

DREAMS OF DARKER  
DAYS CHANGELING  
CHARACTERS

## Gregg Stein - Athelstan #237

**Background:** You were born to a middle class family in Macon, descended from German settlers in Georgia during its colonization. Growing up in the 60's was hard, and you grew very strong working several jobs to support your family throughout your schooling. Then the moon landing occurred and the flood of glamour triggered your chrysalis.

You awoke to find yourself surrounded by a strange band of bedraggled but bright young changelings, and you had barely comprehended your new reality before they had placed a sword in your hand and dragged you after them to fight off the insurgent Sidhe. Evincing a natural strength for leadership that you had not known you possessed, you pulled together your band and rallied still others, driving out the Sidhe from Middle Georgia and driving into Atlanta.

Soon you found yourself on the front lines of the Accordance War, leading a squad of Redcaps and other Trolls up Techwood, piercing straight into the heart of the Sidhe's grip on power. You encountered another contingent of commoners, and you wondered how your fellows could work for the Sidhe scum. Breaking through them, your quarry was in sight, and then your hope was broken. You saw the face of the leader of the opposition, and he smiled as a surge of mutual recognition surged between you. Suddenly you remembered the oath that you had long ago sworn to Barabas ap Eiluned.

Without your leadership the contingent scattered. Some fell, but most fled into the night, cursing you as a spy and betrayer. Dutifully, remembering the oath you had made an eon before, you took up your place as the insurgent King's bodyguard, standing by as his protector as he razed and destroyed the opposition in the South. You did some good in that you helped to keep the commoners from being destroyed completely, but Barabas was ever too much a tyrant to listen to his bodyguard's pleas of mercy, and you were little help in the peace talks that followed without a commoner army backing you.

This relationship continued for over a decade, especially when Barabas learned that you could leave his Hold without fear of aging he found you a useful tool in the world. You grew to despise him as a person, while admiring his sense of tactics and strategy. Until 1990 you served as his guard and

lackey, helping to enforce his rulership due to the powerful oath you had sworn in a distant life. Finally the commoners uprose against this tyrant, forcing him to the bargaining table. He had every intention of acquiescing then destroying the leaders, you are sure of it. It was not to be, however, for one night while you stood watch outside his door an assassin somehow bypassed your watch and murdered the King.

Your oath broken, but free, you set out on your own for once, refusing to take further oaths until you had seen more of the world. You made it across much of Concordia, finally meeting Sidhe you did not despise, and they inducted you into House Gwydion. With an oath to uphold the authority of the house you returned to Atlanta, introducing yourself as Barabas' former aid just before the disappearance of the High King. You searched hard for the leader of your new house, but he was not to be found. Just when you decided you had taken all that you could out of life, the new king, Meilge, came to you and said that he needed someone trustworthy to oversee a recently opened Freehold until a leader could be chosen. If only you had known what you were getting into.

**Concept:** You are a child of hardship and war. While the world around you was at peace, you've been struggling your entire life, fighting demons unknown to the blind mortals. Even when the battle was over you continued to search for hidden opposition, and found it.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You've been a gofer for so long you had almost forgotten what it felt like to lead. Now you've gotten a taste again and you're going to prove yourself worthy. Show what a great and well-meaning leader you are, and if it means manufacturing enemies to fight to get your allies to work together, so be it.

**Goals:** Prove your ability as a leader; Find the assassin that broke your ancient oath and deal with him; Make amends to the commoners that you were forced to turn against; Remain free of oaths to others that will bind your behavior.

**Equipment:** You have a Really Big chimerical axe and a suit of chain mail armor.

**People You Know:** See your Oathcircle Sheet, you've also had a run-in with The Broken Lance, and consider them immanently deplorable people, especially that Sullivan character.

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 237

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Justin

Name: Gregg Stein

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Athelstan

Legacies: Regent/Fatalist

Kith: Troll

Concept: Political Guardian

House: Gwydion Baron

Motley: Honor's Blade

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 12/14 )

Athletic, Brawny,  
Brutal x2, Enduring,  
Energetic x2, Resilient,  
Rugged, Steady x2, Tireless,  
(Brawny, Stalwart)

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 7 )

Charismatic x2,  
Commanding x2,  
Dignified,  
Diplomatic,  
Intimidating

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 7 )

Alert x2,  
Calm x2,  
Creative,  
Determined,  
Shrewd

## ABILITIES

Gremayre,  
Kenning,  
Leadership x2,  
Melee x3,  
Occult

## BACKGROUNDS

Chimera x4,  
Dreamers x2,  
Remembrance x2,  
Resources x2,  
Patron x2(Meilge), Title x3

## MERITS/FLAWS

Blood of the Rivers (5 Trait Merit,  
you age at 1/10 rate as long as you  
remember your Fae nature)

## ARTS

Primal:  
Willow Whisper,  
Eldritch Prime  
Sovereign:  
Protocol,  
Dictum

## REALMS

Affinity Fae  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble, Manifold Chimera,  
Elusive Gallain  
Nature: Raw Material,  
Verdant Forest

## BUNKS

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## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Titan's Power:** Free chimerical  
Brawny, Stalwart, and Bruised level.  
**Strength of Duty:** May spend extra  
WP per game in support of Oath.  
**Boon:** May make Mental Challenge  
with Kenning to determine truth.  
**Bond of Duty:** Lose Birthrights if  
oath is broken.  
**Flaw:** Can enter frenzy similar to  
Garou when provoked.

## TEMPERS

### GLAMOUR

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### WILLPOWER

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### BANALITY

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Create Hope

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 3 (spent 9)

IRMA BRIDGEWATER -

KHAROLIS SIF-NAKOR #087

**Background:** Some days it just seems like nothing ever goes right. It was your sixteenth birthday, you hadn't gotten a car, you had to stay after school in detention for something your friends got you in trouble for that you can't even remember, and as you started to trudge home it started pouring down rain. It was late fall in New York so it was freezing to add to the irritation. When some thug tried to mug you that was just that, and all your rage spilled over into the haymaker you landed on his face.

When you came to from your chrysalis there were a bunch of wizened yet still beautiful faces around you. You seemed to take their explanations of fae culture in stride and even managed to impress them with your quickness of deduction. They were the Crystal Circle, and somehow you wound up making for a good mascot. They performed your saining for you, and you began to spend all your time with them, sometimes serving as bodyguard and others as their detective in tracking down useful components, ritual tools, and magical items. You even got squired into a house to better serve them.

Within a few years you were doing pretty well, and had foregone college to study with them more. In the absence of the High King they had you serving more and more extensively as their liaison to the

kingdom of Apples, Tara Nar, and the Red Branch Knights while they were deep in their studies. Eventually the rumor that Caliburn was being protected in a small freehold in the kingdom of Willows came through, and the Red Branch backed it up. They were sending another emissary, a troll you hadn't had much to do with who was also of your house, and you were invited to go along. You jumped at the opportunity and here you are.

**Concept:** You may hold a title in the Crystal Circle, but you are not really a sage but a detective. While you've picked up a small degree of Naming, you mostly use your talents to track down anything that the Circle needs and to ensure peaceful relations with the other factions. These talents could serve in good stead in Willows, and you're willing to stay until the Circle recalls you.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You are not to be taken lightly. You have been part of the world of the fae less than a decade and have already become more powerful than many other changelings, and the sky is the limit. You are not actually conceited, but you are well aware of your power and not likely to let others treat you as inferior.

**Goals:** Improve your own personal power and knowledge; Discover all the mystical secrets that you can; Figure out just exactly what is so important about this freehold; Save the world so you can continue to live in it.

# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 087

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Rayne

Name: Irma Bridgewater

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Kharolis Sif-Nakor

Legacies: Sage/Beast

Kith: Troll

Concept: Sage Detective

House: Gwydion Squire

Motley: Crystal Circle

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 5/7 )

Athletic, Enduring,  
Resilient, Steady,  
Wiry,  
(Brawny, Stalwart)

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 5 )

Charismatic, Compassionate,  
Diplomatic,  
Expressive,  
Intimidating

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 11 )

Alert, Attentive,  
Discerning x2, Intuitive,  
Knowledgeable, Patient,  
Reflective, Wily, Wise x2

## ABILITIES

Enigmas x3,  
Gremayre x4,  
Investigation x3,  
Kenning x3,  
Occult x3,  
Subterfuge x2

## BACKGROUNDS

Dreamers x2,  
Remembrance x3,  
Title x1

## MERITS/FLAWS

## ARTS

Primal: Willow Whisper,  
Eldritch Prime, Heather Balm  
Naming: Seek and Spell, Rune  
Pyretics: Will o the Wisp,  
Willow Light, Prometheus' Fist  
Legerdemain: Gimmix, Ensnare,  
Effigy

## REALMS

Actor: True Friend,  
Personal Contact,  
Familiar Face  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble,  
Manifold Chimera  
Scene: Cottage/Chamber

## BUNKS

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## BIRTHRIGHTS/TRAITIES

**Titan's Power:** Free chimerical  
Brawny, Stalwart, and Bruised level.  
**Strength of Duty:** May spend extra  
WP per game in support of Oath.  
**Boon:** May make Mental Challenge  
with Kenning to determine truth.  
**Bond of Duty:** Lose Birthrights if  
oath is broken.  
**Flaw:** Can enter frenzy similar to  
Garou when provoked.

## TEMPERS

### CLAMOUR

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### WILLPOWER

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### BANALITY

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Create Calm

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

- Extra Health Level
- Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.
- Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.
- Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.
- Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.

Experience: 2

## Talín Dálloy - VAREKH #238

**Background:** The earliest thing you remember with any real certainty is marching as standard-bearer for Athelstan the Brave, troll leader of the band of commoners that was going to strike deeply into the heart of the Sidhe control of Atlanta. Years ago and across dreams of man and wolf, it is very hard for you to remember much before that, such as family or friends. Yet, though you were but a handful of years old, you were soon to know betrayal. As the Sidhe king beckoned across the battlefield of Techwood you watched Athelstan stride from the ranks and take up his side. With such breaking, it was not long before your regiment fell. Within a few short hours you were a captive of the Sidhe. They didn't like your tone of voice, or the fact that you lied, so they brought out magics and collared you like a base hound. Betrayal of your trust turned to betrayal of your nature, as you could no longer lie.

Eventually the war came to a close, and you were set free, but none would remove the collar. Rage built over years, and at times you would run with the wolves for months on end to get it out of your system. And then one day you met a wolf unlike any others, more intelligent. She was sleek and proud and beautiful. But what drew you was that you sensed in her heart the same rage that beat in your own. Unlike the other changelings or the other wolves, she understood you. After days spent running the woods together she revealed why. You were told all about the Garou, and her place amongst the Uktena tribe, and one day she decided to show you her human form, as you showed her yours, and she was even more beautiful as a human than as a wolf. It would have been unbearable for you to part from her, and you thought that she felt the same.

It took some long talks, but eventually you were accepted into the fold of her sept, and were able to be considered, if not an equal, then at least a friend. You worked hard at making sure you were not a burden to the pack, and worked to develop powers that they could use. For the length of the 1980s you roamed with the Sept of Black Tears and your love, Shines-Darkly-In-Morning, and you raided many things of the Wyrms and stole many secrets in the territories of Montana and Oregon that you roamed. Eventually, in 1990, you found yourselves heading back to Atlanta, and were happy to have her meet your friends. And yet some were too inquisitive into her nature, and you found yourself suspicious. On one

fateful evening you were jumped by a band of trolls and sidhe guards, and they bound you both in chains of silver. All apologized, but said that King Barabas had wanted to meet the werewolf that was causing such a stir in his provinces. Chained across the court, watching Athelstan the Brave protect his charge, you saw your love brought before the throne of the black king. He seemed quite taken with her, and attempted to bind her to him with chains of magic, but she shrugged them all off. With a cry of disgust he declared that she was stealing secrets from him, and she was executed before your eyes. You would have cast yourself forward, but suddenly you found yourself teleported from the room. In the darkness of an alley you met a masked sidhe, who told you all the ways of bypassing the building's security.

So with great care, weeks later, once he was distracted with an uprising of commoners you entered once more Willow's Heart, and made your way to Barabas' bedchamber, past the guarding Athelstan. There you took his life, plunging a dagger into his black heart. You fled to the courtroom and into the dreaming, where you waited for some time, questing in the dream to restore your balance. It took years, but eventually your equilibrium returned, and you felt inspired to return to earth. As you walked along the dreamroads you were overtaken by fleeing Sidhe, running from the Fomorians that had overcome them, and you laughed. Yet the roads splintered, and the area around your home was a dry gray. Now you know that Atlanta has once more fallen to darkness, you sense it in your bones, and it is time for you to secure it against whatever this darkness might be this time.

**Concept:** You are a pooka that cannot lie, a changeling with a heart of rage, a werewolf that is not of spirit. You are, in short, torn between two worlds, but possessed of the need to fight for both in order to make worthy your decade of happiness with the Garou.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be gruff and domineering to those that don't show your outlook, but willing to entertain all notions from all sides, and to mediate between them. You don't much like Sidhe, but you will work with them if they seem worthy.

**Goals:** Come to balance with yourself; Find meaning in the death of your love; Temper your latent rage with hope for the future; Come to reckoning with those who've wronged you.

**Equipment:** The collar of Magh-Righ, which reverses your pooka need to lie to inability to do the same without expenditure.

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 238

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Chris

Name: Talin Malloy

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Grump

Fae Name: Varekh

Legacies: Wayfarer/Beast

Kith: Wolf Pooka

Concept: Man of two worlds

House: None

Motley: None

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 12 )

Athletic, Brawny,  
Brutal, Enduring,  
Energetic, Ferocious,  
Resilient, Rugged,  
Stalwart, Tenacious,  
Tough x2

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 6 )

Charismatic,  
Diplomatic,  
Empathetic,  
Friendly,  
Ingratiating,  
Intimidating

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 7 )

Alert, Clever,  
Cunning, Dedicated,  
Intuitive,  
Patient,  
Wily  
Negative: Violent

## ABILITIES

Brawl x3, Kenning,  
Leadership, Linguistics (Garou),  
Lore (Garou) x3,  
Subterfuge, Survival x3

## BACKGROUNDS

Remembrance x3,  
Political Connections  
(ex-Accordance warbands) x2

## MERITS/FLAWS

## ARTS

Primal:  
Willow Whisper,  
Eldritch Prime,  
Heatherbalm,  
Oakenshield,  
Holly Strike,  
Elder Form

## REALMS

Nature Affinity  
Actor: True Friend,  
Personal Contact  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble, Manifold Chimera,  
Ellusive Gallain  
Nature: Raw Material,  
Verdant Forest, Feral Animal

## BUNKS

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Shapechanging:** Spend 1 Glamour and 10 seconds without being seen to transform into Wolf. Bonus Traits in Animal Form: Tireless x2, Quick x2, Ferocious Negative Traits in Animal Form: Bestial x3. May make Mental Challenge to see through Obfuscate as a Sluagh.  
**Confidant:** +Subterfuge, +Ingratiating  
**Reversed Lies:** +Violent, must make a Static Willpower test to Lie.

## TEMPERS

### GLAMOUR

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### WILLPOWER

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### BANDICRY

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Ravaging/CDusing Threshold:  
Create Love

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

- /□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.
- /□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.
- /□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.
- /□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.
- /□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 3

## George Smith - Onyx #236

**Background:** Few possess the stamina or the inclination to follow renaissance fairs around the country for most of their lives, but you are not among the few. As a child, you always enjoyed making things with your hands, and managed to get yourself apprenticed at an early age to a weaponsmith trying to bring back the old teaching system. You were good at your work, and by age 16 you'd been promoted to his direct assistant, forging weapons for sale. By the time you were 22 he was ready to retire, and he left the business to you. It flourished. Your reputation spread far and wide as a maker of blades that were well made and reasonably priced, and you always sold most of your stock at the festivals.

About age 30, when you had taken on several apprentices of your own, you discovered that gemwork was what interested you the most. Having your students do the grunt work of actually forging the weapons and other items for sale, you set to work on making them ornamental. Your business' prosperity grew even more, and you loved your life.

Then the woman came. Long unmarried because of the harsh requirements of seasonal travel, and nearing middle age, you began to think that your new patron had taken a fancy to you, and the surge of creativity you felt around her set you into deeper and deeper bouts of manic stonework. By the time your masterwork was completed you were exhausted both mentally and physically. Then you looked on as she twisted before your eyes, revealing herself as the vampire she was amidst a world of color and light. You snatched back your work and, with the last surge of willpower you had, split the foul Leanhaun in two as the sword broke, releasing your creativity back to you and sending you into chrysalis.

Other changelings at the festival found you, astonished that someone so old could have his soul awakened. They commended you on your destruction

of the foul villain, and removed her body. You took what time was required for your training and went back to the festivals. But as the days turned further past your fortieth year, you decided that it was time to retire like your mentor and you passed on the business. Now you've joined up with a small band of changelings that don't ask too much of you but love to hear your stories and occasionally need you to look out for them.

**Concept:** An old man, and a grump boggan, you are nonetheless a force to be reckoned with. Healthier than many, you delight in proving that a "graybeard" can outdo the cockiest wilder. The nockers of the court are envious of your great ability at creation, and you are quite happy with your waning years.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be gruff, be tough minded, but underneath it all be friendly. You really do like people, though you don't always show it. As a Boggan you like to help people, though you have been known to sometimes let a touch of greed color your dealings. Seek out new chances to create, for your days are numbered as little as you like to admit it. Sometimes you still pine for your one fling with love, though she would have killed you.

**Goals:** Hold up the title of master gemworker as long as your fingers will let you; Keep Athelstan out of trouble, he needs a good friend to watch out for him; Make sure the Leanhaun don't hurt anyone else; Experience real love at least once before you're claimed by Winter.

**Equipment:** Chimerical double edged battle axe, Chimerical chain mail armor, comfortable mortal clothes, whittling knife and blocks of wood, custom made jewelry of medieval styles, well stocked wallet.

**People You Know:** The people in your oathcircle, particularly your nephew Peter, who's a good kid, really, but needs a good deal of watching to make sure he doesn't pick up his criminal bad habits.



# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 236

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Chris

Name: George Smith

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Grump

Fae Name: Onyx

Legacies: Bumpkin/Fatalist

Kith: Boggan

Concept: Old Dwarf

House: None

Motley: Honor's Blade

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 9 )

Brawny x2,  
Dexterous,  
Enduring x2,  
Ferocious,  
Robust,  
Rugged,  
Tough

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 4 )

Commanding,  
Empathetic,  
Friendly,  
Intimidating

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 5 )

Alert,  
Creative,  
Cunning,  
Patient,  
Wise.  
Negative- Gullible

## ABILITIES

Crafts (Metalwork) x3  
Melee  
Investigation  
Kenning

## BACKGROUNDS

Resources x2  
Dreamers x2  
Chimera x3

## MERITS/FLAWS

Common Sense (1 Trait Merit)

## ARTS

Primal(Physical):  
Willow Whisper  
Eldritch Prime  
Heather Balm  
Oakenshield  
Holly Strike

## REALMS

Actor Affinity  
Fae: Hearty Commoner, Lofty  
Noble  
Prop: Ornate Garb, Crafted Tool  
Nature: Raw Material, Verdant  
Forest

## BUNKS

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## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Craftwork:** Perform any craft-like task in 1/3 of the time if unwatched or with other Boggans. Extra Permanent Crafts level.  
**Social Dynamic:** Free permanent Empathetic trait that cannot be permanently expended.  
**Call of the Needy:** Have permanent Gullible negative trait that can never be bought off.

## TEMPERS

### CLAMOUR

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### WILLPOWER

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### BANDICITY

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Create Calm

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 2

## ROBERT SQUIRES - OIAMRAID #235

**Background:** Your first full memory is of your foster family, taking you in a child of six. While you knew that they loved you, you could never bring yourself to return this emotion, always feeling that something was missing from your life that they did not replace. Always a likable child, you had many friends in school, though you always felt just a bit estranged from them, though you were not sure whether this was due to being an orphan or some other reason. You did come up with the best games though, and you did well in artistic classes. It was when this began to cut into your academics, in middle school, that your foster parents decided to tell you the truth.

Your real parents, they said, were also very creative. However, they had also allowed their ties to the “real world” to suffer, the way you were doing, and had been arrested for breaking and entering when you were six. Their complete denial that they had done anything wrong and that they were invading the house of an evil villain convinced the courts to remand them to a psychological institution, thus leaving you to foster care. This surge of reality set you back to your studies, but you always used every free moment in creative pursuits.

When you were old enough you tracked down the institution that your parents were in and got permission to visit them. Never had you seen a sadder pair, each seemed more lost in misery than the other. But they still held true to their “insanity” and told you that they regretted nothing, and that you should look beyond the world around you. Somehow their words held truth, and you went away in deep thought.

As your senior year of high school progressed relationship with your foster parents frayed. Inspired that they should have no claim on you, you worked harder than you had ever done before, making enough money to put yourself through college. You enrolled in UGA, taking whatever arts classes you could, not certain what you would do with your life. Graduation left you with few options in life, and after your attempts failed to get a job in the creative sector you began to starve, unwilling to spend your life in a mundane job or to ask your foster parents for aid.

As you sat on a bench after your last failed interview, depression struggling to consume you, something deep within snapped. It asked you why you were taking this, why you didn't stand up and fight for your right to exist. As your resolve crystallized you were consumed by your dream dance. You saw many

visions, but foremost was images of your parents, as you'd seen them contrasted with their fae forms, beautiful and happy. You were found by your current motley and guarded until your chrysalis expired. Falling in with them out of confusion and their seeming goodness you learned all you could about your new reality. Where many that awaken as grumps are disbelieving, this just felt completely right to you.

The first blow to your enchantment with this new life came when you learned of your house. Its love of mortals you could agree with, but the disdain you received from other Sidhe amazed you to know end. Your new oathmates, however, seemed overjoyed that you were one less “snooty Sidhe” that they'd have to deal with, quite happy with your place. This passed when you actually met the other members of your house, who furthered your training and introduced you to their web of contacts so that you could finally get a job that you liked, set up as an acting coach with some major theatres in the area, seeing that as the best way to protect the largest number of dreamers. This led to the second blow to your enchantment, the revelation that many unseelie found it beneficial to crush the dreams of mortals free in order to satisfy themselves, much as your foster parents had tried to crush the dreams from you. You latched onto this, and determined that nothing would stop you from protecting your charges, and the dedication you showed encouraged your house to knight you and leave you to your work.

**Concept:** As a mortal you're still considered young, as a changeling you're at the beginning of a downhill fall. You'll show the young ones that you're far from your prime, and can still do what you intend. As a knight you care little about chivalry, the code designed to protect the upper class, or about commoners. You exist to protect dreams and dreamers, and no one should forget that.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Go along with what your oathmates wish, they know this society better than you do still. However, do not allow others to destroy dreams, only to inspire them, and never fall from this ideal yourself.

**Goals:** Protect mortals from Ravagers, Free your parents (if they can be saved from Banality, so can you), Achieve a higher level of education so you can become a real teacher, Keep an eye on the other fae and aid them in the right path.

**Equipment:** You have a chimerical longsword and any common equipment that you can afford.

# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 235

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Jared

Name: Robert Squires

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Grump

Fae Name: Diarmaid

Legacies: Saint/Schismatist

Kith: Sidhe

Concept: Mortal Protector

House: Liam Knight

Motley: Honor's Blade

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 5 )

Energetic,  
Graceful,  
Quick,  
Resilient,  
Wiry

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 7/9 )

Charismatic x2,  
Compassionate,  
Empathetic,  
Intimidating,  
Persuasive, Witty  
(Gorgeous, Dignified)

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 5 )

Creative x2,  
Dedicated,  
Intuitive,  
Observant

## ABILITIES

Drive,  
Kenning,  
Leadership,  
Melee x2,  
Performance x2,  
Streetwise

## BACKGROUNDS

Chimera x2,  
Dreamers x5,  
Resources,  
Title x2

## MERITS/FLAWS

Mass Appeal  
(2, +2 Glamour before appreciative audience for use in cantrips aiding the performance.),  
Driving Goal  
(+3, Protect Dreamers)

## ARTS

Sovereign:  
Protocol,  
Dictum,  
Grandeur,  
Weaver Ward

## REALMS

Actor: True Friend,  
Personal Contact,  
Familiar Face,  
Complete Stranger;  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble

## BUNKS

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## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Awe and Beauty:** +Gorgeous, Dignified, Leadership.  
**Noble Bearing:** Immune to cantrips intended to cause humiliation.  
**Boon:** Costs one less glamour to enchant.  
**Banality's Curse:** Double Temporary Banality gained.  
**Flaw:** +1 Permanent Banality, Considered Oathbroken.

## TEMPERS

### Glamour

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

### Willpower

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

### Banality

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

Ravaging/CDusing Threshold:  
Foster Dreams

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical  
□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 6

## PETRA SMITH #232

**Background:** You don't really remember when it was that you started stealing. As far back as your memory goes you've always been bad about taking things. At first it was your sister's candy, then, when you got older, extra ice cream money from your mother's wallet. By fifth grade it was a serious problem, and you slipped up. Your teacher caught you, but you did well enough in school that she heeded your entreatment to tell your uncle, not your parents. Uncle George wasn't pleased, but he managed to get you to a counselor without your mother or father being the wiser. That was back when he was in town more often, and you made a solemn promise to him not to ever do it again.

The next year you began to get very interested in your science classes, especially when you talked about rocks. Your parents were thrilled at your high marks in science class, and you began to follow your interests and find out everything you could about rocks. Interestingly enough your uncle was getting very good at his craft as a Renaissance Festival jewelsmith, and he always had a few neat semi-precious gems or shavings to give you when he was in town.

However, in highschool you fell back into your compulsions. A long series of classes that failed to stimulate your interests led you to get your excitement however you could, and that was the rush of shoplifting. You got especially good with CDs and paperback novels, and began giving them out to friends, perhaps as a subconscious attempt to relieve the bad karma you thought you were getting. Fortunately for you someone mentioned the fact that in Georgia you could be prosecuted as an adult once you turned 17, and you cut very far down on your theft, being incredibly careful.

College came and you finally had a chance to study what you wanted. You enrolled in Georgia State and started working on chemistry and physical science.

It was about this time that your uncle moved back to town, saying that he was retiring from the road. You took to hanging out with him, as he did have a great amount of stories. However, he wouldn't quite tell you why he had retired. One night you went to hang out with him and found him with a pair of others, each with an innate nobility to their features, and you suddenly knew that there was something otherworldly about them. The giant, who you later learned is called Athelstan, mentioned that you must share the blood, and they enchanted you and brought you into their world of fantasy. You aren't yet sure how you feel about this new situation, but it's certainly exciting.

**Concept:** You're basically an average student with a lot of interest in rocks and stones. If you could just get over this compulsion you have to take things that aren't yours, or at least prove that it's useful to your friends. You tend to spend a lot of time with your college friends, only hanging out with the changelings when they ask you to, so you're in no danger of being dream struck. One thing you've discovered of late is that going to Stone Mountain and thinking up possible origins of the monolith is a very peaceful way to spend free time.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You're a fairly introverted person, allowing others to speak for you and serving mainly as a repository of useful information. However, when you're receiving praise you can become very extroverted, and information you might not want to drop comes out. Fortunately your uncle has yet to realize that you haven't gotten over your childhood problem, and he'd likely be very angry unless you proved it useful.

**Goals:** Find out more about Fae society; Prove that your chosen major is useful; Make something more of yourself in this society than a clinging relative.

**Equipment:** Nothing specific, really, just the majority of common equipment that you can justify having or buying from someone.

# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 232

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Melanie

Name: Petra Smith

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: None

Legacies: Sage/Outlaw

Kith: Boggan Kinain

Concept: Student of Stone

House: None

Motley: Honor's Blade

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 5 )

Athletic,  
Energetic,  
Enduring,  
Resilient,  
Wiry

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 3 )

Diplomatic,  
Empathetic,  
Witty

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 8 )

Alert, Calm,  
Cunning x2,  
Knowledgeable,  
Patient, Rational,  
Vigilant

## ABILITIES

Computer, Crafts,  
Drive x2, Firearms,  
Science(Geology) x2,  
Security x2, Streetwise

## BACKGROUNDS

Fae Blood x3,  
Fae Mentor x1,  
Kenning x4

## MERITS/FLAWS

## ARTS

Fith-Fath x4 (You may activate Veiled Eyes at any point for One Glamour, anyone with Kenning may attempt to pierce it with a Mental test against your Fith-Fath + Glamour), Spearman's Shield x1 (You have one extra chimerical health level)

## REALMS

## BUNKS

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

None to speak of.

