

LOST RESET DOCUMENT

Version 2.0

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There's a path runs through the woodland.
It's not signed, or fenced or stoned,
but it cuts a line through the bracken,
through the wasteland that nobody owns.

The woodland grows wild with tall branches,
and logs left to fall and to rot.
The birds, they even keep quiet,
in the places the people forgot.

The hikers don't take this direction,
and the children choose elsewhere to play,
for the forest grows darker and deeper,
and your instincts will call you away.

If you push on through the shadows,
where the leaves almost block out the sun,
you may find yourself losing your bearings,
and forgetting which way you have come.

You may lose your way through the real world,
and find yourself faced with a door,
and though you may find the path again,
the life that you knew is no more.

The woodland grows wild with tall branches.
and logs left to fall and to rot.
The birds, they even keep quiet,
in the places the people forgot.

Introduction

This document has a few aims. It's meant to be able to be read by someone who isn't already a Changeling player, without totally baffling them. This isn't us laying down the law and saying it has to be this way, and it certainly isn't a rules addendum. It's more of a creative document attempting to inspire people and give a clear feel of the tone and theme of the game we're looking to create.

We strongly encourage you to discuss this document with your ST. Use it to start ideas for characters and plots. Take the bits you want to use for your game, bear the rest in mind as background to the world your characters are living in.

As a very brief summary of the facts in hand: we're looking at a much grittier, lower level game. We believe this is in accordance with the feel of the new chronicle in general, especially evidenced by the dramatic reduction in XP. The aim is to make the game feel as dangerous as it should be. Changelings - no matter how powerful - are always going to be insignificant next to the Fae.

We're going to be working on the premise that there will be a small number of large Freeholds compromising multiple Baronies. A local game will be a Barony; therefore, Freeholds will be large cross-domain organisations. The Monarchs will be beginning as NPCs though there will be the opportunity to become PC Monarchs as the chronicle progresses. We will therefore be putting the focus back down to game and local level - Baronies deal with their own problems, and inter-Motley politics is a big deal. The leads of Entitlements will also all be NPCs to begin with.

Quick Start Guide for Experienced Players

Experienced players may well ask 'why should I read all this, I already know the game'. We have made a few changes for the reset. This page lists the sections you really should read to get to grips with Lost in the new chronicle.

First, read the [introduction](#) above. It summarises the feel of the new chronicle.

We have reshaped [courts](#) and [freeholds](#) for the new chronicle. You'll want to read that section in detail.

Some [kiths](#), [seemings](#) and [entitlements](#) have been made NPC only or banned altogether. Check the lists to make sure your concept isn't one of them.

Finally, read the note on [True Names](#). We have introduced some of the optional rules from Rites of Spring and you will need to know about them.

That's it!

History

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Roman Britain

Before the Romans arrived Britain was a largely tribal society. After the Roman invasion Britain was still a largely tribal society with a few big urban centres, better roads and somewhat less conflict and violence. By and large the essential structure of British life did not change a great deal for those outside the new cities, although the roads enabled better trading links and faster communication for the human population. Except in Scotland. The Scoti and Picts looked at the Romans with their hot baths and underfloor heating and decided they were soft Southern nancies. The Northern tribes were so warlike and independent that the Emperor Hadrian felt the need to build a wall to keep them out. In truth, of course, the wall was more a symbolic barrier than an actual deterrent and trade continued across the border. Nonetheless the edifice marked the edge of civilisation. What lay beyond was considerably wilder and more dangerous.

Changelings hadn't quite developed structure at this point, most living apart from society, or occasionally banding together in groups of two or three to form primitive Motleys. The Courts sworn to at the time were primarily the Seasonal Courts, in an attempt to be closer to the season and perhaps attempt to lessen the harshness of the cold months, or provide a good harvest.

The Romans imported a number of ideas, the inundation Courts of Egypt, the Diurnal Courts of Northern Germania, and also introduced the concept of Trod construction and Maintenance.

Scant records also point to this being the period in which the first Freeholds formed, although they were loose alliances that gathered around Londinium, Eboracum, Camulodunum etc., rather than the Monarch-based Baronies that exist today. The Roman legal system led to an improvement in the quality of pledges and many of the standard pledges that are in use today stem from this period.

This period marks the formation of a number of the earliest Entitlements as well, The Legion of the Iron Wall, the Hound Tribunal (known in this period as the The Vigiles Sirii) and the Legacy of the Black Apple, to name but a few.

A key event happened in 121AD, although lost to the annals of the mundane libraries, the Lost historians of the Dark Ages wrote about the siege of Eboracum, and the fall of the Ninth, in their version of history, a large Caledonian group of loyalists and privateers travelled south, the changelings of Eboracum rallied and ensorcelled an entire Roman Legion, the Ninth Legion (made famous in the modern work Eagle of the Ninth) and they marched north into the Northern mists never to be seen again. Some commentators wrote that they drove back the invaders and followed them through a large Hedge Gate, arriving at the gates of Arcadia, where they fought a large battle against the massed forces of the fae, preventing a massive scouring of the North.

Dark Ages

Eventually, inevitably, the Roman Empire collapsed and the legions left Britain for the last time. Civilisation degenerated into the barbaric wildness of former years. If you believe the Victorians.

In reality the so called 'dark ages' were no more or less barbaric than previous eras but British tribes had never been in the habit of writing things down, so we know little about how they thought during this period. Archaeology suggests that towns and cities grew very little and many feats of Roman engineering, such as aqueducts and roads, fell into disrepair as the knowledge of how to maintain them was lost. Britain divided up into small kingdoms, the largest of which, Mercia, covered much of what is now northern and central England at its height. Towards the end of the dark ages the Vikings arrived, briefly ruled, and then left again, leaving in their wake the kingdom now known as England.

The spread of Christianity into Britain is thought to have been instrumental in the founding of the Dawn and Dusk Courts, bringing with it as it did the dualist ideas of the Abrahamic traditions. For now the new Courts remained marginalised, confined to monasteries and traveling brigands, while towns continued to be dominated by the Roman-influenced seasonal courts. As with the roads, the Trods began to be reclaimed by the Hedge once the Romans retreated from the island. During this period the seasonal court model emerged and became prevalent.

At some point during this largely unrecorded age the myth of Arthur sprang up in the British consciousness. It is also at this point that we see the formation of the first true Freeholds. Perhaps inevitably, some Lost historians claim a link between the two. According to myth, Arthur was the first Summer monarch, with Guinevere ruling over Spring and Merlin in Autumn. Appropriately, the name of

the Winter monarch is not recorded. In one version of the story Arthur did not die, but returned once more to Arcadia to take the battle to the Fae. It is said that the so-called island of Avalon is, in fact, an Arcadian realm and that one day, when he is most needed, Arthur will return to rally the Lost of Britain once again.

Another myth claims that the legendary witch Morgana was not Arthur's sister, but his lover. Morgana delved deep into the secrets of magic and found a way to conceive a child; Mordred. The son of Arthur and Morgana was a human child, naturally ensorcelled as a result of his strange heritage. In this myth, Mordred discovered that his father was a loyalist and orchestrated Arthur's death to protect Britain from the secret rule of the Fae. The Mordred cycle, as it is known, is particularly popular in Cornwall, where the leader of a prominent faction claims direct descent from the Pendragon line. Of course, most Changelings elsewhere in the country consider this nonsense and a fantasy, as it's well known Lost cannot have children. It's dismissed as pure myth.

Medieval

The medieval period is generally agreed to start in 1066 with the Norman invasion of England. Between William the Conqueror's arrival and the death of Richard III at Bosworth, Britain changed immeasurably. The Normans brought with them the feudal system, motte and bailey castles and a fully systematised religion that owed its allegiance not to the monarch but to the Pope in Rome. This flowered into the high chivalry that we now picture when we think of knights. While courtly love undoubtedly had its place, this was a society based on a martial code and it saw its fair share of conflict. England and Scotland were almost perpetually at war. This was the time of Edward 'The Black Prince', Robert the Bruce and William Wallace, who proved that the mighty 'Hammer of the Scots' wasn't quite as tough as all that. Bannockburn and the Declaration of Arbroath made it quite clear that the Scots wanted nothing to do with the rowdy thugs to the south.

The English, being terrible neighbours, also spent most of the medieval period fighting the French. And each other. Fighting between King Stephen and the Empress Matilda caused the 20 year war known only as 'the anarchy', while the Wars of the Roses turned the country on its head. And when they weren't fighting, the English were dying of plague or attempting to deal with Watt Tyler and the Peasants Revolt. Altogether not the safest period of British history.

The British Legal system moved away from the old Saxon system and was replaced with the system we now refer to as Common Law in 1189. This system, which makes precedent binding, has remained a major influence on pledge-smiths and Freehold justice systems right up to the modern day.

One of the tales of this period held high by the Dawn court is that John Ball, either a Changeling or an enchanted mortal, was greatly influential in that period, deposing Archbishops and rallying the people in the peasants' revolt. His influence and attempts to destabilise the rule of the nobles in response to the enforcement of a poll tax, is now one of the founding though often unconsidered influences on British civil disorder.

This also marks the period of the true emergence of what we now consider the traditional Freehold

structure, with a Monarch over-seeing many Baronies, and the Seasonal courts playing a traditional leadership role in these structures.

The bestiaries and tales of the time underline the more casual relationships between the intelligentsia of medieval Europe and the Changeling community, the later ages of reason forcing scholastic Changelings to be driven underground. The establishment of the College of Wurms, the Bishopric of Blackbirds and the Adjudicators of the Broken Wheel, can all be seen in this period.

Tudor

Henry VII ushered in a period of relative peace in England. Since he had gained his throne with the help of the French, the two countries stopped fighting each other for a while. Henry's eldest daughter Margaret married James IV of Scotland and for a while even the English even stopped fighting the Scots, barring a bit of border raiding (but what are a few cows between friends). Sadly all that came to an end with Henry VIII and James V, who proceeded to stoke up the old fires, culminating in the Battle of Solway Moss. James V died, leaving only his infant daughter Mary, who would cause so many problems later in life as Mary, Queen of Scots. Henry VIII's ego and inability to produce a male heir led to the infamous six wives and a break with Rome, bringing Protestantism to England and paving the way for years of turmoil under the ardently Protestant Edward VI and the equally ardently Catholic Mary I. Scotland remained Catholic until the return of Calvinist firebrand John Knox in 1559. His sermon at Perth is generally seen as the start of the Scottish Reformation. South of the border the long reign of Elizabeth I, good queen Bess, brought another period of relative stability.

During the Tudor period Britain moved from the high gothic of the medieval period to the humanism and artistic flowering of the Renaissance. Columbus 'discovered' America and Frances Drake sailed around the world in the Golden Hinde, proving once and for all that Sir John Mandeville had made up his stories of dog-headed men and creatures with faces in their stomachs.

The social upheaval and increasing Guild and Government bureaucracy of the Tudor period meant that Changeling society increasingly moved underground. Meetings were held privately, with increasing security measures as mundane religious plots made governments suspicious of secret organisations. Many Entitlements and institutions trace their roots to this troubled time. The Duchy of Truth and Loss and the Knighthood of Utmost Silence were both founded during the Reformation. Increasing international tensions led to the expansion and formalisation of networks of espionage. Though he was entirely human, the Winter Court nonetheless look up to Sir Francis Walsingham as an inspiration. Many of the court's earliest experts in spycraft were on Walsingham's payroll.

Nonsuch Palace was bequeathed to the Earl of Smithfield (a great Tudor monarch) in a secret generational pledge by the Earl of Arundel. Such that it would become his Freehold's meeting place. The terms of the deal are not well understood, but the Earl of Smithfield arranged for the construction in the Hedge of a hollow in the renaissance style so that 'nonsuch place may also exist in the Hedge'. This exists to this day and has variably served as a fortress, a Freehold commons and a home, despite the destruction of the real palace during the reign of James II by the Countess of Castlemaine, the pledge persisted and its power has maintained the validity of the structure despite years of neglect in the 19th century.

Jacobean period and the War of Three Kingdoms

Britain came together under one monarch for the first time in 1603 with the death of Elizabeth I and the ascension to the English throne James VI of Scotland and I of England. While James was, perhaps, not the most popular of monarchs, his son Charles managed to be the least popular British monarch of all time, infuriating his parliament so much that they went to war with him. Unfortunately for Charles good fashion sense proved to be less useful on the battlefield than a trained and committed army and the Parliamentary forces won, with a little help from their Scottish neighbours. Thus followed the interregnum, in which Oliver Cromwell did his best to enforce as much misery as possible in both countries. After Cromwell's death the English and the Scots mostly united behind the dashing Charles II, who brought back such merriment as theatre, Christmas and small dogs with big ears.

The wars changed the nature of changelings in the UK. Previously, monarchs enjoyed absolute power in their season, clearly selected by powers supernal to be the rulers of their tiny domains. There had been opposition for some time concerning the dangerous nature of any such position for a Changeling but the magical mandate had never been challenged.

Just as the wars tore mundane society apart, the Freeholds were riven with strife. Republicans destroyed palace hollows and formed militia who stood in opposition to the idea of monarchy. Using the pattern of the New Model Army, these militia formed barracks and under the direction of the Legion of the Iron Wall began to form a standing army of Changelings who were prepared to take war to other areas. The Bridge Burners hail their creation to this period.

Enlightenment

Towards the end of the seventeenth century we see the first signs of the Enlightenment in Britain. The Royal Society is founded, St Paul's Cathedral is rebuilt, the discovery of longitude revolutionises naval transport and Adam Smith invented the modern economy. Unfortunately the period also saw the Act of Union, leading to the decades of turmoil caused by the Jacobite uprisings. Barely had these ended when Britain was back at war with France with the start of the Napoleonic wars.

