 2, Science 1

Arts: Chicanery 2, Legerdemain 2, Wayfare 1

Realms: Actor 2, Fae 1, Prop 2, Scene 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 1, Gremayre 2, Mentor 3, Resources 1

Glamour: 6

Banalities: 6

Willpower: 5

Image: Scheff is about 5' 4", with a broad, engaging smile, curly brown hair, and a friendly face that radiates honesty. His entire body is dusted liberally with freckles. Californian to the hilt, Scheff wears a polo shirt with the Arcadia Winery logo monogram, khaki shorts, and sandals. His hair is pulled into a ponytail.

In faerie mien, Scheff's curls get even more expansive, and light brown hair can be seen poking from his shirt sleeves and collar. His hands are huge, and his teeth gleamingly bright and even.

Roleplaying Hints: Tour guide is the perfect profession for you. You love showing off, err, sharing your knowledge with people, and the notion of a day full of

captive audiences for your oneliners puts a smile on your face every morning. Be informal in speech (though the term "dude" is unprofessional), expansively friendly in action, and overly touchy-feely-huggy with anyone you come across.

One of the reasons you've been selected for tour guide duty is your knack for Kenning. If anyone on a tour sets off alarm bells, you find a way to inform JZ, making certain the situation comes to the attention of someone who can handle it. If the faintest possibility of physical violence arises, find a way, gracefully, to run like hell.

JZ

JZ used to work security for Fivecorp, one of the leading concert security outfits on the West Coast. A hotshot young team leader, he always volunteered to work the weirdest and wildest shows he could, just to prove how good he was at setting people straight. It was one of his favorite jokes that if his Fivecorp team had been there at Altamont, there'd be another fat guy in the world today. He loved to gamble on how few security personnel he could bring to a show and still keep order with.

However, there were only so many heavy metal and rap shows to do. He had to work some of the normal ones as well, including one by a local band called Aeon. During the show, according to his second in command, he started acting "freaked." It was, of course, JZ's Chrysalis, and once he'd been led through a Saining, he left Fivecorp and went to work for others of his kind in the mistaken impression that he'd be fighting off nameless chimeric boojums every other week. This wasn't quite the case, and to make up for the lack of thrills on the job he went looking for more off it. This got him involved with Blade's gambling operations, where the house always won, and that got him into debt with Blade. The rest, as they say, is history. Luckily, JZ isn't....at least not yet.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Paladin/Beast

Seeming: Grump

Kith: Satyr

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

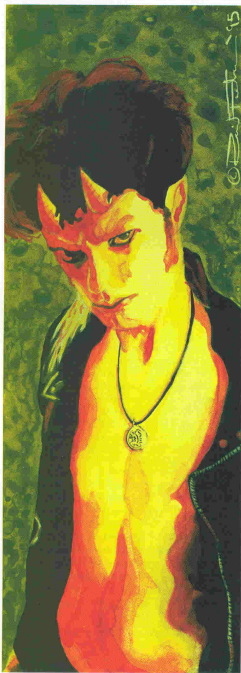
Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Empathy 1, Kenning 1, Streetwise 2

Skills: Drive 3, Firearms 4, Melee 2, Security 4, Stealth 2

Knowledge: Computer 1, Investigation 2, Law 2, Linguistics 2, Politics 1

Arts: Legerdemain 1, Primal 3, Sovereign 3



Realms: Actor 3, Fae 2, Nature 2, Prop 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Dreamers 2, Gremayne 1, Resources 2, Retinue 1, Treasures 3

Glamour: 5

Banalities: 8

Willpower: 8

Image: A smiling, resolute man of 40 or so, JZ has a casual air about him that does absolutely nothing to disguise his competence. Almost six feet tall, he's both big-boned and muscular. Sporting both beard and mustache, JZ can hide his expression quite well behind a forest of black facial hair.

In satyr mien, JZ's face becomes even longer and narrower than normal. His horns are rather large for a satyr, and they tend to dishevel his omnipresent sunglasses. Splayfooted as a satyr, JZ also wears sandals, as they interfere the least with his "true" foot shape.

Roleplaying Hints: You are dedicated to two propositions: the security of Arcadia Winery and covering your own derriere. The former you take very seriously, moving to intercept any threat to the winery's operations (from industrial sabotage to pre-empting any attempt in court to take away the winery's special privileges) in any way you see fit.

However, you've also gotten into financial trouble with loan sharks from Blade's little Oakland fiefdom, and you've been paying them off with a combination of booze and cash swiped from the winery itself. Blade's boys have amply demonstrated how easily they can circumvent your preventive measures, and this scares the hell out of you. Lately the gangster's demands have been getting more and more outrageous, and you've been forced to take bigger and bigger risks to cover your tracks. You instituted the first-warning technique with Scheff as a way of screening Kithain who come into the winery, much in the way some people use their answering machines to screen their phone calls. Be charming and polite, especially to other Kithain, but at the same time make it very clear that you have all of the angles covered (especially if you don't).

Scene Two: The Payment

As soon as the door is shut, JZ will pleadingly inform the players that the additional payment wasn't ready until today, and that he'd be pleased to hand it over to them. He's a bit angry that they came in the front door as "tourists" — are they trying to endanger his position here? What is Blade trying to do, anyway? Doesn't he appreciate all the cash and wine? If the players are sufficiently self-possessed, they will be given, gift-wrapped, JZ's entire connection with Blade's band of Unseelie in Oakland, the address of the drop point, and a package of wine and money

to take back to JZ's contact with Blade's band as well. JZ may well try to bribe the players to cover up his tardiness with the supposed payment. If JZ is questioned about the harp, he will vigorously deny any involvement in that particular operation. He does know, however, that Blade made a particularly large order of chardonnay and sauvignon blanc ("damn near impossible to cover that one up") right before last Beltaine, which he claimed was for a very special party.

If the players let slip that they are not affiliated with Blade, they will quickly but firmly be escorted off the premises. However, at least they have another name and a new destination. In either case, when they return to their vehicle the characters will find an "Arcadia Wineries—Et Ego In Arcadia" bumper sticker plastered onto the rear bumper. It will prove absolutely impossible to remove.

In addition, there will be a note tucked under the windshield wipers. It reads "Dear Friends (Whom I Have Not Yet Met): I'm sorry I can't be of more assistance, but I'll give you what I can. The address you need is 47 Belmont Street in Oakland. Don't leave anything valuable in the car. Follow the trail of the grapes and remember, Baron Neville and Count Elias are often seen in court together. Luck and Light!"

There is no signature, but the address jibes with the one that JZ would have given in his office. As for the origin of the note, Scheff is in fact on Baron Neville's payroll as an informer. He is the one responsible for the note, having made a phone call to his employer as soon as the characters went into JZ's office. The note was scripted by Neville himself, and is intended at least partially as a smokescreen. If somehow the players track the note back to Scheff, he will quickly and completely divulge all that he knows. It isn't much.

Act Three: "...there are men of over ninety who have never yet kissed a girl..."

Scene One: Into Oakland

The players now have Oakland as a destination, specifically Blade's drop point. 47 Belmont Street is in a run-down neighborhood, and there is a palpable unease in the air. Cars sit up on blocks, rusting amid piles of broken glass. Windows are boarded up, and the boards themselves are spraypainted into an incomprehensible rainbow. Children play on the street, but warily, and melt back into their homes as soon as the characters step out of their car. The street is quickly deserted, draped in the sort of ominous silence that is usually a prelude to bloody violence.

There is a homeless man sitting on the steps to 47 Belmont, mummified in weeks' worth of newspapers. As the characters approach, a hand will suddenly emerge from beneath the pile and a croaking voice will demand either money, alcohol, or both. This is the players' introduction to Toad. Toad has noticed the bumper sticker on the characters' car and is canny enough to know that presages. If the players give him something, he is a gold mine of information. If not, he will wait until they shuffle past up the steps and then attack the last in line with a cold iron knife. Regardless of whether his attack succeeds or fails, he will flee after his first strike.

Toad

Another casualty of the Accordance War, Toad once went by the name of Waylon. While he was a noncombatant, he forged chimeric arms of great strength and potency for the rebelling commoners. It was a truism among the rebel leaders that a Waylon-forged blade was sharp enough to cut a hair floating on a stream, lengthwise, without making so much as a ripple. The knights returning from Arcadia soon feared his weapons as they did the men bearing them, and when peace was declared, his part in the rebellion was not forgotten.

Through a series of edicts and plots, always made to look coincidental, certain of the Lords of Pacifica stripped from Waylon everything he once had. They passed proclamations declaring taxes on smiths (secretly refunded to Pacifica's other metalworkers), purchased the land his shop stood on and raised his rent so high that he could no longer afford it, fed his incipient alcohol habit and took money from his pocket even as he emptied his wallet for taxes. In short, they ruined Waylon, and sent him tumbling down the path of alcoholic ruin. Now Toad's part of the landscape, and no one remembers Waylon. No one who admits it, anyway.

Court: Unseelie

Legacies: Wretch/Hermit

Seeming: Grump

Kith: Nocker

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Empathy 1,

Kenning 1, Streetwise 3

Skills: Crafts 4, Melee 2, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Knowledge: Linguistics 1, Mythlore 2, Stealth 2

Arts: Legerdemain 1, Primal 2, Soothsaying 2

Realms: Actor 1, Fae 1, Prop 1, Scene 3

Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Dreamers 1, Gremayre 1, Retinue 1
Glamour: 5
Banalit: 8
Willpower: 4

Image: A gruff and weathered little man, Toad is swathed in layer upon layer of dirty clothing. His eyes are bright, his beard is grizzled white and his hands are rough and gnarled. Other than that, there isn't much of Toad visible. His apparent age is somewhere on the far side of sixty, but with the hard living he's done, who can tell?

In all honesty, it's difficult to tell if there is any difference between Toad's human and fae miens. You never get to see much of him in either.

Roleplaying Hints: Life has done its worst to you, over and over and over again. Once a respected craftsman, you found the pleasures of the bottle and things started to slide. First you lost your shop, then your employment, then your marriage, then your home, then...the litany goes on. Eventually you found yourself on Blade's doorstep, at the end of your rope. The Unseelie let you stay here as sort of an early-warning system, and you've managed to cadge a fair number of drinks out of the arrangement. You've also gotten your hands on an iron knife from one of the many shipments that was carried right past your nose. When no one was looking, you just reached right into the box and grabbed it, and now you feel much tougher than you have in years. You're surly when drunk, and occasionally combative as well. If the players show you some kindness, tell them what you know. If they spurn you, it's time to show the world how tough you really are.

Toad also maintains independent contact with Ragger's band. The working arrangement they have, information for booze, is agreeable to both, and Toad actually has a soft spot in his heart for the little boggan.

What Toad Knows: Blade's band regard you as almost part of the landscape. They talk freely in front of you, and as such you have managed to pick up the following pieces of information:

- 1) There was a large shipment of wine that was unloaded here right before Beltaine. It was promptly reloaded (and you got not so much as a drop!), along with a sealed box in Blade's own car, and you never saw any of that wine again. You have no idea what was in the box.
- 2) Someone's been toting some iron weapons into town. You've seen them (but don't let on about your holdout!) but don't know where they're going.
- 3) What really got JZ into trouble with Blade was gambling. He took out loans from people in Blade's employ, promptly went back to the bookies, and lost again.



Blade coerced him into dipping into the winery's till to pay off part of the debt, and now the Unseelie eshu's hold on the satyr is unbreakable. (Note: This is really more information than the players should want to know. Discovering dirty little secrets like this, or Toad's own sad tale of woe should leave them with a bad taste in their mouths. Sordid little tales like these actually are quite Banal, and at your discretion you might want to add a point or so of temporary Banality to any character who gets a little too involved in tracking these side tales down)

4) Normally on Beltaine Blade hosts his own little party right here at 47 Belmont—a party that's wild to the point of being grotesque. Not this past year, no, and there were a hell of a lot of disappointed Oakland Kithain this past year.

Scene Two: Blade's Hideaway

Inside the house, a troll guard by the name of Duff stands by the front door. He has overheard the players' conversation with Toad unless they took pains to prevent eavesdropping (and this in and of itself is unusual enough to get Duff to call upstairs for further instructions). He will play along with the idea that the characters are couriers sent from JZ with a new package of goodies.

The house itself is a three-story row home. There is a central hallway with a stairwell, and rooms with closed and locked doors along the length of each corridor. The lighting in the house is actually quite good, with electric light gleaming off the wood paneling of the interior. The house may be fit in with its surroundings on the outside, but it is obvious that Blade has spent a great deal of time and money in redecorating the place to his taste. Various

noises can be heard from behind the closed doors — laughter, video games, the dreadful sort of music that seems to only be found as the soundtrack to X-rated films — as Duff marches the characters up to the third floor. Various other Kithain, some of them obviously armed with cold iron, lounge in the hallway chatting with one another, only to fall silent as the characters pass. It should be obvious to the players that trying to fight their way out is simply not an option.

At the end of the third floor hallway, there stands a locked door with no noise emanating from it. Duff will nudge the characters in the direction of the door and grunt, "The man you need to see is in there. Go on, he's expecting you."

Duff

Duff isn't Duff's real name. Raised by his grandfather, an industrious and staunchly apolitical nocker, the young boy who grew into Blade's best enforcer was constantly exhorted to "get off his duff and do something!" This constant harangue wormed its way into the boy's subconscious, and when he first found himself working as muscle he psyched himself up for jobs by muttering to himself to "get off his duff." The name stuck, and Duff, as he found himself being called, began to relish the fact that along with his nickname came a rep. Of course, in those days he

was simply doing the bagman thing to support himself and his grandfather, not out of any tremendous love for the gang lifestyle. Then his grandfather was killed.

One of Blade's rivals, desperate to get at the eshu any way he could, phoned in a false tip to the cops that drugs were being dealt out of Duff's grandfather's apartment. It was also implied that the dealers were heavily armed. Prepared for the worst, the police moved in, and while no rounds were fired, the sudden appearance of a half-dozen heavily armed police officers in his kitchen was enough to send Duff's grandfather into fatal cardiac arrest. The old man's death galvanized Duff into action. Cops and gangstas had conspired to kill his grandfather, and the only one left who hadn't bullshitted him was Blade. He gave himself in service to the Unseelie, and by extension to the People's Front. Blade was wise enough to direct Duff's murderous rage to his own uses, and has given Duff both the home he lost and a direction to his martial talents. It's not a pretty combination for those who disagree with Blade.