## TEMPERS

### Glamour

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

### Willpower

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

### Banality

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

Ravaging/Consuming Threshold:

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

- /□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 3

# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 232

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Melanie

Name: Petra Smith

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Btave

Fae Name: Stonetooth

Legacies: Sage/Outlaw

Family: Rock Giant

Concept: Student of Stone

House: None

Motley: Honor's Blade

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 5/6 )

Athletic,  
Energetic,  
Enduring,  
Resilient,  
Wiry  
(Brawny)

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 3 )

Diplomatic,  
Empathetic,  
Witty

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 8 )

Alert, Calm,  
Cunning x2,  
Knowledgeable,  
Patient,  
Rational,  
Vigilant

## ABILITIES

Brawl, Computer, Crafts,  
Drive x2, Firearms,  
Science(Geology) x2,  
Security x2, Streetwise

## BACKGROUNDS

Fae Blood x3,  
Fae Mentor x1,  
Kenning x4

## MERITS/FLAWS

## ARTS

Chicanery:  
Fuddle,  
Veiled Eyes  
Primal:  
Willow Whisper,  
Eldritch Prime

## REALMS

Nature Affinity  
Nature: Raw Material,  
Verdant Forest, Feral Animal,  
Natural Phenomenon,  
Base Element  
Fae: Hearty Commoner

## BUNKS

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

Flint Coat: You gain an extra chimerical health level, and you cannot be harmed by any weapon made of stone.  
Prowess: You gain a free chimerical Brawny and a free Brawl  
Hothead: Whenever your bravery or prowess is questioned you assume your Unseelie/Winter aspect, and must wound the insulter or her champion before you can think of anything else whatsoever

## TEMPERS

### GLAMOUR

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

### WILLPOWER

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

### BANALITY

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

Ravaging/Using Threshold:

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

- /□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 3

# Honor's Blade Oathcircle Sheet

Your name indicates exactly why you are bound together. Each of you has a personal view of honor that you feel is lacking in many changelings, especially in the Kingdom of Willows. Your group was formed when Athelstan met Onyx, and they discovered a mutual belief in honor. Later Diarmaid joined, making it a full oathcircle. Finally, Onyx's mortal nephew, Peter, joined the band and joined in the oath.

## **Members:**

*Athelstan #237*- An old wilder Troll who fought in the Accordance War. He is an errant Baron of Gwydion, and is very likely to be set as interim governor of the freehold of Willow's Shadow.

*Onyx #236*- A Boggan grump, and an excellent and respected metalsmith.

*Diarmaid #235*- A Sidhe of house Liam, he is an excellent steward of Dreamers.

*Peter Smith #232*- Onyx's nephew, a young Kinain studying to become a Geologist.

## **What You Know:**

Your group has a very good grounding in Fae politics, and you can reasonably expect to know most facts about the Seelie Court and its politics in Concordia. You also know a good deal about the Unseelie political machine, and you've heard the rumors that the Shadow Court is more than just something convened on Samhain. Through Athelstan's house you know basic information about werewolf society, including that they call themselves Garou, and that the Fianna aided the changelings in the past. Through Diarmaid's shepherding, you can get an idea of Vampiric goings on in the city.

## **What You Don't Know:**

You do not know anything more about the Shadow Court than rumors of its existence, and you know almost nothing of the Unseelie Houses. You know next to nothing about other shapeshifters, besides the logic that they probably exist. You know nothing about Vampire, Mage, or Wraith society.

## **Goals:**

You are all here to make sure that the escheat and the laws of Concordia are maintained, and to keep the control of this holding from those who would use it for ill ends.

## **Secrets:**

Secrets are not things that you all value very highly, and thus you have not made a push to gather them.

## Carter Ramsay - Sullivan #177

**More or Less Deceased Background:** Your first memory is opening your eyes onto a new world, one of peace and only half the colors you felt should abound, and you were sickened. The new mortal host whose soul you had replaced stared out on a calm moor in Scotland, and you immediately felt a renewed surge of hatred for the Tuathan scum that had banished you from Arcadia. You vowed then and there that you would some day return to the center of the Dreaming with a vast army at your back, ready to take back the paradise that you'd been forced to leave.

Quickly finding other members of your fomorian house you set about planning for the next stage. Instrumental in forging the alliance with the Fell, you also made inroads into greeting the Dancers of the Blackened Spiral and the pale reflections of the ancient Fomorian. Your Challenge was one that was mental in nature so that you could deal more easily with those disturbed by the deformities of your household, though you have yet to admit that your vast desire for greatness is a hindrance.

As the Unseelie houses gathered together you came to the second piece of your plan. Far more socially adept than many of your fellows, you set about masquerading as a member of the Ailil. It took little time for you to be accepted by them, the Tuathan fools they are, and by the time you'd situated yourself in a good position your "family" decided to join the Shadow Court. This was an unexpected bonus to you, as it provided a ready source for recruits into your army, if only you could achieve power within it.

Yet it also proved a hindrance. Just as you began to achieve a level of renown in the organization, your "family" decided that you should masquerade as Seelie in order to find out their plans. This was a stint, but you had plenty of time, as long as you could remain in freeholds. So you reinvented yourself again, becoming this time an Eiluned. The fools were even easier to confound than the Ailil, and you were accepted at face value after a rigged test by another plant in the house.

For the next span of time you built your power within this house. By now you'd moved to Concordia, and you subtly began to make inroads with the local Spirals and Fomori, learning of a corporation that seemed to employ them in great numbers. They promise one day to give you more information. In recent memory you were promoted to the rank of

Baron, as being in the land of Willows has the advantage that the king believes that you are of his house. Though you suspect he fears you, for he has kept you at arm's length and not given you a holding to manage, but you plan to earn one. This is why you've come to the Glade of Willow's Shadow, to try to remove it from its current rulers. You've heard rumors that it is bound in geasa that require the presence of werewolves, and it seems that this is the perfect place for you to reserve as a gift for faithful Spiral allies.

**Concept:** Balor would be proud of his descendant, you've become the consummate leader. You wear the masks you have taken well, but sometimes they chafe and you just want to remove them and dare the sheep to do anything about it. Until that time you play the political game, gaining as much temporal power as possible for when you launch your attack on Arcadia. Unfortunately, Kithain concerns have kept you from fully exploring the times, and you are woefully behind on technology. In fact, if you did not receive monetary support from your three Houses you would be probably hard-pressed to survive. You've become a perpetual houseguest at Meilge's when you are not out plotting, as your plans would be stunted by being aged.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be whatever the person you talk to wants you to be, taking any accent and manners that they seem to expect; after all, you're going to betray them all in the end if it suits your purposes. Remember that bedlam is only held at bay by the iron in your blood, and should your fae concerns ever escalate to more than they are you must temper them with moral knowledge.

**Goals:** Amass temporal power; form an army; take Arcadia; ally with the minions of the "Wyrms"; remove those who oppose you; laugh triumphantly over the bodies of those who have wronged you.

**Equipment:** You have a chimerical longsword and chainmail, as well as your Motley's treasure Lance. Also, any common equipment that you can justify.

**People You Know:** #176 Donnelly, a Redcap, you have him from the Shadow Court to help you, #174 Cathasaigh, another 'Court Redcap, this one an aspiring magus, #172 Asad, an Unseelie Eshu not of the Court who is here to tell your tales, #171 Cainnech, a young Unseelie Satyr not of the court and a good messenger and spy, he's loyal to you. You also know the Honor's Blade, and have great disgust for them.



# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 177 "001"

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Neal

Name: Carter Ramsay "Collin Winters"

Court: Unseelie (Shadow)

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Sullivan "King Slavomir"

Legacies: Ringleader/Arcadian

Kith: Sidhe

Concept: Mastermind

House: Balor 'Ailil' "Eiluned" Baron

Motley: The Broken Lance

## Physical Traits ( 8 )

Athletic,  
Dexterous,  
Energetic,  
Graceful,  
Nimble, Steady,  
Tenacious, Wiry

## Social Traits ( 12/14 )

Alluring,  
Beguiling x2,  
Charming, Commanding x3,  
Intimidating x3,  
Magnetic, Seductive,  
(Gorgeous, Dignified)

## Mental Traits ( 8 )

Alert,  
Clever,  
Creative, Cunning,  
Intuitive,  
Patient, Shrewd,  
Wily

## Abilities

Enigmas, Gremayre x2,  
Kenning, Leadership x2,  
Melee x2, Occult x2,  
Wyrms Lore

## Backgrounds

Prestige x3, Chimera (lots),  
Resources x4, Holdings x5,  
Political Connections x4, Title x6,  
Treasure (lots), Trod x3, Finance x3,  
High Society x3, Legal x2,  
Occult x3, Politics x2,  
Underworld x2

## Merits/Flaws

## Arts

Contempt:  
Mockery, Disobedience  
Wayfare:  
Hopscotch, Quicksilver  
Sovereign: Protocol, Dictum,  
Grandeur, Weaver Ward, Geasa

## Realms

Fae:  
Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble,  
Manifold Chimera,  
Elusive Gallain,  
Dweomer of Glamour

## Fell Powers

Befuddle (Social Challenge, on win each  
G spent is an extra trait subject must bid  
until you leave his presence),  
Fear (Social Challenge, freeze in fear 2  
turns), Scuttle (+1 action/Glamour),  
Shapeshift (1 G), Wyrd (1 Wp to Call  
upon Wyrd)

## Birthrights/Flaws

**Awe and Beauty:** +Gorgeous,  
Dignified, Leadership.  
**Noble Bearing:** Immune to  
cantrips intended to cause  
humiliation.  
**Boon:** Immune to Cold Iron,  
Cannot turn Seelie.  
**Banality's Curse:** Double  
Temporary Banality gained.  
**Flaw:** Deformity: Delusions of  
Grandeur, WP 4 Max

## Temper

### Glamour

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

### Willpower

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

### Banality

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

Ravaging/CDusing Threshold:

Destroy Hope

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 4 (spent 6)

## OARRIN Redcliff - O'Connell #176

**Background:** You were born comfortably middle class, with everything you needed, if not necessarily everything you wanted. Rather than enjoying the love of your parents and plenty of stuff you had, you rebelled early on. The other fifth graders called you snotty, but they stopped after you began to beat them up. You didn't know why you rebelled, just that you had a primal need to do things yourself. By the end of junior high you had yourself a pretty tough gang of less innovative punks. Your grades began to slip, your parents didn't know what to do with you, and everyone at school looked down on you but your small gang. Fine, you were happy that your rebellion had come so far.

Then one day your class went to see a play. Not just any play, but Othello. Full of intrigue and combat, you managed to grasp the Shakespearean dialogue and wit while your classmates just made crude comments. When you graduated into high school you left your old clique behind and joined the drama club. Your skill at bullying worked pretty well on most of the theater addicts, and you were president by your sophomore year. Instead of the wishy-washy modern drama, all dialogue and boredom, that the other actors wanted to do, you had them put on stuff that went back to your roots: bloody battles and tragic love affairs. Of course the actors didn't start off talented, but you whipped them into shape, and by the end of your first year as president the drama club was the talk of the region. Incidentally, it was at the year's very wild final cast party that you entered your dream dance.

Stumbling away from the party in a drunken haze, you were astounded at all the new color in the world, but dismayed by how much was in black and white. When your fellow kithain found you, your fetal form was surrounded by whirling characters from Shakespeare's plays, and you were crying out at how gray the scripts for the latest plays were.

Your indoctrination at court brought you justification for what you had believed all your life, as you were a redcap, an old and powerful kith devoted to chaos, blood, and dark dreams. As soon as you could get by on your own you began the domination tactics that had worked so well for your entire life. Your

kithmates noticed, and they introduced you to the most powerful person you'd ever met: A Redcap Laird. You were so impressed that you decided that this would become your goal.

Along the way you impressed someone, and you were Condemned to the Shadow Court and accepted into House Ailil. Your Prestige grew and you began to think about the court you would take. As a final test of your competence before allowing you to move on to the rank of Instigator you were placed into the motley of Sullivan. He is a member of your house masquerading as an Eiluned, but neither the Ailil nor the 'Court have heard many secrets from him and begin to doubt his ultimate loyalty. If you can discover him as a traitor or prove without doubt his loyalty your promotion is assured. So you follow him to the Kingdom of Willows with your band, which he thinks are loyal to him, and keep your eyes open.

**Concept:** A leader at heart, your primary love is intrigue and your secondary love is acting. Both of these serve you well in your fae and mortal lives. You keep your true power in the Shadow Court a secret from all but your trusted associates, playing the part of mere Guardian to Sullivan and simple Unseelie to all others. Soon you will have the clout needed to achieve your lairdship, and this is a time to develop your abilities so you'll be able to hold it.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You are quite like your kithmates, but where they apply force to all their problems, you apply deviousness. Your commands go unopposed, and when they do you're more than able to dispose of the opposition. However, you are far from the four-color villain that Seelie paint of the Redcap, and your interests are more diverse than their own. Play their games, share their interests, and then use them up.

**Goals:** Achieve Lairdship; Watch Sullivan; Improve yourself; Explore your theatrical interests.

**Equipment:** You have your choice of chimerical weapons and armor, and any mundane items that you can afford.

**People You Know:** #177 Sullivan, the fool Sidhe that you're here to keep an eye on, #176 Cathasaigh, your loyal Redcap supporter and aspiring Fimmrach, #172 Asad, an Unseelie non-court Eshu that you picked up to tell your tales, and he sees spirits, #171 Cainnech, a young non-court Satyr that Sullivan hired as a spy and messenger, you don't know to whom his real loyalties lie, but you suspect not you.

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 176

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Chris

Name: Darrin Redcliff

Primary Aria: Apolliae - Knight

Seeming: Wilder Knight of Ailil

Fae Name: Donnelly

Secondary: Araminae - Ringleader

Kith: Redcap Adhene: Naraka

Concept: Laird of Shadows

Tertiary: Dioniae - Knight

Motley: The Broken Lance

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 11 )

Brutal x3,  
Ferocious x3,  
Quick,  
Tenacious,  
Tireless, Tough x2

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 11 )

Beguiling, Charismatic,  
Commanding x2,  
Intimidating x3,  
Magnetic, Persuasive x2, Witty  
Negative: Callous

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 6 )

Clever,  
Creative x2,  
Intuitive, Observant,  
Vigilant  
Negative: Violent

## Abilities

Computers, Investigation,  
Leadership x3,  
Melee x3,  
Performance x2, Streetwise x2,  
Subterfuge x2

## Backgrounds

Chimera x4, Prestige x5,  
High Society x1, Holdings x1  
Resources x3, Retinue x3,  
Title x2,  
(Street x5, Underworld x4)

## Merits/Flaws

Nightclub (4 exp Merit - You own Donnelly's (nightclub of evil), a nightclub situated within 10 minutes drive of Oglethorpe, just inside Buckhead... now a holding)

## Arts and Realms

**Delusion:** Innocence, Façade, The Mists of Memory, The Depths of Will  
**Dischord:** Hermes' Mirrors, Armilustra  
*Nature Affinity*  
**Fae:** Hearty Commoner, Lofty Noble, Manifold Chimera, Elusive Gallian, Dweomer of Glamour

## Fomorians Stuff

**Wrath of Kali Ma:** +4 vs Fire Attacks, no agg from fire, sp 1G to breath 1 wound fire in arc equal to current G in feet, arms length long.  
**Curse of Shiva:** Must dance to music.  
**Bitch of the Fomorians:** Yep, you sure enough are.

## Fomorians Stuff

**Arms of Ravana:** Spend 1 G to initiate. 1 mental/2 arms and 1 WP makes them last a scene. 4 simple tests makes a number of arms = to wins or ties, one disappears each turn. Each arm causes you to be up 1 trait on physical challenges or 1/2 of an extra action.

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Dark Appetite:** Eat anything you can fit in mouth, 1G for anything a mortal could not digest.  
**Bully Browbeat:** +Intimidating, +2 on Social Tests involving bad attitude, can order Chimera about.  
**Bad Attitude:** +Callous, +Violent  
**Boon:** +Beguiling, +Subterfuge  
**Flaw:** Must win static Mental test to admit being wrong out of combat, lose Beguiling if backing down from situation until confidence restored.

## TEMPERS

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/CDusing Threshold:  
Exploit Dependence

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 2 (spent 35)

## Ralph Ingram - Cathasaigh #174

**Background:** You were ever smaller than those around you, always quiet, interested in books and learning while your classmates made jokes and cut up. However, your elementary school days were more or less idyllic, since you kept to yourself and there were no real bullies at your school. Then in middle school you moved. Suddenly it wasn't okay to just be smart, as your intelligence craved recognition for its genius. You tried to get this from your teachers, and they lavished it upon you for your knowledge. But others were resentful and fearful of your intellect. Within the first few weeks of school a very large boy decided to prove that his strength could beat your intellect. When he found himself in agony lying on the ground, stunned by a pair of well placed and dirty blows, his expression showed complete fear and loathing.

You didn't have much to do with other students from then on, and that suited you fine. However you slowly developed a group of hangers-on, more smart kids, not nearly at your level of course, who saw you as a sort of shield against the dangers of larger students. Never sociable, you at least welcomed people who could almost understand you. This little group continued up until high school.

In the summer after junior high you entered your dream dance. You were just walking along one day, had a particularly interesting thought after a week of weirdness, and there you were in Chrysalis. Coming out a Redcap, you were immediately put upon by the same fear and loathing from the other changelings as from the students in your school. Even your kithmates didn't understand you, they were too dumb.

You poked along, only partially interested in this new life, hanging out in highschool. Then one day you were sitting through the droll boring court that they made you come to for no reason other than that they were pompous fools and suddenly all were taken aback. Shocked gasps passed through the court as a Sidhe bound in black robes strode into the chamber, darkening it by his presence. Your neighbor told you that he was a known and powerful member of the Unseelie Court. His actions indicated that he was in no way bound by the Protocol cast on the court. Finally, someone you could respect.

He was very surprised that you managed to find him after he left the court, and was more surprised still at your ferocious intellect. You left with him, fully believing that he could teach you more than anyone else, or at least introduce you to people who could. You were right, he brought you into the Shadow Court, and you set on the path to becoming the most feared and powerful creature in the Dreaming, a Redcap Sorcerer. You would become a Fimmrach, and you wouldn't take anymore shit from anyone. Now you've been grouped with a company set to establish dominance over a holding in Atlanta. You follow a dark Sidhe, but you doubt his intellect, and know that he's just powerful enough to kill you if he decides you should die. Thusly your true leader is another Redcap, more intelligent than the rest of your kith but far from your level, and a truly vicious potential ruler who needs you as his aid and vizier.

**Concept:** A brooding young genius, you were reaching a point where you would have to admit the value of other human beings until you became a changeling. Even then you might have turned out a sociable person if you hadn't found the Shadow Court. But at least now you have a direction for your life.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You are aloof, for that makes people come to you. Still uncertain of your abilities, you veil this uncertainty from others, appearing at times overconfident. Ultimately interested in power and knowledge, you have been known to do foolish things in their pursuit. Luckily you have others to need you now, for you're still young and could get in a lot of trouble if you were on your own.

**Goals:** Increase your knowledge; Learn forbidden arts; Increase your station in the Shadow Court; Make your knowledge indispensable to others.

**Equipment:** Gem of Scrying.

**People You Know:** #177 Sullivan, the Sidhe who's nominal leader of the motley, though your really follow #176 Donnelly who is a Redcap laird of immanent ability, #172 Asad, an Unseelie Eshu not of the court who is a medium, a power you intend to exploit, #171 Cainnech, a child Satyr also not of the court, you have no idea why Sullivan hired him or keeps him around because he's very annoying.



# Dreams of Darker Days

Number: 174

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Aren

Name: Ralph Ingram

Court: Unseelie (Shadow)

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Cathasaigh

Legacies: Sophist/Sage

Kith: Redcap

Concept: Fimmrach!

House: Knight of Fatae

Motley: The Broken Lance

## Physical Traits ( 6 )

Brutal x3,  
Ferocious,  
Quick,  
Wiry

## Social Traits ( 4 )

Intimidating x3,  
Witty  
Negative:  
Callous,  
Obnoxious

## Mental Traits ( 10 )

Alert, Calm,  
Clever x2,  
Creative,  
Disciplined,  
Knowledgeable x2,  
Patient, Wily

## Abilities

Brawl, Enigmas x2,  
Gremayre, Rune Lore,  
Kenning, Melee x2,  
Occult, Science

## Backgrounds

Prestige x2, Remembrance,  
Resources, Treasure x3,  
Title x2 (Knight, count as Lofty  
Noble to Denizens), Title x2  
(Kithain), University x1

## Merits/Flaws

Bad Moon (5 Trait Flaw, whenever  
struck by light of moon you become  
violently antisocial for full day),  
Bard's Tongue (1 Trait Flaw)

## Arts

Contempt: Mockery, Disobedience,  
Insolence, Devil's Advocate  
Wayfare: Hopscotch, Quicksilver,  
Portal Passage, Windrunner,  
Flicker Flash  
Soothsay: Omen,  
Fair is Foul/Foul is Fair, Tattletale,  
Augury  
Naming: Seek and Spell, Rune

## Realms

Nature Affinity  
Actor: True Friend,  
Personal Contact,  
Familiar Face  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble,  
Manifold Chimera  
Scene: Closet/Chamber  
Prop: Ornate Garb, Crafted Tool

## Golden Circle Benefits

Immunity to Fire/Fire Regeneration  
(Character is immune to all forms  
of fire, including Balefire, and is  
also able to recover non-aggravated  
health levels when engulfed [at least  
75% of body covered] in flame.)

## Birthrights/Flaws

**Dark Appetite:** Eat anything you  
can fit in mouth, 1G for anything a  
mortal could not digest.

**Bully Browbeat:** +Intimidating, +2  
on Social Tests involving bad  
attitude, can order Chimera about.

**Bad Attitude:** +Callous,  
+Obnoxious

## Temper

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging Threshold: Destroy Illusions

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

- /  Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.
- /  Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.
- /  Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.
- /  Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.
- /  Extra Health Level

Experience: 1 Spent: 42

## Keith Solomon - Asad #172

**Background:** Ever since you were little you can remember hearing voices. You mentioned it to your parents and they thought nothing of it, a child's imagination, and shipped you off to a rich kid boarding school. There the voices were much more intense, but they were never really talking to you. By then you'd gotten older, and mentioning it to your teachers elicited such a bad response that you just laughed, said it was a joke, and never mentioned it again. But you began to experiment, to try to make out the voices, and after practice you could. You realized that it was the voices of sad people, as lonely as you were, and you began to talk to them for company, which served to alienate and drive you to talking to the voices even more. Gradually, as you got old enough to realize the meaning of death, you learned that you were talking to ghosts, and while you couldn't do much to them, even see them, they could sometimes affect your world.

This began a good period in your life. The ghosts would help you in your classes, alternatively teaching you and helping you cheat, and you would do little errands for them, like hide prized possessions and check on living relatives. Many of these, of course, required you to bend the rules a bit and sneak around the school and outside of it, but you were doing good work, why should the rules be concerned? It seemed that they were, when you were caught the first time and subjected to a whipping that was still possible in the school which was not state-mandated. Then and there you realized that the rules were made by complacent people who just wished to enforce their own power, and it became a game to circumvent the rules however possible.

Fun for a while, it eventually lost its allure when you got really good at it. You'd still go out and do stuff for your friends, but the jaunts just because were limited. It was then that you began to pass your boredom by hearing the stories of your dead friends, learning of the tragedies that had damned them to their fate. This became a passion, and people at the school began to take note of the sad but beautiful stories you told with increasing precision. It was in the telling of one of these that you went into a seizure, falling into your dream dance.

Doing what any mundane would do, the administrators of the school called an ambulance, and the sound of screaming sirens and flashing lights penetrated through your dreams, marking them with color and rage. The EMTs could find no cause for

your illness, and the surge of drugs in your system further complicated and prolonged your dream state. You finally emerged from chrysalis as you reached the hospital, further confounding the doctors who put you under a watch. But when dawn came around they pried you from the spellbound listeners to your tales that had gathered around your bed and sent you home.

Luckily this "seizure" convinced your parents you should be at home, and though it meant leaving your friends among the departed you nonetheless welcomed being free of that place. While you were home you tracked down someone like you, at least similar, and found yourself in changeling society. Your distaste for rules painted you clearly in the Unseelie Court, though you really didn't fit the stereotype the Seelie had for your kind. You were snubbed for this fact, until you found a crew of particularly powerful Unseelie who wanted you to tell stories of their exploits. So here you are.

**Concept:** An abnormal Eshu, scarred by your ability to talk to spirits and early confinement in a boarding school, you've nonetheless picked up your kith's aptitudes rather well. You really aren't that bad a person, just not big on rules. In most cases you don't even have a problem with helping others, especially if that means they'll help you in return. You're not quite sure what to think of your new benefactors, and you think it has to do something with something that you've overheard about shadows, since they always shut up about it when they notice your presence.

**Roleplaying Hints:** A true storyteller must have a wide variety of tales to tell before setting off to entertain, and this is your time to gather such stories. You generally remain quiet if someone wishes to tell of their exploits, subtly guiding the teller so as to get a better picture. Otherwise you're quite talkative, and tend to give people more than they asked for if they wish a tale. Your ability to be in the right place at the right time is very useful, and if things are happening that would make a good story you almost always try to be in the forefront of the action.

**Goals:** Learn new tales; learn about fae society, especially the dark secrets; Convince your benefactors of your worth; Find others who you can hang out with and learn tales from.

**Equipment:** Any justifiable mundane item.

**People You Know:** #177 Sullivan, a Sidhe, mean guy, #176 Donnelly, the guy who hired you, you like him, #174 Cathasaigh, a really creepy Redcap, #171 Cainnech, a Satyr childling who you hang with.

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 172

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Erik

Name: Keith Solomon

Court: Unseelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Asad

Legacies: Pandora/Troubadour

Kith: Eshu

Concept: Tragic Poet

House: None

Motley: The Broken Lance

## Physical Traits ( 3 )

Athletic,  
Quick,  
Wiry

## Social Traits ( 6 )

Compassionate,  
Diplomatic x2,  
Eloquent,  
Expressive, Witty

## Mental Traits ( 8 )

Calm, Creative x2,  
Discerning, Observant x2,  
Patient, Wise x2  
Negative: Impatient, Gullible

## Abilities

Investigation,  
Performance,  
Occult x2,  
Security,  
Wraith Lore

## Backgrounds

Dreamers x2,  
Remembrance x2,  
Resources

## Merits/Flaws

Medium (2 Trait Merit), Cleared  
Mists (3 Trait Flaw, all magics will  
not be erased from minds by the  
Mists)

## Arts

Soothsay:  
Omen,  
Fair is Foul and Foul is Fair,  
Tattletale,  
Augury,  
Alt. Fate Fire

## Realms

Scene Affinity  
Actor: True Friend,  
Personal Contact,  
Familiar Face, Complete Stranger  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble  
Scene: Closet/Chamber,  
Bathroom/Cottage

## Bunks

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## Birthrights/Flaws

**Spirit Pathways:** May Fair Escape,  
Surprise, or reach any destination  
once per session.

**Talecraft:** +Expressive, gain an  
extra exp for any game in which a  
particularly interesting story is  
learned and recited to storyteller.

**Recklessness:** Hard to turn down  
challenge that you have a chance to  
survive, +Impatient, +Gullible (only  
to non-suicide missions)

## Tempers

### Clamour

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### Willpower

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Help those in Need

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

- /□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 9 (spent 18)

## David Sable - Caimnech #171

**Background:** Get up mom said, get up. You said five more minutes. She didn't like that idea. So you went to school. School is boring, but at least there are girls there. You have about 5 girlfriends, but they others don't know about it. Well, they're not really girlfriends, but you're "going together." But on the playground you have to run, since you gotta keep in practice. But sometimes you talk to people. A lot of the time people go, "Wow, I didn't mean to tell you that." And you just laugh, and pretend you won't tell.

But you do tell. See, you have a friend named Sullivan and a friend named Donnelly. They're really a lot older than you, and they're really interested in knowing what you know. So you hang out with the other faeries and learn stuff, and then run and deliver it. Oh yeah, that's right, you're a faerie. Or, like Sullivan says, a Kithain, or like everybody else says, a Changeling. It happened pretty quickly, and you don't remember it much.

So Sullivan and Donnelly did this weird thing to your parents and so they let you hang out with them. That's cool, they didn't hurt them or anything, and they've bitched at you less since then. See, that's why you can say things like bitch. Bitch bitch bitch. Mom doesn't like you to say that, but when the guys are around she leaves you alone. So you go hang out with them and do stuff for them. It's not a bad life really, and you get to hit on a lot of girls while you're at it, and to run. It's fun to run.

**Concept:** The average American kid, you spend more time in detention than you do paying attention in class. You had your chrysalis so early on that you don't really remember a time when you weren't a Changeling, and it just heightens all your normal aptitudes. Not really a bad kid, you aren't fond of rules and Sullivan and Donnelly have used this to their advantage, keeping you in your Unseelie legacy most of the time and getting you to do stuff for them. They don't really mention what they're going to do with the information, but you don't ask too many questions about it and everything goes smoothly. Your primary job is as a spy, just to hang out, be nice, pick

up on information, and sometimes try to seduce people to get more out of them. Unfortunately you're only 9 so it only works on younger people so far. So until you get bigger Sullivan's been using you mostly as a runner, and you're really good at that, so you don't mind too much.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You're a hyperactive kid on the best drug of all, glamour. When you get into high school you'll probably join a sports team, and get lots of really hot girlfriends, but for now you're just having a good time. The ill effects of bad grades haven't really gotten to you since your parents don't bother you much anymore and you figure that Sullivan and Donnelly will help out if it becomes a problem. Live in the moment, and have a good time while you're still young.