This era sees the final death of the old social order of nobility, church and peasantry. With increasing urbanisation and the growth of a wealthy middle class, the old order simply cannot stand. Instead, society is shaped by free thinkers, scientists and radicals. Thinkers such as David Hume established empiricism as the new standard of evidence and society started to move away from old superstitions to worship at the altar of science. The Enlightenment also saw the development of the ideas on human rights and equality that had been started by radical groups like the Levellers. Seeds were sown that would later grow into Thomas Paine's *Rights of Man* and the American war of independence.

During this time the Fairest came under increasing suspicion, with many viewing them as being Fae like. Some Fairest banded together to form mutual-support clubs which regularly met in the newly established

coffee houses. Some of these clubs still exist to this day and are generally exclusive, catering mostly to the fairest and their carefully chosen friends. A few of the more secretive clubs went on to form the basis of secret societies and the more decadent Entitlements.

Like the academic community, the Autumn Court found itself split by competing ideas. Skeptics and empiricists faced off against each other in increasingly bitter debates. Scotland found itself a particular hotbed of argument as many in the court moved north to participate in the vibrant scholarly community fostered by the Scottish universities' attitude to travelling lecturers.

Industrial Revolution

Generally dated from 1760, the industrial revolution saw the rapid mechanisation of British industry and agriculture, as well as the mass migration of the rural population into towns and cities. Britain's economy boomed, fed by the vast expansion of the textile industry thanks to cheaply imported cotton from India and America. Coal and steam powered the new factories, and later the railways and ships that transported British goods across the world. Improvements in metallurgy meant that vast engineering projects such as the Iron Bridge were possible for the first time. Sadly, although industry brought vast wealth to merchants and factory owners, for the majority of the urban population living standards declined sharply. The depredations of illness and malnutrition meant that the average life expectancy was barely over 35 years.

During the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries the cultural and literary landscape of Britain changed dramatically. The Romantic Movement gave rise to dark, gothic literature, while increasing interest in folklore saw the romanticising of old fairy tales. Against this vibrant background a host of new kiths began appearing. Although initially surprising, the new arrivals quickly became part of the landscape of British Freeholds.

Changelings were not immune to the changes in technology. Crafters and builders began to form companies, applying the principles of mass production. With access to foreign materials they began to try new forms of hedge-spinning.

It is from this period that we know two things, the hedge rejects modern technology. Steam engines taken in to the hedge would burst, in total defiance of the laws of thermodynamics. Strong alloys would soften and warp into base metals, while the benefits of rifling were completely negated by the power of the thorns.

Victoria and the Age of Empire

The Victorian era was a long period of peace, prosperity, refined sensibilities and national self-confidence for Britain. Under Queen Victoria the British Empire spread out until, famously, two-thirds of the map was pink. Culturally there was a transition away from the rationalism of the Georgian period and toward romanticism and mysticism with regard to religion, social values, and arts.

In international relations the era was a long period of peace, known as the Pax Britannica, and economic, colonial, and industrial consolidation, temporarily disrupted by the Crimean War in 1854. The end of the period saw the Boer War. Domestically, the agenda was increasingly liberal with a number of shifts in the direction of gradual political reform, industrial reform and the widening of the voting franchise.

Changelings had to deal with new ideas flooding in from Prussia, Russia, France and America. Nationalism and Imperialism swept modes of thought, and Changelings were not immune. Freeholds began to look overseas to extend their influence and to secure new sources of exotic hedge fruit and materials. Port towns and cities that lay on the borders between Freeholds became a bitter battle ground with switching alliances and cavalier raids.

Recognising that all-out conflict would draw too much attention from an increasingly ordered human society, the Freeholds attacked each other through talecraft. Bitter struggles were fought through song and story. Scotland won a major victory when Queen Victoria declared Balmoral her favourite home, prompting a surge in interest in the Highlands. Wales, fearing invasion from the southern Freeholds, allied with Scotland. In the face of this pact the North formed an uneasy alliance with the South, though relations continued to be shaky. And so the conflict raged on.

It took the onset of World War One to bring the Freeholds to their senses. The Freeholds had slipped away from mundane life, concentrating on their own struggles, but as the news spread that war had been declared, the Monarchs came to the realisation that there was, perhaps, something more urgent than the battle for dominance on this small island. In an unprecedented event, the Summer Monarchs of all four Freeholds met to declare a Truce between them. For as long as Great Britain was at war, the Freeholds would work together.

World Wars

Enough has been written about the World Wars in the middle part of the Twentieth Century that we need add little here. Millions of young men died in the trenches. Barely had the country recovered from the economic and cultural shock than Britain was at war again. While soldiers battled across Europe, the horrors of the Blitz destroyed lives from Clydebank to Southampton.

Changeling society was far from untouched by the wars. Many Summer courtiers felt it was their duty to defend Britain and marched off, never to return. Wild rumours spread that the trenches were riddled with loyalists or, later, that Herr Hitler was actually one of Them. On the home fronts the atmosphere of fear and suspicion led to many Changelings being arrested as possible spies. Winter Courtiers thrived even as they threw up elaborate protections around the Freeholds.

In the wake of the Second World War the balance of power in British freeholds was severely out of kilter. Too many Summer courtiers had been lost and Changelings had increasingly looked to Autumn and Winter to protect them, leaving the Spring court in the shade. Into this troubled mix came Lost who had seen a new breed of horrors. In hushed tones they spoke of Arcadian realms where the Armistice had never been signed. Trenches that looped on forever in a labyrinth of mud and slaughter, where somehow

you could not die even as those around you fell. Or worse things still, things that could not even be whispered but would cause them to wake, screaming, in the middle of the night. These poor unfortunates slipped back into society alongside the legions of war-weary troops returning from Europe and found an odd sort of comfort in the fact that their haunted faces did not stand out.

Post War

As Britain slowly emerged from the rationing and austerity of the post-war years into the prosperous 1950s and 1960s, society gradually began to relax. Unemployment fell to a mere 2% and the economy began to boom. Motorways, leisure centres, holiday camps and shopping centres sprang up, symbols of freedom and ease. The average standard of living improved as wages rose.

Not all was plain sailing, though. In Northern Ireland a peaceful civil rights campaign turned violent when a group of former IRA members blew up Nelson's Pillar in Dublin in March 1966. This marked the start of a period now known as The Troubles. Antagonism between Russia and the West became increasingly fraught. At the height of its prosperity, Britain was also in the middle of the Cold War. Away from the eyes of the civilian population secret bunkers were built against the possibility of a nuclear attack while spies passed sensitive information through innocent looking book shops.

Needless to say the Autumn court was closely associated with the vast spy networks of Cold War Europe. The secret service may never know how many of its top agents were actually changelings, using the infrastructure of the intelligence services to wage their own information war against the Fae.

At the same time the Spring court encouraged and fed on the atmosphere of hedonistic hope that characterised the swinging sixties. Wherever there were experimental communes, musicians, artists and dreamers, the Spring court would not be far away.

It was during this period that the Freehold of Wales became increasingly distant from the politics of the rest of Britain. Even now nobody can pin down exactly what caused it, but by the 1990s Wales was known to be actively hostile to visitors. In the grip of their own problems, the other Freeholds took little notice at the time.

Recent years

New Labour, Britpop, wars in the Gulf, the promise of peace in Northern Ireland, the decline of industrialisation and riots on the streets of London. Most players do not need the events of the last thirty years recounted, they lived through them.

The Changeling society that emerged into the twenty-first century was as diverse as the mundane society from which it hid. More details can be found in the rest of this settings document.

The main point of note in recent history is the disappearance of the Welsh Freehold. At the time of writing this we do not know precisely what happened. This is not an oversight. The settings team are not going to decide the fate of Wales, you are.

Our intention is that the second Changeling game of the February 2015 national will determine part of the setting for the new chronicle. Players will be given pre-generated characters, the scene will be set, and what happens next is up to you.

The True Fae and Durances

The True Fae are difficult to describe. They are beautiful, horrific, unimaginably powerful creatures. Their motivations are incomprehensible, and their actions inexplicably cruel. They send their minions to kidnap humans for their own purpose - to perform a task, or perhaps simply for amusement. Changelings describe the period of time they spend in slavery in Arcadia as their 'Durance'. Most have sketchy memories at best - traumatic flashbacks and things recalled in dreams. The stronger a Changeling grows in the Wyrd the more they begin to recall about what happened to them there. There are a huge amount of myths and legends connected to the escape from Arcadia, but it is generally understood that the memories of the Changeling's home and previous life allowed them to fight their way back through the thorns to the real world.

The character's Durance and the identity of their Keeper are for the player to decide, but there will be a number of known NPC Keepers which players may choose to pick from, allowing some PCs to have had shared Durances. We will be strongly discouraging the use of True Fae as active antagonists. They should remain in the shadows, and send minions to do their bidding. True Fae should be able to raise everything in sight to the ground. If you meet a Fae you have absolutely lost, and therefore to include them directly in the chronicle will inevitably strip them of their terrifying nature.

Below is a brief example of a True Fae.

The Lady of Ash and Smoke

The Lady of Ash and Smoke has very rarely been seen in person by the Changelings she kept as slaves - most simply remember seeing glimpses of a formidable figure sweeping by behind dark clouds. The Lady of Ash and Smoke kept a mine, thought what she was seeking to dig up no one who has escaped can recall. She sent those she stole into the blackness under the ground. They remember choking smoke and dust, lit with nothing but candle flames, backbreaking work and cramped conditions. The Changelings she created tend to become Wizen Drudges or strong backed Ogres, even a few poor canaries doomed to suffer and die over and over. Those who escaped her frequently suffer claustrophobia, and unpleasant nightmares about being unable to breathe.

Kiths and Seemings

A Changeling's Seeming is determined by what their Keeper made them in Arcadia. All Changelings fit into one of six categories; Beast, Elemental, Darling, Wizeded, Ogre or Fairest. Changelings are usually chosen by their Keepers because of their abilities and skills, so the Seeming of a Changeling is sometimes influenced by who they were before, as well as who they were There. For example, a physically fit and strong boxer might end up as a Beast or an Ogre, depending on the focus of his Keeper's use for him.

Your Seeming is determined by what your Keeper made you in Arcadia – your Kith refines that. Clearly the Broadback and the Cleareyes, while both firmly Beasts will have had a different function in Arcadia and therefore will have different skills now, and perhaps different outlooks on their freedom and their life now.

Taking the Dual Kith Merit is something which will be allowed at a Local rather than National level. While this is by far from the default, having a Dual Kith is not incredibly rare and therefore will be left up to the VSTs to decide if it's appropriate, or if a single Kith or a different combination might be more appropriate.

Some Kiths will be taken out of play; some will be made an Approval to play – for example, all of the international Kiths. This is absolutely not intended to discourage people from playing them, or to imply we don't want multiculturalism in the game, in fact quite the opposite. If you're playing an International Kith we'd like to see that you've considered the country of origin in your character concept. What we don't want is people choosing a Kith purely because they like the powers with no connection, mention or thought to the country or culture of origin. It could be as simple as having been holidaying or working in the country when you were taken. A devout British Buddhist might still end up as a Di Cang.

In general, we are trying to embrace the fact that this is a British game, so we're encouraging people to consider that in their character choices – if playing a Hunterheart, maybe consider a badger or a fox instead of a tiger or a crocodile. Of course, if you want to play these things then absolutely do so. We are not intending to discourage other choices.

Removed from Play

Shadowsoul
Succubus

Approval

Coyote
Nix
Illes
Pisacha
Skogskra
Apsaras
Ask-weed-ah-eed
Di-Cang
Gandharva
Weiss Frau
Daitya
Oni
Troll
Padmarindo
Thusser

Beast

Broadback
Cleareyes
Coldscale
Chimera
Hunterheart
Riddleseeker
Roteater
Runnerswift
Steepscrambler
Swimmerskin
Truefriend
Riddleseeker
Skitterskulk

True Names

Venombite

*(However every success on a
Stamina+Resolve roll by the
victim will reduce the toxicity of
the poison by 1.)*
Windwing

Darkling

Antiquarians
Gravewight
Leechfinger
Lurkglider
Mirrorskin
Moonborn
Nightsinger
Palewraith
Tunnelgrub

Elemental

Airtouched
Blightbent
Earthbones
Fireheart
Levinquick
Manikin
Metalflesh
Sandharrowed
Snowskin
Waterborn
Woodblood

Fairest

Bright One
Dancer
Draconic
Flamesiren
Flowering
Muse
Playmate
Polychromatic
Telluric
Treasured

Ogre

Bloodbrute
Corpsegrinder
Cyclopean
Farwalker
Gargantuan
Gristlegrinder
Render
Stonebones
Water-Dweller
Witchtooth

Wizened

Artist
Author
Brewer
Chatelaine
Chirurgeon
Drudge
Gameplayer
Gremlin
Inventor
Miner
Oracle
Smith
Soldier
Woodwalker

Names have power - they define, shape and identify. The Lost are reshaped by their Keepers, physically and mentally, into whatever serves that Keeper's purpose. As part of this, many of them are given new names or take on new names as an act of defiance.

True Names in the IoD Lost Chronicle post-reset are not just the names characters were born with, but are also the names they were given by their Keepers or otherwise gained in Arcadia. As is the way with such things, some Lost do not even remember their True Names, though it is rare for people to forget both parts of it. To use a True Name against someone, you must know both their legal name at the time when they went to Arcadia and the name they had in Arcadia, as some part of them is now part of the Wyrd, represented by their Arcadian name. Having half of a True Name does nothing: it refers only to a lifelong lost or enslavement that has no link to this world.

The reason for this is to allow players to use their characters' identities from before they were taken (as one of the major tropes of Lost is trying to resume your old life) without automatically making them more vulnerable to magic from other Lost. It means that players can choose which a character would hide: their human name, or their Arcadian one, and what that symbolises about their character's outlook.

Depending on whether characters remember their Durance and/or their life before Arcadia, they may not remember some or all of their True Name. They can still be affected by it.

As part of this, we will be introducing rules for using True Names mechanically. If a Lost knows the whole True Name of another Lost, they gain certain advantages. We are introducing the following rules for True Names from 'Rites of Spring', pp 22-23.

