

# kithBOOK: beggans



**by thaddeus a. s. papke**

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## kb: boggans?

No, you are not misremembering. White Wolf placed *Changeling: The Dreaming* on hiatus before the *Kithbook* series could be completed. Not long afterwards, the *Time of Judgment* ended the original *World of Darkness*. What you are reading now is an attempt by the on-line community of fans to create what would have been the final book in the *Kithbook* series.

## thanks to

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# **kithBOOK:** **beggans**

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## philemon's friends

### or how a boggan protects himself

*"A special treat tonight, ladies and gentlefae," announced the boggan from on top of the bar, the strength and clarity of his voice belying his diminutive size. "Baucis Brewery is pleased to announce a new beer, a golden pilsner that we're calling Hypocene. And- as part of its coming out ceremony- everybody in the freehold of Dodona's Oak tonight gets a glass of our new brew on the house."*

*Loud cheering went up from all of the Kithain in the freehold and on cue the waiters who worked there came into the common room bearing trays with foaming crystal mugs. There was more cheering and applause, and the boggan cleared his throat once more. "As always, we will be holding another contest to decide what the art on the label will be when we start bottling and distributing our new beer." The boggan got down from his stand and started handing out the free beers to all the patrons.*

*A grump satyr who had already downed most of his drink approached the boggan. "This is great, Phil. I think it might be your best yet."*

*"Thanks, Nicos. I trust your judgment, as a connoisseur of the brew."*

*"Hypocene, you said, Phil?" called out a troll from the back wall. "The Muses' well of inspiration has always fascinated me. I've always thought that finding it would make for a great quest. Maybe I'll enter your label contest this time."*

*That would be great, Trevor," replied the boggan with a grin. "I look forward to seeing it."*

*"Hey Phil, how's this for a slogan? 'Buy Baucis Brewery, it's a mythology lesson in every bottle,'" joked a nearby pooka.*

*"Hey, any excuse to pound some knowledge into your uneducated heads works for me, Jen. Although, for some reason the school board objected to this method when I was working as teacher." Phil gave a slight shrug to add credence to his joke as he handed out his last two pilsners.*

*The next few hours brought more mirth and dross-filled beer as the Kithain in the heart of Cincinnati spent a pleasant evening in Dodona's Oak under the observant and amiable eye of its boggan proprietor. The freehold had an open-door policy for all changelings, Seelie or Unseelie, noble or commoner. Unfortunately, with the recent increases in tensions following the disappearance of the high king, it was rare that a sidhe found his way into the commoner-run freehold. Nevertheless, the warm and friendly atmosphere that it exuded helped the local commoners, at least, to forget the problems with the brewing war, or with their mundane lives.*



Once the last few patrons left, Phil released his remaining employees to go home. He had long ago realized that he could get the freehold cleaned up faster by himself than with their help. He had just about finished up when there was a knock on the door. By this time it was quite late and the boggan was not expecting any more customers (or "friends who sometimes chip in for the drinks" as he preferred to call them) so he used a magic mirror over his bar that a Dougal crafter had once given him to see who stood outside his door. Seeing an old friend and fellow boggan, Phil snapped his fingers causing the front door to swing open.

"It's a nice night," said the old boggan as entered the hold and removed his well-worn duster and brown fedora, "you really should get out more, Philemon. It would do you some good."

"Did you come all this way to give me grief, old timer?" Asked Phil, himself on the cusp of grumphood, as he put up the last few glasses behind the bar.

"Naw, I'd heard that you were introducing a new ale tonight and was looking for a good time. I seem to have missed the party though. On my way here, I ran into some poor lost kid. I noticed him at first because of the glamour about him, potent little dreamer unless I miss my guess. Anyway turns out that he was separated from his playmates. I helped him find them and it turns out that the lad's friends were none other then a group of sidhe childlings. What's more it turns out that the whole lot of them were lost and couldn't find their way back to the baronial manor where they were all staying. Of course that's on the other side of town from here, but I took the time to bring them safely home. Found out a few interesting things while I was at the manor, too, which is why I bothered to come all the way back here, late as it is."

While the older boggan talked, Phil picked out his friend's favorite German stein and filled it with what little remained of his new brew. "It must be really something for you to bring your self here at this hour. You must be bursting to tell me your news." Phil handed Barthelomy the drink and with a cup of tea for himself went over to one of the chaise armchairs by the balefire, the first time that he had really gotten to sit down since the evening began.

Barthelomy picked up the stein and joined his younger kithmate by the balefire. He allowed himself a long sip of the ale and a satisfied sigh before he let lose his torrent of news. "Well, the good Baron Alister of House Liam has been rounding up young dreamers for some time now, claiming that it is a protective measure during these current hostilities." Philemon merely nodded, that the Baron had been collecting both childlings and their dreamers was old news to anyone who stayed up to date with the local gossip. "But from what I found out tonight, he's only trying to protect himself." The grump permit himself another quaff from the pilsner before continuing. "It seems that he plans on using the children as bargaining tokens to ensure that he stays in power no matter which way the wind blows in Concordia. Or at least that's what his gardener says." Phil raised a bushy brown eyebrow, but didn't

say anything. "That's just the potatoes though, the real meat of the matter and why I had to see you tonight concerns a new fellow in the area, a *sidhe*. Officially he's of House Eiluned, but there are rumors that he's really an Ailil. He's named Dakelan and he's some sort of baron or count or something. Anyway, he's got some title, but apparently no freehold of his own. And as Rosie, you know Rosie? That sweet young boggan in Baron Alister's kitchen?" Phil nodded as he sipped some of his tea. "Anyhow, she says that this Dakelan fellow is looking to claim a freehold of his own, and seeing as how Dodona's Oak here is held by you, a commoner without any title, he'll be sure to go after this place."

Philemon let his friend's words sink in as he took another sip of tea. His bushy eyebrows knit themselves together as he thought on the matter. After a moment he set down his cup and in an even voice asked, "Does this Dakelan have any forces loyal to him?"

"I think that he has a retainer or two, but otherwise no. But you know how those Ailil are, silver-tongued bastards each and every one, he'll probably try to drum up some of the locals to support him."

Philemon picked his cup back up and leaned back into the soft cushions of his chair. "Then I don't think we'll have anything to worry about."

\* \* \*

Count Dakelan ap Ailil sat in his guest chambers brooding. He had already spent far too long biding his time in the freehold of this insufferable Liam, who he outranked even in his guise as an Eiluned. Seelie bastard, he thought. It is beyond belief that this weak-willed Baron allows a boggan without any title to freely operate a freehold while nobles such as myself have none. He was finding it difficult to be patient as he waited to hear back from the agent that he had sent into the city. He was loathe not to be taking matters into his own hands, but he needed to create some mayhem and chaos before he could justifiably step into this "Dodona's Oak" and establish order. Pooka can be good for a spot of chaos, but they are easily distracted and aren't nearly viscous enough. Besides, Dakelan reminded himself, if one wants real mayhem, nothing beats a corby of redcaps. I'm sure that I made the right choice in bringing that vile little redcap along with me.

\* \* \*

Martin Mangle-Mouth absently rubbed his underarm where his secret brand in the shape of the Ailil dragon had been burned last autumn. Given the difficulty that he had had infiltrating this corby of fellow redcaps he was now certain that his master, Count Dakelan, would never have been able to deal with them on his own. They seemed very untrusting of any other kith. Martin perked up to alertness as Kynon, the corby leader, started talking. Apparently Kynon had decided that the neighborhood could use some shaking up and the gang was trying to decide on their evening's activities.



Martin gave a gap-toothed smile, a testament to the battle that had brought him under the control of House Ailil. This was the chance that he had been waiting for. "Hey," he shouted, earning him the attention of the other redcaps. "If we really want to cause some trouble around here, as well as scoring a mess of food and drinks then I know just the place." He noticed a few eyebrows rise in curiosity at the newcomer making a suggestion.

"Yeah?" said Kynon, his own eyebrow raised. "What did you have in mind, ugly?"

Martin faltered a little under the gaze of the group of redcaps who he had just gotten to know, but realizing that it was too late to backtrack he pushed forward. "Well I'm sure that you guys know about it, but there is a nice little freehold not too far from here that would make for a fun time. It's commoner-run so there aren't any sidhe to worry about. In fact it's just run by a boggan. We'll probably still get a bit of action though, there's bound to be a troll or two hanging around, probably some satyrs. Enough for a fight at least. And the place has its own brewery so we'll get a shit load of beer out of the deal." Silence. None of the redcaps said a word, they all just stared at him. "Uh, I uh, think that it's called Dodona's Oak. You know it, right?"

A female redcap standing next to Martin cuffed him hard on the side of his head with her spiked bracelet. Kynon walked up to him and placed an iron-shod boot against Martin's chest. "It's a good thing that the rest of us aren't as damned stupid as you. Do you think that the sidhe make a practice of inviting us around for tea and crumpets? We're not about to cancel our ticket at the only freehold where we have a standing invitation. Do you have any idea how much free food, beer, and ambient glamour that we get at that place? What do you think are the chances that we'd be able to keep that place as a friendly warm fire and hot meal if we trashed it? Besides, Philemon happens to be a friend of mine, helped me out in a rough spot once. He warned me that somebody might be trying to cause some problems for him. You wouldn't know anything about that would you?"

Martin gulped.

\* \* \*

The next day the comatose human form of Martin was found outside of Baron Alister's freehold without any explanation. Dakelan went directly into his backup plan; a single setback was not going to deter him from his goal. Alister doesn't fully recognize how fortunate he is to have a contingent of loyal troll soldiers garrisoned here in his freehold. I'd have preferred the organized chaos of the redcaps, but trolls are much easier to control. All one has to do is wave some official looking orders in their big blue faces, the Ailil thought to himself with a smirk. From amongst his personal affects Dakelan took out a blank piece of goblin parchment. With a wave of his hand the blank parchment became a royal proclamation from Queen Mary-Elizabeth of the Kingdom of Grass. With this in hand Dakelan went straight to see the captain of Alister's troll guard.



\* \* \*

Trevor read and reread the parchment given to him by the count. "Well well, Philemon is an informant for the Urban Renewal League and he's to be arrested, and brought here for questioning?" He looked hard at the sidhe in front of him. "I'd never have guessed." He stood up and turned away from Dakelan so that he didn't have to look at the bright and terrible features of the sidhe. The troll paused, giving himself a moment to think. "You know, my lord, under the feudal system I owe allegiance only to Baron Alister ap Liam, who owes his allegiance to Duke Conla ap Fiona, who in turn owes his allegiance to Queen Mary-Elizabeth ni Dougal. Officially, I should only take orders directly from Baron Alister. But I'm sure that you know that. It would be a simple matter for you to take this proclamation to the Baron, who undoubtedly would leap to action, not bothering to wait for a direct order from the Duke. Concordia is in an unofficial state of war after all."

In a barely controlled hiss Dakelan responded, "If you insist on the proper protocol before bringing this criminal to justice then it will be a simple matter to speak to the baron. If you would be so kind as to return the proclamation? Or if you wish, you may accompany me."



Trevor straightened up and turned back towards the count. "Under normal circumstances such round-about methods would not be necessary, but when it comes to those who are both my friends and upstanding members of the community, then I must insist on doing things properly. While we're at it, I'll go ahead and check in with the queen's department of justice at Caer Palatine." Trevor handed Dakelan back the bogus proclamation. "Oh, and when you talk to the baron, you can tell him that if he orders me to follow through with this proclamation then he can find himself a new captain of the guard."

Count Dakelan blinked. "What? Why?"

"Because Phil is a good man. In fact, most of my men helped him to build his freehold several years ago. I don't believe for a second that these accusations are true and I owe him too much to upset his life because of some unfounded accusations. My duty to my friends, and to this community, overrides my desire to maintain my position here. I assure you that my second in command and any other who would be likely to take my place will share my sentiments. Shall we go contact Caer Palatine and speak with the baron?"

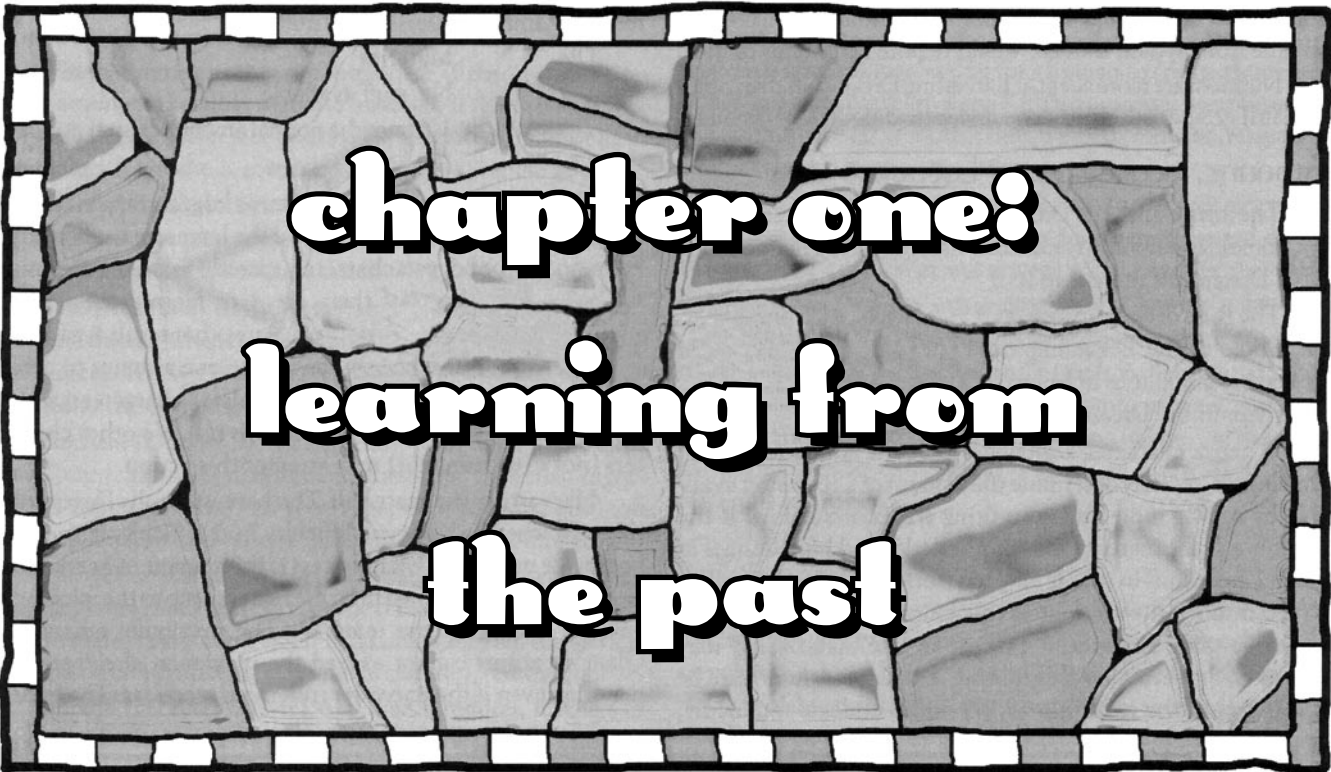

"That won't be necessary, captain." Feeling frustrated, Dakelan tightly grasped his false document and stormed back to his room to give the situation further thought.

\* \* \*

The next night saw another pleasant evening at Dodona's Oak. Kynon's gang made some snide comments about the do-boys of the sidhe when Trevor showed up with some of his friends. Used to the tensions that often occur in large, mixed groups of changelings, and aided by his ability to quickly deduce such social dynamics, Philemon had no trouble in diverting potential hostilities within the freehold. As they laughed, ate, and drank, the commoners inside the hold discussed the latest bit of gossip. Apparently, the sidhe who had been guesting with the baron had recently left the area. Rumors of his membership in the Shadow Court- and therefore a threat to the young dreamers in the baron's freehold- had circulated all around the city. Of course, that was just a rumor, but most of the local Kithain, along with Baron Alister and Duke Conla thought it best to be on the safe side. They did not welcome Count Dakelan back into the area. That night, Kynon, Trevor, Barthelomy, and a good number of other select friends enjoyed a free meal and an evening of free ale.







# **chapter one: learning from the past**

Whoa there buddy! Where's the fire?

Some redcaps, eh? Yeah, I bet I know just the fellas that you're talking about.

Hang on now, they're not chasing you. See- there isn't anybody behind you. They were probably just trying to frighten you. Looks like it worked, too. Come on, I know this great little spot where I can buy you a drink and you can tell me how you upset that corby.

A corby? Well that's a common name for a group of redcaps; the less vicious ones like to run around together as a sort of strength-in-numbers sort of thing.

Why don't we do the same thing? We do- only instead of having corbies, we have the whole boggan kith. I knew that you were newly sained, but I didn't know that you hadn't been properly educated yet. Come on, this is going to take more than one drink.

## **why we're here**

Well, I guess that the best place to start would be an explanation of where boggans come from, why we exist.

That's right, all fae kind originate in the Dreaming. I'm glad to see that you've had at least some education. Still, knowing which other kithain to avoid is a lot more important to the here and now. But I suppose that you already received a primer in that earlier this evening. How about tonight I educate you on boggans, and tomorrow after you've had chance to recover

from your little adventure earlier I give you the low-down on the locals? Here, have another beer -don't worry, I'll drive you home later- and listen to where you come from.

Most of the other Kithain fight and squabble over who was birthed first by the Dreaming. It's as if the whole lot of them believe in some sort of universal primogeniture, fighting for the right to inherit a cosmic throne. Well, we weren't first, not by a long shot. The nockers are probably the only ones who came after we did. What I'm about to tell you isn't something that you can find in any book or epic poem about the origins of the kithain, but it's something that I'm as sure of as I'm sure that I'm sitting here with you now. Our kind came after most of the others because we were needed to clean up the mess that all of the others had made.

When boggans, or what would come to be called boggans, came on to the scene, the Tuatha De Danaan were having their great war with the Fomorians. The humans were suffering in that war. You see, the Fomorians were the manifestation of all that was dark, unsavory, and primal in the human psyche- while the Tuatha were their high ideals and hopes. The two races of elder gods waged a great war that lasted for generations with the younger races of the fae being forced to choose sides in the epic conflict over the lands of Earth and the dreams of man. The sidhe, who are considered direct children of the Tuatha De Danaan, sided with their parents and most of the kithain followed suit, even many of the redcaps, although I may never know why. Fighting alongside the Fomorians were some of our



darker unseelie kin, the perverted thallain that they had helped to create, and the dark-kin who were long thought gone from this world, but have since reappeared as their masters of old reawaken.

Well, we can talk about the sorry state of affairs that the world is currently in later. Right now, let me finish telling you about the sorry state of the world back at the dawn of the human race. A sluagh historian that I know has convinced me that this great war between the Tuatha and the Fomorians, the War of the Trees, corresponded with the rise of mankind from a primal beast into a civilized creature. As the great war raged on to decided the fate of the Dreaming, the Earth, and the future of humanity, both sides overlooked one crucial thing: making certain that the humans survived this war between gods. Powerless in a world where great forces fought over both their lives and their psyches, the fledgling human race was in danger of either becoming so mentally scarred that their primal minds would forevermore rule over any noble aspirations or simply becoming extinct under the strain of prolonged war. Dying, afraid, and probably going insane- the humans called out for help. Despite their preoccupation with the war, the Tuatha De Danaan heard the plea of humanity and sent our brethren kithain to aid them. They failed.

The pooka tried to play with the humans to cheer them up. The satyrs tried to indulge their passions. The sluagh tried to frighten them into behaving. The trolls tried to inspire them to join in the war. The eshu tried to tell them stories of heroism and life lessons. As for the redcaps- they had little interest in helping humans, and most of the sidhe opted to remain with the Tuatha and out of the domain of man. I'm sure that other kiths now lost to us also tried to protect and aid the humans, but, they like the others, were too wild to offer anything but temporary comfort and assistance. You'll recall how I said that humanity was on the cusp of becoming civilized? When the War of the Trees began, humans were just starting to develop language and form united bands working together to survive. All of those other kiths had been formed from the dreams of decidedly uncivilized people who were daunted by the natural world around them. They embodied primal drives such as passion, hunger, or fear and even today tend to be wild and feckless creatures.

Yes, even the sidhe. They are notorious for their shifting moods, like the very winds, and the grandeur that they invoke can only be compared to the brightest light of the sun or moon. The trolls who have ever been stalwart and unshakable were as the unchanging and reliable mountain ranges where some early humans made their homes. Back before the rise of the Tuatha, the humans were wild creatures and the dreams that they created were similarly wild. This is why satyrs and pooka are so bestial, why trolls and redcaps sometimes seem to have been chiseled directly out strangely shaped boulders, and why the sluagh seem so much like a dark shadow come to life.

Because they were formed from the minds of men before they had achieved the earliest forms of society and civilization, they could not help mankind to achieve the noble state of which they had begun to dream. And so, a new kith was formed- a kith that was practical, useful, and kind. I cannot say how much of our

forming was the unconscious creation of mankind and how much was directed by the Tuatha De Danaan, but this is when and why we came to be.