Court: Unseelie

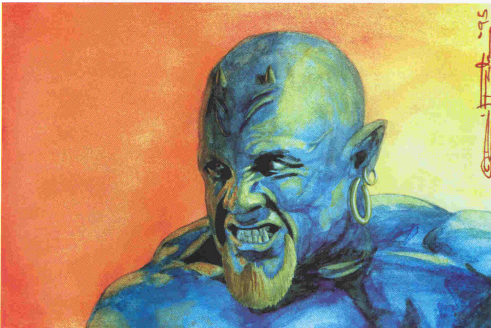
Legacies: Outlaw/Paladin

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Troll

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 1



Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 2
Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 4, Intimidation 4, Kenning 1, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2
Skills: Firearms 5, Melee 4, Security 3, Leadership 1, Gambling 4
Knowledges: Investigation 2, Mythlore 2, Occult 1
Arts: Primal 4, Sovereign 1, Wayfare 1
Realms: Actor 1, Fae 1, Prop 2, Scene 3
Backgrounds: Chimera 2, Contacts 4, Holdings 1 (Blade has granted Duff a small freehold, which also serves as a 24-hour poker game), Mentor 3, Resources 3
Glamour: 7
Banalities: 4
Willpower: 7

Image: A good seven inches over six feet tall, Duff doesn't stand, he looms. Duff is of African descent, rare in a troll, and his skin is extraordinarily dark. Sporting a goatee and mustache, Duff tends towards wearing a white t-shirt, jeans, and a leather vest regardless of the weather outside. He also favors black driving gloves and, innocuously enough, often has a pencil tucked behind his right ear.

In troll mien, Duff looks like he's armored. His skin fades to absolute black, and it tends to gleam in bright light. Duff never, ever seems to blink, and most people find this quite unnerving.

Roleplaying Hints: You are content with your circumstances. Blade trusts you with both his door and his game, and you like inspiring that kind of trust. A product of streets meaner than most, you're not inclined to be kind to those who come from softer backgrounds than yours. The People's Front is your family now, and you relish the role of butt-kicking older brother. When trouble arises, you're brutally efficient and have absolutely no compunctions about killing.

Never much one for initiative, you tend to be reactive in most situations. Speak little and never waste the energy on repeating yourself. People who didn't catch what you were saying the first time were disrespecting you by not paying attention, and you'll treat them accordingly.

Scene Three: The Meeting

The other side of the door is a sparsely furnished room with no carpeting. A few prints in traditional West African style decorate the white-painted walls, and the floor is polished oak. Blade himself is sitting on a straight-backed dark wooden chair, staring intently at the floor. There is no one else inside, but the last character to enter will hear the click of a deadbolt being drawn across the outside of the door. Blade has a wickedly curved scimitar across his lap and the characters will notice a large knife sheathed in one boot. Clearly, this is not a man to be trifled with.



As soon as the characters make a move to attract his attention, Blade will sit up. He is aware of what the players are after, what questions they've been asking, and how they found him. He has a few surprises for them, however, as well as a nasty sense of humor. He will play along with the "couriers from JZ" shtick as far as the players are willing to push it, but eventually he will grow bored and cut down to matters of more importance.

When the mood strikes him, Blade will admit freely that he carried the harp to Beltaine, at the behest of an acquaintance of his whom he will refer to only as "The Lady of Shadows." If pressed on this issue, Blade will lose his temper, growing violent enough to backhand one of the characters across the room. Abruptly he will regain control of himself, return to his seat, and continue his casual confession. He will claim to have no knowledge of what the harp did, nor does he seem to care. He was merely repaying a favor owed, and that's the end of it.

One real shocker remains, though. Immediately after the harp was destroyed, Blade was confronted by Duke Elias and admitted his complicity. The matter was taken to Duke Aeon...and immediately hushed up. His Grace and Count Elias are having enough troubles with Oakhold as is. In exchange for an oath from Blade never to do anything of the sort again, Duke Aeon and Count Elias agreed to keep the entire matter quiet. (Blade was more than willing to swear to this, considering he's edging closer and closer to an armed rebellion. Once the court is swept away, an oath not to smuggle anything inimical into it will be moot.) No one else knows what really happened, not even Baron Neville or Queen Aeron.

Hopefully at this point some of the characters will start to wonder why Blade is telling them all of this, particularly since it's damaging to him in the extreme. Blade's response if questioned is that it won't matter if he tells them, because they're not walking out of the building. At this point six chimerical warriors leap from the paintings on the wall, armed with spears and shields, and Blade himself takes up a guard position in front of his chair with his scimitar.

CHIMERICAL WARRIORS:

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2, Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 1, Dodge 3, Melee 4

Image: These are stylized chimera, stick-figure warriors with faces like traditional West African masks. They move fluidly, with surprising grace considering their angular forms. Their attacks will be coordinated and potentially

deadly, and several will converge on a fallen opponent to finish them off.

Scene Four: The Interruption

After a round or three of combat, hubbub breaks out in the corridor. The door flies open and there stands Count Elias himself, an apologetic-looking Duff visible over the noble's shoulder. Members of the count's retinue hover in the hallway. As soon as the door opens, the chimera leap back into their frames. Blade will smolder with ill-suppressed fury at the interruption, but the count will be aggressively oblivious as to what has been taking place inside.

Elias' story is that he's had a street person with a cold iron weapon, of all things, brought to him for justice. He'd heard tell of a couple of witnesses to the man's possessing the weapon, and was looking for Blade's help in tracking them down. The fact that individuals matching the descriptions of the witnesses exactly are right here with Blade has him in a very good mood, so if Blade doesn't mind cutting short the pleasantries, he'll take his leave with the witnesses and stop bothering Blade. Blade is in no position to argue, at least not yet. With poorly disguised bad grace, he will give in to Elias' request and allow the characters to leave.

Of course, Elias knows exactly what he's interrupted. Tipped off by Baron Neville that he'd sent some people on the harp's trail, Elias has been keeping an eye on the characters' progress for some time now, and is acting as much to protect Blade's secret as well as the players' lives.

Scene Five: The Escape

Once outside 47 Belmont, Elias will temporarily dismiss his guards. Alone with the characters, he will swear them to silence (using an oath if necessary) on what has transpired within. If they argue that this will make them forsworn, his response is that they should be much more careful in whom they swear oaths to in the future. Oaths are not to be taken lightly, after all. The players will be rewarded for their efforts with small Treasures and told that Duke Aeon appreciates their silence.

If they bring up the iron weapons, Elias will look troubled and promise to look into it. Otherwise, his business with the characters is finished. He will rejoin his retinue (among whom is a manacled Toad) and drive off, leaving the players alone in an urban wasteland with a secret they cannot tell and a taint of certain experiences that will never come clean.

"...but give me a rambling rover, from Orkney down to Dover, we will roam the country over, and together we'll face the world..."

— Traditional, "The Rambling Rover"

III. "If It Offends Thee..."

This is the third of the troika of short stories woven around the story of Leigh and her friends. It ties up one of the loose ends from "The Rambling Rover" while bringing the characters face to face with the terrifying figure of the Dauntain Ryder, allowing them to glimpse what might well be their fate. The mood of the story is almost unrelentingly dark until the very end, when the possibility for redemption extends itself from an unexpected quarter. The idea is not for the characters to join up with Leigh's journey to where no Kithain has gone in centuries, nor is it for them to attempt to purge San Francisco of the Dauntain scourge. Instead, "If It Offends Thee..." demonstrates the need for small heroisms as well as large ones, and gently reminds the players that not every warrior can win every battle, even with the purest of motives and the keenest of blades. Some battles are others' to fight, in this case Leigh's and her friends', and the characters that accept this will find a chance for triumphs of their own.

Theme

More subtly shaded than the other two story, "If It Offends Thee..." concerns accepting one's place in the grand scheme of things while recognizing the heroism in allowing others to fulfill their destinies. The characters cannot defeat some of the evils they uncover. That doom is upon Leigh and her band. However, if they allow Valmont and company to deal with the quest for the lost Gateway and instead concentrate on those matters which they are capable of dealing with (i.e. the monstrous chimera Malacar's torment has set loose upon the city) they will find a sterling chance to garner honor of their own.

Similarly, Ryder is a greater danger than the characters are prepared to face, and as such is actually present in only a small part of the story. Ryder represents the absolute worst of their potential, achieved through a stubborn refusal on the former Chevalier's part to recognize his limitations. Dangerous though he is, however, Ryder will hardly be the characters' main concern. More immediate affairs of bravery, mercy and honor await.

Mood

A real edge of terror should infuse "If It Offends Thee..." Ryder is both Banal and monstrous, emanating both majesty and evil as he wreaks destruction. By comparison, the chimerical creatures sprung from Malacar's nightmares seem almost mundane. The players are up against opponents

smarter, tougher, and more knowledgeable than they are, and this should be plain from the beginning. Furthermore, one of the beings opposing them considers them annoyances, when he considers them at all. Knowing that an enemy considers you beneath notice and not worth planning for should bring home to the players exactly how far in over their heads they are. Unless your characters have a poorly-concealed martyr complex, the vista that spreads before them is unappealing.

At the same time, though, there are faint tendrils of hope and joy waiting through the mists of despair. Dandeloon's admiration for the characters' heroism is worth more for all that it is genuine and unforced, and the chimera stalking the streets are certainly worthy opponents. It is these triumphs that are reserved for the players, and they are worth every bit as much as the breaking of Aeon's harp or the death of Malacar in the grand scheme of things.

Background

This story begins a day or so after the end of "The Rambling Rover." The characters have had enough time to recover from the adventures in Oakland, but not enough to come to grips with the revelations they found there. Elias, Aeon, and even Neville (through his association with Elias, mentioned on the note at the Winery) are untrustworthy, the villains have not been punished, and iron weapons are still streaming into Oakland. As the court cannot be trusted to deal with matters like this any longer, they must take it on themselves to singlehandedly halt the flow of cold iron blades to the south side of the bay, before those blades find their way north.

Act One: The Sweet Scent of a Setup

Scene One: An Old Friend

As soon as the players let it be known they're interested in tracking down the source of the iron weapons, Littlejohn the satyr will approach them with a whole new batch of balloons, apparently apologetic for his actions during the chase after the chimerical soldier and eager to make amends. He will be extraordinarily friendly, going so far as to give a balloon to each of the characters. Claiming to have heard that they were looking for the pipeline into Oakland, Littlejohn will offer them the location of one of the major transfer points involved in the smuggling. Smiling, he will wish them luck and stroll back along the quiet streets, his balloons trailing after.

Littlejohn is in no way eager to make amends. Instead, he's made his own little deal with the devil and is in

contact, by means of a third party, with the Dauntain who calls himself Ryder. Still smarting from his humiliation at the players' hands over the matter of the toy soldier, he's gone from bad to worse. Little John wants revenge, and selling his fellow Kithain out to a hunter doesn't even give him the vaguest of moral qualms.

The balloons are chimerical, and also have the function of serving as the equivalent of tracking devices. So long as a character holds one of the balloons, a changeling with the combination of Soothsay and Prop who knows what to look for can use the balloon as a signal to home in on, and can keep track of the balloon's holder's movements.

The address is a dock tucked under the skeletal cranes of the Oakland waterfront. The players should be leery of returning to Blade's stomping grounds so soon after their last encounter, but common sense has never been a long suit for changelings. Before the day is out, they should be en route to Oakland once again.

Scene Two: A Near Miss

Luckily for them, the characters never actually make it to Oakland. As they begin to drive south, they nearly run over a little girl running across the street from the mouth of an alley. She is obviously terrified, not even pausing to look before darting into traffic. She will shoot the characters a look that is an unspoken plea for help, glance back towards the alley, and then run for all she's worth in the opposite direction before the players have enough time to so much as roll down a window. Characters making a Perception + Kenning roll (difficulty 7) will see a large shape fading from sight at the back of the alley. It is impossible to get a good look at the chimera, but it gives an impression of far too many teeth, claws, and muscles for anything even vaguely human. At that point, the squeal of brakes and the crumpling of metal less than a block away should convince the players that the little girl has suddenly acquired a higher priority than anything else, and they should set off after her as quickly as possible.

Dandeloon

A sweet and innocent little girl, little Lady Dandeloon was Sained not quite a month ago. She's attached to Aoibhell's court in Berkeley, where her mother works as an assistant dean at UC-Berkeley, and spends most of her time at court watching in wide-eyed wonder. Her father, almost completely out of her life since her parents' divorce a year and half prior, had clapped louder than she had when Peter Pan asked if you believed in fairies, and had solemnly told her that she was the last little girl in the world who still believed in fairies, and if she didn't believe



in them they'd just go away. Of course, all this was used against Dandeloon's father at the custody hearings, making him look like an utter buffoon and costing him all but the most rudimentary visiting rights.

On the other hand, this sequence of events only reaffirmed Dandeloon's belief in her father's words, and in her heart of hearts she knows she was turned into a fairy because she believed in them so hard. Her mother is constantly on the lookout for this sort of irresponsible behavior and will have no part of it, but Dandeloon (real name: Staceywen Ross) has an almost uncanny knack for slipping away when her mother's not looking. It's almost as if the fairies were helping her....

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Orchid/Peacock

House: Gwydion

Seeming: Childling

Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 3, Stamina 1

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 4, Expression 1, Kenning 3

Skills: Crafts 2, Etiquette 3

Knowledge: Enigmas 2, Mythlore 1

Arts: Primal 1, Sovereign 1, Wayfare 2

Realms: Actor 1, Fae 1, Prop 2, Scene 2

Backgrounds: Chimera 2, Dreamers 1, Gremayre 1, Resources 2, Title 1

Glamour: 8

Banality: 1

Willpower: 5

Image: A model of china doll fragility, Dandeloon is a miniature in white and gold. With long blonde hair and an angelic smile, she looks like she sprang full-grown from Hollywood's idea of the perfect daughter. Dandeloon's eyes are huge and blue, her mouth is tiny, and she has dimples. Usually the childling is dressed impeccably in embroidered dresses which speak of rarefied taste on someone's part. Dandeloon's parents have had her ears pierced, so she usually wears earrings as well.

Roleplaying Hints: You are the rarest of the rare, a wide-eyed innocent among the sidhe. You've just come into your fae self, and you still don't quite comprehend what's going on. You also have no idea of how much power you have yourself, and the instinct to flee every confrontation is strong in you. Speak earnestly and be very impressed by everything anyone older shows you. You are

always polite, and if you're not saying "I'm sorry," you're saying "thank you very much." When you get nervous, you nibble on the ends of your blonde curls. People find this adorable, but it invariably inspires loathing from other childlings. You haven't the slightest idea why.

Scene Three: Little Girl Lost

When the players arrive on the scene, a cop is already present, taking statements and clucking with dismay over the damage. One of the motorists will be overheard talking about a little girl who ran out into the street and never even looked back, thus verifying for the players that they are on the right track. As soon as backup arrives, the policeman will go to work looking for Dandeloon, turning it into a race between him and the players. If they dawdle, the cop will find her first, cowering in a nearby doorway and talking about monsters. In that case, it will be up to the players to extricate the little girl from the policeman's well-meaning but undeniably banal clutches. This shouldn't prove too hard to accomplish, as Dandeloon herself is anxious to be away from the policeman.

Once they have spirited Dandeloon away, the characters will be regaled with a surprisingly matter-of-fact tale of being chased away from her parents by "giant scary monsters," which Dandeloon will describe as looking like Herry Monster from Sesame Street. The monsters seem to have taken turns chasing her, a disquieting notion indeed. Dandeloon is visibly shaken by her experience, despite her thoroughly professional recitation, and will noticeably cheer up if one of the players gives her their balloon. Eventually Dandeloon will wander off, thanking the players gravely and promising to see them soon.

Meanwhile, across the bay, a deadly hunter will decide that he has been played for a fool by his supposed contact, and he slips off into the dingy night of the Oakland shipyards. Though he does not yet know it, Littlejohn is in jeopardy as great as that which he intended for the players.