- Using a target's True Name acts as the catch for any contract aimed at an individual. This cannot be used for contracts that affect more than one person at once.
- Saying a characters' True Name provides protection against them for three turns. The True Name of a character or Gentry acts as a penalty equal to that characters' Wyrd on all contracts aimed at the person who said the True Name. Each PC can only use this ability once per character or Gentry.

Courts

Introduction

Courts are a fundamental building block of the post-Arcadia identities of many Lost. The Courts function as social groupings and philosophical centres, but more importantly, they provide ways of hiding from the True Fae. The magic wound into the creation of the Courts, bargains with the seasons or other entities, requires that each Court give up power when their time is done. This is a protection from the True Fae as they cannot conceive of giving up power voluntarily, or entering into a bargain that requires them to do so. In addition, the Courts provide ways of helping Changelings cope with their new lives and protect themselves from the Fae through united purpose.

The Courts are central to the social structure of Lost as a chronicle and as such, they will have clear NPC leadership at the start of the chronicle, with the possibility of PCs taking on important roles within their Courts as the chronicle progresses. While the Freeholds will be governed by Seasonal Monarchs (who will be NPCs to begin with), the Directional, Transitional and Diurnal Courts will all be present within the setting, with their own internal politics and social challenges. Traditionally, Britain has had a Seasonal system of Monarchy across its Freeholds, with the changing of the year giving a reliable hand over time. However, the other Courts all have their place too: they provide alternatives to the Seasonal Courts, for those who do not feel that they are represented by the dominant emotions of Desire, Wrath, Fear and Sorrow. While these alternative Courts are unlikely to see one of their kind become ruler of a Freehold soon, they have plenty of their own concerns to be getting on with. Perhaps the day will come when one of the other Courts weakens enough to allow a Non-Seasonal Monarchy to take over, but for now the Seasons are settled in rulership over the Freeholds of Britain.

Running the Courts in Britain is going to vary a great deal by Court: the Seasonal Monarchs and Courts of Freeholds will be run on a local level by the VSTs of the Baronies that are part of that Freehold, under the guidance of the ANST. There may be larger Seasonal Court politics implemented by the ANST, but for the most part the social and political aspects of the Courts will be run locally. The non-Seasonal Courts (Directional, Transitional and Diurnal) will be run by the ANST, with recognised NPCs at their heads. These NPCs are not Monarchs because they do not rule Freeholds, and it is our intention that they will be spread across the entirety of Britain so that no one Domain has greater access than others. To interact with them will involve a downtime action sent to the ANST, as the character must travel to their location and spend time speaking with them.

Mantle 3 will be largely handled on a local level, with Mantle 4 and above being a Genre approval. However, as Monarchs are being run by VSTs, recognition within the Court at the highest levels can be achieved largely through local STs. For Seasonal Mantle 5, it is expected that PCs will be known to and interacting with all their Court's Monarchs in the various Freeholds, to represent wider recognition.

For Mantle 4 and above in non-Seasonal Courts, this is handled by the ANST and will involve doing tasks to further the Courts aims and interacting with others of the same Court, whether they are PCs or NPCs.

Court Goodwill in the Seasonal Courts is also handled at the local level with the same system as Seasonal Mantle. Goodwill in non-Seasonal Courts requires Goodwill to be conveyed by either PCs of that Court or to interact significantly with the ANST-controlled NPCs of those Courts. Court Goodwill 4 and above in any Court is a Genre approval.

The Seasonal Courts

The Seasonal Courts have had a long tradition in Britain and continue to be the dominant Courts in all of the major Freeholds. Their Monarchs act as governments over the Freeholds, though the public face of the season may change from Freehold to Freehold as different Monarchs take different approaches to their Courts.

It is assumed that the majority of characters will belong to one of the Seasonal Courts and that they will provide a lot of the social and political play within the game. In the Lost Isles of Darkness chronicle, the Seasonal Courts will be the biggest political and social organisations in the country and will provide a channel for challenges of many kinds.

At the start of the chronicle, the plan is to have a number of larger Freeholds encompassing many Baronies, with NPC Seasonal Monarchs ruling. However, it is an intended part of the game that PCs will be able to rise to the highest positions within their Court and gain the goodwill of other Courts. We have set it up in the expectation that at some point a PC will strive to become a Monarch of their Court, but until this occurs, NPC Monarchs will allow the political day to day of the Freeholds to continue without requiring extensive PC bureaucracy.

Autumn

Autumn is the Court of Fear and Wisdom and contains some of the most knowledgeable scholars of the Hedge, Hobs and the Wyrd. It also contains some of the most terrible monsters ever to spring forth from Arcadia.

Fear has always had strong roots in British folklore. From folktales of ghosts and devils to the development of Gothic literature, Britain has a strong heritage of fearful stories. It also has a reputation for wisdom: world-famous libraries in the human world reflect the dusty shelves of Autumnal Hollows and the dark back rooms of the antique shops courtiers use as fronts for their obsession with Hedge objects.

Winter

Winter is the Court of Sorrow and Subtlety and contains a wide range of Lost who prefer a shard of ice (literal or metaphorical) in someone's back to a frontal assault. They always know more than they tell, and understand that to continue to stay free, they must keep their options open.

While Britain is only an icebound land for a short time each year, it has had its share of sorrows. Part of the resilience of Britain is that it moves on without forgetting, and the scars of sorrow only strengthen the nation's resolve. It has also been the home of international intrigues as far back as the days of the Tudors, though a modern Winter Courtier is more likely to be one of Smiley's People than a globetrotting assassin.

Spring

Spring is the Court of Desire and Vitality and contains Lost who refuse to let their trauma stop them from achieving what they want in life. Many see them as shallow hedonists playing their freedom away, but they know that going after what you desire is an act of power: you take control over your life again, when the Fae sought to steal it away even as they reshaped you into whatever they desired you to be.

Britain has birthed some of the great artistic movements and innovations of history. It has had a troubled relationship with those who would move forward and those who wanted to keep to tradition, but the innovators and the visionaries are the ones who are remembered, and who have shaped Britain.

Summer

Summer is the Court of Wrath and Challenge and contains Lost who are determined to stand up and fight rather than let their freedom slip away. They are seen by some troublemaking thugs, but they are people who would die, and kill, to preserve freedom, whether it be their own or that of their allies.

Britain has a strong, but slightly unfortunate history of propaganda. The disillusionment of World War One was a blow to the patriotic messages and inspiring songs, but the Summer Court understands that you do not have to fight for a false ideal of bravery: you choose what you fight for, and that is something the Fae can never take away.

Directional Courts

The Directional Courts stand at the cardinal points, defining the world. The leaders of these Courts divide up Britain and watch over it together, working in an uneasy union.

While the versions of the Directional Courts in the Changeling: the Lost setting are based on Asian mythology, to re flavour the Courts for a chronicle that reflects the folklore of Britain, we have tied them more strongly to heraldic concepts and linked them in with the concepts of chivalric and Romantic heroes, as seen through the lens of Victorian Medievalism and modern-day cynicism about pointless heroics.

The Directional Courts rule do not rule any Freehold but they each consider the various parts of the UK their responsibility: they are not Monarchs of their portion of Britain, but they do keep watch over it and are prepared to step up and lead the Freeholds within it if the need arises. While they have no direct power except over those of their Courts, they are respected for their wisdom and often called upon in times of need or uncertainty.

North - Suffering - Steel

North is the Court of the hardy, the survivors. It is the Court that will not bend nor break. Members of the North Court lead lives stripped of unnecessary indulgences, because they know that these things are only trappings. The Fae are all about appearances and fripperies, all hiding their terrible utilitarian truths. The North Court sees asceticism and suffering as truth: they do not hide who they are beneath pretty words or useless appearances. This is something the Fae cannot understand, which protects them.

This is the hero who does what they must, but tries to maintain their morality despite everything.

Sample NPC:

Rime, the Wolf of the North

Elemental Snowskin, though the leadership of the Court conveys wolfish elements.

Strong as steel, Rime of the Court of the North is a survivor. She does not suffer fools gladly, but she is fair and just. She will usually expect that most quarrels between courtiers will be solved by discussion or steel, but she will also be angry if any of her Courtiers are slain or slay another free Lost who is a member of a Court and a Freehold. Her opinion on such matters is that there should be no need for a killing blow with a free Lost: they should acknowledge that they were weak and train themselves to be less weak. Less of an honour duel, more showing who has the strength and determination to win. She holds court regularly and any can petition her. Outside of the Court, she keeps strict boundaries with her time: she needs to remain focused rather than being distracted by petty small talk. However, she also finds a sort of peace in her fierce existence, and takes people on survivalist trips into the wilderness to return to the simplicity of a bare existence.

East - Envy - Gold

East is the Court of the prosperous, those who truly invest themselves in the mortal world. It is only by doing so that they can anchor themselves to this new life. To slip too far into faerie matters is to lose sight of what got you out of Arcadia in the first place. They envy mortals their ignorance and their material concerns. To them, envy is not a negative emotion: it is something that propels them to do better, to gain more of a hold on this world and lengthens the time they can live here without being drawn back to Arcadia.

This is the hero who is a realist and sees wealth and power as a way of making themselves a place in the world.

Sample NPC:

Armand Prosper, the Lion of the East

Darkling Mirrorskin, though the leadership of the Court of the East conveys a touch of gold to his skin.

Armand Prosper has a powerful personality, even if his frame is slight. He uses Wyrd magic to gamble on the stock exchange (he believes in using the powers that the Lost have gained) and has made an awful lot of money that way. He believes in having the finer things in life – after all, all Lost have fought their way out of Arcadia. They deserve to enjoy the spoils of war. He is a genial leader, and he likes a go-getting attitude. He has no patience for the have-nots. His attitude is that if you have the breath to complain about something you don't have, you have the energy to go out and get it. Which is far from always true, but Prosper doesn't have the most finessed opinions on personal goals. He likes meeting people, but those he meets always have the feeling that he is assessing them for what they have that he might want. Not aggressively - it's just how he is.

South - Ecstasy - Copper

South is the Court of the jubilant, the hedonists who see their new existence as an opportunity to celebrate freedom, not to mourn what was lost. They don't forget who they are now: they just don't regret that they aren't who they once were. They seek enlightenment through the Changeling condition rather than trying to escape from it. While their seeking after joy may sometimes get them into scrapes, they will always return from them having learned and changed.

This is the hero who sees no reason not to eat, drink and be merry, never looking back and living the philosophy 'seize the day'.

Sample NPC:

Blaise, the Eagle of the South

A Fairest Firetouched, though leadership of the Court of the South makes the flames moving under his skin look as though they are reflected in a copper mirror.

The owner of an exclusive spa resort where the rich and famous come to play. There are diversions for the mind, body and soul, with a front of a luxurious spa that touts itself as a place to discover yourself and rekindle the fires of inspiration, but there is also a less legal side line in decadent parties and pleasures tailored to the high-profile clientele far away from the prurient judgement of the tabloids. Blaise is charming and likeable, seeming too innocent for the hedonistic philosophy he espouses. He doesn't see any pleasures as bad, as long as they don't hurt anyone, and encourages his courtiers to innovate with cleaner, safer ways of reaching ecstatic heights as the next big thing. He's generally very busy, so approaching him will require scheduling an appointment with his secretary, but he always tries to make the time for members of his Court and other Lost.

West - Honour - Silver

West is the Court of the virtuous warriors, those who see all of life as a war to be won by those who are good of heart. In Britain, this is associated strongly with the chivalric tradition, or at least, the modernised version of it (influenced heavily by Victorian Medievalism). They believe that it is only through a virtuous heart that the tests can be faced and the day won. The Fae do not understand honour or virtue, and that is why the Lost will always win.

This is the hero who sees honour as the answer, though the road might be difficult, uncompromising at times but always doing what they think is right.

Sample NPC:

Britomart, the Stag of the West

Wizened Soldier, though leadership of the Court of the West gives her the grace and proud bearing of a stag.

Britomart may seem an unlikely hero, a slight young woman who seems wiry and quick but not strong. However, her appearance is deceptive, as any who challenge her will discover. She is not simply a good fighter, but she embodies the idea that strength of heart trumps strength of body. She is every skinny farm boy who took up a blade and became a king; she's the damsel who rescued herself. In the human world, she seems like a slightly sad but very principled person, working a humble and mundane job. In the Hedge, she is a knight in silvered armour who rides a Hedge Beast into battle and fights for all, great and small. She is never above speaking with Lost, though those outside her Court may have difficulty getting an audience. But she always takes the time to talk to new recruits, to make sure they're a good fit.

The Transitional Courts

The Transitional Courts do not have a regular season: instead, they rise and fall by the moods of Lost society. When hope is needed, Dawn breaks, and when all seems lost, Dusk falls. They exist to give a productive perspective to the extremes of emotion that exist within a society of people who have lost everything and try desperately to stay free. They reflect the motion of narrative: in tragedy, fatalism makes doom noble and in a heroic tale, hope provides the impetus to win through the darkness.

The Transitional Courts do not rule any Freehold, but they always exist and if the Lost ever lose faith in their leaders, the Seasons, Dawn and Dusk will be there for them. Until then, they recruit among those who want to bring hope or a fatalistic outlook and observe the changing fortunes of the Lost. The time of need will come.

Dawn

The Dawn Court is more than just the people who provide comfort: hope without action is meaningless. They are the ones willing to make the sacrifices necessary to keep Lost society moving forward. They represent the choices that Lost have to make and the possibility that those choices can be made with a conscience, idealism or moral compass rather than just for survival. They urge people not to just react, but be proactive in shaping their lives and choices, to restore to themselves the freedom of choice, and the freedom to make meaningful sacrifices, that the Fae took from them.