## the early days

At first, under the direction of the Tuatha, we helped humans by listening to their prayers and dreams and answering those that were deemed to be worthy. We were smaller then, and could easily pass unseen as we traveled from hovel, field, or cave easing the burdens of our dreamers. Before long, our duties extended to punishing humans who preyed upon others, but even then our real purpose was to alleviate human suffering. Our powers were great then, and a single one of us could easily make vast fields bear fruit and grain, build magnificent and sturdy homes, or even increase the fertility and longevity of mankind. If you ever wondered, that's why all of those people in the Old Testament could have so many children and live for such long spans of time.

And so, because of our creation and subsequent intervention mankind was able to survive a war that had consumed all the Earth and Dreaming, a war that literally reshaped the world with earthquakes, floods, and great fires. I already mentioned the Old Testament and floods. Y'know, Noah wasn't the only guy to get tossed around during those times. Find an eshu some time later and ask about flood myths, you'll get an earful.

Anyway, we were so good at protecting and preserving humans where the others had failed that the other kiths quickly started asking for us to help them as the war dragged on. This was our first real test; everything else had been a cakewalk. We knew that we couldn't abandon our human charges, but our fae brethren also seemed to be in trouble and we couldn't ignore that. As a united kith we held a great meeting in a secret hold beneath the earth and, after an awful lot of talk, decided that our duty to the human dreamers came first.

When we announced this some of the other fae grew angry and petitioned the Tuatha De Danaan. The Tuatha realized that our abilities were too great an asset to be overlooked in their war and declared that henceforth we would aid all who were in need, human or fae. A few boggans were angry and called it a curse; they said that they should be paid for all of the extra work that they would have to do under such a geas. If you ask me, these were probably the first boggans to become unseelie. A lord of the Tuatha angrily stepped forward and laid another geas upon the most outspoken of the dissenters that would not allow them to accept the slightest recompense for any task that they performed. That's why there are many of us to this day who feel uncomfortable when we receive so much as a "thank you" after having done someone a service.

There were some who actually went to assist the Fomorians after that, figuring that their forces could be as needy as those of the Tuatha, but they were very few in numbers. A good deal more declared that they would be neutral for the remainder of the war, and willingly helped anyone at all who was in need.

## the mythic age

After the War of Trees we continued to serve, protect, and guide humanity as it rose from small tribal bands to the early great civilizations. I'm proud to say that our subtle nudges were enough to assist the rise of agriculture, pastoralism, and early weaving and pottery techniques. And although we were sometimes worshipped as gods (as were all the fae) we would never permit ourselves to perform all of mankind's tasks for them. Back when belief was so strong and the Dreaming had not yet separated from the waking world, we could have eliminated starvation, homelessness, and possibly even war, but we didn't. We only assisted humans directly when it was needed, and mostly prodded them in the right directions by giving them dreams of how to bake bread, mix fertilizer, or how to build homes out of nothing more than sticks or mud. By making them do most of the work they stayed honest and strong, but by getting them to settle down

we helped to shrivel the black paths of the Dreaming. A man has fewer fears of the natural world around him if he has a full stomach, a warm fire, a soft bed, and a safe home.

This new condition for man was both our triumph and ultimate defeat. It was our work with helping to civilize humanity that made them push away their darkest fears, thus helping to keep the Fomorians locked away and out of our world. However, while we may not be as wild and linked to the natural world as the other kiths, we are still fae and somehow formed from the basic drives and dreams of mankind. When humanity pushed themselves away from the natural order and their primal fears, they started pushing us away as well. We may have done our work too well. The safe and comfortable, but self-reliant, humans had little need or consideration for their fae gods. Their dreams became less vivid, their belief in spirits less important, and they made their first real intuitive leap without an iota of fae assistance when they first forged some rocks from the ground into the substance we call cold iron. And, as their dreams became less important in their daily lives, so the Dreaming pulled away from their lives as the Sundering began.

## an ancient legend:

In the lands of ancient Hellas, a powerful group of fae ruled the sea, sky, and earth from their perch on Mount Olympus. Although they ruled as gods, they were not truly divine, but mortal dreams given form as powerful beings. All of them took certain duties upon themselves to aid the course of things on Earth (or they were dreamed to have such tasks). All of these mighty lords and ladies bickered and fought like overgrown children. They were all selfish and vain. To them the humans that they ruled and demanded (or extorted) offerings from were little more than sources of amusement, playthings.

Except for one. Her name was Hestia, she did not engage in squabbles of her siblings, but instead threw herself into her duties. She was called the goddess of the hearth, and so she was. She kept the fires warm and friendly in the lands under her care. The people of those lands flourished. They fought great wars against the Persians, explored the world around them and the depths of space, they created poetry, art, and philosophy that would be remembered for all time. It was the others, the passionate violent ones, who led them in these triumphant endeavors. Hestia quietly made it so they could do these things. A warm fire, a full belly, and a good home provides a people the luxury of pursuing arts and philosophy. It gives heart to soldiers and keeps a land secure.

As the people of this land grew and flourished and their enemies diminished, their minds turned towards leisure pursuits. One day a fine new fae lord passed through the gates of Olympus. He was bedecked in grapevines, rode upon a jaguar, and was accompanied by a joyous crowd of satyrs, nymphs, and sylphs. As young as he was, he had already traveled the waking world and had gathered at least as many dreamers and worshippers as any of the other Olympian lords. It was only fitting that he join their ranks high above the human throng, but there were only twelve thrones and each of them had long since been occupied.

Indeed, the previous lords of older time had built the twelve thrones and had decreed that no more could be built. All of the lords and ladies, even those with fewer dreamers than the newcomer, shook their heads and said that he was tragically too late to join their ranks. But then, quiet Hestia, who was often overlooked by her more boisterous companions, stood up off her throne and offered it to the newcomer. He took her seat and she fashioned herself a small stool where she could sit closer to the fire. Out of all of the other Olympians, Demeter was the only one who asked Hestia why she had given up her seat when it meant that she would receive less worship. Hestia gave a slight smile and said only that it was warmer there, by the fire.

## the sundering

No one has ever managed to pin down precisely when this happened, but it seems clear to me that it was a very slow and gradual process. We certainly weren't aware of what was happening until it was far too late to stop it. I've heard some say that the Sundering still continues to this day, which seems pretty reasonable if you ask me. Anyhow, things changed, we diminished- all fae kind did of course- but I think that we may have been hit harder than the others. It was at this time that we started taking a much smaller role in the course of the world.

While previously, one of our kind might watch over a whole island, mountain range, or kingdom- as our powers diminished, we began to see the wisdom in micromanagement and started taking on smaller duties, bringing us even closer to humanity's dreamers. The more ambitious of us might take watch over an entire valley, town, or sacred glen. Most of us, though, took jurisdiction over a specific home, farm, or family. We had always been closer to humans than the other fae, but now we were actually living with them. To be honest, this move was also partly based on how much easier it is to inspire a single family to belief than an entire nation.

Previously temples and large sacrifices would be dedicated to our kind, but as the Sundering progressed we learned to enjoy the simple pleasure a bowl of porridge or some cream. The

Sundering brought great change into our way of life, but I think that we adapted admirably. It certainly left us better prepared to deal with the aftermath of the Shattering than anybody else.

## the shattering

Now you're going to hear a lot of commoners say that we were left high and dry as all of the trods started closing, but you'll probably also get stories from our illustrious nobles saying that they kept us from Arcadia for our own protection because of some war or other going on in our homeland. To be honest, I don't want throw my voice one way or the other. I don't remember what happened back then and I've never met any kithain who claimed to have anything but vague or fuzzy memories of that whole time. Personally, though, I have to say, I'm wary of anyone who claims to be protecting me while they're packing a suitcase and telling me to stay behind. Besides if there was really some big war going on in Arcadia then how come most of the trolls were left in the Waking World?

I shudder to think what would have happened though, if all of the fae, noble and commoner alike, had managed to escape into Arcadia. Without anybody left to inspire and muse humanity during the time after the Shattering, I'm sure that the Long Winter would have quickly befallen us, and the Resurgence never would have happened.





## the interregnum

We were as flat-footed as anybody else when the Shattering hit, but like I said earlier, our close proximity to humanity helped us in the aftermath. With nearly all freeholds and trods closed to us, we had no refuge from the banality around us and so we found a modicum of protection by binding ourselves into human bodies. Naturally, with our intimate knowledge of humans, we boggans were instrumental in devising the Changeling Way ritual that bound us all to human bodies.

Anyhow, there we were- stripped of our home, our freeholds, confined within mortal shells, and bereft of our leaders. It's no surprise that so many of the commoners, and perhaps entire kiths, were totally taken by the cold grip of banality. Still, we endured. Having lived near humans and having done human labors made it easier for us boggans to adjust to our new lives as humans. Now, though, all of us surviving commoners had to try and make lives for ourselves without freeholds or Arcadia to retreat to, and this usually meant living and working like normal humans. For us, this was no great chore. We were used to human labors, and now we could do essentially the same work, but be paid in money instead of porridge.

Although greatly diminished, what remained of our birthrights served us well during the Interregnum. Our ability to discern social situations helped us pick out which humans most needed musing and which changelings most needed dreamers. Being able to do a day's labor in one-third the time helped give us enough time to muse our own dreamers and help our fellow kithain to muse theirs. It was a lot of extra work for us, but I honestly don't believe the Resurgence could have ever happened if we hadn't look after our fellow fae so diligently back in those early days.

## fight, flight, and freeholds

As you might imagine, fae society was tattered, torn, and darn-well near non-existent in the years and even decades following the Shattering. Love or hate the sidhe, they were our leaders, and their sudden disappearance created a fierce power vacuum. Even so, what was worse for all of us was the loss of the Dreaming and Arcadia. We've lived for so long nowadays as changelings, and worked so hard to create a niche for ourselves in the Waking World, that it's almost easy to forget that this isn't our home. There were a few, very few, freeholds left after the Shattering and they naturally became packed with all manner of fae seeking shelter from the world's banality. Sometimes there was suspicion, hostility, and brutal conflicts. Mostly, there was shared fear and cooperation in the face of a world that suddenly seemed a good deal more dangerous. These early motleys quickly came to rely on us boggans to bring them food, dross, and

dreamers as they huddled in the remaining freeholds away from a world that seemed alien even from behind mortal eyes. As corresponding with a certain adage about teaching a man to fish, we focused on teaching all the rest of the commoner kithain how to survive amongst humans, a lesson that fortunately grew easier as we began the cycles of reincarnation and began to be raised as human.

## the high middle ages

Are you ready for a shock? Back in the first couple hundred years of the Interregnum a whole lot of us boggans found our way into the folds of the Catholic Church as monks, nuns, or priests. Okay, I guess that's not as shocking as saying that redcaps or satyrs were lining up to take vows and shave the tops of their heads, but it's still not something normally associated with any type of fae. Anyhow, the monastic lifestyle was relatively accommodating to us boggans. After all it was a lifestyle that promoted peaceful living and a diligent work ethic. Proper monasteries provided a haven for many boggans, as well as an outlet for serving the community- and the monasteries that came under lazy and corrupt priors provided us with an excuse to practice some good old faerie retribution until they repented their ways.

Besides the brown-froked boggan monks and friars, many of our kind also found their way into being parish priests. Priests, sheriffs, and magistrates were common positions for boggans in the Middle Ages and Renaissance. These positions allowed us to look after entire communities of people, both mortal and fae. They helped us to identify and aid both dreamers and new changelings, a useful thing given how unorganized and fractured fae kind had become. Some boggans, particularly those who still felt tied to certain homes or families, took positions as farmhands, servants, or artisans that kept them nearby to their old sources of glamour.

## renaissance and revolutions

Nothing is greater proof of our collective ability to survive and adapt than the culmination of arts, innovations, and exploration commonly known as the Renaissance. However, for all of the cultural and philosophical advancement made during those centuries, very little changed in the lives of the common peasants and serfs. So, while Italian satyrs partied in Milan and Eshu from Portugal sailed around the world, we mostly stayed in our various homesteads looking after our charges and our dreamers. The few of us that did begin to frequent the salons in Paris and Vienna argued for socialist doctrines and the rights of workers. We finally saw some payoff for our continued labors as serfdom was gradually abolished in Western Europe in the years leading up to the Napoleonic Wars.

## **molly pitcher**

Even if Mary Hays McCauly (now known as the legendary Molly Pitcher) was not in truth a boggan, she is an excellent example of how a boggan might acquit herself during wartime. Mary Hays McCauly was the wife of an artillery man in George Washington's army during the American Revolution, but unlike most soldiers' wives of the time, she stayed by her husband and helped look after him and the other soldiers during the long hard winter at Valley Forge. She came to be called "Molly Pitcher" from her primary service during battle. While the soldiers were engaged in combat, she would run up and down the back artillery line with pitchers of cold water used for cooling down the hot guns and parched soldiers. She would also help tend the wounded soldiers, to the point of personally hefting a wounded soldier on to her back and carrying him away from an oncoming cavalry charge. Nevertheless, it was when her own husband was shot that Molly Pitcher really gained her fame,

It was June 28th, 1778, during the Battle of Monmouth. William Hays, Molly's husband, had just replaced a fallen cannon loader, but was quickly wounded himself. When Hays fell, there was no one to replace him and the gun was going to be withdrawn. Molly Pitcher took the ramrod out of her husband's hands and finished loading the gun herself. She continued helping to load and work the cannon until the battle's end.

For her courage and fortitude, George Washington himself declared her a noncommissioned officer and she was thereafter called Sergeant Molly.

Long before serfdom was abolished, though, many of our dreamers began sailing across the Atlantic in search of new lives. Although very few of us took part in the initial exploration, a good number of boggans made their way to the colonies of the New World where we could enjoy the new homes and new ideas that we hoped would flourish there. In truth, most kithain looked at the New World as a way for us to start fresh after the Shattering and the Changeling Way. Not only were we full of new hopes and dreams, but so were many of the settlers that we accompanied.

With ties to our own nobility severed, it only seemed appropriate that our dreamers in this brave new world follow suit. It might surprise some, but it was us boggans that really led the charge in shaping the ideals and starting the movements that led to the American Revolution and the founding of the U.S. There were boggans who mused Thomas Paine and Thomas

Jefferson, boggans who aided the colonial war effort, and boggans present at the Constitutional Convention. It was our hope that a new form of egalitarian democracy would arise. We were only partially successful. We had were so proud of that bold sentiment "All are created equal." Unfortunately, the ability to seize Indian property and own African slaves only increased after America's independence. With that aftermath of the American Revolution and the spectacular failure of its sister revolution in France, out of shame we boggans never took any sort of major role in human politics again.

## **abolition and industry**

Even avoiding world politics and major wars, there was plenty going on during the nineteenth century to keep even us boggans busy. It was an age of epidemics, genocide, slavery, and industry. Unfortunately, it was only the latter two that we were really able to have any impact on.

Slavery is as irksome to a boggan as it is to any eshu. There is something that really sticks in our craw about people not getting any recognition or compensation for their labor, but when that labor is forced...well, there is precious little on earth or in the Dreaming that can hold back a determined boggan. Many of us joined abolitionist movements, worked the Underground Railroad, and lobbied the government to end the practice of slavery.

Another form of slavery arrived with the steel and steam of the Industrial Revolution as men, women, and children fell to the clutches of mines and sweatshops. Boggans were on the front line of the unofficial war known commonly as the labor movement. As union leaders and agitators we fought in the boardrooms and in the streets to secure livable conditions for the new working class.

## **the great depression**

Our attention was drawn away from the urban factories and mining towns when we saw the disposition of farmers and workers during the Great Depression. We have always felt an affinity with farmers. Their work is so important and yet so underappreciated. Farming communities have long been our primary source of Dreamers. When so many lost their farms and homes in the Dust Bowl, many of us felt that we had somehow failed those we should have been looking after the most. Just as we had looked after them during times of war or during epidemics, we did what we could to ease the suffering that we saw around us. We organized food drives, helped find work where we could, and helped to establish and protect the little shanty towns that popped up alongside the highways. Some of the more unseele, or simply more vindictive, boggans took it upon themselves to punish greedy bankers or land owners who took advantage of the itinerate laborers.



## **goodfellas and goombahs**

The connection between boggans and organized crime is a venerable one. Boggans are good at organization (any organization), and it's no surprise that some have turned those talents to crime. Boggan involvement in true organized crime began with the labor movement. Generally sympathetic to the plight of the under-appreciated workers of the Industrial Revolution, many boggans took part in the formation of the first labor unions. However, in attempts to gain recognition, the early unions often resorted to violent methods of persuasion. Much of this was organized by the mafia. Some unseelie boggans even made careers as professional agitators and lived off of union kickbacks. The labor wars lasted into the thirties and many boggans, along with a few satyrs, became firmly entrenched in the world of organized crime during those years.

What really cemented kithain entanglement with the mob, though, was the heady years of prohibition. The mob became both powerful and glamorous as Americans turned to them to supply the nation with bootlegged liquor. A number of boggans were quick to open speakeasies (one of the biggest fonts of glamour in the roaring twenties) and lend a deft hand to the business of booze smuggling. One boggan of the time, Michael Sloane, ran the biggest and most popular gin joint in St. Louis out of the city's only active freehold. So popular was Sloane's club that not even the mayor and police commissioner tried to hide that they were regular customers.

There have been a slew of famous gangsters from the thirties that have been suspected to be boggans. The diminutive George "Babyface" Nelson is high on the list, but his psychotic violent behavior would suggest either a boggart or perhaps an unseelie boggan in first-stage bedlam. Another one was a contemporary of Babyface- Pretty-Boy Floyd, a bank robber with a reputation of polite gentle manners and for redistributing his gains among the distraught workers of Depression era Oklahoma.

With Al Capone, though, there is no doubt- he was known to be boggan kinain. Although short of stature, Capone was such a master at manipulating people and working the social and legal system of 1920s Chicago, that it was only because of unreported tax returns that either local or federal law enforcers were able to arrest him. He was extraordinarily efficient at his chosen endeavors and, also like his boggan cousins, he was owed favors by many people that he had helped out in some way or another over the years.

Even to this day many boggans remain linked to the mob. A number of boggans are actually involved in prostitution rings, an excellent way to make certain that the girls are being properly taken care of. Most boggans in the mafia today find themselves connected to money laundering and/or gambling rackets. There are fewer boggans involved in gun running, extortion, and drug trafficking. While some boggans interpret providing a junkie with a fix or arming vulnerable street thugs as a way to answer the Call of the Needy, most are less than comfortable with the long-range effects of that "help".



## resurgence and accordance

Now, ordinarily we're a very united kith; we're not inclined to fight amongst ourselves, and we rarely let trivial things such as politics and personal philosophies stand in the way of either business or friendship. However, the return of the sidhe and the following war came closer to dividing us than anything else. Many of us were proud of what we had accomplished over the last six hundred years. Not only had we managed to survive, but we had helped establish democratic governments and end slavery practices. But others were disappointed with what we had done, things hadn't always turned out as we hoped they would, and between all the wars, the epidemics, the industry, and everything else there had been so much suffering for both mortals and fae.

When the living, breathing, incarnations of "the good ol' days" suddenly appeared before us in '69, a lot of us were hoping much of that suffering would be over. Those of us who got embroiled in the war, though, flocked to both sides in such numbers that to say which side had the most boggan supporters could only be speculation. Even at the height however, there was very little animosity between boggans, regardless of affiliation. It was a war about position and leadership, not killing fellow fae. At least, not from our perspective.

Remember how I had said that after the Shattering we took to running what was left of the freeholds? Well with the Resurgence, not only did the sidhe return, but most of the long-dormant balefires were rekindled. We quickly took to helping open up the lost holds and making them habitable for all fae. Regardless of whether they became bases for nobles or commoners, maintaining freeholds was our primary function during the Accordance War. That's not to say that there weren't boggans on the front lines. A boggan can be as great a warrior as anybody else. However, that's also not where our greatest strengths are either. We have a great aptitude for quickly preparing things like food or supplies, and our way with people can prove invaluable for easing tensions and helping to draft peace treaties. Between that ability, and the ties we forged with both commoners and nobles, we played a large role in establishing the peace and trust we had enjoyed under High King David.

That bit about being in the freeholds though, don't go yakking this to just anybody, but that was a calculated move on our part. Even to this day, there are very few freeholds in Concordia that do not have at least one boggan who is

intrinsically involved in its workings. Like the sluagh, we know the secrets of almost any freehold, but unlike them, we've already got a set of the keys and the trust of everyone inside.

Don't look at me like that. There isn't any great boggan conspiracy to seize the reigns of power. Besides, if you'd been listening closer, you'd know that that is the last thing any sensible boggan would want to do. I'm just saying that we have a modicum of insurance for the dark days ahead. War is still spreading throughout Concordia and every traveler who comes along has new tales of adhene and Fomorian coming from the Dreaming. The freeholds aren't our greatest strength though- it's each other. Remember that, no matter how dire your situation is, you can always turn to a boggan for help.

## disappearance and discordance

All I'll say about whoever orchestrated the disappearance of High King David is that he's a brilliant idiot. He, or they, are smart enough to keep him (or his corpse, as the case may be) locked up in cold iron or otherwise away from scrying eyes, but hasn't managed to claim the throne in the past six years. And if anarchy was the goal, that's only been a partial success because most of the smaller kings and queens still retain their power. I don't pretend to know what will happen to the throne and its gaggle of claimants. My only advice is to avoid insecure nobility. And if you do come into the service of a noble lord, make certain that he's strong enough to stand up against the Urban Renewal League or any other violent anarchs.