Scene Four: The Attack

As the characters return to their vehicles, they are set upon by one of the ravening chimera. The players will be unable to determine if Dandeloon's description of the beast is accurate, as it will appear as a whirlwind of claws, teeth, horns, and fur. However, it is quite noticeable that the creature has but a single eye, and that the eye is a solid bloody red. The characters should be able to drive the creature off, but the potential seriousness of the situation has been brought home.

Chimera Creatures:

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4, Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 1, Perception 3, Intelligence 1, Wits 1

Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 1

If the players decide to venture on into Oakland tonight, they will find nothing but some empty boxes and crushed cigarettes. There will be a taint of lingering Banality here from Ryder's extended presence, but easily attributed to the mythical shipments of cold iron passing through here.

Act Two: The Knife Behind the Smile

Scene One:

The next day, the players will encounter a very surprised Littlejohn. He will seem to be obviously perturbed, and will stammer incoherent nonsense if the players approach him. Eventually he will work his way to asking the characters how their trip to Oakland went. Regardless of the actual answer, Littlejohn will know that they did not make to Oakland in time for Ryder's trap to be sprung. He also has a well-founded fear that he may be next on the Dauntain's hit list, and even as he scurries off will mumble, "Omigod, he's gonna kill me instead," just loud enough for the characters to hear it. Hopefully at this point they will begin to understand that they were set up, but any action they would be prepared to take against the vanishing satyr will be short-circuited by the appearance of the confectionery-sweet Dandeloon, asking in her little-girl voice, "Why did you scare away the balloon man?"

This scene also introduces the character of Mordecai, who can be spotted lurking around the edges of the encounter, listening in with desperate intensity. At this point he doesn't have much to say for himself, and if the players notice him watching he will simply blush and make excuses while sidling off. If the players question him about the setup, the iron weapons, or who killed Kennedy, he has absolutely no idea. He's got his own problems.

Mordecai

The new kid on the block for a dozen years, Mordecai has been lurking in the fringes of his school social scene since the day he arrived in kindergarten with a yarmulke on his head and a book under his arm. The other kids were only too happy to leave the weird new kid alone, and alone he's been ever since. A hard science and math maven in school, he's secretly a devotee of overly flowery fantasy novels (he owns everything Anne McCaffrey's ever written) and desperately

longs for an escape to a world of talking dragons, friendly unicorns and, most importantly, singing elves.

Of course, when he awakened to his fae nature he discovered that the dragons were exceedingly unfriendly, the unicorns were rampant figments of the imagination, and the elves were singing "100 Bottles of Wine on the Wall." The combination of these disillusioning revelations and the mounting parental pressures to achieve more in the arena of scientific competition have driven Mordecai pell-mell into the arms of Banality. He's made few Kithain friends, even among the slugh, and in a perverse sort of way is looking forward to his martyrdom on the cross of his endeavors. Besides, if nobody misses him, well, his low self image has just been vindicated.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Hermit/Wretch

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Slugh

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 1, Empathy 2, Expression 2

Skills: Crafts 2, Etiquette 1, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Computer 4, Enigmas 2, Law 1, Mythlore 1, Science 3

Arts: Primal 1, Soothsaying 1, Wayfare 1

Realms: Nature 1, Prop 3, Scene 1

Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Resources 3

Glamour: 4

Banality: 9

Willpower: 6

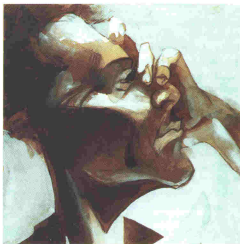


Image: A thin, curly-haired waif with bags under his eyes, Mordecai has a metabolism that would put the average redcap to shame. Constantly seen with a snack in his hand, Mordecai seems to be looking in three different directions at once. He tends towards button-down shirts and dockers; it's what looks the least ridiculous on him. With his brown hair going in all directions, Mordecai would seem to have decided against electrocution halfway through the process. When not eating, he's running his fingers through his hair or rubbing his eyes.

His fae mien makes Mordecai out as cadaverous, not just gaunt. The shadows under his eyes make him appear as if he bore a fleshless skull instead of a head, and his teeth are white and even. Even in slough guise, Mordecai tends towards browns and grays instead of the black favored by his kith.

Roleplaying Hints: Nearly lost to Banality, you can feel reality's cold grip at your throat. Enjoy your visions of a world of Glamour, because you know they're going away forever, and sooner rather than later. You're getting packed off to Harvard in the fall, and with the pressure on you to produce the grades and the science fair awards and the scholarships, well, you don't have time to dream any more. Equal parts wistful and self-pitying, talk about yourself in the third person and the past tense. If they can't figure out why, they'll know soon enough.

Scene Two: The Hostage

Dandeloon will suddenly start acting extremely edgy. If pressed, she will talk about "the Bad Man" coming closer. Other characters with Soothsay may feel the Dauntain's approach as well. No matter where the characters go, the feeling will follow them and grow stronger. Dandeloon will start crying, and perceptive Kithain will notice that chimera are absent from the area. Finally, in a curiously empty intersection, Ryder steps out of the shadows, smiling. In his hand is a hunting knife with a cold iron blade, and there's a cold smile in his eyes. Aside from his low chuckle, there's silence.

Ryder has been watching the characters for a while and has decided that they're no threat. However, since he learned of them through LittleJohn, he's come to the conclusion that they know where the satyr is. All he wants is information, but he is quite persistent about getting it. During his interrogation, he will pop every single chimerical balloon with the iron knife for emphasis, save Dandeloon's. Players may pick up a point or two of temporary Banality from this display.

Ryder will also take Dandeloon with him as a hostage, to make certain that the characters do not follow him too closely. Sardonicly thanking the characters for whatever information on LittleJohn they provide him, he will

return to the shadows with only a despairing wail from Dandeloon to mark their passing.

Of course, once Ryder's gone, the Banality fades from the area and the chimera come flooding back. These include, of course, the one-eyed monsters of Malacar's nightmares.

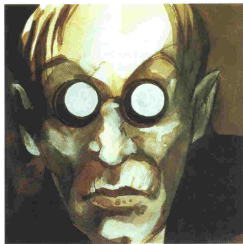
Ryder

A knight of unimpeachable honor and incredible skill, Chevalier was among the most feared sidhe when the battles of the Accordance War raged. A brilliant tactician and shrewd strategist, he was responsible for many of the nobles' most lopsided victories during the course of the fighting. He was a warrior of innate honor, though, and refrained from the wholesale slaughter of commoners that some of the other sidhe deemed appropriate. Alas for Chevalier that his life was saved by one of this kind, a Sir Damion, on the battlefield. Sir Damion was one of those who ruined the nocker Waylon, and he called in his debt from Chevalier to use his prestige to force through some proclamations aimed directly at the smith. Caught between the conflicting poles of his honor, Chevalier fulfilled his debt and then quietly went mad.

It was then he joined the Dauntain. Fae existence had become intolerable to him because of the demands it placed on his honor; ergo, he imagined himself as removed from fae existence. All that remained was a lingering memory of pain, and a conviction that something evil was afoot in the work of these "changelings." Now, unaware of his true self, he hunts his former friends and foes. No one believes that it is coincidence that he specializes in hunting sidhe.

Legacies: Savage/Paladin

Seeming: Grump



Kith: Dautain

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Empathy 4,

Expression 1, Kenning 3, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 3, Leadership 1, Melee 4,

Security 3, Stealth 2

Knowledge: Computer 1, Investigation 3, Law 3,

Occult 1, Science 1

Arts: Primal 3, Soothsaying 1, Wayfare 3

Realms: Actor 4, Nature 2, Prop 1, Scene 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Resources 3

Glamour: 9

Banality: 9

Willpower: 10

Image: The most astonishing thing about Ryder is his eyes. They're a clear gray, burning with the fires of fanaticism. His face is long and thin, clean-shaven when he remembers. Almost six and a half feet tall, he usually wears a long black trenchcoat with plenty of room for concealed weapons. His clothes are loose and not stylish, but they give him freedom of movement in combat. Incongruously, he wears John Lennon-style granny glasses, which tend to make him look even more inscrutable than normal. Ryder's complexion is extremely pale, and while he's thin, he's also muscular. There's not an ounce of fat on his frame, and no movement he makes is wasted.

As Chevalier, he dressed in rich, flowing robes of red and gold. Under Glamour, he is garbed in glistening scale armor the color of his abandoned robes, and the light dancing off of this display can be dazzling. His hands remember what his mind has forgotten, and he is equally proficient with a sword or a 9mm pistol.

Roleplaying Hints: Blasted into Banality with unimaginable fury, you've lost all sense of who you once were. All that you have left is the memory of pain and of those who were responsible. You're going to make every last one pay, and since they're not human, it's not really murder now, is it? The small fry are beneath your attention, as they tend to burn out on their own. But the so-called nobles, well, they're targets worthy of your attention. The characters are only of interest to you insofar as Littlejohn has linked them to Elias and Neville. Once bigger prey swims past, the characters are off your hook. If worst comes to worse, you can always come back and deal with them later. It's not as if they were difficult to find the first time.

The chimera (there are three of them this time) will prove exceedingly difficult to dispatch, but they are killable. The last turns and flees before the players exterminate it.

It will bolt down an alley right into Mordecai, who has been secretly observing the characters. Without even slowing down, the monster will backhand the slug with a massive paw, lifting the unfortunate hacker off his feet and into a brick wall with crushing impact. This also has the effect of thrusting him back into the world of Banality once and for all, a quietly horrifying moment which the players are forced to witness. To see someone whom they met, even briefly, on the other side of the Mists suddenly transformed into this mundane creature should terrify them in a way the chimera can not. As Mordecai (now just plain Marcus) stumbles past, the players should recognize that there but for the grace of Glamour go they...or Ryder.

Act Three: The Least Dangerous Game

Scene One: The Hunt

Ryder is actually not far away, having distrusted anything the characters might have said about Littlejohn. Instead, he has decided to loop around and follow the players when they rejoin the satyr, whom he takes for their collaborator. If the players decide to go find Littlejohn, figuring his location is where they'll find Ryder and Dandeloon, all to the good. Word on the street will be that he's calling in all of his favors, trying to hide from something big and nasty. The darkest rumor is that he tried to sic a Dautain on the duke, but the characters should be able to pull their own story out of the tales told of Littlejohn. Particularly good investigation will divulge that Littlejohn has some sort of unspecified marker from the satyr who owns Chaingees, and that if he's ever going to cash it in, now's the time.

On the other hand, if they decide to go hunting chimera, they will be drawn into a series of running battles that cost far more than they are worth. The one-eyed beasts are cunning, attacking from doorways and sewer grates, clawing and tripping one minute only to vanish the next. Eventually even the most gung-ho monster slayer will admit that the battle is fruitless and retreat.

In either case, sooner or later the characters will find themselves in front of Chaingees. Much to their surprise, Littlejohn is sprawled out on the sidewalk, screaming up at Sam the Clam that, goddammit, Hector owes him one and that this is bigger than any grudge the redcap might have against him. Sam the Clam's response is that he doesn't care if Hector once borrowed Littlejohn's spleen, setting Dautain on other Kithain is too low for words, and he hopes that Ryder nails Littlejohn's butt right there on his doorstep.

Sam, it must be noted, has a touch of the prophet in him. This is the moment when Ryder makes his entrance, drag-

ging Dandeloon by one hand. Within seconds of the players' registering his presence, he will draw and throw a cold iron dagger, taking LittleJohn cleanly between the ribs. Simultaneously, Dandeloon will wrench herself free and run, screaming, in the opposite direction. Ryder, if confronted with angry characters, will laugh and make good his escape, but Dandeloon is nowhere to be seen. As the Dauntain vanishes, though, the chimera will once again flood back into the area, and several who had their hunt for a certain little girl with daisies in her hair interrupted will now find the opportunity to continue it. LittleJohn, meanwhile, lies dying on the sidewalk outside the club, and this may attract the players' immediate attention.

Scene Two: To the Aid...

Sam the Clam, with any assistance from the players, will drag LittleJohn inside where he'll at least be more comfortable. Once the satyr's last requests (a glass of really good Scotch and an unfiltered cigarette) have been filled, he will haltingly apologize for his actions, leave his hip flask Treasure as a keepsake to Hector, and most importantly, reveal the nature of the balloons. As mentioned earlier, certain balloons allow the bearer to be tracked via a combination of Soothsaying and Prop. LittleJohn has nothing against Dandeloon, and to keep her from coming to harm he will relate the secret of his chimera to the players. There is nothing else he reveals before expiring, then Sam suggests to the players that they get a move on before something happens to Dandeloon.

If asked what could happen to her, Sam will point out the hideous new chimera on the streets. Should the players inquire further, Sam the Clam will reveal that the beasts were created by a certain Malacar while he had the magical Waystone embedded in his eye socket. Apparently the gem and his consciousness didn't get along too well, and he spawned an entire legion of nightmare-derived chimeric monsters. As they were the products of his psyche's struggle with his magical eye, the monsters all bear but one eye, and that the color of the mystic gem. Realizing that he's going off on a tangent, Sam will then shoo the players out into the street just before the police arrive, promising to tell them the whole story when they return...with Dandeloon.

Scene Three: The Rescue

The scene then switches to a "bug hunt" adventure, with the players desperately trying to catch up with Dandeloon before the chimera do. These monsters will again seem to be everywhere, slowing the characters down and dripping pure malice. If the players attempt to use the balloon to track the little girl, it will lead them almost to her location. However, the very last time the Art of

Soothsaying makes contact, it pinpoints a location a hundred feet above the ground. Dandeloon has let go of the balloon, and now there seems to be no way to find her. Just then, they will hear a scream.

It's Dandeloon, of course. A half-dozen chimera have caught up to her in a cul-de-sac, and now she's trapped. A solid wall of nightmarish flesh is closing in on her, and the players are her only hope of rescue. Should the characters burst in on the scene, four of the chimera will turn to deal with them while the other two go after Dandeloon.

Hopefully, the characters defeat the chimera and save the day. While Ryder is simply too much for them to handle, this fight is more their size and a worthy battle. Once they win, Dandeloon should be wide-eyed with hero worship. It's going to be very difficult for them to play down her effusive praise, particularly when she shares it with others, such as Sam.

Scene Four: Homecoming

After the chimera are defeated, the players should return with Dandeloon to Chaingees. Sam will fill them in on the events with the Waystone thus far, and suddenly a lot of things they've seen and done will make more sense. The coverup of Duke Aeon's "illness," for example, and the importance of the chimerical toy soldier. As for why the chimera were chasing Dandeloon, the best guess anyone can come up with is that Malacar's mutilation made him, and therefore his nightmares, hate anyone who was physically perfect. Dandeloon fits this description perfectly, though the players may have to restrain themselves from feeding her to the nearest chimeric beast if she says something like "Do you really think so?"

In any case, the events of "If It Offends Thee..." are now complete. The players' reputation will rise in court, thanks to testimony from both Sam and Dandeloon (and just possibly Elias and Neville). More of the events of the Immortal Eyes stories will be laid bare, and, just maybe, the characters will feel like smaller legends, too.