Britain is a place torn between noble ideals and necessary pragmatism, but the Dawn Court believe that even in the darkest times, people can find a reason to fight outside their own lives. Whether it's a soldier who has lost sight of the reasons behind the war, but finds their own reasons to fight on, or a politician who sees how the tide of opinion is turning and sacrifices their career to bring hope to their followers and stay true to themselves, hope requires sacrifice. The Dawn Court in Britain exists across Britain, each courtier bearing the light of dawn with them, wherever it is needed.

Sample NPC:

[Albus, the Herald of the Morning](#)

Ogre Bloodbrute

Aubade is the leader of the Dawn Court in Britain. A gladiator in Arcadia, he knows what it is to feel rage against his creator and helplessness in the face of terrible acts. However, he found that when all his ideals had been stripped away, when he was dehumanised to the point where he was little more than a killing machine, something in him fought back. Instead of avoiding forming attachments to his fellow gladiators, since he knew he would have to kill them soon, he made sure that he knew them before they died. Even if they hated him, he would know their names and tell them that if they were to kill him in the arena, they must not become monsters. None could stand against him, and he felt their losses deeply, with the guilt of his actions, but he no longer let them die without recognition, tattooing the name of each on his skin after they fell. When he finally led an uprising and escaped, his one regret was that he lost his lover in the

Commented [1]: He seems to be named Albus here and Aubade below?

process. Despite his frightening appearance, he is a calm and wise individual, always willing to speak to those who need help. He values those who demonstrate the values of the Dawn Court, and encourages Lost who are members of other Courts to speak with him. He has sworn that he will never harm another except in defence of the Free Lost, but he will make the sacrifice of becoming oath-broken if he has no other choice.

Dusk

The Dusk Court sees tragedy and darkness as inevitable, but never let that get them down. In accepting their fates, they have no reason to flee or hide or cower. They make outlandish boasts and deliberately take on fights where the odds are against them. The reason for this is quite simple: because the other option is to become frozen by inaction or crippled by fear. They see that tragedy and doom will always come to Lost society, and they strive to provide an example of nobility in the face of their fate. For the most part, they live apart in Freeholds and Baronies across the nation, but they come together in times of trouble.

Britain has always been inspired by heroics, and some of the greatest tragedies ever written were produced by British bards. It is a country familiar with overwhelming odds and lost battles, though time has lessened the sting of invasions and pillaging. The jokes continue about always losing at sports, but the famous stiff upper lip makes the Dusk Court proud. The Dusk Court values the history and folklore of heroes, so many of whom are given the greatest nobility in their tragedy. The Dusk Court here may spend their spare time boasting and telling tales, but they are always ready for the last hurrah they know will come.

Sample NPC:

Sangler, the Hero of the Dark

Beast Runnerswift

Sangler was transformed into a boar when she was taken to Arcadia, and was hunted across the lands her Keeper held. The heroic tales are not told of the prey: they are too busy trying to stay alive. But her fearful existence led to resourcefulness. The other prey Changelings shared stories of the wilds through which they ran, and eventually they found a way out. Sanglier had faced the possibility of death every day and knew the truth of the prey's existence: no matter how fast you run or how well you hide, they will eventually find you. As the leader of the Dusk Court, she fills her time with epic tales of Lost heroes and the boasts of her courtiers. She is a singer of songs and teller of tales, insisting that every Lost has an epic life. She collects together the tales of the Lost and in the times when Dusk is still long off, her Court is one of artistry and beauty, even if it is of the purely tragic-heroic kind. In the Dusk Court's hall, she honours those who embody the Dusk ethos, both the dead and the living, of her Court and others. When the time comes for action, she is at the forefront, rousing her courtiers and other Lost and inspiring those who go into battle. If there is anything she has learned from her time in Arcadia, it is that even the prey can make their heroic tales.

The Diurnal Courts

These two Courts exist to play off each other, the Moon Court causing gleeful havoc and the Sun Court existing to fix what the Moon Court has done. It is vitally important, therefore, to always have the two existing in relation to one another. One cannot exist without the other, because there would be no check on the Moon Court's chaos and nothing for the Sun Court to react to. These Courts should be used carefully, as they run the risk of cutting across other Court politics and challenges with their conflicts. Conflicts between the two Courts should be kept relatively low-key and have a relatively controlled effect on the local Freehold politics so that the whole Freehold does not become part of it. The PCs may well be involved, but for the most part it should be those who are part of the Court and their allies.

The Sun and Moon Courts reflect the enforced power shift of the Seasons in a more constricted and rapid way: morning always breaks on the longest night, and the sun always sets on the day. The inevitable switch of power is rooted in the oldest stories of mankind and is something that the Fae can never understand: they would spend their whole day trying to postpone the night.

While the versions of the Sun and Moon Court in the *Changeling: the Lost* setting are based on Slavic mythology, to re-flavour the Courts for a chronicle that reflects the folklore of Britain, they represent the two kinds of fairies in a lot of British and European folklore: the Seelie and Unseelie. This concept dates back to Germanic mythology with the Ljósálfar and Dökkálfar, though the mythology that surrounds them has changed, and continues to do so: the concept of light and dark fairies has become a divide between good and evil in modern fairy tales, though people continue to be fascinated by the evil fairies of legend (and Disney) like Malificent, Ursula and the Snow Queen.

The Diurnal Courts do not rule any Freehold, as they are consumed largely with their reactions to one another. However, if anyone wants to join the fight on either side and seems like they are ready to shoulder the burdens of disgust or shame, they are welcomed.

Sun/The Day Court

Light shows the extent of the night's revels, and by daylight many sins are revealed. The Sun Court spend their time making up for the Moon Court's actions, whether that be by directly undoing the Night's work or by restoring the balance somewhere else in the world. This can take a rather fanatical approach, as they sometimes decide to stop the Moon Court and their allies once and for all. However, the leaders of both of the Diurnal Courts have no desire to start a war. For now, they content themselves with their constant chess game, each struggling to bring the board back to stalemate in the hope that next time they might be able to get an advantage.

Shame is, of course, a stereotypically British emotion. Piety and virtue, to the extent of destroying those who represent anything different, is a part of the development of British culture. However, the Sun Court are obsessed with a very specific kind of sin: that of the Moon Court. Just as Victorian society was sometimes prim and proper on the surface but debauched in secret, so the Sun and Moon Courts interact in this chronicle, prurient shame turning to militant compensation.

Sample NPC:

Ivor Chambray, the Noonday Saint

Wizened Chatalaine

Ivor Chambray is a frighteningly efficient clean-up expert. Before he left for Arcadia, he was butler to an aristocratic household and had to get rid of any little problems that might have proved embarrassing for the family. He was abducted because of his efficiency as a servant, but he found that when he escaped, his skills were useful for the Lost. What better place to be a clean-up expert than in the Sun Court? The Moon Court do make such a mess. He sends his courtiers out gathering information on where the Moon Court has been - after all, to clean up a scandal, you need to know the particulars - and co-ordinates the Sun Court's reactions to the Moon Court. He may strike some as an unusually calm Sun Courtier, but the coldness in his eyes as he talks about 'disposing of' someone who's become a problem is unflinching and unforgiving.

Light shows the detritus of the night's revels. While the Moon Court go out of their way to express their destructive impulses, the Sun Court are the ones who must clean up their mess.

Moon/The Night Court

Most people are hypocrites: they pretend to be moral and upstanding by day, and by night they let their demons out. The Moon Court thumb their noses in the face of hypocrisy. They go all out during the night and spend the day sleeping it off, never apologising. They acknowledge their own compulsions and desires, no matter how dark, and invites the disgust of others. They don't worry about what happens next, who has to clean up or whether they'll have a hang over the next day. Worrying about tomorrow just spoils tonight.

In Britain, the topsy-turvydom of carnivale has had a rich history. There are times in most cultures that act as pressure valves for the emotions and frustrations that come from living under a system of laws. The Moon Court does that all the time: they're the pressure valve that reminds other Lost of their darker impulses. They revel so others don't have to. They dance like fools and play practical jokes on the Monarch. They hold a mirror up to the hypocrisy of others and give people a reason to feel virtuous and disdainful, to get past their own vices because "at least they're not as bad as the Moon Court". All cultures need their fools and their libertines.

Sample NPC:

Bella Donna, the Midnight Rakehell

Flowering Fairest

Bella is a specialist in all things debauched. She was a poisoner in Arcadia and has mastered both mundane and Fae chemistry to an extraordinary degree. She uses her powers for slightly less evil ends now, working with a Brewer and a hedge-fruit expert to make the most intoxicating mixtures possible, which she then sells to addicts. She has a fixed abode, but returns to it only to sleep and has been known to borrow the sofas of her courtiers when caught in the middle of a strange city. Naturally, this leaves the Sun Court in a flurry nearly every night as they try to locate her: after all, she tends to leave chaos in her wake. She is as changeable as the moon, one moment friendly and charming and the next loosing scathing insults that will strip the pride from her target. She is aware of the local politics, and will usually not disrupt things so much as to bring down the wrath of the local Monarchs. However, some Lost wait to hear when she's next in their city (made much easier through Twitter) because partying with Bella Donna is a once-in-a-lifetime experience. She doesn't tend towards big 'evil' acts: more lots of little moments of chaos, like revealing that someone is cheating on their partner in public, when it will hurt and embarrass both parties most. She learns secrets just so she can release them to the most devastating effect, seemingly without any sense of who is in the right or the wrong. Or rather, she has a sense of it, but doesn't care.

Cultural Attitudes

Changeling society, like any, has a huge amount of variation in beliefs and cultural attitudes. However, there are certain broad things that most – though not all – can agree on.

Universally, Changelings are individuals who have had horrible things happen to them. That's unavoidable. No matter how seemingly 'pleasant' a duration might have been, these people were taken from their families and held against their will. No matter how strong a Changeling might seem on the surface they cannot help but be changed by this – thrown together under difficult circumstances. Shared trauma can create some of the strongest friendships and allegiances, and it can also trigger vicious rivalries and conflicts. It's been said Changeling society is one big therapy session with no doctors, and that can occasionally hold some truth. Mostly though, people just get on with it in their own ways.

The Free Lost's focus on their own freedom causes some complications in the trial and punishment of people who do unpleasant things. Most of Changeling society distances themselves towards those Changeling's whose behaviour and beliefs they strongly disagree with – most notably what they refer to as Loyalists and Privateers – those Changelings who serve the True Fae rather than oppose them. Many condemn them as at the very least traitors, even monsters. Some just attempt to distance themselves and have nothing to do with them.

No Changeling but the most depraved and those with the least grip on reality would consider the imprisonment of another Changeling an acceptable thing. Most would balk at even restricting their freedom enough to lock them up for one night, let alone actually using imprisonment as a punishment.

This characterises a classic cultural attitude of Free Lost – rejection and distrust of anything which is deemed 'too like Them'. Imprisonment is abhorrent because that is what the True Fae do. Those with High Wyrd are instinctively feared on a deep level, because of their closeness to Them.

Common punishments dealt out to Changelings involve restrictions being placed on them via the use of Pledges. A vicious thug might be forced to pledge not to hurt another Changeling but in the defence of the Freehold, on the penalty that any harm done to his victim would come back on himself threefold. Someone who was found to have stolen small objects or cheated in deals might be cursed with hiccups that won't stop until she apologises to everyone she harmed. A murderer might be sworn into a death pledge – doomed to suffer the same fate as his victim should he ever sin again.

One of the harshest punishments Changeling society is likely to give out is that of banishment. A Changeling will be cast out of the Freehold and never allowed to return. Depending on the severity of their crimes it's likely no Freehold will want to take them in. It's usually not until you've lost all of your backup and support that you realise how much you relied on other people. Changeling society is that of safety in numbers. Removing that safety net can be a death sentence or worse.

All Freeholds will have different rules for their members, but most generally boil down to rules against murder or harming without good reason, and against dealing with Loyalists and slavers.

Attitudes to humans are fairly universal. Many consider themselves to be human, and even the ones who don't tend to consider humans their equals. After all, not so long ago all Changelings were human.

Attitudes to Hobs and Hedge creatures vary massively. Some believe they deserve the same respect and care as humans. Some think they're no better than animals. However, few Freeholds would punish a Changeling for killing or harming a creature of the Hedge unless the details of the crime itself were horrific (torture, mass killing etc.) It would be seen as unpleasant and perhaps a reason for distrust and rejection by the more human and liberal, but others might turn a blind eye.

Pretty much all Changelings are members of Freeholds. Those who don't sign up are often treated with suspicion. The rules are so simple, so why is it this person won't agree to not murder people? What have they got to hide? In the same vein, almost all Changelings are members of Courts, but it's not unusual to see someone without one - many new escapees take a long while to make up their minds, or for a season to choose them.

Motleys

Motleys are small groups of Changelings who band together sometimes under shared ideals, but most frequently for protection. They are bound together by pledges, agreeing to watch each other's backs. In exchange they have the mutual benefit of that promise, and the Wyrð blesses them with things which might assist them in their goal. Motleys are an important, almost vital, element to Changeling society, particularly on a local level. You might not be able to trust most people, but you can trust them. For many Changelings this is like a new family, for other's it's a business transaction.

Freeholds

Freeholds are the large organisations which make up Changeling society. Every piece of land in the UK is under the jurisdiction of one Freehold or another, even if the borders might be contested. Freeholds are ruled over by the Monarchs - four representatives from the Seasonal Courts, traditionally chosen by their Season to wear the crown and then sworn to by the members of that Freehold.

Freeholds are large structures, with the vast majority of Changelings having little or nothing to do with the actual running of the Freehold. Most know their monarch vaguely, and have met and spoken to them, but few know them well. It's entirely possible to be sworn - have the backup of the Freehold, and promise to keep their laws - but still just keep your head down and get on with your own thing. Even most active and involved Changelings (as we expect PCs to be by the very fact they are turning up to gatherings and dealing with problems) mostly deal with things on a local level.