## today

A noble sidhe can be a grand protector and ally, but far too many of them are acting like spoiled children playing "king of the mountain" with Tara-Nar. Opportunists like Rotgut Redhelm aren't any better. If the Fomorians really are returning then the whole lot of them will need to band together or all of us are surely doomed.

But enough of that sort of talk. Neither of us are going to change the world tonight. Finish that beer and then I'll take you home. Tomorrow I'll make sure that you get properly introduced to the other locals.









# **chapter two: practical living**

## **lifestyles of the short and rotund**

Let me say flat out that we are not, nor ever will be, princes of men, or fae for that matter. A good number of us run freeholds and there are a few who play at “being the power behind the throne”, but by and large we are just not plumb fool enough to make ourselves targets like that. Sure, we might miss out on all of the fame, glory, and power, but if you think about it, none of those things are very tangible- not like good friends, a full belly, or a secure home.

Those who are in positions of power frequently have difficulty keeping friends, and those among them who manage to achieve long lives are the excessively paranoid. The sidhe and the eshu would have you believe that leading a simple life in a nice, safe home is nearly as banal as cold iron. Well, grand quests and magnificent palaces are all well and good, but really, where would they be without the contrast of a place to come home to? That is, the existence of a secure and comfortable home is what lends power to the stories of journeys and quests.

Sure, it might not sound dashing and daring, but at the heart of every story is either the establishment or the return to home. And that means, as the homebodies of the kithain, boggans are at the heart of our society. Oh, we’ll lead people

or fight in battles if it’s needed, but if you want something well built, a warm spot by the fire, or just a sympathetic ear, then it’s a boggan that you go.

Now, because we tend to shy away from authoritative positions and have a reputation for reliability that is rivaled only by the trolls, we find a lot of menial tasks being put on us by those who are in charge. On the negative side, this means that we’re frequently seen as welcome mats to the other kiths, but there are also several positive aspects to this. One is simply that we can get things done three times faster than anybody else, allowing the gears of our fragile little society are to turn faster and more efficiently than they might otherwise. Another is that if we do it, we know the job will be done well. And, most importantly, we know what work is being done, who’s stockpiling weapons, who wants to build a castle, and other such things. Such information not only makes for good gossip, but also could mean the difference between life and death if hostilities were to break out.

Being the smallest guys on the block, survival has always been an important issue with us boggans over the long and turbulent centuries. The pooka flee into the wilds or their dreamburrows, and the sluagh hole up in whatever ghastly hidey-holes that they’ve contrived, but we’ve mastered the art of hiding in plain sight. Boggans make themselves so indispensable to certain powerful kithain or to freeholds that they are seen more as fixtures than as people, much less as threats. A few use debts that they have accrued or gossip that they’ve heard to blackmail their way out of trouble. The method that I prefer is to use our gossip network, knowledge of work contracts, social dynamics,

# birthrights and frailties

## craftwork

In ages past, a boggan could work though the night and create an enormous palace; one built of gold and sunlight and fit only for the greatest of kings. This ability diminished along with the role boggans played in the course of human affairs. By the time of the Shattering, a single boggan couldn't do much more than plow a farmer's field in a single night, or make several pairs of expensive shoes. Although not as powerful today as it was before, this birthright still allows boggans to perform feats of manual labor much faster than anyone else possibly could.

Boggans must labor unobserved because traditionally, it is crucial that the boggan's beneficiary is believed to have done the labor himself. The stories of heroes who are given impossible tasks such as separating piles of grain or spinning straw into gold are perfect examples. Invariably, their task was completed by some little helper, but with the ploy that it was the hero who had performed the task. If the boggan's aid were to be discovered the dreamer might be killed and the boggan's work would have been in vain. If no one saw the boggan work, who's to say that it was him, and not the mortal princess who spun the straw into gold? It's because of this ancient tradition that, to this day, boggans cannot be observed while using this birthright.

## social dynamics

Like it or not, boggans tend to get neck deep in politics and intrigue. Between labor commissions and working in freeholds it's hard not to get caught up in the whirl and dervish of fae politics. Most use these sorts of positions to pick up entertaining bits of gossip, but with this birthright an attentive boggan can also pick up the hidden subtexts of what's going on.

Any blamed fool can figure out that Duke So-and-so is gearing up for war, but a boggan who spends any time around the right people can usually figure out that Count What's His Face is the Duke's target because of an insult at the last high court, but the Duke's consort is having an affair with the Count's brother, so she might betray her husband, and so on and so forth.

Not surprisingly the position of boggans in kithain society coupled with their gossip networks and this birthright make them information gatherers on par with the sluagh- but boggans aren't mistrusted the way sluagh are. The boggans who decide to embroil themselves in politics are deft and masterful in this arena; I heard once of a boggan that was a full member of house Ailil. I don't know if it's true, but it's a frightening thought.

Of course, there are many other uses for this birthright. Imagine a boggan lawyer for one, someone who can discern the relationship between his client, his opponent's client, and the witnesses, not to mention being able to figure out the dynamics of the jury. Because of this ability, boggans make excellent marriage counselors, salesmen, advertisers, teachers, and social workers, just to name a few. Social dynamics is also an ideal way of discovering who might be in need of a helping hand.

## call of the needy

The most important thing to remember is that it is "Call of the Needy" not "Call of the Whiney-Want-it-Now". Being "needy" is fairly objective, and every boggan gets pulled differently by this frailty by those who he perceives to be in need. Some boggans are very attentive and play nursemaid to everyone that they meet; others only feel compelled to action should someone be in truly dire circumstances. The method of alleviating someone's needs can also vary greatly.

Say a boggan meets a poor single mother who can't make enough money to support herself and her sick child. Some boggans might get personally involved and volunteer to watch the child and donate food for their meals. Another might take a "larger perspective" position and lobby the government for better welfare provisions. To some of our darker brothers and sisters, a perfectly acceptable solution to the mother's problem would be to abduct or even kill the child.

While praise or acknowledgement of aid is never sought by a boggan, payment sometimes is. In olden times a firstborn child or a maid on her wedding night were popular choices given to those who received aid in duress. It doesn't matter that the boggan would have been compelled to help them without payment- the humans had no way of knowing.

While it is known for some boggans to ask for rewards, the vast majority do not. As a kith boggans have learned the value of what is commonly known as the "silent agreement". When a boggan assists someone and asks for no reward or even acknowledgement, then not only does this give the boggan a generous reputation, but it leaves the recipient of his aid feeling indebted. Having people indebted to him, a boggan always has people he can go to for favors, assistance, or even sanctuary.

Phrased like this, it makes boggans all sound like tricky little connivers, which some of them most certainly are, but as a whole it's merely another one of the many survival tactics that boggans have picked up over the years.

and maybe a hint of soothsaying to avoid trouble before it starts.

Nearly all boggans do two things. One is to cultivate the image of boggans as non-threatening peaceful little people who are much more useful than they are dangerous. And the other, even among most of our unseelie number, is to support the Escheat.

## **the escheat**

### **the right of demesne**

We recognize the importance of this tenet in preventing anarchy in Concordia, but we do believe that the authority that it grants should be earned and not given. The sidhe, or any others, only have a right to rule so long as they prove themselves just and apt rulers. While we recognize authority, we don't just roll over for it either. Those that treat guests well deserve respect in return. Those that offer no hospitality, or demand respect when it's not due, shall quickly find themselves the ruler of an empty household, or nothing at all.

### **the right to dream**

Even the most unseelie of us will refuse to engage in rhapsody or other practices that might prevent a mortal from ever dreaming again. All things dream, and deserve that right. When we interfere with this right, we starve ourselves. Mankind is capable of astounding miracles when given the chance.

### **the right of ignorance**

We're practical enough to know that sometimes this rule must be bent, if not broken, but by and large it is respected as an important precaution. Also, just as we prefer the simpler life in comparison to our fellow Kithain, we must respect the same of the Autumn world. If they wish to lead their lives without chasing dragons, so be it.

This doesn't mean you can't interact with mortal society, just respect the boundaries they have. There are... people... that don't understand what glamour truly is, and react poorly in its presence. Don't bring about your doom with poorly spent glamour. It's safer for all of us.

### **the right of rescue**

As a kith who essentially adheres to this as a part of our fundamental nature, we wholeheartedly support this tenet of the Escheat. I just wish that the other kithain didn't need a law to convince them to help another changeling in need.

### **the right of safe haven**

Like the Right of Rescue, this tenet (also known as the Right of Hospitality) is our bread and butter. The sidhe have made up a whole mess of formalities connected to this right, the number of days that one should be granted hospitality, the guest's boon, the guest's position at supper, the host's welcoming speech,

and all manner of other tripe meant to keep to warring factions from killing each other over the dinner table. But at its heart, the Right of Safe Haven is just being neighborly and kind.

## **the right of life**

Much like the "Thou shalt not kill" of the Ten Commandments, this tenet is quickly cast aside in time of war. Killing fellow kithain, though, is ultimately suicide. All signs point to the Long Winter being upon us soon, and when it comes we'll only have one another to rely on. Is it not bad enough we slowly drift away more and more from our true fae lives, now we must shed blood at every opportunity? Our numbers grow fewer and fewer every night we fight, and now there are rumors of cold iron being used. I don't know what's wrong with the rest of the kithain, that they can't see how dangerous for all of us this is.

## **the call of the home**

### **home comforts**

A roaring fire, a soft chair, fine food, and good company. What more can anyone ask for? And yet time and again, we are mocked for preferring such things over the supposed glory of battlefields and the adventure of the road. Those are fleeting pipe dreams, and only a fool thinks that they're more important than the comforts that one can find at home.

Now, many people, be they human or fae, have home lives that are somehow dissatisfying, perhaps even dangerous or abusive. And it is because of this that they leave their homes in search of something better. But what they are ultimately seeking is a new home. How many fairytales or legends end with the hero going off to fight more battles or back out on the road? Just about all happy endings have the hero winning a new home, or returning to their old home under better conditions. Us boggans, we just skip all that mess in the middle and go straight to the "happily ever after."

So, you've got that whole thing about roaring fires and all. How about some details of what exactly it is that boggans like? Being homebodies, we have the advantage of ample time to spend in the kitchen, learning how to prepare tasty meals and brew fine ales. We usually indulge ourselves in this area. We grow as much of our own food and ingredients as possible, take our time in preparation, and then eat and drink as though we didn't need to worry about going home afterwards. Of course, our birthright gives us the ability to spend as much time preparing our food and drink as we might need.

The over-used image of the boggan with his pipe of tobacco (in no small part due to one Mr. Tolkien, I'm sure) is naturally not entirely correct; most boggans do not smoke at all- much less smoke pipes. However, pipe smoking is a simple luxury that can be enjoyed in the home, and as such, boggans do smoke pipes in far greater numbers than other fae. Boggans rarely have the finances or glamour for more refined luxuries, but we have a greater appreciation for that which we can make ourselves over what can be purchased.



## freeholds

Boggans are spirits of the home, and freeholds are the erstwhile homes of the fae. As such, it is only natural that we are closely linked to nearly every freehold in Concordia. From small commoner holds to mighty noble lands, there are precious few freeholds without a boggan presence.

Of the few commoner-held freeholds, easily half or more are directly held by boggans. The primary reasons for this are that we seek out such positions and, more to the point, that we are good at them. You can count on a boggan to stay put, and really work at a place until it is in tip-top shape. We're not about to get bored, wander off, or get called to fight some silly war if we have a home to look after. We're also the kith most likely to be granted propriety of a freehold by the sidhe. You see, boggans are easily the second most trusted commoner kith after the trolls. Trolls, however, are far too valuable as bodyguards and soldiers for them to live in any hold but a noble hold. Besides, by this point we've proven our efficiency at running freeholds. We keep them neat, organized, and sometimes even peaceful.

Of course the sidhe nominally run their own freeholds, but our knack for organizing people, working quickly, and looking harmless has us in high demand in noble households. There is almost always a boggan in charge of the day-to-day operations of the larger freeholds. For the truly great palaces of the sidhe, there may be a whole staff of boggans to ensure that everything is running smoothly. Our duties frequently involve managing personnel (no easy task when working with satyrs, pooka, and

chimera), cooking, cleaning, maintenance, chimera handling, accounting, scheduling, tutoring, record keeping, trod managing, gardening, and dealing with any manner of unexpected occurrences that may happen in a magical realm. For service to a sidhe lord, boggans are generally granted a position that affords them some small amount of status in noble society. Naturally, these positions are sneered at by many commoners. Any position may fall on a boggan, but the ones most commonly granted to us are: herald, chancellor, scribe, steward, and reeve. (For a full list and description of the different types of retainers, see *Changeling: the Dreaming*, page 77.)

When we control our own freeholds, they tend to be fairly small and simple affairs. There is usually little need or patience for official titles and duties in even our larger homes. We try to emphasize comfort in our homes, since we like to spend a lot of time there. With things like soft chairs and fireplaces, many of our freeholds adopt a sort of simple rustic look. English county hovels or American lodges are common frameworks for boggan freeholds, they exude a homey, sort of earthy feel (much like we do) and remind us of our proletarian roots.

Of course, there isn't any sort of rule governing the appearance of boggan freeholds. I've seen one that looked like a Japanese pagoda, another like a fallen tree trunk, one burrowed under the ground, and another on top of a skyscraper. But all of our freeholds are treated with the utmost care and respect to the balefires. Unlike the sidhe, we can remember the long years when there were nearly no freeholds at all.

## the homestead

Homestead is the general term used by boggans to refer to the location that they give most of their time and attention to. A homestead can be anywhere, a freehold, a house, a workshop, a business, or a city park. There is nothing official to mark a homestead. No chimerical guardians or balefires are required. The place need not even be particularly high in glamour. In fact, given the boggan drive to help those in need many boggans choose places of desolation and despair for their homesteads. Many are hospital wards, rehabilitation clinics, and slums that slowly become nicer, more cheerful places under the attentive care of a devoted boggan.

Not even boggans are entirely altruistic, however, and many prefer to devote their time to freeholds or other glamour rich areas. A freehold that a boggan considers his homestead doesn't have to be a freehold that the boggan controls, or even lives in. Like any other homestead, it is merely the location where most of the boggan's hard work and devotion is spent.

The sort of attention given by a boggan varies with the personality and aptitude of the boggan. Sometimes the boggan devotes himself to maintaining the physical location through repairs, improvements, paint jobs, or landscaping. A more artistic boggan might try to make a place more beautiful through decorations, artwork, gardening, or even the application of feng shui. Still another approach might be one that forsakes the actual location in favor of attending to the people there in through cooking, cleaning, nursing, teaching, or even simply making the place a comfortable and welcoming place to be.

I'd say that it is in this place where a boggan makes his mark, where the results of his time and hard work are evident- but that would be selling our kith short. The real result is in the people who come through these places and take with them a feeling of joy and hope.

# life's great games

## love

Boggans aren't generally known as passionate lovers, romantic troubadours, seekers of paramours, nor as the objects of such affections. But they are known for being loyal, devoted, and very dependable. Unfortunately, most people, especially amongst changelings, think first of the kiths that are traditionally thought of as more dashing and exciting. The fact that boggans tend towards being short with potbellies and big noses doesn't help either. Boggans fit neither feminine nor masculine ideals of beauty in a society that prefers people tall and skinny, and so it can be very difficult for us to find love.

This is particularly hard on such an inherently social kith, and many lonely boggans resort to using the gossip network as a dating service. Most fiefdoms have at least one matchmaker, a romantically inclined boggan deeply imbedded in the local gossip circles who makes it her (or occasionally his) business to find and match up all of the lonely kithain, kinain, and dreamers in her area. We tend to have a lot more respect for humans than the other kithain, and so we're much more likely to have lasting friendships or committed relationships with them than other kithain.

If one is lucky enough find love with a boggan one can be assured that they will have a partner who will provide for, care for, respect, and love them forever. Kithain society is known for its mercurial relationships, but only trolls match boggans when it comes to long-term committed relationships.

## war

Boggans aren't built for direct combat. We have no special abilities that give us an advantage if faced with a charging ogre. But we're not intrinsically weak or cowardly either, and there is nothing to prevent a boggan from becoming at least as skilled in the arts of battle as any sidhe or troll. When boggans do fight, our style tends towards being up-close and nasty, since we nearly never have the advantage of reach. Short swords, daggers, hammers, sickles, or anything that can be used in close are preferred by boggan warriors who try to take advantage of our small size to even the odds by attacking low vulnerable spots on our opponents- knee caps and hamstrings are popular targets. Despite our small size, however, boggans who take up the art of combat bring a determination to the field that matches or outmatches our larger companions. More than one troll soldier has referred to his boggan comrades as "the badgers of battle".

However, even in times of heavy warfare, most of us won't be found on the field of battle. Boggans are well-suited to serve as support staff for those doing the heavy fighting. Craftwork comes in handy for making weapons, furnishing escapes, or creating traps, and though we may not be as powerful as we once were, we can still feed armies if we work at it.

## nice guy syndrome

*in the words of Neaira, satyr wilder and boggan aficionado*

One of the problems that boggans have (particularly the male variety- and I'll admit that I'm biased that way) is that they're precisely the kind of guy you want to bring home to Mother. They remember birthdays and anniversaries, they take out the trash, and they're willing to cook you dinner. Obviously, this means that no woman wants them. Why the freak not? 'Cause we're stupid, that's why. Yeah, trolls may be a little more... ahem... satisfying in certain ways, and no one beats a sidhe for a pretty face- but a boggan will still be giving you back rubs twenty years down the line. Yet somehow, boggans aren't bad-boy enough for your average chick-a-dee, and so they don't want any. What the hell? Now me, both my husbands are boggans, and if I marry again- I don't promise that it'll be the shortest kith, but personally, I find large noses and a gut kinda sexy. Besides, height makes a lot less difference if both parties are horizontal...

The Call of the Needy also turns many boggans into peacemakers, nurses, and doctors. Wanton bloodshed can be a difficult thing for some of us to reconcile with our innate drive to help others, and many of us are pacifists. Many boggans also, perhaps remembering the ancient geas of the Tuatha, blatantly refuse to take sides in the conflicts that frequently ripple through changeling society.

## politics

To be perfectly frank, boggans don't usually make the most inspired leaders, nor do most boggans seek positions of direct authority. However, many boggans still enjoy playing this particular game. Boggans have quietly usurped power in the freeholds they work in, and the lords of those freeholds none the wiser. Social Dynamics makes manipulating the reactions of others child's play for a politically savvy boggan, and this includes the mighty sidhe lords of our nation. Just through observation, we can tell who a lord fears, who he fawns over, and who he hates. As chancellors, butlers, and seneschals we frequently exert at least some control of our lord's schedule and meetings and can take advantage of this to arrange certain meetings with commoner representatives or other lords, should we desire. What's more, our observational abilities give us a clear edge should we ever find ourselves at a bargaining table.

Fae politics are of course dominated by the sidhe, but in addition to our involvement in most changeling political organizations and secret societies, boggans held far more seats than any other commoner kith in the Parliament of Dreams before it dissolved.

Boggans have, at times, been involved in mortal politics as well. Given our proclivity towards staying in one place and constantly working to improve it, many boggans get involved in grass-roots organizations and lobbyist groups. Also, say what you will, but we've been involved in the party conventions in the United States since there were any- I would be embarrassed to tell you how many electoral colleges have had at least one boggan member. Or, more to the point, how many didn't.

We're ideal campaign workers in many ways- we're expert at identifying and solving social issues. Craftwork helps to free up the time necessary for getting involved in politics, not to mention being useful for boggans who want to churn out buttons, signs, or bumper stickers. And boggans, of all people, understand how important politics can be in helping or hurting people.

## **gossip**

Under-appreciated by most changelings, we consider gossip as important an aspect of life as games of romance, warfare, or intrigue. Of course, all of the other kiths gossip also, they just don't call it that- trolls in the V.A.W. swapping war stories, eshu bringing their tales and news from place to place, and sluagh sitting at high tea are all engaging in their own forms of gossip. For boggans, gossip is a source of entertainment and information, but primarily, it is a useful form of communication. A few carefully chosen words in the right ears can well serve to spread information, or misinformation. The boggan gossip network is both our first line of defense and our greatest weapon.

As a kith we have a significant presence in the courts, the guilds, and the secret societies of the kithain world. This provides us with an enormous amount of information on the comings and goings of our fellow fae. Some of it is fluffy fun stuff- like who's boffing who, what the duchess wants as a wedding gift, or other such things. Other information, however, can be of dread seriousness. We not only know if a lord is gearing up for war, but what his provisions are, his weaponry, and where his troops are deployed. Should we choose, we could give this information directly to the lord's opponent. Or, if we favored the lord, we could give misinformation to the opponent. Or, we could disseminate this information among whatever kithain would listen. More than one noble lord has been forced to abort an attack because information on the movement of his troops became common knowledge.

Like the sluagh, we boggans will ferret out secrets and use them as we best see fit. But unlike them, we don't just hoard our information. We get it out there where it can do some good. What's the point in knowing a secret anyway? You can't share it with anyone, or it won't be a secret anymore. In my opinion, if we can get more information out into the open, then we'll have less to worry about and a lot less general distrust of one another.