Sam the Clam

An import from New York, Sam arrived in Frisco in 1964 with \$12, questions about his own orientation, and two pairs of jeans. He sold one pair of jeans for enough to stake him in a poker game, won enough at the game to buy back his jeans and then some, and never looked back. A successful small-time entrepreneur, Sam has built over a half-dozen small businesses up from scratch simply for the pleasure of making them grow. Once they became successful he inevitably lost interest.

Sam's questions about both his orientation and reality were answered when he met Hector. It was love at first

sight (lust for Hector, but Sam's got him reasonably well in hand these days) as well as a startlingly late Chrysalis, but when the dust had settled and the last streamer from the post-Saining party had been thrown away, Hector revealed to Sam his dream: a club like no club San Francisco had seen before. Sam took one look at Hector's business plan, threw it out, and had a better one written within the hour. Since then, they've lived happily ever after. Really.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Bumpkin/Wretch

Seeming: Grump

Kith: Redcap

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 1, Empathy 4,

Kenning 3, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 1, Melee 1, Security 3, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Computer 2, Investigation 1, Law 3, Occult 3, Science 1

Arts: Legerdemain 2, Primal 3, Wayfare 1

Realms: Actor 4, Fae 1, Nature 1, Prop 1, Scene 3

Backgrounds: Chimera 2, Contacts 5, Dreamers 2, Resources 4

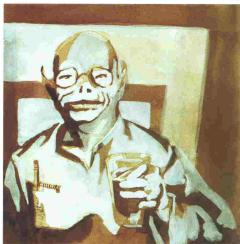
Glamour: 8

Banality: 4

Willpower: 9

Image: People tend to have one of two reactions to Sam in his mortal mien: helpless hilarity or wide-eyed horror. It's not that Sam is hideous in his human form. Rather, he bears an uncanny resemblance to the late actor who played Mr. Hooper on *Sesame Street*. Those who can appreciate the irony of the situation find this utterly hilarious, while others are aghast at the idea of a ringer for an icon from their childhoods being part owner of a notorious gay club. Fortunately, Sam dresses a bit better than his doppelganger, covering his stocky form in loose earthtone slacks and Nehru shirts. He has an inexplicable fondness for Docksidors, and wears a small ruby stud earring in his right ear. Occasionally, when he feels the need to be businesslike, Sam will put on black, thick rimmed glasses. There is always a notepad and Cross pen in his shirt pocket, and he wears a silver pocket watch that was a gift from Hector.

As far as Sam's redcap mien goes, well, he's rather cute for one of his kith. While his smile does stretch from ear to ear, it is a smile as opposed to a snarl, and while his face is lined and seared, there is unmistakable humor in his glowing red eyes. Often seen in white poet's shirt with gray pirate



pants and a cloth-of-gold belt, Sam prefers keeping a large, thick chimeric dagger planted firmly in his right boot, where he can get at it easily. A smaller blade can be found in his belt, and a chimeric cutlass also dangles at his hip.

Roleplaying Hints: Life may be a party, but someone has to make sure that nobody runs out of chips. That's why you and Hector make such a great couple. He comes up with the pie-in-the-sky ideas and you figure out what it takes to make a pie fly. Still whimsical, you are firmly grounded in practicality, to the point where several of your best friends are boggans. All of the details of running Chainges are left to you, and you handle them exceedingly well. Once you decide something's worth doing, you'll do it come hell or high water. Of course, convincing you is something entirely different, and despite your mild demeanor you've got a flair for profanity few other Kithain can match.

Hector is your life partner, and the two of you have a wonderfully strong relationship. Chainges is the culmination of both of your dreams, and it's as much a part of the relationship as anything else. You are protective of Hector, but only demonstrate this under the direst of circumstances. If people can't see why the two of you are together, don't bother explaining. They're obviously not worth the effort.



Appendix

Gallain, Prodigals, and Other Strangers

For it takes a stranger to understand

What the wind says in a strange, strange land.

— The Oyster Band, "This Year, Next Year"

It isn't surprising that Kithain are far from the only non-human denizens of the bay area. They are merely the most numerous. But that hardly means that there is any dearth of Kindred, Garou, Awakened humans, or nunnehi. As for the wraiths of the dead, San Francisco is blessed with an abundance. The Kithain of Goldengate and its environs move through a world that at times seems to be populated with more supernatural beings than natural ones.

The Prodigals, it must be noted, play their own games within the city and rarely stoop to involve the local Kithain in their politicking. When the Kindred prince of the city declares a Blood Hunt on a particularly rambunctious anarchist, he does not seek the approval of Duke Aeon before doing so. In fact, he is most likely unaware of the duke's existence. Still, these are beings of power and of majesty, forces to be reckoned with. Just because they don't ordinarily include the Kithain of the city in their plans doesn't mean that they aren't willing to make room.

Below are some of the other beings that player characters are likely to meet in the bay area. These are not the most potent representatives of their kind, just the ones whom the characters may well have some opportunity to interact with. Don't feel restricted to these characters when dealing with the Prodigals or nunnehi of Goldengate. Feel free to flesh out those characters mentioned in passing, or to add your own as well.

The Gallain

Nunnehi

*You offered me an eagle's wing
That to the sun I might soar and sing
And if I heard the owl's cry
Into the forest I would fly
And in its darkness find you by.*

— Loreena McKennitt, "Samhain Night"

The nunnehi of Pacifica have achieved an autonomy unmatched anywhere outside the Kingdom of the Burning Sun. The combination of their still-potent powers, their effective alliance with the Garou, and Queen Aeron's laissez-faire attitude have created a climate that allows native changelings more power and freedom than they might have achieved otherwise. Indeed, Aeron often receives speakers from nunnehi tribes as representatives of foreign powers, and has declared that the rulers of the nunnehi nations in Pacifica are to be treated with a respect equivalent to that commanded by Duchess Aoibhell. This caused no small scandal, but the point was made and stuck. Aeron (and by extension, all of the Pacificans) gained some respect in the eyes of the nunnehi for this gesture, even though it still held the seeds of condescension. Still, in accordance with royal command the nunnehi are treated with respect in the courts of the bay area on the occasions when they choose to visit.

Of course, most of their real business is conducted far from the silly, busy Kithain of the cities. There are nunnehi freeholds that no other Kithain know of, and places of power that they share with Garou. They are also quite aware of the machinations within the city courts, and are watching with growing unease the encroachment of the Shadow Court in Oakhold and its environs. As yet, the nunnehi have reached no consensus as to what action to take on the matter, but this is because they are cautious, not ignorant.

Selkies

Though the selkies take no active part in the politics of the Goldengate, they are very much a part of it. Both the sea and the bay are vital parts of their cities economy, and seldom is a decision made regarding either of them in which the seal folk are not somehow involved.

Selkies are fae neither of the Overwater (boggans, redcaps, sidhe, etc.) nor the Undersea (merfolk, merrows, etc.) but of the continually shifting shoreline. They are

also caught between two forms, seal and human, never precisely one or the other.

Selkies are creatures of contradiction, at once playful and practical, shy and outspoken. They are also highly sexual, but practice neither the lusty promiscuousness of the satyrs nor the courtly love of the sidhe. A selkie's appeal is both sensual and romantic, and once one chooses a mate, he will stay with her only until called away by his other love and other nature. A selkie is at once both seal and human, and if taken too far from the shoreline, he will pine away and his faerie portion will die.

Unlike pookas, or even shapechangers like werewolves, selkies are skinchangers. When one takes human shape, he physically puts aside his sealskin. Selkie skins, like all fae things, have mortal Seemings, appearing as everything from sealskin belts or stoles to greatcoats or even wetsuits. A selkie's skin contains his Glamour, as well as his fae essence. If a selkie's skin is lost, stolen or taken by force, he can use no fae magics until he regains it. If someone destroys a selkie's skin, the selkie's fae self will die—and the mortal may as well (see below). Luckily selkie skins are resilient things and the life and Glamour within may only be destroyed by cold iron or fire. Cold iron does no damage to a selkie's fae aspect unless it damages his sealskin, though cold iron can still do considerable damage to his mortal form.

When a selkie dies, her Glamour—and her skin— are passed on to another human with selkie blood running in his veins. Selkies give favor to kinaid and those with a love of the sea, who then become Kithain. The new selkie soon learns the trick of changing his skin, as well as how to pass on the Glamour to a skin of his own choosing. On rare occasions, one of a selkie's seal descendants learns the trick of losing her skin. These selkies are greeted with great joy, not only because of their rarity, but because their coming ashore creates another sealskin to keep the Glamour of the kith alive.

Appearance:

In human form, selkies are sleek and attractive, their only telling marks their large liquid eyes and the slight webbing between their fingers and toes. To fae Kenning, these traits are somewhat more exaggerated, and selkies also tend to drip chimeric water wherever they go. The Seeming of their seal form appears as a normal harbor or harp seal, though those with Fae sight may see through this guise with a roll of Wits + Kenning (difficulty 6).

Seemings:

- **Childlings** are happy and playful, sunning themselves on beaches and playing around the shoreline. Older selkies keep a watchful eye on these pups, and usually

encourage them to stay at home, so long as home is appropriate (near the ocean with easy access to the beach).

- **Wilder** selkies travel the coastlines, both with their seal and human kin. Romances of the "girl in every port" variety are also common, though these are generally extended relationships, not satyrish one-night-stands.

- **Grumps** are very rare among the selkies. When a selkie finds himself growing too Banal, he will usually pass on his sealskin (and Glamour) to a younger, more vital heir.

Lifestyles:

Selkies are only found on the coastlines. In older days, they tended to take jobs as sailors or fishermen, but modern times have made surfing, sunbathing and beach-combing far more popular. This, of course, is when they're not spending their lives as seals.

Affinity:

Nature

BIRTHRIGHTS:

Seal's Beauty: All Selkie's have a natural animal magnetism, increasing their Charisma by +2, but only with regards to the opposite sex (or those who are attracted to their sex) and only in those situations where animal magnetism applies. Seal's Beauty aids Seduction and Leadership, but has few uses for Intimidation or Subterfuge.

Ocean's Grace: A Selkie may lower the difficulty for all Dexterity rolls by two when in the water, and moreover can never botch a Swimming roll, even in human form. However, the difficulty for all Dexterity rolls is raised by one when on dry land.

FRAILTIES:

Longing of the Ocean Shore: Selkies are creatures of the shoreline. For every day a selkie remains away from the ocean shore, she gains an extra point of temporary Banality until her Banality exceeds her Glamour and she forgets her selkie nature. A selkie may erase this Banality (even permanent Banality) by spending a day in her altershape for each point gained, but selkies lost to their fae natures due to separation from the shoreline can only be reawakened by forcibly placing them in their skins and dropping them in the sea. This abrupt change runs the risk of Bedlam, though it is often the only therapy that works. Sadly, even this is often not enough....

Seal Coat: If a selkie's sealskin is destroyed, her fae self is destroyed forever. In addition, the mortal that remains must make a Stamina roll (difficulty 8). Failure means that the character enters a coma; a botch indicates that the character dies.

PECULIARITIES:

Selkies are skinchangers. A selkie will change from human Seeming to seal whenever he puts his skin on and immerses himself in sea water. This change is automatic and requires no roll or expenditure of Glamour. If a selkie wishes to regain human form, he must loose the corner of his skin (undo a button, unzip a wetsuit collar, etc.) and break the ocean's surface. Without his skin, a selkie cannot take his seal form or perform any other changeling magic apart from Kenning and his Birthrights. However, the connection between a selkie and his skin is so strong that he can sense its location with a Wits + Kenning roll (difficulty 7). As a selkie's sealskin is his skin, he can also feel it any time it is touched or damaged.

Quote:

"I'm sorry, my love. I must go. The sea calls me. But I'll return. I promise."

Outlook

Boggans — They love their work like we love the sea, but they gossip worse than mermaids and fishwives. The way to live life is to live it, not talk about the way other people live.

Eshu — Wonderful storytellers and travellers, but few have seen the beauty of the Undersea.

Nockers — They're great for repairing your boat engine or mending a sail, but so what? There are dozens of human craftsmen just as clever.

Pooka — Listen, they're shapeshifters, we're skinchangers. There's a great deal of difference between the two. And there are better pastimes than trying to annoy the sidhe.

Redcaps — They're sharks that walk on two legs and wear little red hats.

Satyr's — Why don't they just buy themselves inflatable dolls? For all they know of lovemaking, it would make as much difference.

Sidhe — The only changelings more full of themselves are the merfolk, though the sidhe would die if they ever found out.

Sluagh — So they want to be mysterious. Let them.

Trolls — There's no reason they should fight for the sidhe, or even fight anybody. A few are even sensible enough to realize it.

Prodigals Kindred

*Walk through the door like your brother before
A lifetime remains until dawn*

*The trees seem to say you'll be passing this way
In the blink of an eye you'll be gone.*

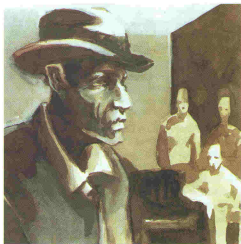
— Boiled in Lead, "Walk Through the Door"

San Francisco is relatively light on Kindred for a city of its size. The large community of other supernatural types tends to keep the vampiric population down. A major Kindred stronghold is the Bank of America, wholly owned and operated by the Giovanni, and there is a growing Sabbat presence across the bay in Oakland. There are rumored links between both the Sabbat and the Ventruue as well. The lines between elders and anarchs are muddled here, and for every clan head who espouses many liberal reforms, there's an anarch uncomfortable with her agenda being co-opted and demanding a return to a more traditional (and adversarial) social hierarchy.

MORT

Originally a denizen of Milwaukee, Mort Sheaffer had a brief career as a Green Bay Packers linebacker before a knee injury abruptly sidelined him for good. As he had been counting on a long and profitable career in football, Mort hadn't done much in the way of preparation for a life outside of the NFL, and quickly found himself completely broke. Scraping together what was left of his pride, he took a job in one of Milwaukee's many beer bottling plants and soon abandoned the airs and arrogance that had marked his playing days. The only indulgence he allowed himself to work off his incredible rage at the way things had turned out was his decidedly antisocial habit of slipping small dead rodents into the occasional beer bottle when his supervisor wasn't looking.

This unpleasant activity tweaked the curiosity of the Nosferatu Kristian, one of the childer of the unpleasant Parovich and a football fan who had been mightily impressed with Mort Sheaffer's crunching hits. The young vampire interrupted Mort mid-mouse one night and Embraced him, bitterly depressed to the depths which one of his athletic heroes had sunk. The shock of the Embrace, along with Kristian's palpable disappointment in him, shook Mort into some sort of vague moral respectability, and he quickly took it on himself to serve as a sort of guardian of the streets. This activity, of course, did not meet with the approval of dear old Grand sire Parovich, who went after Mort with the intention of teaching the



neonate some respect for his elders. Mort, however, had heard enough of Parovich from Kristian to recognize his danger and hightailed it out of town. Bouncing from city to city, he soon found himself in San Francisco, where he fulfills his old role of street protector. Even though he has only been in the city a matter of months, very little happens to members of the street community without Mort knowing it.