**Goals:** Get a Changeling girlfriend, preferably one older than you, the girls your age are getting boring; Do really good for Sullivan and Donnelly, after all, they are keeping you from having to do real work and don't ask a lot of you; Prove that you can beat grownups in races, they hate that; Get to know other members of the court and all the other neat things you can (you hear that you're going to a place with Werewolves, how neat!).

**Equipment:** A pair of treasure sneakers that have little chimerical wings on them. They let you run fast, so fast you aren't even touching the ground, as long as there are no normal people around. In game terms they let you run instead of walk around the site when no unenchanted people are watching (be careful not to hurt yourself), to declare fair escape against anyone with less than 3 total actions in a turn, and to gain an extra action for each point of glamour spent in combat.

**People You Know:** #177 Sullivan, this nice Sidhe guy who hired you to do stuff for him, you like him a lot, #176 Donnelly, this big Redcap guy, you aren't sure whether you actually like him, #174 Cathasaigh, this really, really creepy Redcap guy who you're kinda scared of, #172 Asad, an Eshu who you hang out with a lot because he's a pretty cool guy.



# DREAMS of DARKER DAYS

Number: 171

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Anthony

Name: David Sable

Court: Unseelie

Seeming: Childling

Fae Name: Cainnech

Legacies: Fool/Wayfarer

Kith: Satyr

Concept: Really Fast Kid

House: None

Motley: The Broken Lance

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 5/6 )

Energetic,  
Quick x3,  
Tireless, (Athletic)

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 9 )

Charismatic, Cute x2,  
Expressive x2, Friendly,  
Persuasive x2, Seductive

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 3 )

Creative,  
Intuitive,  
Wily

## ABILITIES/BACKGROUNDS

Brawl x3, Finance,  
Kenning x2,  
Performance x2,  
Subterfuge,  
Survival

## MERITS

Gut Instincts (5 Trait Merit, you always act first in a turn, unless against supernatural powers such as Spirit of the Fray or Alacrity. The only effect of Surprise on you is that you act normally in the turn)

## FLAWS

Procrastination (3 Trait Flaw, you must win a static mental challenge to avoid fun before duty),  
Wyld Mind (2 Trait Flaw, you are considered one cumulative trait down per turn past the first in all extended non-combat) challenges

Companion x6, Dreamers x3,  
Treasure x2

## ARTS

Chicanery:  
Fuddle,  
Veiled Eyes,  
Tip of the Tongue,  
Switcheroo  
Legerdemain:  
Gimmix,  
Ensnare

## REALMS

Fae affinity Fae: Hearty  
Commoner, Lofty Noble, Manifold  
Chimera, Ellusive Gallain  
Nature: Raw Material, Verdant  
Forest, Feral Animal, Natural  
Phenomenon  
Prop: Ornate Garb, Crafted Tool  
Scene: Closet/Chamber

## BUNKS

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## BIRTHRIGHTS/FLAWS

**Gift of Pan:** +Performance, Engage target in Performance Social challenge to act out negative trait/derangement/ desire for duration of performance, and is 1 Banality down for the rest of the day.  
**Physical Prowess:** +Chimerical Athletic  
**Passion's Curse:** 2 traits down to maintain self-control, opponents receive a free retest on magical emotion control.

## TEMPERS

### GLAMOUR

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### WILLPOWER

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### BANALITY

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Foster Trust

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 0 (spent 34)

## Jessie Courant - Delwyn #035

**Background:** Early in your life you began to see the world in terms of the television. It seemed to you that things should be so much smaller than they should be, and you'd never seen a shootout, a car chase, or a really perfect couple. This desire to live in a world of adventure and romance grew into the point where it was almost an obsession, and you began to despair that your world didn't contain all these things no matter how often you pretended.

Then finally, in the pit of despair at the mundanity of the world, you went into your chrysalis. The world now existed as you thought it should. You were especially thrilled at the realization that you were a member of nobility, a Sidhe of the house Fiona, known for its passion and loved by most. Jumping into your new role, you were soon well accepted in the courts. One thing still nagged at you, however; the lack of true love for you the way it was in the stories.

You began to sink back into the despair that had almost claimed you before, as love was the centerpoint of your dreams. Your friends tried to keep you happy, but you could not be saved from the downward spiral. And then, happy luck, one day you happened to spy a beautiful sidhe, tall and graceful, with dark auburn hair and emerald eyes. At last you were struck by the love that you'd sought for so long.

This relationship blossomed despite the fact that your lover seemed rather distant. Finally, however, you proposed the oath of truehearts. You saw your love mirrored in the eyes of your paramour, but it was covered in sadness. There were things that you did not know, and the relationship would be your doom. But you were fully in the thrall of the flaw of your house, and you swore on the Dreaming that whatever adversity, whatever flaw, whatever was necessary for you to take on to be with your lover, this you would do.

And so you discovered the truth of House Leanhaun. To become an emotional vampire, draining the creativity of those around you, was something repulsive, but you could never understand your love and truly form a relationship until you shared this flaw. So, allowing your love to override your sense, you oathed yourself to House Leanhaun. You now had your love, and you swore Truehearts to one another, and existed in bliss, even though your trips to Rapture together seemed very much like heroin junkies in the back of your mind.

This happiness lasted for a year, but you had forgotten the other aspect of true love in the movies, the fact that it is often tragic. You were in court, continuing your masquerade of still being of house Fiona, when you saw your lover dragged in, bound in chains of silver and gold. While you were gone your paramour had been caught in the act of "Ravaging Most Foul" and brought to court. Seen as being in violation of the escheat, the verdict was Undoing. They did not know of the Leanhaun, and thought that it was evidence of mortal corruption. Despite your arguments against the sentence, you went unheard. Your love was then taken away from the freehold and bound in chains of Iron. Love spurred you on, and you leaped forward to free your paramour, but you were caught by the lord's guards and called a traitor. You were held and forced to watch your true love writhe in agony throughout the night, then, just before dawn, you saw the last flicker of sorrow and forgiveness, meant just for you, which vanished as the sun rose and your lover succumbed to Banality, and recognition died.

You fell into sorrow as the now-mortal went away in ignorance. As a traitor, you were cast from the freehold, and you fell in with a group that was similarly despised by the court. Not wanted in your home, you all drifted until you wound up in the heart of the Kingdom of Willows. Here was a place that didn't judge you, and you all tentatively set up residence, waiting to see if you would be banished once more.

**Concept:** You have always been a follower of the ideals of Romance. Finally you achieved your ultimate desire, and were screwed by it. Now you exist as a vampire, draining the creativity from mortals to feed your own need, working in the High Museum of Art to spot new talent and feed from it. Nobody knows your secret but you, and that is enough to drive you into self-recriminations almost constantly.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be a constant manic-depressive. You're always willing to help those who express the ideals of Romance, but then you realize that they could come to as tragic an end as you. You're think of yourself as a good person, but for some reason you continue on as your existence damns so many others.

**Goals:** Find a cure for your house flaw; Find a way to bring back an undone changeling; Help others, but don't let them suffer from your own mistakes.

**Equipment:** Mundane Items.

**People You Know:** Your Oathcircle.

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 035

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Christine

Name: Jessica Courant

Court: Varies Constantly by Mood

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Delwyn

Legacies: Troubadour/Fatalist

Kith: Sidhe

Concept: Tragic Hero

House: Leanhaun (former Fiona)

Motley: The Outcasts

## Physical TRAITS ( 6 )

Athletic x2,  
Enduring,  
Graceful,  
Quick,  
Tough

## Social TRAITS ( 8/10 )

Charming, Commanding,  
Elegant Empathetic,  
Magnetic, Persuasive x2,  
Seductive,  
(Gorgeous, Dignified)

## Mental TRAITS ( 5 )

Calm,  
Creative,  
Intuitive,  
Vigilant,  
Wise

## Abilities

Enigmas,  
Gremayre,  
Kenning,  
Leadership,  
Melee x2,  
Subterfuge

## Backgrounds

Resources x2,  
High Society x2,  
Title x2

## Merits/Flaws

Surreal Quality (2 Trait Flaw-  
Mortals find you especially  
appealing, usually for negative  
reasons), Banal (3 Trait Flaw - start  
with one extra permanent Banality)

## Arts

Sovereign:  
Protocol,  
Dictum,  
Grandeur,  
Weaver Ward

## Realms

Actor: True Friend,  
Personal Contact,  
Familiar Face,  
Complete Stranger  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble,  
Manifold Chimera

## Bunks

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## Birthrights/Flaws

**Awe and Beauty:** +Gorgeous,  
Dignified, Leadership.

**Noble Bearing:** Immune to  
cantrips intended to cause  
humiliation.

**Boon:** +Seductive, +Subterfuge

**Banality's Curse:** Double  
Temporary Banality gained.

**Flaw:** Must Rhapsody 1/month or  
start to age 1 year/week.

## Temper

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/CDusing Threshold:  
Create Love

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 5

## BALTZAR URMEN - KASSIAN #034

**Background:** Some kids play with toys, some kids play sports, you've always played with other kids. At least figuratively. The only way to have real fun has always been to trick people, the more malevolent the better. After all, gaje don't deserve better. You were born into the Urmen gypsy family, and learned the art of the Bujo, the great trick, before you could walk. You were born in the back of a station wagon, in a convoy of gypsies heading across America, and were raised on tales of how your people are separate but better than the other people. Your people were excluded from the commandment not to steal.

Growing up, you did that well, creatively spinning whatever kind of tale or hard luck story or scam you needed to separate fools from their money. You were also pretty good at performing more artistically, but that didn't make as much money. After one particularly good scam, you were thrown into your chrysalis during the night's celebration. Your people didn't know exactly what to make of you, but they knew some people who knew some people, and soon you had another Eshu to explain things to you. Then he was gone and you felt the need to wander. Greater even than your family, so you set out to see the world from a changeling's perspective. Money isn't a problem for someone as eloquent.

Sometime along the way you decided there had to be a way to make the changeling thing work for you. There had to be some magic way to pull the perfect con, and you're trying to figure it out. Unfortunately you had the problem of the fact that most changelings didn't like you experimenting with tricking them, so

you were pretty much an outcast. Luckily enough you fell in with another group of them. They're still gaje, but they're not as bad as the rest of them, so you get along pretty well.

**Concept:** A gypsy by birth, your rebirth as an Eshu has only strengthened your blood affinity to wander and trick. Somewhat an oddity, few people have seen Eshu that aren't of African extraction, and that works for you in your scams. You've begun to wonder what you're going to do once you find the perfect trick, but you can burn that bridge when you come to it.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be loud and boisterous, exaggerating your strengths while downplaying your weaknesses. Above all cultivate trust. While you're less likely to scam a changeling that doesn't deserve it than most gaje (they are almost as much family to you as the Gypsies are), a fool should be taught the error of his ways no matter what he is. Music is also a particular love of yours, the more traditional the better. You love this new synthesis of older tribal rhythms with modern instruments.

**Goals:** Find the perfect con; Perfect your skills at trickery, storytelling, and music; Have fun.

**Equipment:** Treasure Dagger that gives you an extra attack in combat with it for the first turn of the conflict as if you had cast a 1 Trait Quicksilver, and can do real or just chimerical damage as you choose. You wear traditional gypsy clothing in your fae mien, and more modern gypsy clothing in your mortal form. You also carry dice and cards by which you can swindle people easily.

**People You Know:** Your Oathcircle.

# DREAMS of DARKER DAYS

Number: 034

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Josh

Name: Baltzar Urmen

Court: Unseelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Kassian

Legacies: Outlaw/Troubadour

Kith: Eshu

Concept: Gypsy Trickster

House: None

Motley: The Outcasts

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 5 )

Graceful,  
Quick,  
Resilient,  
Vigorous,  
Wiry

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 8 )

Alluring, Beguiling,  
Charming,  
Empathetic,  
Expressive,  
Friendly, Persuasive x2

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 5 )

Alert, Calm,  
Clever,  
Patient,  
Wily  
Negative: Reckless, Gullible

## ABILITIES

Melee,  
Performance,  
Subterfuge x3

## BACKGROUNDS

Remembrance x2,  
Resources,  
Treasure x2

## MERITS/FLAWS

Notoriety (3 Trait Flaw- Your bad reputation has begun to precede you)

## ARTS

Chicanery:  
Fuddle,  
Veiled Eyes,  
Tip of the Tongue

## REALMS

Scene Affinity  
Actor: True Friend, Personal  
Contact, Familiar Face, Complete  
Stranger, Dire Enemy  
Fae: Hearty Commoner, Lofty  
Noble, Manifold Chimera  
Scene: Closet/Chamber,  
Bathroom/Cottage

## BUNKS

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## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Spirit Pathways:** May Fair Escape, Surprise, or reach any destination once per session.

**Talecraft:** +Expressive, gain an extra exp for any game in which a particularly interesting story is learned and recited to storyteller.

**Recklessness:** Hard to turn down challenge that you have a chance to survive, +Impatient, +Gullible (only to non-suicide missions)

## TEMPERS

### GLAMOUR

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### WILLPOWER

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### BANDILITY

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Exploit Dependence

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

- /□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 4 (spent 2)

## CHRIS GATES - BRAN #033

**Background:** Nobody likes the smart kid, especially one with the ability to always get back at potential tormentors. You've always been that kid, and would tell on some offenders, and get back at others. You especially loved to insult people. Eventually your parents got sick of it and sent you off to boarding school (boring school as you came to know it). This was a bad idea, since you had even fewer friends. It would have probably wound up poorly, until you met a kid named Ashley who was about your age and with the same problem of not fitting in. Helping Ashley get passing grades kept you from pissing too many people off, and that seemed to work well, since the other prep school students were a lot bigger than you.

One day you were home for summer break and a bunch of crows were sitting in a tree cawing at each other. After watching them for a while, you suddenly started to understand them, which didn't seem to bother you as much as it should have. Then they took off, and you so wanted to go with them, so you did. You shrank into a raven and took off after your corvid brethren. After a while, you realized that really shouldn't have happened, and tried to figure out what was going on.

It turned out, as the strange people who found you later told you, that you had become a raven pooka. You found yourself disagreeing with them, thus discovering your new innate need to pervert the truth. Luckily you realized that biting sarcasm would serve the purpose. Unluckily that didn't win you many friends among the fae. But that was okay, because you'd begun hanging out with some other ravens that turned into humans and vice versa, and they considered you just odd enough to keep around. You started to become better than the Sluagh at learning secret things, and they weren't very happy about that.

So you were basically an outcast among outcasts, and while you pretended it didn't bother you, it really did, a lot. You'd always bitch and insult people at courts, but you were really asking for friendship, they just didn't seem to understand. Finally you met a group of similarly outcast changelings, and while you didn't like them that much, you decided to fall in with them since they at least accepted you.

Recently you've begun to think on this whole fae thing, and decided that there must be some way to use this whole Dreaming sponsored oath thing in a better form; namely to make a really powerful insult. So that's what you've been looking for, the greatest insult. Everyone will tremble when you find it.

**Concept:** A kid with a bad attitude, you've only gotten worse. Without people to keep you out of trouble, you usually get in way over your head. Not that that's a bad thing now that you can just fly away most of the time, but usually people hold grudges for a while. Oh well, the Corax are much more interesting anyway.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Your particular manner of changing the truth is to use sarcasm even when not needed. You were used to doing it in life, but now you have to do it all the time without an effort of willpower. So be biting, people deserve to have their stupidity pointed out to them, and if they want to make something of it, you've got all their dirt, so they can't. It's not such a bad life.

**Equipment:** Clothes, a good bit of spare cash, and not much else to speak of. Little else transfers well into your raven form. If push comes to shove you don't push back, you fly away.

**Description:** In fae mien your hair is feathers that conceal your ears and your nose is very close to being a beak.

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 033

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Cory

Name: Chris Gates

Court: Unseelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Bran

Legacies: Fool/Hermit

Kith: Raven Pooka

Concept: Insulting Punk

House: None

Motley: The Outcasts

## Physical Traits ( 3 )

Dexterous,  
Energetic,  
Quick

## Social Traits ( 6 )

Eloquent, Expressive,  
Ingratiating,  
Witty x3  
Negative: Untrustworthy

## Mental Traits ( 9 )

Alert, Calm,  
Clever, Creative x2,  
Insightful, Intuitive,  
Patient, Wily

## Abilities

Enigmas x2,  
Kenning,  
Shapeshifter Lore,  
Subterfuge x2

## Backgrounds

Dreamers x2,  
Remembrance x2,  
Resources

## Merits/Flaws

Curiosity (2 Trait Flaw- Must make Static Mental challenge to avoid investigating mysteries)

## Arts

Wayfare:  
Hopscotch,  
Quicksilver,  
Portal Passage  
Sovereign:  
Omen

## Realms

Nature Affinity  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble,  
Manifold Chimera  
Nature: Raw Material,  
Verdant Forest

## Bunks

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## Birthrights/Flaws

**Shapechanging:** Spend 1 Glamour and 10 seconds without being seen to transform into Raven. Bonus Traits in Animal Form: Energetic, Alert x2, Observant, Vigilant; Negative Traits in Animal Form: Shy x3, Delicate. May make Mental Challenge to see through Obfuscate as a Sluagh.  
**Confidant:** +Subterfuge, +Ingratiating  
**Lies:** +Untrustworthy, must make a Static Willpower test to tell truth.

## Temper

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Destroy Illusions

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 6

## Oirk Madsen - Jarek #036

**Background:** The world's coming to an end, you've known this since the nice man in the cardboard sign yelled it at you and your mother when you were young. People didn't seem to notice, but you did, and you lived in constant fear that everything was just going to stop while you were having such a good time. You set to your studies in school, trying to come up with a way to avert disaster, but to no avail. By your 10<sup>th</sup> birthday you were totally in eschatological despair, and from the depths of your despair you went into your dream dance.

You saw a vision of the end of the world, but like that poem, it didn't go out with a bang, but with a whimper. The tides of cold reason and banality swept over the land, making it eternal Winter. You awoke screaming to be surrounded by other changelings. While they thought it was good you wanted to prevent Winter, they didn't agree that it could be done with Giant Super Weapons!™. You did, though, and found yourself a bit ostracized. Didn't matter though, you knew what was needed. Well, you didn't really, but it seemed that you could stop anything with big enough weapons. You were on your own more and more, and that suited you until you realized that you'd need people to help you spread the word of the coming Winter.

So you fell in with a group of outcasts, and you went around in your Battlebus of Anti-Winter™ looking for a place to live. You all found Atlanta, and it seemed like a good place to stay. You managed to get an old abandoned warehouse to stay in, and set it up as a workshop. You make weapons and other useful things for them, they hang out with you and will help you when you're ready.

**Concept:** A fanatic obsessed with the end of the world, you've decided that it can be averted by blowing the hell out of it. Sure it's illogical, but so is your entire existence, and you might as well try a tactic that's never been tried before. Usually obsessed with your projects, they drag you to court gatherings sometimes and you use these to get to know people and try to get support for your cause, and keep an eye out for signs of the end times. Also, you can sell your inventions to people for cash, you've gotta live somehow.

**Roleplaying Hints:** As per the concept, you're a fanatic about the end of the world, and your thoughts are always occupied with harebrained schemes to avert it. This boils out constantly, but you can't be manic all the time, so sometimes you're strangely calm and easygoing. After your usual act this should scare the hell out of people because it's always the quiet crazies that you need to be afraid of.

**Goals:** Stop the end of the world; Make weapons to stop the end of the world; Get people to help you stop the end of the world; Prove that you're not insane and that they should really worry about the end of the world; Make money so you can stop the end of the world.

**Equipment:** Lots of chimerical stuff. You're working on some chimerical explosives, but your pride and joy is a schoolbus that is covered in chimerical weaponry from spinning blades to cannons. As soon as you get explosives down you aim to put missiles on it and stuff. Unfortunately, the Bus is in a prototype stage, so it backfires about as often as it does what it's supposed to at this point. It should be fixed fairly quickly though.

**People You Know:** Your Oathcircle.



# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 036

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Ryan

Name: Dirk Madsen

Court: Unseelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Jarek

Legacies: Fatalist/Crafter

Kith: Nocker

Concept: Doomsday Scientist

House: None

Motley: The Outcasts

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 5 )

Brutal,  
Energetic,  
Ferocious,  
Nimble, Tireless

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 3 )

Eloquent,  
Friendly,  
Persuasive  
Negative: Tactless

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 8 )

Alert, Creative x2,  
Dedicated x2,  
Knowledgeable,  
Observant, Patient

## ABILITIES

Chimerical Alchemy, Crafts x2,  
Demolitions, Drive, Firearms,  
Gematria, Gremayre, Kenning,  
Repair x3, Science x2,  
Eschatological Lore

## BACKGROUNDS

Chimera x4(As much as you need),  
Resources, Dreamers x2

## MERITS/FLAWS

## ARTS

Legerdemain:  
Gimmix,  
Ensnare,  
Effigy,  
Mooch,  
Phantom Shadows  
Infusion:  
Harden

## REALMS

Prop Affinity  
Prop: Ornate Garb,  
Crafted Tool,  
Mechanical Device,  
Complex Machine,  
Arcane Artifact  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble, Manifold Chimera

## BUNKS

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Forge Chimera:** +Repair, may craft chimera with Static Mental challenge and glamour expenditure. As Unseelie, may make modern creations.

**Fix It:** Make Simple Test to force machines to work, succeed on Win or Tie.

**Flaws:** +Tactless, All creations have at least One negative trait.

## TEMPERS

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Create Hope

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 5 (Spent 14)

# The Outcasts Oathcircle Sheet

Your Oathcircle has been together a few years, a grouping of people who are not welcome in the Seelie courts. You don't really like each other that much, but you certainly like each other more than the other fools who snubbed you and ignored you for years.

## **Members:**

*Donovan (Delwyn) #035-* A house Fiona Sidhe, prone to fits of depression over a lost love.

*Kassian (Katiana) #034-* An Eshu of gypsy stock, fond of trickery and deceit.

*Branwen #033-* A Raven Pooka, her sarcasm will probably get her killed some day, but she's good at learning information.

*Jarek #036-* A young Nocker with a mission to stave off the coming Winter.

## **What You Know:**

You know just about anything that can be considered common information about the courts of the fae, but no real secrets. From your leader's Fiona ties and Branwen's interactions with the were-ravens you know basic information about the werewolves, but nothing that can remotely be considered a secret, more like basic structure and things.

## **What You Don't Know:**

You do not know anything more about the Shadow Court than rumors of its existence, and you know almost nothing of the Unseelie Houses. You know nothing about Vampire, Mage, or Wraith society unless Branwen decides to get this information from her Corax friends.

## **Goals/Secrets/Why You're Here:**

Each of you has individual desires and reasons for your actions, and you are mostly an oathcircle out of necessity. You will help each other when needed, and tend to hang out due to shared hardship, but for the most part your goals are your own and you will go off in secret if it's needed.

## Ashley MacFarland - Sirena #425

**Background:** You grew up on the streets, never knowing where your next meal was coming from. Wait, nevermind, that's your cover story for band publicity. In actuality you grew up comfortably middle class, and the only time you ever faced anything resembling hardship was the year your parents decided that they needed to cut back on spending in order to pay off their credit cards.

From the time you were very small you were interested in music, and you took piano lessons like a lot of other kids your age. In middle school you joined the band, but after a year you realized that playing instruments wasn't really for you, and you transferred into chorus. This was what you were good at, and by high-school you were the first in your group.

However, the great time you had in chorus didn't make up for the fact that you hated the rest of school. You were rebelling, you guessed, and were tired of taking the crap that school life threw at you. The reputation as a bad kid kind of settled on you, and you realized it gave you a lot of freedom. When you got into high school things changed a little bit. In middle school students were carefully watched by the teachers, but high school allowed more freedom for subgroups to form. With your attitude you were immediately claimed by the outcast group at your school, and the fact that you were quite sociable and far from unattractive made you more or less the group's PR liaison.

By your sophomore year you'd gotten into a bunch of new music styles, and pretty much gotten tired of chorus with its tired songs. You made the declaration that you were looking for a band, and a friend of yours who was a senior that year, a guy by the name of Winslow, knew some people that were trying to set one up. He introduced you to his brother, who took a look at you, grinned, and introduced you to the rest of the band.

Though you hadn't realized it, you had the blood of the Fae running in your veins, and that was partially responsible for your singing talents. Your new friends enchanted you, and introduced you to the world of the Fae, thrilled that their experiment with trying to get together an all-supernatural band hadn't been screwed up for lack of a good singer. Since then Storm of Souls has played several clubs around the Atlanta area, and you're currently working on a record deal. You think it would be really cool to get paid as entertainers by other Changelings, so you've started going to court gatherings.

**Concept:** You not only have talent, you've learned that you're completely unique. Although you take less and less interest in your school classes, you're still the favorite freak of the school, so to speak, and you have a lot of friends in other groups as well. However, as your popularity grows, your ability to go around school without being bothered has shrunk, and your ego is growing a bit. However, you still keep up a pleasant face to your parents, as you still have another year of school before you can leave the house and they could seriously mess you up by pulling you out of the band.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You're a star, but not everyone knows it, and you know that people don't like a prima donna. So you keep your ego low-key and are nice to everyone. After all, the more people who like you, the more likely you are to get the band paying gigs, and the closer that makes you all to a record contract and real money. You'd like to see the look on your parents' faces when you start to make a living doing what you enjoy.

**Goals:** Get that record deal; Get gigs for the band; Convince others of your value; Learn more about this Kinain stuff, and figure out which of your relatives was a changeling; Have fun.

**Equipment:** Mundane items.

**People You Know:** Your Band.

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 425

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Kristy

Name: Ashley Craft

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Stage Name: Orpheus (Sirena)

Legacies: Virtuoso/Peacock

Kith: Sidhe Kinain

Concept: Enchanting Singer

House: None

Motley: Storm of Souls

## Physical TRAITS ( 5 )

Graceful,  
Lithe,  
Steady,  
Tough, Wiry

## Social TRAITS ( 9/11 )

Alluring, Charismatic x2,  
Charming, Expressive x2,  
Magnetic, Seductive, Witty,  
(Gorgeous, Dignified)

## Mental TRAITS ( 5 )

Calm, Creative,  
Intuitive,  
Patient,  
Shrewd

## Abilities

Leadership x2,  
Performance(music) x4

## Backgrounds

Fae Blood x4,  
Kenning x2,  
Fame,  
Resources x2

## Merits/Flaws

Iron's Curse (2 Trait Flaw- You must bid an extra trait when in contact with Cold Iron and cannot spend or gain glamour), Mark of the Blood (1 Trait Flaw- Your ears are slightly pointed)

## Powers

The Bardic Gift (all challenges are Static Social against highest present Banality unless otherwise noted):  
Strain of Soothing (Success gives you +1 Social Trait until an hour after the end of your performance),  
Strain of Laughter (Success sends audience into paralyzing laughter for 1 minute per temp. Glamour, can resist with Mental challenge),

## Powers

Strain of Sorrow (Success makes audience weep for one minute per current temporary Glamour, are then sympathetic to the subject of the song), Strain of Slumber (Social Challenge vs. Target's Mental, target put to sleep for minutes equal to your current Temporary Glamour and can only be awakened by violent shaking),

## Powers

Strain of Truth (Success convinces audience that anything in your performance is absolutely true, suspicious members may make Mental challenges to resist the effect)  
Honored Birthright (5 Trait Fae Gift, receive Sidhe Birthrights)

## Birthrights/Flaws

**Awe and Beauty:** +Gorgeous, Dignified, Leadership. When impassioned you must be defeated in a Social Challenge to be attacked head-on.  
**Noble Bearing:** Immune to cantrips intended to cause humiliation.

## Tempers

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/CDusing Threshold:

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 9

## John Harper - Augustus #421

**Background:** You've always been a laid back person. As a baby your parents thought that something must be wrong with you, since you hardly ever cried, and would tend to sleep through the night. Your first word wasn't until you were 3 years old, and it was "Kitty" on the first time you saw a tabby cat. Once again your parents were fuddled, they didn't know what had happened, whether you were slow or whether you'd just waited for a good time to speak. Nonetheless, you began collecting stray cats as you got older, until you reached half a dozen and your parents said No More.

In elementary school you had lots of friends, and you tended to be the quiet one who always came up with the really fun things to do. Your favorite class was music, and though you didn't ever sing very loudly, you excelled with the instruments. Interestingly enough, you tested well and got put into the gifted class, and you enjoyed yourself immensely. Your teammates on quiz-bowl learned that if you answered a question it was because you knew the answer was correct, so they went with it.

In middle school you joined the band, and took up the tuba, being the only person in the class that could hold it up without strain. Near the end of middle school you went on a fieldtrip to the zoo, and you got separated from your class since you stopped to watch the tigers and everyone just forgot about you and wandered off. They came back to find you sitting cross-legged in front of the cage, with the tigers laying down in front of you, the bars the only thing separating you from them, to all evidence having a perfect time enjoying each others' company.