## the top ten rumors circulating in the gossip mill

- ☞ Sir Seif was last seen in the Kingdom of White Sands. Having failed thus far to find the High King, he is being hunted by some of the contending factions who want to get their hands on Caliburn.
- ☞ Duke Dray is gathering the former knights of the Red Branch and creating an army.
- ☞ Commoners in a number of fiefdoms in the Kingdom of Apples have started falling ill from some new disease—probably something that the sluagh created and sold to Queen Morwen.
- ☞ The Unnamed Shield is hanging over the mantle of a boggan lord in the far reaches of the Kingdom of Northern Ice.
- ☞ The nockers have built a doomsday device and have a huge stockpile of weapons. The Bes Din is sure to attempt a military coup of Concordia any day now.
- ☞ There is a noble, called Peacemaker Niall, who walks amongst the warring factions, pleading for the bloodshed to stop. Some say that he is actually High King David.
- ☞ House Liam has found evidence of House Eiluned's involvement with the Shadow Court. But they won't release their information unless they are granted more rights as a noble house and expanded holdings.
- ☞ Chief Greyhawk and Duke Topaz were lovers during the Accordance War, but Greyhawk cheated on the troll with a Nunnehi brave. That's why there's such hostility between their kingdoms nowadays.
- ☞ Gwydion the Grey, the legendary founder of House Gwydion, was spotted in Cymru three times last month. Each time, he was at a pub, drinking beer.
- ☞ The pooka are preparing to retreat to their dream burrows en masse rather than risk facing the Fomorians.







# **chapter three:** **friends and enemies**

## **the two courts**

The common notion is that boggans are all essentially seelie, much the same way that redcaps are, by and large, unseelie. This notion is no doubt due to our infamous “frailty” as a kith, the call of the needy. There is no doubt that the majority of our kith is indeed seelie, but the number of us who go unseelie might surprise you. The reason being, that unseelie boggans are often taken to be seelie or in fact hide their dominant legacy. They are mistakenly identified as seelie because they still value hard work and answer the call of the needy, both things more associated with seelie dogma than unseelie. And the reason why many unseelie boggans pretend to be seelie is so that they can maintain their positions in our seelie-dominated society. You see, boggans, far more than any other kith, are entrenched in both noble and commoner freeholds; which are in turn usually held by members of the seelie court.

Just as the two of us can sit together under one roof, though, our kith doesn't have a lot of tension where court preference is concerned. That's partially due to how tightly knit we are as a kith. Remember, that anyone at all can turn to a boggan in time of need, but another boggan is welcome at any time at all. And it's also due to how well we've mastered the art of being civil, an important trait when you're inherently smaller than everyone else. So most of the time, boggans forego discussions about court codes, legacies, and all that.

But remember to keep that bit about there being more unseelie of us than it seems and how we all tend to get along under your hat. Not all of the sidhe are fools and many of them are well aware of how integrated we are into their freeholds. In order to maintain their trust in us it's necessary that we don't disrupt the illusion that there are very few unseelie boggans and that those few are constantly being sought out by our seelie numbers. Of course there are enough times when we as kith do need to intervene and remove a boggan from his position that the other kithain think we're policing ourselves well enough on our own that we're left to our own affairs. Of course on those occasions when our hand is forced, the perpetrator is almost always a) an extremely abusive and obvious ravager, b) a boggart, or c) a boggan who is frightfully close to becoming dauntain.

## **the seelie code**

There's certainly something to be said for the balance created by the traditional system of dual rule. But I, for one, have enjoyed a seelie dominated society over the past few decades. The Escheat tends to be more heavily enforced under seelie rule, and that suits me just fine.

### **Death before Dishonor**

What does it mean for a boggan to have honor? Some people call us doormats, and if that's what they think- that's just fine. We have always stood strong on the tenets of respect, and basic rights, of all the fae. To treat any fellow kithain without respect and equality- without justifiable reason to do otherwise- undermines the very principles on which we exist, and rots the heart from the inside. We look after our own hearts, and if others



don't respect us in turn, well, that's their own damnation. Our kith remembers more than any other the old laws of hospitality. Although we are cautious when dealing with certain kiths, all are welcome to partake of a warm hearth, good food, and flowing balefire. That's the basis of civilization, and we're all doomed if we forget it.

Nevertheless, a boggan probably would not commit harakiri before breaking an oath of fealty to some bastard. Honor is one of those funny terms that tends to be overused and largely misunderstood. We're practical people who understand the important things in life, and dying for the sake of society's perceptions is not one of them. We do understand sacrificing oneself though- better than anyone.

### **Love Conquers All**

Well, not literally of course. Only the most bubble-headed dimwit would think that. While love is a great motivator, and there's no doubt in that, it takes more than inspiration to conquer all. You'd be just as big a fool, though, if you ignored how important love is in overcoming obstacles and hardships. Even if you're hungry, suffering, and losing all of your battles, you'll keep despair and hopelessness away if you have love in your heart a lot more easily than you will if you don't have it.

Of all the commoner Kiths, we boggans truly have made this fundamental in our lives. From the sundering, then the Shattering and throughout the Interregnum, we have made it a life's work to hold those we love close to us. We have survived through love, and we will only be whole as a society with our hearts in the right place. Love is the most basic of emotions, and tied to every dream from first breath.

### **Beauty Is Life**

Speaking as a member of a kith characterized by being short, squat, tufty-haired, and big-nosed, I find the traditional concepts of beauty to be rather narrow and superficial. Perhaps beauty in one's heart and soul provides purpose in life, but certainly not roses, butterflies, the sidhe, and other such delicate physical items. However, one should strive for beauty in one's works- be it wood working, barbeque, or throwing parties, one should put all they can into making something that is flawless in both form and function.

### **Never Forget a Debt**

To respect each other enough to repay kindness with gratitude is our way of life. We make a point of repaying those who have done kindness unto us promptly. Life is what one makes it, and it would be a shame to have petty feelings over debt weigh down friendships. In fact, paying one's debts can strengthen the bond between parties, making for lasting kinships.

Anyway, it's just good business for us boggans to attend to our debts so that others feel more obliged to mind the debts that they owe to us boggans. Needless to say, due to our unique abilities and aptitudes many kithain find themselves indebted to at least one boggan. It's not just a matter of honor, but of common sense; and common sense is one thing we have in spades.

## **the unseelie code**

Most members of the Seelie Court believe that the distinction between seelie and unseelie boggans is that the unseelie ones use their talents to exploit the needy and take advantage of their social connections to selfish ends. Of course that does describe a good number of unseelie boggans, but it also applies to a surprising number of seelie boggans. The only real distinctions are found in dominant legacies, court allegiances, and corresponding personal philosophies.

### **Change Is Good**

You find a mess, you pick it up. You find an error, you fix it. You break a bone, you mend it. To leave things that are wrong is a fool's life, and my mother didn't raise a fool.

Don't think this means that this tenet is made just to alter things that are wrong. That's not change, that's common sense. It's also about living your life in such a way that you can perceive in the world what needs changing. Boggans as a whole are fairly traditionalist, but our craftsmanship, knowledge of society, and ability to help those in need would falter completely if we didn't adapt to new situations and circumstances.

Every night should be a new experience, if not for you, then for those whom you can pass your previous experiences on to. Trying to live a life mired in the same routine is to not bother to live at all. One should learn from the past, just don't get stuck in it.

### **Glamour Is Free**

What good is a tea set you don't use? Or a lawn with a "Don't walk on the grass" sign? Having something, anything, atrophy to nothing due to a fear of progress is waste, and there're few things a boggan hates worse than something useful gone to waste. You can't take it with you, as they say. Glamour is our weapon and shield against Banality, and not to use it would doom us all.

Always keep in mind to save a little to keep you going later on, though. Our pantries are full of dross, ready to be used. We know the value of saving for a rainy day, and it's gotten real cloudy these days.

### **Honor Is a Lie**

How exactly one can consider being treated like the village piss-pot boy honorable in any way is beyond me. What makes it worse, we are expected to smile and take it. It is, after all, our "role in life." Horseshit. Honor is nothing more than an outdated means of social policing through perceived shame and social disapproval. Swearing oaths and subsequently feeling beholden to them is a fool's game.

### **Passion before Duty**

Of course passion before duty. Why do you think we can do everything in one-third the time? PROCRASTINATION!! I have a life, and it's not doing all the things that you don't feel

like doing right now. I know my obligations, and I'll do them when I have the time to. If this shocks you, imagine what the rest of the world will look like, once your head is out of your ass.

Everyone thinks we boggans are their personal do-boys. Yeah, well- if your leg is broken we'll talk. Anything short of that, then you can damn well get it yourself or wait 'till I'm done with my fucking coffee and see if I feel like helping you then.

## **warrens, guilds, and secret societies**

Boggans are a conundrum. They work best alone, but thrive off of group interactions. While boggans don't have anything as remotely organized and hierarchical as the nocker patent offices, they do maintain a multitude of different organizations that are remarkably efficient at getting things done.

### **warrens**

"Warren" is the informal name commonly given to groups of boggans. Unlike a corby or motley, a warren is specifically formed for certain operations. Most warrens are "craft warrens"- groups of boggans who get together with the concept of working on various related projects, much like a sewing circle. Other commonly formed warrens include "charity warrens", where boggans pool their efforts to benefit their community, and "gossip warrens" where chatty boggans can feel free to indulge

in tongue wagging without any disapproving looks. Of course, given the proclivities of most boggans, a fair amount of gossip occurs within the idle chitchat of any warren.

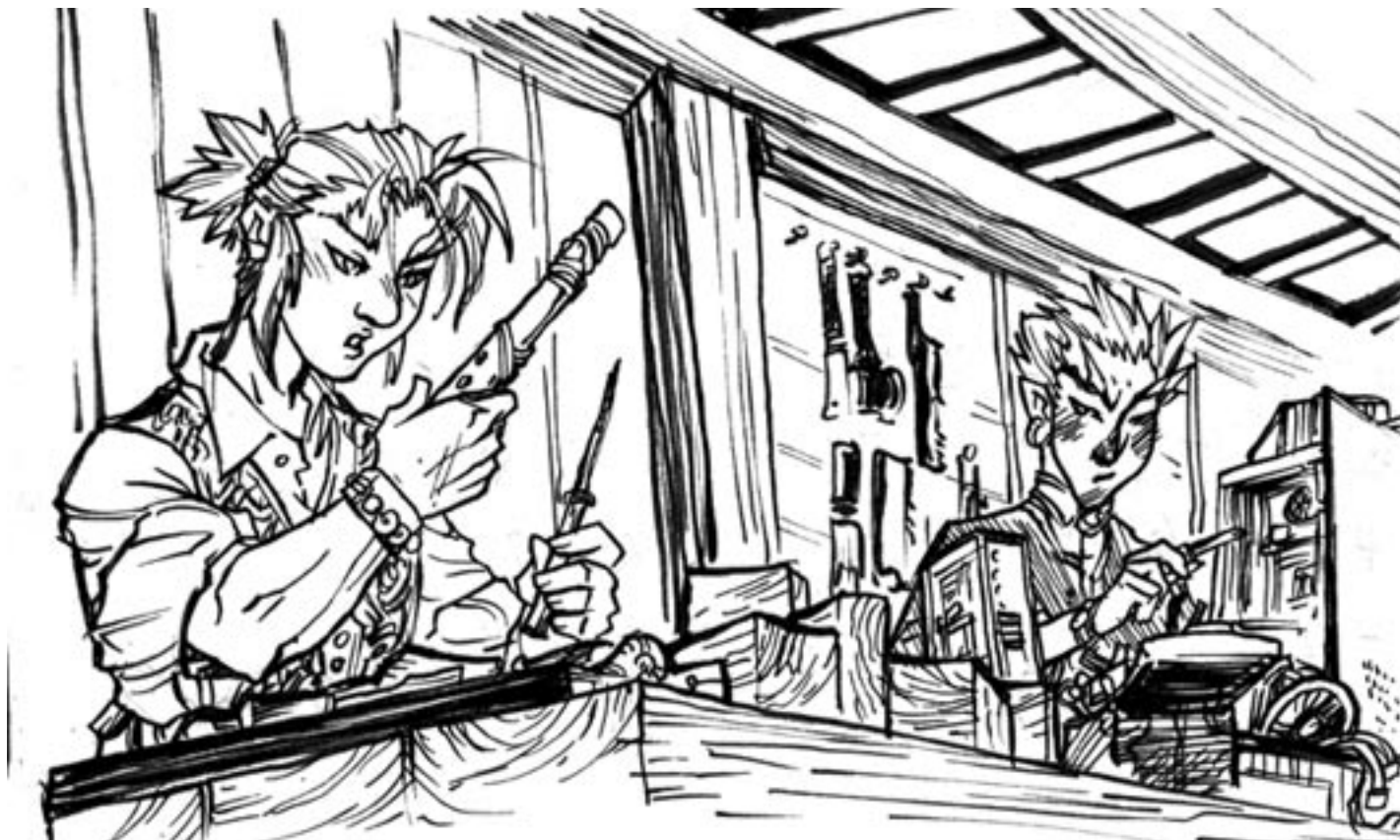
Sometimes warrens live and work together all the time, an aspect of boggan society which is most responsible for the comparisons made to ants or bees. However, most warrens are not always active, and their members only gather en masse for scheduled meetings or for specific tasks.

Leadership in a warren, in the few cases where there is any, is always very egalitarian. There is usually nothing more than a chairman who serves more to organize than to direct. Everyone has a voice in the operations of a warren, but those with the most age and experience are usually deferred to.

While formed for specific purposes, interpersonal relationships within warrens are friendly and informal and a boggan knows that he can always turn to a warrenmate for assistance in any matter. In fact, a major, if secondary, function of warrens is to act as a support structure for boggans who need assistance answering the call of the needy. It is not uncommon for warrens to work as a whole to alleviate the suffering uncovered by its individual members.

### **guilds**

All of the major crafting guilds in kithain society are under the jurisdiction of the nocker-run Bes Din. Still, many boggans do operate within these guilds, especially the Builders' Guild. Mostnockers won't admit it, but in the Builders' Guild,nockers and boggans work side-by-side in conjoined effort. As



evidence to nocker superiority within the guild they point to the fantastic machines and transports that they design and build—but the entire half of the guild that is devoted to building and maintaining of chimerical buildings, bridges, and towers falls under the auspices of boggans.

There used to be a significant presence of boggans in the Weapons Guild and much more so in the Toymakers' Guild, but jealous secret-hoarding on the part of thenockers has ostracized all but the most tenacious of boggans from the ranks of these guilds. Weapons manufacturing was never really a forte for boggans, and only few of us still engage in that practice.

Toy making, however, is still widely practiced by boggans, outside the auspices of the Guild. Boggan toymakers have a great dislike for the cheap plastic garbage spewed out by mundane manufacturers and devote their efforts to solid, well-made toys that both inspire creativity, and are built to last for generations.

This has caused some direct competition with thenockers from the Toymakers' Guild, who prefer complicated nocker engineering to the more simple toys of boggan manufacture. There has been some discussion among boggan toymakers to unite as a new guild in challenge of the nocker guild, but thus far, such attempts at unionization have been balked by the Bes Din.

## **secret societies**

Any serious non-militant organization within kithain society actively seeks to recruit boggans. Not only are their crafting skills and integral positions within society useful, but their understanding of social dynamics helps them to both fit in and also assist in the smooth running of the organization. Along with this, many boggans seek out certain organizations as part of their personal answer to the call of the needy. Also, boggans have a great recognition of the importance in strength in numbers. For these reasons, secret societies all over Concordia are peppered with boggan informants and laborers.

### **The Benevolent Order of Blessed Michelina (Order of Michelina)**

Michelina of Pesaro was a lay Franciscan who helped many changelings find stability and relief from both bedlam and banality in the years directly after the Shattering. To the Catholic Church she is the patron saint of the mentally ill, but to boggans, she is much more. Immediately after her death in 1356 the boggans whom she had helped formed their own order to continue her work. Not all members of the order live like friars or nuns, but many do and take their vows as seriously as any mortal monk would. These boggans frequently work in mental institutions where they seek to aid both changeling and mortal kind. All members of the order have sworn to assist in the finding and fostering of newly awakened changelings in any way that they can. It is rumored that the heads of the order are the self-same boggans who had been helped by Michelina so long ago.

### **Childling Underground Railroad**

There is little doubt that there were boggans with the original Underground Railroad, and there is no surprise at all that boggans are the most eager kithain to come to the aid of childlings who are imperiled by the recent upheavals. Boggans of all ages and both courts have eagerly given assistance to this desperate organization. (See War in Concordia for more information about the Childling Underground Railroad.)

### **The Common Rights Society**

Both loyalist and non-loyalist boggans agree that the fact that the Common Rights Society has just recently been established is testament to how wrong things have been in Concordia, and that the society is a step in the right direction. And so, while many boggans are active in the CRS, there are many boggans who fervently hope that the Escheat will not be forgotten by whatever form of government rises out of the ashes of the current war. (See War in Concordia for more information about the Common Rights Society.)

### **Kithain for a Free Tomorrow**

There are two types of boggans in this organization: the poor dupes who see it as another equal rights group like the CRS, and those who are helping to manipulate the group's actions for the long-term benefit of the Shadow Court. Both types usually believe that they are acting in the best interests of kithain society. (See War in Concordia for more information about Kithain for a Free Tomorrow.)

### **Knick-Knacks**

As the feudal overlords of kithain society, the sidhe feel that it is their "duty" to collect and hold the majority of dross and treasures that accumulate within their lands. The Knick-Knacks are a secretive group of boggans who find themselves positions within sidhe freeholds where they assist in the accidental loss of certain treasures. Some members fancy themselves as Robin Hoods distributing wealth back out among the commoners, but just about all of them get some sort of recompense for their covert thievery. However, they never keep for themselves an item that they have stolen. The only pledge that members of the Knick-Knacks take is that they will do nothing that could implicate themselves or fellow members.

### **The Low Road**

The happy-go-lucky outlaws of Concordia, many boggan wilders are attracted to this group because it offers both daring adventure and the opportunity to aid others. However, ever since war began brewing in Concordia the Low Road has stepped up their military agenda and have begun taking in more recruits and acting more like a militia. Most of the boggan members are uneasy about the new more militant direction, but have yet to either leave or speak up against it. (For more information about the Low Road see Fool's Luck and War in Concordia.)



### The Minutemen

This secret society not only claims many boggan members, but is also largely run and coordinated by the concerned boggans of Concordia. As part of their normal operating procedures, the Minutemen use at least two sources to confirm accounts of noble abuses. At least one of the sources almost always comes from either boggan spies or from the boggan gossip mill. Besides having many boggan coordinators and spies, the society also employs a considerable number of boggan warriors; these fighters take up arms with other like-minded kithain in order to insure justice and freedom throughout Concordia. (For more information about the Minutemen see Fool's Luck and War in Concordia.)

### The Monkey's Paw

This society of assassins has a roster nearly as secretive as that of the inner circle of the Shadow Court. There is little doubt, though, that more than one noble lord has died under mysterious circumstances from the hand of an unassuming boggan chef or valet.

### The Order of Bianca

Boggan membership in the Order of Bianca is a given, there is no mystery to why boggans would put themselves in peril in order to help another changeling in need of aid or rescue. The Order of Bianca is on good terms with the Order of Michelina and frequently have compatible goals. In fact, there are several boggans who have taken vows in both orders. (See Fool's Luck for more about the Order of Bianca.)

### The Silver Rose

The Silver Rose is the only society in Europe besides the Order of Michelina that boasts a high concentration of boggans. Although lacking a serious physical presence, what remains of the Silver Rose has had a noticeable impact in many of the European territories. While outlaws in Neustria, they are tolerated in most of the rest of Europe, with the exception of the Galacian Confederation, where they are embraced. In the Confederation, the Silver Rose handles many issues of security and acts much like a small covert military branch. They have recently begun a recruitment drive and hope to send more operatives into Neustria. (See Fool's Luck for more information about the Silver Rose.)

### Veterans of the Accordance War (VAW)

Most of the boggans in the VAW were not combatants, but that doesn't prevent them from being given the same respect and level of camaraderie as the other veterans. There are, nevertheless, a few boggan grumps who can give accounts of battles and show their scars to match any gray bearded troll. Many kithain pick on boggans for being the weak "little guys", but not any who fought in the Accordance War. Members of the VAW know that boggans gave and lost at least as much as anyone else in that war. (See Fool's Luck and War in Concordia for more on the VAW.)

## friends and neighbors eshu



*"They're every bit as haughty as the sidhe, but instead of protection and a warm balefire, all they offer is some tired old stories, mostly about how great they think they are." – William Layman, court baker*

*"Oh, what joy to have an eshu in a freehold! The stories, news, and gossip they bring is well worth the mud on the floor and the occasional missing piece of silverware. The dears are usually so grateful for a warm bed and an appreciative audience that they're more than happy to run an errand or two while they're about. And not only do they bring gossip, or "tales" as they call them, but they're happy to hear all about the local goings on; the nice thing about that of course is that I can recycle all of the old news that everyone else around here already knows." – Mavis Allbright, waitress and balefire tender*

*"If'n ah hear one more bloody tale about th' freedom of th' bloody road, ah think that ah'll puke all over th' dirty bare-feet of whatever damn eshu is mouthin' off. They're barely civilized horse thieves with no appreciation fer th' finer things in life." – Duncan Kenmore, shop keeper*

*"They have a way with words, that's for sure, not only can they spin a good yarn, but they haggle and make deals better than just about anyone. Mind that you keep your wits about you when dealing with an eshu, and always remember to insist on cash up front!" – Ken "Sprocket" Alderman, auto-mechanic*

*"I understand that the eshu are the uncontested nobility in Africa and the Middle-East. They're aren't many titled eshu in Concordia, but if Sir Seif and General Adama are any indication of eshu nobility, then to put it bluntly, I'm impressed." – Prylionin, ski maker*

## nockers



"Hmph! 'Pishers', eh? 'Twerps', eh? At least we can make something without it falling apart every ten minutes. Sure they can fix up all sorts of fancy do-dads and watchacallits, but if you want quality, substance, and durability, you come to a boggan every time." – Ken "Sprocket" Alderman, auto mechanic

"Lots of folks think that I don't like nockers, but it's not true. I think that the competition and different perspectives help both kiths to produce better wares. I may not always see eye-to-eye with the Toymakers' Guild or the Bes Din, but I think that the childlings of this city benefit from having a few different toy makers around. Although my own children prefer the toys that I make, of course." – Gertrude, mother of ten and toymaker

"I've worked with nockers, sidhe of House Dougal, and other boggans and it's like each kith is operating under a completely different set of rules. I guess it just goes to show the variability that can be found in the Dreaming." – Talos, hospice worker and mechanical engineer

"On the plus side, they never try to lead us into war or drag us on foolish quests. On the other side they're crass, rude, and generally unpleasant to be around. Sort of like Parisians, I suppose." – William Layman, court baker

"We're more similar then either of us would care to admit." – Prylionin, ski maker

"Have you been down to Goblin Town? I have. I don't know how anyone can live, much less work down there, but it's an impressive place nonetheless. If you happen to find your way there some day watch yourself, neither the place nor the people suffer fools lightly." – Martin, wandering tinker

"AH! Duck and cover!" – Susie, elementary school student

## pooka

"Tread lightly around the pooka, most are harmless– annoying, but harmless. There are a surprising number though, that are feral beasts able to rip your head off in a second. A friend of mine was barely escaped being eaten by an alligator pooka, no lie." – William Layman, court baker

"They can be little hellions, but the precious dears help to keep a light and lively atmosphere in a freehold. A pooka or two around can also greatly enhance one's ability to manage several activities at once. Unfortunately, they don't make very reliable sources of gossip and either disappear when there is work to be done or manage to do such a muddled



job as to make things worse. Still, I've never found that I can stay mad at one of the little dears for very long." – Mavis Allbright, waitress and balefire tender

"Those bastards hav' made such a mess of ma store time after bloody time, that ah went and put up a big bloody sign an' wrote "NO SHIRT...NO SHOES...NO POOKA!" in chimerical paint. Of course it only encouraged th' little bastards." – Duncan Kenmore, shop keeper



"I sometimes look at the pooka that I've known and feel impressed; as a kith they're not known for strength, courage, or wisdom and yet they seem to be more connected to the Dreaming than any of the rest of us. We know that the Dreaming still has some ties to the natural world, but only the pooka seem to really take advantage of that. And they're so good with children, they have a much better understanding of a child's sense of wonder and imagination than the rest of us do." – Gertrude, toymaker

"The duke has shown remarkable tolerance towards the pooka in his court; I admit that they have their uses as clowns and jesters, but they rarely make any sort of substantial contribution to our society. I suppose that I could handle them better if I could ever understood what they were talking about." – James Mason, squire to House Liam

## redcaps



"I suppose that we don't really get along with the redcaps. We try to help people, while they're just as happy to hurt them. I think that they also avoid our services and friendship because they want to preserve their image of being tough and independent. Any redcap will go to great lengths to make it seem as though he doesn't need help from anyone. They resent us for trying to help as much as we resent them for hurting others." – Prylionin, ski maker

"Redcaps are cruel, vicious, foul, and to be avoided whenever possible. They're some of the most outspoken opponents of sidhe rule, but I shudder to think what our world would be like if they ran the show. Just

look at the destruction and bloodshed that Rotgut Redhelm has caused. It's beyond me why the whole kith hasn't been declared thallain and treated accordingly." – James Mason, squire to House Liam

"Sure they're a little rough around the edges, but they're not stupid. A redcap learns quickly not to bite the hand that feeds him. And feeding is very important to redcaps– make one feel welcome and keep him well fed and you might just make a new friend. After you've befriended a redcap you couldn't ask for better protection even from a troll– they're not as loyal or stalwart, but they've a vested interest in keeping you safe and secure. Just try not to run out of food." – Philemon, brewer

"Well I suppose that some of them are all right. For example I've heard good things about that Squire Desmond fellow and um, let me see...there's that one who saved a childling from a dauntain, or was that a troll? Well I'm sure that some of them are all right." – Brigit Holland, social worker

"Redcaps? Uh, ah'm not at home." – Duncan Kenmore, shop keeper

"Oh, I can't abide them! Even the youngest ones frighten or hurt the other children and they have no appreciation of kindness or hard work. I'll give them some of my finest toys and they'll be broken or devoured within minutes, and then they'll do the same to the toys of the other children. The adults are much worse of course; several times I've had my wares stolen to be used as dross. And there's just no talking to them, of course." – Gertrude, toymaker

## satyrs



"Rampant hedonists, the lot of them. I don't know what bothers me more, their lackadaisical attitudes or the pretentious bits of overheard philosophy that they're always spouting. Still I suppose that it's good to indulge oneself every now and then." – William Layman, court baker

"They can be a bit wild, but it's always with good intentions. Having a few satyrs around always reminds me of the seventies. \*sigh\*" – Mavis Allbright, waitress and balefire tender

"They certainly don't have any aptitude for hard work, but unlike some other kiths they do recognize quality work when they see it. I welcome them as customers; I usually welcome them for other things as well. I don't know how they do it, but the satyrs have perfected smoldering looks and come-hither glances." – Ken "Sprocket" Alderman, auto mechanic

"The satyrs easily lead the most flexible lifestyles, and I'm not just referring to their sexual preferences or indulgences. They also seem politically split between the two courts, between commoner and noble support, and between warmongering and pacifism; and yet somehow they

always seem to get along as a kith. I think that a particularly heated philosophical debate is the maddest that I've ever seen two satyrs get at one another." – Prylionin, ski maker

"I suppose that we're both epicureans at heart, and while they can be wild and lively, they can also appreciate a good drink and good conversation. I think that we're just better judges of knowing when to stop drinking." – Philemon, brewer

## sidhe



"They're very pretty and have some neat things, but they're also bossy and not very good at sharing." – Susie, elementary school student

"They're the masters of all they survey– too bad they can't see what's going on right under their noses. If the sidhe spent less time worrying about royal trappings and more time living and working with the rest of us then I think that we'd all get along much better." – Martin, wandering tinker

"Staying in a noble court you can always count on a warm meal and a soft bed. I've heard some rumors about sidhe lords who beat their servants when unhappy, probably just members of those unseele houses. My lord's never treated me with anything but respect." – William Layman, court baker

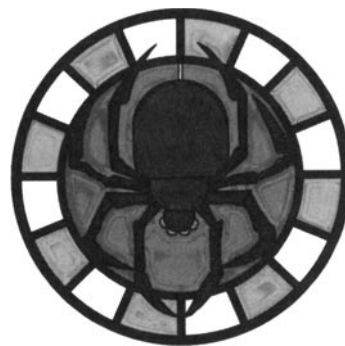
"Ah tolerate 'em on account that they're always polite and they help keep more unsavory types away. But ah don't like 'em, a man's not meant to be looked down upon all the time. Ah'll take their business, but ah always charge 'em double." – Duncan Kenmore, shop keeper

"The sidhe can usually do a better job of keeping peace and order than anybody else, until they start fighting amongst themselves. The sidhe have started two civil wars in the span of thirty years and I've lost track of how many contenders there currently are for the throne." – Brigit Holland, social worker

"They are the best of us. If all of the rest of the commoners simply accepted that the Dreaming ordained them to be our leaders in direct succession from the Tuatha De Danaan then we'd all get along much better. It takes a strong authority and willingness to act to protect us and our dreamers from dauntain, thallain, and the new threat of the returning Fomorians." – James Mason, squire to House Liam

"They can be fickle darlings, what with all of those noble houses and complicated politics it's no wonder that they seem aloof. But really if you get to know them they're like frightened sheep in this big banal world, it sort of precious really. Besides I was having tea with the Baroness the other day and she's really such a dear, I can't imagine why they say such mean things about her." – Mavis Allbright, waitress and balefire tender

## sluagh



"Sometimes I wonder if all that creepiness with the rotten food, whispering, spiders, and dusty dark homes isn't some sort of put on. You know like some big elaborate prank, and one of these days they'll come out into the sunlight and shout that we were all fools for believing that anybody would ever want to live like that. Thinking about what they're like now makes me shudder. I think that I'm glad that I can't remember what they were like before the Shattering." – William Layman, court baker

"I suppose that there are a surprising number of similarities between boggans and sluagh. For example, we both tend to stay in the background and avoid high profile positions. We both collect secrets and gossip, they're just more exclusive about who they share theirs with. Um, we both grow attached to our homes. Uh, that's all that I can think of." – Prylionin, ski maker

"Although they rarely show it, the sluagh can be quite gentle and tender. The woman who I respect more than any troll or sidhe that I've ever met was a sluagh who worked with me in hospice. She was as dedicated to easing the suffering of the dying as any boggan could be." – Talos, hospice worker and mechanical engineer

"I wouldn't ever let a child live in the same conditions as most sluagh, it's just unhealthy." – Brigit Holland, social worker

"Of course they're creepy– and trolls are big and blue, what's your point? I don't understand their concept of a good time, but I know that I can always depend on a sluagh. They take honesty and reliability very seriously and I respect that. They're also very united as a kith, they can always rely on one another just as we know that we can always rely on other boggans." – Philemon, brewer

## trolls

"Trolls are very proud of their Nordic heritage and it never hurts to remind them that we share some of that heritage. At best a reminded troll will call you "little brother" and offer to stand by your side during the troubled times ahead; at worst, he might offer to buy you a drink." – Ken "Sprocket" Alderman, auto mechanic

"They show us more respect than any other kith does and they continually demonstrate that they are worthy of respect themselves." – Gertrude, toymaker

"They're not as much fun as satyrs or pooka, but not as scary as sluagh or redcaps." – Susie, elementary school student



"Trolls may have the strictest definitions of honor and duty, but when they're off duty they enjoy a good drink in a warm room as much as the next man. Too many people spend their time facing off against or standing behind a troll to really sit down and have a talk with any of them. When you do talk to them, they don't put on airs and tend to have an honest and unabashed view of things that I can appreciate. We see eye-to-eye remarkably well given our relative statures." – Philemon, brewer



"They're a bunch a clumsy oafs who don't give a damn about quality and workmanship unless it's in a bloody sword or shield. Ah had one of them fellas in here last week, almost knocked over three stands just walkin' over to th' counter. Turns out that Babe the Big Dumb Ox just wanted to conscript me for some bloody army; well ah threw him out a th' store on his big blue ass, at least ah would have if he had'na been so much bigger en me." – Duncan Kenmore, shop keeper

## **gallain**

"It seems clear to me that clurichauns are from the same stock as boggans. Perhaps our lines were separated around the Sundering. They can be a bit cranky, but on a whole we get along quite well whenever we meet. Now if only I could get one of them drunk enough to give me the recipe for a Clurichaun's Bane." – Philemon, brewer

"The childlings are innocence embodied. The wilders are strong, staunch, and beautiful. The grumps are the wisest of all changelings. Or so I have heard. Tread cautiously in the demesne of the ghille dhu, should you be fortunate enough to find one. They have much that they can share, but you must always let them come to you. I regret that in the impatience of my youth all I managed was the briefest glimpse of a ghille dhu maid." – Martin, wandering tinker

"I understand that some selkie skins are still about. I've never had the fortune of meeting one of the seal people, although I understand that they have grace to rival the sidhe and a child-like sense of wonder and connection to nature that rivals the pooka." – Gertrude, toymaker

## **nunnehi**

"I'm sorry that their lands were taken away, but that really doesn't excuse their constant raids. If they simply accepted the benefits of a feudal system we could bring an end to this unofficial war we've been having." – James Mason, squire to House Liam

"The situation of the Nunnehi will continue to deteriorate until the conditions for their mortal families and dreamers improves. Unfortunately, that condition shows no signs of improving now or in the near future." – Brigit Holland, social worker

"My cousin moved to Arizona last month and you know how the Nunnehi have a free run of the place down there, right? Well that made me sort-of nervous, but my cousin says that they're really nice once you get to know them. I think I'll go down there for a visit some time and see the Grand Canyon." – Mavis Allbright, waitress and balefire tender

## **inanimae**

"The Dreaming can take many forms, and there are fae who come from the essence of earth, water, and even the very air. On the rare occasions that they interact with our kind, listen closely, for they offer a unique perspective." – Martin, wandering tinker

## **thallain**

"Dark, twisted versions of the fae? I'd say that they sound like bogeymen invented to frighten childlings– except that in our world that only makes it more likely that they exist." – Prylionin, ski maker

"I remember a few years ago when Duke Alefred uncovered a niche of thallain a few towns over and proclaimed a hunt for the monsters. I knew that they weren't protected by the Escheat, but I was reluctant to join the knights in what I thought of as a killing spree. Now that I've seen and dealt with the things in person I'd be more than willing to join such a hunt again." – James Mason, squire to House Liam

"I used to think that old man Toby was a boggart, but it turned out that he was only working so many jobs so that he could help pay for a lung transplant that his grand-niece needed. However, I'm still not convinced that Capitol Hill isn't one big warren of boggarts." – Ken "Sprocket" Alderman, auto mechanic

## **adhene**

"The Dreaming has become an even more dangerous place as of late. The Dark-Kin are abroad, heralding the return of the their old masters, the Fomorians. Some friends of mine want to create new havens of safety along the Silver Paths for kithain who still wish to travel. I may join their endeavor." – Talos, hospice worker and mechanical engineer

"The adhenes are only now becoming familiar with the mortal world, but thirty-odd years ago, so were the sidhe. Many of them served the Fomorians, but I'd bet you all the tea in China that so did a good number of redcaps. The sidhe and redcaps certainly stir up more than their share of trouble, but we manage to at least basically co-exist with them. I don't see why the same can't be accomplished with the adhenes. I've already made friends with some aoinides and a moirae. I just hope to never meet an aoinide that fancies herself a brewer." – Philemon, brewer

## vampires

"We share this world with all manner of strange creatures, but like us, they also try to keep their existence a secret. There are vampires who have lived long enough to know some of the things that we have forgotten and some who care for dreamers much as we do. So while they can be valuable allies, they take any perceived threat to their security seriously and make both patient and brutal adversaries." – Martin, wandering tinker

"Imagine the practical problems one would have if they couldn't go out during the day. How do the leeches manage to set up a bank accounts or car insurance or get a driver's license? Sure, those are banal matters that I'd be happy to do away with, but not all of us can live in freeholds. Of course, the lack of daylight is bad enough, but not being able eat or drink? No manner of immortality is worth that." – Philemon, brewer

## werewolves

"If those monsters are cousins to the pooka then I need to seriously reevaluate my opinion of the kith. Perhaps I'll bring an extra pastry to the royal jester just to be on the safe side." – William Layman, court baker

"I've never encountered a shape-changer who wasn't fae, but I've heard hearty trolls and sidhe knights speaking in hushed tones about the fearsome lupines." – Ken "Sprocket" Alderman, auto mechanic

"Oh yes! I met a whole motley of the dears when I was helping the baroness throw some sort of party. I think she said that they were some how also members of House Fiona or something. Some of the darlings had vicious tempers, it reminded me of a Gwydion knight that I met once. Oh, but those Fiona wolflings could sing and dance, it was almost as much fun as a satyr party." – Mavis Allbright, waitress and balefire tender

## mages

"I was there when a group of humans tried to take this freehold away from Duke Alefred. The battle was terrible. Those humans had tapped into magical forces akin to only the most powerful kithain magicians. I don't want to speculate what would have happened if the Duke hadn't been able to reason with them." – James Mason, squire to House Liam

"History is full of tales of men who wield powerful magic, our own lore frequently speaks of such men and their interactions with the fae. It would not surprise me if we found such allies again as we draw close to the Long Winter." – Prylionin, ski maker

## wraiths

"I understand that ghosts haunt the waking world because they are bound to certain people or places or because they have unfinished business. While I personally have never met a ghost and I don't know any other boggans who have, I imagined that we'd understand them rather well. We know what it is to be bound to a family or a location and we're bound to help any in need, living or not." – Brigit Holland, social worker







# **chapter four: notables among the unnoticed**

## **elgin**

Although a life long supporter of honest living, Elgin earned his notoriety by being a thief. When a sidhe lord “found” the Dreamstone of Madoc high up in the Appalachians sometime in the twelfth century, it started a chain reaction of deception and warfare between the local nunnehi and the European Kithain. Unwilling to see the Nunnehi stripped of their powers, Elgin spirited away his lord’s most prized possession. Elgin’s single act of thievery may have prevented an all out war between the Dreaming’s children. Legends tell that the stoic boggan still lives in a magical valley created to hide himself and the Dreamstone away from banality and prying eyes. Elgin has become one of the most sought after Lost Ones in the world, in that it is believed that the Dreamstone that he still hides might be used to open a path to Arcadia. So far there has been no success. (For more about Elgin and the Dreamstone of Madoc see Fool’s Luck: the Way of the Commoner.)

## **cynthia kingsman**

Cynthia created a name for herself and her freehold, the Silver Griffin, during the Accordance War. The night of the moon landing, it was raining in Ithaca, New York. Young Cynthia took shelter in an abandoned tenement building downtown. When the Resurgence began, the building sprang to



life with the glamour of a newly awakened freehold. Not even aware of the return of the Shining Host, Cynthia wasted no time in bringing the area commoners to the new hold. By the time the sidhe did arrive there, the Silver Griffin (named for its first chimera and subsequent guardian) was teeming with commoners who had made it a home for themselves. Throughout the Accordance War, the Silver Griffin was a major refuge for the commoner forces, and even a few sidhe found respite there under Cynthia's enforced cease-fire. After the war, Cynthia opened a mundane bar and dance club on the bottom two floors of the building, while the top three remain the most active commoner-held freehold in all of upstate New York. While most of the guests and residents come for the ambient glamour and good times, the Silver Griffin has never lost its reputation as a place of hospitality and charity for any changeling in need.



## frankie james

This infamous member of the Sneakers may very well be the greatest thief in all of Concordia, or at least the greatest pick-pocket and cat burglar. Wanted for crimes of thievery in nearly every kingdom in Concordia, Frankie has become well versed in the fine art of staying one step ahead of the noble authorities. Her legend has grown among Kithain, especially boggans, to that of a legendary thief in the company of Robin Hood and Billy the Kid whose fantastic exploits could make for dime novel material. In reality, she's just a common thief with some nimble fingers and well-positioned friends in the Sneakers. (For more information on the Sneakers see Fool's Luck: the Way of the Commoner.)



## chelovek

The domovoi known as Chelovek was only a young boy when his parents emigrated from Russia. His mother and father opened up a small grocery store in one of the seedier neighborhoods in Chicago and they lived poorly, but happily, until the young Russian boy lost both his parents just after his tenth birthday. Chelovek's Chrysalis occurred the day he saw his father beaten by mobsters for refusing to pay their extortion fees. With the family unable to afford proper medical care, Chelovek's father died of a punctured lung shortly after the beating. Apparently unable to cope with a dead husband and a boy who seemed to be going crazy, Chelovek's mother stepped in front of an elevated train, leaving the confused young domovoi an orphan. During the next few years, Chelovek went in and out of orphanages, and even into a mental institution, where he was found by a boggan in the Order of Michelina. Chelovek has never forgotten the kindness of the order, but their ways were not for him.

While still a youth, he became involved with the Russian mob in Chicago. Now at only 30 years old, this grump is one of the heads of the Russian mob and works tirelessly to protect the interests of Russian businesses in Chicago. While he works to prevent extortion or rackets that specifically target children, he is no softy. Chelovek is frequently referred to as "the brand" in Chicago's underworld for his penchant of using a hot poker during interrogations or punishments.





## gwilym, seneschal of gwynedd

Without a doubt, Gwilym is the most influential boggan in Cymru. Not only is he the political head and master of ceremony for the province of Gwynedd, but his council is also eagerly sought by nearly every prince and duke in Cymru. Although getting quite old and not of noble lineage, Gwilym is popular enough that many would support him if he chose to take the throne of Gwynedd and make a bid to be high king of Cymru. Gwilym would never do such a thing, however; even if he had that sort of ambition, the old grump takes his position of “holding down the fort” until the appearance of a high king very seriously. Ever the optimist, the aging seneschal still actively seeks for a high king and hopes to see success in his lifetime. (For more about Gwilym, Gwynedd, and Cymru see Isle of the Mighty.)

## belinda the brave

Belinda was already well known as one of the greatest potters in the Kingdom of the Burning Sun and had an international reputation among mortals and Kithain for her black-earth pots. The locals mostly knew her as the pottery lady, and the biggest source of gossip and tall-tales in three counties. They used to call her Belinda the Barker for the short yipping laughs she made when telling stories.

That changed during the aftermath of the nunnehi raids where King Videll made peace with the natives and took the name Greyhawk. When the Kithain in Tucson were attacked they all fled via trod to Caer Blacksalt. Belinda, however, refused to budge from her pottery shop and was there molding a pot



when a troupe of nunnehi braves broke in and threatened to kill her. The story says that without hesitation, she formally invited the braves into her shop and gave the bewildered warriors glasses of cold water and a gift of some freshly glazed pots and vases. One of the warriors raised his spear to kill the defenseless boggan, but the war-leader stayed his hand lest they anger the spirits for killing a defenseless woman who had offered them hospitality and freely given them gifts. He ordered his warriors to sit, and he began talking, trading gossip and pottery techniques with the fearless boggan.

They were still there talking when King Videll arrived with his knights. The event, known as the Bloodless Battle, was instrumental to the peace that Chief Greyhawk forged with the nunnehi, and Belinda the Barker was forevermore known as Belinda the Brave.



## coach

**Quote:** *Now listen up blockheads: that quarterback is too damned chicken to try and run the ball, and he only passes to his buddies, numbers 13, 9, & 21. If you pin down those three, he'll hesitate long enough to give us a chance to blitz him. Now go!*

**Background:** Your father was an auto-mechanic and real sports nut. His greatest hope was that you, his only child, would grow up to be a great athlete. Even though you never grew taller than five feet and tended to be a bit on the pudgy side, he let you fall behind in your studies so long as you played some sports and knew how to fix a carburetor. In high school, you tried out for the football team, but the only position you could get was "waterboy". Still, you showed up for practice every day and helped out the team however you could. Before long, you found that you had a knack for figuring out the other teams' strategies. But your world changed the day when the star quarterback was injured; you were the first one on the field, immediately trying to help your wounded teammate. As you removed his helmet you noticed a small set of horns and suddenly his whole skin tone looked blue; what surprised you the most though was that nobody else seemed to notice this. You helped the QB limp off the field and later in the locker room he said that he was really something called a troll and that you were obviously a boggan. It took some doing, but eventually he convinced you of your heritage. When his sprained ankle healed, he took you to meet the duke who ruled over the fae in your area.

A lot of time has passed since then, and you love football as much as ever. You got a job teaching the metal shop class in your own former high school and you also coach the football team. You've never had much patience for court politics, but you get together with some other boggans every Sunday to discuss cars, teaching, sports, or just to hang out.

**Concept:** You loving working with the kids at the high school, whether it be in the classroom or on the practice field. You focus a surprising amount of your energy helping out some of the more troubled students that come through the school. Many of your students manage to move on to lucrative careers in sports, mechanics, or metal works, and you take great pride in that.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You take the role of the gruff and callous mentor, but you'll move heaven and earth to help out those under your care. You also find as much glamour in a simple well-done piece of work as in any museum piece; subsequently you frequently find yourself as something of a defender of the common-man among the high-fallutin' fae.

**Equipment:** Whistle, clipboard, and toolkit.





# KITHBOOK: Beggans

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Court: *Seelie*  
Legacies: *Bumpkin/Knave*  
House: *Dougal*

Seeming: *Grump*  
Kith: *Boggan*  
Motley:

## Attributes

### Physical

Strength                      ●●●●●●  
Dexterity                      ●●●●●●  
Stamina   *tough*                     ●●●●●●

### Social

Charisma                      ●●●●●●  
Manipulation                      ●●●●●●  
Appearance                      ●●●●●●

### Mental

Perception                      ●●●●●●  
Intelligence                      ●●●●●●  
Wits                      ●●●●●●

## Abilities

### Talents

Alertness                      ●●●●●●  
Athletics                      ●●●●●●  
Brawl                      ●●●●●●  
Dodge                      ●●●●●●  
Empathy                      ●●●●●●  
Intimidation                      ●●●●●●  
Kenning                      ●●●●●●  
Persuasion                      ●●●●●●  
Streetwise                      ●●●●●●  
Subterfuge                      ●●●●●●

### Skills

Crafts   *metal working*                     ●●●●●●  
Drive                      ●●●●●●  
Etiquette                      ●●●●●●  
Firearms                      ●●●●●●  
Leadership                      ●●●●●●  
Melee                      ●●●●●●  
Performance                      ●●●●●●  
Security                      ●●●●●●  
Stealth                      ●●●●●●  
Survival                      ●●●●●●

### Knowledges

Computer                      ●●●●●●  
Enigmas                      ●●●●●●  
Gremayre                      ●●●●●●  
Investigation                      ●●●●●●  
Law                      ●●●●●●  
Linguistics                      ●●●●●●  
Lore                      ●●●●●●  
Medicine                      ●●●●●●  
Politics                      ●●●●●●  
Science                      ●●●●●●

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

*Warren*                      ●●●●●●  
*Resources*                      ●●●●●●  
*Chimera*                      ●●●●●●  
*Dreamers*                      ●●●●●●  
                     ●●●●●●

### Arts

*Legerdemain*                      ●●●●●●  
*Primal*                      ●●●●●●  
                     ●●●●●●  
                     ●●●●●●  
                     ●●●●●●

### Realms

*Prop*                      ●●●●●●  
*Actor*                      ●●●●●●  
*Fae*                      ●●●●●●  
                     ●●●●●●  
                     ●●●●●●

### Other Traits

### Glamour

●●●●●●●●●●  
□□□□□□□□

### Willpower

●●●●●●●●●●  
□□□□□□□□

### Banalitz

●●●●●●●●●●  
□□□□□□□□

### Health

	Real	Chimerical
Bruised	□	□
Hurt	-1 □	□
Injured	-1 □	□
Wounded	-2 □	□
Mauled	-2 □	□
Crippled	-5 □	□
Incapacitated	□	□

==Ravaging/Consuming Threshold==

==Birthrights/Frailties==

Experience:

Craftwork  
Social Dynamics  
Flaw: Call of the Needy

## student entrepreneur

**Quote:** *The answers for worksheets 12 and 13, an essay on the trading guilds of the Hapsburgs, and the answer key to the final for honors chemistry...Of course I have them. What do you have for me?*

**Background:** From a very young age, you never really got along very well with the other kids. They always seemed so...immature. It didn't take long for you to discover that you preferred reading books or tooling around with computers to playing silly games with the other children. Unsurprisingly, you were a frequent target for bullies and hecklers; until one day when things went too far.

On your way home from school one day a group of older boys knocked you down and grabbed your school books away from you. They kicked you and laughed as you tried to stop them from ripping the pages out of your books. As you looked up at them with teary eyes you noticed that the leader of the bullies suddenly had ugly grey skin and a wide mouth filled with vicious teeth. Just before they finally left, the leader leaned down to where you were lying and whispered in your ear, "Welcome to the real world."

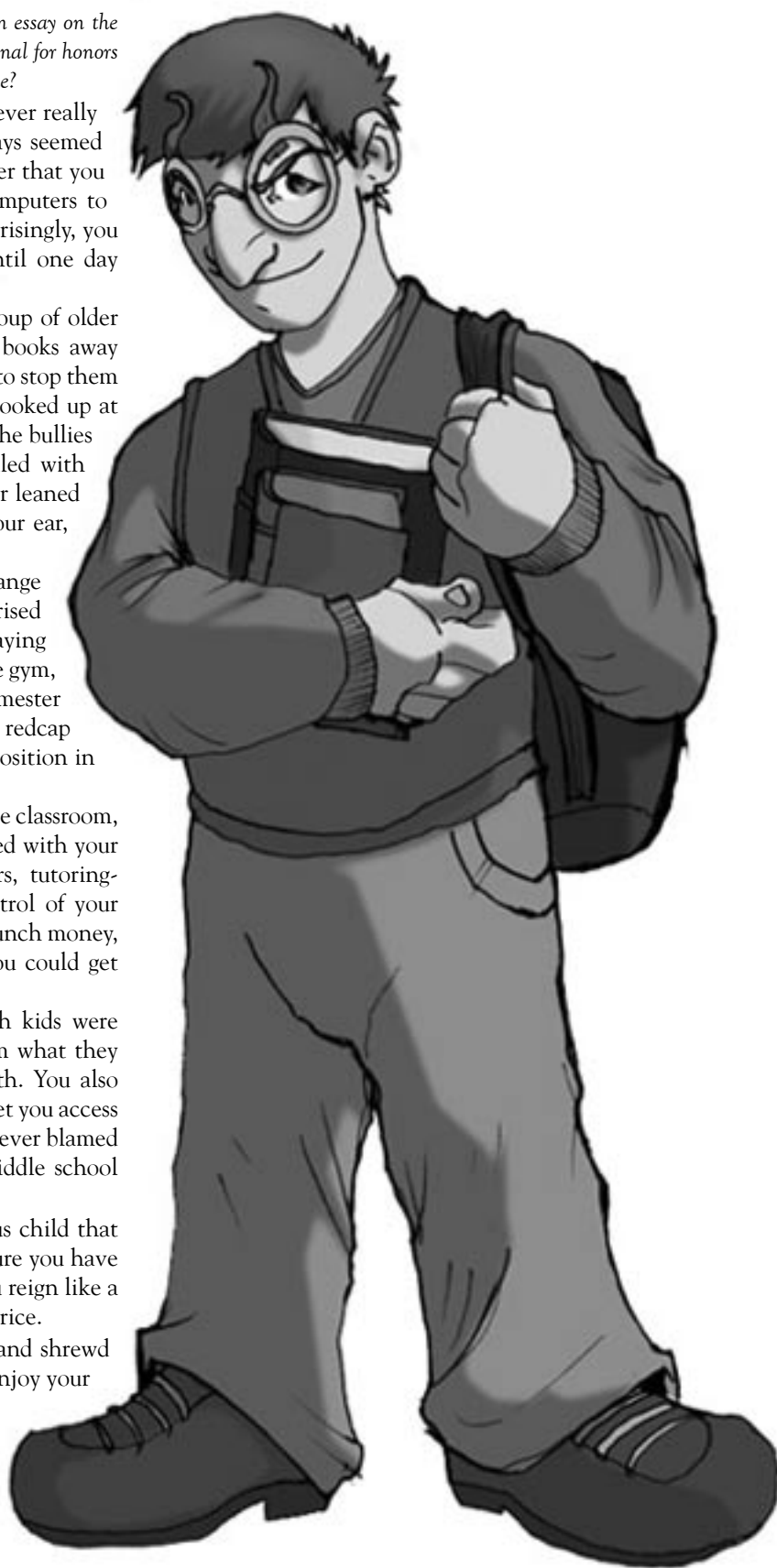
The next day when you saw the bully with strange teeth (that nobody else seemed to notice) you surprised him during lunch by walking right up to him and saying that you had a proposition for him. Later, behind the gym, you offered to do his homework for the rest of the semester if he clued you in on this "real world". The young redcap agreed and before long you picked up on your real position in school.

You remained the straight-A teacher's pet in the classroom, but in the halls and cafeteria you wheeled and dealt with your classmates. Homework, notes, essays, test answers, tutoring—with your normal study habits and increasing control of your boggan abilities, you could provide it all. Whether lunch money, comic books or protection, it was amazing what you could get from them. And you did.

Using your natural talents to pick out which kids were most in need of your services, you would give them what they needed and then milk them for all they were worth. You also learned that a good reputation with the faculty can get you access to anywhere in the school building and that you're never blamed if something goes missing. You'll be going into middle school next year, and things are only looking up.

**Concept:** You are the darling and precocious child that all of the adults make a fuss over. Your parents are sure you have a bright future ahead of you. At school, though, you reign like a don, bestowing favors on those that can meet your price.

**Role Playing Hints:** You are a conniving and shrewd manipulator with your own interests at heart. You enjoy your new found position and intend to stay there.



# KITHBOOK: Beggans

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Court: *Unseelie*  
Legacies: *Peacock/Dandy*  
House:

Seeming: *Childling*  
Kith: *Boggan*  
Motley:

## Attributes

### Physical

Strength ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Dexterity ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Stamina ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Social

Charisma ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Manipulation *Persuasive* ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Appearance *Precocious* ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Mental

Perception ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Intelligence ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Wits ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

## Abilities

### Talents

Alertness ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Athletics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Brawl ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Dodge ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Empathy ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Intimidation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Kenning ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Persuasion ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Streetwise ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Subterfuge ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Skills

Crafts ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Drive ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Etiquette ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Firearms ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Leadership ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Melee ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Performance ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Security ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Stealth ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Survival ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Knowledges

Computer ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Enigmas ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Gremayre ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Investigation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Law ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Linguistics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Lore ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Medicine ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Politics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Science ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

*Mentor* ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
*Resources* ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
*Retinue* ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
*Contacts* ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Arts

*Chicanery* ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
*Soothsaying* ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Realms

*Prop* ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
*Actor* ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
*Fae* ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Other Traits

*Child (3 point Flaw)*  
*Concentration (1 point Merit)*

### Glamour

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Willpower

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Banality

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Health

	Real	Chimerical
Bruised	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt	-1 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured	-1 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded	-2 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled	-2 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled	-5 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

**=Ravaging/Consuming Threshold=**

**=Birthrights/Frailties=**

Craftwork

Social Dynamics

Flaw: Call of the Needy

Experience:

# crusader

**Quote:** *Hey there! I was just passing through and noticed that you seem to be in a spot of trouble. Anything I can do to help?*

**Background:** Ever since you were very young, your father would read you bedtime stories about legendary knights and adventurers. Your favorite of these tales were those of errant knights- noble warriors who set off into the wilds, fought evil, and saved innocents. With a head full of chivalric notions, you convinced your father to let you take fencing lessons. The fencing lessons were great. You reveled in them, but somehow you felt that it wasn't enough. You learned how to wrestle, and how to hunt. You told yourself that this was in preparation for something, although you never really knew what it was preparation for.

After high school you thought about becoming a writer, but your father convinced you that you needed to do some more living before you could be a successful author. He bought you a heavy-duty backpack and plane ticket to Europe and saw you off to the airport.

While waiting in the airport, you saw a CNN report about an earthquake in the Yucatan. You felt something strange come over you, like being bathed in ice water. With a steely resolution and a sense of purpose, you walked up to the ticket counter and exchanged your one-way ticket to Paris for a one-way to Mexico City.

It was while helping with earthquake relief in Mexico that you discovered that you were a boggan, and were introduced to fae society. You were eventually offered a position in Duke Topaz's court, but you respectfully declined. You weren't done being a knight errant yet. You made your farewells, hitchhiked to the border, and started backpacking across the U.S. You've done hurricane relief in Florida, tornados in Nebraska, and floods all over the place. You travel where you know you will be needed, usually lending a hand here or there along the way.

**Concept:** You are a strong and versatile fighter, although you only use your skills to defend the weak. Even then, you only fight after all other avenues have been exhausted. You'll go anywhere and help solve any problem, but you'll be on the road again as soon as your work is done.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Although you encounter all manner of danger and misery on your travels, you maintain a joyful outlook on life. You are a carefree soul who blithely wanders through the worst in life with unflagging optimism and a smile. You are unabashedly truthful and kind to everyone you meet.

**Equipment:** Traveling equipment, survival gear, chimerical short sword, chimerical pistol, and dog-eared copy of *Le Morte d'Arthur*.





# KITHBOOK: Beggans

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Court: *Seelie*  
Legacies: *Saint/Peacock*  
House:

Seeming: *Wilder*  
Kith: *Boggan*  
Motley:

## Attributes

### Physical

Strength            ●●●●●  
Dexterity *Battel Reflexes* ●●●●●  
Stamina            ●●●●●

### Social

Charisma            ●●●●●  
Manipulation            ●●●●●  
Appearance            ●●●●●

### Mental

Perception            ●●●●●  
Intelligence            ●●●●●  
Wits            ●●●●●

## Abilities

### Talents

Alertness            ●●●●●  
Athletics            ●●●●●  
Brawl            ●●●●●  
Dodge            ●●●●●  
Empathy            ●●●●●  
Intimidation            ●●●●●  
Kenning            ●●●●●  
Persuasion            ●●●●●  
Streetwise            ●●●●●  
Subterfuge            ●●●●●

### Skills

Crafts            ●●●●●  
Drive            ●●●●●  
Etiquette            ●●●●●  
Firearms            ●●●●●  
Leadership            ●●●●●  
Melee            ●●●●●  
Performance            ●●●●●  
Security            ●●●●●  
Stealth            ●●●●●  
Survival            ●●●●●

### Knowledges

Computer            ●●●●●  
Enigmas            ●●●●●  
Gremayre            ●●●●●  
Investigation            ●●●●●  
Law            ●●●●●  
Linguistics *(Spanish)* ●●●●●  
Lore            ●●●●●  
Medicine            ●●●●●  
Politics            ●●●●●  
Science            ●●●●●

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

*Chimera*            ●●●●●  
*Remembrance*            ●●●●●  
           ●●●●●  
           ●●●●●  
           ●●●●●

### Arts

*Primal*            ●●●●●  
*Wayfare*            ●●●●●  
           ●●●●●  
           ●●●●●  
           ●●●●●

### Realms

*Scene*            ●●●●●  
*Actor*            ●●●●●  
*Fae*            ●●●●●  
           ●●●●●  
           ●●●●●

### Other Traits

*Code of Honor (1 point Merit)*             
            
            
            
          

### Glamour

●●●●●●●●●●  
□□□□□□□□

### Willpower

●●●●●●●●●●  
□□□□□□□□

### Banality

●●●●●●●●●●  
□□□□□□□□

### Health

Real Chimerical

Bruised		□	□
Hurt	-1	□	□
Injured	-1	□	□
Wounded	-2	□	□
Mauled	-2	□	□
Crippled	-5	□	□
Incapacitated		□	□

==Ravaging/CDusing Threshold==

==Birthrights/Frailties==

Craftwork

Social Dynamics

Flaw: Call of the Needy

Experience:

## royal tailor

**Quote:** *Did you know that the Duchess's gown needed mending yesterday? The whole front of the bodice had been ripped off, and the beads were flying everywhere. She didn't say what happened, mind you, but I know what cologne Sir Lebel wears. Of course with the Duke out of town...*

**Background:** Your father and your grandmother were professional tailors, and from the time you could walk, you spent most of your time around scissors and fabric scraps. They tried to teach you their trade, but you would have none of it. You spent your teenage years telling everyone that you wanted to be a fire fighter or a computer programmer- anything but take up the family business. However, when you were in your twenties, you took up theatre as a hobby. You couldn't understand why you ought to pay someone else to make your costumes for you. I mean, they couldn't be that hard to make, could they?

For the first time since you were a child, you went back to your family's workshop and began to cut and piece cloth. Caught up in the moment, you were amazed when you emerged an hour later with a completed costume and an entirely different perspective on the world. Your family was delighted when, an unhappy semester later, you decided to quit pursuing your Engineering degree and come home to work with them.

While your family's clients had included the rich and high society before, you carefully managed to attract a whole new set: the Shining Host. It was no surprise to anyone that you were good at what you did (blood will tell, after all), but you seemed to have a double helping of talent- and no one was sure how you managed to complete contracts so quickly. Two years after you quit school, you were asked to be the Court Tailor of a highly placed and well-respected sidhe lord.

**Concept:** You're not sure how you feel about sidhe rule, but the sidhe you know seem to be nice enough, for the most part. You love your job- not only are you paid well, but you are in a prime position to get the best and newest gossip about the nobles- it's amazing how often they seem to forget that you're in the room. You're usually discreet, so they've had no cause to complain about you- but it never hurts to have someone keeping tabs...

**Roleplaying Hints:** You're friendly and helpful, but a little quiet. The nobles ignore you much of the time, and you almost encourage that. Around friends, you're much more talkative and outgoing. You love your work, and take a great deal of pride in delivering just what the client wants.

**Equipment:** tape measure, pin cushion, sharp scissors, chalk



# KITHBOOK: Beggans

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Court: *Seelie*  
Legacies: *Crafter/Pandora*  
House: *Dougal*

Seeming: *Wilder*  
Kith: *Boggan*  
Motley:

## Attributes

### Physical

Strength ☒ 00000  
Dexterity *Steady Hand* ☒ 00000  
Stamina ☒ 00000

### Social

Charisma *Trustworthy* ☒ 00000  
Manipulation ☒ 00000  
Appearance *Elegant* ☒ 00000

### Mental

Perception ☒ 00000  
Intelligence ☒ 00000  
Wits ☒ 00000

## Abilities

### Talents

Alertness ☒ 00000  
Athletics ☐ 00000  
Brawl ☐ 00000  
Dodge ☐ 00000  
Empathy *Sympathetic Ear* ☒ 00000  
Intimidation ☐ 00000  
Kenning ☒ 00000  
Persuasion ☒ 00000  
Streetwise ☐ 00000  
Subterfuge ☐ 00000

### Skills

Crafts *Sewing, Needlework* ☒ 00000  
Drive ☐ 00000  
Etiquette ☒ 00000  
Firearms ☐ 00000  
Leadership ☐ 00000  
Melee ☐ 00000  
Performance ☒ 00000  
Security ☐ 00000  
Stealth ☒ 00000  
Survival ☐ 00000

### Knowledges

Computer ☐ 00000  
Enigmas ☒ 00000  
Gremayre ☒ 00000  
Investigation ☐ 00000  
Law ☐ 00000  
Linguistics ☐ 00000  
Lore ☒ 00000  
Medicine ☐ 00000  
Politics ☒ 00000  
Science ☐ 00000

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

*Treasure* ☒ 00000  
*Remembrance* ☒ 00000  
*Dreamers* ☒ 00000  
☐ 00000  
☐ 00000

### Arts

*Legendmain* ☒ 00000  
☐ 00000  
☐ 00000  
☐ 00000  
☐ 00000

### Realms

*Scene* ☒ 00000  
*Fae* ☒ 00000  
*Prop* ☒ 00000  
☐ 00000  
☐ 00000

### Other Traits

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

—Ravaging/Consuming Threshold—

### Glamour

☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Willpower

☒ ☒ ☒ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Banality

☒ ☒ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Health

Real Chimerical

Bruised ☐ ☐  
Hurt -1 ☐ ☐  
Injured -1 ☐ ☐  
Wounded -2 ☐ ☐  
Mauled -2 ☐ ☐  
Crippled -5 ☐ ☐  
Incapacitated ☐ ☐

—Birthrights/Frailties—

Craftwork

Social Dynamics

Flaw: Call of the Needy

Experience:

## protector of rogues

**Quote:** *No my lord, I haven't seen that awful thief. If I do see or hear anything though, I'll be sure alert the Red Branch immediately.*

**Background:** You were born in the middle of a city, the eldest of five children. Your parents both worked whatever jobs they could find, and they relied on you to take care of your younger siblings, because they couldn't afford child care. When they were both killed in a car crash, you were 21, and it was easy for you to get custody of your siblings- it wasn't like anyone else wanted them.

You spent the next ten years being both mother and father to your brothers and sisters. It was hard, but you kept them mostly out of trouble, and entirely out of jail. The summer your youngest sister moved out, you were 32, and you were alone for the first time in your life. Not just alone, but childless. Although you never had any children of your own, you had been acting as a surrogate parent for over 25 years. Looking for a new purpose in your life, you started regularly volunteering at a soup kitchen.

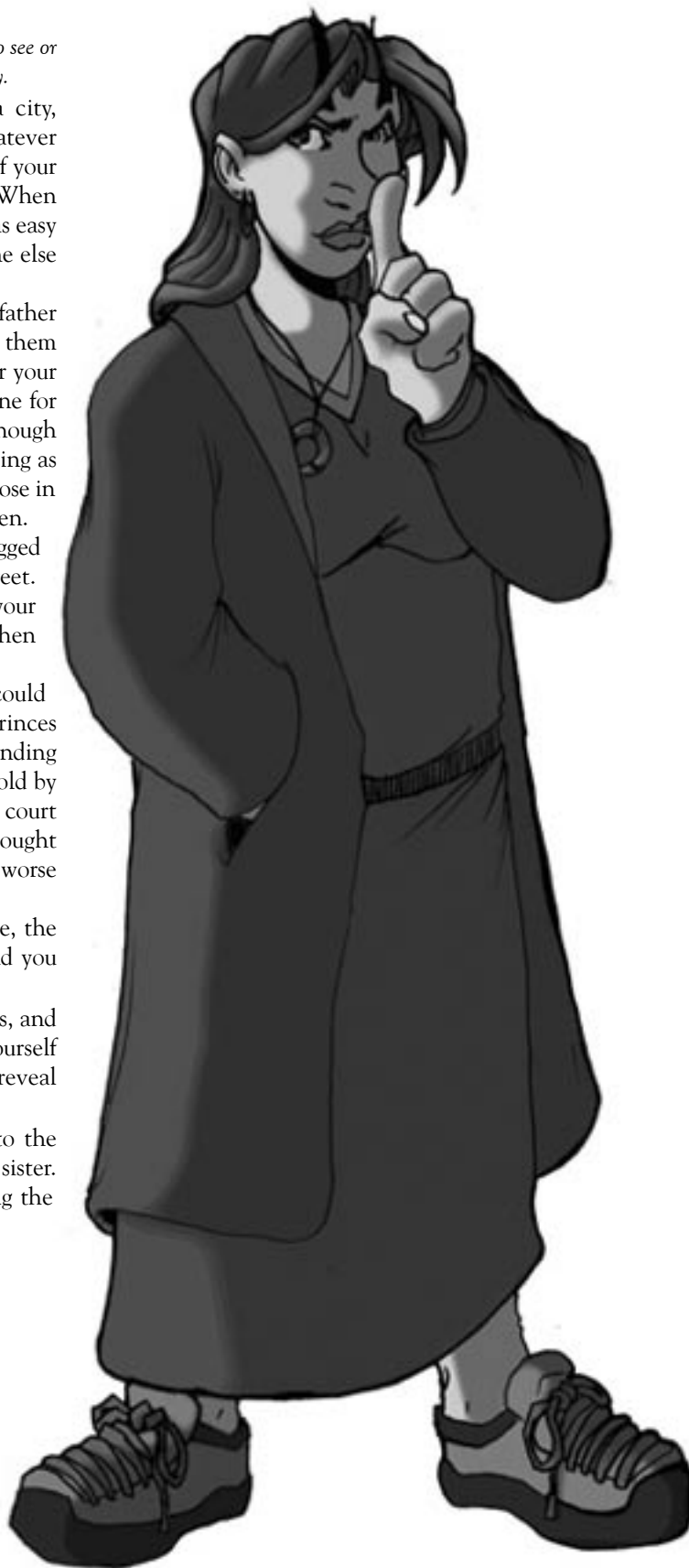
One night, you saw a poor Hispanic druggie get dragged out of the shelter by the police and beaten in the street. Witnessing the violent event helplessly finally triggered your chrysalis, and another boggan who worked at the kitchen introduced you to fae society.

At first, you were dazzled by the Shining Host- you could scarcely believe that you belonged to this world of faery princes and princesses. You quickly became a member of good standing within the Seelie court; you were even given a small freehold by the duke after your saining. Then, one night, you were at court when a pooka (a man from your old neighborhood) was brought in, beaten, taunted and thrown in the dungeon for no worse crime than

You knew then who needed your help- mortal or fae, the authorities had no sympathy for the poor and hungry, and you swore that you would do what you could to help them.

**Concept:** You spent all your life looking after others, and you know how to hide people from the law. You devote yourself whole heartedly to your charges, but you're careful not to reveal your game to the local gentry.

**Role Playing Hints:** You don't act the mother to the commoners in your charge, but more like a protective older sister. Keep your ears open amongst the nobles, but keep playing the role of helpful little boggan while around the sidhe.





# KITHBOOK: Beggans

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Court: *Unseelie*  
Legacies: *Ringleader/Regent*  
House:

Seeming: *Grump*  
Kith: *Boggan*  
Motley: *Knick-Knacks*

## Attributes

### Physical

Strength ☐☐☐☐☐  
Dexterity ☐☐☐☐☐  
Stamina ☐☐☐☐☐

### Social

Charisma ☐☐☐☐☐  
Manipulation *Convincing* ☐☐☐☐☐  
Appearance ☐☐☐☐☐

### Mental

Perception ☐☐☐☐☐  
Intelligence ☐☐☐☐☐  
Wits ☐☐☐☐☐

## Abilities

### Talents

Alertness ☐☐☐☐☐  
Athletics ☐☐☐☐☐  
Brawl ☐☐☐☐☐  
Dodge ☐☐☐☐☐  
Empathy ☐☐☐☐☐  
Intimidation ☐☐☐☐☐  
Kenning ☐☐☐☐☐  
Persuasion ☐☐☐☐☐  
Streetwise ☐☐☐☐☐  
Subterfuge ☐☐☐☐☐

### Skills

Crafts ☐☐☐☐☐  
Drive ☐☐☐☐☐  
Etiquette ☐☐☐☐☐  
Firearms ☐☐☐☐☐  
Leadership ☐☐☐☐☐  
Melee ☐☐☐☐☐  
Performance ☐☐☐☐☐  
Security ☐☐☐☐☐  
Stealth ☐☐☐☐☐  
Survival ☐☐☐☐☐

### Knowledges

Computer ☐☐☐☐☐  
Enigmas ☐☐☐☐☐  
Gremayre ☐☐☐☐☐  
Investigation ☐☐☐☐☐  
Law ☐☐☐☐☐  
Linguistics ☐☐☐☐☐  
Lore ☐☐☐☐☐  
Medicine ☐☐☐☐☐  
Politics ☐☐☐☐☐  
Science ☐☐☐☐☐

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

*Holdings* ☐☐☐☐☐  
*Resources* ☐☐☐☐☐  
*Dreamers* ☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐

### Arts

*Chicanery* ☐☐☐☐☐  
*Legerdemain* ☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐

### Realms

*Scene* ☐☐☐☐☐  
*Fae* ☐☐☐☐☐  
*Actor* ☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐

### Other Traits

*Trusted (3 point Merit)* ☐  
☐  
☐  
☐  
☐

### Glamour

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

### Willpower

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

### Banality

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

=Ravaging/Consuming Threshold=

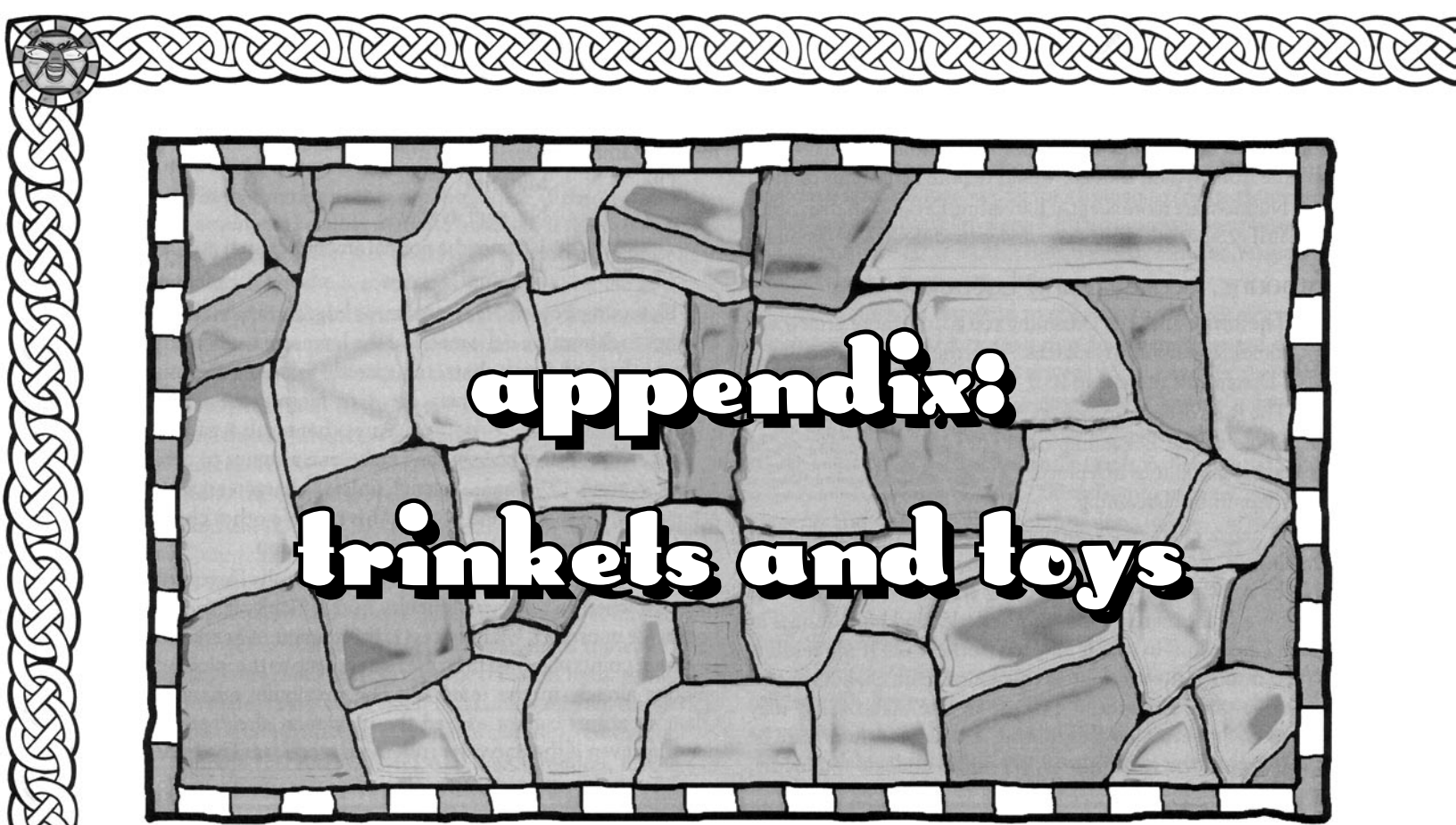
Experience:

### Health

	Real	Chimerical
Bruised	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt	-1 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured	-1 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded	-2 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled	-2 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled	-5 <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

=Birthrights/Frailties=

Craftwork  
Social Dynamics  
Flaw: Call of the Needy



# appendix: trinkets and toys

## augmen revisited

When entering into the far realms of the Dreaming, boggans start becoming even shorter than normal. It is not unknown for a boggan in the Deep Dreaming to be a scant three feet tall. However, while their stature diminishes, their strength and stamina do not. In fact, boggans experiencing augmen seem almost tireless and can easily go for days at a time without rest. In the Deep Dreaming, a boggan only needs a total of about twelve hours of sleep out of every week.

Boggans also become more hirsute in the far realms of the Dreaming. Females and some younger males develop a glossy sheen of soft fur all over their bodies; while most males and some grump females become positively shaggy. Most males are known to sprout large tufty beards and mustaches that can easily grow all the way down to their toes. Whether it be another aspect of augmen or a side affect of their newfound hairiness, boggans also start developing an aversion to clothing as they get deeper into the Dreaming. Even in very cold conditions a boggan with augmen feels uncomfortable wearing anything but the most light and loose fitting of clothing.

Like nockers, boggans in the Dreaming also feel compelled to keep busy, be it building things, tidying up, or simply trying to be useful wherever possible. Boggans are either underfoot or at hand at all times. However, they are also more secretive about

their endeavors. They may sulk or even deny it if their works are acknowledged or praised. They do, however, seek recompense and may help themselves to larger shares of group supplies when no one is looking. Of course, their constant working usually more than makes up for the small compensation they seek.

## craftwork

In the Far Dreaming a boggan can complete any physical task in one-sixth the time it would normally take, even when being observed. Watching a boggan set to a task in the Deep Dreaming reminds one how a single boggan used to be able to do the work of an entire army or more before the Sundering. A boggan can complete tasks one-twelfth of the time it would take normally and additionally will go without food or sleep until a project is finished. It takes an expenditure of willpower for a boggan to take even a short break from his task and an expenditure of a willpower point plus a diff. 8 willpower roll for a boggan to be able to abandon a project.

## social dynamics

In the Far Dreaming no roll is required for a boggan to discern the patterns underlying small groups or simple social functions and the difficulty never goes higher than a six for the most complex and convoluted of social situations. In the Deep Dreaming a boggan can instantly glean any information about the social dynamics of any given group, its underlying motivations,

and possible future actions. In the Dreaming, a boggan can use this power to inspire a group to acts of greatness or keep them from falling apart. Contrarily, a boggan can tear apart the most tightly bonded motleys by knowing where the weak links are and what buttons to press.

## call of the needy

Even in the Far Dreaming a boggan can never avoid an honest plea for help or turn away from someone in need. Fortunately, the boggan birthrights are frequently useful in both figuring out how to best aid someone and quickly accomplishing the task. In the Deep Dreaming a boggan will shut out any other concerns and immediately do everything within his power to aid someone he perceives to be in peril. Not even unfinished tasks, threats to his own life, or pleas to stop giving assistance can deter a boggan from doing everything that he can to aid someone who he has decided needs help. With their swift workmanship and singlemindedness a boggan can quickly turn a solution into a new and sometimes bigger problem. For example, should a boggan meet a homeless individual suffering from the elements within the Deep Dreaming the boggan may take it upon himself to build a home for the person. Before the boggan can be stopped, a section of forest has been cleared to build a home that the individual might not want or even be able to use.

## new abilities

### gossiping

The ability to gossip is very important for boggans. Not only is it a primary source of information and entertainment, it's also a means of making friends. If one doesn't have a good ear for the art of rumor-mongering, though, one can easily make enemies by telling the wrong gossip to the wrong people.

A successful roll of Perception + Gossiping can help to pick out either a good source of gossip or a useful listener.

☺ You're not bad at listening to what others have to say.

☺☺ You can usually pick out the juiciest or most useful bits of information.

☺☺☺ You could write the society section of your local newspaper.

☺☺☺☺ You have more news than CNN.

☺☺☺☺☺ Even the sluagh have a hard time keeping secrets from you.

**Specialties:** Secrets, Local News, Scandal, Information Passing, Eavesdropping.

### seneschal

A seneschal is someone who is responsible for managing and maintaining a home, property, or organization. This can include bookkeeping, managing workers, hosting visitors, and anything that falls under general upkeep. Both of the boggan

birthrights make boggans well suited for seneschal duties and their practice of maintaining some sort of homestead gives them ample opportunity to be official or unofficial seneschals of some sort. Seneschal is an actual title that a noble gives to the one responsible for running their freehold; it is a title given to more boggans than any of the other commoner kiths.

The seneschal ability can be used for smoothly hosting events, general maintenance, and evaluating how well another household is operating.

☺ You can generally keep a small homestead running smoothly.

☺☺ You're great at managing money and can easily entertain guests now and then.

☺☺☺ You can run a large freehold almost single-handedly.

☺☺☺☺ You could hold the seneschal title in the hold of a duke or king.

☺☺☺☺☺ You could keep a home running smoothly during a blackout when all of the local sidhe and redcaps arrived for dinner unexpectedly.

**Specialties:** Nobles, Commoners, Seelie, Unseelie, Freeholds, Accounting, Hosting, Kitchens, Managing

## new background

### warren

For information on what a warren is and how it functions see chapter three.

The warren background represents a warren that the character is a member of; the number of points allocated indicate the size and efficiency of the warren. Points in Warren represent specific boggans that can be called upon to help complete difficult or time consuming tasks. A warren and its members also have their own agendas and needs though. Any member of a warren is expected to attend most of the warren meetings or functions and may be called upon to assist any other member of the warren.

☺ Only a few members, meets infrequently. Examples: A monthly bridge club or a local food drive

☺☺ A small group that meets with some regularity. Examples: A weekly gaming group or a quilting circle

☺☺☺ A medium sized group that meets often. Examples: A lifestyle advocacy group or a hot-rod collectors' club

☺☺☺☺ A large group capable of taking on most tasks. Examples: A mobile soup kitchen or a group of Habitat for Humanity workers

☺☺☺☺☺ A dedicated organization that can move mountains. Examples: A worker's commune or a national lobbyist's organization

## treasures

### warm blanket

#### (1 point treasure)

This is a handmade blanket or quilt that has been given small charms for comfort and warmth. Anyone under or within the blanket is kept warm and comfortable, despite outside conditions.

### salve of fire's blessing

#### (1 point treasure)

This is a small jar of a clay-colored, odd-smelling ointment. One point's worth holds enough for one application. The salve can protect its wearer from fire for up to eight hours, provided it is not washed or rubbed off. This can only be gotten from one of the domovye, although there is a thriving nocker trade in the stuff.

### spoon full of sugar

#### (1-3 point treasure)

Many boggans are required to make something as part of their naming ceremony, and a spoon has become the most common item. It is a symbol of their ties to hearth, home, and hard work. The spoon can be made of wood or metal, so long as the boggan makes it with his own hands. They can be small teaspoons, large cooking spoons, or intricate Welsh love spoons. A boggan's mentor directs his charge and helps him work a traditional charm into this first creation of the new changeling. The same charm is used by most boggans, but its effectiveness varies on the skill of the crafters. As a one point treasure, the spoon makes everything that it is a vessel for taste sweet and delicious when put in one's mouth on the spoon. This is useful for covering up the taste of cod-liver oil or even a pungent poison. At two points, the spoon might be able to give a pleasant taste to an entire mixture that had been stirred with the spoon. At three points, the spoon can not only make food taste better it can make food that it has touched healthier, even to the point of making it cleansed of some poisons.

### pot of first helpings

#### (2 point treasure)

Usually appearing in the form of a large cauldron or stew pot, this useful treasure can be used to feed an entire army. Once a meal has been cooked in the Pot of First Helpings, the pot cannot be emptied by anyone taking their first helping of the



food within the pot. So a large gathering can all receive a single bowl of food, but when someone seeks second or third helpings, the pot behaves like an ordinary container.

### warding light

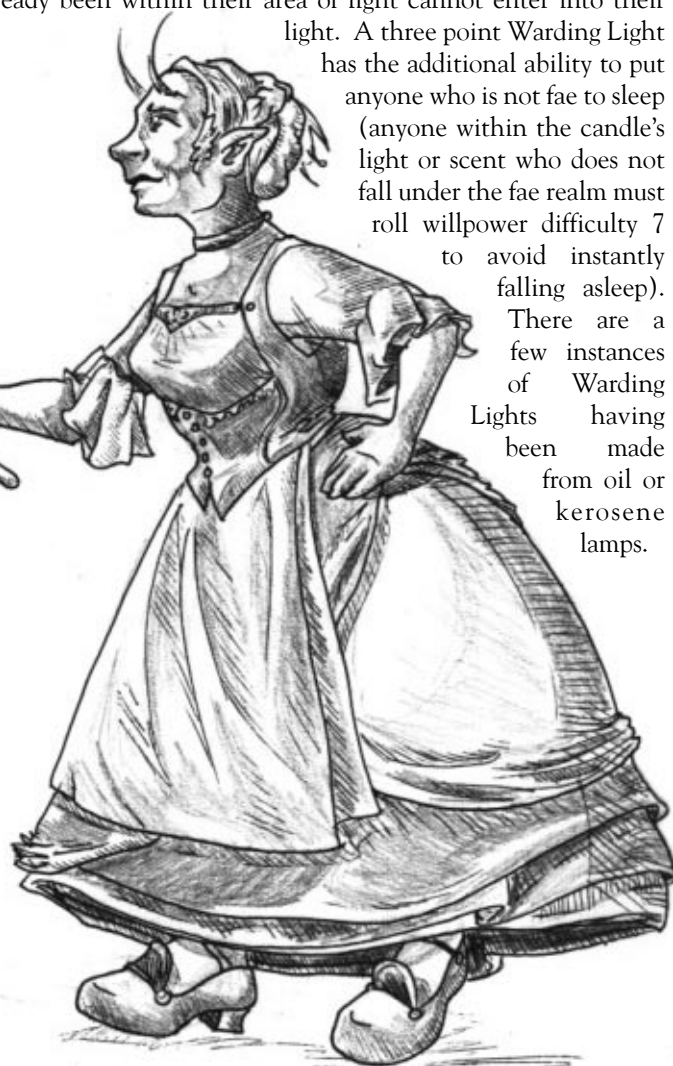
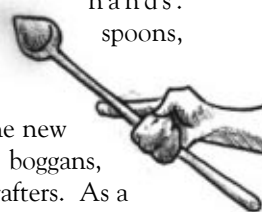
#### (2-3 point treasure)

After these magical candles are lit, anyone who had not already been within their area of light cannot enter into their light. A three point Warding Light

has the additional ability to put anyone who is not fae to sleep (anyone within the candle's light or scent who does not fall under the fae realm must roll willpower difficulty 7

to avoid instantly falling asleep).

There are a few instances of Warding Lights having been made from oil or kerosene lamps.





## **knocking stick (3 point treasure)**

The secret of the Knocking Sticks is one of the best-kept secrets of boggan society. These innocent looking sticks, canes, or shillelaghs can be used to open any door, window, chest, or cabinet regardless of locks or bolts. A simple knock or light rapping with the stick will open nearly anything that isn't somehow magically sealed or made of cold iron. The sticks were originally devised to let boggans sneak into the homes where they would secretly work during the night. Ever since the Shattering, the remaining Knocking Sticks have been more frequently used for more unsavory purposes.

## **work gloves (4 point treasure)**

Also known as a Boggan's Best Friend, the Work Gloves effectively serve as a second pair of hands. These increasingly rare treasures appear as well-worn leather work gloves and can animate themselves to work alongside the boggan for which they are made. So long as the gloves remain within eyeshot of the boggan they can be directed to perform any task that the boggan could normally perform with his hands. The gloves work with the same attributes and abilities of the boggan and at the same rate of speed. The gloves can also be made to attack an opponent, again with the same attributes and abilities of the boggan. It is a difficulty of 8 to hit the gloves on an attack, they are considered to have 2 dice for soaking purposes, and have two health levels.

## **the tools of war (5 point treasure)**

When the Germanic peasants were attempting to resist the might of Caesar's armies in the first century B.C. a group of boggans seeking to protect their dreamers put blood oaths into their weapons and tools and went out to fight the Roman armies alongside their human charges. The Tools were simple weapons or working tools that became powerful implements of war. It is believed that there had once been six such weapons, but only four are still known to exist. They are a short sword, a hammer, a hatchet, and a sickle. In the hands of anyone but a boggan, they are difficulty seven to use and do strength + 3 damage. For a boggan they are difficulty five to wield and do strength + 3 aggravated damage or instant crippling damage to any limb that is successfully struck.

## **the nameless shield (legendary treasure)**

This mighty treasure dates back to the War of Trees and is rumored to be the very first item crafted by a boggan. The story tells of a nameless boggan who quickly fashioned a simple wooden shield in order to fend off the blows of a band of ogres attacking a settlement of early humans. Ever since, there have been stories of the shield's appearance at any battle where a small force has bested an overwhelmingly larger one.

At first the glance, the Nameless Shield looks like a simple round wooded shield, somewhat similar to those used by the Vikings. On closer inspection, one can make out ancient runes from a forgotten language.

When carried into battle, it grants its bearer an immunity to blows (any attempt to hit the shield's bearer automatically fail). Furthermore, all those in the bearer's forces are at a +2 difficulty to hit and have two temporary points of willpower. Its greatest power, though, comes from its protection of homes and even kingdoms. Any building that contains the Nameless Shield cannot be breached or invaded, and anyone who acts in defense of the kingdom that holds it gains one temporary point of willpower.

The current location of the shield is unknown. It is said to have the power to appear to those most in need of its powers. Its last confirmed location was Britain during World War II.

## **merits and flaws**

### **teddy bear (1 point flaw)**

Something about you screams harmless. Any attempt to intimidate is at +2 difficulty. This can sometimes be a benefit, as people ignore you. People aren't fools however, and even teddy bears with swords will be dealt with quickly as threats.

### **night worker (2 point merit)**

You have found that you prefer to work during the nighttime. Perhaps there are fewer distractions then. Whatever the reason, you have discovered that once you have set yourself to a task, you are capable of working all night long without ever growing weary. However, should you attempt this feat for more than two days in a row, you will fall into a stupor at daybreak and be unable to be woken until the following day.

## **nimble fingers** **(2 point merit)**

All boggans are sure of hand, but you're even more so. All difficulties involving fine motor skills are at -2 difficulty. This could involve anything from threading needles to picking locks.

## **aversion to clothing** **(3 point flaw)**

Like the brownies in the old stories, you can't stand to wear clothes. It's not that you're a nudist or an exhibitionist; it's just that after you wear clothing of any sort for long enough, your fae mien starts slipping away from you. Your fae mien is extra hirsute so you rarely get cold without clothing, but try explaining that to the local Duke, or better yet, the mortal authorities. While not wearing clothes, your appearance rating drops by one to those with enchanted sight and the difficulty for all social roles when in plain sight of others is increased by two, unless you are dealing with nudists. While wearing clothes you feel uncomfortable and ill at ease; for every week that you spend wearing clothes without being naked for at least one full day you gain a point of temporary banality.

## **bean counter** **(3 point flaw)**

Most boggans consider a gift given freely to have no strings attached. Not you. From simple to extravagant, you're a bean counter. You must still answer the call of the needy, but there will always be a reckoning. A prepared meal may deserve a small thanks, or a home cleaned a modest tip. When not given, you must make a willpower roll (difficulty 6 and up, depending on the favor done) or spend the next day rearranging your schedule to make the ungrateful one regret it. A failure makes a simple pranking in order, where as a botch results in nastiness most would not predict in a normally pleasant-mannered kith.

## **trusted** **(3 point merit)**

You have the absolute trust of the locals, be they noble or commoner. This means easy access to stores of treasures or dross and to balefires. You are also considered to have the benefits of the merit Reputation. Of course, if the trust is abused too much it will disappear.

## **chivalrous heart** **(4 point merit)**

Maybe one of your previous incarnations was knightly, or perhaps you just have an overwhelming sense of duty to those in need, but when defending those who physically need your help, you are at -2 difficulty on all roles.

## **doormat** **(5 point flaw)**

Both fae and mortals think of you as a doormat and constantly take advantage your goodwill and generosity. Unfortunately, you have started to think of yourself this way as well. You must make a willpower roll to refuse any request made of you; difficulty depends on the nature of the request.

## **hidden strength** **hidden stamina** **(6 point merit)**

In days of old some boggans were able to perform great feats of strength or endurance despite their diminutive size. You have somehow retained a small portion of that ability. You may have an additional dot in either strength or stamina although you don't necessarily look as though you have the musculature to match.

## **the domovye**

There have been many different kiths spawned from the Dreaming that are of close relation to boggans. Although most of those kiths have been lost forever to the ravages of banality, there are a few that we're still aware of. The yunwi tsundsi and surems of the Nunnehi and the hana of the Menehune are a few of our distant relations that can still be found in the Autumn World. Another is the domovye, a secretive kith rarely found outside of Russia or the Ukraine. In the time before the Shattering, the domovye used to attach themselves to certain families and then live under their floorboards, or (more popularly) inside their stoves, where the domovye felt warm and comfortable. Nowadays the domovye usually have to settle for a warm bed and some heavy blankets- but that hasn't deterred them from serving and protecting their families.

## history

The domovye do still serve their families. Long before the Shattering, each and every domovoi was mystically tied to a certain bloodline. Those ties call to them still.

Legend tells of a Princess called Elena the Fair, daughter of the Mountain King. On a moonless night in the depths of Winter she was abducted from her father's home by a horrendous five-headed dragon and taken to its dark home below the Black Sea. The story of the princess's abduction quickly spread throughout the land. Many brave knights and noble princes died in their attempts to rescue Elena the Fair. A poor farm boy named Ivan with visions of glory set off to slay the dragon and rescue the princess, believing that his stout heart and father's sword were all that he needed.



Over the course of his long journey, he came to an underground kingdom of strange little men. The name and location of this kingdom, along with the name of its inhabitants, has been lost over the ages. The little people agreed to help Ivan, for they too lived in fear of the terrible dragon. They gave Ivan a magic salve that would protect him from the dragon's flames, and saw him off to the shores of the Black Sea. However, the little people secretly coveted the riches of the Mountain King, and plotted against Ivan.

With the magical salve Ivan was able to defeat the fearsome dragon. After the battle he took the dragon's five tongues as trophies and freed the princess from the dragon's dungeon. With the dragon slain and the princess rescued, Ivan rested on the shores of the Black Sea before he began his journey back to the home of the Mountain king.

While Ivan slept, though, the deceitful little people took the dragon's five heads and Elena the Fair for themselves. They whisked themselves, the Princess Elena, and the dragon heads to the hall of the Mountain King. There they claimed it had been they who slew the dragon and offered the dragon's heads as proof. Impressed with their supposed courage the Mountain King began heaping riches upon riches on the little people. But Elena the Fair would not be silent in the face of the little people's treachery. She calmly stepped forward and asked them where the dragon's tongues were. Unable to explain this mystery the little people were seized by the king's men and thrown in cells. The king sent riders out who found Ivan and brought him to the palace.

Ivan and Elena were married and the Mountain King, undoubtedly a Tuatha De Danaan, decided to punish the greedy little people. He took them and used powerful magic to alter their true names and henceforth declared that they were to be called the domovye (from dom, the Russian word for house). Their punishment would be to serve as protectors in Ivan's new house, and in the homes of his descendants. For a wedding gift, the Mountain King gave Ivan and Elena an enormous palace where all of the domovye could live, protect, and serve those they had betrayed. Ivan became a king of men and ruled well and long. He also had many children, who had children of their own, who had more children, and so on down through the generations.

In a surprisingly short amount of time the entire kith was split following different branches of Ivan's family tree. Today, Ivan and Elena's descendants are all over Russia and the Ukraine, and a few have immigrated to the U.S. In fact, nearly everyone in Russia carries at least a small part of Ivan's blood by this time. In some families, though, the bloodline is stronger and more direct, and there are only so many domovye to go around.

## **lifestyles and binding oaths**

A domovoi typically undergoes chrysalis when he encounters someone who is the direct descendant of one of the families watched over by his kind from before the Shattering. If this person's family is already watched over by a domovoi then that domovoi will serve as the mentor of the new one and eventually direct him towards a family that he will swear oath to. If there is no domovoi already attached then traditionally the fledgling domovoi will swear oath to the descendant he met at chrysalis. The oath binds the domovoi to a specific person and his family; that is, all who are blood or marital relations to the oath recipient and dwell within the same residence. For example, if a wealthy woman is the recipient of the oath and she lives with her husband, two children, her husband's mother, and a live-in maid then the oath covers everyone except for the maid. If the children should grow up and move away, then the domovoi is no longer under any obligation to them.

In order to ensure the safety of his family, a domovoi will attempt to find a means of employment that keeps him close to his sworn family. Popular occupations include apartment building supers (which has the added advantage of being able to sleep next to a boiler), local police officers, family doctors, gang leaders, nannies, and local business operators. It is also not unheard of for a domovoi to use his talents to secretly bring wealth to his protectorate. In the same manner as is traditional with boggans, a seelie domovoi might secretly labor through the night ala "elves and the shoe maker", while an unseelie domovoi might secretly work to ruin any potential financial rivals. Increasing the wealth of the protectorate has two advantages to a domovoi. One is that with more money, the protectorate will be more likely to afford adequate food, shelter, security, and medical care. The other is that with enough money the protectorate might be able to afford a live-in maid, cook, nanny, nurse, or valet, any one of which would make a superb occupation for a devoted domovoi.

Since Elena the Fair was the child of a Tuatha, there is a certain amount of faerie blood that can be found in her descendants, even today. It is not uncommon for a domovoi to take advantage of this and attempt to keep his protectorate enchanted and aware of his service. However, glamour is scant the world over and in the bleak Russian lands of harsh winters, hungry wolves, and economic devastation, few domovye can glean enough glamour to keep humans, even kinain, enchanted.

In lifestyle and temperament, most domovye are very similar to boggans. They appreciate good honest labor and tend towards the comforts of home over the adventure of the road. Like boggans, they tend to prefer solitude while working, but otherwise enjoy companionship. A perfect evening for most

domovye would be coming home after a long day of work to sit around a hot fire and listen to wild stories and ridiculous riddles while drinking vodka and enjoying a warm meal. Unfortunately a domovoi is under the sway of his oath and sometimes must leave friends and loved ones behind as he endeavors to fulfill the obligations of his oath.

## **a friend of fire**

When the domovye were still the people who lived beneath the earth, their blood ran cold with the winter snows that ran off the mountains every spring. In order to fight their constant chills, they learned to make an elixir of their own saliva that would allow them to sit in bonfires and to sleep in streams of magma. This was how they had been able to protect Ivan from the dragon's fire so long ago. As mentioned earlier, a domovoi usually lived in the stove or fireplace and it was his duty to keep the home fires well tended. When a domovoi's family moved to a new home, it was the domovoi's job to carry a lit coal from the old fireplace to the new one. It was also not unknown for a domovoi to burn down the house of a family that they thought to be particularly ungracious or wicked. The domovoi always made sure that the family was safe- but his oath covered them, but not their property.

## **appearance**

The domovye are similar to boggans in appearance; short and usually pudgy with large noses and tufty hair. While their clothing shies away from the "rustic English" look employed by many boggans, it does tend towards simplicity and utilitarianism. One difference is that even as wilders their hair starts going grey, by the time that a domovoi has reached grumphood all of his hair has turned steel grey in color. All male domovye of age grow long bristly beards, to not have one is the brand of an outsider or oathbreaker.

## **birthrights and frailties**

All domovye posses the Craftwork birthright just as boggans do. However, domovye do not posses the Social Dynamics birthright. Instead they posses the birthright Fire's Blessing.

## **fire's blessing**

Born of the frozen mountains the domovye have learned to embrace the warmth of fire without suffering deadly burns. All domovye can make an elixir out of a mixture of dirt and their own spittle that can protect anyone from being hurt by direct contact with open flame. A single domovoi can make enough



elixir to cover his own body mass in a single day. Once coated an individual is protected from burns for about eight hours, unless the coating is washed off.

Domovye are not required to heed the Call of the Needy. Instead, they must follow Ivan's Blood.

## ivan's blood

Once a year and a day has passed after the saining of a domovoi, he must bind himself to one of Ivan's bloodline or risk losing his connection to the fae world. For every cycle of the moon that passes after the allotted amount of time without having taken the oath a domovoi gains a permanent point of banality.

## the oath

As I swear that I am truly [true name], child of the frozen mountains. And that thou [name of recipient] are a child of Ivan and Elena. I swear upon the Dreaming and the throne of the Mountain King to protect and honor you and all of your house to the best that I am able. I do this to make amends for my transgressions against your father, may he rise again and smite me should I fail in my service to you.

## role-playing a domovoi

You are bound to protect another person, or even a whole house full of other people, and you might have to structure your whole life around that. Keep any eye out for trouble, but remember not to abuse your protectorate. Your mentor once told you of a domovoi who went too far in trying to keep his "family" safe and locked them all up in the cellar. Another domovoi in the same town looked in on him later only to find that he had somehow been beheaded.

At least, that's the story that your mentor told you. In your own experience, no one rose up to smite you after little Sukey fell and skinned her knee or when grandmama died in an auto accident. However, you feel certain that you might have saved yourself from smiting when you chased away a burglar one night and again during that bad winter when you kept bringing your family food and firewood.

You are not physically bound to them; nothing prevents you from picking up your bags and seeing the world- you had just better hope that while you are gone nothing happens to them that you could have prevented.



# KITHBOOK: beggans

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Court:  
Legacies:  
House:

Seeming:  
Kith:  
Motley:

## Attributes

Physical	Social	Mental
Strength_____00000	Charisma_____00000	Perception_____00000
Dexterity_____00000	Manipulation_____00000	Intelligence_____00000
Stamina_____00000	Appearance_____00000	Wits_____00000

## Abilities

Talents	Skills	Knowledges
Alertness_____00000	Crafts_____00000	Computer_____00000
Athletics_____00000	Drive_____00000	Enigmas_____00000
Brawl_____00000	Etiquette_____00000	Gremayre_____00000
Dodge_____00000	Firearms_____00000	Investigation_____00000
Empathy_____00000	Leadership_____00000	Law_____00000
Inimidation_____00000	Melee_____00000	Linguistics_____00000
Kenning_____00000	Performance_____00000	Lore_____00000
Persuasion_____00000	Security_____00000	Medicine_____00000
Streetwise_____00000	Stealth_____00000	Politics_____00000
Subterfuge_____00000	Survival_____00000	Science_____00000

## Advantages

Backgrounds	Arts	Realms
_____00000	_____00000	_____00000
_____00000	_____00000	_____00000
_____00000	_____00000	_____00000
_____00000	_____00000	_____00000
_____00000	_____00000	_____00000

### Other Traits

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

=Ravaging/CDusing Threshold=

### Glamour

000000000000  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Willpower

000000000000  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Banality

000000000000  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Health

	Real	Chimerical
Bruised	□	□
Hurt -1	□	□
Injured -1	□	□
Wounded -2	□	□
Mauled -2	□	□
Crippled -5	□	□
Incapacitated	□	□

### =Birthrights/Frailties=

Craftwork  
Social Dynamics  
Flaw: Call of the Needy

Experience:

Fellowship/Household: \_\_\_\_\_ Societies/Bands: \_\_\_\_\_  
Master/Leige Lord: \_\_\_\_\_ Sain Day: \_\_\_\_\_

## Merits & Flaws

[illegible]

## Experience

Total: \_\_\_\_\_ Total Spent: \_\_\_\_\_  
Gained From: \_\_\_\_\_ Spent On: \_\_\_\_\_

[illegible]

## ■ Combat

[illegible]

Brawling Chart			
Maneuver	Roll/Difficulty	Damage	Actions
Body Slam	Dex+Brawl/7	Special	1
Grapple	Dex+Brawl/6	Strength	1
Kick	Dex+Brawl/7	Strength+1	1
Punch	Dex+Brawl/6	Strength	1

# ARMOR

Class:\_\_\_\_\_Rating:\_\_\_\_\_Penalty:\_\_\_\_\_Description:\_\_\_\_\_

# Kithbook: Beggans

## Expanded Background

### Contacts

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### Holdings

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### Dreamers

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### Mentor

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### Vassals

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### Retinue

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## Possessions

### Gear (Carried)

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### Chimerical Items

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### Treasures

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### Chimerical Companions

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## Freeholds

### Location

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### Description

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# KITHBOOK: beggans

## History

Prelude

Date Enobled: \_\_\_\_\_ Secret Societies: \_\_\_\_\_

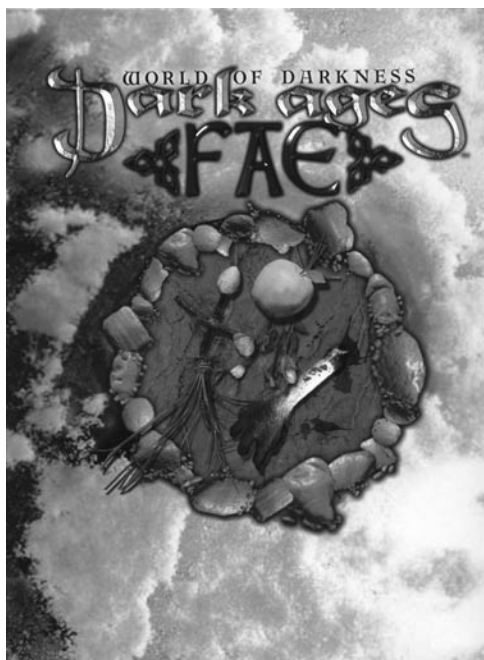
## Appearance

Chronological Age: _____	Mortal: _____
Apparent Age: _____	_____
Date of Birth: _____	_____
Hair: _____	_____
Eyes: _____	Fae: _____
Race: _____	_____
Nationality: _____	_____
Height: _____	_____
Weight: _____	_____

## Visuals

Oath Bonds Chart

Character Sketch



The World has Come....

and Gone....

But....

Glamour Still Remains!



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