Each large Freehold is split up into smaller areas which are generally referred to as Baronies, but can be called other things depending on local tradition. For all intents and purposes these Baronies are like a Changeling's village. They're focussed around a local area - Manchester for example, might be a Barony of a Freehold which covers Northern England. Baronies mostly deal with their local issues themselves, periodically reporting back to the ruling monarch. Only the most serious issues are brought up to a Freehold level. Baronies deal with local problems, and Motley level politics. Most local games will be Barony gatherings.

One thing which has been brought to our attention as a problem in the current chronicle is a lack of clarity as to the laws of the Freehold. In the new chronicle this will be clear, solidified and publically well known, which should hopefully resolve any problems there.

On a practical level - we are currently looking at the idea of having three Freeholds - Scotland, The North of England and the South of England. Exactly what games and what areas this will include will have to be determined at a later date. This set up will understandably take a level of interaction between STs which the ANST team will be attempting to facilitate.

We are aware that a portion of the society has reservations about the idea of cross domain Freeholds, and we are absolutely intending to keep the concerns that have been mentioned to us in mind when making practical decisions about how this will work.

After discussion however, we feel that several of the concerns expressed would likely be less of an issue in a chronicle where the leaders of the cross-domain organisations are NPCs rather than PCs. Decisions affecting the Freehold as a whole can be made via discussion between STs and the ANST team, rather than being made by one individual.

Entitlements

Joining an Entitlement is more than becoming a member of an organisation; it's joining something which shapes you fundamentally, and often irreversibly. It's becoming a member of the Nobility of Changeling society. Entitlements are frequently very selective as to who they will take, but some are more picky than others. All have requirements of skills and abilities, or membership of certain Courts, before they'll allow you to swear in. Joining will always warp your mien, sometimes the change is subtle – the glow of the Boddhisatva or the scent of the Knight of the Tongue - sometimes it's very obvious – the mouth of a Silent Knight or the bloody footprints of a Tolltaker. By joining you agree to live by a certain philosophy, perform certain tasks, or live your life in a particular way. The oath you swear to your Entitlement is like anything – it can be broken. Therefore great care is usually taken before one decides to sign up.

Entitlements can be ancient or very recent, but they have all grown up from a group of people with a shared purpose and goal. It is still entirely possible to create new ones.

There are positive and negative things about becoming 'Entitled'. On one hand, you gain allies and a support structure, and maybe even benefits which allow you to become better at certain things. However, those who are Entitled shine brighter in the Fae's eyes and may draw their attention. Titles are things the Fae understand. Therefore, being without Motley or Freehold, but being in an Entitlement, is basically the most dangerous position a Free Lost could put themselves in.

Most Free Lost are not Entitled, but it's not hugely uncommon, and those who regularly attend Freehold or local gatherings are more likely to be of the Noble Orders. They're by nature more likely to be driven and to get involved, whereas those who don't attend meetings might just like to keep their head down. Being a Noble is not conducive to that.

How it's going to work

At the present time, we're not intending to take any Entitlements totally out of play. However, several of them (particularly the high Wyrd Entitlements) are being made 'gain in play only'. We will attempt to explain why we have made those decisions. We are also bringing an Entitlement from the Victorian Lost book into play, which was previously unavailable.

Our aim is that joining an Entitlement in play should be a fun and enjoyable for the player and a challenge for the PC. That doesn't mean deliberately making it difficult for no reason; it just means that if you want to be a Noble Champion you're probably going to have to fight in some great contest to prove yourself.

Entitlements List

Gain in Play Only

Bronze Beylik, The
Charmed Circle, The
Knights Of The Widow's Walk
Legacy Of The Black Apple
Lost Pantheon,
Office Of Vizieral Counsel, The
Parliament Of Victors, The
Phantom Tong, The

Available at Character Creation

Adjudicators Of The Wheel, the
Ancient and Accepted Order of Bridgemasons
Barony Of The Lesser Ones, The
Bishopric Of Blackbirds
Bodhisattvas Of The Broken Cage
College Of Worms
Court Of The Solstice
Duchy Of The Icebound Heart
Duchy Of Truth And Loss, The
Eternal Echoes, The
Family Of Silent Nights
Guild Of Goldspinnners, The
Guild Of The Sacred Journey

Honorable Order Of The Third Hour, The
Hound Tribunal, The
Hedge Wardens, The
Knighthood Of The Dragonslayer, The
Knighthood Of Utmost Silence
Knights Of The Knowledge Of The Tongue
Legion Of The Iron Wall, The
Lord Sages Of The Unknown Reaches, The
(will depend on Universal position on Cross Venue)
The Magi Of The Gilded Thorn
Magistrates Of The Wax Mask
Margravate Of The Brim
Order Of The Hallowed Garden, The
Order Of The Oneirophysics, The
Pilgrims Of The Endless Road, The
*(Triple-Kithing no longer allowed. Members will get
Dual Kith for free.)*
Sacred Band Of The Golden Standard
Satrapy Of Pearls
Scarecrow Ministry, The
Squires Of The Broken Bough, The
Tolltaker Knighthood
Twilight Gleaners, The

Suggested Examples

Every Entitlement will have at least one prominent National NPC who any PC could easily seek out contact details for. This is designed to give colour and depth to Entitlements, as well as giving a way to organise and disseminate plot drops, and to give people a route to joining an Entitlement in play.

Below are a few ideas for the way particular Entitlements will potentially work in the New Chronicle, with some suggested NPCs.

The Tolltaker Knighthood

“The word around the freehold is that the Tolltaker Knights are the foulest mercenaries found among changelings. With blood-blemished blades tucked into their belts and snub nose revolvers strapped to their ankles, they offer up a single purpose in this world: To hurt people for payment. The rumours are that they're particularly good at it, too, as precise as one needs them to be. If one person pays the toll, another person ends up in the hospital -- either in a bed, or in the morgue. They're louts, drunkards and murder-for-hire jackboots... or at least, that's what everybody believes.”

There's a couple in every Freehold usually, or at least one within easy contact. They travel a little, going where they need to. And yeah, their rep is bad. I mean – the bloody footprints, what else are people supposed to think? There was that thing back in the 1940s – the Spring Monarch of one of the Southern Freeholds found dead, stuffed inside a tree trunk. That kind of thing is hard to get back from. What people tend to forget is that their employment is based on at least some morals. It's the Knight Banneret – the head of the local Tollhouse (usually Freehold-wide) who decides which bounties to take and the cost to be paid.

Tanner is based in Liverpool, but he runs far more than his own little patch. He's an old-fashioned skinhead at first sight, who's toned it down a little in old age – smart jeans, black shirt, with only the Oxblood Doc Martens and the tartan lining peeking out from under his jacket revealing his old roots. He's even grown some hair now, even if it's greying a little it's still thick. He's a good way into his forties now, but you can tell with the way he holds himself that he's still not one to pick a fight with.

Under the mask, however, his seeming is very obvious – that salt and pepper streaked hair running down across his forehead, across his neck. His eyes dark, and serious, his build sturdy but not obviously muscular. His dark nails are far longer than you would expect. A Hunterheart – a badger. His Summer mantle burns bright, clear for all to see.

Tanner is a good guy on the surface. He's funny, and warm, not afraid to get the drinks in. He prefers to do business over a pool table or in front of a dartboard. He's popular with humans and Changelings alike, so much so that it's easy to sometimes forget the straight razor in the belt of his jeans. Easy to miss that flicker when the grin turns from friendly to feral. Good, reliable badgers. A creature that'll rip your throat out if you get too close.

The men and women in his employ are fiercely loyal. There's a rumour they've killed people for mere insults to him. The group is tight knit, many of them forming motleys or living together. Apparently his induction methods for new squires are particularly vicious even from Tolltaker standards. Well, they say horrific experiences can sometimes form the strongest bonds...

The Hedge Wardens

“When it comes to the Hedge, every freehold sits on a knife's edge. Powerful trods ensure that many changelings will swell the ranks of the local Courts, but provide an easy path for the Gentry to ride to find new prey. Goblin Markets teem with potential power for a cautious soul, but are filled with traps to capture the unwary. Wise changelings understand that the Hedge is a dangerous locale, but one that cannot readily be ignored. The Hedge Wardens believe there is promise in the Thorns. At the same time, this promise is overshadowed by the vast danger that faces most of those who choose to dare the pathways of the Hedge. Their mission is a simple one, but one that seems insane to many: To tame the local Hedge around the freehold in which they find themselves, to root out and destroy the most dangerous of the region's Hedge-Beasts, and to keep the trods open so that changelings can escape from Arcadia.”

The Hedge Wardens are the maintainers of the trods. The Entitlement's creator Iron William was the first to have this idea – to cut through the thorns and create a safer path by which changelings and information could travel between freeholds. At first, people thought he was utterly insane, and that such a dangerous task could never be attempted, but he managed to gather enough people to try, and sure enough, it began to work. It was a difficult and bloody task and dozens of Hedge Wardens died in the attempt – lost and swallowed by the thorns, torn to pieces by dangerous animals, or poisoned with unfamiliar plants. However, once the first shaky paths were drawn, it became easier – much simpler to maintain than to create.

The Hedge Wardens are an understandably demanding group, as to many it feels as though they hold Changeling lives in their hands in their role as hedge-guides. They sometimes offer membership to those who are worthy; sometimes people seek them out and have to go through gruelling tests involving being abandoned in the hedge and left to survive.

They treat the hedge with the respect it deserves, and are therefore well known for being heavily kitted up at all times with sensible sturdy boots, thick clothing and armour, weaponry, rope, lamps, supplies - even masks and helmets on occasion. This coupled with the dull, iron-like sheen their skin takes on, makes for a relatively fearsome sight on occasion, as even herbalists and curious explorers need to be armed and to hold their own.

They have a strict hierarchical structure – Warden Cadets at the bottom who are still in training, then the Wardens, and at the top the Lords and Ladies who head a particular Freehold's group.

One of these Ladies lives on the Welsh border, rather dangerously close to the territory taken back by Loyal forces who forced her out of her home in a small village near Cardiff. She makes her home in the woods, in the half crumbled shell of what was once a cottage, but she spends most of her time in the Hollow she has built there. She's very young looking, probably only nineteen or twenty. She's over six foot, very slim with long limbs and incredibly pale skin, long blond hair which reaches to her waist when loose. She barely interacts with humans, preferring to keep herself firmly to herself, and therefore makes little effort to blend in, fully embracing the Darkling in her and rarely venturing out in daylight. Her clothes are rough and practical – heavy canvas and leather, many Hedgespun. She clanks with equipment most of the time – weapons and lamps and various tokens slung from her belt, as well as a bandoleer of small glass vials for the storing of herbs and fruit. She protects her eyes with goggles, and her mouth with a mask, and keeps her long hair tightly plaited and bound up to keep it out of the way.

She doesn't openly use a name herself, but she seems fine with Lady Willow, which is primarily the name used by others in her Entitlement. She's a highly respected and revered member of the Autumn Court, with a vast knowledge of the Occult, and a great appreciation for the understanding of fear. She consults with them, and is occasionally employed as a hedge guide by non-Entitlement members, but usually only for the most dire and dangerous situations. They wouldn't bother her from her exploration and her studies for anything less.

Her eyes are far, far older than her face, and it's rumoured as a girl she watched Victoria be crowned. She certainly speaks with the slow, measured tone of someone with the wisdom of experience. She's one to be

wary of, even by her Court's standards, but if you can break through her reclusive nature with intelligence, or an exciting enough challenge she can be a hugely beneficial ally to have.

Antagonists

Antagonists are a vital part of any chronicle: not only do they provide obstacles and challenges for the players to strive against, but they also allow STs to set the tone of their game. In *Lost*, the Antagonists are even more significant because they represent the trauma of Changeling characters and their worst fears: being taken back to Arcadia.

With this in mind, and with the intentional design of the Hedge as a truly terrifying and dangerous place, the Antagonists in this chronicle are frightening and numerous. The True Fae are not included as a direct antagonist because they are more menacing from a distance, attacking the PCs through influence and enslavement than directly engaging them. There is more of an emphasis on Loyalists and Privateers, because they are a dark mirror to the *Lost* that shows not only what they have escaped but also what they might have become.

We also want to encourage STs to come up with their own Hedge monsters: we have provided some original monsters in the Bestiary and guidelines on how to create beasts that fit within the purview of this chronicle. Above all, Hedge monsters should match the tone of the Hedge set out elsewhere in the reset document. The Hedge is a highly inhospitable place, and the antagonists should reflect that. We want to encourage STs to get creative with designing encounters with Hedge antagonists, throwing in environmental hazards and unusual abilities for the creatures, to make it more interesting and a greater challenge than just a lot of Health Levels and armour.

The use of some creatures will be an approval or notification for VSTs.

Broad Types of Antagonists

Loyalists

Loyalists are particularly important in this chronicle because the True Fae are very much a distant menace and it's important to ensure that the Gentry still bring a sense of danger. Loyalists are the direct influence of the Fae outside of Arcadia. They can be used in a wide variety of ways: as moles within *Lost* society, as hunters sent to find the PCs and drag them back to Arcadia or as slavers who bring people back to their master (though beware of cross over with the Privateers here - the difference is that Loyalists are loyal to a single master rather than hired by anyone). Loyalists are versatile antagonists who can bring the threat of returning to Arcadia right to the PCs.

Notes: Make sure you're aware of how their actions benefit their Fae masters, especially as that will help the PCs predict their likely reactions as they learn more about their foes. Bear in mind that not all Loyalists are actually truly loyal - many have been intimidated or threatened into doing what they are doing. At the same time, this is a horror game, so redeeming them should come at a cost.

Privateers

Privateers are slavers and mercenaries. Many Loyalists are in their position because circumstances forced them there. They may have had no choice, or they may have been manipulated, or blackmailed into it. Almost all of them never escaped in the first place - they were released by their master on a short leash. Privateers are far, far worse. Privateers got out. They were escapees. They became members of Changeling society, possibly joined Freeholds and courts. They made friends and allies, and then they went back to slaving and serving Them. Many of them are in it for the money - for pure power and profit. Even many Changelings who may consider taking pity on the occasional Loyalist and giving them a chance to redeem themselves wouldn't give the same privilege to Privateers. The fact that they could be friends and allies is terrifying to many Changelings. The discovery of a traitor in the midst of the Freehold has sparked many a witch-hunt. While we are not encouraging PC antagonists, it is entirely possible that people may have a dark side, or a dark past. They might be easily manipulated, and people may become corrupted in play.

Militia and Bridge Burners

Klecks knew that nobody would have suspected him. He was too clever for that - the Freehold was chasing its tail and all who could have stopped him were far away, on a wild goose chase he had provided for the occasion. Who would have thought that helpful and humble Klecks could hurt a fly, let alone send a dozen humans through a gate?

And yet...his Hollow had been tampered with.

He was curious to know who had found him out, so he opened the door to his home.

"Eric?" he asked, surprised. Then, anger. "You shouldn't be here! What if somebody's on your trail?"

"After you sold me out?" the ogre said, raising an eyebrow. "Don't worry, Klecks. They won't ever know it was you."

Klecks made conciliatory gestures. "I don't know what you mean, Eric. Someone sold you out?"

Eric's smile wasn't pleasant, as he crossed the small space of floor between them. His hand moved quickly and the blade was in Klecks' side before he could react. Eric pulled the Loyalist close and twisted, evincing a strangled cry. "They won't ever know it was you. And they won't ever know it was me.

But you'll know, and so will all your Loyalist friends as I find them, one by one."

He didn't have the time to finish it as he wanted - he didn't have time. People were hot on the false trail Klecks had set, leading right to Eric. But it didn't matter. There were plenty more Loyalists where Klecks came from.

Description

There are a number of militia groups active among the Free Lost, people who take their hatred of the Gentry to new extremes. Some are willing to do whatever it takes to stop a Fae enslaving people: others are gearing up to try and take on Arcadia itself and claim it as their own. They are organised groups, each with a common (if often differently interpreted) purpose. They are generally more willing to go to whatever lengths are necessary to achieve their goals, risking their grip on reality and their allies in their fanatical pursuit. They are oath-bound to one another and fiercely loyal. Militia-men are generally militant groups focused on removing or stopping Fae influence in the world by removing their agents. Bridge Burners are groups who see the only solution to the Fae's predations as destroying the links between Arcadia and the human world completely.

Use in play

When using them as antagonists, consider that their extreme reaction comes out of fear, banding together and striking out against the thing that has made them feel disempowered and frightened (or something symbolic of it). It's a way of seeking control, but they usually cover it with bravado, fanaticism or cold justification. They will be united by a common purpose and provide an uncomfortable parallel for players with the things they have done to preserve their freedom and strike back against their oppressors.

There are some established Militia and Bridge Burner groups within the Lost setting. If you wish to use any of these, contact the ANST.

Notes

Mechanically identical to a normal Changeling.

In addition, we have created a couple of chronicle-specific groups:

Militia-men

The Provocateurs

This militia group are usually in deep cover. They will establish an identity in a Freehold and try and discover Loyalists, Privateers or those under Fae influence. So far, so militia. However, the difference comes when they discover a culprit. Instead of killing or revealing them, the Provocateurs pose as fellow Loyalists and try to convince these traitors to bring them in on their activities. Their ultimate aim in this is to root out the complete operation: they aim to destroy not the head of the hydra, but its body. They know that Loyalists often work in cells, so they attempt to become useful enough to learn more about the bigger organisation. This has a couple of unfortunate side effects. They often have to do things that run counter to the aims of the militia, sometimes even sending people into Arcadia to preserve their cover. They will usually do everything they can to prevent it, spiring people away or falsifying their capture, but they see their work as bigger than any one individual person. The other side effect is that if the Loyalist conspiracy is discovered by other Lost, they look just as guilty as the rest of the Loyalists. This is why the

Provocateurs work in small cells of two or three at most: they do not report to anyone unless they have information about Loyalists in another area so that the accusations of Loyalist activities cannot spread beyond them.

Bridge Burners

The Alexandrian Solution

Named for Alexander the Great's famous solution to the Gordian Knot, the Alexandrian Solution are where Bridge Burners meet obsessive occultists. They believe that because the Wyrd links together those things in the human world that have been touched by Faerie with Arcadia itself, there must be some way to sever that tie. They experiment with the influence of the Wyrd on the world, learning how to reduce it (though that must sometimes mean understanding how to increase it). They seek out objects that have come from Arcadia itself, not simply sprung from the Hedge between the worlds, and work out how to destroy them or send them back. There are darker rumours about them, too: some say that they do unethical experiments to work out how to remove a Changeling's kith, and that the truly fanatical ones see contracts as a pledge made with an Arcadian power and seek to break them for Lost who wish to be free. They do not engage in pledges except when it is necessary for their cover and try to distance themselves from all things Wyrd except when engaged in a particular bit of research. Some take a different view and throw themselves all the more strongly into the Wyrd, seeing themselves as pioneers who will create a better world with their sacrifices. Members of the Alexandrian Solution generally don't look like Bridge Burners: they are more likely tweedy occultists, researching physicians or Hedge experts, and unsurprisingly a number of them hail from the Autumn Court originally.

Soulless

Description

When a Free Lost comes back they retrieve their soul, the soulless don't and they become amoral vicious changelings bent on fulfilling their vices. They may want to actively destroy the world they reach, but beware of this because it's an all or nothing approach. They may do anything to reclaim their lives, destroying Fetches and not caring if their family even wants them back. All the conflicts that a Lost without morality and with a crusade can do.

Use in play

Best used as surprise antagonists, as they have no morals or sense of guilt. Like all good psychopaths though, they are typically remarkably good liars. Make good opportunities to bring up questions about faith and souls.

Notes

Mechanically identical to a normal changeling. If they had morality rather than clarity, it would be 0.

Enchanted

I must go back, I'm not insane

"Widdershins thrice"

I will go back, they're blind, I'm free

"No... Widdershins twice then knock three times"

I can't stay here, the doppelgangers will get me. They're feeding me the wrong drugs; they want to make me crazy.

Footsteps approached, same every twenty minutes

Please not Dr Apocrita, wasp face. Why can't they see, why can't they see. He's not a doctor, he's one of them.

The shutter slid across. He was crouched on the bed.

Why didn't they want me, I could serve them, I could love them.

The shutter slides back,

I'll escape, back to the woods, I must open the door.

Description

Enchanted are mortals who have eaten the food and drink of arcadia, their brains are gone. They are permanently ensorcelled.

Use in play

I'd avoid letting people use these like ghouls, it's inappropriate to the setting. But rather as one off encounters, an interesting note or as a good way to represent a rescued captive.

I've presented one idea here where they are desperate to return to arcadia, but cannot open the doors.

Notes

Gained via the Enchanted merit (●●) on page 107 of Equinox Road

Fae-Touched

3 days and 3 nights, were I to stay
Forever with that boy I'd play
A prince to me he'll always be
She came and said I was now free
With iron and names she killed my love
Misguided fury like bolts from above
And now, for want of that midnight strike
I'll plot and end that changeling dyke.

- Excerpt from the testimony of Esmerelda Coverdale

Description

A human that has suffered a partial transformation into a changeling. They have one point of glamour to open hedge gates, but cannot enter dreams, or into pledges, nor learn contracts. But they can buy changeling merits.

Use in play

Fae Touched are either, problems to be solved or allies to be earned, unlike most mortals they can see you and they can enter the hedge, but they have none of the derived information from spending a long time in Arcadia. Bewildered they might decide they have found a realm from which monsters emerge, or they might embrace their wondrous new grasp on reality as a blessing.

They can make good PCs or NPCs, though as PCs they might find themselves simply behind their changeling brethren, mechanically they are similar to a Wyrd 0 changeling, without the ability to use contracts.

Notes

Fae touched is a semi-template, things that affect changelings will also affect fae-touched, but they are strictly human. Equinox Road page 107

They can eat goblin fruit

They can also be long in the tooth; they gain the changeling aging bonuses as though they had Wyrd 1 (the book says glamour 1 but this makes no sense.)

Ensorcelled

Into my life she crashed
Nothing could ever be the same
She built up my affection
and drank of my emotion
and in return she opened my eyes
To worlds beyond and colours which skipped the senses
Wonders and illusions, grotesqueries and delusions
What I wouldn't give just to see things
The way I saw them with her
Just one more time.

- The dedication just says "My Snow Queen"

Description

Ensorcelling is one of the various boons a changeling can grant to a mortal; they can see through the mask and get a glimpse of what it's like to be a changeling.

Use in play

These are typically for the followers of changelings, but they can provide additional bods for NPCs as well. Should be relatively common in play

Notes

There are standard Ensorcelling contracts found in Changeling: The Lost, but ensorcelling is also something that can be incorporated in to custom pledges.

Faestruck

Description

The Fae can persuade a kettle to sit up and sing, and the Lost retain a lot of their compelling power. The Faestruck are those who have discovered the nature of the Lost and act like groupies as a result. It may be someone the Lost has manipulated or persuaded, or it might be someone who stumbled upon the truth. Either way, they half-worship, half-envy the Lost.

Use in play

The Faestruck give an opportunity to show the consequences of the Lost's constant emotional manipulation. However, they are still just humans, so will likely prove more of an emotional than a physical threat.

Fetches

She'd had those dreams again. The ones where she fell apart into dust and sticks and hair, slowly crumbling until there was nothing left. They said it was anxiety. She hadn't had nightmares, or dreams of any kind, for years. Now that she saw the horrible half, the girl who looked like her but with scales for skin, she knew that it was real. This thing would take her to pieces, and she wasn't going to stand for it.

Description

Fetches are poised at the intersection of victim, obstacle and adversary. They can be any and all of these things. They are the constructs left behind by Fae when they steal people away, a placeholder to stop the humans around them getting suspicious. Not every Lost has a Fetch, but it is very rare indeed to find one without. Many do not know what they are, while others know they're not to blame for how they were made. When their monstrous double comes to take back their lives, mad-eyed from their escape from years of torment, who can blame them for wanting to live? Who can blame them for running or fighting back?

Use in play

Fetches provide a perfect opportunity to make a drama out of the choices a Lost must make to stay free, and to take their life back. They didn't ask to be made as they are, but they are still tools of the Fae and some can even call the Gentry when they see the Lost they were made to replace. They should be run as people without the dimensions, who don't have the initiative and dreams of a person, because the Fae cannot create things that have souls. An interesting variation on the attack on a Fetch is to have the Fetch engage in social combat, using their familiarity within the Changeling's old life to protect themselves.

Notes

The optional rules for merging with a Fetch are not in play. Fetches as PCs are not in play. To play a Lost without a Fetch is a genre approval. For a Fetch to have had a child is genre approval. The rules for creating Fetches are in *Changeling: the Lost* pp 253-257 and *Autumn Nightmares* pp 98-119.

The Mad

“You’ve heard of Quaestor right? You know why they banished him, why his name is banned from hospitality. It’s because he got too good at what he does, the dude is like 114 years old at least now, and still people are afraid to whisper his name. They say he went back, but I don’t think so, I think that he’s still out there, lurking in the shadows, making deals with privateers and loyalists. What’s that look for, he’s not one of them you understand, he never became one of them, he’s just not allowed inside the house or to put his feet up. And you know what? Despite his insanity, I hear he’s still got a fealty pledge to the monarch... for those times that only a crazy mother fucker will do the job. Now I’ve noticed my glass is empty and I think that makes it your round.”

- excerpt from the drunken ramblings of old coot

Description

Being a changeling is a constant fight against the desire to become something more, even if it's unwilling. Theories abound that a changeling is a stepping stone to becoming one of Them, and the descent into madness is normally the first step along that transformation.

Use in play

Just being mad is one thing, but the things that drive a changeling mad either mean they're a gibbering wreck, or that they've become incredibly puissant and that power has warped their grip on reality. They're not just insane, they've become as alien as the Keepers of Arcadia, so their motivations might also be hard to fathom

Make these guys rare, they should be presented as cautionary tales, or as useless drains on resources.

Notes

Stat as a typical changeling, only with low clarity and a bag full of derangements.

Outsiders

Description

Those who aren't in your Freehold are outside your laws, and are not bound by your pledges. They can act as they will as long as they can disappear again afterwards. Outsiders have their own agendas, often at odds with those of locals.

Use in play

Outsiders are a perfect way to show that not all Free Lost are united in purpose. The Lost don't trust freely, and if a Freehold is becoming too trusting, a shifty Outsider can remind them to be wary. They don't have to be Loyalists or Privateers to find themselves going head to head with the local Lost.

Marketeers

Description

Marketeers are out for profit, and sentiment or loyalty can get in the way of that. They often have their own dues to pay, so they can't afford to be generous.

Use in play

The Markets in this chronicle are dangerous places of last resort, and the Marketeers should be portrayed as cut-throat and untrustworthy, people you wouldn't deal with unless you had any other choice.

PC Marketeers will be allowed in the new chronicle, but it will be a High Approval depending on a character concept which demonstrates understanding of the difficult challenge of playing a Marketeer.

Incubi

Description

Incubi are dream denizens, as varied as the Lost are. The term 'incubi' covers a broad spectrum of nocturnal intruders.

The main dream creatures can be broken down to three broad categories:

Incubi, dream walkers and those known as the Morpheans.

Incubi are the characters of the dream world, monsters fulfilling a number of roles and tropes. Demonic nocturnal lust beasts, hobgoblins that have drilled into the dreamscape to make away with your subconscious and the animated thoughts of feline kind, much like Hobs, incubi can appear in any number of guises, classification of dream denizens is an ongoing task of the more scholarly dream workers.

Other things walk in dreams, some of them may be humans who have learned the secrets of lucid dreaming, others may be supernaturals not yet classified in modern occultism.