That night you entered your chrysalis. It was so quiet that nobody noticed except your cats, and it was a few days later before other changelings found you and told you what had happened. You were a Pooka, a tiger to be exact, and it seemed your animal nature had affected you pretty much completely. Blending in to court life, you kept up in school since

nobody noticed you were quietly dreaming and inspiring others to do the same, since you were so quiet.

In highschool you joined the jazz band and picked up the Bass Guitar. You were good with it, and were headlining performances of the school musicians before long. Then some people who hung around court noticed your skill and asked if you wanted to join a band made of just Changelings, and maybe some other supernaturals. You nodded in agreement, and met the other people. You've been playing together for a couple years now, and the band's really been picking up since you got a lead singer. It's only a matter of time before you get a well-paying gig. That would be cool.

**Concept:** A laid back person, you nonetheless have great passion for your work. Your bandmates have seen this passion in action, but nobody has seen you really angry before. One time you got really angry, at a neighborhood dog that was tormenting your pets, and you went into tiger form and tore it to pieces. The humane society never figured out how a wild animal was on the loose. You haven't gotten that angry again, but it's just a matter of time.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be the stereotyped Bassist, laid back and only passionate about your music. Don't speak much unless people ask you a question, or you have something to add. You're not too happy about this weird compulsion you have, but you've found ways around it. Most of the time you use the Socratic method, asking questions (you can't lie in a question) to lead people to what you're trying to say, and other times you vastly over or underexaggerate your abilities or the necessity of something. Try to be calm, but if somebody really pisses you off, go tiger-frenzy on them and rip them a few new openings.

**Goals:** Have a good time; Perfect your skills; Promote the band

**Equipment:** Mundane items.

**People You Know:** Your Band.

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 421

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Brandon

Name: John Harper

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Augustus

Legacies: Stoic/Beast

Kith: Tiger Pooka

Concept: Laid Back Bassist

House: Initiate of Fataa

Motley: Storm of Souls

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 7 )

Athletic, Brawny,  
Enduring, Robust,  
Steady, Tireless, Tough

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 5 )

Charismatic, Dignified,  
Friendly, Genial,  
Ingratiating

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 7 )

Calm x2, Creative,  
Disciplined, Observant,  
Patient, Wise

## ABILITIES

Brawl x2,  
Kenning,  
Performance (music) x2,  
Subterfuge,  
Survival

## BACKGROUNDS

Dreamers x3,  
Resources x2,  
Title x1 (Fate)

## MERITS/FLAWS

Curiosity (2 Trait Flaw- Must make Static Mental Challenge to avoid investigating mysteries), Bard's Tongue (1 Trait Flaw- Periodically you say dark truths about the situation)

## ARTS

Primal:  
Willow Whisper,  
Eldritch Prime  
Pyretics:  
Will- o'-the-Wisp,  
Willow Light,  
Prometheus' Fist,  
Burn and Boil, Star Body

## REALMS

Nature Affinity  
Actor: True Friend,  
Personal Contact  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble  
Nature: Raw Material,  
Verdant Forest,  
Feral Animal, Natural Phenomenon

## GOLDEN CIRCLE BENEFITS

Immunity to Fire/Fire Regeneration (Character is immune to all forms of fire, including Balefire, and is also able to recover non-aggravated health levels when engulfed [at least 75% of body covered] in flame.)

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FLAWS

**Shapechanging:** May spend 1 Glamour and 10 seconds unseen to turn into Tiger. Bonus Traits  
**Shapchanged:** Ferocious x2, Graceful x2, Vigorous x3. Negative Traits Shapechanged: Bestial x3.  
May make Mental Challenge to see through Obfuscate as a Slugh.  
**Confidant:** +Subterfuge, +Ingratiating  
**Lies:** +Untrustworthy, must make Static Willpower test to tell the whole truth.

## TEMPERS

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Create Calm

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retset to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level  
Experience: 0 (spent 12)

## Cole Porter - Dalach(Camilla) #420

**Background:** You were born into an upper middle class family with the money and the inclination to invest early and consistently in the computer revolution. You and your brother had great fun with them, though he was more interested in playing the games while you were interested in how the games actually worked. By the time you were 10 you were an expert with most types of computers.

Another great love you had was music, but you patently proved that you were horrible at singing and musical instruments. Your parents constantly had to tell you not to curse so much when you'd try to master a new instrument, or even just to figure out the rudiments. You did have a pretty good ear for what sounded good, however, and you could hear music in your head, you were just powerless to give it reality. But this changed in high school, when you took a music appreciation course and figured out how to put music to paper.

Now you finally had a way to express yourself. You got a music creation program and began to synthesize music. But this wasn't enough for you, so you wrote your own programs, synching together the music in your head and making something altogether new. In the surge of creativity you felt, you went into your Chrysalis.

Once the other changelings found you, you weren't too horribly surprised to find out that you were a Nocker. Strangely enough, your brother seemed to take incredibly well to being enchanted, and you eventually decided that it had to do with being related. The court members said that this was true, your brother was a Kinain. This new bond inspired you to go out together to meet other changelings.

It didn't take very long for you to meet a few other Kithain with an interest in music. They played traditional instruments, but that wasn't doing so well

on the entertainment scene in those days. So you suggested that you could add formatting that would take the band into the techno-industrial that was all the rage. So you began working together, and your computer skill meshed wonderfully with their electric guitars. Finally, you were happy.

**Concept:** A computer prodigy, you were never quite able to find your niche. This caused endless frustration, as you knew you liked computers, but you didn't feel any real reason for using them. You were good at composing music, but coming out of the computer it sounded very hollow. But finally you found your band and a reason for existing. You write nearly all the songs, and add in the background sounds and modifications, supporting the spirit of the music played by hand with technology. You curse at the band a lot and give them a lot of grief, but it's really because you want to make sure that they're the best that they can be.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be consumed by your work. They tell you that you need to come to these court meetings, but that doesn't mean that you have to enjoy them. Ultimately, you interface with reality on a logical level, and attempt to apply logical solutions to problems, the permutations obviously all based on ones and zeroes like everything else. Also, as a Nocker, you're doomed to endless frustration because your work is always flawed. Even though you're the only one who seems to hear the problematic interplay between the notes, it causes you endless frustration that you tend to take out on others in cussing.

**Goals:** Promote the band; Come up with some really good new songs; Prove that computers and logic don't have to be as banal as most changelings seem to think; Have a good time.

**Equipment:** Mundane items.

**People You Know:** Your Band.

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 420

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Marella

Name: Nicole Porter

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Camilla

Legacies: Crafter/Riddler

Kith: Nocker

Concept: Techno Geek

House: None

Motley: Storm of Souls

## Physical TRAITS ( 5 )

Dexterous,  
Energetic,  
Steady,  
Tireless,  
Wiry

## Social TRAITS ( 3 )

Expressive x2,  
Witty  
Negative: Tactless

## Mental TRAITS ( 7 )

Alert, Calm,  
Creative x2,  
Patient,  
Rational,  
Reflective

## Abilities

Computers x3,  
Drive,  
Performance (Computer-Based),  
Repair

## Backgrounds

Dreamers x3,  
Resources x2

## Merits/Flaws

Computer Aptitude (1 Trait Merit-  
Up 2 Traits on computer related  
challenges), Troglodyte (1 Trait  
Flaw- You're light sensitive, so shy  
away from bright lights and must  
wear sunglasses in sunlight)

## Arts

Soothsay:  
Omen,  
Fair is Foul and Foul is Fair  
Primal:  
Willow Whisper

## Realms

Prop Affinity  
Prop:  
Ornate Garb,  
Crafted Tool,  
Mechanical Device,  
Complex Machine,  
Arcane Artifact

## Bunks

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## BIRTHRIGHTS/FLAUNTIES

**Forge Chimera:** +Repair, may craft chimera with Static Mental challenge and glamour expenditure.  
**Fix It:** Make Simple Test to force machines to work, succeed on Win or Tie.  
**Flaws:** +Tactless, All creations have at least One negative trait.

## Tempers

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/CDusing Threshold:  
Inspire Creativity

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 2



## Shana Richards - Tempest #423

**Background:** Ever since you were little you loved to sing. The 80s had some good music, and as a young girl you would always sing along. Your parents got you in the church choir, and that was kind of boring, but you got to sing. You were also pretty good at dancing and instruments, but your family didn't have the money for lessons, so you made it up as you went along.

It was in the early 90s that you really found your niche. As soon as you were old enough you got together a band and started going places. You sang lead, and even played some odd instruments. New age rock, with a little techno mixed in once you got a mixer guy, you were just loving the song. You got a record cut, self-titled after your band, Crescent Moon. This was due in large part to your newly emerging skills at finding the best deals and agents.

During a particularly good party after a really good show, you entered your chrysalis. The music flared up around you and you heard your voice flare up in song all around you, and then it faded and was gone, smothered by the music. You awoke with a bunch of strange people looking down on you in a sewer, they told you that you what it meant to be a Sluagh. And you realized all your dreams were crushed. It was only their influx of glamour that kept you from being thrust into grumpdom immediately.

It took you several years to accept what had happened to you, and you were always on a low. Finally you met the members of your new band, and you found out that you could still perform. You have to wear heavy headphones plugged into your

keyboards, but you can play. Sometimes, when the keyboards aren't needed for the song, you can wear earplugs and dance, an ability that hasn't been hurt by the change in the least, and, in fact, your grace has even been increased by the chrysalis. Perhaps it's worth something after all.

**Concept:** A singer without a voice, a dancer without music. For many the chrysalis is a wonderful gift, heightening mortal abilities and increasing weaknesses already possessed. But you were a good singer, with the potential to be great. You've finally overcome the depression, and now there's just hope ahead. You've been sidetracked from what you meant to do with your life, but perhaps it wasn't your destiny, proven by your awakening into a powerful creature of dreams.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You've been the star your whole life, but now its hard to be noticed. Make them notice you. Who cares what all those whispering old snakes that call themselves your elders think. You have to live for yourself, and the whole grossing people out and stealing their secrets thing is only fun sometimes.

**Goals:** Improve your talents with the keyboards; Make sure people notice you in the band, even though you aren't the lead singer anymore; Find out if you can use this ability to see ghosts to your advantage by being at the forefront with news.

**Equipment:** Provocative and otherwise neat clothes. Chimerical dagger. Black spidersilk chimerical robes.

**People You Know:** Your band.

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 423

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Uncast

Name: Shana Richards

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Tempest

Legacies: Troubadour/Fatalist

Kith: Sluagh

Concept: Fallen Star

House: None

Motley: Storm of Souls

## Physical TRAITS ( 5 )

Energetic,  
Graceful x2,  
Lithe, Tireless  
Negative: Delicate

## Social TRAITS ( 7 )

Alluring, Charming,  
Elegant, Empathetic,  
Expressive, Magnetic, Seductive  
Negative: Shy

## Mental TRAITS ( 5 )

Alert, Creative,  
Intuitive,  
Observant,  
Patient

## Abilities

Melee,  
Kenning,  
Performance (music) x2,  
Subterfuge

## Backgrounds

Chimera,  
Dreamers x3,  
Resources

## Merits/Flaws

Changeling Eyes (1 Trait Flaw- Purple eyes), Gregarious (1 Trait Flaw- Other Sluagh don't like you), Nightsight (3 Trait Merit- You can see in the dark if there's any light whatsoever)

## Arts

Legerdemain:  
Gimmix,  
Ensnare  
Chicanery:  
Fuddle,  
Veiled Eyes

## Realms

Prop Affinity  
Actor: True Friend  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble  
Prop: Ornate Garb,  
Crafted Tool

## Bunks

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## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Heightened Senses:** May see wraiths and spend 1 Glamour to hear them. May see through Illusions with Static Mental Challenge. Up 2 Traits on perception-related challenges, x2 penalty from excessive Stimuli.

**Contortions:** +Lithe, +Delicate, may make Simple or Static test to escape bonds.

**Whispers:** +Shy, Cannot speak above a Whisper, Down one trait in open spaces.

## Temper

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Create Hope

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience:

## James Winter - Amōrose #424

**Background:** You were born with a silver spoon in your mouth and you hated it. Your family thought it would be good for you to go to public school, and you made a lot of friends, until you got older and they realized how much money you had. The concept of money had entered into the minds of your friends, and they stopped looking at you the same way. It took all your efforts to convince them that you were like them, which was made horribly difficult by the fact that your mother dressed you and virtually ran the PTA.

This problem built in middle school, and you were virtually forced to hang out with the preppies because the skaters wouldn't talk to you. The only thing that evened things out was that you got to be in the school band, and you were good at your instrument, drums. As part of hanging out with the preppies you succumbed to the vices of the idle rich, and started doing drugs.

Your parents caught you. They berated you about the kind of person you were hanging out with that would get you into that, and you snapped. You screamed at them about the fact that the class of friend that had done this to you was the kind of people you were forced to hang out with because of them. You stormed out into the night and as your anger grew you found yourself in a dream dance.

A group of changelings found you and brought you to court, telling you all about your new life and the fact that you were a Satyr. You realized that you didn't have to deal with your parents anymore, and you'd no longer take their crap. You went to high school, dressed how you wanted, left at night, and had your redcap friends deal with your parents when they'd mess with you about it. When you finally turned 18

you moved to Atlanta, because the bands weren't that good in Greenville, SC. Fortunately, there you met a group of changelings that was trying to assemble a band and you were just what they needed. You've been together a couple of years now, and you're having a good time, now if you can just get famous and really snub your family.

**Concept:** Some teenagers rebel, you've totally blown off your parents. You've always been a likable person, and since you were little you realized that your parents and their money were the only real problem in your life. Now you don't have to deal with them anymore, but you feel sort of bad about it, especially since they've several times asked you to come back. Fortunately they've yet to apologize, because you think that would cause you to crumble. You're doing well on your quest to improve yourself and your music, but somewhere you feel that you're never going to get famous and will have to crawl back to your parents, and that scares you to no end.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You're a fairly high-strung person, interested in your vices but sure that you can keep them from controlling you, after all, it's the rich kids that let drugs control them. Your real reason for being so energetic is the fear that your accomplishments will come to nothing, and you feel that your time is getting shorter. Be very friendly, you do like people, but you have bad days when the world presses on you especially hard and you have trouble keeping your temper down.

**Goals:** Promote the band; Prove yourself to your family; Improve yourself; Have fun; Find out more about the courts in the city.

**Equipment:** Mundane items.

**People You Know:** Your band.

# DREAMS of DARKER DAYS

Number: 424

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Aaron

Name: James Winter

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Ambrose

Legacies: Aspirant/Wretch

Kith: Satyr

Concept: Rebel Guitarist

House: None

Motley: Storm of Souls

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 5/6 )

Dexterous,  
Energetic x2,  
Quick,  
Vigorous,  
(Athletic)

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 7 )

Charismatic,  
Empathetic,  
Expressive x2,  
Friendly,  
Intimidating, Magnetic

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 5 )

Alert,  
Calm,  
Creative,  
Intuitive,  
Vigilant

## ABILITIES

Drive,  
Kenning,  
Performance x3,  
Streetwise

## BACKGROUNDS

Dreamers x2,  
Remembrance x3

## MERITS/FLAWS

Inspiration (4 Trait Merit- You can use the Gift of Pan to inspire any emotion appropriate to the music you're playing), Wishy-Washy Ways (3 Trait Flaw- You must win a Static Mental challenge to make up your mind on something important quickly)

## ARTS

Wayfare:  
Hopscotch,  
Quicksilver  
Chicanery:  
Fuddle

## REALMS

Fae Affinity  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble,  
Manifold Chimera,  
Ellusive Gallain  
Prop: Ornate Garb

## BUNKS

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FLAWS

**Gift of Pan:** +Performance, Engage target in Performance Social challenge to act out negative trait/derangement/ desire for duration of performance, and is 1 Banality down for the rest of the day.

**Physical Prowess:** +Chimerical Athletic

**Passion's Curse:** 2 traits down to maintain self-control, opponents receive a free retest on magical emotion control.

## TEMPERS

### GLAMOUR

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### WILLPOWER

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### BANALITY

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Help those in Need

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 3

## Winslow Porter #422

**Background:** You and your brother came from a very un-technophobic household, and you both had lots of experience with technology as kids. He got very good at computers, but you were only marginally interested in them, preferring to play games. One thing you were good at though was beating ass. You didn't look very muscular, but you turned out to be a scrapper. When other kids would pick on your brother for being a computer geek you'd put the smack down on them. Eventually your parents found out, and they tried to put your athletic ability to better use, so you started taking PE a lot and playing soccer and baseball and stuff, and you were good at it, especially since your opponents would underestimate you the way everyone else did.

When you got into middle school you started doing really well in sports. You were always a supporting member of the team, never receiving credit since you would pass and create openings but never make goals. Nevertheless, the games you had to miss inevitably turned out a lot worse than the ones you came to. Around this time your brother started getting really interested in music and stuff, and for your part you thought his choices were pretty cool. Somewhere along the way he started composing his own music on the computer, and you thought it was very neat, but lacking something. You convinced him he should find a live band to play with him.

So then he introduced you to his new band, and they gave you something and suddenly you saw the whole world in a new light, and his friends were a bunch of really weird looking but fascinating people. They wanted you to help them with their new band, but

you weren't very musically inclined. But you were strong, and pretty intelligent, so they signed you on as their "roady" and your job was to help set up the equipment and act as a manager when nobody else could get to it. It sounded like a pretty good deal, and you've been working to promote the band, but you weren't ready to quit school like the rest of them did, and you still go to school at Tech during the day and tend to help them out on nights and weekends.

**Concept:** The proof that musicians can't get along without a solid support, you are the backbone of the group. While the fae courts fascinate you, you're a pretty levelheaded person and won't let yourself get too far under so that you would slack off on your schoolwork.. You know foremost that the band would fail without you, because a bunch of dreamers need someone at least moderately practical to keep them straight.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be laid back, but interested. You're the closest thing too sane here, so you might as well let everyone realize that. Also make sure everyone knows that you're the doer in the group, and they probably wouldn't remember to even go to gigs if you didn't remind them. You can feel free to be goofy every now and again, but that's for entertainment, and when something odd happens you need to be the level headed one in the group.

**Goals:** Finish college and get a good career; Promote the band, as that's a good way to make your way in life if they can actually make it; Find out more about this new society and its oddness; Have fun.

**Equipment:** Mundane items.

**People You Know:** Your Band.

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 422

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Robert

Name: Winslow Porter

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Stonetooth

Legacies: Humanist/Beast

Kith: Rock Giant

Concept: Roady

House: Initiate of Fatae

Motley: Storm of Souls

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 7/8 )

Athletic x2,  
Brutal,  
Quick,  
Tenacious,  
Wiry x2, (Brawny)

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 5 )

Charismatic,  
Charming,  
Diplomatic,  
Empathetic,  
Friendly

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 6 )

Alert, Calm,  
Creative,  
Intuitive,  
Patient,  
Wise

## ABILITIES

Brawl x3,  
Computers,  
Drive,  
Investigation, Kenning,  
Repair x2,  
Science x2,  
Scrounge x2

## BACKGROUNDS

Remembrance x2,  
Resources,  
University x2,  
Title x1 (Fate)

## MERITS/FLAWS

Bard's Tongue

## ARTS

Primal:  
Willow Whisper,  
Eldritch Prime,  
Heather Balm,  
Oakenshield,  
Holly Strike,  
Elder Form

## REALMS

Nature Affinity  
Nature: Raw Material,  
Verdant Forest, Feral Animal,  
Natural Phenomenon,  
Base Element  
Fae: Hearty Commoner, Lofty  
Noble

## GOLDEN CIRCLE BENEFITS

Immunity to Fire/Fire Regeneration  
(Character is immune to all forms  
of fire, including Balefire, and is  
also able to recover non-aggravated  
health levels when engulfed [at least  
75% of body covered] in flame.)

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

Flint Coat: You gain an extra  
chimerical health level, and you  
cannot be harmed by any weapon  
made of stone.  
Prowess: You gain a free chimerical  
Brawny and a free Brawl  
Hothead: Whenever your bravery  
or prowess is questioned you  
assume your Unseelie/Winter  
aspect, and must wound the insulter  
or her champion before you can  
think of anything else whatsoever

## TEMPERS

### GLAMOUR

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### WILLPOWER

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### BANDICRY

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Ravaging/Using Threshold: None

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

□ Extra Health Levels  
□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.

Experience: 9

# STORM OF SOULS OATHCIRCLE SHEET

Your Oathcircle has been together a couple of years, you formed together with the goal of creating an all supernatural band, and seem to have done a good job. Now if you guys could just get enough work to make a living off of it.

## **Members:**

*Sirena #425*- A Sidhe Kinain, the band's lead singer.

*Augustus #421*- A Tiger Pooka, the most laid back bassist around.

*Dalach (Camilla) #420*- A Nocker with an extreme talent at composing music and computer-synth.

*Tempest #423*- A Sluagh with extreme talent playing the keyboards.

*Ambrose #424*- A Satyr who plays a mean guitar.

*Winslow #422*- Dalach's brother, the best damn roady around.

## **What You Know:**

You know just about anything that can be considered common information about the courts of the fae, but no real secrets. From a 'Kahn' that Augustus ran into once you know a little bit about werewolves and bastet, but nothing that can remotely be considered a secret, more like basic structure and things. Tempest has brought a little in about Wraith society, but it's mostly rumor

## **What You Don't Know:**

You do not know anything more about the Shadow Court than rumors of its existence, and you know almost nothing of the Unseelie Houses. You know nothing about Vampire or Mage society.

## **Goals/Secrets/Why You're Here:**

You're all basically here to hang out with other changelings and to do a great deal of promotion of yourselves, so maybe you can make some money soon.

James "Oanger" Crimson - Kennard #204  
Deceased

**Background:** You were born and raised in Griffin, GA, a tired little mill town where things moved more slowly than the rest of the world. Your childhood was pretty boring and far from idyllic, but at least you could convince some kids to play imagination games on the playground at your elementary school, and you got into Program Challenge which was a lot of fun because you got to actually do entertaining things to learn. You went to Taylor Street for middle school and enjoyed industrial arts more than anything, taking it every year. By 8<sup>th</sup> grade you were the teacher's favorite student, and got to do all the fun experiments. You were pretty lazy though, and you spent an extra year in middle school just because you never did work, which got you kicked out of Program Challenge which kinda sucked but it was okay.

When you finally went to high school your industrial arts teacher suggested that you go into ROTC. You promised that you would, and started up. Griffin High had a very good endowment, so it wasn't that trying to join. The marching was irritating, but it was fun to actually learn stuff about the military, since you'd been pretty curious. You did really well in there, though you were never that good at drill team, but you aced the practical application parts of the class. You were lieutenant commander of the ROTC by the time you graduated, and you had a shot at getting into the Citadel, but you didn't really want to do that with your life so you went on to school at GA State.

Your first year you did pretty well, and made a ton of friends. In one particularly illegal party with them you went on a really deep acid trip and when you woke up you'd come out of your dream dance. A band of the King's guard had found you and took you through your introduction to Fae society. You would have taken offense, but for some unexplainable reason you decided that you really liked Meilge; he just had this air of authority and ability to get things done that impressed you. Unknown to anyone else you impressed him too, and he inducted you into his house.

Since then you've assembled your own band of mercenaries and begun to sell your services to the highest bidder. You live in your apartment off campus

with the rest of them, and still attend school regularly, living the life of a well-liked student. You make enough money that you can keep yourself in school, but your low GPA ensures that the fun of college will last several more years. You've been trying to get some real military stuff, but you've discovered that you'll have to get a damn Nocker and just get chimerical stuff. What nobody in your group knows is your loyalty to Meilge, in fact he's told you to not associate with him in public and even to pretend to dislike him, but you never work against his interests. In fact, you have orders about the two main oathcircles at Oglethorpe, though you'll try to sell your services to both, that you should try to screw them both over if possible without being caught, because Meilge likes the leaders of neither.

**Concept:** The perpetual laid-back lazy frat-boy type college student, you nevertheless can get things done when you try, but just really like to keep people off guard and get them to do things for you. You like making friends, and anyone that you're not blowing up right now could be a client some day. Your primary focus is explosives, as that was a class you really paid attention to in ROTC, and you've downloaded all the information from the internet. Unfortunately for some reason the basic components for most of the homebrew stuff is on backorder all over Atlanta, you blame the vampires, so you're looking into chimerical bombs.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be a friend to everyone, a laid back party guy that does his best not to cause offense except to really, really annoying or stupid people. You're a little bit too paranoid about people finding out about your ties to Meilge, and it's beginning to alienate your team, and you really should do something about that.

**Goals:** Screw over both Honor's Blade and the Broken Lance; Get Meilge to trust you more, and give you more monetary patronage; Make your group well known, and a feared force in Concordia.

**Equipment:** Very little but mundane stuff at the moment, you'll have to do something about that.

**People You Know:** Besides your motley you know most of the people in Meilge's court by at least name.



# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 204 Deceased

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Josh

Name: James "Danger" Grimson

Court: Seelie (Unless you get mad)

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Kennard

Legacies: Comrade/Ringleader

Kith: Boggan

Concept: Laid-Back Sergeant

House: Squire of Eiluned

Motley: Danger's Edge

## Physical TRAITS ( 6 )

Brutal,  
Enduring,  
Resilient,  
Robust,  
Steady,  
Vigorous

## Social TRAITS ( 6 )

Charismatic,  
Diplomatic,  
Empathetic,  
Friendly,  
Persuasive, Witty  
Negative: Untrustworthy

## Mental TRAITS ( 7 )

Calm x2,  
Creative,  
Intuitive,  
Knowledgeable,  
Patient, Wily  
Negative: Gullible

## Abilities

Computers, Crafts,  
Demolitions, Drive,  
Firearms x2,  
Investigation, Leadership,  
Melee, Repair,  
Science x2,  
Scrounge

## Backgrounds

Dreamers x1,  
Resources x2,  
Patron x1 (he doesn't like you *that*  
much),  
Title x1,  
University x2

## Merits/Flaws

## Arts

Wayfare:  
Hopscotch,  
Quicksilver,  
Portal Passage

## Realms

Actor Affinity  
Actor: True Friend,  
Personal Contact,  
Familiar Face  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble

## Bunks

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FLAUNTIES

**Craftwork:** Perform any craft-like task in 1/3 of the time if unwatched or with other Boggans. Extra Permanent Crafts level.

**Social Dynamic:** Free permanent Empathetic trait that cannot be permanently expended.

**Boon:** Can retest any cantrip for 1 Mental Trait.

**Call of the Needy:** Have permanent Gullible negative trait that can never be bought off.

**Flaw:** Untrustworthy (to those who your know house), must win Static Mental Challenge to not investigate mysteries.

## TEMPERS

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Foster Trust

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

- /  Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
/  Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
/  Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
/  Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
/  Extra Health Level

Experience: 3

## CLARKE CORDONA - Penn #202

**Background:** You were born in Atlanta to an older couple from New York. They were of Italian descent, and the first time you saw a gangster movie on television you realized that your dad acted exactly like them. You brought it up to him, and, after making sure that you really thought it was cool, he let you in on his secret. It seemed that your parents had gotten rich off of organized crime and moved down to Atlanta to live out their old age in a less dangerous city. He tried to convince you that you didn't want to be in the family business, but you persisted and he decided to at least teach you to be smart about it, particularly since the area you excelled at was extortion.

So you went through school as the feared bully that so many kids experience. They didn't really realize it, though, they just knew it was a good idea to give you a small portion of their lunch money, say, once a week, and you even kept the other bullies from messing with them. You actually grew to enjoy it, and realized that you weren't just a vulture, but really were providing a service, even though the kids didn't realize that they needed it. You got really good at being subtle about it, and by the end of grade school it became just a fact of life that you gave Clarke some money and avoided giving all of it to a bully that would beat you up regardless.

High school was a whole new beast, because very few people were actually willing to take crap from bullies anymore. You found a new calling in club fund raisers, and with a combined effort of force and likability you could pawn off candy on just about anyone. You also were treasurer for several clubs, and began to really enjoy the thrill of controlling money. A career as a banker, accountant, or insurance salesman started looking really appealing, but you really wanted to be a lawyer or corporate tycoon, but your grades weren't that great.

Near the end of high school you started feeling really weird. You'd have odd flashes of memory or odd feelings about something. One day your father came home frantic, claiming that they'd found him, and began to rush you out the back when a spray of

bullets entered the house. You threw him and your mother to the floor, just as a small white package with a rapidly decreasing timer came flying in the window. Without thought you leapt up and caught it in your mouth, defying the fact that you should not have been able to fit it inside, and swallowed hard, waiting to be splattered all over. When nothing happened but a very long and pronounced belch you realized that in the attack you'd changed. You had been through your chrysalis in record time, and saved your parents' lives.

They moved to a less troublesome suburb of Atlanta and you would have gone with them but for the support group of changelings you found in the city. You were able to lay low with them for the year and a day of your fosterage, and by the time you were about to be kicked out James found you and asked you to join his mercenary team. It seemed like a pretty good job, and ever since you've served as part of the group's muscle as well as the person in charge of the money matters and you're really enjoying yourself.