Clan: Nosferatu

Generation: 9th

Nature: Jester

Demeanor: Judge

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 3, Alertness 3, Athletics 4, Brawl 3,

Dodge 2, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Drive 2, Firearms 1, Melee 3,

Stealth 3, Survival 1

Knowledge: Investigation 2, Medicine 1, Politics 2

Disciplines: Animalism 1, Celerity 3, Fortitude 1,

Obfuscate 3, Potence 2, Protean 1

Backgrounds: Contacts 3, Generation 4, Herd 3

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 8

Image: Mort's face looks like a prune that someone left in a microwave for a week. He is the most hideous Nosferatu that the bay area has encountered, and as such has gotten very good at Mask of a Thousand Faces to cover it up. Six feet, three inches tall, he maintains his football

player's build and shows no ill effects of his long-ago knee injury. When Mort decides to dominate a room with his physical presence it really doesn't take much effort.

Mort's wardrobe is blandly simple. Usually he can be found wearing a long, dirty trenchcoat, blue jeans, shirkicker boots and a Harvard University sweatshirt. More often than not there is a battered fedora pulled down over his wrinkled brow, and on occasion Mort carries a Desert Eagle tucked into the waistband of his jeans.

Roleplaying Hints: You are probably San Francisco's only jolly Nosferatu, and get a huge kick out of the confusion this causes. You like singing at the top of your withered lungs as you tromp down sewer tunnels (David Lee Roth's "Just a Gigolo" is a favorite), and if you fall in with others you'll insist they sing as well. Make wisecrack comments in a deadpan rasp, and don't be shy about letting others know when they've screwed up. You've got a heart of bronze (if not gold) and a soft spot for the underdog, and you'll do what you can to help a struggling kid out. However, when push comes to shove you're all business. In a fight you're deadly, and you'll use a knee (or a bullet) to the crotch without hesitation if it'll help you win the fight faster. All of the macho bullshit from your football playing days has been burned out of your system, and you take grim pleasure in your talent for putting others down efficiently. Still, that only happens when people piss you off, and you don't like to get pissed off. If people would just leave you to your business you'd be much happier. Probably, so would they.

Roland Stoltzfus

A Swiss expatriate, Roland was sent to art school in Paris just before World War II broke out. Trapped in the city, but relatively privileged because he spoke German, Roland was caught in the middle of the struggle between his Toreador professors and the depraved Kindred who sided with the occupying Nazis. An accidental witness to a battle between certain of his professors and Kindred sworn to the Nazi cause, Roland was given a choice: accept the Embrace or die. Ever practical, he chose the Embrace and spent the next few decades honing his somewhat unusual sculpting skills. However, America (and the lure of big bucks from a show in New York) beckoned, and he packed his bags for an opening in the Big Apple.

The show proved a disaster. The critics panned Roland's art while the Sabbath played games with him. Before the week was out, he'd broken and fled west. He didn't stop until he'd reached the artist-friendly communities of San Francisco, where he rented a studio, bought some supplies, and settled down to make art that the critics couldn't ignore. That was in 1974. He's still at it. While on

pleasant enough terms with the other Toreador of the city (especially Daphne, the clan elder), he tends to merely hang in the background and listen rather than flit about the parties. He is also acquainted with Rasputin, whose poetry he appreciates, and whom he will often inform as to the direction of the artistic currents that the great and mighty of the Toreador swim in.

Clan: Toreador

Generation: 12th

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Loner

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Dodge 1, Empathy 3, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 1, Etiquette 2, Stealth 1

Knowledge: Investigation 2, Linguistics 3, Occult 1

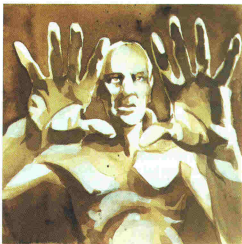
Disciplines: Auspex 3, Celerity 3, Presence 2

Backgrounds: Fame 2, Generation 1, Herd 4, Resources 3

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 7

Image: Roland is quite handsome in a slick, Euro-guy sort of way. 5' 7" and starvation-thin, he has a smooth face but a sculptor's calloused hands. His dirty blonde hair is slicked back and pulled into a shoulder-length tail. Independently wealthy, he wears hand-tailored white shirts and grey suits ranging from slate to charcoal. There is a diamond stud earring in his right ear, and he usually wears



expensive sunglasses as well. Otherwise, Roland doesn't wear much jewelry, and he hasn't been seen in a tie in twenty years. Nor, for that matter, has he been seen in attire that is less than formal. His students (of whom there are a very few) claim that he strips to the waist to work, but then again, very few have ever seen him work. What is known is that his torso is lined with scars and burns from his work with jagged metal and blowtorches; his bravery in the face of fire when sculpting is inspiring. His face, however, remains unlined.

Roleplaying Hints: In a word, be diffident. You take no sides in politics, not any longer. What you hear, you pass on freely, but you refuse to plot and scheme. You've made certain that everyone on the street knows that you're a true neutral, so at this point you're mainly left alone.

Your wit is dry and shaken, not stirred. Your comments are sharp and to the point, and you do not suffer fools gladly. Anyone demonstrating themselves to be an ignoramus in matters of either art or common sense will draw nothing but your scorn, and that scorn is of exceedingly high quality.

Perry Commons

Once a retiring proto-academic, Perry has taken a slight deviation from his original career path. In the middle of his PhD in Economics at Stanford, Perry attracted the attention of Cassidy, the 6th-generation Brujah who makes San Francisco her base for forays around the world. Cassidy sensed a serious streak of rebellion deep within the student's buttoned-down exterior, and also realized that all the revolutionary cant in the world means nothing if you don't have anything ready to set up the day

after the revolution. Clan Brujah, for all its posturing and anarchistic raving, had no idea of what to do after overthrowing the powers that be, and Cassidy and certain of her fellow Iconoclasts recognized that the clan's knowledge of subjects like economics, engineering, and urban design was sadly lacking. With that in mind, she and her compatriots set out on a detailed plan to Embrace up-and-coming experts in these and other essential disciplines. Commons was one of the first taken under this ambitious program, and stands as one of its few successes.

Cassidy nursed Perry through his first frenzy and informed that she wished him simply to take the next few decades to observe Kindred society, then to report back to her with judgements, recommendations, and a detailed plan for action. When asked how he could contact her if he needed her, Cassidy just smiled and vanished. Perry found himself alone in an abandoned tenement in Oakland, with no one but the night for company.

That was in 1974. Since then, he's wandered the bay area, with occasional forays east. He's respected by the Brujah of the region (and by most of the other Kindred who are aware of his existence) as the one of the strongest clan members around, but in matters of Kindred politics he observes rather than acts. He does find the adrenaline rush of combat addictive, and often finds himself neglecting his mission for Cassidy in order to play "white knight" to damsels in distress. A great many members of the vampiric community owe Perry favors for various services rendered, and he has no hesitation about calling on any of these. It's not wise to refuse when Perry requests repatriation, as the aged Tremere Mishka found out. After one of Mishka's experiments in Thaumaturgy had gone horribly wrong, it was Perry who put down the demon-possessed result and saved Mishka's life. When the Tremere, relying on the fact that he had a century and a half of experience over the callow Brujah, refused to reciprocate favors, within a week he was found stapled to his door frame with roughly hewn stakes. An "anonymous" phone call to the chantry ten minutes before sunrise was all that saved the Russian Tremere from a terminal suntan, and Perry's reputation went up several notches as a result.

Clan: Brujah

Generation: 7th

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Loner

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 5, Dodge 3,

Intimidation 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2



Skills: Animal Ken 2, Firearms 2, Melee 3, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Knowledge: Finance 4, Investigation 2, Law 1, Medicine 2, Occult 2

Disciplines: Celerity 3, Fortitude 3, Potence 2, Protean 5

Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Generation 6, Mentor 4, Resources 1

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 7

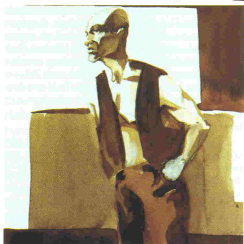
Image: Perry is large but not hulking. He tends to blend into the corners of rooms, and often people won't even realize he's been there until he's left. An inch over six feet tall, he has sandy blonde hair that had just started to recede. Perry has a broad face, with a short scar just over his left eye. He also has what looks like a bite taken out of his left ear.

Tending towards the drab in wardrobe, Perry is fond of khakis and solid-color t-shirts. He wears a long leather coat with a sawed-off shotgun slung underneath, and he generally keeps at least one other holdout in either his boot or under his left arm. Perry also has a pair of wire-rimmed glasses for reading, and very few people indeed know about them. He tends to be sensitive on such issues.

Roleplaying Hints: Wandering the streets and looking for trouble is your favorite hobby. Keep up a running commentary about how hopeless the situation is, even as you shred your way out of it. You've got a bit of a Lone Ranger complex to satisfy, and love swinging in to the rescue when things look bleakest. Do what you can to conceal your extensive formal education. After all, who'd respect a Brujah with a graduate degree, particularly in such an unBrujah-esque field as economics?

8-Ball (Leon White)

A child of Oakland's streets, Leon saw firsthand what money and power could do when his brother, taking the fall for a wealthy white drug dealer, was sentenced to life imprisonment. The dealer, against whom there was a much stronger case, received a suspended sentence and probation. As Leon's father had died some years previous, this left the teenaged Leon as the man of the house. Forced into responsibilities far beyond his years, he cultivated an image of toughness to protect both himself and his family. As tough as things got, though, he never stooped to working for the drug dealers running in and out of his neighborhood. He blamed the dealers and the system equally for what had happened to his brother, and while he wasn't stupid enough to make any grandiose plans of vengeance, he wouldn't refuse the opportunity if such came along.



Inevitably, the opportunity did. T.J. McMillan, a local Ventrue looking for an edge on his more established rivals across the bay, saw a tremendous potential in the depressed neighborhoods of Oakland and Richmond. However, he also realized that as a transplanted good ol' boy, he was unlikely to be the one to realize this potential. He needed an agent, someone who could serve as his voice and will in the places he couldn't go, and after six months of observation he settled on Leon. Intelligent enough to know that a willing ally is always more useful than a resentful subordinate, McMillan made 8-Ball an offer he wouldn't refuse: the power to clean the streets and the opportunity to change the system. His family would still be cared for; McMillan would see to that. 8-Ball leapt at the chance, and has been working with McMillan ever since. The partnership functions reasonably well; McMillan grants 8-Ball the respect he craves, while 8-Ball offers McMillan access to a world he'd never be able to reach otherwise. However, as others of the clan are actually backing the dealers running Oakland's streets (including Sir Blade), 8-Ball's efforts have met with less success than he would like. Leon is growing frustrated with both his lack of progress and, by extension, McMillan as well.

Clan: Ventrue

Generation: 9th

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Bravo

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Empathy 1, Intimidation 3, Leadership 2, Streetwise 3, Sense Deception 1

Skills: Drive 1, Fast Draw 2, Firearms 3, Melee 3, Security 2, Stealth 2

Knowledge: Bureaucracy 1, Law 1, Linguistics 1, Politics 1, Gambling 1, Theology 1

Disciplines: Celerity 2, Dominate 2, Potence 3, Presence 1

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 2, Generation 4, Mentor 3, Resources 1

Humanity: 7

Willpower: 7

Image: With gleamingly shaved head and and corded neck, Leon (or 8-Ball, as he much prefers to be known) is a picture-perfect gangsta. He eschews gang colors, preferring black denim and a cutoff vest of the same materials. Even in the middle of the night, he wears mirrored shades, adding to his inscrutability. He is always strapped, with his handgun (one of many selected from a large collected for the occasion) gleaming prominently. A mere 5' 8", 8-Ball has worked hard to bulk up, but it's hard to build muscle after death and he's not quite as built as he'd like to be.

Roleplaying Hints: You take real pleasure in puncturing others' illusions, particularly those who look at you and simply see a stereotype. Well-camouflaged as a gangsta, you're far more at home in the boardroom than your Ventrue fellows would like to think. Your street image is quite useful in maintaining your own power base, and you're content to wait for your plans come to fruition in the projects before you take them to the skyscrapers. When you meet others, play your role to the hilt and if people take it at face value, well, they're that much easier to manipulate. If they see through your act, then either try to enlist them as allies or liquidate them depending on your gut impression of them. You passionately hate drugs and dealers, and give such types will receive absolutely no mercy. You're not a sadist, just a realist; your reality simply includes an awful lot of pain for people who get you angry.

GAROU

When the senses

*Are shaken, and the soul is driven to madness,
Who can stand? When the souls of the oppressed
Fight in the troubled air that rages,
Who can stand?*

— William Blake, "Lullaby"

San Francisco is friendly to the Garou in almost direct proportion to its unfriendliness to the Kindred. There are more werewolves here than in just about any other major

city in North America, drawn by the relaxed atmosphere and eco-friendly politics. Many live on the Peninsula, occasionally interacting with the Edge of the Labrys, but there are quite a few Glass Walkers lurking in Silicon Valley as well. The Bone Gnawer population of San Francisco is on the rise as well, as word gets round of the relatively easy pickings.

There are many bay area caerns, and as they are places of power for others as well, the Garou often share them with nunnehi. There is an unspoken mutual aid pact between the two groups, and Queen Aeron generally considers the two as a unit in reference to matters of policy. Of all the Kithain rulers, Countess Evaine sees more of the werewolves than any other. Certain sept leaders have observed her dealings with the selkies, and hold her to be trustworthy.

Rufus McLaren ('hands-of-Many-Colors')

Rufus is a street artist of rare talent but thin wallet. Walked through his First Change in an alley by a sympathetic band of Bone Gnawers, he later turned the experience into a series of chalk drawings on the concrete of United Nations Plaza. Curious spectators watched his performance and filled his cap with coins, and Rufus figured out that he was onto a good thing. Now he does his chalk drawings as often as he can, usually in areas with high tourist flowthrough. On a good day he can crank out a half-dozen pieces on the pavement of the city's various parks, always staying one step ahead of the police. His work has won some admiration from critics, and the San Francisco Herald-Examiner has run several pieces on him.

Most of Rufus' pieces have had explicit Garou themes, which most observers mistake for some sort of Native American style. Rufus knows several nunnehi, and would never show that kind of disrespect for them by aping their artistic traditions. Rather, he works in his own style, creating timeless images that a thin drizzle can wash away in an instant.

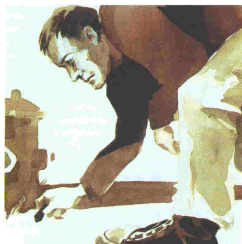
Rufus is actually a regular at the Toybox (Fizzlegiv gives him free coffee in exchange for his doing a mural in front of the shop once per month) and knows most of the Kithain who frequent the place. To them, he is affectionately known as "Roof," and several times he has worked their fae mien into his art as well.

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Theurge

Tribe: Bone Gnawer

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 2 (4/5/5/4)



Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)
Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 2, Wits 3
Talents: Alertness 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 4, Expression 5, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 3
Skills: Animal Ken 3, Melee 1, Performance 4, Stealth 2, Survival 3
Knowledge: Enigmas 1, Law 1, Medicine 2, Rituals 1
Backgrounds: Contacts 4, Resources 1, Rites 1
Gifts: (1) Cooking, Sense Wyrms, Spirit Speech; (2) Blissful Ignorance
Rank: 2
Age: 5, **Gnosis:** 8, **Willpower:** 6
Rites: Gathering for the Departed, Rite of Cleansing, Rite of the Opened Caern
Fetishes: Harmony Flute

Image: In Homid form, Rufus is a tall, freckled, slightly gangly youth with black-rimmed glasses and a permanent slouch. He has close-cropped, shockingly red hair. Most of the time he wears jeans and sweatshirts, even when the temperature rises into the 90s.

You can count the ribs on his Lupus form, though, and even his muzzle seems a little too thin to be seemly. His fur is short and grey, and it doesn't hide in the slightest the fact that Rufus hasn't been eating well for a while now. His paws are disproportionately large, and both of his front feet have six toes on them.

Roleplaying Hints: Say "Errrrr" and "Excuse me" a lot. You've got absolutely no self-confidence, and it shows. Anyone can argue you out of a position, at least until you get absolutely furious. When you get mad it's a different

story, but it takes so much to get you to that point that you hardly ever snap. Anything you find you'll automatically tell others about, simply to get someone else's opinion that what you've done is praiseworthy. If someone compliments you, they must be your friend and want to spend time with you. If they tell you to buzz off, it must be your fault.

Wears-Many-Stories

A lupus from the Sierra Nevadas, Wears-Many-Stories has edged closer and closer to the city as the years have passed. Originally she hated humans as much as any Red Talon, but Luna brought her a series of visions that would seem to have changed her opinion somewhat. What these visions were she did not say, but when pressed she stated that there is a story she has been commanded to tell, and that she has chosen the manner of telling. With these cryptic words, she changed into Homid form for the first time and, with coaching from a friendly Uktena, took her first faltering steps towards the city.

These days Wears-Many-Stories makes approximately one trip a month into San Francisco. There Jayne, as she is known, frequents a tattoo parlor named Slaphappy's on Polk Street. She's even made halting friends with some of the clientele, including the odd troll and redcap, and if asked might well come to their aid. On the other hand, the city still both terrifies and enrages her, and she makes certain to get a little of Gaia's work in as well every time she comes to the city.

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Red Talons

Physical: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 3 (5/4/5/5), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3 (2/0/0/0), Appearance 4 (3/0/4/4)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

Talents: Athletics 1, Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Intimidation 4, Primal-Urge 3

Skills: Melee 3, Stealth 4, Survival 4

Knowledge: Occult 2, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Pure Breed 2, Rites 3

Gifts: (1) Heightened Senses, Razor Claws, Scent of Running Water; (2) Scent of Sight, Sense the Unnatural, Sense Silver

Rank: 2

Age: 8, **Gnosis:** 8, **Willpower:** 5



Rites: Baptism of Fire, Moot Rite, Rite of Contrition, Rite of the Opened Caern, Rite of Passage, Rite of Summoning, Rite of the Totem, Rite of Wounding, Satire Rite

Fetishes: Phoebe's Veil

Image: Wears-Many-Stories is a handsome she-wolf with glowing russet fur and a proud line to her jaw. She travels in Homid form far more often than is normal for her tribe, and does so for the explicit purpose of receiving a series of tattoos. The pictures, forming the images of a tale which no one save Wears-Many-Stories knows, now cover more than a quarter of her Homid form, and are of exceptional craftsmanship. While passing as a human, she has a narrow face and brown hair which falls wild to her waist.

Roleplaying Hints: It is vital that your story, however it ends, be completed on your flesh before you die. Ever ready for a fight, you prefer intelligent combat where you have a chance of winning to the old stand-up-and-slug-it-out methods, which usually got an awful lot of Garou killed. You're interested in strategy and tactics, and often despair of bringing your tribe elders any closer to a real understanding of the strategies afforded by modern technology. When in doubt, kill something your way and then say "I told you so." You win more arguments that way than any other.

Andrea MacNilnoc (Walks Sideways)

Her First Change did nothing to change Andrea's politics. She had always been a committed environmen-

talist, and discovering that there was a real and imperative reason to get serious reason to get moving on matters environmental suited her just fine. All of her business training was now directed towards the Garou cause of stopping the Wyrms or, as she puts it in her consulting presentations, "Turning Your Company Into a Lean, Green Sales Machine." Andrea's innovation is to demonstrate how profitable it is to be environmentally sound, if one is willing to look past the immediate costs of cleaning up one's operations. Her reasoning is that if you can demonstrate to humans that it's going to make them money to fight the Wyrms, they'll do it. So far she's been proven right, and her firm, GreenWeave Enterprises, is astonishingly profitable. Operating from the heart of San Francisco's business district, Andrea prefers when in Lupus form to run free in the forests of the peninsula, and has coordinated strategies with the Edge of the Labrys on numerous occasions.

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Philodox

Tribe: Glass Walker

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 1 (3/4/4/3)

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0),

Appearance 4 (3/0/4/4)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 2, Dodge 4, Primal-Urge

4, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Drive 3, Etiquette 3, Firearms 3, Performance 4, Survival 2

Knowledge: Computer 4, Investigation 2, Linguistics 3, Occult 1, Politics 1, Science 1

Backgrounds: Contacts 3, Resources 3, Rites 2

Gifts: (1) Control Simple Machine, Persuasion, Truth of Gaia; (2) Call to Duty; (3) Control Complex Machine

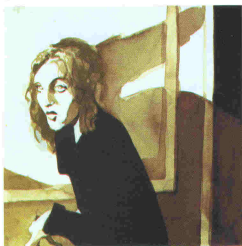
Rank: 3

Rage 4, **Gnosis** 7, **Willpower** 7

Rites: Baptism of Fire, Rite of Ostracism, Rite of the Questing Stone, Rite of Spirit Awakening

Fetishes: None

Image: Andrea is a 5' 4", strikingly beautiful blonde with blue eyes the color of lake ice. She's slender but not anorexic, and has smile lines at the corner of her eyes. Her hair is curly rather than straight, and it tumbles down past her shoulderblades. In Lupus form Andrea's fur is tawny, almost golden. She is a slender, lithe wolf who runs low to the ground yet is quite a capable leaper. While in wolf form, one of Andrea's eyes goes green while the other maintains its unearthly blue.



Roleplaying Hints: You're the image of self-confidence. You've got the perfect way to make an end run around the servants of the Wyrn to make the humans do your cleaning up for you. Now all it'll take is a little bit of elbow grease to get things rolling and then watch out! Your enthusiasm is infectious, and people talking with you can't help agreeing that your ideas are going to work just fine. Always have charts, diagrams, and visual aids with you. You never know when you're going to need them.

Mages

No matter how subtle the wizard, a knife between the shoulder blades will seriously cramp his style.

— Steven Brust, *Jherag*

One thing few Kithain dislike about living in San Francisco is all the damned mages. Fortunately, Frisco is primarily a Tradition city, being especially friendly to Virtual Adepts and Sons of Ether. There's a strong neopagan community in San Francisco, providing a friendly base for Verbena and Dreamspeakers as well. While the Technocracy does have a strong presence in Pacifica, it is concentrated further up the coast, at major research and software concerns up in Washington State. Hollow Ones by the score wander the streets, and one cannot help but wonder if the existence of so many Orphans is part of someone's plan. It hardly seems likely that so many could arise otherwise.

Several Traditions' worth of mages have a very real interest in the Kithain of Pacifica. From a particular Son of Ether at UC-Berkeley whose interest in chimeric-powered engines is far more than academic, to the sinister Euthanatos

barabbi in the Haight who has entered into an unholy partnership with a redcap, a great many of San Francisco's mages are aware, if not well-informed, of the existence of the Kithain. While the finer details of changeling existence as yet escape most of the Awakened, they're working on it.

Bink

Bink is a quiet one. Of course, she's also off of her rocker, as far as most of her friends even within the Siblinghood of Ether are concerned. Obsessed with her concept of "Transtemporality," she has been a fixture in the labs of UC-Berkeley for as long as anyone can remember. She's got transcripts going back every year for at least the last decade, and shows up for more classes than any student in their right mind ought to, but remains a mystery in terms of her actual status. In fact, she's become something of a campus legend, and among certain of the more traditionally geeky social groups you're not considered to have arrived on campus until you've been "Binked" (i.e. hauled off into a long, fascinating discussion on some utterly bizarre subject or other). Even her rare critics speak highly of her as a person; they simply can't understand what she's talking about most of the time.

Bink's latest enthusiasm, the latest in a long line of truly outré ideas, is discovering the power that the ancients labeled "pixie dust," and using it to power an engine with sheer imagination. This, she imagines, will outperform any sports car on the road, being environmentally sound to boot. The one drawback, however, is that her research inescapably shows that pixie dust comes from ground-up pixies, and how she's going to get those (or an unreasonable facsimile thereof) is anyone's guess.

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Conniver

Essence: Questing

Tradition: Sons of Ether

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 1, Awareness 4, Dodge 2, Expression 1, Intuition 3, Intimidation 1, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Research 5, Technology 4

Knowledge: Computer 4, Cosmology 3, Investigation 1, Science 4

Backgrounds: Arcane 1, Avatar 2, Destiny 2, Library 3, Mentor 3

Spheres: Forces 2, Matter 3, Mind 1, Time 1

Willpower: 8

Arete: 4

Quintessence: 2

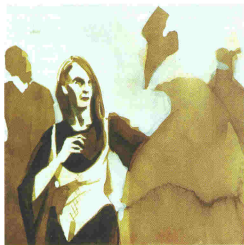


Image: Bink is a small woman in her mid-forties with long brown hair and elfin features. She is fine-boned, barely reaching five feet in height, and bounces from medieval garb to business suits depending on how she's feeling. Most observers will swear that her eyes are actually black, and they hold a piercing gaze. She wears an alexandrite ring on her right hand that changes color depending upon the light, and when no one important is looking, she likes to make the thing sparkle using her special "polychromatic handheld laser generator," a toy with no other purpose. Bink was in a severe motorcycle accident several years back, and sometimes walks with a limp.

Roleplaying Hints: Talk a million miles an hour. Your enthusiasm is contagious; once out of your presence people may shake their heads at what you're doing, but while they're listening to you, they're yours. Make sharp, animated gestures when speaking, to illustrate your point or just to work off your nervous energy. Your favorite phrase is "Wanna see something neat?"; it generally crops up at least three times per conversation.

The Timer

Born Joan Edmonds, the woman who calls herself the Timer has long since abandoned her original name. Al-ways into gloom, doom, and the Gothic, she got far more than she bargained for when, attending her umpteenth seance, she was deemed worthy of attention by the concealed Euthanatos observing the proceedings. The sheer gullibility of the others in the room made it quite easy for the mage to work Effects that might otherwise have been vulgar, and she simultaneously impressed Joan and served as a most convincing advertisement for the powers beyond

mortal ken. When the others filed out, convinced they'd seen the work of spirits, Joan heard a voice demanding that she remain. She did so, out of curiosity rather than obedience, and became enthralled with both the elegant Euthanatos and her message. Joan didn't go home that night, or any night for that matter. She spent her time with her new mentor and lover soaking up a sick version of Euthanatos philosophy even as she was prepared for her own Avatar's Awakening. She took to both magick and her teacher's philosophy with an obsession, and, to show her dedication to her new way of life, struck out on her own almost immediately after her initiation. Not so much as a goodbye was said; she had a holy mission to perform.

The Timer (she calls herself such because she feels that she is the timer counting down the final seconds of others) is on a mission to bring the Good Death to as many worthless souls as possible as quickly as possible. A fatalistic young woman, her illusions about her ultimate success are actually skewed towards the negative side, as she actively doubts that what she does will have any effect at all. Still, she keeps trying, leaving a card the image of a shattered hourglass at the site of all of her services.

However, she doesn't leave bodies behind. This is a result of her particularly loathsome partnership with an Unseelie redcap by the unimaginative name of Crusher. Crusher, it would seem, has acquired a taste for the meat that can't be bought in a supermarket, and, as the Timer often has a need to dispose of corpses in a hurry, the two have come to an arrangement. The Timer regrets the desecration of the corpses to a certain extent, but would regret getting caught even more, and in her mind the ultimate good outweighs the short-term evil. Regrettably, she is quite wrong: her indiscriminate killings are actually an affront to most Euthanatos, not to mention other Tradition mages. Although she doesn't realize it (and wouldn't admit it), the Timer has slipped into the corrupt world of the twisted Nephandi.

Nature: Judge

Demeanor: Deviant

Essence: Pattern

Tradition: Euthanatos *barabbi*

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Intuition 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Drive 3, Firearms 3, Meditation 1, Stealth 3, Survival 1

Knowledges: Culture 2, Enigmas 2, Investigation 2, Law 2, Medicine 1, Occult 3

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Arcane 1, Destiny 1, Dream 2, Node 1

Spheres: Correspondence 2, Entropy 3, Life 1, Spirit 2

Willpower: 10

Arete: 5

Quintessence: 3

Image: A short, slender woman with shoulder-length chestnut hair, the Timer has a thin face and an extraordinarily pale complexion. Only the predatory gleam in her brown eyes makes her look less than innocent, and she hides this with great difficulty. Her wardrobe, unsurprisingly, tends toward black and grey, and she wears a black beret for luck when going out on her sacred mission. Her weapon of choice is a Heckler and Koch pistol with a silencer attached, generally worn in a well-concealed shoulder holster. A single silver ring adorns her right hand, and she wears no other jewelry.

Roleplaying Hints: If someone's not on your hit list or threatening your endeavors, they're not worth talking to. Be taciturn at best, icy at worst. You're not entirely at ease with your relationship with Crusher, but the partnership is yours to break off and no one else's. If anyone attempts to discover your secret, that bumps them to the head of your list. Since meeting your partner, you've taken Kithain off of your list of potential targets but have redoubled your efforts towards the human families of changelings. After all, they're so close to a better existence already....



Leon Arness

A long-time prowl of MUDs, MUSHs, and MUCKs, Leon was targeted early on in his Netsurfing career by a pair of Virtual Adepts who agreed that not only was he good people, but he was good raw material for the Technocracy. With that in mind, they resolved to get him first. Working his Initiation online, they quickly brought him up to speed on the state of the hidden world war. Leon, always a quiet rebel with an astonishing stubborn streak, quickly picked up what his mentors were talking about. He also, being a stellar hacker and coder, picked up their true names, using this power to wring them dry of the information which they'd initially held back. With all of the evidence in hand, Leon decided that the only option that offered a potential victory over the Technocracy was to subvert their paradigm rather than overthrow it, taking their titanic momentum of thought and steering it down channels more beneficial to the Traditions.

With that in mind, he dropped out of his graduate program and set up shop in Multimedia Gulch. A moderately successful game programmer, he has recruited multiple other Virtual Adepts to help him with his master plan, which involves subverting the software standards of the world to Leon's specifications. His company, Sweatshop Games, has won multiple awards already for its "stunningly original, non-linearly plotted games" (to quote one magazine blurb) and is currently at work on a CD-ROM product called Hellfire that, when installed, will remove the operating system of any machine and replace it with Hellfire's proprietary one. On the surface, Hellfire Operating System (HOS, pronounced "Hose") functions in a manner precisely identical to the operating system it is replacing. Underneath the basic functions, however, HOS does some wonderfully subversive things to both hardware and user...and once it's installed, it never lets the original operating system back on. Leon has already crashed one Technocracy-funded firm by force-feeding all of their systems HOS. One wonders what he'll do for an encore.