Morpheans are the big questions, trapped away in the world of dreams, Death, Fate and the Devil, among others, they all exist in dreams and can be bargained with, but it is never safe and it is never wise, for these creatures are without pity, mercy or a shred of humanity.

Use in play

Make dreams more interesting for people who are interested, or act as interesting problems for people with no dream experience.

Notes

Check out *Autumn Nightmares* and *Dancers in the Dusk* for more information.

Hunters

Tier One Hunters are not likely to know enough about Lost to see them as a larger supernatural type: they are more likely to classify the different Kiths or Seemings as separate supernatural types, as per a kind of monster-of-the-week mentality in TV shows like *Supernatural* and *Grimm*. They may even mistake them for other kinds of creatures, like thinking a Leechfinger is a vampire or a Beast is a shapeshifter. It may be that as time goes on, they learn about the concept of the Lost, but until then they are likely to see them as a wide variety of supernatural types.

Above Tier One, they are likely to know that the Lost are a supernatural type all of their own, but might mistake them for unconnected supernaturals that have formed a society. There is no 'standard' technique for fighting changelings, Vampires have day-light and stakes through the heart, Werewolves I know I'm gonna want silver, Changelings on the other hand, are susceptible to things like psychedelic drugs and iron will cut through their magical defenses, but these are not crippling nor do they work universally.

Beasts

Changeling is a game about personal stories, and we would like to encourage STs to consider the use of creatures which do not simply present a physical challenge to players. Of course there is naturally a big place for this, but we'd like to make other options available. The Hedge is a bizarre psychoactive place - the things in there will do worse than simply eat you.

Monsters can be metaphors. Moby Dick was obsession, Frankenstein's creation was hubris and Count Dracula was uncontrolled sexual desire. Hedge creatures can represent the story you're trying to create. Tolkien's spiders in Mirkwood are a physical manifestation of the place's corruption, but they also allow Bilbo to emerge as the protagonist. Combat has its place absolutely, but if creatures can have a secondary level then that should be encouraged.

Diubrathki

This is one of the most sinister creatures found in the Hedge, and can be discovered relatively near Hedge, making it all the more worrying.

It is an oft repeated piece of advice given to new Changelings, that if they hear a crying child in the Hedge, they should under no circumstances follow the source of the sound and attempt to assist.

The Diubrathki is thought to be an amphibious creature, lurking deep in the lakes and swamps of the Hedge, but also having been spotted on land. It is a bizarre creature, a canine face but the slick, black skin of a shark, but reports have varied massively, as few people who actually see the creature survive.

Some say it's not quite fully material - created when tormented ghosts found their way into the Hedge, or from the spirits of those who drowned there, given from by the Wyrd. Some believe they're simply Hedge Beasts, others Changelings so horrifically mutilated by their experiences that they'd be unable to survive in the real world.

They are frighteningly intelligent and manipulative. They do not hunt down their prey by conventional means. They lure them in to be ambushed.

These creatures are capable of producing disturbingly human sounds. They will frequently cry, like a lost and frightened child, waiting for some benevolent soul to come and try and help the kid. The moment they venture into the swamp, the creature attacks. It's not sure what happens next, as their prey is dragged under water like a crocodile. Whether it's the drowning that gets you, or the fact it's already started to eat you, is hard to tell.

Glamour

Glamour is the magic of the Wyrd, and it's also part and parcel of the real world. Humans have it, though they're unaware of that fact - producing it through experiencing powerful emotions.

The Fae are composed of this energy, and any who have spent time in their realm, primarily Changelings but also the Fae-Touched, innately understand its working.

In addition to the most common methods of Glamour harvesting - through strong human emotions, of through dreams, Glamour infuses the material of the Hedge, and Changelings can break down hobs and hedge fruit to drink in their power. This act is known as Scouring, and destroys minor Hedge things, draining them of their essence and casting them into non-existence. The Hedge itself can be Scoured, as can trods, causing them to break down. Hollows, possibly due to the focused and deliberate nature of their construction seem to be immune to scouring.

Scouring

Scouring: This is a roll which is [Wyrd+Wits]

Fruit

There is no such thing as Glamour fruit, all hedge fruit may be scoured for Glamour, causing it to wither up and decay. All fruit provides a single point of glamour, regardless of how potent it is.

Hedge

You can Scour the Hedge, treat it as a 5 dot resistant item (that is to say, your Scouring roll is modified by 5). It cannot be destroyed this way by a single Changeling. Many Changelings might cause it irrevocable damage, but it is otherwise mostly an excellent source of Glamour, scouring the hedge takes 5 minutes per roll, and each Scouring attempt should increase the chance of attracting a Hedge creature of some description.

Hedgespun and Tokens

Tokens

Unless stated here, all Tokens function as per the books. Tokens of 1-3 dots are local approval to make or own. All tokens of 4 dots or above (including Legendary and Promise tokens) are a genre approval to make or own.

••

Lantern of Ill Omen (CtL 204)

Costs a willpower point rather than a willpower dot to activate.

Ribbon of Nevermiss (CtL 205)

Useable with bows as well as Firearms, with the same effect.

•••

Ashlight (AN 75)

This token is a genre approval to make or own.

Dead Man's Boots (CtL 205)

Damage of catch is upgraded to 1 lethal/hour

Hedgespun Wardrobe (CtL 206)

Only produces Hedgespun clothing with no combat benefit (though may, at ST discretion, give social bonuses to non-contract uses).

Minister Viburnum's Clepsydra (RoS 156)

This token is a genre approval to make or own.

•••••

Keeper's Quirt, The (RoS 158)

This token is not being used in this chronicle.

• to •••

Hedgespun Raiment (RoS 145)

Hedgespun Raiment and Weapons are dealt with elsewhere.

• to •••••

Book of Tales (RoS 145)

This token is a genre approval to make or own at any level.

Cursing Box, The (RoS 146)

This token is reserved for ST use.

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Hungry Arrow, The (RoS 148)

This token is not being used in this chronicle.

Trifles

Glimmerbraid (CiL 209)

While the description specifies that this comes from a True Fae or a figure in the Hedge, in this chronicle it is from a being of the Hedge, not from a True Fae.

Stingseed (CiL 209)

This trifle applies to archery as well as firearms, requiring the trifle to be implanted in or tied to an arrow head as it would be implanted in a bullet.

Magic Item Creation

“Jacob gathered the items together. He desperately needed a new weapon, and he couldn't risk getting toe-to-toe with his enemies.

He'd gone right into their stronghold, and took it. The temple of Mowenna and their ridiculous reliquary, the hollowed out femur from a hedge-dragon will make an excellent barrel.

He had a branch from the wych-wood for the butt and he'd gathered all the seeds from the stinging chestnut tree. Neither of which was easy, the insects had bitten him raw and he'd had to negotiate with the children of Quaestor for a cutting.

Now he had them, he had gathered them in his hollow, and began arranging them; it wasn't so much assembling as waiting for the pieces to make sense together. He bound them with hate, and sharpened them with his desire for revenge.

Many hours later he held in his hand, his hedge rifle.”

Designing your Token

You need to obtain a recipe for your Token before you can create it. There are a few options for doing this:

1. Buy a recipe e.g. from the Goblin Market or another character
2. Use a recipe you've already used to successfully build an item.
3. Make an experimental recipe (See Item design guide). **[Int+Occult]**. This uses a downtime action. Depending on the player input the ST may give a discretionary bonus or penalty to the crafting roll.

Creating your Token

Next you'll need to create your Token. This is a two-step process:

1. Get the things you need for the item, the components or materials. This requires one downtime action to get the core of your magic item. Players can opt for an easy challenge, or a hard challenge. A hard challenge requires ST input, but gives you a bonus to your crafting rolls to actually crafting the item.
2. Start making extended rolls, **[Str+Crafts]** for weapons and armour, or **[Wits+Crafts]** for everything else. Each dot of the token requires 5 successes. 1 roll per action. Crafting has to be in the hedge (+3 bonus) or a hollow (+workshop bonus)

Storytelling Crafting

Lost is a game of stories and the setting encourages STs to weave a tale around the process of crafting a token. This is not always practical considering the numbers of players in the Lost IoD chronicle; especially as crafting needs to balance the amount of time it takes with the worth of the item to make it feasible to be a crafter. However, there are a few opportunities to tell a story in token crafting and Hedgespinning. Not all of them will be appropriate for every character or situation.

Obtaining a Recipe

Obtaining a recipe is a perfect time to create an interesting narrative. If the recipe is bought from a Market or an NPC, seeking it out and paying the price can be an unnerving tale. Alternatively, it could be an ancient piece of research that has been lost for years or needs to be extricated from a coded text (using the 'Experimental recipe' rules above). If the player wishes to create something new or retro-engineer an item that already exists, they will have failures as well as successes, and such experimentation always costs something.

Obtaining Materials

If a player opts for a harder challenge in getting materials (for the potential bonus it might give on the eventual roll), they will have to go on a dangerous expedition into the Hedge, barter with some Hedge being or even spend time finding ingredients from the mortal world. This is an opportunity to have players face the world outside their cosy Hollows and potentially venture into the treacherous thorns.

The Signature

Each crafter leaves a mark on their work, and Lost are no different. In fact, because making a Token is a process of taming the Wyrd to your will, they leave a trace of themselves behind in the item, like a fingerprint left on a clay bowl. Each character will have a different signature and it will usually stay the same for most of their life, though it may change based on major turning points, major shifts in mentality or changes to their Wyrd nature, like joining an Entitlement.

A signature has no mechanical effect. It will usually appeal to one of the senses or convey a particular feeling. Examples include:

- A smell of burning hair.
- Surfaces are slightly more reflective than they should be.
- A sensation that when you touch it, you are touching something living.
- The ambient sounds it makes as it interacts with the world are always slightly distant, or happen a millisecond too late.
- You always feel a pang of melancholy when you touch it.
- You have a metallic taste in your mouth immediately after using it.

Someone who is likely to recognise a signature (a fellow crafter or a member of the crafter's Motley) or someone who has had the opportunity to study another creation of the crafter may potentially be able to recognise the same signature seen elsewhere, though it may manifest with subtle differences in different objects.

Custom Tokens

For custom tokens that are not covered by the rules for Hedgespinning, you must provide a genre approval following the standard format for tokens, with the name of the token, a precise description of its suggested benefits, a drawback and a catch. Preferably, players should work with their VST to submit a suggestion that is mechanically balanced and appropriate for the setting and chronicle.

The Hedge

Geography of the Hedge

Jacob stepped on to the path. The gateway behind him shimmered and blinked. Like an old TV shutting down it winked out of reality. Instantly he was lost. He had been here maybe twenty times before, but the whole nature of the hedge was different. To his left a bush sprouted little love hearts, those strange chalky candies, but when he leaned closer he suddenly recoiled in horror.

'You're mine Jacob' 'When are you coming home' 'I'll make your heart bleed for me'

In the distance there was the cry of something that sounded like a crow. He tried to believe that could really be the case.

Why was he here? Already the memory of his task was fading from his mind, distracted and lost in the bright colours, sounds and assaulting smells that surrounded him.

He remembered reading a story once about a girl that had come in here, through this very gate and had sat down, when they found her she thought that she was seven again, her mind had dribbled out of her ears and she was sat making daisy chains and playing with tiny sprites.

It was important to come in here with purpose and stick to it, they said you could get lost in the hedge, but they often forgot to tell you that you could get lost in your head as well.

He looked down at his hands; a tiny bottle was tied to his wrist right below the gloves. Inside a piece of paper had a single word 'burblewort'.

Oh yeah! he thought, that's why I'm here. There's a glade in the direction of the way that makes the heart skip with sorrow where the damn stuff grows.

He drew his knife, and checked its edge. Then he mentally catalogued his bandana, a lantern, a medical kit, his goggles to protect his eyes from the thorns.

He slipped them on and wandered a few steps in each direction.

He definitely felt saddest over here. In front of him the hedge was so thick that he would have to hack it away with his blade. He knew the clearing was only maybe 50 feet away, but what was distance or time here, and what was the point of all of this?

His hope faded as his heart grew heavy, and then he popped open the bottle. Sunshine flooded into his mind, and he thought of warm summer days he had never seen.

*Okay... one step at a time.
He stepped off the path.*

The Hedge should never feel like a safe place. Even in places where it is clear and open in the real world, such as the moorland around Yorkshire, or the wide flat expanses of the Norfolk broads, the Hedge is still

labyrinthine and maze-like. In some ways it reflects the local landscape, but things are warped and twisted – the geography will try and trap you and leave you lost in the thorns.

There is a clear difference between the Hedge that's near the boundary to the real world, and that which is deeper in; closer to Arcadia. In the near Hedge it's possible to occasionally see reflections of the geography of the real world. In a busy city there might be the shadows of rusted cars, or towering mountains in the far distance which look suspiciously like tall buildings.

There is a stark difference between the path and the thorns. The Trods themselves – the paths that wind through the Hedge – are still very dangerous to be on but they do offer some protection. For most inexperienced changelings, stepping off the path is almost unthinkable. Even for those who know what they're doing, heading off into the thicker thorns is usually only done when absolutely, absolutely necessary.

Hedge Gates

The tree was one of the tallest and oldest in the woodland, dead long before Charmaine's grandma had been born. No leaves. Wood dry. The trunk had split in two from the roots up, creating a 'v' shaped space just big enough to wriggle through. She knelt down, brushing damp leaves aside so as not to get mud on the knees of her school uniform. She breathed slowly, and pulled out her cracked phone, leaning back and snapping a picture of herself-evidence to the other girls that she had gone there. She had done it. She paused, steeling herself and remembering the words they'd whispered in the playground when they were little, giggling with excitement and fear.

*"Tell me, tell me, what can you see?
Two little eyes looking at me.
If you know the secret, will you tell me,
Who put Bella in the Wych Elm tree?"*

And Charmaine closed her eyes and crawled on through.

Hedge gates are in pretty much every town and village in the UK. They're not everywhere, but there's usually one within travelling distance. These gates and doorways are a way through the barrier between the real, material world, and the Fae world beyond.

Some Changelings have the innate ability to sense these gates, but for others the knowledge of their location and method of opening is passed around the Freehold by word of mouth. These openings can be pretty much anywhere, but it must be something which represents a door, or an entrance. For example, a fireplace or an archway formed of two bent trees. The most well used Hedge Gates tend to be old. They're frequently found in the tumble down remains of old cottages in thick woodland, or by walking through a door in a long neglected mausoleum.

These doors can be opened by Changelings with the use of Glamour. However, every door has a key. This might be something like lighting a fire in the hearth, or turning clockwise three times. It could be turning a door handle a particular way, or leaving drops of your blood at the roots of a tree. These methods are usually used when a Changeling is low on Glamour, or when opening a personal Hollow door where the key is familiar, and was perhaps created by the user. However, it has been known for humans to accidentally stumble across these gates – the stories of turning out the lights and whispering the creatures name three times – these are the kind of traditional, word of mouth tales of the Fae that have become urban legends.

A Changeling can spend glamour to open a Hedge Gate through any door they wish, but this is brief and unreliable and usually only done in dire circumstances, as it's never certain what point in the Hedge the door will open to. The Changeling's connection to the Wyrd allows them to open the door with more power, but the gate will inevitably only stay open for a few seconds.

Hollows

Mr Dandelion took three neat steps up to the door, the leather soles of his well-polished shoes tap-tap-tapping on the pale marble. To his right, just above the discreet doorbell, was a neat, rectangular plaque.

“J. Dandelion and C Burdock, esquires.”

His gloved hand reached to his breast pocket and extracted a monogrammed handkerchief and reached to polish the plaque in three clockwise motions. He replaced the handkerchief and took the doorknob, turning it first to the left, then sharply to the right. There was a subtle click and when the door opened, instead of the luxuriously carpeted corridor to the offices belonging to himself and his associate, what lay beyond was a deep thicket of ferns, and the soft sweet smell of exotic flowers. Home Sweet Home.

A Hollow is a space in the hedge which has been carved out by a Changeling for the use of themselves or their motley. This is usually created by pouring Glamour into a space in the Hedge to force back the thorns and allow building to occur. These can be small huts or burrows which just allow a couple of people to sleep huddled together. They could be grand castles of white granite which must have taken countless hours to create.

A Changeling can then spend time building a Hedge Gate to connect the door to their Hollow to a door in the real world. It's not unknown of for Changelings to have created a warped, mirrored version of their real world home as their Hollow.

Hollows offer a great amount of protection from the dangers of the Hedge, and they can be warded to offer security for the people within. It allows Changelings to perform acts like Dream Therapy which would otherwise be far too dangerous to perform otherwise. They can also contain libraries or workshops which can offer huge benefits to the Changelings using these spaces to work.

The Near Hedge

The near Hedge is richly populated by a huge variety of wildlife – Hobs and Hedge creatures and things in between. In the grand expanse of the Hedge the things here are less harmful than most. The beasts here might stick to the wider paths and the lighter forests because they fear the creatures deeper within. That said, unpleasant things still lurk here. Many new escapees are warned that if they hear a crying woman they shouldn't go to investigate. They never know what sinister mimic might be trying to lure them to it.

Some creatures, with time and effort can be tamed and trained and taken in. Several Changelings keep Hedge Steeds – large creatures capable of travelling through the thorns, increasing the pace of travel, and serving as protection. Hedge beasts can also serve as companions and pets, affectionate and intelligent enough to be useful.

Near Hedge Hob tribes tend to be industrious, living in camps and fiercely defending what's theirs. They're unlikely to be too welcoming to outsiders – unless they're there to trade – but they wouldn't go out of their way to harm humans either. These Hob tribes are the ones most likely to make journeys into the real world. Their masks might present them as children, or rats, squirrels or stoats. From their relative safety in the Hedge, they raid the real world for knick-knacks to fill their homes and to sell, so it's not unusual to find bits of unusable technology, or children's toys in hob camps.

Plants are strange and familiar at the same time. The flowers underfoot are both blooming and rotten; brightly coloured in strange, unnatural shades. Trees are twisted into unfamiliar shapes, when you turn back around you could swear that they had moved. Goblin fruit sprouts in unusual places, from plants that don't seem at all connected to the fruit they're producing. Blood-grapes from a twisted bramble bush, bog-wort dangling delicately from an overladen tree. If you don't know what you're doing it's easy to pick the wrong thing, which can have potentially disastrous consequences.

The Hedge can play on your emotions, especially for those with lower clarity. You may experience the odd sensation of being watched, or a sudden rush of anxiety or bliss, passing as quickly as it arrived.

Freeholds affect the near Hedge. It's a subtle change but the canny observer knows when they've left the boundary of a Freehold and passed into the territory of another. These transient spaces are known as the brim, and are often turbulent, a roiling area of psychoactive change like the meeting of two tides. This is the area protected and patrolled by the Margravates of the Brim.

The Deep Hedge

This is a space entirely different, there's no sign or boundary marking the transition, but as you press on through the thorns it will become entirely clear. You will just know. The walls of the labyrinth crowd in. The sun is rarely visible, and at night it can be almost pitch black. The real world has entirely faded away and it is clear this is a wild, untamed place. Emotions run rampant, leading to wells of despair and avenues of hatred. The only protection is the Trod, but in the deep Hedge that carries additional dangers.

It's rumoured that the Fae occasionally travel this way. It's unlikely, but you may meet one of their servants on your trip.

The Hedge itself is a maze, impossible to navigate except by memory, an increasingly unreliable resource. Strange, ethereal creatures lurk in the darkness, intent on consuming your flesh, or tearing at your mind. Thick bushes and razor sharp thorns are said to tear at the soul, and changelings who remain here too long are known to suffer panic attacks and nightmares when they leave.

The deep Hedge is where the real spoils can be found – Amaranthines, and perhaps even a fiercely protected Pedacle Velvet. Naturally, such valuable commodities take a huge amount of time and risk to find.

The hobs of the deep Hedge are far more dangerous than the near Hedge. When they do form tribes they're invariably hunting groups, feasting off one another in a never ending cycle of barbarism and gang warfare. They might live in little run-down cottages, or high in treetop villages, but they exemplify all the worst parts of fairy stories. Changelings have told stories of a butcher shop; an organ harvesters once owned by Privateers who stayed in the Hedge far too long.

Psychoactive Nature of the Hedge

The Hedge can be affected by the vices and the virtues of people present, and by their current emotional state. It frequently warps positive feelings, hallucinatory and confusing. A pair of lovers wandering in the Hedge in an attempt to find glamour fruit might find themselves surrounded by bright flowers and buzzing Hedge insects, but the roses drip with blood, and the insects bite. A Winter Courtier with a preference for solitude might find the Hedge cold and bleak, but the atmosphere almost comforting, wrapping around her like a blanket, encouraging her to stay there in the peace and quiet.

Navigating the Hedge

"I've got you this time, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Fox, jumping up and shaking off the dust. "You've sassed me for the very last time. Now I wonder what I should do with you?"

Brer Rabbit's eyes got very large. "Oh please Brer Fox, whatever you do, please don't throw me into the briar patch."

"Maybe I should roast you over a fire and eat you," mused Brer Fox. "No, that's too much trouble. Maybe I'll hang you instead."

"Roast me! Hang me! Do whatever you please," said Brer Rabbit. "Only please, Brer Fox, please don't throw me into the briar patch."

"If I'm going to hang you, I'll need some string," said Brer Fox. "And I don't have any string handy. But the stream's not far away, so maybe I'll drown you instead."

"Drown me! Roast me! Hang me! Do whatever you please," said Brer Rabbit. "Only please, Brer Fox, please don't throw me into the briar patch."

"The briar patch, eh?" said Brer Fox. "What a wonderful idea! You'll be torn into little pieces!"

Grabbing up the tar-covered rabbit, Brer Fox swung him around and around and then flung him head over heels into the briar patch. Brer Rabbit let out such a scream as he fell that all of Brer Fox's fur stood straight up. Brer Rabbit fell into the briar bushes with a crash and a mighty thump. Then there was silence.

Brer Fox cocked one ear toward the briar patch, listening for whimpers of pain. But he heard nothing. Brer Fox cocked the other ear toward the briar patch, listening for Brer Rabbit's death rattle. He heard nothing.

Then Brer Fox heard someone calling his name. He turned around and looked up the hill. Brer Rabbit was sitting on a log combing the tar out of his fur with a wood chip and looking smug.

"I was bred and born in the briar patch, Brer Fox," he called. "Born and bred in the briar patch."

And Brer Rabbit skipped away as merry as a cricket while Brer Fox ground his teeth in rage and went home.

Navigating in the hedge is an extended roll [**Wits + Survival**]; one roll per hour spent in the hedge, and travelling through the maze-like briars and thorns takes its toll, with Glamour being lost the more you are unsuccessful. Mapping the Hedge is impossible by mundane means, but an ST may give a small discretionary bonus if the Changeling is navigating relatively familiar territory.

Trods

"Never stray from the path, never eat a windfall apple and never trust a man whose eyebrows meet in the middle."

Trods provide a discretionary bonus to Hedge Navigation rolls at the ST's discretion.

Recommended Hedge Navigation modifiers

Quality of the Trod	+1 to +3
Within freehold territory	+1
Within loyalist territory	-1
Deep Hedge	-1 to -3

Trods can be improved with maintenance. This requires DT actions and carries with it a small degree of risk as you will be spending a prolonged period in the Hedge. While you will be physically maintaining the Trod the actual maintenance is a side-effect of your presence and will. [**Wits + Wyrde**] is the roll and requires successes equal to the quality rating you wish to impart x 5. Each roll is a DT action, and requires a payment of 5 times the quality rating in glamour at the end of this process; the glamour may come from multiple sources.

Maintaining the Trod at its current level either requires a level of traffic suitable to its quality, or a single DT action in which the changeling 'treads the Trod', a ritual form of maintenance.

Scouring a Trod - DT action, fill up your glamour bar, reduces the quality of a trod by 1, if it is reduced to 0, then the trod ceases to exist (though it can be improved back in to existence).

Technology

Modern technology doesn't work properly in the Hedge. It could be so simple as to simply cease to function, but to most Changelings it's not worth the risk. There are rumours that any phone calls attempted to be made in the Hedge - though they naturally would never connect to our world - might be picked up by one of Them. No electronics of any kind. No advanced modern machinery. Post WWI guns will not function properly, so if a Changeling is spotted with a pistol it is frequently something using blackpowder. The weapon of choice for most Changelings is a knife or sword, though many also favour bows and arrows. Any penalties or unpleasant occurrences triggered by attempting to use technology in the Hedge are entirely at the ST's discretion.

The Dream

Arcadia is a realm that responds to the subconscious, warping and twisting, incomprehensible. It should be no surprise that they can master their own sub-conscious now that they have returned.

Psychiatrists call it lucid dreaming, but many Changelings reject that clinical label. Essentially, a Changeling can transcend their own consciousness while they sleep, delving into a shared realm created by all living minds.

It is frequently referred to by researchers as the collective consciousness, and most rationally discount its existence, after all there is no force carrier, no medium of transmission, but yet Changelings know it to be true because they experience this phenomenon whenever they sleep.

Controlling dreams

Mastery follows understanding, and the dream is no different. Skilled Changeling manipulate dreamscapes skilfully like a sculptor with clay, and those strong in the Wyrd can bully it into bending to their will.

Changelings use this to impart training and healing on others, literally rewriting their subconscious until they are moulded to specifications.

Others can draw their own powers into dream vessels, physical creations that can be given to others, imparting a dream of the sculptor's will, or even giving part of their magic to another.

The Skein and Oneiromancers

Whole orders of Changelings are dedicated to the teaching of the secret paths that wind between the islands that are the dreamscapes of dreamers. These between places are called the Skein, and it is a region made of thoughts, symbols and memories.

Travelling these paths is dangerous, and can lead to a Changeling becoming trapped in a nightmarish sleep state, though those who succeed describe it as a figurative journey from your mind to theirs, following strands of omen and theme to arrive in the same place.

Navigation takes either pluck and courage, or careful oracular planning. It is that planning which pioneers of the Autumn Court devised so long ago, and which now they teach only to their trusted brethren. Allowing them to travel to dreams that others cannot reach.

Visionary Dreaming

Fate and dreams are intertwined closely. Humans call this déjà-vu, the sense that you have seen this exact moment before, perhaps in a dream. It is entirely possible that they have seen this, a fragment of a vision passing through their subconscious. Changelings have a stronger connection with the dream and their own destiny, and it's not uncommon for Changelings to have visionary dreams or to work with mystics that genuinely do.

Dream Types

Changelings can induce different types of dreams. The Fae can also influence sleepers using Dream Poison.

Lilith - The Hidden Sphere - Mystery dreams filled with a potent sense of the supernatural. The birthplace of visions. Such dreams may signify that the person has some innate other-worldly ability waiting to be triggered.

Luna - The Moon - Dreams of remembrance that help uncover the forgotten past, often used by Changelings to try and discover secret truths about their durations which were lost to the thorns.

Mars - The Red Planet - Violent dreams, used by some to recover their drive and by others to train themselves for future situations.

Mercury - The Quicksilver Planet - Dreams of trade, drudgery and hard work. Changelings use these boring dreams to prepare them for future difficult endeavours.

Jupiter - The Supreme Orb - Dreams of justice, used mostly for stress relief by reinforcing a dreamer's moral code, often an important part of dream therapy.

Saturn - The Rebel World - Dreams of ambition, revealing the secrets of the dreamer's heart, making them manipulable, also used by Greedy and Gluttonous Changelings to blow off steam

Venus - The Celestial Lover - Dreams of Lust and Romance, playground of the dreamers Eros. Changelings who would mess with the powerful forces of Love make use of these dreams.

Pluto - The undiscovered country - Dreams of the dying. In which insight into death can be briefly garnered.