**Concept:** The product of Italian roots, from past life memories you're pretty sure that you were a prominent Mafioso in the 1920s. You've become subtle, though, and are pretty good at getting your way without really even having to lift a finger, and you've become known enough that most people realize that if you lift a finger it's bad news for them.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be a quiet threat, and quite nice to people. Let them know only subtly that it would be a bad idea to disagree with you, and an even worse idea to make you mad. Play up this niceness so much that everyone thinks that you're a Seelie, and then let them feel your teeth when they bother you too much about it. Pay particular attention to the other Redcaps around, as it will be fun to outclass them.

**Goals:** Profit from your group; Find out who targeted your family a couple years back; Convince people that you're a force to be reckoned with, and one to be respected; Get knighted, it sounds like a good gig.

**Equipment:** You are hurt by the fact that your oathcircle still has only mundane items.

**People You Know:** The oathcircle.



# Dreams of Darker Days

Number: 202

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Andy

Name: Clarke Cordona

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Fenn

Legacies: Paladin/Rogue

Kith: Redcap

Concept: Friendly Extortionist

House: None

Motley: Danger's Edge

## Physical Traits ( 12/13 )

Brutal, Energetic,  
Ferocious x2, Quick,  
Resilient x2, Stalwart,  
Tireless, Tough, Vigorous, Wiry  
(Ferocious x3)

## Social Traits ( 7 )

Commanding, Dignified  
Diplomatic,  
Empathetic, Friendly, "Gorgeous",  
Intimidating, Persuasive

## Mental Traits ( 8/9 )

Alert, Calm, Determined,  
Discerning, Intuitive, Patient,  
Vigilant x2  
(Cunning x2)  
Negative: Impatient, Violent

## Abilities

Brawl x3,  
Bureaucracy, Garou Lore,  
Firearms, Law, Melee x2,  
Streetwise x2, Subterfuge x2  
(Enigmas x2, Survival)

## Backgrounds

Dreamers x1,  
Remembrance x2,  
Resources x3,  
Underworld x2,  
University x2

## Merits/Flaws

Chimerical Magnet (5 Trait Flaw-  
Chimera love to attack and annoy  
you first)

## Arts

Primal: Willow Whisper,  
Eldritch Prime, Heather Balm,  
Oakenshield  
Legerdemain:  
Gimmix, Ensnare  
Soothsay: Omen

## Realms

Nature Affinity  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble,  
Manifold Chimera  
Nature: Raw Material,  
Verdant Forest

## Fell Redes

Fear (Social Challenge to freeze in fear for 2  
turns), Fester (After bite spend 1 Glamour to do  
+1 wound any time in the next hour), Improved  
Hide (Veiled Eyes auto, 1 Glamour for each  
extra hidden, Mental Challenge to disappear  
when watched), Scuttle (+1 Action per Glamour  
Spent), Venom (+1 Wound per 2 Glamour  
spent bite)

## Birthrights/Frailties

**Dark Appetite:** Eat anything you  
can fit in mouth, 1G for anything a  
mortal could not digest.

**Bully Browbeat:** +Intimidating, +2  
on Social Tests involving bad  
attitude, can order Chimera about  
with social challenge.

**Bad Attitude:** +Impatient,  
+Violent

**Fell Bond:** May activate Fell powers  
at will, but spend WP not to slip to  
Unseelie. Eyes Black, Teeth silver.

## Temper

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:

Inspire Hope

Exploit Dependence

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

(□/□

Extra Health

Level)

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.

□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.

□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.

□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10

Experience: 4 (spent 34)

## Franklin Thorpe - Tremaine #201 Dead

**Background:** You were always a big kid, and the common joke in your childhood was that you must have hurt your mother a lot coming out. It didn't get to you, though, because you were quite happy to be the biggest kid on the block. There was one kid at elementary school, though, who was bigger. In kindergarten he tried to take your lunch money. You wound up with his. After that nobody messed with you much, and a bunch of other kids decided to hang out with you for protection. You liked it a lot, having friends just by keeping them from being hurt.

By high school puberty had brought you to a more normal size, but you still carried yourself like a big person, and people treated you as such. You were pretty good at sports, and fell naturally into football. However, unlike all the other football players you didn't feel the need to flaunt your power over other people. You were also pretty good in your science courses, and took shop class as often as possible. Your senior year you were a bit ostracized after telling all the people who were supposedly Christian at your school that they were a bunch of hypocrites who didn't understand what turning the other cheek meant, and then when they self-defeatingly proved your point by trying to beat you up, you returned the favor and beat down.

You managed to get into GA Tech for college, and got an internship as night security guard for a technology corporation in the city. As your technical skills improved you started getting really into security software applications, and you managed to improve the security at your warehouse. But you were guarding mouse pads and wrist rests, nothing incredibly important, so you basically got really good at kicking back and drinking coffee. This was boring as hell and you gradually got more and more bored until one night you started investigating how someone could break into the warehouse and trying to devise countermeasures. This occupied you when you were at home as well, and you came up with half a dozen methods of bypassing the security that nobody could do anything about. With that surge of interest you went into chrysalis, though the banality of your job ensured that, though being only 20, you became a grump.

The court of Willows found you and brought you into the fold. They set you up as a bodyguard for

a minor noble, and you enjoyed it for a while until you realized that it was as much of a pointless job as your security guard position had been. Out of pure annoyance at this you broke into your liege's private chambers and stole some valuable chimerical objects, leaving clues to where you hid them just because you thought it would be funny as hell to see him running around looking for them. It was, and you decided that you really enjoyed bypassing security more than protecting it, and that your new skills made it much easier. You hooked up with a small oathcircle that was forming with nothing more than self-satisfying goals and decided that you'd help them out. All in all, it's been a good gig.

**Concept:** You are what happens when a security guard gets bored. Though you really enjoy helping people and keeping them from being hurt this concern doesn't extend to fat cat companies or sidhe. While the little guy deserves your protection, fat cats have more than enough money to go around, and for the most part it's gotten from fleecing lessers. So you've decided that the best way to protect people is to hurt corporations and nobles where it hurts, in the purse. You even donate anonymously a large portion of what you steal to charities, or dross to commoners who need it. As such, you're pretty well liked, though you try to be careful about what you really do or your whole scam could get turned in. You have an oath to protect James just because the Dreaming demands it, but you know full well that you can oath yourself to someone else if he starts acting like an asshole.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Act like a big, slow, noble troll for the people, but then use their misunderstanding as best you can when they've dropped their guard. There's a lot of neat stuff in the world, and you're damn good at acquiring it. Remember, you're doing all of this because the fat cats hurt people, and anyone who proves himself to actually have peoples' best interests in mind doesn't really deserve your vengeance. Make sure he's not just lying first though, because fat cats do that.

**Goals:** Bring down fat cats; Improve your skills; Get paid; Protect those who can't protect themselves

**Equipment:** You have a chimerical axe and any justifiable mundane items.

**People You Know:** Your oathcircle.

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 201 Deceased

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Damien

Name: Franklin Thorpe

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Grump

Fae Name: Tremaine

Legacies: Prankster/Outlaw

Kith: Troll

Concept: Ex-Security Guard

House: None

Motley: Danger's Edge

## Physical TRAITS ( 7/10 )

Athletic, Enduring,  
Energetic, Nimble,  
Quick, Tireless, Wiry,  
(Brawny x2, Stalwart)

## Social TRAITS ( 3 )

Compassionate,  
Expressive,  
Friendly

## Mental TRAITS ( 5 )

Alert, Calm,  
Dedicated,  
Observant,  
Patient

## Abilities

Computers,  
Enigmas,  
Firearms,  
Investigation,  
Melee,  
Science,  
Security x3

## Backgrounds

Chimera x2,  
Resources,  
Technology Influence x2

## Merits/Flaws

Hunted (4 Trait Flaw- The Hidden  
Ones are looking for the person  
who got past their really high-tech  
security)

## Arts

Legerdemain:  
Gimmix,  
Ensnare,  
Effigy,  
Mooch

## Realms

Fae Affinity  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble,  
Manifold Chimera  
Prop: Ornate Garb,  
Crafted Tool,  
Mechanical Device

## Bunks

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## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Titan's Power:** Free chimerical  
Brawny x2, Stalwart, and +2 Bruised  
levels, max 2 dexterity-related traits.  
**Strength of Duty:** May spend extra  
WP per game in support of Oath.  
**Bond of Duty:** Lose Birthrights if  
oath is broken.

## TEMPERS

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/CDusing Threshold:  
Foster Trust

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.  
□ □ 2 Extra Chim Health Levels

Experience: 2

## Allison Jones - ERICA #203

**Background:** You were born in one of the poorer sections of Atlanta, your father and brothers ran drugs, your mother worked at whatever fast food restaurant needed help at the time. It took you until you were five to realize exactly how much you hated it, because by then your father and older brother had each been killed by a crack fiend that really needed a fix. So you started keeping your ears open, trying to figure out how to get out of your life. When you were in fifth grade it became useful. You caught the principle of your school buying drugs from one of your brothers' friends, and even got pictures. With a leap of intellect, you blackmailed him into getting you into a better school for junior high.

So you'd gotten up a little bit higher, and throughout junior high you had a little bit of dirt on everyone, just enough to ask for extra lunch money, or to borrow clothes, or to get your homework done, you know, just when you needed it. Your feeling on it was that the world had been crushing you since you were born, and if this was the way to improve yourself, you didn't care who you stepped on.

High school saw an improvement in your skills. You began to have an almost intuitive ability to be in the right place at the right time. Your greatest achievement was getting enough dirt on your teachers to convince them to give you a break on the SATs, and you found yourself with dozens of scholarships coming at you to go to colleges, and the resulting surge of

elation sent you into your Chrysalis. You awoke to find yourself in a court of kithain, telling you of your new position in life.

Since then you've begun attending GA State and there you met James, who was also a changeling. He gave you an invitation to join the group he was forming, and it seemed like a good deal. You get paid for finding out peoples' secrets and giving them to him, which isn't such a bad deal.

**Concept:** A girl from the wrong side of the tracks, you have no concern greater than for yourself. You've begun to increase your status among the other slough, and that makes you happy. You've also started to realize that not all people are bad, and you really like your oathcircle, it's just that their needs are secondary to your own. You've worked very hard to get to this point in life, your future is boundless, and you won't let anyone get in your way.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be withdrawn, but pay attention. Anything anyone says could be used later on for your own benefit, or for the benefit of your oathcircle. Be nice to people though, after all, you catch more flies with honey and all that.

**Goals:** Improve yourself; Improve your life; Learn all you can

**Equipment:** You can get a lot of simple contraband easily, but other than that you have very little.

**People You Know:** Your oathcircle.

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 203

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Lisa

Name: Allison Jones

Court: Unseelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Erica

Legacies: Rogue/Sage

Kith: Sluagh

Concept: Blackmailer

House: None

Motley: Danger's Edge

## Physical Traits ( 6 )

Dexterous, Energetic,  
Graceful, Lithe,  
Nimble, Quick  
Negative: Delicate

## Social Traits ( 3 )

Beguiling,  
Empathetic,  
Intimidating  
Negative: Shy

## Mental Traits ( 7 )

Alert, Attentive,  
Calm, Cunning,  
Intuitive, Observant,  
Patient

## Abilities

Enigmas, Firearms,  
Gremayre,  
Investigation x2,  
Kenning, Scrounge,  
Streetwise x2,  
Subterfuge

## Backgrounds

Resources,  
University Influence x2,  
Street Influence x2

## Merits/Flaws

Friend to Spiders (4 Trait Merit-  
With a Mental Challenge you can  
speak to and understand spiders),  
Curiosity (2 Trait Flaw- Static  
Mental Challenge to avoid  
investigating mysteries)

## Arts

Soothsay:  
Omen,  
Fair is Foul/Foul is Fair,  
Tattletale

## Realms

Prop Affinity  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble,  
Manifold Chimera  
Prop: Ornate Garb,  
Crafted Tool

## Bunks

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## Birthrights/Fractions

**Heightened Senses:** May see  
wraiths and spend 1 Glamour to  
hear them. May see through Illu-  
sions with Static Mental Challenge.  
Up 2 Traits on perception-related  
challenges, x2 penalty from  
excessive Stimuli.

**Contortions:** +Lithe, +Delicate,  
may make Simple or Static test to  
escape bonds.

**Whispers:** +Shy, Cannot speak  
above a Whisper, Down one trait in  
open spaces.

## Temper

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Exploit Dependence

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 4

# DREAMS of DARKER DAYS

Number: 205

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Kiva

Name: Ash Jones

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Ashke

Legacies: Comrade/Cereniac

Kith: Satyr

Concept: Drug Smuggling Voice Instructor

Romantic Legacy: Romantic

Motley: Oathpack

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 4/7 )

(Athletic),  
Enduring,  
Energetic,  
Graceful, Tireless,  
(Resilient x2)

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 5 )

Alluring,  
Gorgeous x2,  
Charming,  
Seductive

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 7 )

Determined, Observant x2,  
Perceptive, Knowledgeable,  
Creative x2  
*Oath of Fealty: +2 to resist mental  
Domination from all but Riordan*

## Abilities

Performance x4,  
Melee, Law,  
Streetwise,  
Subterfuge,  
Firearms,  
Brawl

## Backgrounds

Resources x1,  
Chimera x2,  
Dreamers x4,  
"Pure Breed" x3 (+3 social bid vs.  
any Tuathan allied fae),  
Medical x1

## Merits/Flaws

Voice of the Songbird  
(1 Trait Merit - +2 Traits singing),  
Sex Appeal  
(3 Trait Merit - Free Retest on  
social challenges involving sex),  
Bard's Tongue (1 Trait Flaw)

## Arts

Primal:  
Willow Whisper,  
Eldritch Prime, Heather Balm,  
Oakenshield, Holly Strike,  
Elder Form  
Soothsay: Omen

## Realms

Fae Affinity  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble  
Actor: True Friend,  
Personal Contact,  
Familiar Face, Complete Stranger

## Bunks

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## BIRTHRIGHTS/FLAWS

**Gift of Pan:** +Performance, Engage  
target in Performance Social  
challenge to act out negative trait/  
derangement/ desire for duration of  
performance, and is 1 Banality  
down for the rest of the day.  
**Physical Prowess:** +Chimerical  
Athletic  
**Passion's Curse:** 2 traits down to  
maintain self-control, opponents  
receive a free retest on magical  
emotion control.

## Tempers

### CLAMOUR

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Create Love

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 11 (spent 30)



## Giger Jones - Corrent #206

**Background:** The oldest habits are the hardest to break. For most of your previous incarnations you've been a thief of extreme skill. Not a cat burglar, as many might expect of a Sluagh turned to crime, but of transportation. Few realize the ease with which fae magic can minute forms of recognition that mortals use for their horses, and you went from the middle ages to the late wild west taking horses from their rightful owners to be sold for various and sundry purposes. These days, horses are not that prized, and automobiles make a fine commodity.

To focus more on your current incarnation, you were born in a rough section of Manhattan, which seemed more like Harlem and Brooklyn to your parents, who were always complaining that a trace of Hispanic blood made them unable to make it in the world. You realized early on that the real problem was that they weren't willing to take risks and bend the rules to get ahead like everyone else around them. You were, and you became popular in school early on for becoming adept at filching test answers and distributing them to those who had your favor. This led to more delinquent behavior in high school, and by the time you went through your chrysalis you were already stealing cars.

For a while you tried to be Seelie, you really did. Had something to do with your cousin Ash; he was deeper in illegal stuff than you were, dealing drugs and corrupting youth, but managed to put such an organized spin on it that nobody found fault with him in the courts. You couldn't keep it up though, too much breaking the law without the rationalization behind it. You made some good contact with the Dark Rovers, a band of Unseelie commoners operating in the area around the freehold you were sort of a member of, the Running Rock. Their contacts and your expertise got you a lot of jobs well done, and you were making a good living at it. They'd even begun to drop some hints to you that there was more to this being unseelie thing than met the eye.

Then the shit came down. The high-and-mighty Gwydion baron of your freehold, a certain Lord Jameson, got the information of your car theft, along

with hearing about Ash's drug smuggling and another kid, a Pooka, having a pickpocketing scam going on. He got all bent out of shape about "abusing mortals" and told you that though the Escheat didn't really say anything about it, he wanted you to stop these activities or get out. You almost told him off, but you didn't really have anywhere else to go. Then your cousin Allison, also a Sluagh now it turned out, called you from down in Georgia and told you she needed some help at her group's freehold. So you sent Ash on ahead, packed your stuff, and headed down for greener pastures. You still haven't flipped off Jameson yet. Pity that.

**Concept:** An eternal ne'er-do-well, you at least have a happy attitude about it. None of this hanging around graveyards, sipping weak tea, creeping people out business for you. You were always soft spoken and now you're just a little quieter. No point in giving in to stereotypes, and you really have a taste for the finer things. You've gotten pretty high in the crime world, and in the Unseelie areas, and thanks to that bastard of a Gwydion you mostly have to start over again.

**Roleplaying Hints:** While you have to be soft spoken, and you have this nagging dislike of lots of people, you have no problem dealing with your clients or your friends. Don't fade into the background like most Sluagh until you're hiding from the law, and always let people know that you can get the job done, and your cost is well worth your efficiency. Your first love is stealing cars though, so as long as it's not too dangerous, let it ride.

**Goals:** Re-establish yourself; Keep clear of the cops; Notoriety seems to be just as good a path to being a legend as any, might as well go for it; find out what this shadowy court is that you almost found out about from the Dark Rovers.

**Equipment:** Most anything illegal, silenced pistol.

**People You Know:** Pretty much everyone in Danger's Edge: Fenn the Redcap, Erica the Sluagh (Allison's fae name), Ashke the Satyr, and that Fox Pooka that you prefer not to name because it's fun to annoy those animal people.

# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 206

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Dustin

Name: Giger Jones

Court: Unseelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Torrent

Legacies: Outlaw/Virtuoso

Kith: Sluagh

Concept: Car Thief

House: None

Motley: Danger's Edge

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 6 )

Enduring,  
Graceful,  
Lithe, Nimble,  
Quick, Wiry  
Negative: Delicate

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 7 )

Charming, Empathetic,  
Friendly, Intimidating,  
Persuasive,  
Witty x2  
Negative: Shy

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 5 )

Alert,  
Clever,  
Intuitive,  
Patient,  
Wily

## ABILITIES

Drive, Firearms,  
Investigation, Law,  
Leadership,  
Linguistics (Spanish),  
Repair, Scrounge,  
Security x2,  
Streetwise

## BACKGROUNDS

Remembrance x2,  
Resources x2,  
Street Influence x2,  
Underworld Influence x3

## MERITS/FLAWS

Gregarious (1 Trait Flaw - You're down 2 traits in social dealings with other Sluagh),  
Prehensile Tongue (3 Trait Merit - Gross yes, but really good at getting at door locks through thin window cracks)

## ARTS

Chicanery:  
Fuddle,  
Veiled Eyes,  
Tip of the Tongue

## REALMS

Prop Affinity  
Fae: Hearty Commoner  
Prop: Ornate Garb, Crafted Tool,  
Mechanical Device,  
Complex Machine

## BUNKS

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## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Heightened Senses:** May see wraiths and spend 1 Glamour to hear them. May see through Illusions with Static Mental Challenge. Up 2 Traits on perception-related challenges, x2 penalty from excessive Stimuli.  
**Contortions:** +Lithe, +Delicate, may make Simple or Static test to escape bonds.  
**Whispers:** +Shy, Cannot speak above a Whisper, Down one trait in open spaces.

## TEMPERS

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Create Anger

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 8

## CHRISTIAN MASTERSON - MITHRAL #207

**Background:** The streets of the world are hard and unforgiving, a choking glut of decay and tribal rage that attempt to destroy the lives of the many who have been forced to live in their demesnes. Yet a few refuse to submit to the entropy inherent in the human condition, crying out against the oppression forced on the downtrodden by those in power. Some few take the concrete jungle at its name and choose to become evolved, free thinking sentients amongst the primates.

You grew up in the concrete jungle that is Brooklyn, knowing your parents only as faces and names that brought you into the world, shielded you until you could shield yourself, then drifted away. Floating amidst the crowds, there were many uses for a pair of small, deft hands, and you learned what you needed to survive. Tourists packed plenty of money, businessmen made more than they needed, and when the rich wandered down Broadway their loads were lightened. One time you managed to watch a Disney movie, Robin Hood, and you identified with the character so strongly that you decided to become it. On that day you went through your Chrysalis, blossoming as a Fox Pooka.

Another emerged with you. Kristoff, your imaginary partner in crime, became more than just a figment, drawing in the energies of your dreams to become real to more than you. Your life improved with your new abilities, and eventually you found others like you. They took you in and showered you with their fantasies. You took these glistening shards of dream to the downtrodden and allowed them to briefly forget their pain.

Years past, and you became more experienced. Some of the fire of youthful joy tempered and was expended forging the steel of compassion. Games turned deadly serious, and you began to strike out at the moneymakers who had forced your friends to their lives of poverty where before it had all been a game. Kristoff thought it still was. The arguments proceeded until it

reached a point of critical mass, and you refused to play senseless pranks, only focused raids on the privileged.

When you finally reached your wilder years you sacrificed to the Samhain fires the foolishness of youth, saving only that which still held meaning. As far as you knew, Kristoff fell to those ever-consuming fires to be recycled into raw dreamstuff. Yet back he came, cut from you yet bound in hate, and he dedicated his existence to making yours unlivable. He managed to frame you for the theft of a Sidhe lord's belongings, and Baron Jameson of the Running Rock cast you out of the freehold's glow. You were taken in by others, travelling to Georgia, and you only hope that will be far enough from your cast off friend.

**Concept:** The sins of the past often come back to harm us, and this is never more true than with those who can see their dreams. You try to do right, but you've never been able to tell for sure whether that last wallet you lifted belonged to a rich oppressor with much to spare or to someone like you who'd barely managed to hit a lucky spell. Manifest to you is your misdeed, and he had a wicked need to make you pay for being cast from the light of your glamour.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be upbeat, never let others feel pain without trying to right it. Your lies take the form of blaming everything on Kristoff except for what he's actually done, and it is a testament to your guilt that your mythic curse has been twisted by it. You honestly are a nice person, but sometimes your need to take revenge for perceived wrongs blinds you to the true wrongdoer.

**Goals:** Make peace with Kristoff, or at least leave him behind for good; Improve your skills at thievery to become a true modern Robin Hood; Make sure that your new friends trust you explicitly, and don't allow anyone, even Kristoff, to ruin your new connections.

**Equipment:** Fun with random treasure pulls.

**People You Know:** Ashke the Satyr and Torrent the Sluagh.

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 207

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Louie

Name: Christian Masterson

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Mithral

Legacies: Philanthropist/Rogue

Kith: Fox Pooka

Concept: New Robin Hood

House: None

Motley: Danger's Edge

## Physical TRAITS ( 7 )

Enduring, Energetic,  
Ferocious, Nimble,  
Quick, Steady,  
Tenacious

## Social TRAITS ( 5 )

Charming,  
Compassionate, Empathetic,  
Friendly, Ingratiating  
Negative: Untrustworthy

## Mental TRAITS ( 5 )

Attentive,  
Creative,  
Insightful,  
Intuitive, Wily

## Abilities

Enigmas,  
Sleight of Hand x2,  
Kenning,  
Scrounge x2,  
Streetwise x2,  
Subterfuge,  
Survival

## Backgrounds

Street Influence x2,  
Treasure x3

## Merits/Flaws

Illiterate (1 Trait Flaw - Growing up on the streets left little time for formal education),  
Hounded (4 Trait Flaw - You have a potent chimera with nothing better to do than annoy you)

## Arts

Legerdemain:  
Gimmix,  
Ensnare,  
Effigy,  
Mooch

## Realms

Nature Affinity  
Prop: Ornate Garb, Crafted Tool  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble,  
Manifold Chimera

## Bunks

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## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Shapechanging:** May spend 1 Glamour and 10 seconds unseen to turn into Fox. Bonus Traits  
Shapchanged: Quick x2, Graceful x2, Tireless x2, Observant x2.  
Negative Traits Shapchanged: Bestial.  
**Confidant:** +Subterfuge, +Ingratiating  
**Lies:** +Untrustworthy, must make Static Willpower test to tell the whole truth.

## TEMPERS

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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Ravaging/CDusing Threshold:  
Create Hope

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 4

## DETECTIVE ERNEST WALKER - AMREN #208

**Background:** Some days you just really wish you hadn't gotten out of bed that morning. You had a day like that not too horribly long ago. Blown stakeouts, accidental deaths, giant freaking dogs... maybe it's best to just start at the beginning.

You were born and raised in Atlanta; your dad was a cop, your grandfather was a cop, your mom worked the police switchboard, and you were expected to follow in the family dream. There was never really a question of whether you wanted to, and you never really asked yourself: just made sure you kept your grades high, but not too high, and stayed in good shape. You might have actually had a pretty good career at journalism, with the ease at which you wrote stories for the school paper, but that was the road not taken.

So you wound up on the Atlanta PD fresh out of the academy. You wrote traffic tickets for a while, making sure nobody did 60 up Peachtree, but it was really boring and you did your best to get a better assignment. When you successfully searched a pulled motorist's car to get information useful in a drug bust, you were finally promoted. Finally you had something you could deal with, investigative detective work. Nobody ever mentioned the busted nose the fearful punk in the car had, and he knew better than to try and press charges.

The first few months were ideal, looking for drugs and other gang violence. They even teamed you up with an attractive partner. But after a couple of years of the same old same old, watching perps get let right out of jail and not making any headway with Alexandra, you started to think of doing something else for entertainment. A few vigilante movies later and you began having thoughts in your head. And those drug pushers who never made it to trial would have just gotten out and hurt some little kids anyway.

You were both staking out a green house up between I-85 and the perimeter, suburban drug crime, when the shit hit the fan. You'd been there day in day out for a week, when finally you got a peek at the head honcho, a particularly detestable looking punk fellow

with a backpack that you were sure was the stuff. He dropped it off at the door and headed back to his van, and you knew you'd have to wait another month for a chance like this. Slowly you trailed his car back to a large house near Oglethorpe campus. That's where your memories get hazy. He stopped to talk to someone, you started firing, the punk kid fell down, and then suddenly giant dogs were on top of you both.

Waking up, you felt somewhat more massive, and you had horns on your head. You were sitting in front of a pair of the most beautiful people you'd ever seen. They told you that your new name was Amren, you had awakened, a mythic spirit in a mortal body, and that you should meet others like you at Oglethorpe on the last Sunday of the month. Yet you've felt dark appetites since then, and anger at the haze of amnesia that's descended. You had done some violent things in the past, and they seem much more at the surface now.

**Concept:** A cop who never really wanted to be, you've done some bad things. You still try to do your job, but the bloodlust is much closer to the surface. You debate nightly whether to tell someone about the dark edge your faerie soul seems to carry or to submit to the black passions you feel and finish your evolution.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be a nice stereotype of a detective: it's a clever façade you've learned to create over the years, and hides well the urges to wipe the face of the earth of wrongdoers that you've had. You try to fancy yourself a good person, but, being honest with yourself, with that much blood on your hands, some of it has to be innocent.

**Goals:** Find out what happened to you; Learn more about this Kithain stuff; Decide on one path for your life, be it high or low.

**Equipment:** Standard police detective gear.

**People You Know:** #200 Alexandra - Your Partner, #751 Joseph Gramm - another detective. Inexplicably Familiar Faces: #176 Donnelly, #202 Fenn, #203 Erica, #395 Bordan Clarke, NPC An-hetep-f.

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 208

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Joe

Name: Detective Ernest Walker

Court: Unseelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Am-Ren

Legacies: Beast/Knight

Kith: Troll

Concept: Tainted Cop

House: None

Motley: Oathpack

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 10/14 )

Brutal x5,  
Ferocious,  
Quick x2,  
Resilient x2 (Resilient x2)  
(Brawny, Stalwart)

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 4 )

Intimidating x4

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 7 )

Cunning x2, Wily x2,  
Knowledgeable,  
Observant x2  
Oath of Fealty: +2 to resist mental  
Domination from all but Riordan

## ABILITIES

Brawl, Computers,  
Drive,  
Firearms, Garou Lore,  
Investigation,  
Law, Melee x2,  
Security x2,  
Streetwise

## BACKGROUNDS

Resources x1,  
Police Influence x2,  
Street Influence x1,  
Transportation Influence x1

## MERITS/FLAWS

One Bad Dude (5 Trait Merit - You  
have the Redcap Bully Browbeat  
Birthright), Bloodlust (5 Trait Flaw  
- Must spend WP to leave combat  
involving bloodshed before all  
opponents are dead), Kinfolk (4  
Trait Merit)

## ARTS

Legerdemain:  
Gimmix,  
Ensnare,  
Effigy  
Wayfare:  
Hopscotch,  
Quicksilver

## REALMS

Fae Affinity  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble,  
Manifold Chimera  
Prop: Ornate Garb,  
Crafted Tool

## BUNKS

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## BIRTHRIGHTS/FLAWS

**Titan's Power:** Free chimerical  
Brawny, Stalwart, and +1 Bruised  
level  
**Strength of Duty:** May spend extra  
WP per game in support of Oath.  
**Bond of Duty:** Lose Birthrights if  
oath is broken.  
**Bully Browbeat:** +Intimidating, +2  
on Social Tests involving bad  
attitude, can order Chimera about.