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Caregiver

Essence: Dynamic

Tradition: Virtual Adept

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Awareness 4, Brawl 1, Dodge 1, Expression 3, Intuition 2, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 2, Firearms 3, Meditation 1, Melee 2, Research 3, Technology 5

Knowledge: Computer 4, Enigmas 2, Law 1, Linguistics 3, Occult 2, Science 2

Backgrounds: Avatar 5, Node 2, Dream 3

Spheres: Correspondence 1, Forces 2, Mind 2, Spirit 2, Time 1

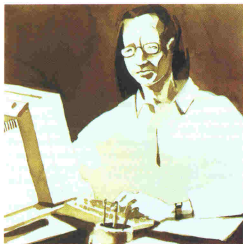
Willpower: 9

Arete: 5

Quintessence: 5

Image: Despite his Western name, Leon is actually of Chinese extraction, about five-and-a-half feet tall with hair down to his shoulderblades. He wears thin-lens prescription glasses with wire rims, and prefers dress shirts in simple patterns to anything else. Even at meetings with distributors he wears sneakers and jeans, and any distributor who can speak Mandarin will win extra concessions from Leon out of sheer respect. Leon's build is average, and his love of good restaurants hardly shows at all.

Roleplaying Hints: You're a very friendly guy. As long as someone isn't insinuating that you're stupid by holding out on you, you get along very well with just about everybody. You're a good boss, and coders are crawling all over themselves to get into your shop. You're profitable, too, and several of the big boys have sniffed you out with an eye towards purchase. You're more interested in staying independent, however, and you trust big corporate money as far as you can throw the corporation behind it. You like travelling, especially to foreign countries, and your excursions are the best part of your job. Well, that and sticking one in the Technocracy's craw. Either will make you smile an awful lot.



Wraiths

Death isn't the handicap it used to be in the olden days. It doesn't screw your career up like it used to.

— Dave Lister, "Red Dwarf"

The bay area Restless march to an entirely different percussion section. The Hierarchy has been beaten back to its Citadel on Alcatraz, surrounded by a boiling moat of melted souls. On the mainland, various Heretic and Renegade factions either vie for supremacy for each other or, on rare occasions, attempt to allow each other to exist in peace. There is a loose alliance of several of the more martially oriented Renegade groups that has been waging an almost continuous assault on the Citadel for over thirty years, but most other Renegades are content to let the Anacreons and their minions rot inside their Stygian iron shell.

There are several "generations" of wraiths that have extensive power due to their sheer numbers. Spirits from the 1906 earthquake and its aftermath make up a sizeable minority, and while these spirits are spread across assorted Circles, in a crisis their collective bond of age will prove stronger than any political affiliation. Another wave of immigration into the Shadowlands came during the 1969-1974 period, and most of these spirits joined Renegade sects. An oddity in the ethnic composition of this area of the afterlife is that the Chinese residents of San Francisco are relatively few, at least until modern times. Most of the Chinese immigrants whose spirits were denied Transcendence were Reaped in the Dark Kingdom of Jade, and it was only once their descendants became Americanized that those souls came to Stygian lands instead.

Reginald and Rachel Pasternak

Reginald got good grades, like his mother wanted. He got into Harvard for his undergrad, also like his mother wanted. He went to Wharton Business school for his MBA, like his dad wanted. At home back on the West Coast, he did the dutiful son thing and volunteered to take his sister Rachel back to college at Occidental, like both his parents wanted. Unfortunately, that's where following Mom and Dad's neat orderly little plan for his existence ended. Distracted by his sister's endless carping, he didn't pay quite enough attention to the surrounding traffic and got in a nasty little accident. Despite the fact that his lucky doubloon (given to him as a child and possibly the only thing he actually cared about) was in his pocket, Reginald was killed instantly. Rachel was killed as well, and both she and her brother found themselves in the Shadowlands. Now their post-mortem existences are intertwined by a complex web of love, hate, and need even as the two

wander through the bay area, trying to avoid conflict with Renegades and Hierarchy alike. Reginald prefers lurking on the Golden Gate Bridge itself, while Rachel is a bit more adventurous.

Reginald Pasternak

Nature: Martyr

Demeanor: Conformist

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Dodge 1, Empathy 3

Skills: Drive 3, Melee 1, Repair 1

Knowledge: Bureaucracy 5, Law 3, Linguistics 1, Politics 4

Backgrounds: Eidolon 3, Wealth 4

Passions: Find his lucky doubloon (Obsession) 5, Placate his sister (Compromise) 3, Establish an identity of his own (Pride) 2

Arcanos: Argos 2, Keening 1, Lifeweb 1, Pandemonium 2

Fetters: Doubloon, 5; Golden Gate Bridge, 3; Harvard Diploma, 2

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 5

Shadow: Leech

Angst: 3

Thorns: Bad Luck

Shadow Passions: Tell off his sister once and for all (Resentment) 4, Find quiet in Oblivion (Apathy) 2, Make his parents pay for forcing him to meet their expectations for his life (Revenge) 3

Image: What looks attractive on Rachel looks wimpy on him. Robert appears to be nothing so much as effeminate. He shares his sister's weak chin, but it only makes him look indecisive and boyish. His hair is black and curly, or would be if he hadn't trimmed it to an inch above the scalp. Unlike Rachel, Robert has violet eyes which occasionally flash red.

Roleplaying Hints: You are your sister's foil/punching bag. Be dutiful, quiet, and responsible, at least until no one's looking. Then, goof off and, if you can, screw everything up as badly as you can without getting caught at it. Respond well to authority figures, at least while they're around. Once they go, you get a bit subversive. Get very touchy over the subject of your missing lucky doubloon; you suspect some firemen pocketed it after your accident. You'd very much like to find it again.

Rachel Pasternak

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Bon Vivant

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 1, Awareness 3, Dodge 1, Empathy 2, Expression 2, Intimidation 2, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 1, Etiquette 3, Leadership 2, Stealth 1

Knowledge: Bureaucracy 3, Computers 1, Law 1, Linguistics 1, Politics 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 1, Memoriam 1, Wealth 2

Passions: Take care of incompetent brother (Love) 4, Achieve power no matter where you are (Arrogance) 3, Make parents happy, somehow (Love) 2

Arcanos: Argos 2, Keening 2, Puppetry 1

Fetters: Parents' house, 4; Letter of acceptance to Occidental, 1; Assorted plaques and press clippings, 2; Favorite Laura Ashley dress, 2

Willpower: 10

Pathos: 7

Shadow: Perfectionist

Angst: 6

Thorns: Tainted Touch, Trick of the Light

Shadow Passions: Annihilate Robert (Hate) 4, Enthrall everyone (Vanity) 3, Humiliate/Enslave Robert (Twisted Love) 3





Image: We're talking serious J. Crew catalog action here. Solid dark colors: there's nothing so daring as the occasional stripe in Rachel's wardrobe. Rachel's under 5' 4", with black hair and hazel eyes. She is exceedingly attractive (again, in a wholesome, preppyish way) and carries herself like she knows it. She has high cheekbones, a slightly weak chin, and her hair curls down past her shoulders. There is a small arsenal of edged weapons hidden in her purse, her hair, and other less likely places.

Roleplaying Hints: Subconsciously, you are furious with Robert for getting you killed, and your Shadow knows this. Treat him like a child (who cares if he's older?) Take command of as many situations as you can, but back down gracefully if your authority is challenged. There's always a later for you to get back at whoever usurped your authority. Get annoyed with anyone who doesn't instantly grasp the brilliance of your plans, but don't let it show until later. Robert is your punching bag and brother confessor all in one, and no one is allowed to abuse him except you.

Vincente

Theoretically a hit man, Vincente never actually became a "made" man. All of his intended targets either died of natural causes, were arrested, or got themselves shot in pointless domestic squabbles before he got to them. It was first a joke, then a truism in the San Francisco Cosa Nostra: if you really need someone dead, give Vinny a gun and no bullets.

The joke may have been amusing, but the trail of Vinny's intended targets wasn't, and one day a member of a rival family, more superstitious than most, decided to make Vincente look like squooshy red Swiss cheese. He awoke on

the other side of the Shroud, Reaped by certain wraiths whom the Giovanni behind the family had coerced into performing this "favor." Members of a well-organized Renegade faction, these spirits took Vincente in and trained him in the ways of the afterlife. When they felt that he was well-enough trained to survive in the Shadowlands on his own, the Renegades decreed their "obligation" to the Giovanni discharged and turned Vincent loose. He now wanders the bay area, protecting those whom he knew in life and ducking the Hierarchy-Renegade conflict.

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Bravo

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Intimidation, Streetwise 2

Skills: Drive 1, Firearms 4, Melee 3, Stealth 2

Knowledge: Investigation 2, Law 2, Medicine 1

Backgrounds: Artifact (pistol) 4, Memoriam 2, Mentor 1

Passions: Watch over his "family" (Love) 5, Preserve his honor (Honor) 2, Avoid conflict (Serenity) 3

Fetters: Collection of Edith Piaf records, 1; St. Ignatius Church, 3; Restored MG sports car, 3; Sunglasses, 1

Arcanos: Moliate 2, Outrage 3

Pathos: 7

Willpower: 6

Shadow: Pusher

Angst: 4



Thorns: Spectre Prestige 1, Dark Allies 3

Shadow Passions: Kill randomly (Frenzy) 3, Abandon everyone and everything (Apathy) 3, Burn down the city (Rage) 3

Image: Vincente is small, dark, and handsome. He is fine-boned, with hands that never stay still and eyes that are constantly flickering around the room. Well-muscled and lithe, he dresses like he just stepped out of the auditions for Reservoir Dogs II. Vincente always wears black leather gloves, claiming that he feels naked without them. There is a conspicuous bulge under the right shoulder of Vincente's jacket; only he knows he has been unable to obtain ammunition for the custom Artifact pistol he has cached there. He hasn't quite figured out yet that it doesn't actually need ammo to fire.

Roleplaying Hints: Because of your bizarre history, you are a prime conversion target for Heretics of all stripes. You never curse, drink, or start a fight, but you are adept at finishing them off. Speak softly, and spend your time doing while others are talking about doing.

The Heroes

Provided here are the heroes of the **Immortal Eyes** trilogy. They can be used as characters which the players encounter or, if the Storyteller wishes to re-create the **Immortal Eyes** trilogy, the players may actually play these characters. Storytellers should be very careful in doing this however, as these characters are significantly more powerful than the usual starting characters.

Leigh

The child of a no-nonsense Irish beat cop and a fussy budget of an Italian mother, Leigh was lost in a large family while growing up. Perhaps it was the insulation of her many siblings and cousins that allowed her to maintain her independence and imagination, but at the same time she harbors crushing feelings of inadequacy derived from the lack of attention she received as a child.

Leigh's one true passion is cooking, and this inheritance from her mortal mother has served her well. Within the context of her mortal family, it is the one thing that she chooses to do, even as her parents' conflicting demands ("Get a real job!" "Find a nice boy and settle down!" "Find a nice boy with a real job and get me some grandchildren!") pull her in conflicting directions. Things were stressful enough at home that she moved out just over a year ago, though she does return to her parents' house every Sunday night for dinner. Her family has not yet completely come to grips with this, but her father's half-joking threat of disowning her is now in the distant past.



A noble in Arcadia, Leigh is unconsciously graceful and striking amongst the Kithain. The ways of court and battlefield come naturally to her body, if not her mind. For though Leigh herself is as awkward and uncomfortable in these situations as she would be at her parents' home for an extended stay, her body knows instinctively how to carry itself to its — and her — best effect. Her swordplay is as expert as her work with the peeler and spatula, and she is capable of making mincemeat of opponents as well as fruit and nuts.

Leigh is a recent arrival from Arcadia, and has been placed under a geis of staggering proportions. For this reason, as well as her indomitable will, she is impossible to geis on earth.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Paladin/Beast

House: Fiona

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 1, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl (Martial Arts) 4, Dodge 1, Empathy 2, Kenning 2, Streetwise 1

Skills: Cooking 3, Drive 1, Etiquette 1, Firearms 2, Leadership 2, Melee 3, Security 2, Stealth 1

Knowledge: Investigation 2, Law 1, Police Procedures 1, Politics 1

Arts: Chicanery 1, Primal 3, Soothsay 2, Sovereign 3, Wayfare 2

Realms: Actor 4, Fae 3, Nature 2, Prop 2, Scene 2

Backgrounds: Chimera 3 (a gleaming silver longsword, sharp enough to cut a floating hair lengthwise. It is at the same time a badge of office and a means of enforcing the rights her title grants her. Leigh suspects that the blade has other, untapped abilities, but thus far her suspicions have not yet been confirmed), Contacts 3, Dreamers 2, Gremayre 2, Resources 1, Title 2

Glamour: 8

Banality: 5

Willpower: 7

Image: Leigh is a striking woman of strongly chiseled features and long red hair. In her mortal guise she does her best to hide her attractiveness in plain garb, but in court costume she is truly stunning. She has swordswoman's muscles, but these accent rather than detract from her femininity. The impression one gets on seeing Leigh under Glamour is much the same as one gets seeing a tiger or leopard: beauty and danger, certainly not to be provoked.

Roleplaying Hints: Be honest. Be painfully honest. As a matter of fact, you probably would have trouble lying well for a million dollars and a six-month vacation from your parents. Always say what you think, regardless of how much trouble it might get you into later. Act impulsively, because if you take time to think you start to doubt yourself. Your worst fear is to spend your life "settling" for things that aren't as grand and beautiful as your dreams. You don't know what you do want, yet, but you don't want what your parents want for you.

TOR

A piece of fae flotsam on the shores of San Francisco, Tor did mighty deeds for the Court of Pacifica during the Accordance War. But that was a long time ago, and since then Banality and despair have gnawed at Tor's memories and skills. These days he is homeless, allowed to sleep in the basement of the Toybox because the proprietor remembers those deeds Tor once did, even if Tor himself cannot. Tor himself cannot stand to hear others talk of those days and deeds, and will summarily leave any room in which such a conversation is taking place.

While homeless, Tor is not a beggar. He scrounges odd jobs, refusing token help and pity from his son-in-law, Morgan's father. He and Morgan are close, despite her father's intense disapproval of "my father-in-law, the bum." In fact Tor has developed quite the attachment to Morgan, going so far as to oathbond himself to her as her guardian. It is this action, much more than his association with Leigh, that starts Tor on the slow road back from Banality.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Saint/Wretch

House: Commoner

Seeming: Grump

Kith: Troll

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 1, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 2

Skills: Drive 1, Melee (battle axe) 5, Stealth 2, Security 2, Survival (homeless life) 4

Knowledge: Bureaucracy 1, Law 1, Linguistics 2, Politics 1

Arts: Primal 4, Soothsay 1, Wayfare 2

Realms: Actor 3, Fae 3, Nature 1, Prop 2, Scene 1

Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Dreamers 1, Treasures 3 (A battle axe with leather-wrapped haft. Its edges are keen, and at sunset it sometimes glows red with the blood of all that it has slain. Treat the axe, called Mind's Edge, as an additional two dice to any roll made using it for anyone except Tor. Tor and the weapon have somehow bonded, and he gains an additional four dice instead.)

Glamour: 6

Banality: 8

Willpower: 7

Image: A hulking blonde man in a tatty trenchcoat, Tor is better groomed than the average homeless. Sporting



a beard and moustache, Tor slouches when he walks and he rarely speaks above a whisper. Only his piercing blue eyes give the lie to the image of Tor as a wreck. There's still plenty of fire in his gaze, and little escapes his eye. In troll mien, Tor's complexion is a chalky white, and it's difficult to tell he's not actually carved from stone. His eyes still blaze, and strength emanates from his frame.

Roleplaying Hints: The spiritual descendant of Ambrose Bierce, you wear the role of curmudgeon as comfortably as you wear your trenchcoat. You can match Leigh for honesty and outgun her on cynicism and wit, but hold fast to your sense of honor. It's pretty much all you've got left of the old days. If someone has the temerity to start telling you about the old days, leave. It hurts too much to hear.

Morgan

Morgan is a bundle of contradictions. Loved by and loving her parents, she is also uncontroversially attracted to her sidhe existence as a baroness. A shrewd courtier with all of the natural charm and manipulateness of a little girl who's pretty and knows it, Morgan is a force to be reckoned with. The fact that she's a powerful sorceress is merely icing on the cake.

Morgan's father is forcing her to go to a child psychiatrist, worried by the resemblances she is showing to her vagrant of a grandfather. At the same time as she is under assault from Banality in this guise, Morgan is also receiving sendings directly from the Dreaming. She stands in the balance between the two worlds, just as she stands at the center of her friends. She is the center around which they all must move, and it is not an easy role for a child, even one of her power and skill, to play.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Courtier/Peacock

House: Eiluned

Seeming: Childer

Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 2, Appearance 6

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 4, Expression 2,

Kenning 3, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Etiquette 4, Leadership 2

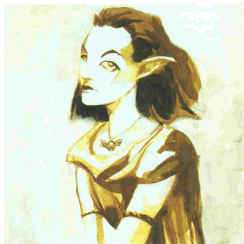
Knowledge: Enigmas 4, Investigation 1, Mythlore 2,

Occult 2, Politics 2

Arts: Chicanery 2, Legerdemain 2, Primal 2,

Soothsay 4, Sovereign 3

Realms: Actor 4, Fae 3, Nature 1, Prop 2, Scene 2



Backgrounds: Chimera 1, Dreamers 4, Gremayre 4, Title 3, Treasures 4 (Morgan's gold locket is a potent Treasure indeed. A font of Glamour that generates one point per day, it also provides luck and adds a die to any Arts roll made by its possessor. Understandably, Morgan has grown quite attached to it.)

Glamour: 9

Banality: 4

Willpower: 6

Image: Every bit the fairytale princess, Morgan has the heart-shaped face and long black hair of a doll. Her voice is soft and low, though it is quite capable of assuming tones of command. If there is a more adorable child than Morgan to be found on this side of the Moon-Trods, nobody knows where to look.

Roleplaying Hints: Nothing bothers you like condescension. Anything else you can tolerate, but not that. It's your worst nightmare to be trapped as a child forever, and every time you're reminded of it, you want to scream.

You've got an awful lot of balls in the air right now, and the strain is starting to show. You are Valmont's sole defender, it was your idea to include Eddie, and you have the most appealing, safe mortal existence of any of your companions. The lure of escaping back to it is strong, and this is something you must constantly fight against. Start out wise and calm, but if you're dealing with people who are, in your opinion, idiots, lose your temper rapidly. Never forget your position or the dignity that comes with it, except of course when it's time to play.

Rasputin

Pity the poor fool, the truth of whose jests is too thinly veiled. As Lear's Fool suffered, so suffers Rasputin. A pooka of the rabbitish persuasion, he is gifted — or cursed — with a touch of fey prophecy, making his jests bite too hard for the sensitive ears at court.

Rasputin hovers in the Haight scene as he's done for years, ever since cutting loose from his parents' home in Bakersfield nigh unto a decade ago. He writes lyrics for local bands (though never ones Larana deals with), reads poetry in coffeehouses, and schedules guerilla art shows. Almost everybody in the Haight knows of Rasputin, but few people actually know him. The blame for this can be laid entirely at Rasputin's feet, as he refuses to allow anyone to grow close to him out of fear of hurting them. A man with no lovers and few friends, Rasputin goes through wild mood swings, one minute biting the head off of a confidante for asking a simple question, the next listening with genuine sympathy to the blandest story of unrequited teen love since time began.

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Sage/Riddler

House: Commoner

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Pooka

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Dodge 2,

Empathy 3, Expression (poetry) 5, Kenning 3,

Streetwise 2

Skills: Etiquette 1, Juggling 3, Performance (street theatre) 4, Survival 2

Knowledge: Computer 1, Enigmas 3, Linguistics 1, Mythlore 2, Politics 1

Arts: Chicanery 2, Legerdemain 4, Soothsaying

Realms: Actor 3, Fate 4, Nature 2, Prop 1, Scene 2

Backgrounds: Chimera ("The Hunter") 4, Contacts 4, Dreamers 3, Greymyre 2, Resources 1

Glamour: 8

Banality: 5

Willpower: 5

Image: As a pooka, Rasputin has a twitchy nose, whiskers, and long rounded ears. His melting brown eyes complete the picture of a pooka with rabbit somewhere in his ancestry, and indeed Rasputin often seems to be ready to spring rather than step. Even as a mortal, there's



something unmistakably rabbitish about Rasputin, although his muscular build is more suited to perhaps a badger. Rasputin dresses more towards the avant-garde than anything else, and frequently sports a beret.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a man of bitter jests. You're almost afraid to make jokes at this point, because they all hit too close to home. Swing between ebullience and brooding, but trust no one well enough to discuss your pain, your fears, or anything else that might come back to haunt you in some way. No one in all of Pacifica, mortal or Kithain, can match your way with a one-liner; it's just too bad that they tend to flow when you're feeling a little bit nasty.

Notes on The Hunter: Rasputin's chimera is a vicious, snakelike being called simply The Hunter. Well over eight feet long, it appears like a brownish python with unwarranted intelligence in its eyes and a cruel smile on its mouth. It is derived from his experiences of abuse as a child, and it has a habit of intruding into the most unlikely places at unwanted times. Thus far it has never attacked Rasputin, preferring to torment him with its mere presence as a reminder of wrongs done in the past. Whether or not it has attacked others, though, none can say.

Statistics for The Hunter: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 2, Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 1, Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 1, Expression (insinuation and insult) 4, Empathy 1, Subterfuge 1, Performance (mimicry) 3, Stealth 4, Enigmas 2

Valmont

Unseelie because they grant him the respect his position warrants, Valmont may well be a prince among eshu. Of course, among humans he's just one more hustler with a telemarketing or 1-900 number scheme up his sleeve. Always moving, never resting, always talking, Valmont seeks to control any situation he's in. If someone's in an authority position, he'll challenge it, just to make certain that the authority is earned. This, as well as his abiding interest in her as a potential lover, drives his constant feuding with Leigh. In addition to Leigh, Valmont also loves money, and often skates on thin ice over dark seas of Banality to get it.

Court: Unseelie

Legacies: Outlaw/Troubadour

House: Commoner

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Eshu

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Expression 3, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 3, Etiquette 2, Fast-talk 3, Firearms 3, Leadership 3, Performance (storytelling) 4, Security 2, Stealth 2

Knowledge: Computer 2, Enigmas 2, Investigation 1, Law 2, Linguistics 2, Politics 3, Psychology 2

Arts: Chicanery 3, Legerdemain 3, Primal 2, Wayfare 3

Realms: Actor 4, Fae 3, Prop 1, Scene 3



Backgrounds: Chimera 2 (a viciously sharp scimitar), Contacts 5, Dreamers 4, Gremayre 3, Resources 3, Retinue 2

Glamour: 8

Banality: 6

Willpower: 6

Image: A swarthy man in tasteful suits, Valmont is too much the wheeler-dealer to ever look less than sharp. In faerie guise, his features sharpen and his skin color deepens, giving him the look of royalty, not just nobility. What his position among the eshu is remains a mystery, though; for the moment, he is simply one noble among many of the Unseelie Court.

Roleplaying Hints: There's always an angle, and you're going to find it. Never throw away a contact because you never know when someone's going to be useful. Keep track of the favors you owe and are owed, and make sure the balance never tips. Pretty ladies have a way of catching your eye, and while you're not quite up to the level of a Don Juan, you're damned close. Challenge those in authority positions, particularly Leigh. If they can't take your heat, you don't want to be in the kitchen with them.

Edmund

Self-centered to the point of exerting his own gravitational field, Edmund wants to be the straw that stirs the drink. Unfortunately, he only succeeds in blowing bubbles in his milk. Brattish and loud, Edmund is concerned first and foremost with his own pleasure. Constantly on the run from the police, the juvie authorities, and innumerable angry shopkeepers, Edmund bounced from foster home to foster home until his increasingly violent tendencies landed him in juvenile detention. Finally putting his big mouth to good use, he ate his way to freedom, called in some favors he'd acquired from Ragger's band, and went on his merry way.

While Edmund has a little boy's crush on Morgan and wishes to emulate Valmont, the only one who can truly control him is Tor. He is the despair of the rest of his companions, and even they are not always certain why they keep him around.

Court: Unseelie

Legacies: Rogue/Wayfarer

House: Commoner

Seeming: Childling

Kith: Redcap

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4



Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Expression 1, Intimidation 1, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 4
Skills: Melee 1, Security 3, Stealth 2, Survival (homeless life) 4

Arts: Chicanery 4, Legerdemain 3, Primal 2
Realms: Actor 3, Fae 1, Nature 2, Prop 2
Backgrounds: Chimera (dagger) 2, Dreamers 1, Gremayre 3, Treasures 5
Glamour: 8
Banalities: 5
Willpower: 4

Image: A little kid with a predator's grin and a nose sharp enough to cut vegetables, Edmund is a slob in the way only kids who have absolutely nothing, and who know

that they're not going to have to pay for anything they mess up. With that in mind, there's a lot of messed-up stuff around Edmund.

With a San Jose Sharks cap jammed down on top of his dreads, Edmund dresses in only the finest hip-hop flannel scrounging the dumpsters of Oakland and San Francisco provide. He wears the Sharks cap for a reason, incidentally: when Edmund is seen in redcap mien, more than one observer has compared his grin to that of a great white on the prowl.

Roleplaying Hints: Be bratty and revel in it. Do everything you can to annoy the characters, your friends, and random strangers. If there's a chance for you to grab something to your own advantage, you're there in an instant. Torment Morgan to your heart's delight, but don't actually hurt her, and don't let anyone else hurt her, either. Calvin and Susie have nothing on you two.

Equipment: Edmund, surprisingly, has a wealth of magical objects in his possession. His original sword is chimerical, an idea of a blade cast around an aluminum alloy butter knife Edmund stole from a school cafeteria years ago. However, he also has in his clutches a pair of true Treasures. The first, called "Mr. Dumpy," is a toy soldier from Emperor Norton's toy chest. Mr. Dumpy doesn't actually do anything, it would seem. Edmund uses it as a father confessor and oracular device (a la the infamous 8-ball), and no amount of teasing from Morgan will make him give the doll up.

The other Treasure once belonged to Sir Cumulus in his childhood days. A child's sword for a noble, it is quite real and quite sharp. The blade lowers difficulty on attacking chimera by 1, though Edmund tends to use it to slice cold cuts for sandwiches.

Chronology of The Toybox

For those Storytellers interested in re-enacting the events of the first novel in the *Immortal Eyes* trilogy, the following timeline presents a day-to-day summary of events as experienced by Leigh, Morgan, Valmont, Tor, Edmund and Rasputin.

September 11, 1995 — Morgan visits her psychologist, Dr. Adrienne Walters.

September 12, 1995 — The characters gather at the Toybox. Valmont tells the story of Emperor Norton's toy chest, but his telling is interrupted by an attack by someone using an iron dagger.

September 13, 1995 — Leigh prepares for her knighting. Malacar continues to scheme. Edmund and his "Brat Patrol" accost Morgan, accusing her of betraying the Kithain to her psychologist.

September 14 - 20, 1995 — Tor is attacked by redcap bikers. Valmont seeks information from his Unseelie connections. Slique gets Valmont to agree to bring a guest with him to Fall Court.

September 21, 1995 — The Hunter is born from Raputin's nightmares. Malacar attends court in disguise in the company of Valmont and interrupts Leigh's knighting ceremony. Duke Aeon's erratic behavior is noticed. The duke quests Leigh to locate and formally banish Malacar. Morgan and Valmont accept the quest as well. Malacar opens the toy chest and looses the chimerae.

September 22, 1995 — The hunt for the chimera begins. Malacar is given a second chance to perform "the ritual" correctly. The group fight chimeric battles, locate the missing bugler at Kurtzweiler's Toy Shop, and confront Malacar in the Japanese Tea Garden before he has a chance to perform his ritual. Under compulsion, Malacar surrenders the Eye of Opening to the group.

September 26, 1995 — Ryder (the former Chevalier) arrives in San Francisco to track down and destroy the changeling population. Plans are made to commit Morgan to Ironwood Hospital.

September 27, 1995 — Princess Alieria agrees to help Morgan. Edmund encounters Ryder but escapes. The group realizes that the gem they now have "opens things."

September 28, 1995 — Morgan and Alieria switch places. Layla shows secret passages in palace to Morgan. Alieria is committed to Ironwood Hospital in Morgan's stead.

September 29, 1995 — Valmont gets hints of another, more sinister, Shadow Court.

October 1, 1995 — Morgan and Layla replace the duke's dying mistletoe. Morgan's father begs Tor to help rescue Morgan. The group goes to Ironwood Hospital. Morgan shows up at the Toybox after they have left and realizes that Alieria is in danger. She joins the rescue attempt. Alieria is rescued. Morgan's parents are enchanted.

October 31, 1995 — Samhain Revels are held at the duke's palace. The group destroys the harp, freeing the duke from his enchantment, and are rewarded. They learn of the existence of Silver's Gate and believe Malacar was trying to use the gem to open it. Duke Aeon quests the group to find and open Silver's Gate.

November 2, 1995 — The companions discover the correct location for the gate and successfully open it, loosing the Forsworn Prince from his prison.

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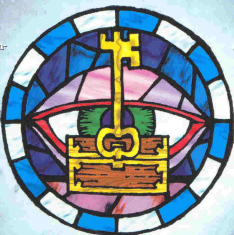
The Toybox

The Shining City!

Welcome to San Francisco, site of the resurgence of the fae on Earth. This city is perhaps the most important to the fae, for the Glamour is more powerful here than any place on Earth. No other city contains more freeholds and magical sites than the Shining City.

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