## TEMPERS

### CLAMOUR

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### WILLPOWER

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### BANDICUTY

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

Extra Health Level  
/  Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
/  Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.  
/  Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
/  Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.

Experience: 14 (spent 2)

## Detective Alexandra MacDougal - Heart #200

**Background:** To Protect and Serve. You saw that once on television and decided that was exactly what you wanted to do. Your family, loving despite problems they had, tried hard to convince you to do something with your life instead of joining the police, but you were dead set. You knew they feared for your safety, but you feared for the safety of others.

Doing well in school, you were popular despite the fact that your family didn't have a lot of money: you were nice to everyone and even managed to talk down quite a few of the bullies in the schoolyard and so claim the adoration of the downtrodden. People were usually surprised when you said you wanted to be a cop, since they just didn't see you doing it, but after some thought they declared that they thought you'd do a great job. So did the police recruiter, after your interview.

So you went through police school and started working for the Atlanta police. It was run of the mill stuff at first: traffic, parking, anything not dangerous. But soon you managed to deal with a few drunk and disorderlies well enough that the upper brass stopped fearing for your safety out on the streets. They promoted you to detective, gave you a partner, and let you loose to take a bite out of crime.

It went well for a while; though neither you nor your partner was the pinnacle of physicality you used your brains and caught a lot of bad people. You never did completely trust Ernest though. He seemed too concerned with punishment and not about justice, and too interested in you as a female and not as a partner. But you did work well together and you managed to make the city a little safer place, in your own estimation.

Then there was the stakeout. You'd been out there for days, some yuppie neighborhood north of 85, waiting on busting some kid and his drug dealer. Finally the suspect showed up, a punk with a backpack who dropped off his stash and took off. Ernest refused to let him go, and you tailed him despite your protests

to get the kid that you could, by the book, and worry about the supplier later. It gets blurry after that. You remember coming to a house nearby, gunshots, and giant dogs. Then you both woke up in front of the most beautiful pair ever. They told you that your fae name was Heart and that you would find more answers at Oglethorpe on the last Sunday of the month.

This seemed fair enough, and you weren't as set aback as Ernest since there'd always been tales of this kind of thing in your family. You were a bit taken aback at the new anger you felt boiling in your blood, and the new rampant strength that you'd never had before. As far as you can tell it has something to do with the soul you've inherited and the ancient capriciousness of the fae, but you don't like the dark thoughts you've experienced lately and are doing everything in your power not to lose control.

**Concept:** A genuinely good person in a world of corruption and vice, you've always wanted to help others with little thought of yourself. Now a new wrinkle has come into your life, bringing with it a tide of black passions that you've never felt before and cannot tolerate within yourself.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be what a police officer should be: helpful and caring, with discipline tempered by compassion. You genuinely like people and this new rage and bloodlust you've been experiencing since your rebirth really has you on edge, and you've snapped at people unnecessarily who comment that it's completely unlike you.

**Goals:** Find out more about the fae; Find out what happened to you; Figure out how to use your new gifts in helping others; Figure out how to keep these new passions from overwhelming you.

**Equipment:** Standard Police Detective gear.

**People You Know:** #208 Ernest - Your Partner, #751 Joseph Gramm - another detective... you haven't had much opportunity to deal with him, working different beats, but he seems nice enough. Inexplicably Familiar Faces: #176 Donnelly, #202 Fenn, #203 Erica, #395 Bordan Clarke, NPC An-hetep-f.

# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 200

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Jennifer

Name: Alexandra Macdougall

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Heart

Legacies: Paladin/Peacock

Kith: Boggan

Concept: Good Cop?

House: None

Motley: Oathpack

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 9/11 )

Ferocious x5,  
Energetic,  
Graceful x2,  
Tough  
(Resilient x2)

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 7 )

Compassionate,  
Empathetic x2,  
Friendly,  
Intimidating x2,  
Magnetic

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 8 )

Alert, Attentive, Calm,  
Cunning, Dedicated x2, Wily, Wise  
Negative: Gullible  
Oath of Fealty: +2 to resist mental  
Domination from all but Riordan

## ABILITIES

Brawl x2,  
Computers, Crafts,  
Demolitions, Drive,  
Firearms,  
Investigation,  
Law, Science x2  
Scrounge, Streetwise

## BACKGROUNDS

Resources x2,  
Police Influence x3

## MERITS/FLAWS

One Bad Dudette (5 Trait Merit -  
You have the Redcap Bully  
Browbeat Birthright),  
Bloodlust (5 Trait Flaw - Must  
spend WP to leave combat involving  
bloodshed before all opponents are  
dead)

## ARTS

Wayfare:  
Hopscotch,  
Quicksilver,  
Portal Passage,  
Windrunner

## REALMS

Actor Affinity  
Actor: True Friend,  
Personal Contact,  
Familiar Face  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble

## BUNKS

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## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Craftwork:** Perform any craft-like  
task in 1/3 of the time if unwatched  
or with other Boggans. Extra  
Permanent Crafts level.

**Social Dynamic:** Free permanent  
Empathetic trait that cannot be  
permanently expended.

**Call of the Needy:** Have permanent  
Gullible negative trait that can  
never be bought off.

## TEMPERS

### GLAMOUR

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### WILLPOWER

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### BANDLITY

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Ravaging/CDUsing Threshold:

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

- /□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 8 (spent 3)



# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 209

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: NPC

Name: Unknown

Court: Unseelie - Shadow

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Riel

Legacies: Shade/Courtier

Kith: Sluagh

Concept: Spymaster

House: None

Motley: Meilge's Retinue

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 10 )

Dexterous, Energetic,  
Lithe x3, Nimble x2,  
Quick, Tough, Wiry  
Negative: Delicate

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 5 )

Diplomatic,  
Empathetic,  
Intimidating x3  
Negative: Shy

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 9 )

Alert, Calm,  
Clever x2, Cunning,  
Insightful, Observant,  
Patient, Vigilant

## ABILITIES

Computers, Drive, Enigmas x2,  
Firearms x3, Gremayre x2,  
Investigation x2, Kenning x3,  
Linguistics x2, Medicine, Melee x2,  
Occult x2, Security x2,  
Streetwise x2, Subterfuge x3

## BACKGROUNDS

Remembrance x3, Prestige x2,  
Patron x4 (no more),  
Finance Influence x2,  
Occult Influence x2,  
Police Influence x3,  
Street Influence x3,  
Underworld Influence x3, etc.

## MERITS/FLAWS

## ARTS

Chicanery: Fuddle,  
Veiled Eyes,  
Tip of the Tongue,  
Switcheroo  
Legerdemain: Gimmix,  
Ensnare, Effigy,  
Mooch  
Contempt: Disobediance,  
Mockery

## REALMS

Actor: True Friend,  
Personal Contact, Familiar Face  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble, Manifold Chimera,  
Ellusive Gallain  
Prop (affinity): Ornate Garb,  
Crafted Tool  
Scene: Closet/Chamber  
Time: 5 sec, 30 sec, 1 minute

## BUNKS

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## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Heightened Senses:** May see wraiths and spend 1 Glamour to hear them. May see through Illusions with Static Mental Challenge. Up 2 Traits on perception-related challenges, x2 penalty from excessive Stimuli.  
**Contortions:** +Lithe, +Delicate, may make Simple or Static test to escape bonds.  
**Whispers:** +Shy, Cannot speak above a Whisper, Down one trait in open spaces.

## TEMPERS

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Destroy Illusions

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience:

# Danger's Edge Oathcircle Sheet

Your group was formed by James in an attempt to apply mercenary idealism to the world of the Fae. In short, you all realized that somehow the nobility or other old Kithain have a lot of money, a lot of dross, a lot of chimera, and a lot of treasures, but didn't usually have the combined expertise that you could sell them. No job is too difficult, or expensive. In the past you've wiped out a band of nervosa chimera that were attacking a freehold, used stolen secrets and simple display of force to convince a pitiful sidhe baron to give up his holding to his brother, and retrieved a treasure that was stolen by Unseelie brigands from one of the freeholds in the city. Your reputation has begun to grow, and you all have visions of the money and renown to come.

## **Members:**

*James "Danger" Grimson #204* – A Boggan who's an expert at demolitions, tactics, and organization, and not bad at throwing really wild parties either.

*Erica #203* – A young Sluagh who's incredibly good at gaining secrets that can later be used with blackmail to turn the tide in your operations.

*Fenn #202* – A Redcap in the style of old mafiosos, Fenn is excellent at convincing people that you could hurt them, but it'd be better to just go along without a fight.

*Tremaine #201* – A Troll who's probably one of the best security guards in the nation, which makes him ideal for jobs that require getting past security.

## **What You Know:**

You know a good deal about how Concordia works, and fae society in general. You've even, through paying attention, begun to realize that the Shadow Court might be more than just something on Samhain. Through Erica's spider friends you've learned that there are werespiders in the world, though you know little about them, and you also know a fair bit about wraiths.

## **What You Don't Know:**

You don't know very much at all about Werewolves or other werereatures, and actually buy into the party-line that they're just Prodigal Pooka. You know absolutely nothing about Vampires, calling them the Children of Lilith as your kind often does. Lastly, you barely even suspect the existence of mages, and will assume they're just humans in touch with the Dreaming if you do get proof of their existence.

## **Goals/Secrets/Why You're Here:**

The main reason why you're here is because there are factions forming and they'll probably have a use for mercenaries. You'd also like to see if you can't get some other Kithain to join your group, and in such a way expand your skills to make yourselves a more employable unit.

## Johar (Josephine) Jameson #198

**Background:** Life is hard, anyone who tells you different is selling something. You and your family grew up in a trailer park, yeah, same old sob story. Just like the old story you had to help take care of half a dozen siblings because your parents couldn't get it through their thick skulls to stop having kids. Then your dad got some gleam in his eye like he was tired of hanging around anymore and just up and left one day. Didn't matter to you, you knew you were getting the hell out of there just as soon as you could too. So you made sure you were self reliant, learned to cook, find shelter, and defend yourself. Most of all you learned how to ride. Your first bike was a piece of crap minibike that some rich kid had discarded behind his house. It worked though, and it was better transportation to school than walking.

By the time you were 15 you'd been working enough odd jobs to have saved money up and get a better bike, a used Ninja. You didn't really care if it wasn't a Harley, since you were just interested in the fact that it got you where you were going. One thing though, the child just below you, Chris, wasn't really a bad kid, and you wanted to make sure that you could both leave together if it came down to it. So you made sure Chris could ride too, and eventually there were two used motorcycles in the house. That was when you were 17 and 16, respectively, and so you took off.

You headed east out of Mississippi, not sure where you were going, and eventually you ran into some other young people who were riding for whatever reason. You all decided that it would be better to ride together and so you did, convincing yourself that the road held more dangers than simply not having a place to eat or sleep, painting yourselves as neo-cowboys or survivors of a nuclear holocaust.

One thing you put into their heads was that you'd have to work to keep food in your bellies, so you all stopped several times along the way to work for a few months. As soon as you had enough cash to get going again you would do so. Then the oddest thing happened. Around your 19<sup>th</sup> birthday Chris had started to act really weird, going into these odd fits and trances and shit periodically. You were riding along one day getting increasingly worried about the kid when you

heard yelling about dragons. A moment later it was like a wave of something hit you, and you were seeing things you'd never seen before. Tearing towards your group was this VW sized red thing with wings breathing fire, and Chris was glowing like a spotlight with trails of light streaking off the motorcycle behind. Soon after, Ashby started doing it too, and the dragon thing looked really hungry. You really had no idea what to do, so you drove at it screaming like a freakin bat out of hell. This did something to the beast and it took off with you tearing behind it. Cole had a pistol, and was wildly firing, and eventually the thing went down. You'd killed a freaking dragon, and the rush was intense.

You guys still aren't sure exactly what's going on, but you know you want to take out beasties, especially Dragons. Interestingly enough nobody else sees some of the things you guys see, and you, Sam, and Cole all seem to need a regular influx of.. something.. from Chris and Ashby to keep up too. Recently you've been heading towards Atlanta, seemingly drawn there, feeling that you'll find answers there.

**Concept:** You're world weary as hell for not being quite 20, but this new shit has opened up a whole new can of beans. Maybe you guys really can be cowboys and road warriors, or maybe you're something better.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Act like you know everything... you really don't, but it's a defense mechanism that works. Be endlessly curious, see if you can get people to just tell you their life stories, and don't at all be afraid to work for stuff you need or want. But above all, survive at all costs. You'd hate to sell out your gang, but if it's your life against theirs, they'll just have to fend for themselves.

**Goals:** Find that deadbeat father of yours; Figure out what's up with your gang's new stuff; Keep everyone together and working smoothly; Kill more evil scary shit to prove how tough you are.

**Equipment:** Ninja, two sets of clothes (jeans, tshirt), secondhand biker jacket, red dragonscale armor that Ashley made, dragon's tooth knife.

**People You Know:** Your gang (See Motley Sheet)

# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 198

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: John

Name: Johar Jameson

Court: Unseelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: None

Legacies: Ringleader/Wayfarer

Kith: Eshu Kinain

Concept: Wild Rider

House: None

Motley: Death's Talons

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 8 )

Athletic, Brutal,  
Energetic, Ferocious,  
Quick, Resilient,  
Tireless, Tough

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 7 )

Commanding x2,  
Dignified,  
Friendly,  
Intimidating x3

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 6 )

Alert, Calm,  
Dedicated, Determined,  
Patient, Vigilant  
Negative: Impatient

## ABILITIES

Brawl x2, Drive x3, Intimidating,  
Leadership, Melee,  
Repair, Scrounge x3,  
Streetwise, Subterfuge,  
Survival x3

## BACKGROUNDS

Fae Blood x3,  
Kenning x2

## MERITS/FLAWS

Inherited Frailty (5 Trait Flaw - you have the Eshu frailty)

## ARTS

**Mien of the Ancient Hunter** (5 Trait Fae Gift. You just have something about you that inspires fear in Chimera, and even friendly ones are loath to be around you for very long if they don't absolutely have to be. When you're pissed off it's even worse, and Chimera must defeat you in a Social Challenge to attack, and you risk no traits in this.

## REALMS

You may also spend a Glamour to inspire Fear in a Chimera, and they must flee for a number of turns equal to the number of Social you have above them.)

**Riastradh** (5 Trait Fae Gift. By spending a Glamour on entering combat you may enter a battle frenzy where you are up 4 traits on all attacks and defense tests. This

## BUNKS

applies to chimerical and brawling combat only, so if you use real weapons you are only up 2 traits. The drawback is that you must spend a Willpower Trait to leave combat before you or your opponent is unconscious or dead. You are down one trait on all challenges after the frenzy until you can rest for at least 30 minutes)

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FLAUNTIES

**Recklessness:** Hard to turn down challenge that you have a chance to survive, +Impatient, +Gullible (only to non-suicide missions)

## TEMPERS

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/CDusing Threshold:

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

- /□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.
- /□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.
- /□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.
- /□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.
- /□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 6 (spent 1)

## Cristóbal (Chrysta) Jameson #193

**Background:** You were born in a trailer park, dozens of mobile homes arranged, as your father said, as the gypsy wagons of old. This fantasy carried you through the bleak depression of being poor much more intact than your half-dozen siblings, and you never had your childlike wonder crushed out of you like the rest of your family did. Your father was quite happy that you kept yourself together so well, and you always thought that you were his favorite. When you got older he told you stories, let you in on the fact that he was special and he thought you would be too.

You could never really remember much more of what he told you, and soon after he left the family. It got worse after that, and you were all pretty much forced to work if you could in order to keep things going. Your eldest sibling couldn't take it anymore, and the two of you decided to leave when you were 16. You set off from Mississippi on motorcycles and headed eastward. Eventually you ran into a few more kids on bikes and you banded together for protection. See, you'd convinced them all that you were something akin to road warriors or cowboys, and since you always told the best stories they all thought it was a fun thing to pretend. You knew that it was more than a pretend though, you were destined for something. You felt fate pressing on you.

When you were 18, heading through Alabama, you figured out what it was. You'd been having odd dreams for a few days, and your friends were starting to get a bit worried. As you were riding down the unoccupied desert highway you suddenly got a sense of destiny bearing down on you. In this surge of realization you could see the dragon bearing down on you. You felt it pulled to the wave of energy you were releasing, and you felt the wave make your friends aware of the dragon as well. Dreamlike, you watched the dragon bear down on your group and suddenly turn and run, your bikes tearing after it. Soon it was shot down by Cole's pistol and you were all able to triumph over it's corpse. You explained to them that this was your destiny, to seek out and destroy dragons.

One thing you haven't shared with them is that your memories have come back with your enlightenment. You remembered some of the things your father told you before leaving, telling you about being a faerie, an Eshu, and that if you ever really wanted to find him you would be able to. You want to make your own way in the world before finding him though, because you intend to have many stories to tell.

**Concept:** You may not be the traditional eshu, a royal hero who travels the deserts, but you share many things with "normal" members of your kith. Though it wasn't originally your idea, you love to travel, and though you've been drawn to Atlanta you probably won't stay longer than you have to. Tales are wonderful things to you, and you are searching for great exploits that you can regale others with. Finally, you are incredibly reckless, willing to give up any stability or gain with the promise of something more interesting to do.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be quiet for the most part, you're content to let other tell you their stories and give you advice. But when you really want something, don't be afraid to speak up and tell people. Once you have a good tale, tell it as best you can, make people respect you. You are destined to become a great dragon hunter, and everyone should know it.

**Goals:** Assemble great tales, even if you have to create them yourself; Inspire your band to become the best Dragon Hunters ever, it is their destiny and they must follow this resolve and stay secure in this knowledge; Find other Eshu and learn their tales and get them to carry your own; Find your father once you have enough tales under your belt to prove that you've made something of yourself.

**Equipment:** Used American racing cycle, worn traveling clothes and gear, brightly colored chimerical silk voile, Red Dragon scale armor, Dragon's tooth dagger, Dragon's skin cloak.

**People You Know:** Your gang.

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 193

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Amy

Name: Chrysta Jameson

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Amina

Legacies: Wayfarer/Sophist

Kith: Eshu

Concept: Fate's Knight

House: None

Motley: Death's Talons

## Physical Traits ( 5 )

Athletic,  
Enduring,  
Graceful,  
Robust,  
Steady

## Social Traits ( 7 )

Charming,  
Dignified,  
Eloquent,  
Expressive, Friendly,  
Magnetic, Witty

## Mental Traits ( 8 )

Attentive, Creative,  
Insightful,  
Knowledgable,  
Observant, Patient,  
Vigilant, Wise

## Abilities

Drive x2, Enigmas x2,  
Gremayre x2, Kenning,  
Melee, Mythlore x2,  
Performance, Survival

## Backgrounds

Remembrance x5

## Merits/Flaws

## Arts

Soothsay:  
Omen,  
Fair is Foul/Foul is Fair,  
Tattletale  
Wayfare:  
Hopscotch

## Realms

Scene Affinity  
Actor: True Friend  
Fae: Hearty Commoner  
Scene: Closet/Chamber,  
Bathroom/Cottage,  
Guest House/House

## Bunks

## Birthrights/Fractions

**Spirit Pathways:** May Fair Escape, Surprise, or reach any destination once per session.

**Talecraft:** +Expressive, gain an extra exp for any game in which a particularly interesting story is learned and recited to storyteller.

**Recklessness:** Hard to turn down challenge that you have a chance to survive, +Impatient, +Gullible (only to non-suicide missions)

## Tempers

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Foster Dreams

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

- /  Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.
- /  Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.
- /  Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.
- /  Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.
- /  Extra Health Level

Experience: 2

## Samuel (Samantha) Macgregor #191

**Background:** A long time ago you remember sitting on the bank of a creek, playing with your friends. You looked over and saw a beautiful dragon diving in and out of the water, droplets glistening off of its scales. You turned, and when you looked back it was gone. But that memory stayed with you the rest of your childhood, and you kept it to yourself because you didn't really think that anyone would believe you. You did fairly well in school and everyone just said that you were "grounded." You felt a tie to the real world that seemed to be all the more heightened by the realization that it was a conscious choice. Centered and peaceful, you were a bastion of calm to your family.

That served you well when both of your parents died in a car wreck. You were the younger of two siblings, and you were both old enough to determine where to go after that, though it left you both devastated. Eventually you decided that there wasn't really enough in the inheritance to go through college, and you really didn't want to stay in town. You both liquidated as best you were able, bought a couple of nice, new Japanese racing bikes, and headed out on the open road.

You were well into your savings and hadn't really decided what you wanted to do when you ran into Cole, who was much wiser at the ways to live on the road than you were. Soon after that you met the Jamesons, who had figured out enough dedication and savvy to get work. They were headed east through Alabama, and you saw no reason not to join up with them, so you did, slowly working your way towards Georgia, stopping regularly to refill your pockets and continue on. It was a good deal, and between your stability and your leader's drive you were able to do well for a while.

The five of you were driving along a deserted highway when Cris started going into some weird shock. But most people don't glow when they're in shock. Then it was like a wave of energy hitting you and suddenly you saw something that harkened back to your childhood, an immense and beautiful dragon bearing down on your bikes, moving incredibly fast and snorting fire. This was not the blessing of your

childhood, though, because you knew that he meant to devour you all. You reached out in fear, and you felt that the dragon was suddenly aware of its own mortality, then there was screaming, Ashby started glowing too, and Cole started firing at the fleeing beast with a pistol, eventually bringing it down.

Then they started talking about taking the fight to the dragons, becoming knights so to speak. But you knew that not all dragons would be trying to kill you, and that it would be wrong to track them down to kill them like that. They ignored you, and you decided that it would be best to bide your time, wait for the next dragon, and see if it would attack or not to make up your mind. You've all been heading for Atlanta for unconscious reasons, and you bet you'll find something interesting when you get there.

**Concept:** You're a very odd person to be in the company of changelings. By all indications you're an uncreative, laid back, centered individual. But that's indications for you. You have a very vivid internal life, and your calmness is just a visible extension of the acceptance you have of the world. Things might be bad, but they'll never be horrible, as long as you have your dreams.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You're the stable one. While your compatriots go on and on about the glory they'll receive, you're the one who's thinking about how you're actually going to do it and whether it needs to be done. Whereas Jo has the drive, you have to stability, and the two of you together focus the group. The fact that both of you have some power but are overshadowed by your siblings makes you close as well. Feel free to talk, but if people ignore you it's their loss, especially if they ignore you when you're trying to do something they don't like.

**Goals:** Find out more about the beautiful world you're now a part of; Keep the group together; Make sure that their desire for glory doesn't make them forget about being Just.

**Equipment:** Fairly new motorcycle, worn but nice clothing, chimerical Red Dragonscale armor, Dragon's tooth knife.

**People You Know:** Your Gang.

# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 191

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Skye

Name: Samuel Macgregor

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: None

Legacies: Bumpkin/Schismaticist

Kith: Nocker Kinain

Concept: Bedrock Friend

House: None

Motley: Death's Talons

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 6 )

Dextrous, Enduring,  
Quick, Resilient,  
Tireless, Wiry

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 5 )

Charming,  
Compassionate, Diplomatic,  
Expressive, Persuasive

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 6 )

Calm x2, Creative,  
Intuitive, Patient,  
Reflective

## ABILITIES

Computers, Drive x2,  
Investigation x2, Melee,  
Streetwise, Survival x2

## BACKGROUNDS

Fae Blood x2,  
Feth Fiada x2,  
Kenning

## MERITS/FLAWS

## ARTS

Crystallize (5 Trait Fae Gift. You may spend a Willpower Trait to make a Chimera vulnerable to real-world damage. Additionally, a Chimera so affected is unable to

## REALMS

disincorporate when slain, and so will die permanently when reduced to 0 health levels. Chimera may spend Willpower to cancel out this gift)

## BUNKS

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

None

## TEMPERS

### GLAMOUR

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

### WILLPOWER

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

### BANDICITY

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

Ravaging/Consuming Threshold:

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

- /□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.
- /□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retset to opponents with more traits.
- /□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.
- /□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.
- /□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 2



## Ashby Macgregor #197

**Background:** Your first childhood memory was playing with your toys. You always loved toys, not so much for the stories you could make with them, though you did a great deal of that, but for what you could transform them into. Tinfoil, twist-ties, and tape were the tools of your trade, and your action figures and other toys very soon sported power armor, bizarre weapons, and all sorts of other devices. Your parents supported your habit of a roll of aluminum foil a week because it was cheaper than buying you new toys at the same rate.

You naturally parlayed this into a love of mechanical things once you were older. Motors and gadgets from crystal radio sets and remote control cars abounded in your room, as did legos. Your legions of armored GI Joes rode their fully automated battle cruisers into battle on the kitchen floor. Once you were old enough and big enough you took your younger sibling, Sam, and some of your friends out into the woods to build the most amazing forts, creating traps to confound your enemies, though they never seemed to come.

Eventually you moved on to actual mechanical things, working on cars and electronics through highschool and enjoying yourself immensely. When you were 15 your parents got you your first motorcycle, and you had soon tricked it out all by yourself, and nobody was quite sure how that old secondhand bike rode so fast and so quiet. When you were 17 you passed your bike down to Sam, it was in better condition than when you had gotten it, and got a brand new racing bike that you'd been saving your money for. Your parents were a little put off by this, thinking that your skills could be better used towards studying, and they thought that you would be a highly-paid engineers some day.

The arguments about this got more and more intense over your senior year, since you just wanted to get a job at a mechanic's and tinker the rest of your life, and they wanted you to make something of yourself. It became a giant stalemate, and by early summer you still had not made up your mind. You had a giant fight with them one night, and took off to ride on your bike, heading over to a friend's house for a day or two. Sam called you up there a day later, asking you to come home as soon as possible. Your parents had gone out on errands that morning, and had been hit by a semi,

knocking them off of an on-ramp into oncoming traffic. You were devastated, more than Sam, because you thought it was your fault.

Your parents had the foresight to write a will, and all of their assets went to you and Sam, though you couldn't stand living in that house any longer. Sam had just turned 18, so the two of you liquidated your house and other assets, bought a couple new bikes, and set out to wander for a while. You met up with Cole pretty soon, and Jo and Chris not much later. The five of you formed a gang, travelling east across Alabama towards GA, stopping to replenish your failing funds by working every so often.

It was a hot day when you were all riding across a plain with no other traffic. Suddenly Chris started glowing, and you were hit by a wave of energy. Something happened, and you slipped into an odd dream-realm where you were sure there was a dragon running at your group, getting shot at by Cole. You weren't really sure what was going on, and by the time the colors subsided you were standing over a dead dragon. It seemed logical, for some reason, that you could probably do with this what you did with your toys, and soon you'd made several sets of armor, tooth knives, and a few other tidbits. You all decided that your fantasies had come true, and you were destined to be dragon hunters. Ever since, you've been heading towards Atlanta, drawn there unconsciously.

**Concept:** A skilled mechanic and creator, you've found new use for your skills making things that no one outside your group can see. You don't really know anything about what you are, but you're anxious to learn, to see to what extent your new understanding will lead you to greatness.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be the older brother. You don't want to lead, Jo does a good job of that, but you can offer moral support and fix just about anything that's broken. You've never gotten over the guilt you felt thinking you're responsible for your parents' death, and that shows sometimes.

**Goals:** Learn more about this life; find more materials to work with and create masterpieces; find a way to atone to your parents, or at least say goodbye.

**Equipment:** Red dragonscale armor, dragon tooth knife, dragons' heart, comfortable clothes, new Japanese racing bike, voile coveralls.

# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 197

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Greg

Name: Asby Macgregor

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Unsained

Legacies: Crafter/Wretch

Kith: Nocker

Concept: Fae Mechanic

House: None

Motley: Death's Talons

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 6 )

Energetic,  
Nimble x2,  
Resilient,  
Steady,  
Tireless

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 5 )

Charming,  
Empathetic,  
Genial, Magnetic,  
Witty  
Negative: Tactless

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 9 )

Creative x2,  
Insightful,  
Intuitive x2,  
Knowledgeable,  
Patient, Rational x2

## ABILITIES

Computers, Crafts x2,  
Drive, Melee,  
Repair, Science,  
Scrounge, Survival

## BACKGROUNDS

Remembrance x3,  
Resources x2

## MERITS/FLAWS

## ARTS

Wayfare:  
Hopscotch,  
Quicksilver  
Pyretics:  
Will-o'-the-Wisp,  
Willow Light

## REALMS

Prop Affinity  
Actor: True Friend, Personal  
Contact  
Fae: Hearty Commoner  
Prop: Ornate Garb, Crafted Tool,  
Mechanical Device,  
Complex Machine

## BUNKS

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Forge Chimera:** +Crafts, may craft chimera with Static Mental challenge and glamour expenditure.  
**Fix It:** Make Simple Test to force machines to work, succeed on Win or Tie.  
**Flaws:** +Tactless, All creations have at least One negative trait

## TEMPERS

### GLAMOUR

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

### WILLPOWER

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

### BANDICITY

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

Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Inspire Creativity

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 2

## Cole Westing #195

**Background:** Childhood was a blur of people and places. Your parents moved you around so much that you never really understood that there was anything solid besides them and yourself. It was always in the middle of the night you'd move, packing up your stuff and hurrying to the car. Mom told you Dad was in the military, and that seemed to satisfy your schoolmates, but you were never fully convinced. At these fleeting places of learning, you learned mainly how to fend for yourself as the perpetual new kid. Your school transcript, floating from place to place, became a litany of fights and suspensions.

Finally, when you were in your teens, you couldn't take it any more. You studied hard and got your GED, since you were never in one school long enough to get close to graduating. You then worked hard and put yourself into college. At last, the world stopped moving. And you realized you had no idea of how to live in a world that stood still. To compensate you rapidly changed majors, shifting from one to another to another, always doing well but getting no nearer a degree. Finally you got enough credits to graduate as a communications major, and you were set out in the world again.

You didn't keep any job for long, eventually either quitting or deliberately doing something to get fired. Sometimes you wondered what was wrong with you, why you couldn't hack it, but you were getting tons of life experience. Interestingly enough, you never stayed anywhere long enough to really make yourself cynical either. Eventually you decided to take off, hopping on a motorcycle you'd bought used and driving across the southeast US. After a few months you ran into Ashby and Sam, then soon after you joined up with Jo and Chris. They were pretty good kids, and they were in need of your expertise. They were traveling like you, so you set out with them.

It wasn't but a few months of stopping and going before you all found yourselves in the weirdest situation you ever felt. You were driving down the road in Alabama and suddenly you could see things, like Chris and Ashby glowing like Roman Candles and a

giant friggin lizard attacking your bikes. You pulled out your gun and started firing, though the thing was as big as all of you put together. Somehow you killed it. And that was about the time you realized that the world was just as fleeting and strange as the rest of your life. Suddenly you weren't the abnormal one, it was everything else that was.

You all set out again, heading towards Atlanta for an unknown reason. The rest of them were doing okay, and they didn't notice that you'd started to act kind of weird. Most of the time you're lucid, but underneath you realize that you're the only sane person in this world, and you're waiting for changes to come and alter the world again. You are a bit miffed that everyone else seems to have powers and you don't, but you don't let it get to you. Maybe the next time the world is turned on its ear you'll actually get superpowers.

**Concept:** A product of frequent travels, you don't understand the world anymore, especially due to the Bedlam that constant enchantment has inspired in you. You act like a rock, a bastion of knowledge, but in reality your sides are smooth and you're ready to roll away if the world tilts. Everything is very strange to you, but, conversely, it justifies your entire life.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Act like an old man, even though you really aren't that horribly old, you are in comparison to the rest of your group. Seem completely dependable, you're a worldly kind of guy with lots of experience, but in reality you're almost totally nuts, the bedlam having increased the detachment you felt in relation to reality already.

**Goals:** Find a way to stop the constant shifting world, or at least predict it; Protect your charges, you feel an odd responsibility for them; Kill more dragons, it's pretty fun; Find out more about this weird new life; Find your parents, maybe they can explain things to you, if you had any idea where they were.

**Equipment:** Racing bike, survival gear and comfortable clothes, gun, dragonscale armor, dragon tooth knife.

**People You Know:** The gang.

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 195

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player:

Name: Cole Westing

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Grump

Fae Name: None

Legacies: Wayfarer/Schismaticist

Kith: None

Concept: Nomad

House: None

Motley: Death's Talons

## Physical TRAITS ( 9 )

Brawny,  
Brutal,  
Enduring,  
Energetic,  
Quick,  
Resilient,  
Rugged,  
Tireless,  
Wiry

## Social TRAITS ( 6 )

Charming,  
Dignified,  
Empathetic,  
Intimidating,  
Magnetic,  
Witty

## Mental TRAITS ( 7 )

Cunning,  
Determined x2,  
Disciplined,  
Patient,  
Wise x2

## Abilities

Brawl,  
Drive x2,  
Enigmas,  
Firearms x2,  
Investigation,  
Law, Melee,  
Repair, Science,  
Scrounge x2,  
Security,  
Streetwise x2,  
Survival x2

## Backgrounds

Arcane x3,  
Resources x1,  
Information Influence x1

## Merits/Flaws

Dream-Struck (3 Trait Flaw - You are in first threshold Bedlam, and can no longer conceive of a rational world. As a bonus, you are always expecting change so are immune to surprise, your Banality is lower, and you are enchanted for 3 days/glam)

Artes

Realms

Bunties

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

## Tempers

Glamour (Must come from Fae)

Willpower

Banality

Ravaging/Clusing Threshold:

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical  
  Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
  Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
  Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
  Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
  Extra Health Level

Experience: 3

# Death's Talons Motley Sheet

The five of you banded together on the road east in Mississippi, headed through Alabama. You've been riding together for a couple of years, since you haven't had any real direction. You'd ride for a while, then stop wherever there was work and do whatever jobs you could for a while, building up your bank accounts, then heading out again.

That changed when the Dragon attacked. You each have a different experience of the situation, but the reality was that something you never really believed in attacked your group and you fought it off. Finally you had a goal, kill more rampaging dragons and find out exactly what the hell is going on. You've been drawn towards Atlanta for a month now, and you've finally arrived here, being pulled to a small University called Oglethorpe.

## Members

*Johar (Josephine) Jameson #198* - Your fearless leader, leading you into danger with a smile. The dragon was scared to death of Jo, and you think that future beasts will be as well.

*Ashby Macgregor #197* - The mechanic of the group, the one who made all your neat armor and weapons and keeps the bikes running. Lately Ash has looked kinda weird, almost clownlike, though nobody is mean enough to say it (Nocker)

*Cole Westing #195* - The eldest of the group, Cole has been traveling for years and has lots of wisdom to share with all of you.

*Cristobal (Chrysta) Jameson #193* - The storyteller of your group, your inspiration for continuing, looking quite different these days with a near-African skin tone (Eshu)

*Samuel (Samantha) Macgregor #191* - The heart of the group, Sam is probably what keeps you all from killing each other when the going gets rough.

## What You Know

Not a whole hell of a lot. There are Dragons and other weird things in the world, you can only assume you're all fairies or something, and that you want answers. You don't know shit until someone spills the beans, so you should start asking questions.

## What You Don't Know

Anything at all having to do with anything at all supernatural or related to that. You're worse than fledges because they at least have a mentor to keep them from making mistakes.

## Goals/Secrets/Why You're Here

You are here for the main reason that you've been drawn here, and you hope to find more Dragons. It occurs to you all that you can't be unique, so you might be able to hire yourselves off as warriors par-excellance if you work it right.

## James Kirov - Caspian #391

**Background:** Your first childhood memory is your house burning down around you. A helpful fireman saved you, but they were unable to save your house, or your parents. You watched calmly from a safe distance as they tried and failed to put out the blaze. Growing up, your aunt and uncle put you through counseling, but the psychiatrists couldn't find anything at all wrong with you, despite, perhaps, a slight withdrawel from the world. You knew that your parents had been meant to die, though you didn't share this with anyone. Also, deep in your heart, you believed that the fire had been set by a dragon.

Flash forward to highschool. Very bright, you had taken as many AP science classes as you could, all the while managing to maintain your creativity. This was tested time and again as you entertained and humiliated your classmates with strange applications of pranks that only worked by careful application of physicks. One of these burned down the school. Oops.

They couldn't blame you specifically, especially since you were nowhere near the school when the fire started. Mostly due to the fact that the inferno had triggered your Chrysalis. You were shunted right into the Dreaming, and you saw what a wonderful place it was. But fate was given to telling you that it was dying. When other changelings found you, and they explained everything to you, you didn't believe their explanations. Matter and Energy could neither be created nor destroyed, so why could Glamour? No, it was obvious: In the past the Dreaming had been part of the world, but entropy had made that cease to be so, and the inevitable process of entropy in this case seemed to be to split the worlds fully apart. By existing and constantly drawing Glamour from the Dreaming, the fae were only hurting their world. The Dreaming was fine up until the return of the Sidhe, and would be even more fine if all the Changelings and Chimera went to the Dreaming. By muddling the two the fae are only ensuring the breakdown of the world, putting glamour into the open where it can be scattered by Entropy, when it should all be together in the Dreaming so that the process of Entropy is slower.

Now this was a good theory, but you needed a way to test it. You spent years wandering, coming up with a plan. At one point you made friends with an aerie of Dragons in the Dreaming, and you promised yourself that you would be able to spend time with

them when your mission is complete. A few Changelings you convinced of your reasoning as you traveled the Americas, but it was far too few. Eventually you decided that more drastic measures would be needed or you'd die of old age. Glamour taps had to be destroyed in the real world, and, in so doing, the fae would retreat to the safety of the Dream.

A freehold in South Carolina was the first you hit. It was small, but the Dreaming around it testafied that it was doing some damage, as the area was nearly barren. So you burned it to the ground. As the survivors fled into the trod you felt something snap inside you, like an irrevokable choice had been made. You prayed to the Fates that it was the right one, and headed to Atlanta to try your luck again. Case in point, the Dreaming in Atlanta seems to be falling apart, slowly degrading, and you think it's because of all the Changelings drawing on the holdings. You need to stop them before the taint is irreversable.

**Concept:** A warrior for all that's pure and decent about the Dreaming, you may or may not be doing the right thing. The Dreaming around the hold in SC didn't get better, but you have no doubt it will eventually, and it's too late to turn back now.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be nice and easygoing, you may not have a lot of time, but you have enough to spend time meeting people. Besides, if you can make some converts your task will be much easier. Don't try too hard, though, as Changelings don't seem to like your philosophy much. It's best to just feel them out. When you strike, strike decisively and quickly with as little risk to any lives as possible. Only eliminate or force into the Dreaming those who use Glamour extensively, and exile is preferable. You don't really want to hurt anyone. Above all, don't use Glamour if you can help it, at least in the Material world.

**Goals:** Force all Glamour back into the Dreaming; Keep people from abusing Glamour or Dreamers on this side; Become a Dragonrider par excellence; Don't get caught.

**Equipment:** Tools of destruction (gasoline, gunpowder, etc), large bag of iron filings (for putting out the Balefyre), Ring that lets you step into the Dreaming by entering a fire.

**People You Know:** Cruithne Alexis, in the Dreaming near Athens, is an ancient scholar your dragon friends referred you to if you were to be in the area. Other than that you're new.

# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 391

ChangeLing: The Dreaming

Player: Bill

Name: James Kilroy

Court: Seelie (Dauntain Apostate)

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Caspian

Legacies: Arcadian/Schismaticist

Kith: Eshu

Concept: Dragon Seer

House: None

Motley: None

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 8 )

Athletic, Brutal,  
Enduring, Energetic,  
Quick, Resilient,  
Stalwart, Wiry

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 9 )

Beguiling, Charismatic,  
Compassionate, Diplomatic,  
Empathetic, Expressive, Friendly,  
Magnetic, Persuasive

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 7 )

Attentive, Clever,  
Dedicated, Insightful,  
Knowledgeable, Observant,  
Rational

## AbILITIES

Enigmas, Gremayre,  
Kenning x2, Leadership,  
Dreaming Lore x2, Melee,  
Occult, Performance,  
Science Physics x2,  
Science Mathematics, Survival,  
Dragon Riding x2

## BACKGROUNDS

Remembrance x1,  
Resources x1,  
Treasure x3

## MERITS/FLAWS

Stigma: Erasure

## ARTS

Pyretics: Will-o'-the-Wisp,  
Willow Light,  
Prometheus' Fist,  
Burn and Boil  
Webcraft: Weave Web  
Burnout: Mindblock  
Stultify: Rosetint

## REALMS

Scene Affinity  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble,  
Manifold Chimera,  
Elusive Gallain,  
Dweomer of Glamour

## BUNKS

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## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Spirit Pathways:** May Fair Escape, Surprise, or reach any destination once per session.

**Talecraft:** +Expressive, gain an extra exp for any game in which a particularly interesting story is learned and recited to storyteller.

**Recklessness:** Hard to turn down challenge that you have a chance to survive, +Impatient, +Gullible (only to non-suicide missions)

## TEMPERS

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banalicy

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:

Leave the Dreamers their Glamour!

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

- /  Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.
- /  Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.
- /  Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.
- /  Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.
- /  Extra Health Level

Experience: 8

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 031

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: NPC (Stephen)

Name: Sam Fior

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Grump

Fae Name: Samuel Diancecht

Legacies: Paladin/Shade

Kith: Sidhe

Concept: Exile Sidhe

House: Red Branch Knight Fiona

Motley: None

## Physical Traits ( 9 )

Athletic, Enduring,  
Lithe, Quick x2,  
Stalwart, Steady,  
Tough, Wiry

## Social Traits ( 5/7 )

Charismatic, Compassionate,  
Diplomatic, Empathetic,  
Friendly,  
(Gorgeous, Dignified)

## Mental Traits ( 7 )

Alert, Attentive,  
Calm, Cunning,  
Dedicated, Disciplined,  
Insightful

## Abilities

Enigmas, Etiquette, Fae Lore x2,  
Garou Lore, Gremayre x2,  
Investigation x2, Kenning, Kindred  
Lore, Melee x4, Leadership x2,  
Rune Lore, Subterfuge

## Backgrounds

Chimera x5,  
Remembrance x5,  
Resources x2,  
Occult Influence x3

## Merits/Flaws

Flashbacks (3 trait flaw),  
Nightmares (1 trait flaw),  
Intolerance of Thallain (1 trait flaw)  
Past Life (5 Trait Merit)

## Arts

Wayfare: Hopscotch,  
Quicksilver,  
Portal Passage  
Primal: Willow Whisper,  
Eldritch Prime,  
Heather Balm,  
Oakenshield  
Naming: Seek and Spell,  
Rune, Runic Circle

## Realms

Actor: True Friend,  
Personal Contact,  
Familiar Face  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble,  
Manifold Chimera,  
Elusive Gallain  
Nature: Raw Material,  
Verdant Forest

## Items

Sword: Sidhe Sword, +5 Traits, No  
Negs, Chimerical. Free Retest a-  
gainst Thallain, Aggravated Damage  
vs. Fomorian Allied, Stores 20 levels  
of cantrips: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Armor: Chain +2 Wounds, Bulky  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Birthrights/Flaws

**Awe and Beauty:** +Gorgeous,  
Dignified, Leadership.

**Noble Bearing:** Immune to  
cantrips intended to cause  
humiliation.

**Boon:** Immune to Fear.

**Banality's Curse:** Double  
Temporary Banality gained.

**Flaw:** Tragic Romance.

**Runic Circle:** Reduces all incoming  
cantrips by \_\_\_ bunk levels and adds  
the same number to resist. Adds \_\_\_  
vs. Gifts and Spheres and \_\_\_ vs. all  
other powers

## Temper

### Clamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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

Ravaging/Using Threshold:

Create Calm

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.  
□□□/□□□ Oakenshield Levels  
□□/□□ Oakenshield Levels  
□□ Armor Levels  
□□□/□□□ Oakenshield Levels  
□□/□□ Oakenshield Levels



## Alex Vance - Riordan #246

**Background:** Your first waking memory of life banished from Arcadia was being surrounded by a brute squad of the ugliest kithain ever. Well, to just about anyone else they would have been utterly terrifying, but to one without fear they were just damn ugly. However, the problem of fighting them off did emerge, and you were totally at a loss: You could have taken three or four, but a half dozen was just a bit much. Just as the foul beasts began to advance upon you a battlecry came from across the street and another Sidhe came charging to your aid. The two of you fought well together, and after a few scrapes and a few minutes, six Beasties lay slain at your feet. On seeing the Fiona crest on his armor you pledged your friendship and aid to him. Sir Samual Diancecht ap Fiona accepted gladly, and as you traveled through lands torn by the Accordance War he explained the situation to you.

You found your way to New York, mediating factions in the war. Neither of you took a side, staying out of the fray and trying to keep the bloodshed to a minimum. In New York you managed to be present for the crowning of King David, and the two of you were part of the core of the Red Branch through the trials of defending him for his growing kingship. At the same time you were training intensely, as you were (as far as any seer could tell) a new soul, while Sam could easily recall pre-Shattering episodes of his life as far back as the Roman Invasion of Gaul. However, this was soon to end. Sam one day showed up to introduce you to a beautiful Sidhe woman, his wife of ancient times now finally reunited with him. With less time for you, especially after the birth of his daughter in later years, you spent more and more time with the Red Branch, protecting the king.

On the night of Samhain, 1990, Sam's wife and daughter were killed. You were the first to see him, broken and dismayed, as he found them on November first. No one was able to determine the cause. Succumbing more and more to Banality, Sam just left one day. Your final contact with your mentor was cut and you began to heal, though some part of you still felt devotion and you spent your free time searching for Samual. You were learning and gaining recognition,

and as the closest link to Sam some of his Crystal Circle friends began to use you for missions as well.

This all went well until the high king disappeared. The Red Branch were utterly dismayed: How can you protect the king if you can't find him? You personally wandered about the land for a time, then began to go on missions for the Crystal Circle. One of these led you recently to Georgia, the site of David's disappearance. It seems that a disease has been spreading through the population. You were searching for the source of this plague when it claimed King Meilge. You hear that Faerilyth is next in line, and you are unsure how to take this. You know for a fact David trusted her, but Fiona has yet to take a side in the battle. You will find the source of this plague while you wonder. Recently, you've realized that the first signs sprung up in a weak freehold in Buckhead.

**Concept:** A young knight living in the shadow of your mentor for years, you finally have a chance to solve something big and become legend. The question is whether you'll survive. You're still trying to figure out how to live your life without others to direct you, whether the King or Sam, and you've only accomplished this so far by setting your goals and allowing no one to deter you without cause.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Still young, quests in the Dreaming and life at Tara Nar have kept you in your prime for 30 years. You never lost your zest for life, and still maintain a portion of your innocence, but you know there are manipulative evil people out there who must be stopped (in accordance with the Escheat of course).

**Goals:** Find the source of the Iron Plague; find out what happened to David; find out what happened to Sam; become Legend; make sure the kingdom does not totally disintegrate in David's absence; see that even if a freehold chooses to be Unseelie it at least follows the Escheat, the protocols, and the laws of Concordia.

**Equipment:** Clothing, weapons, stuff.

**People You Know:** People from the local courts.

# DREAMS of DARKER DAYS

Number: 246

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Neal

Name: Alex Vance

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Riordan Fellbane

Legacies: Paladin/Wretch

Kith: Sidhe

Concept: Knight without a Cause

House: Fiona Knight

Motley: Red Branch

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 12 )

Athletic, Brutal, Dexterous,  
Enduring, Energetic x2,  
Graceful, Quick,  
Resilient, Steady,  
Tenacious, Wiry

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 6/8 )

Charming,  
Diplomatic,  
Expressive, Gorgeous,  
Magnetic, Witty,  
(Gorgeous, Dignified)

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 9 )

Alert x2, Creative x2,  
Determined,  
Disciplined,  
Insightful, Patient,  
Vigilant

## ABILITIES

Brawl x2, Enochian x3,  
Gremayre, Investigation,  
Kenning, Leadership,  
Linguistics (Egyptian, Ogham) x2,  
Melee x4,  
Occult,  
Survival

## BACKGROUNDS

Chimera x3,  
Title x2

## MERITS/FLAWS

Danger Sense (2 Trait Merit -  
surprise on 5 count instead of 3  
count),  
Curiosity (2 Trait Flaw - must make  
Static Mental test to avoid  
investigating mysteries)

## ARTS

Wayfare:  
Hopscotch,  
Quicksilver  
Primal:  
Willow Whisper, Eldritch Prime  
Naming:  
Seek and Spell

## REALMS

Fae: Hearty Commoner, Lofty  
Noble, Manifold Chimera, Ellusive  
Gallain, Dweomer of Glamour  
Prop: Ornate Garb,  
Crafted Tool, Mechanical Device  
Nature: Raw Material,  
Verdant Forest, Feral Animal

## BUNKS

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## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Awe and Beauty:** +Gorgeous,  
Dignified, Leadership.  
**Noble Bearing:** Immune to  
cantrips intended to cause  
humiliation.  
**Boon:** Immune to Fear.  
**Banality's Curse:** Double  
Temporary Banality gained.  
**Flaw:** Tragic Romance.

## TEMPERS

### GLAMOUR

● ● ● ● ● ♪ ○ ○ ○ ○  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### WILLPOWER

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

### BANALITY

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

Ravaging/Consuming Threshold:  
Helping those in need.

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 0 (spent 27)

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 399

ChangeLing: The Dreaming

Player: Xavier

Name: None

Court: Unseelie

Jeu: Wilder

Fae Name:

Legacies: Schismatic/Arcadian

Phyla: Fire Elemental "Solimond"

Concept: Amnesiac

House:

Circle:

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 9 )

Athletic, Enduring,  
Energetic, Ferocious,  
Quick, Resilient,  
Steady, Tenacious,  
Tireless

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 6 )

Beguiling,  
Expressive,  
Intimidating,  
Magnetic,  
Seductive, Witty

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 7 )

Alert, Determined,  
Insightful,  
Observant,  
Patient,  
Wily x2

## AbILITIES

Crafts,  
Enigmas,  
Gremayre,  
Kenning,  
Melee,  
Survival

## BACKGROUNDS

Husk x5

## MERITS/FLAWS

Amnesia (2 trait flaw)

## SILVERS

Pyros: Flame,  
Tortured Heart,  
Ares' Fist,  
Strings of the Soul,  
Inferno

## REALMS

Spirit: Close Cousins,  
Distant Kin,  
Dreaming Ones,  
Lost Blood,  
Spirit Touched

## BUNKS

Involving Flames of their  
Theoretical Applications.

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Engulf:** Spend 1 Glamour to emit a blast of flame. Anyone in front of you, up to 5 feet away, takes 1 aggravated Chimerical wound if they lose a physical challenge against you. Spend 1 Willpower to make the flame Real, and 2 glamour per extra wound desired.

**Flame's Caress:** Immune to all flame and heat related damage, including dragonfire.

**Hotheaded:** Prone to frenzy in much the same manner as Garou.

## TEMPERS

### Glamour

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□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Willpower

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

### Banality

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

**Flame Wings:** Spend 1 Gnosis to grow wings of fire and fly for 3 turns.

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

- /□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.
- /□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.
- /□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.
- /□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.
- /□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 7

# Dyros, LARP Rules

Challenge Type: Varies by power.

## Basic

**Flame:** This power allows the control of flame. One can change size, heat, or light and can cause substances to ignite.

**System:** Physical Challenge. The number of bunk traits indicates what can be changed, and levels must be split amongst size, heat, light, damage, etc.

1 - Lit Match/Warm/Flashlight

2 - Small Campfire(1 Normal Wound)/Hot/Firelight

3 - Normal Campfire(1 Aggravated Wound)/Boiling/100-watt bulb

4 - Small Bonfire(2 Aggravated Wounds)/Searing/Halogen Bulb

5 - Large Bonfire(2 Aggravated Wounds, -5 Traits to resist)/Hellfire/Arc Light

**Tortured Heart:** This allows the caster to alter the subject's emotions. Any existing emotion can be enhanced or diminished, but new ones cannot be created from nothing.

**System:** Social Challenge. Emotions can be increased or decreased, but not reversed (love can become disinterest, but not hatred). The bunk traits determine how complete the modification:

1 - Minor Change, 2 - Small Change, 3 - Complete Change, 4 - Major Change, 5 - Overwhelming Change. This power is not noticeable unless someone expects it or the caster makes a big show, and thus Willpower should not be spent to negate it immediately. The emotional change lasts a number of hours equal to the bunk, but the duration can be increased to days with a Willpower point.

## Intermediate

**Ares' Fist:** The fire of Mars infuses the wielder. This extends to brawling or melee combat.

**System:** Physical Challenge. Each level of the Bunk grants a level of Brawl or Melee (caster's choice, can be split). This is used as a regular ability and lasts for an hour per bunk level or until used up. Levels cannot be stacked, more potent castings replace previous ones.

**Strings of the Soul:** A more potent version of Tortured Heart.

**System:** Social Challenge. This works exactly as Tortured Heart save that it can reverse emotions, change emotions to others, and create them from nothing. Unlike the previous power this is very obvious and Willpower can be spent to resist.

## Advanced

**Inferno:** This can create living flame or engulf an entire area.

**System:** Physical Challenge. For regular fire, use the chart for Flame, but double the bunk level. The new bunk level is allotted between the Flame chart and area of effect as follows: 1 - 5x5 feet, 2 - 10x10 feet, 3 - 20x20 feet, 4 - 40x40 feet, 5 - 80x80 feet. Neither can go above 5 levels. For creating flame creatures, the creations are treated as chimera with the Bunk as their Chimera Level. See the Changeling ST if this is done.

## #515 *Darin Kharkov* - *Karl-Heinz Janssen*

**Background:** Your adoptive parents found you wandering just inside the city of Kharkov as they were heading home from their vacation. You spoke perfect English, German, and Russian, without unusual accents on any of them, but you remembered nothing else. Feeling great pity, they took you in as their own. You were, from all evidence, five years old.

As you got older your intellect served to ostracize you from most of your peers. Your parents were overjoyed at the great speed with which you traveled through the German school system, though their adulation did little to assuage your loneliness. Sometime in your 13<sup>th</sup> year you began to associate with the skinheads. You didn't really agree with them, but they accepted you and that was enough. You were never sure exactly why they did, but you didn't question your new friends.

Then you began to realize it was to set you up to take the blame should they ever need someone to do so. They were involved in some nasty dealings with anti-tourism and various other assorted activities. Eventually, the need to be accepted was overcome by your sense of duty, and you turned them into the police. You felt your first sense of true accomplishment.

The remainder of your education was spent looking over your shoulder for retribution. Luckily it never came, but you still decided to move away when you were done with Gymnasium. This had something to do with the fact that you'd had your first change as well, and your Corax mentor let you know that America was a much safer place for your kind - the werewolves there weren't quite so hidebound as the ones in the old country.

Moving around America, you began to get in touch with your calling. It wasn't enough for you to merely know what was going on, you had to make sure someone did something about it. As such, you started helping out the Garou a lot. They were big and massive, and did a good job of killing evil things. You wound up like the group called the Shadow Lords a lot; they weren't the nicest folks in the world, but they were brutally efficient at their jobs. Eventually your report of a Black Spiral Dancer ambush on one of their caerns got you a big favor from an influential sept, The Burning Clouds in Missouri, and you wound up with a bonus patron -

Grandfather Thunder. You were an honorary Stormcrow, er, Stormraven, and you took your duties very seriously. Just recently, some other Corax have told you that the position of watcher over the Atlanta, GA area has opened, and it would involve dealing a lot with the Shadowlords; an area the last person hadn't done so well in.

**Concept:** You are the stormcrow of myth: Doom-Harbinger, riding ahead and warning those of coming tides of darkness, sometimes when it is too late. Those you've dealt with have learned to heed your warnings, especially as you don't share the need of your kind to mindlessly babble. You've always known that the idea of keeping secrets within the Corax was well and good for information that the other races would use for their own gain, but a lot of information belongs in Garou hands and you're happy to let them deal with it. They need all the edge they can get in their war.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You are the quietest Corax most anyone has ever come across, able to hold your tongue and just listen for long periods of time. When you do choose to talk, it's often enigmatic and full of assumed wisdom that people will ponder and feel lacking in their intelligence if they don't get it. You are brutally straightforward when it comes to telling people of problems they need to know about. One habit you have is landing in corvid near your contacts and then shifting to homid when they aren't looking at you; you've gotten some wonderful jumps in the past, and it's all part of your mysterious side.

**Goals:** Get in good with this city's Shadowlords, and other Garou as well; Make sure the Wyrms doesn't rear its ugly head on your watch without people who need to know finding out; Prove that you're a lot better at this job than the last Corax they had in here, and don't ask for help from Raven or Thunder unless you absolutely need to - the point of cultivating Garou allies is so you don't have to ask the big guns for help.

**Equipment:** Mundane stuff.

**People You Know.** #519 Chance Stone - Your contact with the Corax, a savvy ales who's usually willing to help out unless it's a serious inconvenience. He lives up in Philadelphia, but he knows enough umbral paths to get down to help you quickly if you really need it.

# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 515

**Corax** *Werewolf the Apocalypse*

Player: Ben

**Name:** Karl-Heinz Janssen

**Breed:** Homid

**Nature:** Architect

**Alias:** Darin Kharkov

**Camp:** None

**Demeanor:** Loner

**Concept:** Doom Harbinger

**Origin:** European

**Totem:** Grandfather Thunder

## Physical Traits ( 6 )

Athletic,  
Energetic,  
Graceful,  
Quick,  
Stalwart, Wiry

## Social Traits ( 5 )

Commanding,  
Diplomatic,  
Intimidating x2,  
Witty  
Negative: Untrustworthy

## Mental Traits ( 9 )

Alert,  
Calm x2,  
Clever, Insightful,  
Patient,  
Vigilant x2, Wise

## Abilities

Awareness,  
Dodge,  
Enigmas x2,  
Etiquette x2,  
Flight,  
Occult,  
Rituals,  
Subterfuge x2,  
Linguistics x2  
(German, Russian)

## Backgrounds

Information Influence x3,  
Resources x1,  
Rites x1,  
Totem x5

## Merits/Flaws

Double Draught (2 Trait Merit - You may drink from both eyes of a dead body),  
Metamorph (6 Trait Merit - You do not have to test or spend Rage to shift forms, as you may do so at will),  
Birdlike Mannerisms (1 Trait Flaw - You move like a bird, even in homid), Bard's Tongue (1 Trait Flaw), Amnesia (2 Trait Flaw)

## Gifts

Enemy Ways  
Scent of the True Form  
Sense Wyrn  
Word Beyond

## Gifts and Rites

Omens and Signs  
Tongues  
Talisman Dedication

## Form Statistics

**Crinos:** +Wiry, Quick, Tireless, Observant x3, *Ungainly, Bestial* x3  
**Corvid:** +Frail, Quick, *Bestial* x3, Observant x4

## Renown

**Glory:** 1 Spirited  
**Honor:** 0  
**Wisdom:** 7 Crafty, Inventive, Pragmatic, Respected x2, Scholarly, Wise  
**Rank:** Neocornix (2)  
**Ban:** Never tell the truth to those you do not respect. Never respect those you can dominate.

## Tempers

### Rage

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

### Gnosis

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

### Willpower

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

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 3

# DREAMS of DARKER DAYS

Number: 519

**Corax** *Werewolf the Apocalypse*

Player: NPC (Stephen)

**Name:** Chance Stone

**Breed:** Homid

**Nature:** Explorer

**Alias:** Private Eye

**Camp:** Hermetic Order of Swift Light

**Demeanor:** Confidant

**Concept:** Little Wind

**Origin:** American

**Totem:** Raven

## Physical Traits ( 5 )

Energetic,  
Nimble,  
Quick,  
Steady,  
Wiry

## Social Traits ( 7 )

Charming, Dignified,  
Diplomatic,  
Empathetic,  
Intimidating,  
Persuasive, Witty

## Mental Traits ( 9 )

Alert, Calm,  
Creative, Cunning,  
Intuitive,  
Knowledgeable x2,  
Patient, Vigilant

## Abilities

Computer, Cryptography,  
Enigmas x2,  
Firearms x2,  
Gossip x2, Flight,  
Investigation x3,  
Occult, Rituals,  
Subterfuge,  
Streetwise

## Backgrounds

Information Influence x5,  
Underworld Influence x2,  
Street Influence x3,  
Police Influence x2,  
Resources x3,  
Rumors Influence x3,  
Rites x3,  
Umbral Maps x3

## Merits/Flaws

Birdlike Mannerisms (1 Trait Flaw -  
You move like a bird, even in  
homid),  
Curiosity (2 Trait Flaw),  
Slip Sideways (1 Trait Flaw),  
Hunted (3 Trait Flaw)

## Gifts

Enemy Ways  
Scent of the True Form  
Truth of Gaia  
Word Beyond  
Voice of the Mimic

## Gifts and Rites

Taking the Forgotten  
Dark Truths  
Eyes of the Eagle  
Talisman Dedication,  
Sun's Bright Ray

## Form Statistics

**Crinos:** +Wiry, Quick, Tireless,  
Observant x3, *Ungainly*, *Bestial* x3  
**Corvid:** +Frail, Quick, *Bestial* x3,  
Observant x4

## Renown

**Glory:** 2 Brave, Daring

**Honor:** 3 Impartial, Objective,  
Trusted

**Wisdom:** 9 Crafty, Inventive,  
Pragmatic x3, Respected x2,  
Scholarly, Wise

**Rank:** Ales (3)

## Tempers

### Rage

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

### Gnosis

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

### Willpower

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

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience:

# DREAMS of DARKER DAYS

Number: 518

**Corax** *Werewolf the Apocalypse*

Player: NPC (Stephen)

**Name:** Simon Wynn

**Breed:** Homid

**Nature:** Maker

**Alias:** Hey You

**Camp:** Gonzo's Pizza (there in 30 minutes or you're just going to have to wait longer)

**Demeanor:** Explorer

**Concept:** Pizza Guy

**Origin:** American

**Totem:** Raven

## Physical Traits ( 4 )

Energetic,  
Nimble,  
Quick,  
Wiry

## Social Traits ( 6 )

Charming, Dignified,  
Diplomatic,  
Empathetic,  
Persuasive, Witty

## Mental Traits ( 7 )

Alert, Calm,  
Creative, Cunning,  
Intuitive,  
Knowledgeable x2

## Abilities

Computer,  
Enigmas x2,  
Firearms,  
Gossip, Flight,  
Investigation,  
Occult, Rituals,  
Subterfuge,  
Streetwise

## Backgrounds

Information Influence x3,  
Street Influence x1,  
Resources x1,  
Rumors Influence x3,  
Rites x3,  
Umbral Maps x4

## Merits/Flaws

Natural Channel (3 Trait Merit -  
Stepping sideways difficulty one less,  
retest dealing with spirits)  
Birdlike Mannerisms (1 Trait Flaw -  
You move like a bird, even in  
homid),  
Curiosity (2 Trait Flaw)

## Gifts

Open Seal  
Scent of the True Form  
Truth of Gaia  
Word Beyond  
Voice of the Mimic

## Gifts and Rites

Sense Wyrn  
Taking the Forgotten  
Blur of the Milky Eye  
Talisman Dedication,  
Sun's Bright Ray

## Form Statistics

**Crinos:** +Wiry, Quick, Tireless,  
Observant x3, *Ungainly*, *Bestial* x3  
**Corvid:** +Frail, Quick, *Bestial* x3,  
Observant x4

## Renown

**Glory:** 2 Brave, Daring

**Honor:** 1 Objective

**Wisdom:** 6 Crafty, Inventive,  
Pragmatic, Respected, Scholarly,  
Wise

**Rank:** Neocorniz (2)

## Tempers

### Rage

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□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Gnosis

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

### Willpower

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

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience:



## Chase Reins - Rothbert #401

**Background:** War is the greatest mistress of mankind. For uncounted ages men have fought to work out their differences, strength of arms leading to strength of descison. This is the same within the realms created by mankind's dreams. All your life, a span that might be more or less than that of a human due to the irregularity of time in the Dreaming, you have served in the armies of the Fir-Bolg. You are good at what you do, a master of forms of combat unseen on the mortal plane for centuries. For uncounted years you have served as the bodyguard of the leader of your warband, the unconquerable Tomas.

But now you are beginning to have doubts. The five of you emerged from the new paths into the near reflection of the mortal realm, and spent many months trying to gain access. Finally, a Red Capped one invited you onto the silver road and joined your cause, forsaking his bond to the Tuathans for that of your masters (you say reluctantly) the Fomorians. He put you up in his haven, trying to inspire you to take mortal forms to better aide him in his endeavors.

You all put him off for as long as possible, content to watch, but he pressed and now action has been taken. Alone amongst your brothers you have taken on a mortal body, that of a young member of Donnelly's crime empire. Your goal is to go to his gathering and see how dangerous it is for your kind amongst his former kind. You realize that it might very well mean your death to try this tactic, but that is all part of defending Tomas, body and soul.

Yet then there are the doubts. The method of bonding easiest to your kind for extended forays grants a certain part of the host sway over the resident. You have begun to respect this Chase, a child not wise in the ways of the world. As Chase, you recall the circumstances that led you to running drugs for this odd man, the orphaning of you and your siblings, parcelled out to foster homes, nowhere else to go in life. You wish for so much more, something good, rescuing your siblings from their lives, yet you cannot help what you have become.

Now you can, perhaps, bonded. Your, Chase's, other siblings might make ideal hosts for the rest of

your band, and it might prevent them from the tainting of outlook that would come from the possessing of less innocent mortals. They are not far, and it would only take a few days away from the watching eyes of the rest to find them. You only pray that you have the time left to do so. Of course, if you are slain by Donnelly's kinsmen for the abomination that they are fully right to take you for, the ancient enemy of their kind that you are, then there will be no more hosting, and the point will be completely moot.

**Concept:** A veteran of many wars that has now discovered a new outlook on life. You've never doubted your path before, but with doubt comes a strange freedom to select the best option. You would still die for your warband, and fully expect to, but it does not have to be that way. The time of war may be at an end, if you can just convince your party to bond with the innocence that are your mortal siblings.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Stoics have nothing on you. It's quite strange how being willing to die removes so much fear from the world. Yet now you've seen new options expanding before you that never before existed, and you can't help but wonder if they are much better avenues of expression. For now, remain the stereotype of the war-thain's bodyguard that you are so used to being. Soon, however, that might very well change.

**Goals:** Keep Tomas, and to a lesser extent the rest of the Fir-Bolg, alive though it mean your own demise; Track down Chase's siblings and evaluate them as hosts for your brothers; Keep an eye on Donnelly: his path to power might very well be over your backs; Try to establish good relations with all of the Kithain save the hated Sidhe: your kind was forced to war against them in the past, and that war is long over.

### **Equipment:**

**People You Know:** #176 - Donnelly, the Redcap Laird that has joined you. #174 - Cathasaigh, Donnelly's seer; though Donnelly seems not to have realized it, it is obvious to your group that he is a priest of the Norns and is to be well respected and honored. #171 Cainnech and #172 Asad - two other Kithain in Donnelly's court that he allows to meet with you.

# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 401

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Uncast

Name: Chase Reins

Primary Aria: Apolliae - Paladin

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Rothbert

Secondary: Araminae - Beast

Adhene: Fir-Bolg Soldier

Concept: Bodyguard

Tertiary: Dioniae - Squire

Motley: Donnelly's Flophouse of Evil

## Physical TRAITS ( 9 )

Brawny, Brutal,  
Ferocious, Quick,  
Robust, Rugged,  
Tenacious, Tireless,  
Vigorous

## Social TRAITS ( 5 )

Charming,  
Compassionate,  
Diplomatic,  
Intimidating x2

## Mental TRAITS ( 6 )

Alert, Dedicated,  
Disciplined,  
Observant,  
Vigilant,  
Wily

## Abilities

Brawl x2, Firearms,  
Kenning, Melee x2,  
Streetwise, Survival

## Backgrounds

Destiny x1, Title x1,  
Chimera x2,  
Remembrance x1

## Merits/Flaws

Eochaid's Curse (3 trait flaw - you must pursue your host's goals)

## Arts

Dischord:  
Hermes' Mirrors,  
Armilustra  
Legerdemain:  
Gimmix

## Realms

No Affinity  
Fae: Base Knave,  
Endowed Soldier,  
Chimeric Beast,  
Other Races  
Prop: Crafted Clothing

## Bunks

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## Birthrights/Flaws

**Breath of the Firchlis** - With a spent Glamour and a static mental test you can call down the Firchlis to alter the landscape. With another Glamour this can affect the mortal realm.

**Eochaid's Hunger** - You must eat pine sap at least once a week or begin to lose physical traits.

**Sacrifice** - When gathering glamour you may receive bonus glamour from a sacrifice, but then must have sacrifices with no bonus a number of harvests equal to the original bonus.

## Temper

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:

Create Hope

**Antler Gore** - You may use your Antlers to inflict a wound, plus an extra wound on a charge.

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience:

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 073

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Rob

Name: Justin Reno

Court: Unseelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Socrates

Legacies: Schismaticist/Crafter

Kith: Redcap

Concept: Prime Minister

House: Initiate of Fatae

Motley: DataBite Entertainment

## Physical TRAITS ( 8 )

Brutal x2, Enduring,  
Resilient,  
Robust,  
Steady,  
Vigorous,  
Wiry

## Social TRAITS ( 7 )

Commanding,  
Diplomatic,  
Expressive, Friendly,  
Intimidating x2,  
Persuasive  
Negative: Callous

## Mental TRAITS ( 8 )

Attentive, Calm,  
Creative,  
Determined,  
Intuitive,  
Observant, Shrewd, Wily  
Negative: Violent

## Abilities

Brawl, Computers x2,  
Kenning,  
Leadership, Melee,  
Occult,  
Performance x2, Repair x2,  
Security, Streetwise

## Backgrounds

Dreamers x2 (Gamers),  
Resources x2,  
Computer Industry Influence x2,  
Title x1 (Initiate), Title x2 (Knit of  
Kithain)

## Merits/Flaws

Bard's Tongue

## Arts

Wayfare:  
Hopscotch,  
Quicksilver,  
Portal Passage,  
Windrunner,  
Flicker Flash

## Realms

Nature Affinity  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble,  
Manifold Chimera, Ellusive Gallain  
Nature: Raw Material,  
Verdant Forest

## Golden Circle Benefits

Immunity to Fire/Fire Regeneration  
(Character is immune to all forms  
of fire, including Balefire, and is  
also able to recover non-aggravated  
health levels when engulfed [at least  
75% of body covered] in flame.)

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Dark Appetite:** Eat anything you  
can fit in mouth, 1G for anything a  
mortal could not digest.

**Bully Browbeat:** +Intimidating, +2  
on Social Tests involving bad  
attitude, can order Chimera about  
with social challenge.

**Bad Attitude:** +Callous, +Violent

## Temper

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

- /□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.
- /□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.
- /□ Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.
- /□ Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.
- /□ Extra Health Level

Ravaging/CDusing Threshold:

Foster Dreams

Experience: 0 (spent 14)

# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 071

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player:

Name: John Coal

Court: Unseelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Magnus

Legacies: Fool/Troubadour

Kith: Flying Squirrel Pooka

Concept: Hyperactive Computer Junkie

House: None

Motley: DataBite Entertainment

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 4 )

Energetic,  
Lithe,  
Quick,  
Tough

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 6 )

Charming, Expressive,  
Friendly, Ingratiating,  
Persuasive, Witty  
Negative: Untrustworthy

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 7 )

Clever, Creative,  
Intuitive x2,  
Knowledgeable,  
Reflective, Wily

## ABILITIES

Computers x3,  
Drive,  
Security,  
Subterfuge

## BACKGROUNDS

Remembrance x2,  
Resources x1,  
Computer Industry Influence x2

## MERITS/FLAWS

## ARTS

Chicanery:  
Fuddle  
Wayfare:  
Hopscotch,  
Quicksilver

## REALMS

Nature Affinity  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble, Manifold Chimera  
Nature: Raw Material,  
Verdant Forest, Feral Animal

## BUNKS

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Shapechanging:** May spend 1 Glamour and 10 seconds unseen to turn into Flying Squirrel. Bonus Traits Shapchanged: Quick x2, Nimble x2 Negative Traits Shapchanged: Delicate x3. May glide.  
**Confidant:** +Subterfuge, +Ingratiating  
**Lies:** +Untrustworthy, must make Static Willpower test to tell the whole truth.

## TEMPERS

### GLAMOUR

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### WILLPOWER

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### BANALITY

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Ravaging/CDusing Threshold:  
Inspire Creativity

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 4

# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 077

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: Uncast

Name: Theodore Mark

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Ordo

Legacies: Stoic/Shade

Kith: Troll

Concept: Stoic Thinker

House: None

Motley: DataBite Entertainment

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 6/8 )

Enduring, Resilient,  
Rugged, Steady,  
Vigorous, Wiry,  
(Brawny, Stalwart)

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 4 )

Dignified,  
Diplomatic,  
Intimidating,  
Witty

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 7 )

Attentive, Calm,  
Creative, Discerning,  
Intuitive, Patient,  
Reflective

## Abilities

Computers,  
Enigmas,  
Melee,  
Occult,  
Performance,  
Subterfuge

## Backgrounds

Dreamers x2,  
Remembrance x3

## Merits/Flaws

## Arts

Primal:  
Willow Whisper,  
Eldritch Prime,  
Heather Balm

## Realms

Fae Affinity  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble  
Nature: Raw Material,  
Verdant Forest, Feral Animal

## Bunks

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Titan's Power:** Free chimerical  
Brawny, Stalwart, and +1 Bruised  
level

**Strength of Duty:** May spend extra  
WP per game in support of Oath.

**Bond of Duty:** Lose Birthrights if  
oath is broken.

## Tempers

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/CDusing Threshold:  
Create Calm

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

- Extra Health Level
- Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.
- Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.
- Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.
- Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.

Experience: 3

# DREAMS of DARKER DAYS

Number: 584

*Werewolf: The Apocalypse*

Player: NPC (Stephen)

Name: Alec Woodhal

Nature: Deviant

Breed: Homid

Garou Name: Harumph

Demeanor: Gallant

Tribe: Black Spiral Dancer

Concept: Charlatan

Pack/Totem: FT38

Auspice: Theurge

## Physical Traits ( 8 )

Brutal, Energetic,  
Ferocious, Nimble,  
Resilient, Stalwart,  
Tireless, Wiry

## Social Traits ( 7 )

Charismatic,  
Commanding,  
Diplomatic, Empathetic,  
Intimidating x3

## Mental Traits ( 11 )

Alert, Clever x2,  
Creative, Insightful,  
Knowledgeable x2,  
Patient, Shrewd, Wily x2

## Abilities

Brawl x2, Primal-Urge,  
Subterfuge, Firearms,  
Leadership, Melee,  
Survival, Enigmas x2,  
Investigation x2, Linguistics,  
Occult x3, Rituals x4,  
Sleight of Hand x3, Torture,  
Wyrn Lore

## Backgrounds

Resources x3,  
Contacts x4,  
Fetish x5,  
Kinfolk x2,  
Pure Breed x1,  
FT Rank x2,  
Media x2,  
Underworld x2

## Merits/Flaws

Fair Glabro  
  
Delusions of Grandeur

## Gifts

Homid:  
Persuasion (Free Social retest), Paralyzing Stare (Mental Challenge, 5 turn stun), Disquiet (1 Gn, Social, no regain rage)  
Theurge:  
Sense Wyrn (mental), Spirit Speech, Mother's Touch (1 Gn 1 wound), Command Spirit (1 Wp, Social)

## Gifts

BSD:  
Pane Protector (1 Gn, Social), Howl of the Banshee (1 Gn, 20 steps wins test/flees), Unseelie Faerie Kin (1 Gn, Social Challenge), Blood Omen (Mental)  
Other:  
Summon Talisman (1 Gn)

## Rites

1 - Moot Rite, Opened Caern, Binding, Questing Stone, Talisman Dedication  
2 - Spirit Awakening, Summoning  
3 - Fetish  
4 - Opened Bridge, Shrouded Glen, Rend Veil, Transmogrification

## Renown/Rank (3 Adren)

Cunning A bit \_\_\_\_\_

Power Some \_\_\_\_\_

Infamy Lots \_\_\_\_\_

## Tempers

### Gnosis

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### Willpower

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### Rage

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Banality 6

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

- /□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.
- /□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.
- /□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.
- /□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.
- /□ Extra Health Level

Experience:

# DREAMS of DARKER Days

Number: 001

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player: NPC (Cam)

Name: Collin Winters

Court: Unseelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: King Slavomir

Legacies: Ringleader/Virtuoso

Kith: Fell-Bound Sidhe

Concept: Dark King

House: King of Eiluned

Motley: None

## Physical Traits ( 8/13 )

Dexterous, Energetic,  
Ferocious, Quick,  
Robust, Stalwart,  
Steady, Wiry  
(Quick x5)

## Social Traits ( 10/12 )

Charismatic, Commanding,  
Dignified, Diplomatic,  
Empathetic, Intimidating x3,  
Persuasive, Witty  
(Dignified, Gorgeous)

## Mental Traits ( 9 )

Attentive, Clever,  
Cunning x3,  
Determined,  
Intuitive, Shrewd,  
Wily

## Abilities

Enigmas x3, Gremayre x2,  
Investigation x2, Kenning x3,  
Leadership x2,  
Linguistics (several),  
Melee x3, Occult x4,  
Performance, Subterfuge x3,  
Time Sense x2

## Backgrounds

Chimera (lots), Remembrance x3,  
Resources x4, Holdings x5,  
Political Connections x4, Title x6,  
Treasure (lots), Trod x3, Finance x3,  
High Society x3, Legal x2,  
Occult x3, Politics x2,  
Underworld x2

## Fell Powers

Befuddle (Social Challenge, on win each  
G spent is an extra trait subject must bid  
until you leave his presence),  
Fear (Social Challenge, freeze in fear 2  
turns), Scuttle (+1 action/Glamour),  
Shapeshift (1 G), Wyrd (1 Wp to Call  
upon Wyrd)

## Arts

Chicanery: Fuddle,  
Veiled Eyes, Fugue  
Chronos: Wyrd, Backward Glance  
Primal: Willow Whisper, Eldritch  
Prime, Heather Balm,  
Oakenshield  
Pyretics: WillotheWisp,  
Willow Light, Prometheus' Fist

## Arts

Soothsay: Omen, Fair/Foul,  
Tattletale  
Sovereign: Protocol,  
Dictum,  
Grandeur,  
Weaver Ward  
Wayfare: Hopscotch,  
Quicksilver

## Realms

**Actor:** True Friend, Personal Contact,  
Familiar Face; **Fae:** Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble, Manifold Chimera,  
Ellusive Gallain, Dweomer of Glamour;  
**Nature:** Raw Material, Verdant Forest,  
Feral Animal; **Prop:** Ornate Garb,  
Crafted Object; **Scene x3; Time x4:**  
Up to one Scene

## Birthrights/Fractions

**Awe and Beauty:** +Gorgeous,  
Dignified, Leadership.  
**Noble Bearing:** Immune to  
cantrips intended to cause  
humiliation.  
**Boon:** Cantrip Retest, 1 Mental  
**Banality's Curse:** Double  
Temporary Banality gained.  
**Flaw:** Untrustworthy, must spend  
WP to not investigate mysteries

## Temper

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging Threshold: Break Trust

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

- /□ Extra Fell Health Level
- /□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.
- /□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free  
retest to opponents with more traits.
- /□ Incapacitated- Out of play for  
10 minutes, immobile until level healed.
- /□ Mortally Wounded- Lose  
Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10  
minutes after last trait is lost.

Experience:

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 398

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player:

Name: Cyralainistrasima

Court: Glade

Jeu: Wilder

Mortal Name: Cyra Stratus

Legacies: Knight/Pandora

Phyla: Paroseme

Concept: Voice of Denial

Regard: Voice of the Wind Courts

Anchor: Wind in Oglethorpe's Quad

## Physical TRAITS ( 5 )

Energetic,  
Graceful x2,  
Quick x2

## Social TRAITS ( 7 )

Elegant,  
Eloquent x2,  
Expressive x2,  
Friendly,  
Witty

## Mental TRAITS ( 5 )

Alert,  
Clever,  
Creative,  
Dedicated,  
Intuitive

## Abilities

Enigmas,  
Investigation,  
Kenning,  
Melee,  
Performance,  
Subterfuge

## Backgrounds

Husk x3,  
Regard x3

## Merits/Flaws

Long Winded (1 Trait Flaw - you just can't shut up without a static mental challenge)

## Slivers

Stratus: (base power - can predict the weather with mental challenge)  
Marathon (Each material trait geometrically halves travel time),  
Conceal (As Phantom Shadows),  
Flight (As Windrunner)

## Realms

Air x3 (+3 traits when casting Slivers on Weather related things),  
Water x2 (+2 traits when casting on the mind),  
Spirit x2 (+2 Traits when casting on anything supernatural)

## Material

Must use music to cast cantrips, the complexity of the music is the level of the material for purposes of casting the cantrip.

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Vaporous Husks:** You can spend one G to turn into vapour for a turn, and thus become immune to attacks and able to seep through cracks.

**Flight:** Can fly for one G per scene or hour at 5 times normal walking rate.

**Chatterbox:** You cannot shut up and even when forced to do so you have to tap on something or otherwise make noise.

## Tempers

### Glamour

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### Willpower

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### Banality

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:

## Health Levels

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: 2



## Jeremy Ellis - Alberich #152

**Background:** Typical members of your kith are little more than glorified Kender from that series of books you read in your Labyrinths and Lamiae days back in college, but you do not give into that stereotype. You actually had a quite easy chrysalis, as those things go, back when you were a lot younger, and didn't worry too much when those few you met that were like you acted like five year olds on crack for most of the time. You got what was important, which was the ability to deal well with people, especially children.

This turned into a career path, and you decided that you'd like to be a teacher. Probably of elementary school, but you might try for older kids at some point. You spent a lot of time counseling for summer camps around the Atlanta area and such, all the while studying a great deal and meeting the people in high and low places to make sure you'd have a good job when push came to shove or whatever.

So you found yourself at college attending a small liberal arts University in Atlanta named Oglethorpe. You noticed early on that it seemed to be the haven for a group of fae and you didn't really fancy spoiling your education with those stupid fae politics, so you kept a low profile and managed to fly under the radar. Its amazing how hard sidhe stay away from things they don't think are important like the newspaper office.

Things went okay and you graduated still on the Dean's list and started taking graduate courses at Emory in Education and Linguistics (lots of foreign kids around, plus some of the languages are just interesting). This year you heard that something odd happened at the Oglethope freehold, and then glamour started to get scarce. Didn't bother you too much since you had an awful lot of dreamers to supply you, but it was still a hassle. Then that whole war thing sprung up and that was just a horribly annoying situation, but you were still well under the radar (it's amazing how egocentric fae are

and how hard it is for them to find you if you don't go to their courts all the time).

Yet recently things have gotten pretty bad. You're very concerned about the High Museum blowing up and not at all sure that it's not the start of something else. You want answers, before things get really bad and you wake up dead one day. So, you've realized that the changelings tend to hold court on Sundays and started staking out Oglethope until you can find them and introduce yourself.

**Concept:** You are the epitome of the befuddled teacher, or would-be teacher, who every kid loves to have in elementary school because you can actually teach in an entertaining fashion and forget to assign homework. You also speak a lot of languages, which is a personal hobby, and know just about everyone on campus and quite a large number of people off campus.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Be friendly, intelligent, introspective, and a pretty good amount of absent minded. You're here to figure out what the hell is up, but once you get sucked in the court is likely to just become another enigma to work your way through.

**Goals:** Teach people; help kids; prove your scholarly work; get funding for the rest of your grad school.

**Equipment:** Nothing really of consequence.

**People You Know:** Professor van Ausendelf (Namebreaker) taught a couple of classes you took, you know Roki, Coby, Cam, and Stephen, the roleplayers on campus who are very much into Call of Cthulu, you've got at least passing familiarity with everyone else on campus, even that new security guard Ralph Ingram who's a Redcap it seems like, and you have a passing familiarity with that weird woman who lives under the library, Calypso or something like that, and you know about the weird Celtic guys that hang around the campus all the time. You also know a lot of people off campus that you've dealt with in the course of things

# DREAMS of Darker Days

Number: 152

Changeling: The Dreaming

Player:

Name: Jeremy Ellis

Court: Seelie

Seeming: Wilder

Fae Name: Alberich

Legacies: Sage/Fop

Kith: Piskey

Concept: Professor in training

House: none

Motley: none

## PHYSICAL TRAITS ( 5 )

Athletic, Enduring,  
Energetic, Nimble,  
Tough

## SOCIAL TRAITS ( 8 )

Charismatic, Charming,  
Eloquent, Friendly x2,  
Magnetic, Persuasive, Witty

## MENTAL TRAITS ( 9 )

Alert, Attentive x2,  
Creative, Insightful,  
Intuitive, Patient, Wise

## ABILITIES

Computers, Drive,  
Enigmas, Firearms,  
Gremayre, Kenning,  
Linguistics x6 (Heiroglyphics,  
Ogham, French, German,  
Spanish, Latin) Rune Lore x3,  
Occult, Subterfuge

## BACKGROUNDS

Contacts x5,  
Dreamers x5,  
Remembrance,  
High Society,  
Street x2,  
University x5

## MERITS/FLAWS

## ARTS

Chicanery:  
Fuddle,  
Veiled Eyes,  
Fugue

## REALMS

Actor Affinity  
Fae: Hearty Commoner,  
Lofty Noble  
Actor: True Friend,  
Personal Contact, Familiar Face

## BUNKS

## BIRTHRIGHTS/FRAILTIES

**Nimble:** +Nimble

**Human Bonds:** You gain a free retest on tests related to dealing with the emotions of mortals, and are additionally up 2 traits on social challenges with children.

**Kleptomania:** You absently pick up interesting things and forget to put them back, and can only resist this by spending a WP for a scene.

## TEMPERS

### CLAMOUR

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### WILLPOWER

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### BANDLITY

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Ravaging/Using Threshold:  
Foster Dreams

## HEALTH LEVELS

Real/Chimerical

□/□ Bruised- Must bid +1 trait.  
□/□ Wounded- Lose all ties, free retest to opponents with more traits.  
□/□ Incapacitated- Out of play for 10 minutes, immobile until level healed.  
□/□ Mortally Wounded- Lose Physical Trait every 10 Minutes, die 10 minutes after last trait is lost.  
□/□ Extra Health Level

Experience: