

Swashbuckling
ADVENTURES™

The *Sidhe*
Book of Nightmares™





The Sidhe Book of Nightmares™

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Dedication:

TO THE GOODLY FOLKE OF AVALON WHO ARE UNFADING, FROM THOSE WHO MUST PERFORCE FADE AWAY.

THE BRIGHTER THE LIGHT, THE DARKER THE SHADOW.

To use this companion, a Dungeon Master also needs the *Player's Handbook*™ and the *DUNGEON MASTER'S Guide*™.

A player needs only the *Player's Handbook*™.

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Introduction

Excerpts from the Booke of the Goodly Folke

Regarded by many as a silly “lady’s romance,” *The Booke of the Goodly Folke* was written by Lady Mary Katharine de Beaumont, an Avalon noblewoman who devoted her life to a study of the Sidhe. She claimed to have traveled to Bryn Bresail where she was invited as a guest of the Seelie Queen and wrote prolifically about all matters of Sidhe life. There is some conjecture that she was not actually human, but a Sidhe lady-in-waiting to the Seelie Queen tasked with disseminating contradictory information to keep humans from learning too much. There is a rambling quality to her writing that often presents contradictions without any explanation.

Lady Mary Katharine died under mysterious circumstances and may not actually be buried in the cemetery of Carleon, although an elaborately carved headstone marks her grave.

It can be said that there are as many shapes and forms of Sidhe as there are classifications of flowers or fish. Once you think you have catalogued them all, you find another that marks your recordings as antiquated.

In addition to the political structure that mimics royal courts in Théah, the Sidhe can be classified into various “families,” many of which can be seen in the Highlands or Vodacce. Their devotion to the senior member of the family, whether male or female, is second only to that owed to their Queen.

The Sidhe strive for perfection, whether in beauty or ugliness. Among the nobles, they are majestic, sleek, and slender, effortlessly graceful and impossibly tall. Their garments trail behind them like wisps of silvery fog or sea foam. Everything about them enhances their appearance. Yet there is not a mirror to be found in Bryn Bresail. The sight of themselves in anything other than shimmering water elicits glass-shattering screams from even the bravest warriors.

A Queen and a King rule the lords and ladies of the Seelie Court, although no human recalls ever having seen the King. [the following was excised from the original version] I later learned that the term “King” is somewhat misleading. The creature of whom they speak is in fact more properly called The Horned King. It is he who holds sway over the woods at midsummer, a time when no female — Sidhe or human — is safe to wander alone, especially at moonrise. He is not seen at court until he has resumed his form as the Holly Prince. [The text resumes...]

It would appear that the three most powerful Sidhe are indeed sisters who have a complicated relationship not unlike that of any family in Théah. The confident and icy Seelie Queen excises deference from her sisters, the placid Lady of the Lake, and the volatile Queen of the Sea.

The Sidhe are not to be trifled with. They are ancient creatures who are tolerant of mankind to varying degrees. At best, they are fascinated and even apparently amused by our naiveté but they brook no insolence or rude behavior. We are fragile and temporary; they most certainly are not. To treat them with disrespect is to invite one hundred thousand dooms, each one more impossibly awful than the last. Death would be a blessing but it does not come quickly enough.

If anything about the Sidhe is true, it is this — they care nothing for anything in the world but manners and a human, be it man or child, is valued in the eyes of the Goodly Ones, for good behavior is not unlike wealth.

The Sidhe are not confined to Avalon by any means. They have a presence in Montaigne where the precious and brittle machinations of the court appeal to them, although they do not derive much in the way of connection with the land itself. They can be found in Ussura and Vestenmannavnjar as well. They avoid the southeastern realms of Théah and for some reason known only to them, they never cross the boundaries into Cathay.

This have I learned in the realm of Bryn Bresail where time as we know it is not invited into the realm of dreams where years can pass without so much as a whisper. The Dreaming Lands, The Twilight Lands, Land of Snowfallen Spring — by these names and many more do they call their land, yet none can describe this place of wonder and magic.

It would take a lifetime and beyond to learn the titles of those who attend the Seelie Queen. The Sidhe change epithets at will. He who is the Lord of the Silvery Twilight today may present himself tomorrow as the Duke of Darkest Midnight. There are those who change their garb to reflect their title, as they have seen humans do, while others simply have themselves announced without a noticeable alteration of garb or physiognomy.

The creatures of the Sidhe are as varied as the Sidhe themselves and there is little that binds them to each other save their capricious natures. Other than the righinn, however, most have an element of grotesquerie about them which distinguishes them from the courtly nobles.

Once I was taken, cloaked and hooded, to see a gathering of Unseelie. I hope that I never encounter them again. What is controlled within the Seelie is unbridled in their Fallen and Outcast counterparts. The raw power, the savage delight in pain and misery, the excesses are such that they are now imprinted on my mind for eternity.

The Sidhe show a remarkable affinity for dramatic action but unlike humans, they do not suffer remorse. Even those who are not intrinsically cruel can act in such a callous manner as to cause great pain and suffering. When confronted with the deed, they do not respond in a way that humans find comprehensible. We are at once a source of fascination, a subject of study, and an expendable commodity.

If one can say that the Sidhe love anything, it is the land of the Glamour Isles. Nowhere else on Théah have they embraced with such complete devotion. No matter where the Sidhe may travel, when they say “here,” they mean Bryn Bresail and Avalon. It is as close to the concept of home as they can comprehend.

I queried a lord of Seelie Court, a Sidhe scholar of some renown, regarding the ties between the Sidhe and the Syrneath. He did not answer me for a time and it was clear that he was composing his thoughts before answering. “There are those,” he said, “who would end your life where you stand for speaking the name of anathema. Fortunately for you, I am not one of them. I shall only say that we prefer to study than to be studied.” With that he turned and left me in the hallway and did not speak to me for the remainder of my visit.

The Sidhe take great pains to distinguish between the Bargain and the Pact. Their hatred of the creatures of the Bargain is thinly veiled. There are even those who question the wisdom of the Pact, given the turn of events in Théah the past several decades. Some grow restless with the constant wars which give humans the opportunity to destroy each other arguing over petty matters, rendering the land uninhabitable. Perhaps, they reason, mortals are not the best keepers of the Graal...

Avalon is the land of living legend. I need not return across the Bridge to know that goblins lurk outside my window and burn-righinn cavort at the edge of the glade beyond the copse of trees I can see from my window. The Sidhe are here even if I cannot see them; I can sense them in the air. Even as I sit overlooking my garden on this fine summer night, I feel them calling to me, beckoning to me... I long to walk the corridors of the palace, to hear the whisper of the trailing garments, to breathe the perfumed air — to be surrounded by such beauty! If they would have me, I would return to Bryn Bresail and never cross the Bridge again...

About this Book

Since its inception, the world of Théah has continued to produce a cast of remarkable characters, perhaps none more intriguing than the Sidhe. These ageless inhabitants of Avalon live in a rarified land that draws adventurers like the proverbial moths to the flame. When the original 7th Sea™ sourcebooks were published in 1999, the Sidhe were presented without stats because they were too powerful to be harmed by humans. Four years later, it is clear that players want to do more than encounter the Sidhe — they want to BE the Sidhe. In response to that, *The Sidhe Book of Nightmares* offers new and updated information about the ethereal denizens of the Glamour Isles. Adventurers should recall the ancient adage, "Be careful what you wish for..."

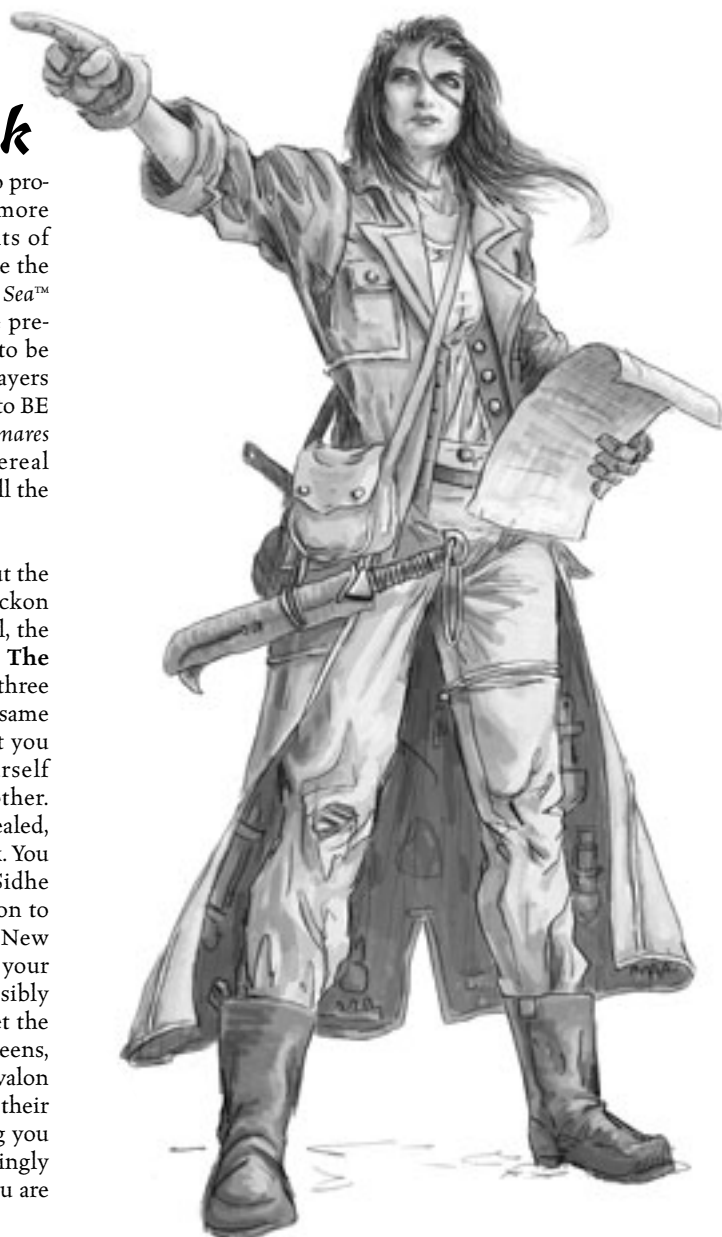
In Book One: The Courts, you will learn more about the history of the Sidhe, their "history" (insofar as they reckon such things), their society, and the magical Bryn Bresail, the place to which they retreated so long ago. **Book Two: The Forge** offers more information about iron and presents three Sidhe combat schools. Hopefully, you will not suffer the same fate as the cursed MacEachern clan for learning what you need to know about how to protect and defend yourself against the Sidhe or about how they deal with each other.

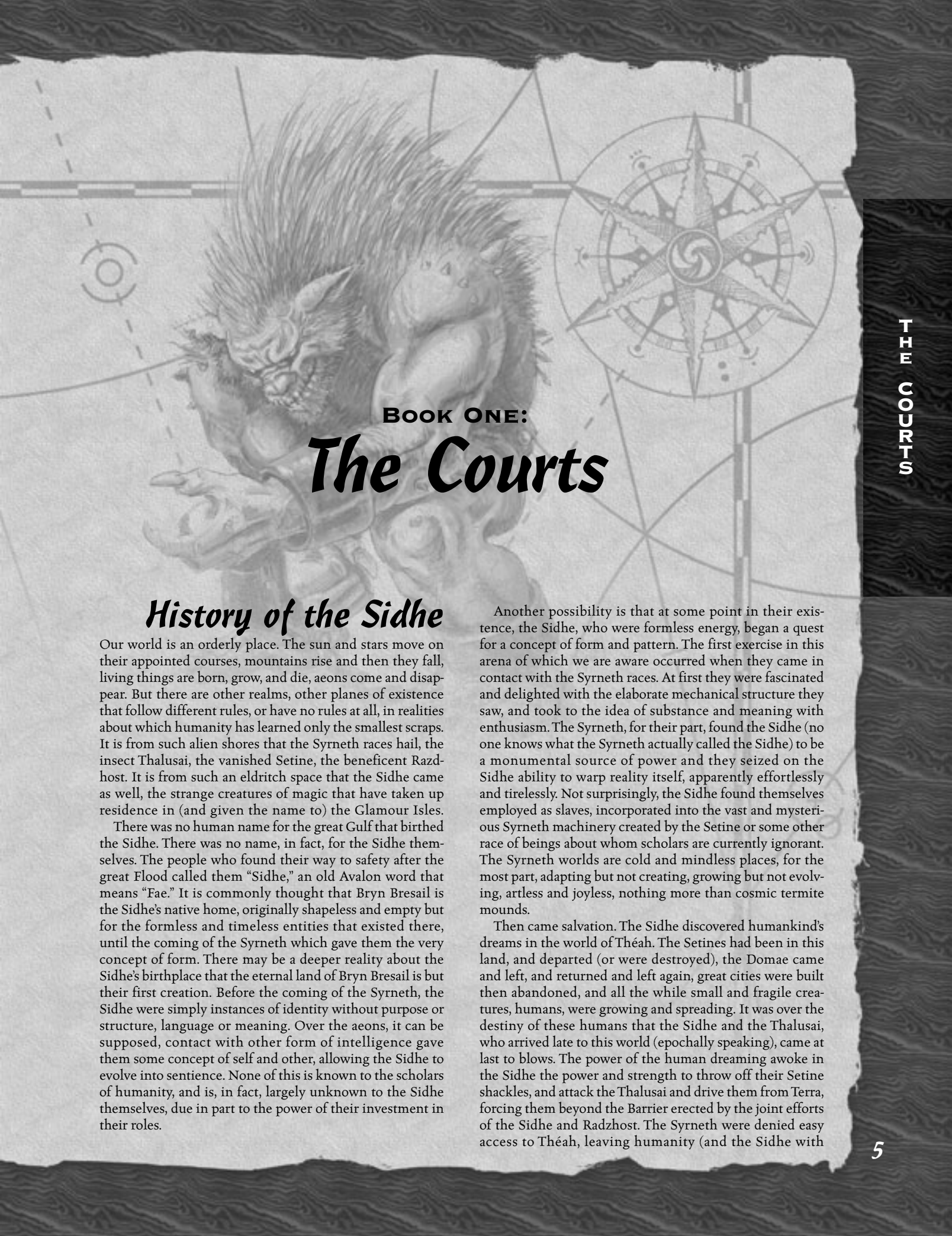
In Book Three: Magic, the ways of the Sidhe are revealed, including how the ranks of Sidhe Blood Advantage work. You will gain valuable insights about how to incorporate Sidhe Blood into your character's persona. The Sidhe's relation to Glamour and Scrying, will be explained more fully. New Feats, Advantages, and Knacks are offered to enhance your character. **Book Four: The Folke** introduces you, possibly for the first time, to this remarkable race. You will meet the important people of the Sidhe world including the Queens, as well as the Seelie and Unseelie Courts. Mothers in Avalon have a fully panoply of creatures with which to threaten their wayward children: beautiful burn-righinn who will drag you into a crystal clear pond and pwccas in the shape of seemingly friendly dogs will lure you deep into the forest until you are

hopelessly lost. Pray that you never hear the wail of the Bansidhe or come face to face with Redcap.

Finally, Book Five: The Veil introduces you to six unique inhabitants of Avalon. You will then be as ready as anyone to go adventuring through the Gates between the worlds of Théah and Bryn Bresail to seek your destiny among the Goodly Folke. Know that should you return to this world, your life will never be the same. Even a glimpse of the Sidhe is often enough to set your heart longing for that which you can never have. The enchantments of the Sidhe are dazzling and deadly, and once you are caught in their spell, you may never escape — or, worse still, wish that you had not returned.

There is so much of the Goodly Folke that could be said, but there is much more that cannot be said, and even more than should not be said.





BOOK ONE:

The Courts

History of the Sidhe

Our world is an orderly place. The sun and stars move on their appointed courses, mountains rise and then they fall, living things are born, grow, and die, aeons come and disappear. But there are other realms, other planes of existence that follow different rules, or have no rules at all, in realities about which humanity has learned only the smallest scraps. It is from such alien shores that the Syrneth races hail, the insect Thalusiai, the vanished Setine, the beneficent Radzhost. It is from such an eldritch space that the Sidhe came as well, the strange creatures of magic that have taken up residence in (and given the name to) the Glamour Isles.

There was no human name for the great Gulf that birthed the Sidhe. There was no name, in fact, for the Sidhe themselves. The people who found their way to safety after the great Flood called them "Sidhe," an old Avalon word that means "Fae." It is commonly thought that Bryn Bresail is the Sidhe's native home, originally shapeless and empty but for the formless and timeless entities that existed there, until the coming of the Syrneth which gave them the very concept of form. There may be a deeper reality about the Sidhe's birthplace that the eternal land of Bryn Bresail is but their first creation. Before the coming of the Syrneth, the Sidhe were simply instances of identity without purpose or structure, language or meaning. Over the aeons, it can be supposed, contact with other form of intelligence gave them some concept of self and other, allowing the Sidhe to evolve into sentience. None of this is known to the scholars of humanity, and is, in fact, largely unknown to the Sidhe themselves, due in part to the power of their investment in their roles.

Another possibility is that at some point in their existence, the Sidhe, who were formless energy, began a quest for a concept of form and pattern. The first exercise in this arena of which we are aware occurred when they came in contact with the Syrneth races. At first they were fascinated and delighted with the elaborate mechanical structure they saw, and took to the idea of substance and meaning with enthusiasm. The Syrneth, for their part, found the Sidhe (no one knows what the Syrneth actually called the Sidhe) to be a monumental source of power and they seized on the Sidhe ability to warp reality itself, apparently effortlessly and tirelessly. Not surprisingly, the Sidhe found themselves employed as slaves, incorporated into the vast and mysterious Syrneth machinery created by the Setine or some other race of beings about whom scholars are currently ignorant. The Syrneth worlds are cold and mindless places, for the most part, adapting but not creating, growing but not evolving, artless and joyless, nothing more than cosmic termite mounds.

Then came salvation. The Sidhe discovered humankind's dreams in the world of Théah. The Setines had been in this land, and departed (or were destroyed), the Domae came and left, and returned and left again, great cities were built then abandoned, and all the while small and fragile creatures, humans, were growing and spreading. It was over the destiny of these humans that the Sidhe and the Thalusiai, who arrived late to this world (epochally speaking), came at last to blows. The power of the human dreaming awoke in the Sidhe the power and strength to throw off their Setine shackles, and attack the Thalusiai and drive them from Terra, forcing them beyond the Barrier erected by the joint efforts of the Sidhe and Radzhost. The Syrneth were denied easy access to Théah, leaving humanity (and the Sidhe with

them) free to flourish. (In some respects, it must be said, this was not an entirely noble act on the part of the Sidhe, but quite a selfish one. While they certainly freed humanity and themselves from enslavement under the Syrneath, they arranged things so they are the only non-human race that had easy access to exploit humanity, whether for good or evil.

The aforetold facts may seem muddled, and the chronology suspect, even contradictory to other known facts. This is due to several factors. There are no records from that period and any Sidhe to whom one might speak regarding this history will be oblivious, not out of ignorance or evasion, but because of the depth of the power with which they inhabit their current role. Memory and history are conceptions of creatures capable of comprehending the logical flow of events, the passage of time. And no one is asking the Thalusiai.

The Sidhe greedily attached themselves to the wondrous dreams and inspirations of humanity. They adopted roles based on the stories and legends humans created, they formed Bryn Bresail in the image of a Théan city, they populated it with nobles, peasants, artisans, and merchants just like a Théan city. Many relocated permanently to the shores of Avalon, using the first and largest link between the two realms, on the Grey Isle (for more information on the Grey Isle and its Queen, see below). Other gateways were later opened, as the boundaries between Bryn Bresail and the rest of Théah became more permeable, but the Grey Isle is unique, and while many, many gateways are connected with water, the Grey Isle is the only gateway accessible by sea.

Why Avalon? Perhaps because of the abundance of lakes and rivers, ponds, streams, the and surrounding oceans that calls to some ancient, buried memory of the Sidhe, reminding them of their original existence in a great, measureless misty sea. Perhaps it is the Druids, the men and women whose perception of the land is so profound they can create the laws of reality (the Geasa). Or perhaps because it was the only land that remained after the flood. For whatever reason, here they are and here they will stay... for now...

The Bargain, the Barrier, the Pact, and the Graal

For those who are not familiar with the history of Théah, during the time of the Numan empire, a ruthless Senator named Octavius Montanus discovered a mystic rod that allowed him to summon supernatural creatures from a realm far-removed from the world in which he lived. Gathering a cabal of like-minded Senators, he went into a hidden chamber deep in the Senate building and called forth the beings in hopes of gaining sufficient power to defeat General Gaius Phillippus Macer and take control of the Numan empire for himself.

Demonic creatures of unbelievable horror came flooding through the schism Montanus tore in space. Some senators fled screaming while others fell to their knees in terror; at least one went completely mad and tried to claw his way out of the marble chamber. Senator Montanus, however, began to bargain with the creatures and made wild promises in exchange for their help. At the end of the bizarre negotiations, the "Bargainers" offered Montanus the powers that he and his colleagues sought in exchange for a promise to teach the new sorceries to others and eventually pass the power along through their human bloodlines.

Millennia ago, the Razhdost, intelligent non-human beings, had held sway in Théah as it was forming. Unable to procreate, they devised other beings — among them the Thalusiai and the Setines — which were called collectively the Syrneath. The Razhdost unwittingly started a war with the Thalusiai, the most powerful of their creations, and had to seek assistance from the Sidhe, the only power on Théah that they had not created. The last Razhdost (a being named Matushka) joined with the Sidhe to erect a magical Barrier that would protect Théah from Syrneath depredations. The amount of magical energy required for such a feat drained the Sidhe to the point where Matushka retreated to a cave deep in Ussura and the Sidhe returned to their home in Bryn Bresail and did not venture forth for thousands of years. It was during this voluntary retirement that the race of men came into being.

Some time back in ancient history a great flood covered the world and mankind was eradicated, save for a boatload of people who somehow found their way to Bryn Bresail. Fascinated by these strange creatures, the Sidhe made a pact with them and permitted them to live on the only place that had survived the catastrophe, an island called Avalon where they coexisted peacefully until the arrival of the Numan General Julius Caius and his army. Unlike the people who had escaped the flood, these humans were brutal and aggressive and reminded the Sidhe of the Syrneath. In an effort to protect Avalon, the Sidhe hid the Glamour Isles behind mist, fog, and storms of immense power for 150 years.

When they deemed it safe, the Sidhe allowed Avalon to re-emerge and things proceeded more or less peacefully, except of course for the petty wars among those who claimed to be "high king" of the land. Eventually, with the help of the Vestenmannavnjar, King Elilodd united the people and earned the respect of the Sidhe who granted him a magical artifact they called "the Graal." Elilodd was charged with guarding the bejeweled cup. For so long as it was safe, and Elilodd and his descendants ruled Avalon, the blessings of the Sidhe would be with them.

Sidhe Society

Seelie and Unseelie

When one speaks of "Seelie" and "Unseelie," it would be an forgivable error to assume one means merely benign (to humanity, at least) and malevolent. Although this is partially correct, it is an oversimplification, and actually quite charitable to the Seelie, who can be as inimical and deadly as the Unseelie. The distinction is twofold, and has to do with the nature of the Sidhe and their adoption of human roles.

In one sense, the Seelie are those Sidhe who pay service to one of the three Queens. They obey certain laws, follow specific principles, and while they may individually be capricious and unpredictable, they will observe the rules. The Unseelie, on the other hand, are much less successful at, indeed uninterested in, integrating their personal creations with the rest of reality as they know it.

The modern concept of “psychosis” is defined as the mind being disconnected with reality, believing in things that are not contingent upon or at odds with externals. In our world, we impose “reality” or order on that which appears chaotic. Sometimes, this enforced control is at odds with what we observe which causes conflict and distress. In a creature that can alter reality by an exercise of will, reality has a much tougher time of it. The Sidhe are still coming to terms with the idea that there is an objective, external “reality,” one that relies on those thorny concepts of time, cause-and-effect, and permanence. In the experience of the Sidhe, reality was whatever they all agreed upon, and if there was disagreement between any two Sidhe, they just ignored each other.

When the Sidhe first encountered the Syrneath, they delighted in the discovery of an order and laws which was a dramatic change from their previous existence of what we would consider untidy frenzied chaos. That relationship went badly, however, as the amoral Syrneath found the Sidhe to be an unparalleled source of power, and the amoral Sidhe found themselves enslaved in great machines of metal and flesh. While the Sidhe were enchanted (literally) with order and pattern, the Syrneath are completely devoid of art and emotions beyond a fanatical drive to conquer and consume. The Sidhe find the relationship with humanity much more valuable, as humans are the sources of boundless inventiveness and the elusive concept of passion.

When a Sidhe takes on the trappings of the human condition, whether it be from a story she has heard, a dream that wandered into Bryn Bresail, or some mortal she has encountered, she recreates the reality she perceives to the best of her experience. That experience, and the perception, may be limited. Thus the beauty or ugliness, the good or evil, the logic or illogic is a result of the power of a particular Sidhe to enforce her understanding on her surrounding and indeed herself. The Queens hold that position, due in no small part to the fact that they have most successfully created the entire reality of themselves as queens, including the rich detail, but more importantly, with the most coherence to everyone around them. It is easier for others to “play along,” to join in that version of reality, to create and incorporate roles for themselves that integrate successfully.

The concepts of “beauty” and “ugliness” include elements of harmony, order and symmetry. The Seelie are invariably described as astonishing and breathtaking in their beauty, reflecting their Glamorous efforts to make themselves so. The Unseelie, often misshapen and deformed to the human eye and always unruly and unpredictable by human standards, seem to be following a vision accessible only to themselves. So an Unseelie will become obsessed with a particular idea, driven and preoccupied (similar to a modern mortal neurotic), exercising strange behavior and acknowledging no authority but their own.

In some respects, the Sidhe are the ultimate roleplayers. They choose roles based on whatever source, and conform to them utterly. Some are more successful than others at interpreting the human origin of that role, but to these creatures, existence is the supreme performance art. The defining factor between Seelie and Unseelie may be as simple as a willingness or ability to cooperate with others, to “share the stage.” To a mortal, it cannot be as much fun to be a Sidhe peasant as a Queen but such turns out not necessarily to be the case for the Sidhe. A Sidhe “peasant” is exploring the idea of being a peasant with just as much enthusiasm as the Queen because he is not hampered by the same sense of rank as a human.

The Unseelie have become mired in some facet of their role, to the exclusion of all else. Thus a twisted troll will spend years, centuries, under a bridge, accosting travelers as he attempts to fathom “here” and “there.” Bridges are magic things because they literally span these concepts. A goblin will spend years in the deep of the forest making piles of rocks of specific size or creating little man-shaped figures out of twigs and hanging them from branches, for what purpose none can fathom but woe unto he who interrupts this activity.

So while it may appear the Sidhe in general, and the Seelie in particular, have mankind and Avalon’s best interests at heart (maintaining the Barrier and the Glamour Magic), and the Unseelie are only interested in their own obsessions. The truth is that the Seelie are just playing by rules that are more likely for humanity to figure out. Maab is Seelie, by definition, but she is not nice, and hardly has mankind’s best interests at heart. The Unseelie spriggans that abide in the glen beyond yonder sheep pasture may be hostile, but they will just throw rocks if you come too close. Unless you bring them green apples. Do not ever whistle.

Although they would be baffled by the suggestion, the eternal, unchanging Sidhe are becoming adapted to the way things operate in the natural world of Théah. They have unconsciously accepted numerous laws that restrict their otherwise omnipotent powers. The laws of Cold Iron, the enchantments of music and dance, the tampering with time (in Théah, at least), the passage of night to day to night (as in certain magic starting and ending), are all sacrosanct.

The Druids and the Sidhe

There is a relationship between the sun and the moon that humanity is just beginning to comprehend. The Druids know of it, and intone mystic melodies about the Sun of Théah and the power of the Hunter joining with the moonlight of the Sidhe to create the Glamour magic. The Sidhe are known to refer to the night sky as “The Sea Above,” giving hints that they give special reverence to the stars and moon. There may be something to the strange philosophy, as it has been noted that the primary figures of the Sidhe are all female, and the native earth spirits of the shamanistic Druids appear to be male. It may have been the union of the two aspects (the sun and its energy, with the moon and stars and their magic) that gave birth and give power to the Glamour Magic. Then again, it may be that Glamour simply is. In any event, the Sidhe are very much creatures of thought and air while the Druids are humans whose connection to the physical land gives them a power that even the Sidhe respect. (For more information, see *Avalon*.™)

Royals, Nobles, and Peasants

Like almost everything else about them, Sidhe society is stolen from the dreams of humanity. Sadly for the Sidhe, however, they have little visceral understanding of the laws and customs of the chivalric society to which they aspire. As with so many things, the Sidhe are very aware of the letter of the law but totally miss the spirit and nuance of the principle so their society is a more of a charade in which everyone knows their place and must be happy with things that way. This is all well and good if you are a noble in the court of the Queen of the Sky, but not so good if you are a Fae peasant working the fields of the Land of Mist.



be in its place. There is no social mobility. Sidhe society is at present as it has always been and will always be. While the Queens of the Sky, Sea, and Earth may constantly argue about who actually rules their lands, there is little doubt that only they can contest the Sidhe throne. There will never be a lost prince or a new Queen to challenge them. If such a figure arose, it could only be at the head of a revolutionary army. They are following the dreams of humanity to a new level of existence and everyone has a part to play in that grand design. Some parts may not be as interesting, but being a part of things allows each Sidhe to reap the rewards of what the society as a whole learns. Only the Unseelie spurn the order of things, but even they do not want to see it fall, as the death of the status quo means a return to the days of darkness. Sidhe life is based on the dreams of humanity, even the dark ones, and without those, the Sidhe ascribe no meaning to their lives.

The first and most obvious division between the Sidhe is between noble and peasant. The peasant class is made up mainly of the lower forms of Fae, the intelligent monsters and oddities that haunt the realm. Few of them regard themselves as actual peasants in the human sense. They defer to the nobility as necessary but think of themselves as apart from rather than beneath their superiors.

There are a few more human-like Sidhe who live in villages. They are criminals or the descendants of those who offended one of the Queens and were cast from the social order. Their crimes were not so terrible as to warrant extinction or exile; however, they were bad enough to be forever cast as peasants and farmers because the Sidhe perceive that description equal to punishment. From their small villages they work the fields of Bryn Bresail, which is an amusing conceit because the Sidhe do not actually need food to survive. The work is not as taxing as it would be for a human farmer; in fact, in the lands of the Seelie are quite idyllic (certainly by a human farmer's standards!) The place is in a permanent state

sunshine and warmth. Things are bleaker in the Unseelie lands where winter holds sway and nothing sown will ever sprout. There the peasants huddle round fires, drawing food from the always meager but never quite empty grain stores.

There is one other thing that marks peasant Sidhe - they each carry an odd disfigurement as punishment for their crimes. This curse is often just a small thing but is enough to mar their natural beauty. Often it is an animalistic trait, such as whiskers, a tail, or a cloven hoof for a foot. Sometimes features are missing, such as an eye, an arm or even a mouth. For some the disfigurement is more obvious, and their arm is shriveled or horrible arcane marks cover their face. In some cases the mark is mental rather than physical. Many are cursed with voices in their heads, delusions, and memory loss. A few are given terrible gifts, such as hearing the worst thoughts of those around them or the ability to foresee the death of anyone they love. In all cases the marks are usually noticeable but not completely debilitating.

These curses are created at a Queen's whim. Although few bear relation to any real crime or result in a truly horrible punishment, but every village shelters at least one poor soul who is mentally or physically disfigured in a most terrible way. They serve as a reminder to the other outcasts how lucky they are and how much worse things could be.

At the other end of the social scale, Sidhe nobility fill the courts of the three Queens, and are a stunning sight to behold. Every one is possessed of an almost heart-stopping beauty coupled with inhuman style and grace. Their clothes are the finest any human will see, often made from impossible fabrics like as spider silk and lover's breath. It is beauty that is almost impossible to describe.

However, underneath this Glamour is a dark aspect. Those who pay careful attention will easily notice the beauty is wholly inhuman, and after a while it becomes unnerving. Humans have gone mad trying to live with such enchanting strangeness. The Sidhe strive for true beauty in their

existence. However, they are also trying to transcend the human meaning of the word. Some acquire an appearance that haunts anyone who lays their eyes on it for eternity, without ever knowing why. Some draw their appearance from terrifying and hideous forms, becoming a gorgonesque twisting of beauty. Either way, those at the top of Sidhe society are the essence of their physical philosophy, while those deformed or imperfect (to the eyes of the Sidhe) are cast out.

The courts on both sides of the great river in Bryn Bresail teem with nobles of every shape and size. They adorn themselves with a variety of grand titles such as "Count of the Southern Marches," "Marquis of the Lands of Passion," or "Lady of Night and Lullabies." This can be extremely bewildering to a human traveler, and noble Sidhe take great offense if they are not shown due respect. However, things are actually a lot simpler than they seem. For all their grand titles, Sidhe nobles have almost exactly the same standing. None are greater than the Queens and all are greater than anyone else.

When the Sidhe first formed the courts, they used the human feudal model. But no Sidhe parent dies and passes on their title so no noble can gain more land in conquest, and the Queens rarely pass out new honors. Over the centuries between yesterday and whenever now is, Sidhe nobles have imitated humans by creating florid titles for themselves. After all, they are born noble, and as such must have a title because that is how things are in the human realm. They add a new and more impressive title whenever someone they consider an inferior outdoes them with a grander sounding epithet. The only limit to this self-aggrandizement is that they must be able to practice what they preach. If you are the "Lord of the Northern Gateways," you are well advised to seek the northern gateways and take control of them. The same applies for "Masters of Passion," "Mistress of Laughter," and the like. Mind you, the Sidhe bearing the title has no true concept of words like passion or humor or sadness, but they know that it sounds dramatic, so they do what they can to emulate those emotions. If the rest of the court discovers that title is hollow, the derision is as cutting as a crystal dagger and a fall from favor is imminent.

A human visitor to Bryn Bresail must remember that while each Fae lord or lady is equal, the Sidhe to whom one is speaking must be given far more respect than other nobles in the room. To them, their personal title is the greatest and most impressive, and it should be obvious to even a fool of a human that they are superior to the others.

The only true social ladder in Fae society is that of coalitions and alliances. While each knows they can never hope to ascend the throne, they are all trying to be seen as the next most powerful being at court. As such, they target their rivals with vicious and complicated plots to destroy their standing and respect. They cannot do this alone so they recruit their "inferiors" into factions and use them to work against their rivals. The inferiors are promised great reward and power should the rivals be removed or humiliated. Unfortunately, everyone sees everyone else as inferior, so the politics inside each faction are in constant flux. Mix that with bluff and double bluff in a society where any plan may take centuries to come to fruition and the social map becomes the sort of thing that would make even a Villanova's head spin.

The purpose of this convoluted activity is not to kill their rivals, but to put them in disgrace. The best way to do so is to make them lose favor in the eyes of the Queens so courtiers are constantly trying to play one Queen against the other. When the Queens are fighting, they pay less attention to the court. It also means that "collusion with the other Queens" becomes a useful accusation with which to disgrace your enemies. While there do not seem to be Sidhe enclaves in Vodacce, it is fairly clear from this imitation of the Great Game, that they have been watching the residents of this nation closely.

This non-lethal courtly battle appears rather harmless. Indeed, no Sidhe has ever died from it; however, a mortal must be on his or her guard constantly. As wild cards mortals are much prized as allies and pawns. A mortal cannot trust anyone since every faction is full of spies and traitors. Nothing occurs at a Sidhe court that has not been carefully considered and delicately played. The plots are so complex that the slightest move can convey a thousand different meanings to the observer, and at court everyone is watching. Humans had best tread extremely carefully for Sidhe punishments are severe and there are those among the Fae who take delight in causing pain and suffering.

The last and highest level of Sidhe society is the royalty. Three Queens rule Bryn Bresail, each in her own way. The Queen of the Sky is the most conventional, and dwells in her great castle where she presides over the court. Her sister the Queen of the Sea, who controls the waves around the Glamour Isles, is mostly involved in her ongoing vendetta against the Black Siren. It is the Queen of the Earth, sometimes known as "The Lady of the Lake," who seems to have stepped outside the social system. Her rule extends over Glamour, magic, and prophesy. Each Queen holds power over her chosen domain, but it is difficult to say who is truly in charge. The Queen of the Sky rules the island, but no one can leave or enter it without the permission of the Queen of the Sea. In turn, both Queens must respect the Lady of the Lake or the Glamour and magic of the Isles may fade. Her advice and guidance based on her foresight is also essential for protecting both the Sidhe and human realm.

None of the Queens has a formal consort but there is a Sidhe creature of great power known as the Horned King, a wild creature who roams the land in the form of a man with the head of a stag. He does not rule but rather is the living embodiment of the land at its most primal and visceral. The king is the spirit and avatar of the island itself, at one with, and inseparable from it. Some believe that it is his essence which enables the land to thrive. It is said that in times of strife or prophecy he has been known to appear to great heroes. Although he does not speak, per se, he is able to communicate clearly. There is a darker side to an encounter with him, especially when he is hunting in the forests of Avalon. He is a wild and dangerous creature, inhuman and alien, even to the Sidhe and woe betide the mortal who thinks she can tame his wild spirit.

Life, Death, Love and Time

The concepts of Love, Death, and Time as humans understand them are almost meaningless to the Sidhe. Sadly, if they could understand these three things, they would truly be able to come to terms with humanity and the dreams they chase. Thus they continue in their quest to achieve a level of understanding. Pity the mortals on whom they choose to experiment! The Sidhe do not have even the barest reference point from which to gain any understanding, and end up tormenting those on whom they rely for an epiphany.

The human approach to time confuses the Sidhe; in much the way their concept of it confuses mortals. It quite simply does not exist for them in a conventional sense. It may pass, but it is always “the present” to them. This may seem idyllic — to have all the time on the world — but it is actually a curse because the Sidhe are constantly bored. Nothing changes in Bryn Bresail, so how can you plan for a future the way mortals do? What is has always been and always will be. As time goes on they grow bored of the court and spend less time there. They create plots that will take so long to come to fruition they have little to do anymore.

Unfortunately, boredom to the Sidhe can be dangerous to mortals. Many are like eternal teenagers who are bored with everything and constantly complain there is nothing to do. Having all the time in the world makes them appear extremely lazy. Humans have been known to wither and die waiting for a Sidhe to do the simplest of tasks.

Some Sidhe actually enjoy building and attempting to effect change in the mortal world, something they cannot do in Bryn Bresail. They have the power to move inside time itself to complete a task. What they build is simply brought forward from the future to the now. Which is little more to a Sidhe than just showing the mortals where it is. Anything yet to be has always been there to a Sidhe, if you know where to look. This allows them to build houses overnight and do the work of a day in an hour. Some emulate the tradesmen and craftsmen they see in villages and ask for remuneration even though they have no need for money.

Along with their failure to understand time is their inability to comprehend death. The Sidhe know they cannot die in the human sense. Even if their physical form is destroyed, it will reform again in time. It has always existed and so cannot be any different in the future. They know about the threat from MacEachern blades but are also aware that the blades are extremely rare and eminently avoidable.

Amongst themselves, the difficulty with the concept of mortality is not a problem. However, it can be a very big problem in their dealing with the mortals, and usually for the mortals involved. As the Sidhe are not concerned about death, they are not concerned about dangerous situations. Sometimes the Fae will give very dangerous presents to their mortal friends, like a box of living lightning or living fire. They do not realize the mortals are going to get hurt or killed by the pretty thing and feel very disgruntled if their gifts are refused. What makes it most dangerous for mortals is when the Sidhe play games. Such games often have fatal consequences, and they genuinely do not understand why those who lose do not just get up afterwards. In most cases, this is not conscious cruelty on the Sidhe's part; they just have no concept that there is risk for the mortal players.

In fact the thing they have most trouble understanding is a dead body. Why is this person still lying there? When will they stop being dead? How could they have such little control over what is going on? This is all very odd to the Sidhe. Especially as in the past the mortal is still walking about, so why not in the now as well, which is all the same to the Sidhe.

For all the danger in their failure to comprehend death and time, it is their lack of understanding about passion and love that has caused the most harm to mortals and to themselves. There have been many mortal and Sidhe romances, but almost all ended very badly. Often the Sidhe leave the mortal for a while to do something else and discover (due to their peculiar concept of time) that their mortal lover has died of old age. Mortals who stay with a Sidhe are opening their hearts to terrible hurt and suffering.

It is easy to fall in love with a Sidhe. They ride out of dreams, so beautiful, and desperate to know all there is to know about their paramour. Many look into the dreams of their mortal lover and actually form themselves into the fantasies they find there. As they cannot truly understand mortal needs and desires, they become twisted mockeries of what the mortal wants. But that is on the inside, and they remain very enticing on the surface. Like any other Fae, they have nothing but attention for the object of their desire. They want nothing more than to understand love, and what better way than to observe it in a mortal? They are extraordinarily attentive lovers and fill the relationship with Glamour and romance. After all, the only way they know how to express love is from what they see and hear.

Unfortunately that is all they are doing, mimicking. After a while, the grand gestures can become very annoying. For a human in a relationship, it is the little things that count and the Sidhe cannot hope to notice such things. If their partner is upset they will perform some quest or daring escapade rather than think to put an arm around their lover and hold them. If by some chance they think of doing that, they will ask “How much longer should I do this until you are happy?” It is not that they are bored with the mortal; they just want easy answers and simple exercises to do so they can continue to “be in love.”

Worse yet is a relationship that is failing because the Sidhe is unable to understand why. “How can I be rejected when I did everything properly? I put exactly the right number of roses on the pillow each morning, I know I did, yet now I’m accused of not caring.” When a Sidhe is rejected, their natural arrogance reasserts itself, often with horrible consequences. They feel wronged and tricked by the mortals they chose. They believe the mortal has used them and never had any intention of teaching them about love. How dare they do such a thing to their betters? A Sidhe becomes irritated if their efforts to show affection are unappreciated by some ignorant lower being. Quite often the mortal lover becomes a victim in some terrible Fae punishment, like being transformed into rock, aged many years or even imprisoned in a dark Unseelie place for eternity. Their only crime was to fall in love with a creature that could not hope to understand the incredible gift they were being offered.

How can the Sidhe express anger if they cannot express true love? They appear to act illogically and dramatically because they have misinterpreted human response. Something happens and they respond the way they believe a human would respond, but if either side of the equation is unfamiliar, they cannot react instinctually because they lack a common vocabulary of human experience. Perhaps they are

easier to anger because the overriding behavior they see in humans is characterized by conflict. Their degree of comprehension might be regarded as horizontal rather than vertical which is to say, they can perfect the outward expression of emotion but they are never changed by it.

Crime and Punishment

To the Sidhe, the rule of law is paramount. For all the chaos and seeming anarchy of their games, they all adhere to extremely hard and fast rules. They may often bend them, but few break them. What makes this system particularly Draconian is the Sidhe's inability to understand the spirit of the law rather. Their concept of what is a crime also differs greatly from the human understanding. For instance, there are few crimes that demand a death penalty. You cannot truly kill an immortal Sidhe, so what sort of punishment is that? "Killing" a Sidhe so they spend a while returning from non-existence is a good way to punish a lesser transgression. It is therefore a shame for humans that their lesser crimes will grant them worse and more terminal punishments than their greater ones.

For obvious reasons, the Sidhe do not see murder as a crime because they have no experience of death. However, wounding and scaring someone does carry a stiff penalty. The Sidhe regard their beauty as a mark of status and purity. To mar it is a direct attack on their essence and being. To be condemned to live forever with even the slightest deformity is a terrible thought to any noble Sidhe. For the same reason they never tolerate an attack on art in any form. The destruction of beauty in any form diminishes the race as a whole. This applies just as much to the twisted and ugly Fae; they just have a different concept of beauty than anyone else.

Theft is of little concern to them as well. In the Glamour Isles it is a simple matter to craft whatever you need from the magic that pervades the isles. However, there are many potent and unique items that cannot be duplicated. Many of these items are really extensions of the owning Sidhe's personal Glamour and essence, and are difficult to truly steal. The Courts do punish stealing, but not for the theft itself. For someone to take something from another is a crime of respect. So if a noble takes something from an inferior, there is little hue and cry. Should a commoner steal from a noble then he has committed a gross act. How dare the low creature assume it can take what it likes from its betters? How dare he consider his need to be above that of his superiors?

There are also plenty of crimes that the human world would not deem worthy of punishment but are anathema to the Sidhe. Essentially, Sidhe law is whatever the Queen of the Sky decides it should be. The nobles may take offense at a variety of insignificant occurrences, but only the Queen's opinion really matter so crime in Bryn Bresail is really what the Queen currently objects to most.

Sidhe law is as complicated or simple as the Sidhe wish it to be, and they change it whenever they like. The crimes previously mentioned are simply the ones most Sidhe find abhorrent most of the time. There are plenty more depending on the circumstances and the party wronged.

Some Sidhe nobles take offense at the oddest things. For instance, the Lord of Crimson will not allow any other shade of red to be worn in his demesne while the Marquise of Misery will lock up anyone found smiling around her court. The GM is encouraged to invent all manner of misdemeanors and even capital crimes for characters to incur. They need not have any rhyme or reason for a human, but make sure the accuser has good reason to level the charges. Remember that the ways of the Sidhe make little sense to humans, but make perfect sense to them. Sidhe rarely concoct accusations, as they hate to tell an outright lie, even though many love to deceive.

Stepping out of place can have grave consequences.

Sidhe society is the way it is for a reason. To try to move up or even down on the social scale suggests you are in the wrong place, and that the Queen has made a mistake. In the timeless lands, no one likes the status quo to change. This crime rarely applies to humans, who are not part of the system in the first place, but it has been known. The penalty for any attempt at social mobility can be as severe as exile. If the life of a Sidhe is not good enough, they try living among the humans.

Disobeying a Queen is also ground for punishment. Sidhe logic on this point is quite clear.

The Queen is the one in charge — you do what she says, whatever it is. Even questioning her is highly discouraged and can even be regarded as treason. Under the category of "endangering the isle of Bryn Bresail" are two capital crimes. Doing anything that could be considered "endangering the land" is also grounds for terrible punishment. The first is traffic in iron. Just bringing it to Bryn Bresail is bad enough.

Everything that touches it touches withers and dies. Plants and buildings can crumble into smoke and ash, and the land screams in pain. Anyone who enters Bryn Bresail with cold iron (or worst of all — a MacEachern blade) will instantly find a small army of Sidhe knights ready to execute them on the spot. The harm iron does can be felt by every Fae within a five-mile radius and neither the Seelie or Unseelie tolerate its presence.

The second crime is harder to prove, but no less severe. Anyone knowingly attempting to free the Syrneth races is not welcome in Bryn Bresail. The Fae dislike and distrust anyone infected with bargainer sorcery. However, they will not execute sorcerers without grounds. This is a very good thing since no sorcerer can hide their aura to a Sidhe. For a Porté sorcerer to wear gloves is not enough in Bryn Bresail. A sorcerer who refrains from using their art while there should get along just fine. However, they will always be regarded with distrust and suspicion, as will their companions.



The same is true for Syrneth artifacts and those who carry them. Some members of the Explorer's Society have convinced the Sidhe of their good intentions and it is not unknown for Sidhe to bring them items they want kept safely. Most of the time such crimes are not too serious, unless the group are known repeat offenders. What the Sidhe really object to is anyone knowingly trying to destroy the Barrier or tainted with a Syrneth alliance.

What happens if you break the law in the Isle of the Fae? The punishments, like the laws, are very different from the human world. Sometimes a human gets off lightly. More often than not, though, the punishment for odd and minor infractions brings dire consequences. The first option is imprisonment. This seems quite reasonable to a human until you realize the Sidhe are immortal. Their form of imprisonment can last millennia and not just in a prison cell. No Sidhe wants to guard some cell for a thousand years. So prisoners are often turned to stone, or left under mountains. Some are bound and trapped for as long as it takes their bindings to wear away. If the criminal is human, they will obviously not last for the term of their punishment. Sadly, any form of prison crafted with Sidhe hands is brought into their space and time and will often make the occupant immortal or extremely long lived. Even though they do not understand it, death is rarely an escape from a Sidhe imprisonment.

Slightly less terrible is a form of community service. If there is one thing the Sidhe hate, it is responsibility. They all want to happily idle their days away doing as they please, so they are often told to guard an area or keep a dangerous item safe. There are plenty of places that could do with guarding, even though most could just as easily do without one. However, there are plenty of dangerous things that really need someone to take care of them. Such things are not always benign objects either. Criminals have had to look after deadly poison, dreams, violent memories, souls of the innocent, dragons, and even arrogant Fae princesses. In the case of criminal gangs, it is also not unusual to make one the guard over the others' imprisonment. Often the difficulty of taking care of the item (either to keep it safe, or keep others safe from it) depends on the level of punishment required. However, humans should beware that such things are judged by a Sidhe standard. Most Sidhe could see to the needs of items that are dangerous to a human. So even a minor infraction of a law can lead to terrible danger.

For more serious crimes, there are darker and more terrible punishments for the Sidhe. Some are punished by demotion on the social scale. Nobles are cast out into the villages. This may not seem too terrible, but it comes with an additional price. As beauty is seen as a noble quality, those cast out are scarred or disfigured in some way. Their ethereal attractiveness is torn away by permanent magic. Some are cast down worse than others, but it is never insignificant. For the more serious crimes a noble may retain his position, but still be disfigured. They are therefore forced to suffer the ridicule and scorn of their peers. Any disfigurement can be a punishment in its own right. The worst is to age the criminal a few years. Although immortal, with magic any Sidhe can lose their youth, or spend eternity in old age and senility.

If that is not severe enough, exile is sometimes considered. In such cases the criminal can be stripped of their Fae power and immortality. Those banished are simply cast out, alone into the cold of the human world. They are not equipped to deal with any part of Théan life, such as humans, emotions or even the weather. For a lucky few the loss of their Sidhe

nature allows them to begin to understand true emotion. For these Sidhe the punishment becomes their greatest gift.

Not only the body can be punished in Bryn Bresail but also the mind. Often memories and dreams can be taken from a criminal. If enough is taken the Sidhe becomes a hollow shell. The Sidhe suffers a living death where their sense of self is gone and they understand nothing of the world around them. It is the punishment most Fae fear — an eternity of being nothing is worse than any imprisonment or disfigurement.

The last and most horrible punishment is to be bound in iron. The Sidhe rarely consign others to such an act as those who enforce the punishment can be badly hurt. The worst criminals are taken to Théah (as iron cannot be brought to Bryn Bresail) and chained in iron by mortals. Then they are imprisoned under a mountain or at the bottom of the sea for eternity. The iron blocks their power and causes terrible burns. So the criminal is trapped for eternity in agony. Few are cast out this way; it is a fate reserved for the worst Sidhe criminals. It means these most despicable Sidhe are left on Théah, out of the reach and guardianship of their peers. There are not many left in agony deep within the human world. However, if only a handful managed to free themselves (or were freed by humans) the consequences for Théah would be terrible. They would be powerful, dangerous and most likely completely insane after centuries of torture. The Sidhe consider them safely locked away for now. However, they are aware that the last time they left the humans to themselves the fools bargained with the Syrneth for sorcery.

Sidhe Culture

When one considers the Sidhe, it becomes immediately obvious that they are creatures of extremes. Extreme beauty, extreme ugliness. Kindness and generosity are abundant, on the one hand, but callousness and violence are just as common, on the other. Appearances, of course, can be deceiving. The Sidhe possessed of the most transcendent beauty, speaking the most beguiling words, might well be contemplating an act of complete savagery.

The Sidhe are drawn to all aspects of the human condition and are always trying to imitate the ways of mortals. Their appearance, interestingly enough, often reflects their successes or failure at the accuracy of that imitation. From the noble Queens down to the least little gnome, the creatures of the Sidhe are investigating a mortal form and condition that has taken their fancy. That fancy frequently moves into the realm of obsession, for, as mentioned, the Sidhe are creatures of extremes. They do little in increments.

The lesser Sidhe creatures, the goblins and sprites, the dryads and lurikeen, are enamored of some element of Théah that is more narrowly focused than that of their kin, and their physical stature, in some sense, reflects that. Compare the little spriggin, content in his grotto, collecting shells and rocks arranged in a particular way to the grand scope of the Queen of the Air with all attendant splendor and appointments, including the nobles of the Hunt, the castle, the dignity and *gravitas*. The Lady of the Lake does not go in for the show, to be sure, but her kingdom is just as extensive, and she rules it with the same vigor. She just prefers to present a more "motherly" countenance. Maab, well. No time for frippery there, she has a war to conduct. And so it is across the spectrum.

This describes the trappings, but what of the deeper concepts? The Sidhe may take on the outward appearance of something in an effort to gain insight to the interior emotional experience. Thus the *lhiannan-sidhe*, the fairy lovers, will woo and charm mortals without realizing what is actually at stake, without truly comprehending the pain they cause. To them, it is just a role being played out, and they do not understand that to the mortal victim of their attentions the consequences are enduring (and frequently fatal).

The externals are, of course, the most easily duplicated for the reality-warping Sidhe. The emotional elements, the state of the human mind, however, present a greater challenge. Of all the things that seize a Sidhe's interest and hold it, the most elusive and mysterious are the creative arts. The concept of chronological time and unchangeable past is utterly baffling to them, so they ignore it. But when it comes to the fine arts, they understand that mortals are able to do something that they themselves are incapable of: to create. A Sidhe taking on the semblance of a noble knight pledged to defend a lonely bridge against all comers can do an excellent job of fulfilling that role. The black enameled armor, the sinister steed, the bloodied lance, even the nobility, to some degree, can be created and employed, and the lonely bridge defended. A successful performance on all counts. But put on the guise of a Bard, or a painter, or a sculptor, and the artifice fails for lack of a crucial element: the Sidhe cannot invent. They can imitate, duplicate, reproduce, but seem unable to create original material. This frustrates the Sidhe so inclined to no end. (The sprigginns do not seem to care; they're busy making patterns out of rocks.)

So a Sidhe may be a dancer of breathtaking skill but never a choreographer. A singer of haunting loveliness, but the song she sings are not her own. A Sidhe musician may play an instrument to charm the birds from the trees (and often does) but will never compose his own tunes. All of the aforementioned may claim to have been the originator of a work, and with all sincerity, for they are so perfect in the adoption of their roles that they truly believe it to be so, but a mortal will always have created the works. Should such an anomaly be pointed out to a Sidhe, particularly in public, the charge of plagiarism will sting, but the greater offense will come from having the temerity to disturb the Sidhe's theatrical performance and experience.

Of the arts, the more active are the more alluring. Music, dance, singing, performance all draw the Sidhe like proverbial (all-powerful and eternal) moths to the (fragile and vulnerable) flame. The results of passive arts (painting, sculpture, architecture, etc.) are seen as valuable, but only as "set decoration." The true passion is for the act of "being a painter" rather than producing a painter. (In this view, it must be said, they are not far from the attitudes of many contemporary artists, who feel that the "doing" is the important thing, to the exclusion of the result, and certainly to the exclusion of appreciation by an audience.)

Objects of power are not always in and of themselves powerful by nature, but by the Glamour invested in the their creation. Whether this means that Glamour infused objects only possess powers because their makers believe they (the objects) do or whether the objects draw on the magic of the Glamour on their own is unknown and academic. Sidhe-inspired art objects are powerful indeed.

The distinction is a simple one, in fact: The Sidhe are not engaged by the inanimate. They are drawn to spirit-infused living things, and the mortal intellectual capacity for pattern-finding and creation. There is a deep fascination with the "way things work," the maze, the rhyme, the knot, harmony and symmetry, balance and progression. This may hearken back to time spent among the Syrneth or it may simply be part of their intrinsic nature.

The Wild Hunt

"Just row, boy!" The older man pulled hard on his oar while the younger pulled on his. The skiff lurched through the black waters of the tarn, into the misty moonless darkness, away from the shore where the howling of eldritch hounds echoed closer and closer.

"But they fly above the trees! They can surely find us on open..."

"Nay, our only hope is to get away from land! Row! I tell you I have seen the Hunt a-fore, and live to tell the tale!" They pulled onward, spurred by the fearful din approaching.

"It be not us they hunt, of that be sure. If we can but stay clear of their line, we are of naught to them."

If it was, in fact, the Hunt. If it was the Hounds, however, running riot, as had been known to happen, then no man or creature was safe. If they could get far enough out into the lake, they might find protection. Perhaps.

The Huntsman's horn sounds just after sunset. Soon thereafter, the Hunt sets forth, riding on unseen currents of air, the Shining Host glorious in its riding finery, their aughisky caparisoned in shimmering barding. Led sometimes by the resplendent Queen herself, the Lords and Ladies of the court put on their best finery. Around them swirl the Hounds, white and red, giving cry and leaping between the legs of the mounts. Amongst them ride the gray-cloaked Whippers-In, keeping the Hounds in order. At the head of this brilliant cavalcade is the somber Horned Huntsman, his boar-spear in hand, and his horn on his belt. His antlered head is a stirring symbol to all of Avalon, despite the fearful enterprise he commands.

The Wild Hunt is an uncommon but well-known occurrence in the Glamour Isles. The sighting of the beautiful and terrible Sidhe caparisoned in their finery, riding through (and above) the forests, surrounded by the fearful pack of Hounds is a tale told over and over in taverns, in songs, and at children's bedsides. In most cases, if one is at a decent remove, there is nothing to fear. Only rarely does the Hunt seek mortal prey, and if it is you, you will know it as the sun goes down. However, should a bystander interfere with the Hunt — be so unfortunate as to inadvertently "foil the line" (that is, disturb the scent of the quarry the hounds are following) or cause a "heads up" (distract the hounds by calling attention to yourself, whereby they lose the line), the consequences are dire indeed.

The greatest of Hunts are those led by the nobles of the Sidhe Court. As is expected, the higher the noble's rank, the grander the spectacle. The Queen of the Air herself, on rare occasions, takes out the Hounds, and those are fantastic events indeed. Her Sisters do not participate in this form of sport. The Lady of the Lake disapproves and Maab has no time, what with the war. The lesser nobility take to the field more frequently, albeit with smaller entourage.

The Wild Hunt consists of the following components:

The Riders

The nobles and their entourage for whose entertainment this sport was organized.

The Whippers-In

Servants of the Sidhe in great hooded gray cloaks who assist the Master of the Hunt.

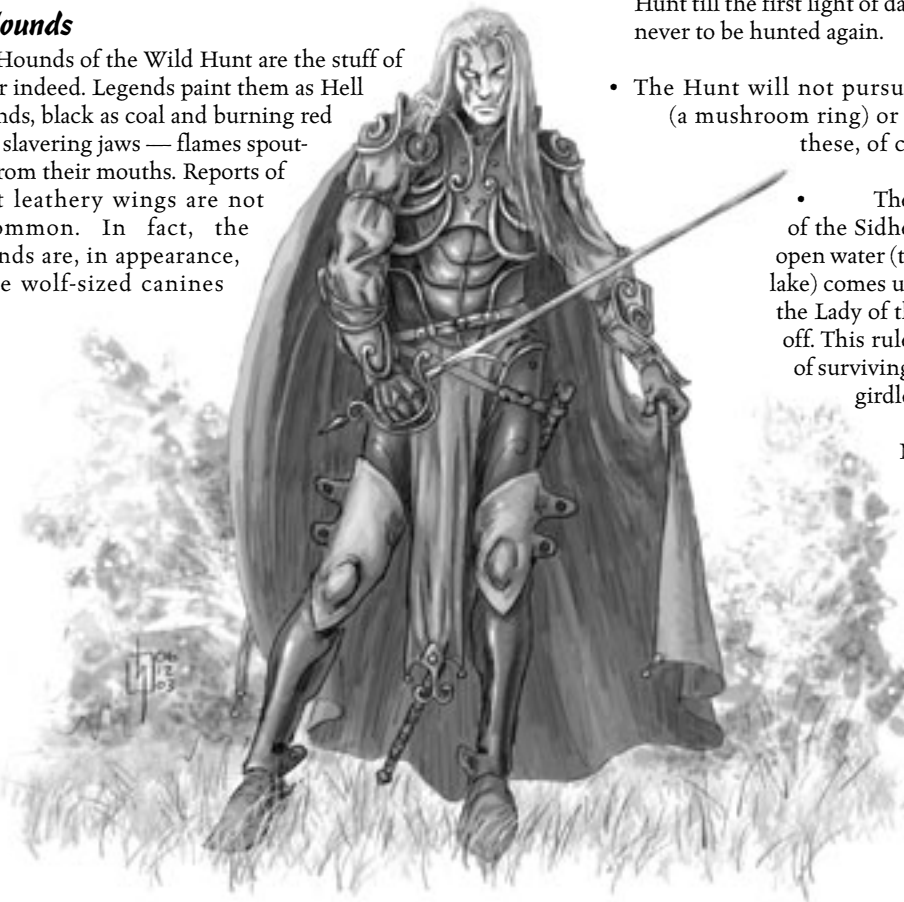
The Master of the Hunt

A fearsome figure out of legend, the Master of the Hunt is a tall, powerful man in a gray cloak, armed with a hunting spear. Whether the rack of antlers he sports is a feature of his helm or part of his head is not clear. He leads the enterprise, controlling the Hounds and the whippers-in, and can be seen (although never heard) giving directions to the Riders. The Horned Huntsman is one of the Legends that provide a focus for the Glamour of Avalon. He represents the primeval spirit and strength of those that sought survival against a hostile nature, and the honor paid to the hunted.

This awe-inspiring figure is not, in fact, Sidhe at all. He is native to the Isles of Avalon and the world of Théah. The Druids know of him for he is their most revered power. He is not a deity in the sense that we understand it nor is he an anomalous creature like the Black Siren. He is a manifestation made living, the spirit of the struggle between the glorious untamed nature and glorious untamed mankind. Whether he serves by choice or by force is unknown, he has never been known to speak. As the Druids are unconcerned that their primeval nature spirit is being held captive in human form, it can only be presumed that the relationship is voluntary and beneficial.

The Hounds

The Hounds of the Wild Hunt are the stuff of terror indeed. Legends paint them as Hell Hounds, black as coal and burning red eyes, slaving jaws — flames spouting from their mouths. Reports of great leathery wings are not uncommon. In fact, the Hounds are, in appearance, white wolf-sized canines



with red ears. The stories about leathery wings are most likely the result of the flying (which they do) and the flapping of the gray cloaks of the Whippers-In who attend them. They number between ten and twenty-four, but always an even number. They will pursue a quarry relentlessly, using a preternatural cunning, although they are not, per se, intelligent. Tales are told of the Hounds being the spirits from previous Hunts transformed, or of the souls of the unborn, but these stories do not seem to aid in escaping — or surviving — their attention.

The Hunt is an extremely organized affair. It only appears for a specific purpose, and follows specific, unique and inexplicable rules, none of which are made known to the quarry. The Hunt will frequently only ride within a certain boundary, such as a line of hills, a particular valley, or a certain forest. If the quarry can determine the nature of that boundary or crosses it by accident, it will be safe. Some Hunts will not cross a running river where there is a bridge in view. Others will not come within the sound of a ringing church bell. Still others must take detours at crossroads. No matter the boundary, all Hunts avoid populated areas, even smaller villages.

Some rules are unwavering:

- Shortly before sundown, the prey becomes aware that it is the subject of terrible and unwanted attention. An overwhelming sense of impending doom and anxiety is a clear harbinger that once full dark has fallen and the first star is visible in the night sky, the Hunt will ride. For those who have the courage, preparations can be made.
- The Hunt always ends at cockcrow. If the quarry evades the Hunt till the first light of dawn, his life is safe forevermore, never to be hunted again.
- The Hunt will not pursue quarry through a gallitrap (a mushroom ring) or Faery circle. Entering one of these, of course, carries its own hazard.
- The Hunt respects the boundaries of the Sidhe Queens. Quarry that reaches open water (the sea, a river, or even a modest lake) comes under the protection of Maab or the Lady of the Lake, and pursuit will break off. This rule is the most successful means of surviving the Hunt in the damp and sea-girdled land of Avalon.

No one knows what draws the Hunt's attention to a particular person. Whether it is a particular feature, some deed committed, the caprice of the Master of the Hunt, or just random chance, no one can say. What is known is this: when you are the quarry, you are immediately aware of it. The sense of foreboding, the crawling sensation of imminent doom, the raw fear that accompanies is well documented. Some collapse in

terror, some stand bravely to meet their fate, some run in an attempt to evade the pursuers. The end is always frightful. On some occasions the quarry is found the following day, having been torn to shreds. Occasionally the victim is discovered wandering, sometimes years later and leagues away, wits in tatters, memory gone. More often than not, the prey is simply never seen again.

On rare and horrible occasions, the Hounds are loosed without the Riders and the Huntsman. To be anywhere near "The Hounds in Riot" is a terrible thing, indeed, for the normal rules of the Hunt are not in force. No warning given, the Hounds can strike at any and all. Although they still avoid towns and populations (and it is suspected are still checked by some of the strictures of the Hunt), is safe to say all rules are off, except for two: the Hounds will always avoid a Faery circle and they will disperse at daybreak. (The Hounds, unaccompanied, are oblivious to political boundaries, however. They will pursue a victim into the demesne of the Lady or Maab, with spectacular consequences.)

There are tricks available to confound the Hounds. As creatures of the Sidhe with limited intellect, they can be as baffled by the workings of this world as mortals can be by the ways of Bryn Bresail. Some methods are magical, some mundane, some require special knowledge, but all depend on extraordinary good luck.

Ringling Fox

A fox that runs in a wide circle, retracing its path, can confuse hounds by overlaying its scent. For a mortal being chased by Hounds moving at speed, completing a circle can be difficult at best. But with a swift horse and helpful geography, this maneuver has been known to thwart, however temporarily, an ensuing Hunt by playing on their misunderstanding of sequential time in the mortal realm. A hedge maze can be completely ensnared the Hunt, despite their ability to become airborne at will.

Heads Up

Some things can cause the Hounds to raise their heads and lose the line. The appearance of something distracting can pull the Hounds off the scent, at least until the Huntsman can bring them back to order and recover the line. The appearance of another Sidhe creature or the use of Sorcery has been known to create such a distraction.

Foil the Line

No one knows just what it is the Hounds are following when pursuing a mortal. The mortal spirit, the fear, there have been many suggestions. It is certainly more than just scent. But there have been ways devised, some more successful than others, employed to spoil the Hounds ability to follow their quarry. A carpenter drove iron nails into his footprints. (Note: Using Porté to relocate forces the Hounds to cast about for the trail again, but does not put them off entirely. Escaping in this fashion does not seem to gain the benefit of the "never to be hunted again rule" because the escapee has not actually crossed the barrier of the Hunt. Apparently the Hunt feels this is cheating, and the chase will be taken up again on some later date. Pyeryem does not foil the line so much as up the ante.

Heel Line

The hounds are following the line, but in the wrong direction. If the quarry can create a false impression of the direction he is traveling, it is possible that the Hunt will track back the opposite direction. A tale is told of a miller who, when the Hunt fixed up on him just after moon rise on 30 Octavus, hitched his horse facing his wagon, and had the creature push the cart at breakneck speed to the sea. The Hounds, when they found the scent of the miller, followed the line back to the man's mill, buying him precious time to reach the coast. They destroyed the mill, of course.

Sailing on Waves of Mist

It is not surprising that as an island culture, that the Sidhe have always held a great love of the sea. Water is the gateway to the soul of their island and its spirit makes up an important part of their souls. The Sidhe of both courts have a love of the ocean that rivals that of any Théan sailor. For the Seelie it is a way to travel to distant lands and trade for dreams; for the Unseelie it is a way to indulge in a love of piracy.

Théah remains a popular and intriguing destination for Sidhe sailors. While they are a rare sight on the ocean, and treated with much trepidation by any sensible captain, many mortal sailors have met such craft. Most meetings go quite well. Seelie captains have Glamour that will let them know the intentions of any other ship they come across. They can't read the minds of the crew (well, not from a distance) but can tell if there is an aura of malevolence to a vessel. It is rare for another ship to spot the Sidhe vessel first, as their Glamour can let them pass unnoticed most of the time. This is why Unseelie pirates come out of nowhere on a clear day, and also why Reis has never met with a Sidhe ship.

Most Sidhe ships are crewed by one court or another. There are almost no ships with a mixture of the two. This is mainly because on the closed environment of a ship, the differences between the courts can become pronounced, followed by the crews coming to blows. Most Seelie ships are travelling for the sake of adventure and trade. The sea is their playground. Most relish the chance to entertain human crews and share stories and songs. Sadly the Unseelie see the sea as a place to hunt. They are mostly pirates looking for all manner of plunder. Some are interested in dark tales and twisted stories, and a crew who can entertain them may escape unharmed. Sadly their most likely fate is to be torn apart by the hungry Unseelie crew.

It is not unknown for Sidhe to put into a human port. They have little need for supplies, and rarely enjoy the attention they receive. There is also the danger of cold iron when they visit humans, which makes them wary. However, now and again they will make a point of mixing with Théans. On occasion they are also willing to take on crew. Such recruits had better be very sure of themselves before they step aboard. The ways of the Sidhe are enticing but odd. Working such a ship takes some getting used to, although the adventure and the tales they will tell when they return make it all worth it. That is, as long as the ship returns to Théah years rather than centuries later.

Sometimes lone Sidhe will take passage on a human ship. These souls are usually outcasts from Bryn Bresail, and being at sea is the closest they will come to home. Some hope for a glimpse of the Twilight Isle as they sail near Avalon. They are often a great help to a captain because of their special skills.

However there are some jobs they cannot do depending on any iron fixtures on board the ship. Being alone, most are happy to fit in with the humans, something any outcast is used to. Whether outcast or explorer, the Sidhe might stay with humans for a lifetime, or vanish mysteriously after a day. Some have been known to fall in love with their human crewmates, who often share their wanderlust and love of adventure. The most famous Sidhe sailor is Celedoine who sails with Berek on *The Black Dawn*. Many would say she stays for all the reasons above, and is just as likely to be gone one day for the same reasons. There is little a human can do to predict them.

Most Sidhe travel back to Bryn Bresail using their magic or in the company of their own kind. Although some sailors say strange visitors have sometimes hired their ship to travel to an island not locatable on any chart. Such travelers are best not argued with or even disobeyed if the ship wishes to ever leave its destination.

Sailing to Bryn Bresail

The Sidhe navigate like any other sailor in Théah. Their technology, while more accurate and more reliable than almost any except the Aldiz'ahali of the Crescent Empire, is much the same as any human device. However, their magic makes them privy to things no human can know.

A Sidhe navigator always knows in which direction Bryn Bresail lies. Even so, getting there is not easy, even for a Sidhe. They must first sail to the isle of the Grey Queen. Her tower functions like a lighthouse in the mists of the twilight lands. It lies on the edge of the reality where Théah meets Bryn Bresail. Due to the terms of her exile, few ships land and visit her isle. The Grey Queen is forced to watch from her tower as the ships of her kinsmen sail into the mists beyond to the home she is denied. Once past the Queen's isle, any Sidhe navigator can find his way to Summerfall.

No human could make the journey without the aid of the Sidhe. However, plenty of devices that show the way are sold to the foolish in the ports of Avalon. Even so, the taverns are full of sailors saying they have crossed the mists, so maybe there do exist items that can show a human the way.

Sidhe Ships

Like their masters, the ships of the Sidhe are either beautiful or they are grotesque. The Seelie tend to sail in craft cut from a single piece of timber. The joins are perfect. Most are modeled on human vessels but always seem that much sleeker and better crafted. Almost every panel and rail is carved or sculpted, making the ship a floating work of art. Yet for all these aesthetic qualities, they are neither delicate nor fragile. Their powerful cannons and Glamour magic can see off any sensible pirate. Even Reis knows to avoid such a craft.

While almost exactly the same in terms of craftsmanship and ability, the Unseelie ship's appearance is markedly different. Many look as if they simply should never float. Almost every timber is twisted and warped, yet still fit together seamlessly. Like the Seelie, their craft have carvings and art worked into the rails and timbers. However, they are not inscriptions of birds and flowers, they are of men screaming and depictions of murder and decay. Some are so well done they flow and move, as if their intention is to make the onlooker lose their mind. The whole tangled and lopsided creation seems like a rotted hulk waiting to sink. However it

moves with a speed and grace unmatched by any Théan ship, and has cannons that can crush a foe. Worse yet, the crew's Glamour allows the ship to rise out of the mist to attack their prey taking advantage of a complete element surprise.

Statistically, Sidhe ships are much like human ones. Create them as you would a normal ship of that size and add a couple of bonus points as you see fit. The difference is that the Sidhe ships are often made in designs no human could make float, let alone outclass a galleon, and they have the advantage of powerful Glamour magic. A few have been noted in books before, but there is no reason to restrict a Sidhe craft's magic to these items alone. Remember that any magic item on a Sidhe ship is not hastily bolted on but is almost an "organic" part of the ship as it was built. To the Sidhe it is just a normal part of the ship.

Sidhe Sails (*Waves of Blood*™) function in just the same way. However, they are a little more resistant to cold iron on a Sidhe vessel because they are protected by its Glamour. Even so, a cold iron cannonball does three times as much damage to the sails as it normally would. Iron is, of course, terribly dangerous to a Sidhe ship in general, doing twice its usual damage to the ship as a whole.

A Keel of Rowan Wood (*Swashbuckling Adventures*™) functions as normal, doubling the movement rate of the ship. As most Sidhe ships have both, they appear to fly but in reality they move significantly faster without leaving the water. The Sidhe in Théah must stay in contact with the sea or lose their contact with Bryn Bresail.

Sidhe Ships and Crews

The Queen's Gambit

Captained by the glamorous Seelie cavalier Lord Steele, the Queen's Gambit is one of the most famous Sidhe pirate ships. The crew are all Seelie creatures with a passion for adventure that would put a Castillian to shame. The ship itself is huge and bristling with guns. Somehow the cannonballs miss any human target, even though they can reduce a ship to splinters. The *Gambit* will chase a vessel from the horizon, simply because it is taken with the thrill of pursuit. Inevitably, it will catch up with and pound the prey until it surrenders. Then the crew will board and take the ship. Lord Steele himself will come aboard and walk around the captured vessel. When he has inspected it thoroughly, he will announce what he will be taking. Sometimes it is the ship's cargo, but more often than not it will be a story from a particular crewman or a single bottle of wine. He has been known to depart with no more than a kiss from a lady, a gift any woman would happily bestow on the devastatingly attractive man. A visit from the *Queen's Gambit* is often an exciting and glamorous adventure, even for the victim. However, any crew should surrender quickly, as many have died when the pirates board their prey. They are not trying to kill, but easily forget that humans do not get up when the game is over.

The Screaming Lover

The *Screaming Lover* is an Unseelie pirate ship. It is crewed by nothing that comes close to resembling a human being and is fittingly commanded by Captain Lovelace, a huge ogre-like creature with lanternesque eyes and immense hands. He seems comical until he takes out the carved club he uses as a weapon and beats anyone who comes near to a pulp. The ship is so twisted that the prow and the stern are almost at forty-



five degrees to each other, and not one place on the vessel is level. Anyone boarding her suffers penalties (7th Sea:™ 1 unkept dice; d20:™ -2 to hit) for any fighting they try to do. These penalties do not bother the crew who are used to it; besides, many of them have more than two legs for balance!) The ship sails on the orders from the Queen of the Sea to destroy the *Black Freighter*. Unfortunately, it passes its time by capturing human vessels and taking them apart, ship and crew, to see how they work.

The Eternal Kiss

This stunning craft is a sailor's dream, crewed by beautiful Sidhe men and woman, all looking to live out eternity in surreptitious pleasure upon the high seas. It is filled with the exceptional food and wine in plentiful supply, and always brings good weather and sunny skies with it. The Sidhe on board only wish to experience pleasure in its myriad forms, and are known to offer humans the chance to join them. These happy souls, the envy of their crewmates, are never seen again. Their friends think they simply never want to leave such joy, whereas in fact most die screaming.

The *Eternal Kiss* is not a Sidhe trap or crewed by Unseelie looking to do harm. The crew genuinely wishes to experience joy and pleasure. They also know humans are the best teachers, and so are keen to bring aboard a kindred spirit. However, they do not know when to stop. There is no rest from the delights on board. It is wonderful for a time, then wearing, then painful, and finally agonizing. The more a human calls

for ease and release, the more the Sidhe try to ease their pain with pleasure. When that fails they assume they have got it wrong and try alternative ways of pleasing the human. Below decks are all manner of equipment and devices to help their search. The Sidhe often learn much, but the human dies screaming for mercy and release.

Trading with the Sidhe

With all the power of Glamour and magic at their command, it is odd to think there is anything the Sidhe could want from humans. However, there are plenty of things the Sidhe not only want but positively crave although their cravings are not in line with human cravings. What the Sidhe want, humans have in abundance, but find difficult to trade.

The Sidhe love stories. Many a sailor has been held at gunpoint by a Sidhe pirate and forced to tell a story. Possessing no innate imagination, the Sidhe find even the blandest story fascinating. They hang on every word simply because they do not know what will happen next and lack the imagination or the experience to predict it. They are used to knowing the future to a greater or lesser degree, so the idea of not knowing intrigues them.

Poems and music interest them for similar reasons. They can replicate human music and literature but have none of their own. Humans are good at creating new twists and variations on themes that the Sidhe find extremely entertaining.

However, as always, there is something darker that intrigues the Sidhe — emotions and memories. The Sidhe will offer to trade vast sums of gold and jewels for feelings and experiences. Through powerful Glamour magic the Sidhe can draw the emotion from a human and experience it, which is as close as they get to having emotion. The Seelie are willing to trade for such things, like love or friendship that can be passed on willingly. However, Unseelie pirates are often interested in rage, greed, and jealousy, which can be stolen quite easily and in fact they have come to understand that “stealing” is part of the process.

Some Sidhe have mastered the art of storing their purchased emotions in objects. Sometimes these are lost and are precipitous if they fall into human hands. They are often filled with a pure and primal form of the feeling at hand, which will overwhelm any human who comes into contact with it.

At its basic level this trade is good for the humans who can become wealthy even though they share little. Sadly for many Sidhe, little is not enough. They want *all* of a person's rage or love, effectively stealing a part of the victim's soul. A life without rage may seem desirable, but it would be a life without passion too. A person's emotions and feelings come together to create their soul, and the loss of the darker parts diminishes them. This brings a Sidhe a fleeting glimpse of something they are denied. The feelings they buy are only theirs for a moment before they vanish entirely.

Language and Naming Conventions

There is no special separate Sidhe language, at least as far as anyone knows. While the Sidhe may have communicated with each other by telepathy or through a communal mind aeons ago, they are now fully entrenched in the expression of their “lives” in Théah and Bryn Bresail. They use the human conventions of title and nomenclature. They are creatures of idea, and will adapt their persona to wherever they might be at that moment, the Glamour Isles, Montaigne, or even Ussura. So adept are they at re-creating themselves that a Sidhe may have many “identities,” each of which is equally real.

The Sidhe as they appear in *7th Sea*™ are not elves in the sense of other fantasy worlds nor are they exact duplicates of the Sidhe in folklore of the British Isles and Brittany. While they often appear as tall, thin humans, the Sidhe in this world have the ability to change their appearance at will and thus cannot be characterized as having a particular physiognomy or body type, despite what Lady Mary Katharine might have written. A GM is encouraged to choose whatever style(s) suit the campaign, keeping in mind that the Sidhe seem to strive for extremes in their appearance, even if that means being what they regard as extremely “normal.”

How Do You Pronounce That?

The language as presented in this book reflects a combination of real-world Gaelic, Irish, and Welsh.

TABLE 1–1: PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

Word	Pronunciation
Banesidhe	Ban-SHEE
Bryn Bresail	Brin Bruh-SAIL
Burn-righinn	Bur-ruh-GEEN
Derwyddon	Der-WITH-un
Dubh	Doo
Fadh-Righ	Fah-DREE
Fae	Fay
Faileas	Fahl-yahs
Fàl	Fail
Firbolg	Fear-VOLG
Gaoithe	Gea
Gwydd	Gwyth
Lhiannan-sidhe	Lee-ANN-un-shee
Lugh	Lew
Maab	Mab (or) Mave
Mordwywr	Mor-duh-VEER
Morrigan	Mor-uh GEEN
Padyn	Peyton
Ramh-righinn	Rom-ruh-GEEN
Sidhe	Shée
Sluagh	SLU-ah
Tuatha de Daannan	TWA-tha da dan-on
Tearlaidh	TUR-lee
Théah	THAY-uh

Bryn Bresail — When Mist Meets Dream

If queried, the Sidhe would be at a loss to define themselves in terms of a “history” because that would require them to understand the human concept of time. Insofar as anyone is able to give the Sidhe a history, it goes something like this...

In the age of the Syrneath races, long before the coming of man, there were the Sidhe. They came out of a formless place they called Bryn Bresail which may have existed in a between-place, in the gaps left in creation. The laws of creation did not apply here because they were not made for such a place. In Bryn Bresail there was no time and space, only mist and nothingness. Despite this, the void contained inhabitants, beings built of little more than consciousness. They came out of the void longing for purpose and existence, just like the races they saw in the newly created world of Théah.

These beings were immortal, which gave them the potential for vast power because no law of reality limited them. They understood nothing of existence or how to be alive, so they looked to the races of Théah to give themselves form. They looked into the minds and dreams of the Thalusiai, the Setines, and the other Syrneath.

At first what they saw was metallic, a technological utopia in visible. The Syrnych thirst for power and conquest enslaved the ethereal Sidhe who found themselves trapped within monoliths of iron and fire. Luckily the Sidhe managed to sever the link with these Razhdost creations, and returned to the formless Bryn Bresail with only a vague memory of their previous existence on land.

From time to time, they returned to Théah. Something new was taking shape there, creatures that had only just learned to walk and make sounds but even so, their dreams had a quality the Sidhe had never seen before. Slowly they began to reach out to the dreams of these creatures, but this time they were more cautious. They still bore the scars of their encounter with the Syrnych, and iron was now a poison to them. They kept themselves at a safe distance from the physical reality and moved carefully and thoughtfully, never permitting a link to form between themselves and this primitive race.

As they watched, the Sidhe reshaped Bryn Bresail but this time it was connected to Théah. As before, it took its inspiration from the inhabitants' dreams, which in this case were full of wildly conflicting images, some preposterously beautiful, some devastatingly ugly. The land reflected this, constantly adjusting to the dictates of man's dreams. Of all the places in Théah, the Sidhe found the isles of Avalon the most appealing. Shrouded by thick foliage and heavy mists, they could get closer to these "humans" without being detected.

From this vantage point, they learned a valuable lesson: humans were not nearly as inspiring as their dreams made them out to be. It seemed more sensible, if such a word can be applied to a race without emotion, to model themselves on humanity's dreams, and not on humanity itself. This time they would not make the same mistake they had made with the Syrnych. Only by divorcing themselves from humanity could the Sidhe protect themselves and Bryn Bresail. It was obvious that these humans were unworthy of the gift the land offered them.

Avalon

Bryn Bresail is often called the "Ghost Island." In ancient times, a great flood covered the world. In the frigid waters of the north, known now as the Trade Sea, a group of people escaped destruction in a sturdy boat that found its way to Bryn Bresail. This was the first direct encounter the Sidhe had with humans and fortunately, it was a good one. The Sidhe guided the humans to the only spot of land in that part of Théah that remained, a trio of beautiful islands called Avalon.

For centuries, the Sidhe watched the people of Avalon, who believed that they were the only people in the world. When General Julius Caius and the army of the Numan Empire arrived on Avalon's shores, the Sidhe waited 150 years before they intervened. For fifty years horrific storms kept anyone from reaching Avalon, during which time, the Numans decided that the place was cursed and gave up trying to conquer it.

When the storms subsided, no one in Avalon had aged. Those who had been trapped on the island had become part of society there and all memory of the Numan invasion disappeared from everyone's memory, removed by a powerful form of Sidhe magic called Glamour.

The Sidhe could form themselves as they pleased. They could look like humans (or mostly human) and they could speak the humans' language, but they lacked something that made them both fascinated by and contemptuous of men — the ability to express emotion.

They began to appear to human travelers and demand answers to questions that always sounded like riddles in the spirit of "Why do you smile when you are sad?" or "Why do you cry when you are happy?" They treated humans with the same disdain that a ruler might treat a peasant. Some people learned the hard way to answer with respect and humility. Others were not as wise and found themselves hopelessly lost in a place they had known all their lives. Obviously these Sidhe were a powerful and dangerous force to be avoided at all costs. For the most part, this has been the way of things for over two thousand years.

The Sidhe have used their collective power in defense of Théah only once. When they realized that the battles among the Syrnych races threatened the nascent human population, they sought help from Matushka to expel the Syrnych from Théah and raise a Barrier to keep them out. This effort required enormous energy and forced them to retire to Bryn Bresail for hundreds of years to recoup their power.

They have returned to Avalon relatively recently but what they found was most disheartening. Their effort and sacrifice was apparently for naught because the weak-willed humans had struck an unholy Bargain with the Syrnych to gain the power of sorcery. Every act of sorcery weakened the Barrier and hastened the day when the Syrnych could return to Théah in force.

There are those among the Sidhe who suggest that if they could find a way to save Avalon, they should let the Syrnych return and take over the rest of Théah. If the power-mad humans want to keep sorcery that badly, they are welcome to the apocalypse.

Walking the Path

Humans know Bryn Bresail as a place where spring springs eternal and where the riot of color is as dazzling as jewels in a sultan's royal treasury. A thin layer of frost — or "Fae dust," as some have called it — holds everything suspended in unearthly sparkle. Bryn Bresail and its inhabitants are like an image in a mirror — perfect and cold. It is often said that the land is a place of summer inhabited by beings with hearts of winter. However, winter does lurk in the dark places of the land, and few humans live to tell of it, leading to the illusion the island is only bathed in summer sun.

The ghostly island of Bryn Bresail appears at dawn and fades at dusk. It is a dream that you see out of the corner of your eye but cannot gaze upon full face or it disappears.

The land is divided by the River of Forgetfulness; upon one bank it is eternally summer while the opposite bank resides in insufferable winter. Many human travelers have visited Bryn Bresail, some of them by choice. It is a land of great contrast — beauty and horror — that leaves its mark on every visitor, sometimes as a gift and sometimes as a scar.

The first thing a traveler to Bryn Bresail must accept is that time does not behave the same way it does in the rest of Théah. It is always the same day, a concept that has driven people mad. The time you enter is also the time you leave, as a visit takes no time at all. Because time in Bryn Bresail and Théah are not synchronous, you might return home in an hour, a week, a year or a lifetime. Even those with Sidhe blood

never fully grasp this concept because they are locked in the linear temporal existence. The only hope a human has of navigating the land is by following the Path.

This is by no means as easy as it sounds. There is no magical road for the traveler to be wary of losing track of. The journey is completed even as it is begun, so the traveler must try to retrace his steps, even though he has no idea what they were or what they will be. The Path is manifested by offering the traveler brief glimpses of his essence — something that may look and feel familiar tells the traveler he is probably on the right path. You may see a woman who looks like your mother or sister, hear a tune from your childhood whispered on the wind, or uncover an old toy in a Fae market. You must allow these signs to lead you or you will become hopelessly lost not only in Bryn Bresail, but also in time itself.

Those who do get lost are in more than just a little trouble. They are not just cast away on the sea of time, but can actually become an anomaly in existence. The Path becomes the way they went on a journey that they have not yet taken. While in theory they cannot step off it, they will and when they do, the universe will react in the only way it knows how to prevent paradox, by attempting to remove the character from existence by gradually erasing his essence.

Many travelers use a Guidelight (see *Sophia's Daughters™*) to point the way. However, such things cause ripples in the magical essence of the island, letting everyone know the traveler's location. Worse yet, a guidelight can only take someone to a certain place; it cannot follow your path for you. Many travelers have used them to return to the path when lost. However that is only due to luck, as all the guidelight can do is show you to a place. If that place is on your path it will lead you back to safety. If not it will take you further into the mists.

Fading into the Mists

In game terms this erasure of human existence is represented by the loss of character traits (*7th Sea™*) or Abilities (*d20™*). In the *7th Seas™* system, a character loses one point from one of traits every hour that they are in Bryn Bresail. In the *d20™* system, a character loses two points from one ability every hour. Traits or abilities should be determined randomly each time, per the following charts:

TABLE 1-3: LOST TRAITS (7TH SEA™)

Roll & Keep (d10)	Trait
1 – 2	Brawn
3 – 4	Finesse
5 – 6	Wits
7 – 8	Resolve
9 – 10	Panache

TABLE 1-4: LOST ABILITIES (D20™)

D6	Ability
1	Strength
2	Dexterity
3	Constitution
4	Intelligence
5	Wisdom
6	Charisma

The effects of these losses are reflected in the penalties usually associated with low attributes. However, when an attribute reaches zero there are additional effects.

Brawn/Strength

When this attribute fails the character no longer has the strength to support his own body weight. He is unable to move or lift anything at all. His legs no longer support him and he cannot raise his arms.

Finesse/Dexterity

A character who has lost this attribute can still move around but trips over his own legs all the time. He drops anything he picks up, and cannot master the skill to pick it up again. He cannot walk for more than a few seconds without falling over.

Resolve/Constitution

A lack of this attribute makes a character incredibly tired. He no longer has energy to do anything at all and falls into a deep sleep. Friends can wake him from this sleep, as it is not magical in nature, but without some magical intervention, he will be asleep again in seconds.

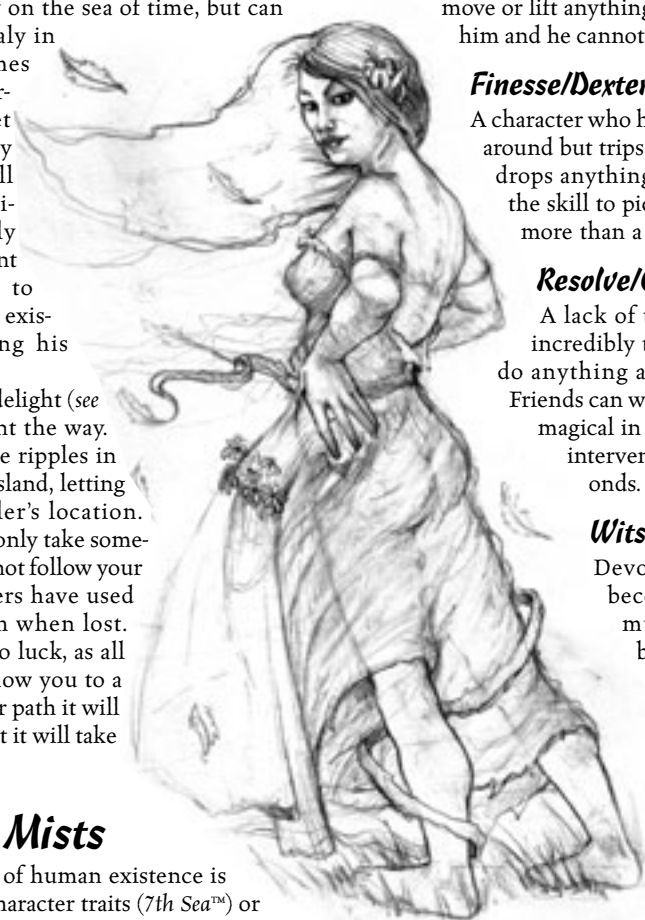
Wits/Intelligence & Wisdom

Devoid of his mind the character becomes like a walking zombie. He must be told everything twice because he forgets it the next second. He is dazed and confused, no longer able to remember something as simple as his name. Walking is difficult and he must be shown how to put one foot in front of the other.

Panache/Charisma

Luckily this is the least threatening attribute to lose. Even so, the character becomes devoid of personality. The term “friend” or “enemy” becomes meaningless. Such characters become irrational, as they are no longer able to determine the meaning of any gestures and remarks. They become paranoid but also easily manipulated. Rumor has it that Unseelie wait for this attribute to fail in lost humans before coming to their rescue. Then they keep the human as their slave for eternity.

If the character manages to leave Bryn Bresail or find the way back on the path then the attribute losses stop. Points are regained at a rate of one a day (either system) until the universe has restored them and settled again.



Cast Out of Bryn Bresail

Sometimes a character gets lucky. If he is near the borders of Bryn Bresail, the land actually expels him. Such expulsion is quick but essentially confusing. One moment the character is wondering where he should go next, and the next moment finds himself in the middle of a bathhouse in Pavtlow. Bryn Bresail can expel characters anywhere in Théah, but it is always into a body of water. Unfortunately many souls have drowned somewhere between Théah and the Midnight Archipelago or elsewhere in the lonely ocean. The lucky ones find themselves in a lake near civilized areas. A few have even become trapped in the middle of the *Huang He*, the great Yellow River that runs through the middle of Cathay.

Lost Memories

For players who have developed a reasonable amount of background, finding memories along the Path will be relatively easy. For those who have not, the chart below will be useful. These encounters provide markers to show the characters he is still on the Path, and which direction they should take along the route. (Use 1 d10; the chart works for any game system.)

Chance Meetings

There are a variety of creatures and characters you could run into on your way about the twilight lands. Here are a few random ideas in an encounter table to get you started. (Use 1 d10; the chart works for any game system.)

TABLE 1–5: THE BOOK OF LOST MEMORIES

Result	Outcome
1	A Fae maiden reminds you of your sister before she turns to face you.
2	You find a piece of parchment with your name written on it.
3	You hear a lullaby you used to hear your mother sing
4	You see a tree you had growing outside your house
5	A low Fae taunts you the same way the bullies of your youth did.
6	You smell your mother's cooking.
7	You see a Fae dwelling with the same front door as your old home.
8	The laughter of the first person you loved echoes around you.
9	You find something trivial that you lost many years ago (i.e., a sock or a handkerchief).
10	An old man sits the road whittling wood, or pursuing some other craft that reminds you of your father.

TABLE 1–6: CHANCE ENCOUNTERS IN BRYN BRESAIL

Result	Outcome
1	An old man is very rude and abusive to the characters.
2	A coach drawn by flame-colored horses almost runs down the group. A lady inside cries out as it passes and drops her handkerchief (or some item) onto the road.
3	A young knight challenges the strongest looking player to a non-lethal duel.
4	A haughty noble lady stops her coach to inform the group they are untidy and offensive. She will take exception to any who try to argue with her.
5	A small ugly Sidhe creature begs for gold. It will try and steal something if they refuse.
6	A huge monster demands the characters defeat him before they can pass.
7	A cloaked shadowy figure offers delight and wonder to the group, for a price. All they need do is follow him a little further ...
8	A group of peasant or noble Sidhe dissolve in hysterical laughter at the sight of the party.
9	A lovely young Sidhe peasant girl is beset by tiny creatures who assert that she has stolen valuable some thing from them.
10	A strange animal like Sidhe creature stares at the party from a short distance. It has a powerful magical aura and seems to mouth their names without speaking. However, if they approach it will vanish into the forest.

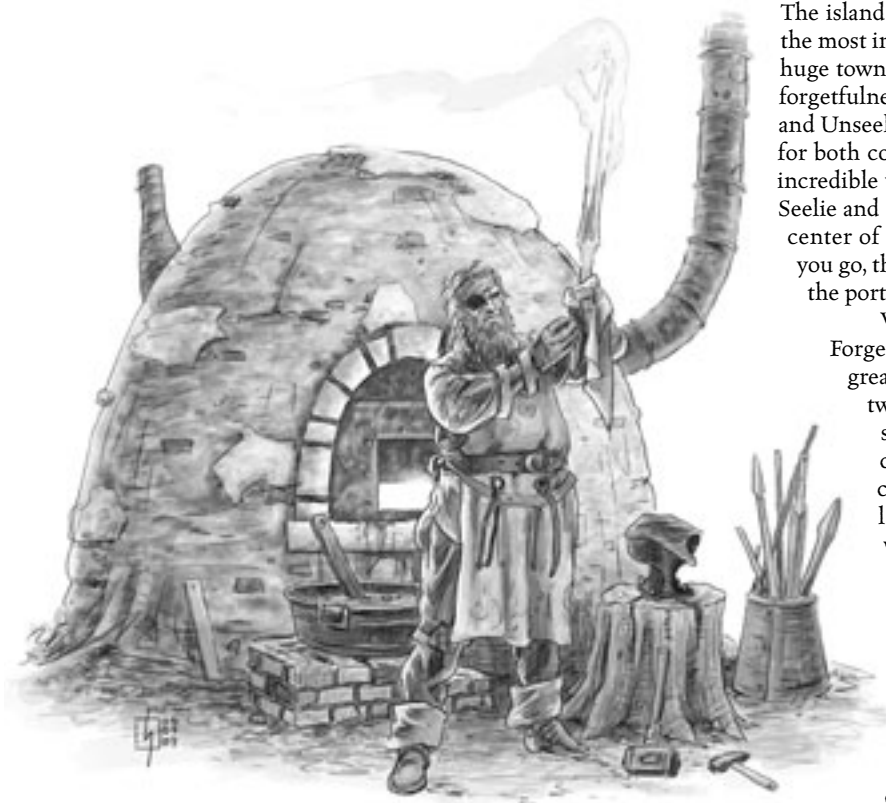
Places in Bryn Bresail

The River of Forgetfulness

The river that divides Bryn Bresail in half is the most important landmark on the Grey Isle. Every Sidhe child is brought here to bathe in its waters. Over time, the Sidhe have come to believe themselves the epitome of the greatest of man's dreams and that man himself is a corruption of those dreams so they purify themselves in the river of the taint of man.

Humans would do well to avoid the river. The Sidhe would consider anyone who bathed in it to be corrupting a most sacred place. It would be the same as a pig farmer coming into a church to wash off the dirt in the font. The Sidhe will most likely kill the trespasser, if he is lucky. However, he is unlikely to care, as the river was not made for mortals. Any vestiges of humanity the Sidhe may have does not vanish into the ether, but remains trapped in the river. For a bather with human blood the opposite happens and all the "soul dirt" washed away by the Sidhe rushes into him. The O'Bannon was dipped here and driven mad by the souls who found release in his mind. Even so, he only freed less than half of the voices from the river. Without the protection of Sidhe blood, the victim's mind is utterly destroyed, killing them in a fugue of screaming souls.

The river divides Bryn Bresail in half. One bank is spring-time, and becomes summer the further you go into the Seelie lands. The other bank is a harsh autumn, and drives into winter as you enter the lands of the Unseelie. Although it divides the land, its width varies wildly. In some places it is at



least several meters wide, at others it is a stream barely inches wide. Be forewarned though, even when it is simply a mere trickle of liquid, the river loses none of its power to those who touch it. Travelers should also be aware that it must always be crossed to pass from one land to the other. However, where is it thin many poor souls can cross without knowing they have done so, and find themselves in the dark land of the Unseelie.

Fae Villages

The Goodly Folke live together in very human communities. The island is littered with towns and villages very much in the human mold. In these places it is the population that is strange and bizarre, as the buildings look much the same as they do in Théah. The Sidhe also “create” the community leaders that they establish in human settlements. So each place has a mayor or village elder. Unfortunately they are doing the job because they feel it needs doing, even though they have no real idea about what they are meant to do. So such “elders” are often of very little use to a traveler, as they have little power.

None of these settlements have any real purpose. The Folke live in them because that seems to be what humans do, but each place has no specific reason to be there. These are not centers of trade or settlements built because of good water or defensibility. The Sidhe simply place towns where they need them. The Folke who prefer city life live in the towns, and the ones who like life in the country choose the villages

Summerfall

The island of Bryn Bresail has only one port, but it is the most incredible harbor any human has seen. It is a huge town that clutches the island where the river of forgetfulness meets the sea. It is part of both the Seelie and Unseelie lands, and is considered neutral territory for both courts. In its waterside taverns are the most incredible variety of Sidhe creatures and adventurers. Seelie and Unseelie drink and carouse together in the center of the city. However the nearer to the edges you go, the more dominated by one side or the other the port becomes.

While it lies at the mouth of the River of Forgetfulness, the town is still split by it. So the great bridge of spring and autumn connects the two sides. As you cross you can feel the seasons change. The two sides of the port are considered one town and therefore both courts can mix freely, as long as they don't leave the confines of the town. Travelers who consider themselves safe because they are on the Seelie side are fools. Plenty of Unseelie work the summer side looking for just such silliness, and plenty of Seelie go to the winter side to engage in darker business.

The waterfront does not consist only of taverns. It is littered with dangerous and bizarre creatures, each with different services and wares to trade. Such curiosities range from the exotic to the malevolent. These shadowy merchants will trade you gold for a lock of hair, and tell you the future if you gift them a memory of the past. Such deals seem simple and tempting. But any experienced traveler in Bryn Bresail knows that these folk more than most will deliver a dark and dangerous bargain for the unwary. However tempting, their wares are best avoided. The most amazing sight on the waterfront remains the ships that moor there. Those of the Seelie and the Unseelie tie up side by side. Proud swan-like Seelie galleons nestle up to the dangerous pirate warships of the Unseelie.

Castle of the Queen of the Sky

The grandest sight in all of Bryn Bresail is the great castle of the Queen of the Sky. It is a massive building that lies in a summer valley surrounded by trees and flowers of incredible beauty. Peasant folk laugh and play in the fields outside. The castle is gigantic, its huge walls of white stone rising to an impossible height. However, the thin towers that rise from the walls and buildings inside outstretch them. The walls and turrets are decorated with flags and banners of vivid color and design. Meticulously stained glass adorns the windows. Only one great door made of silver allows visitors to enter the inner buildings. Two huge wolf-headed men, each at least ten feet tall and bearing a massive polearm, guard the gates and will admit no interloper. Only those accompanied by, or with permission from, a noble Sidhe are allowed to pass.

Once through the gate, characters can pass into the inner garden. Here Sidhe nobles and their guests sit and laze away the sun in talk and play. The castle itself can be seen in its full glory by anyone in the garden. It is a delicate and asymmetric

building built of the same white stone as the walls. It is littered with thin towers and linked by walkways in a representative Vodacce style. However, no Vodacce even with Sorte magic to assist them could create this marvel of architecture.

Inside the castle the Queen holds court in a massive throne room. She sits on the throne of Bryn Bresail, a great chair built of a delicate silver material that nevertheless casts an aura of power across the room. The throne room seems to fill the whole castle. In actuality, the Queen's whims mold the building's interior. It is as large or small as she wishes it to be at any given moment, regardless of the limits of its outside appearance. The Queen can create or delete rooms and whole wings of the place with a thought.

Théans who travel to the castle had best have something important to say. As soon as they enter the throne room, conversation stops and the assembled noble host will turn to them. If they fail to impress the lords and ladies they may share the fate of Bonnie McGee. In a corner of the court lies a large model of the island of Cabora surrounded by those who find its contents amusing. Trapped inside it Bonnie can be seen fighting her final battle with a ghostly Captain Reis over and over again...

Where Water Flows

As noted above, humans can enter the twilight lands as well, although such travel is sometimes accidental. Many humans, particularly in Avalon, go to sleep and find themselves waking in a strange world. If unprepared for a visit to Bryn Bresail, the traveler is in great danger and few manage to return unscathed.

A Scry sorceress can travel into the isles when she wishes. However, even she can only travel to the lands through a gateway pool. (*Sophia's Daughters*[™]). To do this she needs a pool of water linked to Bryn Bresail. Sophia's Daughters have a good idea of where most of these pools are and share these secrets with their sisters.

No one, perhaps not even the Sidhe, can travel to the lands whenever or wherever they wish. They need some form of gateway. Such gateways are places where the veil between Théah and Bryn Bresail is thinner, so most, but not all, lie in Avalon. Ironically, these gateways always lead to the same place in Bryn Bresail. The areas are linked in the same way like the ends of a tunnel. If a Fae grove leads to the Spring Faire, it will always lead there. However, just like anything else in Bryn Bresail, everything else may have moved around so just because the grove they enter the land in is near the castle of the Queen of the Sky on one visit, one cannot be assured it will be so conveniently placed the second time around. The traveler will reach the

same grove, but the castle could be miles away, or even on the other side of the river. Rarely do gateways lead to places of any importance in Bryn Bresail. For the Sidhe it is like living near a train station.

Water plays an important part in any portal to Bryn Bresail. It is a manifestation of the great river, which some have gone so far as to suggest is the source of all rivers. However, water need not always be present. Some Fae gates rely on moonlight to enchant them. Such gates are more difficult to pass through and best traversed on a bright moonlit night.

Many Glamour sorcerers have learned the old ways to open such areas for passage. However, only a master sorcerer can do this and even so, not always. The ritual is quite simple, but it can only be performed in a place of Sidhe magic, on a moonlit night. Such places are reasonably common in Avalon, but rare anywhere else. On special nights (the sort that come around once every hundred years or so) such places sometimes open to the traveler, whether he wants to travel or not.

Getting home is rather tricky. A Scry sorceress need only find a pool again, and she is home. However, unless she has used that pool before, she will not know where it emerges in Théah. For everyone else the return journey is more difficult. Any Sidhe noble has the ability to open a way to Théah, but why should they do a human a favor? Only the nobles have the legal right to open such portals. However, a great many low Faes regularly travel to Théah for fun and mischief. They can often be convinced to return a traveler, but usually not do it for free. As always, humans should take great care in such bargains. The simpler and easier it sounds, the more dangerous it usually is. The Fae have no use for coins and prefer to collect stories, dreams and especially memories.

The last and easiest option for travel is to book passage on a Sidhe ship. Of course you need to find Summerfall first, and the right captain. But once on the ship, although strange, the journey is much like any other sea voyage. As always the traveler should take care in choosing a captain. After all, once the ship sets sail, he is at the mercy of the Sidhe crew in an ocean of mists.



Relations with Théah

Is it customary in works of this sort to give thumbnail sketches of the attitudes and perceptions of the subject towards the various Théan nations, nationalities, and secret societies. This is not possible with the Sidhe, as they have little in the way of a cohesive agenda and even less common attitudes. They are creatures of striking individuality and idiosyncrasy, so at best we might be able to outline a typical stance or two, and the hero must trust to luck or what he has been told by more or less reliable sources.

Nations

The Sidhe are devoted, in their strange way, to the Glamour Isles. This is not quite the same thing as being devoted to the nation of Avalon. The Sidhe likely view the distinctions of Inish, Marcher, and Avalon as stylistic choices, as if one can choose one's accent and heritage the way one would select clothing. The same would hold true for foreigners, as a Sidhe would make no distinction between a Montaignard and a Castillian beyond the personal level, although the human concept of "foreigner" seems to have penetrated to some degree. Thus the Sidhe appear to take sides on behalf of Avalon more often than not. Bear in mind that the Unseelie are a law unto themselves and thus entirely unpredictable.

The Sidhe are rarely observed in other lands. This is not to say they are not present in other places, just that they are usually not observed. Perhaps they are uncomfortable being such a distance from access to Bryn Bresail, perhaps they are wary of foreign magic (Sorté certainly makes them unhappy), or perhaps they simply lack the itch for novelty that is scratched by exploration. It is also possible that when traveling, Sidhe take on disguises and travel incognito, although some people acquainted with them consider the idea preposterous.

Avalon (The Glamour Isles)

The Favored Lands, the Triple Kingdom, the place that the Sidhe regard as their own and which they will defend against all foes with all their power.

Castille

Between the overweening presence of the Church and the enclaves of El Fuego Adentro sorcerers, Castille is not regarded as a favorable place for more than a brief visit. On the other hand, there is a clear fascination with the drama of fiery dances and the generally passionate way in which the Castillians conduct their lives.

Cathay

The gods of the Seven Kingdoms gave a gift to the people to ensure that no Synchron races would cross into their lands. The Sidhe have visited Cathay, but out of respect for the ethereal powers there, they do not make their presence known nor do they linger. They much prefer to obtain Cathayan items from their agents in Vodacce, much the way they see that mortals do. Sidhe pirates enjoy watching the flow of sea traffic to Cabora and sometimes enjoy the entertainment afforded by taunting mortal ships. They do not sail beyond Cabora, however.

Crescent Empire

The Sidhe cannot survive without water, which means that vast areas of the Crescent Empire are inhabitable for them.

They have been known to visit the forests of the Kurtlar-dag and Hayalet-dag, but they rarely venture much beyond that. Sidhe pirates like to sail to the Dakalan'ya and Cinada'ya but they have great respect for the Aldiz'hali and so do not harass them.



Eisen

Although there is no threat from Dracheneisen, the land is simply too blighted for comfort. Not to mention there are a lot of iron-based weapons being brandished and many dead bodies — a place without much loveliness if the truth be known.

Montaigne

Before the Revolution, Montaigne was the place where the Sidhe went to learn more about how to conduct oneself as a courtier. The Musketeers were also amusing, dashing around, waving their rapiers about and carrying out their noble missions. Since the Revolution, Montaigne has become tedious with its commoner-run government. However, the people still posture and thus act as models for Sidhe. Montaigne has had visitations on many occasions, as the proximity and familiarity make that country accessible. In some respects, the Courts of Montaigne are the exact opposite of the feasting halls of Vestenmannavnjar: for all the refinement and culture, the courtiers are frequently (although, to be fair, not completely) duplicitous and conniving, and the shifting sands of alliance and treachery are difficult — and exciting — to navigate.

Ussura

This is allied territory where the Sidhe know that they are safe. The Sidhe discovered something that is perhaps less well known to their human counterparts. The Ussuran soul is one for great drama and torment, the range of emotion as deep as it is wide. Storming about clad in silvery furs and emulating an Ussuran noble in full rant appeals to the sensation-seeking Sidhe. While Vestenmannavnjar is a barbarous but light-filled nation, Ussura reveals the darker side of human sorrow.

Vendel

As a rule, the Sidhe find the passionless merchants of Vendel simply too boring to waste their time on. They understand that wealthy people have items in their homes important to the Vendel but those can be obtained through agents without having to conduct business in person.

Vestenmannavnjar

The Sidhe regard the home of their ancient allies with great respect. Although they do not normally embrace barbarians such as these, there is a deep-seated respect for the nature-worshipping people of the north. There have been Sidhe sightings in Vestenmannavnjar, as these are like-minded folk, if perhaps a bit cruder. The Sidhe can expect, at least, a guarded welcome and pleasant treatment. Despite the bearskins and fleas, the loud voices and bawdy songs, the hounds and children running riot during mealtime, the Vestenmannavnjar are privy to a clear and practical moral code, and the sense of honor runs deep in their blood.

Vodacce

Here there is more than enough water and more than enough drama, but the Fate Witches make the Sidhe uncomfortable so they tend to limit their contact to courtesans and duelists. Still, watching (and maybe influencing) this “Great Game” makes for amusing impromptu theatrical entertainment...

The Seas

With the exception of the Corridors of Flame and the southern tip of Cathay, sailing Sidhe can be found in The Trade and Frothing Seas, perhaps even as far south as La Boca de Cielo, and westward as far as humanity has cared thus far to venture.

Individuals

Certain persons have managed to make sufficient impression to warrant special mention. Queen Elaine maintains a position of importance to the Sidhe, if for no other reason than she occupies a position equivalent to that of the Queen of the Air or Queen Maab, and thus must be treated with appropriate protocol. She is also the keeper of the Graal. To raise your hand against Elaine is equal to raising your hand against the Sidhe Queen of the Air, an act will bring severe repercussions. Perhaps not swift, but sure. These strictures apply only to the Seelie Sidhe; the Unseelie will, of course, react according to their own definition of “appropriate.”

Derwyddon and the Druids are also held in particularly high esteem. These humans seem to have a profound understanding of “how things work” and are particularly attuned to the ways of nature, and the workings of that most elusive of concepts, time. Even the most powerful of Unseelie will avoid crossing Derwyddon.

Sir Lawrence Lugh and Elaine’s Knights present a dilemma. On the one hand, they are the favored by both Elaine and the Lady of the Lake, and must be accorded honor and respect. On the other hand, they are debased as Sidhe by their affiliation with mortals, and worthy of scorn and pity. Truth be told, the Sidhe are likely experiencing a form of jealousy (not that they can recognize it as such), as Lugh and the other demi-Sidhe appear to be able to “have it both ways” — they share in some of Sidhe’s power and they can exercise the much-envied ability of humanity to create and invent.

Certain Sidhe have, over the years, attached themselves to a particular person or family in the Glamour Isles, and followed their fortunes for good or ill, often taking a hand in turning fate one direction or the other. This association often extends through the family line. These “adoptions” are individual choices, however, and rarely involve the Sidhe at large. Clan MacCodrum has a kinship with selkies and protect them from danger. No one outside the clan may cross their stretch of the shoreline and no foreign ships may pass through MacCodrum waters.

The MacLeods, like most of their Highland brethren, are not fond of the Sidhe, but are sensible enough to treat them as honored guests. Despite the scorn (and in some cases, outright hatred) from their fellow Marchers, they have good reason — the bargain they struck with the Sidhe made them the most powerful clan in Avalon. Glamour abounds in the MacLeod line, which they have used to increase their prestige. Since the Revolution, however, their fortunes appear to have taken a turn for the worse. Losing the flag is a grave insult and the Sidhe are far less inclined to visit MacLeod lands these days. If Sarah MacDonald waves it three times, the results may affect more than just the MacLeods.

A less felicitous relationship exists between the Sidhe and the MacEacherns, a clan who dared to use their skill to destroy the Fae. The few MacEachern who remain are scattered amongst the Highland clans. Those with the secret of forging cold iron must pass it along to another before they die despite the danger. (For more information on these clans and their connection to the Sidhe, see *Avalon*.™)



The Inish refer to the Sidhe by the ancient name of *Tuatha de Daanan* (people of the goddess) and revere them as the creators of Inismore, the most beautiful place in Théah. The Sidhe made a separate pact with the Inish, which is represented by the presence of the Fâl Stone, a holy stone that sings and weeps when kissed by the true High King of Inismore. The O'Tooles, however, have brought the Vaticine faith back to Avalon to bolster their campaign against the Queen, her heretical love of magic, and those foul fae creatures. (For more information, see *Avalon*.™)

Secret Societies

Explorer's Society

These voracious adventurers would love to get to the bottom of every secret in Théah, including the Sidhe.

Invisible College

Elaine issued an edict supporting all scholarly learning and Sir Bors keeps a sharp eye out for the Inquisition. What a perfect opportunity for Blood Scientists to do research on the Sidhe! But one must remain vigilant. The Inquisition is everywhere.

Knights of the Rose + Cross

The modern Order was basically founded in the Highlands in the time of King Robert, although it is generally viewed as Montaigne in character since so many members are Montaigne second-borns. However, they have retained a Highlander's pragmatic view towards the Sidhe. Their philosophy basically calls for the removal of crutches such as Glamour, which does not work with the Secret. In the meantime, there is no reason to anger such powerful beings as the Sidhe unnecessarily, so the Knights are cautious and polite.

Die Kreuzritter

One should not disregard the creatures who created the Barrier and drove back the forces of darkness. However, it is far safer to do so in the Highland Marches, away from Elaine's Knights, the insufferable Rose + Cross, Derwyddon and especially Mad Jack O'Bannon who has made his feelings about the group extremely clear.

Rilasciare

Queen Elaine uses Sidhe magic and Glamour sorcery to gain power. This is bad. There are Sidhe among her Knights. This is worse. Bringing her down and sending the creatures back where they came from is a high priority — but how?

Los Vagos

As usual, the Castillian underground is much too busy trying to save lives and restore order to the ravaged kingdom to worry about ethereal creatures in Avalon.

Sophia's Daughters

Sophia's Daughters, as “family” must be given their due place. They are the direct descendants of the Lady of the Lake. They take their responsibility of prophecy and duty seriously, often turning to the Sidhe for aid, information, and support. They are respectful, to be sure, and know the proper forms, but they also seem to know every hiding place, and can navigate the most multifarious obstacles to breach privacy and interrupt endeavors. For now, their Scrying pools in Montaigne are safe and secured, which makes contacting the Sidhe relatively easy.



BOOK TWO: *The Forge*

Cold Iron

The substance usually referred to as “cold iron” is, in actuality, ordinary unworked iron. Throughout history, Théans have used carbon in the form of coal to extract the metal from the earth. This produces a brittle form of iron not particularly suitable for crafting but the Sidhe find this metal disturbing nonetheless. The reason for its effect is simple — it is utterly ordinary. Its banality represents the complete opposite of the intrinsic Sidhe nature and, thus, cuts through the illusions they weave through their existence.

Heating and tempering iron to make it more useful fundamentally changes its nature. When iron is heated and forged into a weapon, it ceases to be cold iron. What makes a MacEachern weapon so powerful is that the item retains its cold iron properties without compromising strength or durability. They have tried to adapt the process for arrowheads or firearm shot, but the application of this process is limited. Such ammunition tends to shatter inside the barrel and foul the weapon. Even the greatest MacEachern smiths could not make anything except blades with this method.

Cold iron also affects the Scrying practiced by the Sophia's Daughters. Any attempt to use Scrying to spy on someone wearing or carrying a cold iron item has its TN increased by 5 (*d20*:™ DC 4). Standing in a circle made of cold iron will increase the TN by 15 (*d20*:™ DC 12), and being in an area extremely rich in iron ore (inside an iron mine or a mountain extremely rich in iron ore) makes it impossible to use Scrying to spy on someone.

Cold iron on its own cannot seriously harm the Sidhe, but it does cause them great discomfort, and many Sidhe Lords and Ladies take offense at having it in their presence. Travelers from Avalon know to remove any iron items before presenting themselves to the Sidhe. (Conversely, there are times when they hold iron tightly in their fists to protect themselves from a Sidhe whom they suspect wishes them harm.)

Other Weapons and Artifacts

Other than cold iron and MacEachern blades, there are very few human-produced weapons that can injure Sidhe. Dracheneisen contains no form of base metal and thus has no special power over the Sidhe. (See *Book Three* for more details about weapons, as well as *Vendel-Vesten*,™ *Montaigne*,™ and *Swashbuckling Adventures*.™)

Many of the Syrneth races fought against the Sidhe and information about those items are detailed in other books, including *Player's Guide*,™ *7th Sea Compendium*,™ and *Swashbuckling Adventures*.™ GMs are encouraged to review these sources to create new items, keeping in mind that killing a Sidhe is nigh unto impossible, even for the Syrneth.

Firinbrand

Firinbrand is a special Sidhe Sword created by the Lady of the Lake. The sword seems to be made of ice and water, with the flickering fire of Glamour cascading along its entire length. It has been a tool of the Oracles for centuries, and its current wielder is Sir Lawrence Lugh.

Firinbrand can be used with either the Heavy Weapon or Fencing Skills, depending on the whim of its wielder. It does 4k4 damage to man and Sidhe alike. If the wielder has the blessings of the Lady of the Lake, there is no Unskilled Penalty for wielding it. This blade can cut through any material including Dracheneisen which means no armor bonus applies against Firinbrand.

Firinbrand's sheath also has special powers. While within Avalon, Inismore, or the Highland Marches, the wearer of the sheath takes no Wounds from any bladed attacks.

The Oracles of Sophia's Daughters have special powers over Firinbrand. Each Oracle has the power to summon it from wherever it may be, thereby ensuring that even if its wielder is dead, it will return to the Daughters to serve their purposes.

There are rumors that the blade has other powers, such as operating independently of its owner and having the power to repair or destroy entire sections of the Barrier, but no actual evidence of these powers exists. Such actions may occur at the GM's discretion, but he must pay one Drama Die whenever he chooses to have the weapon do such a thing. (For *d20™* details, see *Swashbuckling Adventures,™* pg. 178)

MacEachern Weapon

Although almost all of the MacEachern clan is dead, occasionally one of their treasured weapons surfaces.

D20™ MECHANICS

The blade is considered a +1 non-magical weapon that damages a Sidhe no matter what Glamour or defensive abilities the creature possesses, including damage reduction. Damage is doubled for every successful hit on a Sidhe target; on a critical hit the damage is doubled again. MacEachern weapons provide a +3 circumstance bonus to Glamour saving throws.

7TH SEA™ MECHANICS

When rolling damage against a Sidhe, do not make a Wound check; instead the Sidhe target takes a number of Dramatic Wounds equal to the total Flesh Wounds divided by 5. The bearer of such a blade also gains a bonus of 1 unkept (1k0) die to resist Glamour magic.

New Swordsman Schools (7th Sea™)

Fadh-Righ (Long Arm) Spear School

Country of Origin: Bryn Bresail

Description: The Fadh-Righ school is based on one of the oldest legends in Inismore, the crafty Sidhe warrior known to men only as Long-Arm, who defended his homeland from the Firbolgs and helped establish the most beautiful nation in Théah.

The Fadh-Righ fighter uses a spear in his primary hand and a buckler in his off-hand for defense. As befits a Sidhe Lord, Long-Arm's extremely flashy style relies on a dazzling array of weapon flourishes to hold the enemy at bay. This showmanship is both its strength and its weakness.

Students of Fadh-Righ do not gain membership in the Swordsman's Guild for free when they take this Swordsman School; instead, they get one free Rank of the one of their Swordsman Knacks.

Basic Curriculum: Buckler, Polearm

Swordsman Knacks: Exploit Weakness (Fadh-Righ), Bind (Buckler), Lunge (Polearm), Tagging (Polearm)

Apprentice: Apprentices of the Long-Arm School do not suffer any off-hand penalty for using a buckler, and may use a spear in one hand without any penalty. Your daring style allows you to add your Tagging Rank to any Taunt Repartee Actions you make.

Journeyman: Journeymen keep their enemies at a distance, thereby reducing damage from counterattack. When fighting an opponent whose weapon is smaller than yours, you may use your superior reach to your advantage. When you make an Attack against such a target, you may make any number of Raises. If successful, you may increase your TN to be Hit by your opponent's next Attack against you in that combat by 5 times the number of Raises you made.

Master: Masters of Long-Arm strike hard and true. When you make Raises for damage with a spear, the first three Raises you make for damage give you extra kept dice (+1k1 each) for your damage roll instead of extra unkept dice. Any Raises made for damage after the third one only give unkept dice (+1k0) as normal.

Peecke Quarterstaff School

Country of Origin: Avalon

Description: In 1631, an Avalon man named Lester Peecke (pronounced "Peek") gave a demonstration of his skills with the quarterstaff at the royal court of Montaigne. He fought alone, defending himself simultaneously against three swordsmen armed with rapiers and daggers. Peecke stunned the court by winning this match easily, but had to beat a hasty retreat home for having bested the sons of three very important noblemen. By the time he landed, the story of his feat had already reached Avalon's shores, and Peecke found himself besieged with requests to teach his new method; however, he resisted these demands for personal reasons. He died in 1642, without ever having taken on a student and with no known relatives.

Mysteriously, in 1656, coinciding exactly with the return of Glamour, a tall, strong man appeared in Avalon, calling himself Jasper Peecke and claiming to be the grandson of Lester Peecke. Whether this is true or not, he fought with the same style, according to the stories of those who had seen the elder Peecke. After ten years of teaching, Jasper Peecke simply disappeared, leaving it up to his students to carry on the tradition.

The Peecke style uses a quarterstaff and teaches balance as its central tenet. The practitioner attacks from left or right with equal frequency, and combines swings and thrusts to keep opponents off balance. The style's weakness is that the length of the staff makes it easy for an opponent to trap or otherwise move the weapon out of position.

Students of Peecke do not gain membership in the Swordsman's Guild for free when they take this Swordsman School; instead, they get one free Rank of the Balance Knack, as if it were a Basic Knack of the Athlete Skill.

Basic Curriculum: Athlete, Staff

Swordsman Knacks: Exploit Weakness (Peecke), Beat (Staff), Feint (Staff), Corps à Corps.

Apprentice: The Peecke fighting style employs a double-handed approach that attacks and defends with equal ease to the right and the left. To most opponents this is akin to fighting someone who is left-handed, but worse. When you are using a quarterstaff, any Active Defenses made against your Attacks and Beats (but not Haymakers) have their TNs increased by a number of Raises equal to your Mastery Level.

Journeyman: Journeymen have learned the value of defense. At the beginning of each Round, you may choose to discard one of your Action Dice to increase your TN to be Hit by the Phase showing on that die for the rest of the Round.

Master: Peecke Masters learn an unbalancing attack intended to force their opponents to fall to the ground. When you make any successful attack with the staff, your target must make a Finesse + Balance or Finesse + Footwork roll with a TN equal to the damage you inflict with this blow. Each Raise for damage increases the TN by 5.

Staff (7th Sea™)

(Reprinted from previously-published material)

Staves are more easily constructed than swords or polearms, and thus are erroneously perceived of as less of a threat. While most of your practice fighting with staves is focused on weapons like the quarterstaff of Avalon or the gwon of Cathay, even a long walking stick can be used as a weapon with this Skill. Staves require both hands to use.

BASIC KNACKS

Attack (Staff): Attack is the ability to hit your enemy.

Parry (Staff): Parrying is the act of putting your weapon between yourself and your enemies' strikes. This Knack can be used as your Defense Knack while you are wielding a staff.

ADVANCED KNACKS

Haymaker: A haymaker is an aggressive staff swing attack that leaves you open for a moment. When you declare a Haymaker, use this Knack for your attack. You roll two extra unkept dice (+2k0) for damage if your attack is successful. However, your TN to be hit drops to 5 for this Phase only, and you may not use any Active Defenses for the rest of this Phase.

Whirling Blow (d20™)

(reprinted from Xuan Feng, Cathay™)

Prerequisite: Dex 13+, Weapon Focus: Quarterstaff

A staff in the hands of one trained in its possibilities can deliver a devastating attack, as the Whirling Blow shows. When attacking with this Feat, which must be declared, base damage is doubled (i.e., the roll is doubled before adding Strength modifiers or other bonuses). If you score a critical hit, increase the multiplier by 1. This technique, while powerful, focuses all of your energy on the attack, leaving you defenseless. For the rest of the turn, you lose all dodge bonuses to AC.

Faileas (Reflection) Sword School

Country of Origin: Bryn Bresail

Description: Faileas is one of the many styles of sword-play the Sidhe have developed. It teaches the student how to use an attacker's skills and sword style against him by following the movement of his weapon and his body language. It is very difficult to master, and requires an extremely keen eye for observation, as well as highly skilled swordsmanship. These motions seem natural to the Sidhe, who are used to observing the actions of humans in minute detail; very few humans have the same ability to perceive another being with such intensity. Any human who wishes to learn this school must have Wits of at least 4 and the Cold Read skill at 4 as well. Then they must find a Sidhe willing to teach a human.

The Faileas student always uses a weapon in the opposite hand to the opponent, which confuses and unnerves most fighters from the outset. They also copy facial expressions in an attempt to gauge what the opponent is thinking (and further unnerve them.) They almost always keep their blade touching the opponent's, never letting the steel part so that they can feel each subtle movement and counter it. Fighting such a swordsman is extremely annoying. As you move forward the Faileas swordsman retreats; as soon as you retreat, he comes for you. The swordsman seems to know your every move before you make it.

The Faileas School is primarily defensive but it can provide a devastating attack as well. The opponent finds his own strengths being turned against him as his style is copied and understood. The weakness of the school is quite simple. An opponent who is aware of his own flaws as a swordsman can pass them on to the student trying to copy them, and thus gain an opening.

Basic Curriculum: Courtier, Fencing

Swordsman Knacks: Exploit Weakness (Faileas), Feint (Fencing), Wall of Steel, Reflect (Fencing).

Apprentice: The first thing a Faileas student learns is misdirection and observation. He always use uses his weapon in the opposite ("mirror") hand to his opponent, so he always gets the bonus of being "Left Handed" while fighting, and also learns to negate the off hand penalty. Students of this School do not get free Membership in the Swordsman's Guild; instead, they learn to copy the movement of their opponent and may use their Panache Rank as the base for their Passive Defense instead of their Footwork or Parry (Fencing) Knack.

Journeyman: Journeymen have learned to get inside their opponent's mind. They look for the expressions and body language that betray the attacker's next move. If they can make a Wits roll against a TN of 5 times their opponent's Wits Rank, they can predict the opponent's next attack and gain a Free Raise for any Active Defense against it. Even if the attack scores a hit, the damage roll suffers a penalty of 1 unkept die (-1k0) as the defender rolls with the blow.

Master: Faileas masters have learned how to taunt their opponent silently. They convince the attacker that he cannot possibly win the fight because every move he makes will be countered before it is even made. Once per round, when the opponent attacks, the Master may roll his Panache to rattle his opponent's nerves. (This does not count as an action.) The opponent must make a Resolve roll against a TN equal to the result of this roll. If he fails, his confidence is shaken and he loses his attack. If his opponent succeeds at any of his Resolve checks, he may immediately make his attack and is unaffected by this ability for the rest of the Scene.

New Swordsman Knack (7th Sea™)

Reflect: You attempt to mirror your opponent's style and form. You may use any one of his Swordsman Knacks against him as if you had that Knack yourself. The first time he uses a Knack, you may make a Wits check with a TN equal to your opponent's rank in this Knack times 5. If you succeed at the check, you gain the Knack at Rank 1 for the duration of the Scene. Each time thereafter that he uses the same Knack against you in that Scene, you may make another Wits check. Success improves your skill in that Knack by another Rank. The maximum gain is your Rank in Faileas or your opponent's Rank in his Knack (whichever is lower). This only applies for one Knack against one opponent due to your intense focus on his moves.

You do not retain the Knacks; you merely imitate them. At the end of the Scene, you lose all of the Ranks you have gained against that opponent. This Knack can only be used against an opponent bearing same type of weapon as the student. (It is useless, for instance, to copy the moves of a quarterstaff or Panzerhand with a fencing sword.)

New Prestige Classes (d20™)

Fadh-Righ (Long Arm) Spear School

The Sidhe gave this highly effective spear school to a great Sidhe warrior to fight the Firbolgs in Inismore. Many believe the Inish taught it to the Vestenmannavnjar who developed the Halfdansson School from it. The school teaches the use of a spear in the primary hand with a buckler in the off hand for protection. Its reliance on clever and showy moves to taunt and intimidate an opponent is also its weakness.

Requirements

To qualify as a Fadh-Righ Spearman, the character must fulfill the following criteria:

Base Attack Bonus: +4

Nationality: Avalon

Feats: Weapon Focus (Spear), Unarmored Defense Proficiency (Basic)

Skills: Balance +2, Intimidate +6, Sense Motive +10, Perform +6, Tumble +4

Special: The character must be taught by a Sidhe Master. Although it is usually only taught by Sidhe to other Sidhe, there are instances of Avalon mortals receiving instruction. (This requirement may be changed or waived in non-Théan campaigns.)



The prospective student must also have a Charisma of at least 13 to have the necessary panache to adopt this style.

Game Rule Information

Alignment: Any
Hit Dice: d8

Class Skills

The Fadh-Righ spearman's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Balance (Dex), Bluff (Cha), Climb (Str), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Listen (Wis), Perform (Cha), Search (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), Spot (Wis), and Tumble (Dex). See Chapter 4 in *Player's Handbook*™ for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at Each Level: 4 + Int modifier.

Class Features

The following are class features of the Fadh-Righ spearman:

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: The student is proficient in all forms of spear and buckler, but does not have proficiency with armor.

Buckler Master: At 1st level, during the student's action, he may designate an opponent and receive a +2 circumstance bonus to his Armor Class against any attack from that opponent. This bonus may only be gained while the student wields the buckler in his hand (and not while strapped to his arm). The student may select a new opponent on any action; selecting a new opponent is a free action.

Dashing and Daring: At 2nd level, the student gains the feat "Dashing and Daring" (see *Swashbuckling Adventures*,™ Ch. 4: Feats) even if he lacks the prerequisites. If he already has this feat he may temporarily raise his Charisma bonus 1 point during combat to increase his AC.

Distant Reach: At 3rd level the student has mastered the art of keeping opponents at a distance. No opponent may gain any attacks of opportunity during combat on the spearman while he uses this style. Other normal attacks are unaffected. Note: the PC has to use an Attack action when fending off opponents to use this ability.

Showmanship: At 4th level, regardless of Charisma rating, the student gains the feat "Showmanship" (see *Swashbuckling Adventures*,™ Ch. 4: Feats).

Stone Thrust: At 5th level, the master spearman knows how to deal terrible blows to an opponent. The threat rating of any spear he uses becomes 18-20 rather than just 20. If his ability is already at this number or greater, he gains +1 to its threat rating.

Peecke Quarterstaff School

The originator of the Peecke School died in 1642 without ever training a single student. However, with the return of Glamour to Avalon in 1656, a man named Jasper Peecke claimed he had inherited the style from his relative. Whether or not this was true, Jasper showed quite an incredible ability with the staff and unlike his ancestor he was happy to train students. He teaches students to maintain their balance, come at a foe from all angles, and beware of letting an opponent move in too close where the staff is less dangerous.

Requirements

To qualify as a student of the Peecke Quarterstaff School, a character must fulfill the following criteria:

Base Attack Bonus: +4

Nationality: Avalon

Feats: Weapon Focus (Quarterstaff), Unarmored Defense Proficiency (Basic)

Skills: Balance +2, Concentration +2

Game Rule Information

Alignment: Any
Hit Dice: d8

Class Skills

The Peecke Quarterstaff practitioner's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Balance (Dex), Climb (Str), Craft (Int), Handle Animal (Cha), Jump (Str), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Search (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), Spot (Wis), Tumble (Dex), Wilderness Lore (Wis).

Class Features

The following are class features of the Peecke Quarterstaff School:

Weapons and Armor Proficiency: A student of this school is proficient with any form of quarterstaff, and gains proficiency with light armor.

TABLE 2-1: THE FADH-RIGH SPEARMAN

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1	+1	+0	+2	+2	Buckler Master
2	+2	+0	+3	+3	Bonus Feat — Dashing and Daring
3	+3	+1	+3	+3	Distant Reach
4	+4	+1	+4	+4	Bonus Feat — Showmanship
5	+5	+1	+4	+4	Stone Thrust

TABLE 2-2: THE PEECKE QUARTERSTAFF SCHOOL

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1	+1	+2	+2	+0	Flurry of Movement
2	+2	+3	+3	+0	Beat
3	+3	+3	+3	+1	Patience of the Forest
4	+4	+4	+4	+1	Disarm Master
5	+5	+4	+4	+1	Felling Blow

Flurry of Movement: At 1st level, the student has learned how to confuse an opponent by coming at him with the staff from all sides. The opponent loses his Dex bonus to his Armor Class against that attack. You may not use any feats (such as Power Attack or Great Cleave) and still receive the penalty to the opponent's AC, although you still receive a bonus for weapon skill feats like Weapon Focus. Note: PCs with Uncanny Dodge still receive their Dex bonus.

Beat: At 2nd level the student gains the Feat: Beat (*see Swashbuckling Adventures*,™ Ch. 4: Feats), even if he lacks the prerequisite. If you attack as normal and hit, your opponent takes no damage but may not use his primary or secondary (your choice) weapon during the first attack of his next turn. If he is not armed with two weapons, he forfeits that attack and also loses any Armor or Dodge bonus for wielding the weapon. He must make a Ref save (DC 10) or the weapon flies out of his hand and he is disarmed.

Patience of the Forest: At 3rd level the student has learned how to watch his opponent and block his attacks. If the Peecke student wins initiative against an opponent, he may forego his attack, in which case he gets a bonus to his defense equal to the difference in the initiative totals between him and his opponent. This bonus lasts until the end of the round, and only applies to attacks from the chosen opponent.

Disarm Master: At 4th level the student becomes a Master of Disarming. If you disarm your opponent, you may immediately take an Attack of Opportunity against him, assuming you can do so; that is, you have not made a previous Attack of Opportunity on him this round and he has not made his maximum number of Attacks of Opportunity this round.

Felling Blow: At 5th level the student is taught how to smash his foe to the ground by putting the full force of his body behind the attack. The Peecke student must forego both his Dex bonus for the attack. A successful attack allows an opposed Strength check as in a trip attack, modified by the amount of damage. The student does normal damage but adds twice his Strength bonus to the damage roll. The opponent must make a Balance check (DC 15) to remain standing. If the attack did a greater amount of damage than the opponent's Strength, the opponent must make a Balance check (DC 20). The fallen target suffers all the standard penalties of a prone target. This attack may not be combined with any attack feats such as Power Attack and Great Cleave.

Faileas (Reflection) Sword School

The Faileas School allows a student to mirror the moves of their opponent. The Faileas fighter even copies the facial expressions of their opponent in a bid to read their body language. The effect is similar to fighting one's own reflection. The school is practiced only in Bryn Bresail by the Sidhe, so a prospective student must train with an inhabitant of the Isle to learn its secrets.

TABLE 2-3: THE FAILEAS SWORD SCHOOL

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1	+1	+2	+2	+0	The Wrong Side
2	+2	+3	+3	+0	Bonus Feat — Dodge
3	+3	+3	+3	+1	Cannot Touch the Glass
4	+4	+4	+4	+1	Bonus Feat — Lightning Reflexes
5	+5	+4	+4	+1	Reflection of the Mind

Requirements

To qualify as a student of the Faileas Swordsman School, a character must fulfill the following criteria:

Base Attack Bonus: +8

Nationality: Bryn Bresail (Sidhe); Avalon with GM approval.

Feats: Weapon Focus (Rapier), Unarmored Defense Proficiency (Basic)

Skills: Concentration +6, Sense Motive +8, Spot +6

Game Rule Information

Alignment: Any

Hit Dice: d8

Class Skills

The Faileas Swordsman's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Balance (Dex), Concentration (Con), Gather Information (Cha), Jump (Str), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Search (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), Spot (Wis), Tumble (Dex).

Skill Points at Each Level: 2 + Int modifier

Class Features

The following are class features of the Faileas Swordsman School:

Weapons and Armor Proficiency: A student of the Faileas School is proficient with any form of fencing weapon. (Note: the style of this class may be adapted to a different weapon group with the GM's permission.)

The Wrong Side: At 1st level the student has learned to attack on the opponent's "off side." He gains a bonus of +1 to hit in any round in which he can make a Sense Motive check (DC 15). He also gains the Feat: Ambidexterity even if he lacks the prerequisite but does not gain training in two different weapons. (*See Players Handbook*™ for a description.)

Dodge: At 2nd level, the Faileas student gains the Feat: Dodge even if he does not meet the requirements. (*See Swashbuckling Adventures*,™ Ch. 4: Feats).

Cannot Touch the Glass: At 3rd level the student is a Journeyman and has learned how to move away as the attacker advances. He may subtract his Dex bonus +1 from any damage taken from a single attack in any round.

Lightning Reflexes: At 4th level, the Faileas student receives the Feat: Lightning Reflexes even if he does not meet the requirements. (*See Swashbuckling Adventures*,™ Ch. 4: Feats).

Reflection of the Mind: At 5th level the Faileas master learns how to copy the tricks of another swordsman's style. When an opponent uses a Feat in the combat, the master may attempt to repeat it by making a Concentration check (DC 20). If successful, he can use his opponent's Feat against him in the next round. If he chooses not to do so, he loses the ability and must make the same check to try again (either for a new ability or the one he did not use).



BOOK THREE: *The Magic*

Walking in the Mists

As a Player

This book updates many of the rules about Sidhe heroes originally published in the *Game Master's Guide*™, *Player's Guide*™, *Avalon*™, *Sophia's Daughters*™ and *Swashbuckling Adventures*™ sourcebooks. As noted in the *Avalon*™ book:

"While the Fae represent a potentially unbalanced element in any party, if portrayed properly, they can make a fascinating addition to any troupe. But they must be handled carefully, lest they dominate play and/or create too much conflict within the party... Playing one just to be an unstoppable god isn't going to work. Similarly, using the Sidhe as some sort of gimmick just to make an interesting character will lose much of its charm after just a short while." (*Avalon*™ pg. 108)

The first thing to remember when playing a Sidhe is that they have no real emotions. They have read about human emotions, they know that there are rules of human behavior, and they watch humans constantly, but the majority of them feel nothing. Sidhe knights are intrinsically brave because they have no understanding of fear and cannot die, so their actions are not hampered by fear of possible loss. They can make oaths of loyalty and friendship that they will never break but they never really know what it means to have a friend. They can be the most romantic creatures in the world but they will never *understand* love.

Most Sidhe focus on perfecting a single "persona." Unlike human beings who have different aspects of their personalities, Sidhe are one-dimensional beings who always act in specific ways. A Sidhe who believes that the correct response to a man staring at her is to turn him into stone is likely to do so every time a man stares because that is what she thinks she is supposed to do.

Sidhe are incapable of forming a true emotional attachment to anyone, Sidhe or human. They can pretend and perhaps fool themselves into thinking they are in love but their efforts will be completely focused on that action to the exclusion of all else. Likewise, arrogance and pride are simulated expressions of their observations from watching human interaction in Théah. Regardless of the apparently realistic behavior, it is naught but skillful artifice.

The Sidhe are always concerned with doing what is appropriate or "authentic." Having seen a mortal stand in the rain at the end of a love affair, a Sidhe might do so as well, believing that standing in the rain is what one must do, or perhaps, that if he stands long enough, he will feel something. If you try to tell a Sidhe that despite his best efforts, his behavior is more performance than reality, he will be very insulted (which could have a deleterious effect on your health.)

Despite their lack of human emotion the Sidhe are very volatile. A good technique when playing one is to act like a teenager whose emotions fluctuate madly in a very short time. For instance, he does not understand why he cannot take what he wants because the concept of delayed gratification is completely foreign to him. The Sidhe lack of self-control goes unchecked and like children, they can throw some very spectacular tantrums if they do not get what they

want precisely when they want it. Another possibility is to portray them as if they were shopping for clothes, trying on dozens of outfits until they find one that looks best or elicits the most dramatic reaction. The Sidhe, like the aforementioned human youngsters, are in constant need of entertainment. They are fascinated with the process of creation and marvel that it should come so easily and naturally to such short-lived and limited creatures like humans.

The Sidhe may present themselves to humans with a certain arrogance. They know they are superior beings; they are more powerful, more attractive, and immortal. Thus, it baffles and annoys them that lowly creatures like humans can understand and experience something they cannot. This fact motivates them to prove their superiority by traveling to Théah to test humans. When the humans fail to best them, they return to Bryn Bresail until the urge to test rises again or until they are insulted or directly challenged.

The last thing to remember about the Sidhe is that they live in a very cold world. Without emotion there is no true passion and without passion there is no true art or inspiration. They can reproduce music they have heard, played on beautiful instruments and sung with voices that would reduce a brave human warrior to tears. However, they are only imitating what they have heard over and over again. Human artists, with their creativity, bring something new to each performance while a Sidhe gives the same flawless — and identical — performance each time.

The Unseelie go the other way, encouraging raw passion around them without any need or desire to understand what it means. They are great balls of rage, violence, and drama without true emotion. If the lands of the Sidhe are summer places covered in ice, the Unseelie lands are trapped in a winter of flame.

Playing a Sidhe is a tremendous challenge. You must simultaneously be an explosion of romance, adventure, and expression while remaining hollow inside. You crave things you do not understand in a world unlike Bryn Bresail where the rules seem to change daily. Every time you follow the rules, your human companions tell you that you are doing it wrong. These lesser beings treat you like a child or a simpleton; in response, you rage at them and may feel compelled to punish them.

A final word of caution — the Sidhe are not elves in the cinematic sense nor are they delicately winged little fairies who blush and giggle and sip dew out of hollyhocks. They have deadly weapons and powerful Glamour magic. Many enjoy twisting reality and reforming it to serve their whim. Most can cut a mortal in half with ease. A female player who thinks that her character will be able to tame the Horned King or a male player who believes that he will melt a Sidhe Queen's heart with his charm had best be prepared to face the consequences of close contact with such immensely powerful beings.

Shapechanging

The Sidhe, as the embodiment of Glamour, are not bound by their visible appearance. While some prefer to maintain one shape, they may change their form at will. Those who do gain all the powers and abilities of their new form while retaining their normal skills, powers, advantages, and traits in the new form, except Brawn and Finesse which match their new form. This ability, in both systems, should be handled more as an augmentation to role-playing and the story line than as an objective mechanic.

Sidhe (7th Sea™)

There are a number of reasons why a Seelie would traverse the human world, most often because he is on a mission from one of the Queens. A Seelie character retains the benefits of his Sidhe blood. He may be played as a condescending nobleman (think Montaigne and immortal) or as an enthusiastic adventurer (a young bright-eyed Avalon knight) or even a curious but benign scholar of humankind. He may be utterly pathetic and self-pitying about being sent on a mission in the human world or he may have a truly child-like naiveté about everything he sees, asking questions galore at inappropriate moments. Even if he looks human, he is going to stand out the minute he walks into a room or opens his mouth.

Sidhe characters gain marvelous abilities unknown to their human counterparts, but there is a price. The rules below are updates and corrections on the previously published rules about the Sidhe (see *Avalon™* and *Sophia's Daughters™*):

General Rules

- It is up to the GM whether to allow Sidhe characters as PCs in the game.
- Sidhe characters receive 100 Hero Points, the same as mortal heroes.
- Sidhe characters start with a Reputation of 10.

Traits

Sidhe characters begin the game with their Traits at Rank 2 instead of at Rank 1 and are considered to have the Legendary Trait Advantage in all five Traits. (See *Player's Guide™*.) They do not receive a Free Rank in a Trait from a Nationality Bonus.

Skills and Knacks

At character creation, Sidhe characters have access to any Skills except Criminal, Crossbow, Dirty Fighting, Doctor, Firearms, Merchant, Panzerhand, Pugilism, Servant, Streetwise, and Wrestling. They may not pursue any Knack in these Skills, regardless of whether it appears in a Skill that is otherwise permitted. This ban applies only for the initial creation of the character; new Skills may be purchased with Experience Points normally as long as the character can find someone willing to teach them these new skills. GMs may add other Skills to this list for their campaigns. Note: any Skill that involves contact with Cold Iron (Artillery, Gunner, Firearms, etc.) would not be a logical choice.

Swordsman Schools

Sidhe characters cannot begin with a Swordsman School that does not originate in Bryn Bresail. Later on, at the GM's discretion, Sidhe may learn new Swordsman Schools by spending Experience Points (assuming they can find a human willing to teach them.)

Advantages

Sidhe characters may select one of each of the following Advantages and Blessings (pg. 39) for free during character creation:

- Dangerous Beauty, Appearance: Stunning, or Appearance: Hideous. A Sidhe character may purchase Appearance: Intimidating or Appearance: Blessed Beauty Advantage for 10 fewer Hero Points.
- Either Combat Reflexes or Keen Senses (but not both).
- Either Large or Small (but not both).
- Immortal.
- Slow Aging and Immunity to Disease.
- Smell Glamour.
- Iron Susceptibility, Iron Vulnerability, Sea Bound, or Strange Poison (choose only one).

A Sidhe character can take additional Sidhe Blessings, but for each one taken, a Sidhe Curse must be taken as well.

- Sidhe characters may begin with Sidhe Weapon (–1 discount to the total cost) and may have more than one Sidhe Weapon, for a total cost up to 10 HP, after the discount. However, Sidhe have no exceptional ability to use more than two weapons at a time
- Although a Sidhe can understand any spoken language he hears, the only language in which he is literate is Avalon. Sidhe cannot read and write any more adroitly than a human unless they have studied, and must follow the same rules as humans for adding more literate languages.
- All Sidhe are Full Blooded Glamour Mages and begin with the normal 7 points worth of Knacks. However, they may purchase more ranks in Glamour Knacks with Hero Points as if they were basic skills. They may also select from any Knacks, including multiple Knacks of the same trait (i.e., the character may have both Queen Maab and the Stone Knight, even though mortals may not have two Knacks based upon Resolve.)

Arcana

Sidhe characters may not purchase Arcana nor can they use Drama Dice to activate a villain's Arcana. (See note on Drama & Glamour Dice below.)

Drama & Glamour Dice

Sidhe characters do not earn Drama Dice. The only way a Sidhe can have a Drama Die is if another Hero gives them one via a game effect (such as a Virtue). Instead, they receive "Glamour Dice." These are similar to Drama Dice, but may not be spent to activate (or prevent activation of) Arcana, and do not turn into Experience Points at the end of the Story. Glam-

our Dice may also be used to activate Glamour Knacks. You receive an initial allotment of Glamour dice equal to a combination of your Reputation dice and your highest Trait, and earn more the same way human characters earn Drama Dice.

Other

- Sidhe do not need sleep in the human sense. However, once per diurnal cycle (24 hours) they must rest in the presence of dreamers. They focus on a human within 10 feet of them and attune themselves to that person's dreams; walls and doors present no barrier to this power. Some dreamers can detect this silent invasion (at the GM's option), but usually the Sidhe is a silent observer. The only way to prevent the Sidhe from establishing contact with the dreams is to cast magical wards.
- Sidhe do not require food, although they can eat if they desire. Many actually become gluttons when they discover the wonders of Théan cuisine, although they do not gain weight unless they adjust their appearance. Unfortunately, they make terrible cooks because their tastes can be very odd and extreme.
- All Sidhe are largely immune to normal weaponry. Reduce all damage to them from normal weapons by 2 kept dice. Cold Iron, MacEachern blades, Montaigne Puzzle Swords, Laerdom enchanted blades, and Syrneath weapons enchanted with lan affect them normally. Dracheneisen affects the Sidhe the way it affects humans.



Sidhe (d20™)

Medium Size (if trying to pass among humans, select "normal" size.)

Base Speed: 30 ft.

Bonus Feats: See below

Bonus Skill Points: None

Automatic Language: Avalon (see below)

Bonus Languages: Special (see below)

Favored Class: Glamour Sorcerer (see *Swashbuckling Arcana™*)

Abilities: +1 Str, +1 Dex, +1 Int, +1 Cha

Challenge Rating: +7

Damage Reduction: 10/Cold Iron

Note: These are generic rules for the Sidhe, to be adjusted by the GM as needed.

BASE HEIGHT (TO APPEAR HUMAN)

Sidhe, man	5 ft. + (3d6+2) in. (Height Modifier)
Sidhe, woman	4 ft. 8in + (3D6+2) in. (Height Modifier)

BASE WEIGHT (TO APPEAR HUMAN)

Sidhe, man	100 lb. + (Height Modifier * 1D8) lb.
Sidhe, woman	65 lb. + (Height Modifier * 1D8) lb.

Available Classes

- All Sidhe may begin as Glamour Sorcerers at 1st level.
- They may pick other classes for 2nd level and beyond, or continue as Glamour sorcerers if they desire. As Glamour sorcerers they may never have any other type of sorcery, including Wizard, Sorcerer, or Witch.
- They are banned from any class that requires true emotion, feeling, or dedication as a prerequisite, such as Cleric, Paladin, Druid, or Inquisitor.
- They are banned from any class requiring a non-Sidhe cultural background, such as Barbarian, Monk, or Wanderer.
- They are also banned from any class they could not have gained in Bryn Bresail unless they have the opportunity to observe or train with humans, for example, Alchemist, Musketeer, or Spy.
- They must receive the GM's permission to train in any Prestige Class regardless of prerequisites.

Available Feats

At character creation, they get one from each of the following categories:

- One of the following: Appearance - Above Average, Sex Appeal, or Unnerving Countenance.
- Either Combat Reflexes or Keen Senses but not both.
- Either Large or Small but not both.

- Full Blooded (Glamour) Feat for free.
- Immortal.
- Slow Aging and Immunity to Disease.
- Smell Glamour.
- Strange Poison (Iron), Sea Bound, or Strange Poison (GM's choice of one only).

Sidhe may not take Arcana feats. However, they may take additional Sidhe feats at a cost of adding one Sidhe Frailty for each additional feat. This may only be done at 1st level.

Other

- Sidhe characters may begin with one Sidhe Bow (with arrows), Sidhe Dagger, or Sidhe Sword.
- While a Sidhe can understand any spoken language he hears, the only language in which he is automatically literate is Avalon. Sidhe cannot read and write any more adroitly than a human unless they have studied, and must follow the same rules as humans for adding more R/W languages.
- All Sidhe have a -1 penalty to all saving throws and skill checks while within 10 feet of Cold Iron. As a rule, it causes some discomfort but no pain unless otherwise stipulated. As with the 7th Sea™ system, players are encouraged to role-play this effect.
- All Sidhe have Damage Reduction 10/Cold Iron unless otherwise stipulated.
- All Sidhe have Spell Resistance 10.
- A Sidhe Blooded character may select one Sidhe Blessing from the Sidhe Blooded chart other than those marked Sidhe and Fallen Sidhe only. The player may also pick a second Sidhe Blessing as long as he takes a Sidhe Curse as well.

Fallen Sidhe

The Fallen Sidhe is a Seelie who has been cast out of Bryn Bresail, usually for displaying an unseemly interest in human affairs. It is one thing to imitate humans or take them as lovers; it is quite another to get involved in their business. These outcasts should not be confused with the Unseelie, who have rejected Seelie values. Most Fallen Sidhe are quite young by Sidhe standards and have not quite come into their true power. You will need approval from your GM to play a Fallen Sidhe, as they are extremely rare. Some never associate with humans, some blame humans for their exile and seek revenge, and still others choose to immerse themselves in the ways of humankind.

Fallen Sidhe (d20™)

A Fallen Sidhe is treated as a Sidhe character except for the following changes:

- Despite an interest in humans, most Fallen Sidhe have difficulty dealing socially with humans and non-Sidhe creatures, and thus suffer a –5 penalty on social interaction rolls involving a human. They may reduce this penalty by 1 for every 2 levels they spend on a “human class” (in either *Swashbuckling Adventures™* or the *Player’s Handbook™*). The penalty may never be reduced below –2 because a Sidhe can never pass completely as human; there is always something “different” about him that can be regarded as anything from oddly fascinating to very disturbing.
- Damage reduction 10/Cold Iron.
- Fallen Sidhe have the Half Blooded (Glamour) Feat.

Sidhe Blooded (d20™)

A Sidhe blooded character is half human, half Sidhe. For most purposes, they are the same as another human of a Théan nationality of their choice (although certain nationalities such as Crescent or Cathayan are unlikely.) However, there are a few extra penalties and bonuses:

- A Sidhe Blooded character need not begin the game as a Glamour sorcerer, but may become one with training and the correct prerequisites at any time. Like his Full-Blooded brethren, he may not gain any other form of magic user or sorcerer. He does gain the Half-Blooded (Glamour) Feat for free, however.
- A Sidhe Blooded character is pained by the proximity of Cold Iron and suffers a –1 penalty to any action attempted while wearing or holding a Cold Iron item. While within 10 ft. of Cold Iron, he suffers a –2 circumstance penalty to all rolls, as it causes some discomfort but no real pain. The physical effect of Cold Iron should be role-played as well.
- A Sidhe Blooded character may also select one (1) Feat from the Sidhe Feats list (other than those marked “Sidhe and Fallen Sidhe only”) which then replaces one of his standard Feat slots. These Sidhe Feats may only be taken at 1st level. The player may also choose a second Sidhe Feat as long as he takes a Sidhe Frailty as well.
- The Challenge Rating (CR) for Sidhe Blooded Characters is +1.
- A Sidhe Blooded character may purchase Half Blood Glamour either at character creation for 18 HP, or afterwards for 50 experience points.

Sidhe Blooded (7th sea™)

See *Advantages* pg.38, for updated rules.

Fallen Sidhe (7th Sea™)

A Fallen Sidhe is treated as a Sidhe character except for the following changes:

- Fallen Sidhe are especially vulnerable to the Repartee System. Characters who use the Repartee System on them gain a bonus of 2 unkept dice (+2k0).
- Fallen Sidhe may not purchase any Sorcery besides Glamour. They begin the game with Half-Blooded Glamour (reflecting their disconnection with their former selves in their new mortal incarnations,) and may spend 20 HP to have Full Blooded Glamour.
- Fallen Sidhe characters may not take any Backgrounds at the start of the game. New Backgrounds may be acquired later in the normal fashion, per the GM’s approval.
- Cold Iron and MacEachern weapons do an additional +1k1 damage to a Fallen Sidhe character, who is also pained by the proximity of such substances, and all rolls made while wearing or holding a Cold Iron item are at one fewer kept dice.

Unforgiven Unseelie

Worse than Fallen Sidhe, the Unforgiven have been banished for a real (or imagined) crime that is much worse than displaying an overriding interest in the human world. Perhaps they have exercised magical powers against fellow Sidhe or, worst of all, displayed evidence of actual emotion. Once they are tainted by the mortal world, they are bound to it and must be excised lest they “infect” Bryn Bresail and their fellow Sidhe.

They have lost their immortality, and while they retain the gift of Slow Aging, mortal death is now a very real part of their life. They are no longer invulnerable to mortal weapons and they will feel true pain if wounded. The flood of real emotion is as painful as any physical blow and far more confusing. The PC and the GM should develop a background for this character that takes this all into account and provides a logical reason why the character is where she is in Théah.

Unforgiven Unseelie (d20™)

An Unforgiven Unseelie is treated as a Sidhe character except for the following changes:

- They begin with a reputation of –10.
- These characters lack the Immortal Blessing, although they still have Slow Aging and Immunity to Disease.
- Unforgiven Unseelie have great difficulty dealing socially and thus suffer a –5 penalty to all social interaction rolls. They may reduce this penalty by 1 for every 2 levels they spend on a “human class” (see below); otherwise, they reduce the penalty for every 2 levels they gain while adventuring on Théah with humans.

- Strange Poison (Iron).
- Cold Iron and MacEachern weapons do 3 extra points of damage to a Sidhe blooded character who is also pained by the proximity of Cold Iron and suffers a -1 penalty to any action attempted while wearing or holding a cold iron item. While within 10 feet of Cold Iron, he suffers a -2 circumstance penalty to all rolls because it causes some discomfort but no real pain. This effect should be role-played as well.
- He gains both Iron Susceptibility and Iron Vulnerability.
- Challenge Rating (CR) for an Unforgiven Unseelie is +3.

Unforgiven Unseelie

(7th Sea™)

An Unforgiven Unseelie is treated as a Sidhe character except for the following changes:

- Begins with a reputation of -10.
- Lacks the Immortal blessing, although they still have Slow Aging and Immunity to Disease.
- Especially vulnerable to the Repartee System. Characters who use the Repartee System on them gain a bonus of 2 unkept dice (+2k0).
- Begins the game with a 2-point Hunted (Sidhe) Background.
- Cold Iron and MacEachern weapons do 3 extra points of damage to an Unforgiven Unseelie character, who is also pained by the proximity of Cold Iron and suffers a -1 penalty to any action attempted while wearing or holding a cold iron item. He loses one unkept die to all rolls while within 10 feet of it. The Cold Iron causes some discomfort but no pain; this effect should be role-played.



Appearance (Varies)

Physically, you are more appealing to others. This can take the form of something obvious like a perfectly sculpted face, or something subtler, like a pair of radiant eyes. Regardless, the game effects are as follows:

Consult with your GM before taking the Intimidating or Blessed Beauty version of this Advantage. If you take any of these Appearance Advantages, you may not take the Unnerving Countenance Advantage.

Unnerving Countenance (Varies)

Ordinary people find you downright unpleasant to look upon, and often feel uncomfortable around you. While this can be awkward, there are times when being ugly can help. Many people simply assume that your soul matches your form in its hideousness, they are often more easily cowed because of it. Your lack of beauty could take the form of something obvious like a hunchback, excessive scarring, warts, missing teeth, etc. or it could be something more subtle like eyes that never blink. Regardless of the cause, the game effects are as follows:

Sidhe Blood (Varies, minimum 1, Avalon or Sophia's Daughters Only)

(These rules supercede those printed in the *Avalon™* and *Sophia's Daughters™* sourcebooks.)

Through some ancient (or perhaps not-so-ancient) tryst, you have Sidhe blood running through your veins. Normally, only Avalon-born people possess such blood but the Daughters of Sophia have spread far enough throughout the world that traces crop up in members from other countries as well.

Characters with Sidhe blood have both benefits and hindrances. The cost of this Advantage varies depending on which traits you inherited from your Sidhe side. The Blessings cost Hero Points, while the Curses return points to you. The minimum cost for this Advantage is 1 and you cannot have more points in Curses than Blessings.

One need not purchase this Advantage in order to have Sidhe blood. It simply means that your blood is strong enough to convey some tangible benefit or drawback. Daughters with Sidhe blood who do not possess this Advantage have no abilities imparted through their inhuman heritage.

Advantages (7th Sea™)

Unless stated otherwise, the rules here are for the 7th Sea™ system. d20 System™ variations for these rules are described beneath the appropriate entry.

TABLE 3-1: APPEARANCE

Above Average	5 Points	-1 unkept die (+1k0) for all social rolls
Stunning	10 Points	+2 unkept dice (+2k0) for all social rolls
Intimidating	15 Points	+3 unkept dice (+3k0) for all social rolls
Blessed Beauty	20 Points	+4 unkept dice (+4k0) for all social rolls

Specific Sidhe Blood Advantages (all are Avalon Only):

In the *Avalon*™ sourcebook, the GM is encouraged to create specific Sidhe Blood Advantages, giving each a 1 Point discount to adjust for the lack of flexibility. Players may only use this bonus with the GM's permission. Here are a few examples:

Selkie Blood (also known as MacCodrum Heritage) (5 Points)

Blessings: Appearance: Stunning, Child of the Sea, Slow Aging and Immunity to Disease

Curses: Cold-Hearted, Iron Vulnerability, Sea Bound

Pooka Blood (2 Points)

Blessings: Slow Aging and Immunity to Disease, Variable Features

Curses: Mischievous

Sidhe Weapon (Varies, Avalon Only)

Some adventurers have been blessed with a Sidhe weapon. Those with the Sidhe Blood Advantage and the Good Standing Blessing can purchase a Sidhe Weapon for one HP less than the listed cost. A weapon purchased with the Sidhe Weapon Advantage can be used against a Sidhe, but its damage is dealt as if it was an ordinary weapon of the same type.

Sidhe Sword (4 Points)

A Sidhe sword is as light as smoke and as deadly as fire. It can be wielded by anyone, Sidhe or human, who uses the Fencing Weapon or Heavy Weapon Skill, at the user's choice. These blades are regarded as 4k2 weapons in the Triple Kingdoms and 3k2 weapons elsewhere. When rolling for Initiative, the user may lower one of his Action dice by one at the start of the Round.

Sidhe Bow and Arrows (3 Points)

Sidhe bows and arrows are special gifts. A Sidhe bowstring can never be broken, and the six arrows that come with it can always be retrieved after firing. Those struck by a killing blow with a Sidhe arrow do not die but rather fall into an enchanted sleep which lasts as long as the GM sees fit (a single night is normal, but periods of up to one hundred years have been known).

Sidhe Dagger (2 Points)

A Sidhe dagger can be as deadly a weapon as its larger counterpart. It is a 2k2 weapon (1k2 when away from Avalon) and shares the same qualities as a Sidhe sword, including Initiative bonuses.

Sidhe Spear (5 Points)

A Sidhe spear is similar in heft and lethality to a Sidhe sword. It requires the Polearm Skill, and does 6k2 damage in the Triple Kingdoms and 5k2 elsewhere. It acts as a +2 keen (sharp-edged) longspear, which extends the critical range to 19-20 and makes the weapon slightly more deadly than a normal spear. In addition, when rolling for initiative, the wielder rolls 2k1.

Unseelie Ally (2 Points, Avalon Only)

Through some means, you have gained the favor of an Unseelie Sidhe. While this will hinder your negotiations with the Seelie, it also means that you can get an Unseelie who is bothering you to leave you unharmed just by mentioning your Ally's name. With this advantage, however, you have one less Reputation die when dealing with the Seelie. You may not be sure why that Unseelie Sidhe has taken such a protective interest in you, nor do you know how long this arrangement will last.

Blessings

These are benefits you have received from your Sidhe heritage. Each Blessing may be taken only once:

Existing Advantage (Varies)

One, and only one, of the following Advantages may be taken as part of your Sidhe Blood Advantage package for the listed costs: Appearance: Above Average (4 Points); Appearance: Stunning (8 Points); Appearance: Intimidating (12 Points); Appearance: Blessed Beauty (16 Points); Dangerous Beauty (2 Points); Keen Senses (1 Point); Large (4 Points); Small (1 Point); Unnerving Countenance: Below Average (1 Point); Unnerving Countenance: Ugly (3 Points); or Unnerving Countenance: Hideous (5 Points).

Child of the Earth (2 Points)

You have an affinity for Avalon's bountiful earth. You can feel the heart of the mountains slowly beating beneath you. You can sense impending earthquakes like an animal, and when you take Falling Damage the surface you land on is always considered to be one category softer than usual.

TABLE 3-2: UNNERVING COUNTENANCE

Below Average	2 Points	Penalty of -1 unkept die (-1k0) on all social rolls except those where being unpleasant to look at can be an Advantage (Haggling, for instance); those social rolls get a +1k1 bonus. This bonus applies to Intimidation attempts as well.
Ugly	4 Points	Penalty of -2 unkept dice (-2k0) on all social rolls except those where being unpleasant to look at can be advantageous; those social rolls get a +2k2 bonus. This bonus also applies to Intimidation attempts.
Hideous	6 Points	Penalty of -3 unkept dice (-3k0) on all social rolls, except for those where being unpleasant to behold can be beneficial. Those social rolls get a +3k3 bonus, which also applies to Intimidation attempts. Furthermore, you may spend one action per turn displaying your ugliness to add +1 to your Fear Rating for the remainder of the turn. If you do not have a Fear Rating, you temporarily gain a Fear Rating of 1.

* Consult with your GM before purchasing the Hideous version of this Advantage. You may not take the Appearance Advantage if you have this Advantage.

Child of the Sea (3 Points)

You have an affinity for the sea. You can smell the sharp tang of the salt air no matter how far inland you travel. You can sense impending storms, and when using the Drowning rules your Resolve is 3 higher than normal.

Child of the Sky (3 Points)

You have an affinity for the sky and a faint tie to the Queen of the Sidhe. You are always lulled to sleep by the gentle sound of rain, even in the worst of droughts. You can sense another world out of the corners of your eyes. You may use a Glamour Knack once per Act without paying a Drama Die.

Good Standing (2 Points)

The Sidhe side of your family is in good standing with a Seelie Queen so you receive one extra Reputation die when dealing with the Seelie Court. In addition, those with Good Standing may purchase the Sidhe Weapon Advantage for one less HP.

Immortal (Sidhe, Fallen Sidhe only, 5 points)

You are immune to the effects of aging once you reach the age of maturity.

Slow Aging and Immunity to Disease (2 Points)

Thanks to your Sidhe heritage, you age more slowly than normal mortals (divide your age in half, rounding down, for Aging rule purposes) and you are immune to all disease (including the White Plague).

Smell Glamour (3 Points)

Because of your Sidhe heritage, you can “smell” Glamour. Pick a distinctive smell, like ripe oranges, wintergreen, or brimstone. This smell fills your nostrils when a Sidhe or Glamour Mage is using his powers within 30 feet of you. Some characters with Sidhe blood hear Glamour and a very few can even taste it.

Variable Features (3 Points)

Many Sidhe are shapeshifters, and you have just a touch of this power yourself. Not enough to turn into an ox or a horse, but enough to alter your eye color, facial features, skin tone, and hair color just enough to make yourself unrecognizable. You must expend a Drama (or Glamour) Die to do it.

Make a Panache roll, the result of which is the TN for anyone who sees you to recognize you. You cannot imitate the appearance of any specific person in this fashion; the effect is merely enough to hide your own identity. You have no ability to disguise your scent or voice, and you cannot create or eliminate scars, birthmarks, or missing body parts.

Curses

Alas, there are also drawbacks to having a Sidhe heritage. Each Curse may be taken only once.

Cold-Hearted (2 Points)

Your Sidhe heritage has left you with a hard heart. You may never experience True Love (except through magical means), and your romances are doomed to fail once because you grow bored with your lover. In game terms, any romances in which your character gets involved must be ended by the beginning of the next Story. Each completed romance lowers your Rep-

utation by 3 Points. Worst of all, you begin the game with a 2-Point Lost Love Background from which you never receive bonus Experience Points.

Diurnal (2 Points)

You grow weak when shielded from the light of the sun. Unless you are in direct sunlight, all your rolls suffer a penalty of two unkept dice (-2k0). You cannot take the Nocturnal Curse.

Gifts (2 Points)

The giving of gifts is a powerful ritual in the lands of the Sidhe. Your heritage has made it a curse. Whenever you accept a gift, you must return the favor as quickly as possible. For every day that you do not, you lose once unkept die (-1k0) to all your rolls. This effect is cumulative.

Huge Appetite (1 Point)

Many kinds of Sidhe are known to eat and drink more than their size would indicate, and evidently you come from this stock. You must eat twice as much food as the average person of your size. Consequently, you need to make sure to take along twice as many provisions when you go on an expedition. You find it very hard to turn down offers of food or drink, and must make a Resolve roll against a TN based on the amount of food being offered. Snacks have a TN of 5, small meals or drinks have a TN of 10, medium-sized meals have a TN of 15, large meals have a TN of 20, and feasts have a TN of 25.

Iron Susceptibility (1 Point)

You are susceptible to Cold Iron, but to a much smaller extent than some of your cousins. Touching the metal with your flesh causes mild discomfort, but no actual penalties. If you are struck with a weapon made of Cold Iron, your opponent rolls one additional unkept die (+1k0) on Damage Rolls. MacEachern weapons roll and keep one additional die (+1k1) on Damage Rolls against you. You cannot take the Iron Vulnerability Curse if you have this Curse.

Iron Vulnerability (2 Points)

Your Sidhe heritage has left you vulnerable to cold iron. Whenever the dreaded metal comes into contact with your flesh, you suffer extreme pain and lose one unkept die (-1k0) from all your Actions until the end of the Scene. If you are struck with a weapon made from cold iron, your opponent rolls and keeps one additional die (+1k1) on Damage Rolls. MacEachern weapons affect you as if you were a full-blooded Sidhe. You cannot take the Iron Susceptibility Curse.

Mischievous (2 Points)

You cannot resist tricking people or playing practical jokes. If you do not perform at least one such prank per day then you will suffer a cumulative penalty of one unkept die per day (-1k0) since the last time you played a prank.

Nocturnal (1 Point)

You have trouble functioning in direct sunlight, and are at a penalty of one unkept die (-1k0) when doing so. You cannot take the Diurnal Curse.

Running Water (1 Point)

You cannot cross running water without a bridge but you do not know why. (Remember that this is a curse, and should be role-played as such. Most Sidhe have a deep affinity for the water.)

Sea Bound (2 Points)

You are left feeling weak whenever you cannot feel the salt spray from the sea on your skin. When you are more than ten miles from any body of salt water, all your rolls are at a penalty of two unkept dice (-2k0).

Sidhe Feats (7th Sea™)

These feats may only be taken by Sidhe, Fallen Sidhe, Sidhe Blooded, and Unforgiven Unseelie characters.

Alternate Form (Sidhe or Fallen Sidhe Only)

You may assume a different form almost at will, although it costs 1d4 hit points every time you transform. You retain the same hit point total when in the new form, but assume the attributes of a normal member of that species. You must choose the form at character creation and it must be approved by the GM. Any small or average sized animal is acceptable, such as a crow, rabbit or a horse. (Drachen or other monsters are not acceptable.) It is possible to have another Sidhe form (but not a human one) with a different appearance, or even a different sex. However, you retain all your Sidhe Feats and Frailties in the new form as well. Clothing and most items will transform with you.

The only problem is that a little of the other form's personality tends to sneak through at all times in minor ways. If the form is a cat you may be sleepy in the daytime, if a crow you may have a rather dubious diet, and if a rabbit...

Creature of Beauty

Add 1d6 points to Charisma to a maximum of 18 for Sidhe-blooded characters, but a maximum of 22 for Fallen Sidhe. If the character is a Fallen Sidhe this Feat may be taken twice.

Child of the Earth

You are in touch by the spirit of the earth. You always know when an earthquake or other natural cataclysm is about to occur a few minutes beforehand. You may halve damage received from falling if you fall onto a natural earth or rock surface.

Child of the Sea

The song of the ocean calls to you. You are always aware of bad weather at least an hour before it hits. You may also breathe water as if it were air as long as you are in a sea or ocean.

Child of the Sky

You are in touch with the power of the sky. You always know what the weather will be like a day in advance just by looking up at the sky. Any avian creature knows you for a friend, and will be well disposed towards you upon initial meeting.

Fearful Countenance

No matter how beautiful or ugly you are, there is something completely terrifying about you. You may use this aura to give you a +4 insight bonus to an Intimidate roll.

Family of Good Standing

You come from a line of noble and respected Sidhe. You gain a +2 circumstance bonus to all social actions with any Sidhe in good standing with either the Seelie Courts or Unseelie Courts. You may take this advantage a second time and gain the bonus to both Courts.

Immortal

You are immune to the effects of aging once you reach the age of maturity.

Immune to Poison (Sidhe or Fallen Sidhe Only)

Sidhe are unaffected by any natural poison. Those crafted by man from mixtures and alchemy may be resisted with a +4 circumstance bonus.

Immunity to Weapons (Sidhe or Fallen Sidhe Only)

The character may select a weapon group, and any normal weapon from it does not harm him. However, if the weapon is magical it does the normal damage. The GM may also rule that any special but non-magical weapon may also do damage, such as a treasured family sword or weapon crafted by someone with a loathing for the Sidhe. This power may be taken multiple times to gain immunity from more groups of weapons.

Legendary Ability (Sidhe or Fallen Sidhe only)

You may add 2 to any one (1) ability, which may raise that ability to a maximum of 20. This Feat may be taken twice, and used on the same ability if desired.

Resilient

You increase damage reduction to 15/cold iron and increase spell resistance to 15 (for Sidhe and Fallen Sidhe only.)

Sidhe Weapon

You carry a Sidhe crafted item of power. In general, the weapon grants a +2 magical enhancement bonus to all rolls while you in Avalon, and +1 anywhere else. Thanks to its extremely fine and delicate craftsmanship, the weapon is only half as heavy as its human counterpart and twice as resistant to any attempt to break it. At the GM's option you may forego the usual bonus and choose a weapon with a Sidhe power, such as arrows that put a person to sleep rather than damage them. This Feat may be taken more than once.

Slow Aging and Immunity to Disease

Sidhe have such a powerful constitution that they are immune to any natural disease. They also gain a +4 circumstance bonus to any save versus magical or unnatural diseases.

Smell Glamour

The character is always aware of the hint of Glamour around them and any Glamour spells or effects in their immediate area are readily apparent. They will also know if any person is a Glamour mage or has been enchanted by one. The "smell" does not tell them the nature or type of magic involved, simply its power, area of effect, and intensity. It has no affect on other forms of magic and sorcery. This power may instead be used to detect Bargainer's Arts or Syrneath as separate Feats; however a character should only have one.

Sidhe Frailties

Aura of Beauty

Whatever your appearance there is something magnetic about you. Humans find you fascinating even if you are repulsive and do not quite understand the attraction unless you are staggeringly beautiful. Whenever you enter a room everyone notices you. You cannot walk down the street without attracting followers. Your presence is always noted and even if you arrive cloaked and hooded, people are still drawn to you, which can be unfortunate if there are those whom you are trying to avoid.

All Move Silently/Hide checks are made at -2. Any NPC who interacts with you add +2 to any rolls which involve remembering your presence.

Diurnal

You grow weak when sheltered from the sun. Any action attempted out of direct sunlight is at -2. If you select this Frailty, you may not take Nocturnal.

Frightful Visage

Yours is a twisted idea of beauty and you have modeled yourself on it. Reduce your Charisma by 2d4 points.

Gifting

You are bound to return any favor or gift given to you. Any time you receive a gift or favor you must repay it in equal worth. For every day you do not, you gain a cumulative -1 penalty to all actions.

Misconceived Habits

You just do not understand the human world. What is disgusting to them is beautiful to you. You are attracted to unresolved parts of the human world. Anything twisted fills you with longing and wonder. You know to draw the line at crime, but not quite. Once per day, the GM may force you to act in ways that humans will find repulsive or extremely unusual.

Nocturnal

Sunlight causes you physical pain, and only the night brings comfort. Any action attempted while in sunlight is at -2. You may not take Diurnal.

Responsibility

You have a responsibility to the Sidhe, which may take several forms. It could be to keep an item or a person safe or learn all you can about a specific human emotion. You may have to gather a certain number of stories for the Sidhe court each year. Guarding is another possibility, but not suitable for an adventurer unless it is to take a turn with others. The GM has the final word; remember that this is a penalty, so do not expect to guard a powerful magic sword.

Sea Bound

You need to be close to the water to feel truly alive. You suffer a -2 penalty to any action attempted when not in sight of, or travelling on the sea.

Strange Fear

There is something in particular about the human world that is so strange to you it fills you with dread. It could be an emotion or organization; however, it is not something that could be part of the Sidhe or the natural world. Whatever it is, it is wholly human. Whenever you encounter the object of your fear, you must make a Will Save (DC 15) or flee it. Even when you make your save, you will avoid the object when possible.

Sidhe and Scrying

While they have far more power than a human, the Sidhe possess less free will. Despite this, scrying and predictions involving the Sidhe are almost never correct, a fact that has driven prophets and soothsayers insane for centuries.

The primary reason for this is inherent in the means of prophecy. Any means of foretelling the future does so by using the laws of reality and understanding. While the uncertainty of the process often displays itself in cloudy or misleading predictions, the laws of reality dictate that certain causes will always have a definable effect. No matter how many times you leap off a cliff, you will fall every time. All methods of foretelling rely upon these laws of reality to remain inviolate, they build one action upon another until a prophecy is revealed.

However, the Sidhe are not simply powerful humans. They are a force of nature manifest in physical form and care no more for the rules of reality than they care for the rules of man. Whenever the Sidhe act, their actions twist and change the very nature of reality. When a Sidhe steps off the cliff, he only falls if he feels like it. While the Sidhe act true to form when they use their powers, any prediction of their actions will go awry. Few people with methods of predicting the future realize this aspect of reality and are startled to discover the future turning out far differently than they had expected. This is one of the primary reasons that the Lady of the Lake has not become the most powerful Sidhe, her predictions of the future only hold true while herself and the other Sidhe do not interfere.



Strange Poison

Something completely innocuous in the human world is dangerous to you. Sadly, the only way to find out is to come across it in your travels. The GM picks a common and unthreatening substance, and doesn't tell you until you come across it. You take 1d4 damage for every round you are in contact with the substance and feel slightly sick when nearby it. Depending on the substance (which can also be an emotion or a place), the GM may impose other penalties. Hope the GM does not choose ale.

Tragic Love

You are fated to fall in love far too easily. Unfortunately, you are also fated to destroy or hurt whatever or whomever you come to love. This frailty should be role-played to the extent that the players can handle.

Sidhe and Glamour

A human Glamour mage is able to touch a bit of the fame and renown of a Legend, which allows him to accomplish fantastic feats beyond his own natural capabilities. By emulating Robin Goodfellow, for example, an archer can make an incredible bow shot while someone who emulates the Seelie Queen wraps an aura of regal authority around herself. Great heroes and villains have Glamour, the magical spark to their souls that allows them to be unforgettable, something that makes others want to be them — or be with them. The Legend lives apart from the mage, but he is able to tap into its power as his own for a short time. However, that is not how a Sidhe uses Glamour.

Every Sidhe is a legend, a force of nature and myth. They can bend and warp reality all around them because they stand apart from its laws and their only limitation is their own fame. Although they emulate human behavior, they draw upon their own innate energy to achieve things beyond the greatest mortal. Through the power of illusion, they can change their form at will or transform object. While this force is not unlimited, it is far greater than any human could ever generate.

Most Sidhe use Glamour in a focused and consistent way. The Sidhe monarchs are the greatest examples of this; the three Queens know who they are and what they command. As the centuries have passed, they continue to gain renown and power.

Sidhe Glamour Knacks (7th Sea™)

While most humans cannot have more than one Glamour Knack for any given Trait, Sidhe and some humans are exempt from this restriction. For every point a character possesses in a Trait above 5, he gains an additional Glamour Knack in that Trait. For example, a character with a legendary trait of 6 in Panache could have both the St. Rogers and Berek knacks. Such power does not come without responsibility or danger, however.

Human Glamour Mages tap into legends and myths as the source of their power. Those who use Knacks based upon other mortals, living or dead, take on some aspect of that person's reputation without risk. However, when a human taps into the Sidhe's power, he risks gaining the Sidhe's attention. Whenever a Glamour Mage uses a Sidhe Glamour Knack, the GM must roll 1k1 (2k2 in Bryn Bresail). If the result is 20 or higher, the Sidhe who owns the Knack notices the sorcerer and may become curious...

These new Knacks for Glamour Mages should be treated like previous Knacks (i.e., a mortal cannot take two Brawn knacks). The exact effects of this are left up to the GM.

D20™ MECHANIC

Whenever a Glamour Mage taps into a Sidhe Glamour legend, the GM checks to see if the legendary figure whose power was accessed noticed (1% chance, increasing to a 10% chance when the PC is in Bryn Bresail.) The exact effects of this are left up to the GM.

Queen Maab (Resolve)

The Queen of the Sea controls and commands all beings beneath the waves except for her hated rival, the Black Siren and her kin. Maab is a spiteful Sidhe who lashes out against any insult or slight; her powers beneath the waves are unparalleled.



Apprentice: The Apprentice may speak with any sea-based creature and understand what it is saying. This does not necessarily indicate that the creature will be friendly, though, and the power only lasts for five minutes of game time per Rank in this Knack.

Adept: The Adept can survive without breathing and adapt to underwater conditions for the next 6 hours. This also allows the mage to survive in other situations without breathing such as while buried alive, while being strangled, or when surrounded by poisonous gas.

Master: The Glamour mage can activate this power only while standing in at least a foot of seawater. For a number of rounds equal to the mage's mastery level, she gains two extra kept dice to all rolls and Fear 2.

D20™ MECHANICS

Apprentice: The apprentice may *speak with animal* to any nautical creature. The spell's duration is one minute per caster level. (DC 10)

Adept: The Adept can survive without breathing and adapt to underwater conditions for the next 6 hours. This also allows the mage to survive in other situations without breathing such as while buried alive, while being strangled or when surrounded by poisonous gas. (DC 15)

Master: The Glamour mage can activate this power only while standing in at least a foot of seawater. For a number of rounds equal to one half of the caster level, she gains a +6 circumstance bonus to all rolls and has the effect of *cloak of fear*. (DC 20)

Lady of the Lake (Wits)

The Queen of the Earth watches over all of Avalon and Bryn Bresail and gently guides both lands towards the future.

Apprentice: The apprentice may activate this power to succeed at a perception check automatically.

Adept: The Adept gets flashes of the future and its possible consequences, which guide them forward. She can activate this power after making any roll to immediately reroll it. You may use this power a number of times equal to your mastery level of Glamour in each act.

Master: The Glamour mage may activate this power to look into any body of fresh water and see the events occurring within sight of any other body of fresh water. She may also look at events that occurred in the past or future. However, a perception check (TN 30) is necessary to select the correct body of water and the correct moment. Only the Glamour mage sees the events and the images only last for five minutes per mastery level.

D20™ MECHANICS

Apprentice: The apprentice may activate this power to automatically succeed at a Spot, Search, or Listen check. (DC 10)

Adept: The Adept gets flashes of intuition about the future and its possible consequences. She can activate this power after making an immediate attempt to reroll it. (DC 15)

Master: The Glamour mage may look into any body of fresh water and see the events occurring within sight of any other body of fresh water as per a scry spell. She may look at events that occurred in the past, present, or future. Only the Glamour mage sees the events and the spell's duration is only 15 minutes. (DC 20)

The Seelie Queen (*Panache*)

The Queen of the Sky acts as the sole monarch of the Sidhe. While her sisters may disagree with the extent of her domain, they do not dispute it publicly because of her shrewish nature and ability to slowly drain their power from them.

Apprentice: The Apprentice may activate this power to increase her stature and aura. This grants her +1 kept dice to all social rolls for a number of hours equal to the ranks of this Knack.

Adept: The Adept may summon rushing winds to disorient and overwhelm opponents. Activating this power causes a small whirlwind to surround a person or area within her sight. It causes no damage, but it does reduce all of his rolls by a number of kept dice equal to her mastery level of Glamour for a number of rounds equal to her ranks in this Knack.

Master: The Glamour mage may activate this power, target any person within her sight, and pick a trait. The target loses one point of that trait (to a minimum of 1) until dawn of the next day.

D20™ MECHANICS

Apprentice: The Apprentice may activate this power to increase her stature and aura. This grants her +5 circumstance bonus to any Charisma based rolls for a number of hours equal to her Glamour mage level.

Adept: The Adept may summon rushing winds to disorient and overwhelm opponents. Activating this power causes a small whirlwind to surround a person or area within her sight. It causes no damage, but all of the target's rolls have a -5 circumstance penalty for a number of rounds equal to the mage's caster level.

Master: The Glamour mage master may activate this power, target any person within her line of sight, and choose a statistic. The target loses 1d6 points from that trait (minimum of 3) until dawn of the next day.

The Horned King (*Brawn*)

The Horned King is an embodiment of all that is masculine and powerful among the Sidhe. No woman, human or Sidhe, can resist his embrace and few even consider it after catching sight of his magnificent form. (Note: The Horned King is a primal power. There is nothing romantic about an encounter with him. GMs should modify use of this character to accommodate the players' sensibilities.)

Apprentice: The Apprentice may activate this power for +1 kept dice to seduction and social rolls versus someone of the opposite sex.

Adept: The Adept may activate this power to move from any forest to any other forest within a 100-mile radius. However, he cannot control exactly where he will arrive within that forest.

Master: The Glamour mage master may assume the form of any male creature of bear size or smaller until dawn of the next day, though specific beings are not possible. The Glamour mage gains the lecherous hubris during this time.

D20™ MECHANICS

Apprentice: The Glamour mage may activate this power to double his charisma bonus for all rolls for an hour and gain the Dangerous Beauty Feat.

Adept: The Adept may activate this power to move from any forest to any other forest within a 100-mile radius. However, he cannot control exactly where he will arrive within that forest.

Master: The Glamour mage master may assume the form of any male creature of Large size or smaller until dawn of the next day per *polymorph self*, though specific beings are not possible. The Glamour mage gains lecherous hubris during this time.

Red Cap (*Finesse*)

Redcap is one of the most bloodthirsty and vicious of the Unseelie. Delighting in torture and death, he dips his cap into the blood of his victims and allows it to drip down across his face.

Apprentice: Redcap is known for toying with his prey and enjoys watching them from his hiding place. This power gives the Apprentice an extra kept die per mastery level to Stealth and Taunt rolls for 5 minutes per rank in this knack.

Adept: Invoking this power allows the Adept to gain a portion of Redcap's fighting prowess. His hands elongate and form claws which gives him +1 kept dice to all unarmed attacks and they inflict an extra kept die of damage. Further, there is no penalty for unskilled use of unarmed attacks. This lasts for a number of rounds equal to double the Glamour mage's mastery level.

Master: By invoking this power, the Glamour mage's face elongates and twists into a hideous visage while his torso shrinks and his limbs grow longer. Fresh blood begins to drip from his hair in continuous streams. The transformation is terrifying to watch and the mage gains Fear 3 for a number of minutes equal to the mage's ranks in this knack.

D20™ MECHANICS

Apprentice: Redcap is known for toying with his prey and enjoys watching them from hiding. This power effects the Glamour mage as if he had cast *invisibility* upon himself. The duration of this effect cannot be greater than one hour.

Adept: Invoking this power allows the adept to gain a portion of Redcap's fighting prowess. His hands elongate and form claws, giving him +2 enhancement bonus to hit and damage with all unarmed attacks and the Improved Unarmed Strike Feat for one round per caster level.

Master: By invoking this power, the Glamour mage's face elongates and twists into a hideous visage while his torso shrinks and his limbs grow longer. Fresh blood begins to drip from his hair in continuous streams. The transformation is terrifying to watch. The effect is per the *cause fear* spell with a DC value of 20.

For the GM...

A GM should think very carefully before allowing a player character Sidhe into the game. This is not because of the Sidhe's immense physical power or the different rules by which they are created, but because they are very difficult to play properly. Their psychology, while apparently similar to a human's, is actually very alien and distorted. As you have read, they seem to be human, which is what makes it so confusing.

A GM might be excused for saying, "I appreciate that you want to be a Sidhe, but what am I supposed to DO with a race for whom reality is no more than a gentlemen's agreement? How do I make use of creatures that live in a different time frame? How can I challenge a character who is by definition always the superior of his or her surroundings?"

When planning a campaign in your 7th Sea™ world, you must decide how much of a presence the Sidhe have in your game. Of course the simplest approach is to choose to have no Sidhe PCs at all, reserving them for NPCs and plot hooks. The Sidhe may be a distant presence in far-off Bryn Bresail whose machinations touch the lives of your characters indirectly. You could even decide that in your version of Théah (or whatever world you choose), the Sidhe have not yet arrived, thereby reserving the opportunity for them to make a grand entrance later on in your campaign. Such a decision would have major implications for the mythology of Théah (particularly that of Avalon and Sophia's Daughters), but it is eminently doable if you are prepared to deal with the consequences.

Such a decision, however, robs your campaign of a potential source of incredible beauty, excitement, and discovery. The Sidhe offer the GM an opportunity to introduce her players to a completely alien world peopled by creatures whose thought patterns are almost incomprehensible. It would be a shame for a Théan character to miss the experience of seeing the heart-stopping beauty of the Seelie courts or the opportunity to be thrilled (and terrified) by the sights and sounds of the Wild Hunt (preferably from a safe distance).

The best way to introduce players to the Sidhe is gradually. The only Sidhe settlements of any substance are found in Ussura, Montaigne and Avalon, but individual Sidhe travel throughout most of Théah, except for Cathay and the southern and eastern deserts of the Crescent Empire where they are unknown. Wherever the Sidhe travel they leave legends behind them, which will probably be the first contact your players have with them. Let the characters hear a bard in a dockside tavern singing a song of the doomed love a lady for her Surneth lover. Have an old man regale them with a tale of how, when he was young traveling in Avalon, he once saw the Wild Hunt gallop across the horizon, led by their packs of hellhounds with eyes blazing and their great wings flapping. It does not matter that the story is totally untrue. What is important is that it introduces the characters to the notion of something wild and powerful out there about which the characters may very well want to know more.





BOOK FOUR: *The Folke*

Prominent Sidhe and Mortal Allies

The Queen of the Earth (The Lady of the Lake)

Also known as the Lady of the Lake, and in certain close circles as the Earth Mother, the Queen of the Earth is an enigmatic figure in Avalon legend. She is widely described in stories as the most reserved and least active of all the Sidhe Queens. At the same time, her contributions to the people of Avalon are among the furthest reaching and most distinctly powerful, and her affection for Avalon makes her one of the nation's most powerful allies. It was the Lady of the Lake who helped Athrwys unify Avalon in 1028 by allowing him to carry the sword Firinbrand into battle against his brothers.

She is credited with power over all inland bodies of water: every well, pond, lake, and river falls within her purview. The farmers of Avalon, dependent on such water for their very lives, revere her. She is generally perceived as a mothering figure who watches benevolently over her "children" the people of the Glamour Isles.

The Lady of the Lake took mortal form only once, long ago. During that time, she fell in love with a knight of uncertain nationality to whom she bore two children: a daughter, Sophia, who remained in the mortal world to watch over humanity and a son, Lugh, who grew strong and proud, with the legs of an elk and a great rack of horns sprouting from his forehead. (see *the Horned King and Holly*

Prince below.) The Lady's children may be the best symbolic representations of her soul; she is a carefully balanced entity, capable of great feats of benevolent mercy, and equally capable of terrible acts of destructive cruelty.

While her sisters maintain grandiose courts aping mortal nobility, the Lady lives in a comparatively simple fashion. She maintains a presence in every body of water throughout the Glamour Isles, either personally or through Seelie servants, although she considers the picturesque Loch Westmoreland her favorite. Of all the queens, she is the best informed about the current state of the Isles. She gathers information by listening to the mortals who speak around her waters, and thinks for a long time before acting.

Unfortunately, her desire to plan carefully has already cost her opportunities. Mortals move so quickly, and with such lack of forethought that there have been more than one instance in which disaster occurred while she was still considering her options. She has tried to accommodate her efforts to the confusing sense of time in the mortal world and often seeks the advice of Sir Lawrence Lugh.

Her relationship with the Sidhe knight is a close one. It was she who took pity on him after the Grey Queen crippled him. It was she who led him to knighthood, and she who bestowed upon him the legendary blade Firinbrand. Now that he is the leader of Queen Elaine's Knights, she queries him regularly about mortals, why they act as they do, and what she should do in response.

While the Lady of the Lake can assume any form she chooses, the majority of the time she appears as a tall, beautiful woman wearing diaphanous white robes and an expression of calm reserve. She speaks in a melodious voice similar to her sister, the Queen of the Sky.

The Queen of Earth (The Lady of the Lake) — Hero (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 6, Finesse: 6, Wits: 7, Resolve: 6, Panache: 5

TN to be hit: 30

Reputation: 150

Background: Rivalry 2 (Seelie Queen, Queen Maab)

Arcana: None

Advantages: Appearance: Blessed, All Languages (R/W)

Courtier: Dancing 3, Etiquette 4, Fashion 3, Oratory 5, Diplomacy 5, Gaming 2, Gossip 2, Lip Reading 2, Politics 5, Scheming 3, Seduction 3, Sincerity 5

Hunting: Stealth 4, Survival 3, Tracking 3, Trail Signs 3, Ambush 3, Animal Training 3

Riding: Ride 3, Animal Training 3, Mounting 3, Trick Riding 3

Archery: Attack (Bow) 3, Fletcher 2, Snapshot 3, Trick Shooting 3

Fencing: Attack 4, Parry 4

Attack: (Sword) 10k6, (Bow) 10k6

Damage: (Sword) 8k2, (Bow) 8k2

Glamour Legend: The Lady of the Lake is a legendary figure. She may use any of the powers of the Glamour legends of Jack, Thomas and King Elilodd at will without rolling once per day.

In Every Pool: She can move from any pool, stream or lake within the Avalon or Sidhe lands. She can also Scry the events occurring within eye sight at will.

Immunities: The Lady is immune to poison, disease, and similar effects. Mortal sorcerers must make a Panache roll TN 25 to affect her; even then, Magic only has half its normal effect against her. All damage she incurs is reduced by 2 kept dice (-2k2).

Memory and Illusions: The Lady is also able to modify a mortal's memories, create illusions and change reality in the area surrounding her to fit any whim she has. Sidhe are not affected by these abilities.

Shapechange: She can change her form at will to that of any other creature, but in the new form she always retains her statistics, skills, and powers. She rarely uses this ability and generally assumes the form of a mortal woman. Further, the Lady may prevent the shapechanged creature from being changed back to its original form (by any means) until she chooses otherwise.

Swirl of the Lakes: Every living thing in Avalon or the Sidhe lands comes within sight of its lakes, streams and ponds. The ruler of these waters is able to change the form of any one reflected in these waters to that of any person or creature whose reflection lay upon them. Once per round, the Lady may change the form of any person or creature within sight of a body of water and this power may effect any being, even another Sidhe. The affected target's powers are unaffected, but it gains statistics appropriate to its new form. This may often cause a Sidhe to be unable to access its powers if it is now not intelligent enough to use them or remember how they function. Further, the Lady may lock in this form so that the being cannot be changed back by any means until she allows it.

GM Secrets

The Lady of the Lake is deeply interested in the mortal world, a legacy of her love from long ago. She treasures his name, which has been lost to history, a name known only to the Lady herself. Were one to obtain that name, it could be used as a token of great power over her, as her love for him remains steadfast. It is conceivable, however, that Sophia's Daughters have access to this name through a long-forgotten journal on a long-forgotten shelf, at the GM's discretion. (See *Sophia's Daughters™* for more information on this Sidhe-influenced society.)

Before Sir Lawrence's arrival, the Lady was limited in what she could learn of mortals. With his counsel, she has a direct conduit to the political heart of Avalon. She does not trust her sisters, and works through Sir Lawrence to advise Queen Elaine on the courses of action that will bring the mortal queen not only political success, but also keep the machinations of the other two Queens at bay. She deliberately cultivates the myth of being thoughtful and slow to move, when in fact her insights are keener than either of her sisters.

The Lady knows what Meryth is planning; unfortunately, this that may prove her undoing. If Meryth moves against Elaine and Avalon, the Lady will side with Avalon against Meryth and Maab. For all the Lady's insight, she has not realized that the resulting conflict among the Queens may tear Avalon to pieces.

The Queen of the Earth (Lady of the Lake) (a20™)

Fae: CR 16, SZ M (see shapechange below); HD 10d8+60; hp 105; Init +5 (+5 Dex); Spd 40 ft., Swim 40 ft.; AC 24 (+5 Dex, +9 natural); Atks: +3 longsword +16/+11 melee (1d8+9); SA Spells, Swirl of the Lakes, spell-like abilities; SQ DR 15/Cold Iron or Synchron weapon, all Glamour Legends at will as 20th level Glamour Mage, Glamour Legend, Immunities, In Every Pool, Shapechange, SR 20; SV Fort +12, Ref +16, Will +16; Str 23, Dex 20, Con 22, Int 23, Wis 21, Cha 25; AL CG; Skills: Animal Empathy +17, Bluff +23, Concentration +20, Diplomacy +16, Disguise +15, Gather Information +19, Handle Animal +15, Heal +15, Intuit Direction +15, Knowledge (Avalon) +20, Knowledge (Politics) +20, Knowledge (Sidhe Lands) +20, Listen +17, Perform +15, Ride +8, Scry +20, Search +15, Sense Motive +20, Spellcraft +15, Spot +15, Swim +20, Wilderness Lore +18; Feats: Alertness, Appearance: Above Average, Dangerous Beauty, Improved Initiative, Keen Senses, Leadership, Power Attack. (Spells per day: 10/12/11/10/8/7/6/5/3/2) (For details, see *Swashbuckling Arcana™*)

Special Abilities

Glamour Legend: The Lady of the Lake is a legendary figure. She may use any of the powers of the Glamour legends of Jack, Thomas and King Elilodd at will without rolling once per day.

In Every Pool: She can move from any pool, stream, or lake within the Avalon or Sidhe lands as a move equivalent action. She can also Scry the events occurring within eyesight of them at will.

Immunities: The Queen is immune to poison, disease, critical hits, and similar effects. Magic only has half its normal effect upon her.

Shapechange: She can change her form at will to that of any other creature, but the new form always retains her statistics, skills and powers. She rarely uses this ability and generally assumes the form of a mortal woman. Further, the Lady

may prevent the shapechanged creature from being changed back to its original form (by any means) until she chooses otherwise. This ability ignores spell resistance.

Swirl of the Lakes: Every living thing in Avalon or the Sidhe lands comes within sight of its lakes, streams and ponds. The ruler of these waters is able to change the form of anyone reflected in these waters to that of another being whose reflection lay upon them. Once per round, the Lady may cast a special polymorph other spell. She may polymorph any being, even another Sidhe, into any other being or creature. The affected creature's powers are unaffected, but it gains statistics appropriate to its new form. This may often cause a Sidhe to be unable to access its powers if it is now not intelligent enough to use them. Further, the Lady may lock in this form so that the being cannot be changed back by any means until she allows it. This ability ignores spell resistance.

Spell-like abilities: *confusion, control water, dismissal, displacement, false vision, greater scrying, horrid wilting, (once per day), legend lore, limited wish (once per day), magic circle against law, modify memory, polymorph any object, screen, temporal stasis (once per day), and veil at will, cast as if she were a 20th level arcane spell caster.*

The Queen of the Sky

Also called The Queen, The Sidhe Queen, The Seelie Queen, and The Sky Queen, she claims dominion over all the Sidhe. Although her sisters possess the power to ignore her, mortals do not and are advised to treat her with the respect she demands.

While all the queens engage in some form of courtly life, the Queen's court is most closely reflective of what mortals would call normal. She has a castle filled with knights, ladies, minstrels, and servants, all of whom dote on her every whim. Indeed, even when moving outside her "court," which she invariably does in grand procession, she demands the obedience of all she encounters and expects to get it. Mortals should keep this courtly paradigm in mind whenever the Queen of the Sky is involved because it colors all of her perceptions and guides many of her actions. She often uses "ambassadors" when dealing with mortals, refers to herself using the royal "we," and otherwise considers herself a ruling monarch equal to Elaine in every way.

All the Seelie pay reverence to the Queen of the Sky but one. The Horned King openly flaunts her authority, something not even the other queens dare to do (they simply work around their domineering sister). Many years ago the Queen of the Sky apparently fell in love with the hot-blooded King, the sort of all-encompassing, soul-devouring, single-minded emotion that only a Sidhe could endure. The Horned King's fiery emotions, however, ran counter to the Queen's, and he quickly tired of his dalliance with her. He abandoned her and broke her heart, and to this day she will not permit his name or any of his symbols to be mentioned in her court.



The Queen of the Sky fits into a campaign in several ways. Because the Sidhe have only a vague concept of how humans view each other, the Queen is as likely to deal with beginning characters as she is to deal with well-traveled veterans, so long as those characters treat her in the manner to which she is entitled.

It is conceivable that the Queen may order (she never asks) adventurers to undertake any number of tasks. She is deeply tied to Elaine, the Graal, and Avalon. As such, any mission undertaken on behalf of Avalon or its ruler will find favor with her. Wily characters may even be able to request her aid for such quests. Characters balking at a mission on Elaine's behalf can count on a visit from Elaine's patron, who will add her own considerable clout to Elaine's, adding threats more dire than Elaine would ever dare make.

The Queen of the Sky should be handled as one more monarch in the world of Théah. She has a court full of functionaries, views herself as a legitimate queen, and expects to be treated as such. Mortals who remember that will do well around her. Those who forget themselves had best avoid Avalon or any other kingdom where the Sidhe reside.

Characters who succeed at tasks set them by the Queen of the Sky (or in many cases, Elaine) may also gain her favor. Remember that she tries to operate according to a courtly paradigm, which means she readily rewards those who serve her well. She is not certain why she should reward her servants; she simply knows she must because that is what queens do. PCs who have her favor may use it for a number of things. Most prominent among these are the Sky Queen's ability to transport the PCs anywhere in Avalon, and her ability to provide them with good weather when they travel around Avalon. Travelers should be aware, however, that Queen Maab claims sway over the sea winds, so in practice she can overrule her sister's control of anything above the surface as she pleases. The Sky Queen will provide particularly favored characters with Sidhe weapons, although these are often only temporary gifts, disappearing after having been used for a specific purpose.

Although she can change her appearance at will, several common threads run through each of the Queen's guises. She is always beautiful. Indeed, she is capable of discerning any given viewer's definition of beauty, and appearing in just that way. When groups of mortals have seen her, each has come away with a slightly different memory, as her form differs for each beholder. Regardless of the form she uses, however, she always speaks in a mesmerizing voice, and her eyes are definitely luminescent and emotionally magnetic.

The Queen of the Sky (The Seelie Queen) * (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 4, **Finesse:** 7, **Wits:** 6, **Resolve:** 6, **Panache:** 4

TN to be hit: 30

Reputation: 130

Background: Rivalry 4 (Other Sidhe Queens)

Arcana: None

Advantages: Appearance: Intimidating, All Languages (R/W)

Courtier: Dancing 5, Etiquette 5, Fashion 5, Oratory 5, Diplomacy 5, Gaming 5, Gossip 5, Lip Reading 5, Mooch 5, Politics 5, Scheming 5, Seduction 5, Sincerity 5

Hunting: Stealth 2, Survival 2, Tracking 4, Trail Signs 3, Ambush 3, Animal Training 5

Riding: Ride 5, Animal Training 5, Mounting 5, Trick Riding 5

Archery: Attack (Bow) 3, Fletcher 2, Horse Archery 3, Snapshot 3, Trick Shooting 3

Fencing: Attack 4, Parry 4

Attack: (Sword) 10k8, (Bow) 10k7

Damage: (Sword) 6k2, (Bow) 6k2

Shapechange: She can change her form at will to that of any other creature, but the new form always retains her statistics, skills and powers. She only assumes female forms who possess great beauty.

Flight: The Queen can traverse the air, moving as effortlessly as if she were walking.

Glamour: The Queen counts as a master glamour mage, but her powers draw upon her own legend rather than another. She may use any of her knacks at will without spending Drama Die.

Glimpse of Stars: Once per round, the Queen may cast a special Glamour upon anyone within her sight. They will stand motionless and behold the night sky full of stars and wheeling overhead as the music of the spheres fills his ears. The spell lasts for as long as she wills it; legends say that she occasionally leaves a Sidhe lord who offended her watching the stars for decades. This ability is able to affect

anyone, even another Sidhe queen. Once per day, the victim may attempt a Resolve check (TN 50) to break free of the enchantment.

Immunities: The Queen is immune to poison, disease, and similar effects. She is also immune to mortal sorcerer's powers unless they make a panache check (TN 25). Even then, she only takes 50% effect from any hostile magic used against her. Damage she takes is reduced by 2 kept die.

Memory and Illusions: The Queen is also able to modify a mortal's memories, create illusions, and change reality in the area surrounding her to fit her whim. Sidhe are not effected by these abilities.

Touch of the Wind: While the Queen possesses neither tremendous combat ability nor magical powers, she is able to enhance or destroy her foes by simply willing it. Once per round as a full action, she may direct her power at anyone within her 100 ft. of her. The wind whirls around the target and provides them a benefit or a penalty at her whim. They may gain or lose an unkept die for any roll she chooses, have their TN to be hit lowered or raised by 5 points, or increase or decrease the mastery level of a sorcerer or shaman. She may use this ability repeatedly as long as she concentrates on it; the effect lasts for one day. This is her most feared ability and prevents all but the most suicidal from risking her wrath because she can make even the mightiest of foes into a pathetic worm that the lowliest of her servants can destroy.

GM Secrets

Perhaps the most dangerous task the Sky Queen can give characters is that of hunting the Horned King for no mortal has any hope of capturing the Horned King. The PCs will probably not be set upon this task by themselves. Rather, they may be brought along on a Wild Hunt, accompanying dozens of Sidhe lords and ladies decked out in splendid mockeries of human hunting garb. The best the PCs will be able to do is hang on as the hunt speeds around Avalon, and each PC will likely be aged physically if not emotionally by the experience. The Horned King will evade capture, and the lords and ladies of the hunt will all grow nervous and fearful of the Queen's wrath, but the Sky Queen will simply dismiss the hunt with a depressed wave of her hand when it is over. PCs who try to cheer up the Queen with expressions of "maybe next time" are asking for trouble.

PCs who gain the Sky Queen's enmity are in a bad position. As evidenced by her hatred of the Horned King, she has a long memory, and does not forgive readily. If they wish to regain her favor, they must first find a way to travel about Avalon more or less safely, which may mean gaining the favor of one of the other queens. Alternately, the character can endeavor to regain the Sky Queen's favor (or at least get her forgiveness, in which case she will then be neutral toward the character) by undertaking yet another task on her behalf which will probably benefit Avalon in some way and be very dangerous.

The Queen of the Sea

Who is the true Queen of the Sea? It depends on who you ask. Some say it is Queen Maab, one of the three powerful Sidhe sisters. Others will tell you that it is the Black Siren, a monstrous female creature who lives at the bottom of the sea. A wise adventurer keeps both appeased and declines to take sides in their struggle for dominion over the oceans of Théah.

*The Queen of the Sky is neither hero nor villain — or perhaps she is both, depending on her relationship with the PCs and their mission in Avalon.

The Queen of the Sky (Seelie Queen) (d20™)

Fae: CR 16; SZ M; HD 10d8+40; hp 90; Init +6 (+6 Dex); Spd 40 ft.; AC (+6 Dex + 9 natural); Atks: +3 Longsword +15/+10 melee (1d8+8); SV Fort +10, Ref +16, Will +16; SA May use any Glamour spells at will as if she were a 20th level spell caster; SQ May use any Glamour spells at will as if she were a 20th level spell caster; SQ Sidhe traits, DR 15/Cold Iron or Syrneth weapons, SR 20, Glamour Legend, Glimpse of the Stars, Immunities, Shapechange at will, Touch of the Wind; Str 21, Dex 22, Con 19, Int 22, Wis 23, Cha 24; AL CN; Skills: Appraise +12, Bluff +20, Concentration +10, Diplomacy +20, Gather Information +12, Innuendo +18, Intimidate +19, Knowledge (Avalon and Sidhe Lands) +15, Ride +15, Scry +12, Search +10, Sense Motive +23, Spellcraft +16, Spot +13, Wilderness Lore +8, Feats: Alertness, Appearance: Above Average, Dangerous Beauty, Improved Critical (Longsword), Improved Initiative, Keen Senses, Leadership. (Spells Per Day: 10/12/11/10/8/7/6/5/3/2) (For details, see *Swashbuckling Arcana*™)

Special Abilities

Glamour Legend: The Seelie Queen is a legendary figure. She may use any of the powers of the Glamour legends of King Elilodd and Anne o' the Wind at will without rolling once per day.

Glimpse of Stars: Once per round, the Queen may cast a special major image upon anyone in her sight. They will stand motionless and behold the night sky full of stars as the music of the spheres fills their ears. The spell lasts for as long as she wills it; legend indicates that she occasionally leaves a Sidhe lord who has offended her watching the stars for (human) decades. This ability is not affected by spell resistance, even that of another Sidhe. Once per day, the victim may attempt a Will save (DC 50) to break free of the enchantment.

Immunities: The Queen is immune to poison, disease, critical hits, and similar effects. Magic only has 50% of normal effect upon him.

Shapechange: She can change her form at will to that of any other creature, but the new form always retains her statistics, skills, and powers. She only assumes female forms that possess great beauty.

Spell-like abilities: *confusion, dismissal, displacement, false vision, fly, greater scrying, legend lore, limited wish* (once per week), *modify memory, screen, magic circle against law, polymorph any object, temporal stasis* (once per day), and *veil at will*, as if she were a 20th level arcane spell caster.

Touch of the Wind: While the Queen possesses neither tremendous combat ability nor magical powers, she is able to enhance or destroy her foes by simply willing it. Once per round as a full action, she may direct her power at anyone within her 100 feet of her. The wind whirls around the target and provides them a benefit or a penalty at her whim. They may gain or lose 5 points of Spell Resistance, Armor Class, damage resistance, to hit, to damage, or effective spell casting level for each round that she concentrates, up to a total of 5 rounds per ability. The effect lasts for one day. This is her most feared ability and prevents all but the most suicidal from risking her wrath because she can turn even the mightiest foe into a pathetic worm that her lowliest servant can destroy.

Queen Maab

The first of the powerful Sidhe to cross to the lands of mortal men, Queen Maab loves the mortal realm more than most of the other Sidhe do — but not for noble reasons. Emerging in Avalon, she saw a man furiously beating his neighbor while trying to steal his possessions. The violent act touched something deep within her and she smiled. Surrounding herself with a powerful Glamour she approached the thief. Overwhelmed by her beauty, he fell in love instantly and dropped to his knees as he pledged himself to her. She smiled and struck him down with one blow. She gathered his ill-gotten gains and barely noticed that she had stepped on his throat as she walked off down the road.

While other Sidhe emulate the noble emotions and traditions they see in humans, Queen Maab wraps depravity, jealousy, envy, and hatred about her like a cloak. The plainest of the three sisters, she also possesses the least amount of Glamour and mystical ability, so she compensates with brutal physical abilities and a willingness to countenance deeds and schemes generally regarded as evil.

Queen Maab dwells deep beneath the waves of the sea in a courtly palace built from coral, less out of a desire for personal splendor than from a need to surpass the splendor of her sisters' homes. The glowing rainbow-hued walls dance with small fish and Sidhe retainers constantly wander in the flowering gardens, but without her enchantments upon the area, the dark and cold of her deep sea castle would quickly kill any visitor. Hundreds of discrete servants skitter at the shadowy edges of the room, the bodies of drowned mortal men who now act as courtiers, servants and guards. While many rooms display delicate artistry and glittering artwork, those that displease her often discover rooms dedicated to her hobbies of torture and pain. Those who offer some means of furthering her plans of revenge and destruction against her enemies will find her generous with her gifts. Only later will they discover that her gifts always carry an evil twist and her favor always requests a high price.

One famous tale about her details how a fisherman declared daily his appreciation for the beauty of her sea and thanked her for his catch until he met and married a young woman. He declared on his wedding night that his wife was far prettier than even Queen Maab or her realm. Maab draped herself within a Glamour of beauty and visited the farmer who asked her name. She simply smiled and looked at him hungrily. He immediately went into his yard, killed a lamb and prepared it for her. She silently urged him to eat a piece while she watched. After he had eaten several slices, she finally spoke, commenting on how lovely the beast was. Looking down, the farmer discovered not a lamb, but his wife, dead at his own hands. Maab thanked him for the meal and left him staring at his young wife's blood on his hands. Despite her twisted nature, Maab has a deep love for the mortal world, enjoying both swimming and cavorting through the surf. She even fell in love with a mortal man and fathered several children with him, but her jealousy quickly destroyed him. The children of that union, the Selkies, remain her most favored followers. When she discovered dozens of them dead at the hands of a hideous creature from the depths, she immediately took offense. She slaughtered hundreds of these sirens before discovering their creator and ruler, the Black Siren who also claimed the title Queen of the Sea. This began a terrible rivalry that has raged for centuries. Queen Maab despises the Black Siren's easy control of the

weather and more numerous minions, so she began enchanting the bodies of drowned men as her own creatures and creating a host of terrible monsters beneath the waves to bolster her forces. While the last battle between the two resulted with the Sidhe cutting off one of the Black Siren's claws, Maab was unable to finish her off.

Currently, Maab has turned her attention to the Seelie Queen. Long jealous of her sisters' powers and beauty, she now plans to strike against the other Seelie courts. When the Seelie Queen selected Elaine as her Champion to the mortal world, Maab insisted on having Meryth as her own. Maab fostered the innocent child herself, raising her with an appreciation of twisted revenge. Now that Maab believes the girl to be ready, she has given her command of a troop of her drowned servants and instructed her to act as she sees fit, certain that the spoiled child will destroy her mother.

Queen Maab appears as a slim figure wrapped in shimmering sheets of black water and bearing a crown of pearls. Long green hair surrounds her angular face and cold eyes before drifting down to her waist. She stands no taller than a human being, but her regal bearing makes her appear taller. Her powerful glamour enchants viewers so she appears either astoundingly beautiful or terrifying depending upon her whim.

Queen Maab — Villain (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 8, Finesse: 7, Resolve: 6, Wits: 6, Panache: 4
TN to be hit: 35 (40 in water)

Reputation: -120

Background: Vendetta (Black Siren), Vendetta (The Queen of the Earth, The Queen of the Sky)

Arcana: Envious

Advantages: Large, Toughness, Unnerving Countenance; Language: Avalon, Montaigne, Castille, Vendel

Courtier: Diplomacy 3, Etiquette 3, Oratory 5, Politics 3, Scheming 5, Sincerity 3

Hunter: Ambush 5, Animal Training 4, Fishing 5, Skinning 5, Stealth 5, Survival 5, Tracking 4, Trail Signs 4, Traps 5

Athlete: Break Fall 5, Climbing 5, Footwork 5, Leaping 5, Lifting 5, Long Distance Running 5, Rolling 5, Sprinting 5, Sidestep 5, Swimming 6, Swinging 5, Throwing 5

Dirty Fighting: Attack (Dirty Fighting) 5, Attack (Improvised

Weapon) 5, Eye-Gouge 5, Kick 5, Parry (Improvised Weapon) 5, Throat Strike 5, Throw (Improvised Weapon) 5
Glamour: (Master) Iron Meg 5, Jack 5
Attack (Coral sword): 10k9
Damage: 10k2.

Special Abilities

Coral Sword: Queen Maab possesses a Sidhe blade of coral that only she can wield. Anyone struck by the blade takes an additional 3k3 cold damage and must make a Brawn check (TN 20) or be frozen in place for 5 rounds (10 phases).

Glamour Legend: As a legendary figure, Queen Maab does not need to spend Drama Dice to use her Iron Meg, Mad Jack, and her own legend because they draw upon her powers rather than those of another being.

Immunities: Queen Maab is immune to poison, disease, any damage from weather-related phenomenon (heat, cold, pressure, lightning, etc), critical hits and similar effects. Magic only has 50% of its normal effect upon her.

Shapechange: Maab can change her form at will to that of any other creature, but always retains her original statistics, skills, and powers. However, she gains any of the powers, attacks, and special abilities of the creature into which she changes. She uses a variety of forms involving a nautical theme including sea serpents, kraken, speaking fish, and even beautiful mortal women.

Glimpse of Waves: By drawing upon the energy of

the entire sea, Queen Maab can normally increase any of her die rolls by +5k5 if she is standing in at least a foot of sea water. However, she has granted this power to Meryth. While she can take it back at any time, doing so would cause Meryth 10k10 damage, which ignores damage reduction.

Illusions: Queen Maab is also able to modify a mortal's memories, create illusions, and change reality within twenty feet and in her entire palace to fit any whim she has. Sidhe are not affected by these abilities.

Summon Minions: Queen Maab may spend an action to summon a group of 1k1 selkies or Sidhe lord. These creatures will appear at the end of the round and may act independently of her.

Touch of the Depths: Queen Maab's deep connection with the sea enables her to let anyone she can see experience the sensation of being within the water, even if they are on land. At its most benign, this is a relaxing and calming feeling of float-



ing serenely on gentle ocean waves. At its most malignant, it is a feeling of being on the ocean floor, miles beneath the surface, surrounded by complete darkness (take 3k3 damage per round plus darkness rules Montaigne). It is the sense of being in an underwater volcano (5k5 damage per round) or on the surface during a storm when lightning strikes (5k5 damage). There is no protection against this ability. Creatures comfortable in the surroundings take no damage, but few creatures are comfortable in all of these situations. If a being shapechanges to avoid damage from one condition, Maab can alter it to a different condition.

Water Road: A single road leads from the shore to Queen Maab's domain. It is almost impossible to find, but those who stay on it are protected by her powerful magic. Of course, she may remove the effects of these spells at will. She can also view anything within a hundred feet of the sea by concentrating upon it.

GM Secrets: Repulsed by Meryth's humanity, Maab took steps to remove a portion of it. She extracted a portion of Sidhe blood from one of her servants and placed it within her foster daughter. In return, she took a portion of Meryth's humanity and placed it within the Sidhe who was exiled to the mortal realm without memory of her prior life. This tall, red-haired captain does not realize that she was once more than a mere mortal.

Maab is still jealous of any beautiful Sidhe since her own appearance is rather non-descript. She uses Glamour to alter her appearance but each time she does it reminds her of her shortcomings. In particular, she hates her two sisters, the Seelie Queen and the Lady of the Lake. The three sisters are too powerful to go to war for fear that such a conflict would destroy the human world. Instead they act against each other through intermediaries and minions. Maab has grown tired of this charade and plans to end the stalemate forever by eliminating her siblings from the world.

Maab is certain that she can make Meryth rebel against Queen Elaine. When this occurs, Elaine will call upon her allies among the Sidhe and both the Seelie Queen and the Lady of the Lake will respond. Despite the lies she has told her foster daughter, Maab will not come to Meryth's aid. Faced with the other Queens, Meryth will die and Elaine's heart will be destroyed. When the mortal queen admits her love for her lost daughter, the Graal will be lost and the Sidhe will disappear from the world again. Except, of course, for Maab.

In anticipation of the Graal's disappearance and the subsequent departure of the Sidhe, the Queen of the Sea cast magic on her coral throne to bind her to the world. When the water calms, she will be the only Sidhe left in the world, which will then be hers to remake without interference. Despite some glaring weaknesses, the plan actually has an excellent chance of success.

The Queen of the Sea has another secret – a treasure from a far-off land. She does not know what it does but she is certain that it is magical and powerful. (On one of the early voyages of the *Bao Chuan*, the Cathayan treasure fleet, a ship sank to bottom of the sea off the coast of Avalon. It was carrying *Kan*, one of the 64 talismans used to raise the Wall of Fire and now one of Queen Maab's most prized possessions.)

Maab, Mab, and Maeve

Players may be familiar with the figure of Queen Mab as described by Mercutio in his famous soliloquy from Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep."

Queen Maab in 7th Sea™ is not associated with Queen Mab, the Irish Bringer of Dreams, although a GM who wishes to add Mab's attributes to Maab is certainly welcome to do so. Nor does Queen Maab refer in any way Queen Maeve of Connacht, the great Irish warrior queen and sorceress. However, GMs may wish to use some of Queen Maeve's more military attributes (or the Irish pronunciation of her name as "Mayve.")

Queen Maab (120™)

Fae: CR 16; SZ M; HD 16d8+64; hp 120; Init +10 (+6 Dex +4 Improved Initiative); Spd 50 ft., Swim 60 ft.; AC 25 (+6 Dex +9 natural); Atks: Claws +26/+21/+16/+11 melee (1d6+10); SV Fort +18, Ref +18, Will +18; SA May use any Glamour spells at will as if she were a 17th level spell caster; SQ Sidhe Traits, DR 15/Cold Iron or Syrneth weapons, SR 20, Glamour Legend, Glimpse of Waves, Immunities, Regeneration 5, Shapechange at will, Summon Minions, Touch of the Depths, Water Ruler; Str 30, Dex 22, Con 28, Int 22, Wis 19, Cha 18; AL CE; Skills: Bluff +12, Concentration +10, Diplomacy +12, Intimidate +25, Knowledge (Avalon) +15, Knowledge (Sidhe Lands) +15, Knowledge (Sea) +25, Scry +18, Search +10, Sense Motive +15, Spellcraft +8, Spot +13, Wilderness Lore +18. Feats: Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Improved Critical (Claws), Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Unnerving Countenance, Weapon Focus (Claws), Weapon Master (claws). (Spells Per Day: 9/9/8/7/6/4/3/2/1.) (For details, see *Swashbuckling Arcana*™)

Special Abilities

Glamour Legend: Once per day, the Seelie Queen who may use any powers of the Glamour legends at will without rolling by drawing upon her own legend rather than that of another being. (See *Swashbuckling Arcana*™)

Glimpse of Waves: By drawing on the energy of the entire sea, Queen Maab can increase any of her die rolls by +20 if she is standing in at least a foot of sea water. However, she has granted this power to Meryth. While she can take it back at any time, doing so would cause Meryth 10d10 damage, ignoring damage reduction bonus.

Immunities: Queen Maab is immune to poison, disease, any damage from weather-related phenomenon (heat, cold, pressure, lightning, etc.), critical hits, and similar effects. Magic only has 50% of its normal effect upon her.

Shapechange: Maab can change her form at will to that of any other creature, but always retains her original statistics, skills, and powers. However, she gains any of the powers, attacks, and special abilities of the creature into which she changes. She uses a variety of forms involving a nautical theme including sea serpents, kraken, speaking fish, and even beautiful mortal women.

Spell-like Abilities: Queen Maab may cast control water, displacement, false vision, greater scrying, legend lore, polymorph any object, screen, veil, and water breathing at will, as if she were a 17th level arcane spell caster.

Summon Minions: Each round she can summon 1d6 Selkies, 1d6 lacedon (see *Monster Manual*,™ Ghoul) or one Sidhe lord as a full action.

Touch of the Depths: Queen Maab's deep connection with the sea enables her to let anyone she can see experience the sensation of being within the water, even if they are on land. At its most benign, this is a relaxing and calming feeling of floating serenely on gentle ocean waves. At its most malignant, it is a *feeling* of being on the ocean floor, miles beneath the surface, surrounded by complete darkness (as per *darkness*; takes 5d6 damage from the pressure and takes 5d6 cold damage). It is the sense of being in an underwater volcano (takes 5d6 damage from the pressure and takes 5d6 damage from the heat) or on the surface during a storm when lightning strikes (take 5d6 lightning damage). There is no saving throw or spell resistance against this ability. Creatures who are comfortable in these surroundings take no damage but few creatures are comfortable in all of these situations.

If a being shapechanges to avoid damage from one condition, she can alter it to a different condition.

Water Road: A single road leads to Queen Maab's domain. It is almost impossible to find, but those who stay on it are protected by her powerful magic (*water breathing*, *light*, *free action*, and *telekinesis*). Of course, she may remove the effects of these spells at will.

Special: Coral Sword Queen Maab possesses a Sidhe blade made of coral that only she can wield. Anyone struck by the blade takes an additional 2d12 cold damage and must make a Fortitude save (DC 20) or be frozen in place for 5 rounds (10 phases).

The Black Siren — Villain (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 7, Finesse: 6, Resolve: 5, Wits: 6, Panache: 6

TN to be hit: 35 underwater, 20 on land.

Reputation: -25 (-75 among sailors)

Background: Vengeance 5 (Queen Maab), Defeated 2 (Queen Maab)

Arcana: Hateful (Queen Maab)

Advantages: Combat Reflexes, Indomitable Will, Keen Senses, Large, Toughness, Fearful Countenance, Fear 4 (She can speak and understand all languages, but cannot read.)

Hunter: Fishing 4, Stealth 4, Survival 4, Ambush 3

Sailor: Balance 5, Climbing 4, Cartography 5, Navigation 5, Sea Lore 5, Swimming 6, Weather 6

Scholar: History 4, Mathematics 4, Astronomy 4, Occult 4

Dirty Fighting: Attack (Improvised Weapon) 3, Attack (Claws) 5, Eye-Gouge 3, Throat Strike 5

COMBAT

The Black Siren is a powerful opponent both in person and from great distances. She is immune to the dangers of her environment and rarely ventures from her home. Anyone venturing down to her bone palace on the sea floor is subject to drowning rules (*Player's Guide*™) and must use Swimming rather than Footwork for passive defense.

When fighting, she usually relies upon her poisoned claws (7k2damage) to injure her opponents, then retreats so her poison can weaken the heroes (1 dramatic wound/3 rounds/1 day.) It can only be scrubbed off with fresh water and if left

untreated causes the victim's flesh to rot off his bones with an unbearable pain.) She rarely worries about injuries to herself since all damage she receives is reduced by two kept dice unless it is inflicted by a blessed weapon, Sidhe weapon or a Synneth device. While she allows the poison to work on her victim, the Black Siren uses her ability to control weather and sends waves of siren minions to wipe out her foes. Generally attended by a dozen sirens (Rank 3 brutes), she controls all sea creatures within sight and can cause dead creatures (like the walls of her bone palace) within sight to animate as skeletal beings (Rank 2 brutes that require three hits to destroy). She can also exert complete control over the weather with results equivalent to using any of the weather Laerdom knacks at will.

The Black Siren (d20™)

(reprinted from *Heroes, Villains, and Monsters*™)

Large Abomination

HD: 12d4+60 (96 hp)

Initiative: +5 (+5 Dex)

Speed: 40 ft., swim 60 ft.

AC: 29 (-1 size, +5 Dex, +15 natural)

Attacks: 1 claw +19/+14 melee, bite + 14 melee

Damage: Claw 1d6+7 plus rotting poison, Bite 2d8+3 plus rotting poison

Face/Reach: 10 ft. by 10 ft./10 ft.

Special Attacks: Spell-like abilities, fear aura, summon sirens, regeneration, remote casting, rotting poison

Saves: Fort +13, Ref +14, Will +13

Abilities: Str 25, Dex 20, Con 21, Int 20, Wis 20, Cha 16

Skills: Bluff +17, Concentration +19, Jump +15, Knowledge (Acana) + 20, (The Sea) +30, Listen +21, Scry +20, Search +21, Spot +21, Spellcraft +21

Climate: Aquatic

Organization: Unique

Challenge Rating: 15

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Théan sailors whisper among themselves about the Black Siren, a hideous woman who rests at the bottom of the sea, waiting to wreak havoc. Her breath is likened to a hurricane blowing out of the Midnight Archipelago. One slash of a single claw can shred a man in seconds and she can turn an entire ship to stone in an instant. What lends credence to the legends is that no one has actually seen her and lived to tell the story.

The source of these tales come from those gifted with the Sight, like Fate Witches and *skjaeren*, who catch glimpses of her in their visions, but shy away from attracting her attention. It is generally agreed that this monster does exist, although bless Theus, she is the last of her kind.

The feud with her greatest foe, Queen Maab, endured for millennia. The great Sidhe queen battled the Black Siren relentlessly for control of the seas. During one of their great battles, Maab struck off a poison-tipped claw, grievously wounding the ancient Siren. That claw, filled with its owner's hate and evil, floated beneath the waves for centuries while coral fastened to it and grew. No other sea life could touch it and survive until one day it was struck by a ship, which lead to the creation of the *Black Freighter*. (See *Heroes, Villains and Monsters*,™ pg. 39)

The Queen of the Sea is a giant gloated figure covered with green scales who lives in a palace built entirely of sharp-spined coral and drowned men's bones. With tentacles flowing off her brow above red eyes and a gaping mouth full of sharp teeth, she is a creature of blackest nightmares. She sits upon a throne made from a kraken skull while she Scrys into a glowing iridescent bubble, soothed by the susurrus of the sirens swimming around her. Images from throughout Théah fill the bubble, enabling her to reach far beyond her sea-floor domain.

Combat

The Black Siren will use her spell-like abilities focused through her scrying orb but the effort is so strenuous that she must rest 12 hours for every hour of Scrying. Should the orb be destroyed, she is not without powerful weapons; her physical strength and her poisonous touch are more than sufficient to destroy her opponent. Typically, she will infect one or two opponents, then retreat to allow the poison to do its work. The contagion does not spread but the results are horrific enough to deter others from being so foolhardy.

Spell-like Abilities (At will): The Black Siren's powerful spells include *animate dead*, *cone of cold*, *control water*, *control winds*, *detect magic*, *dispel magic*, *dominate monster* (sea creatures only), *fog cloud*, *ice storm*, *lightning bolt*, *poison*, *summon monster IX* (sirens), *water breathing*, and *whirlwind*. These work like spells cast by a 15th level Sorcerer but the Black Siren may only use them when she is touching the bubble of enchanted air in her palace. (See *Player's Handbook*,™ Ch. 11: *Spells for details*.)

Fear Aura (Su): The Black Siren can create an aura of fear within a 20-ft. radius as a free action. The spell works like fear as cast by a 15th level Sorcerer (save DC 19). If the save is successful, the target cannot be affected again by this spell for the cycle of one moon. Sirens are immune to this spell.

Submerged: The Black Siren lives at the bottom of the sea. While she is immune to the cold and pressure there, humans who try to venture into her domain suffer 2d6 damage per round from cold and another 2d6 damage from pressure without some form of protection. In addition, she can breathe water and air. Although she can emerge from the water, she rarely does; it is not her natural environment so she feels slightly more vulnerable.

Summon Sirens (Sp): The Black Siren may summon three (3) sirens to her side at will. (This is a full round action.)

Regeneration (Ex): The Black Siren takes normal damage from Blessed weapons, Sidhe weapons and Syrneath devices; all others inflict subdual damage only. She heals 5 points of subdual damage every round that she is submerged in salt water.

Remote Casting: Thanks to her Scrying abilities, her power extends far beyond her palace. She owns an orb created from an air bubble that allows her to view anything within 200 feet of the sea. Using the orb as a focus, she can exert her powers, but such sorcerous activity is extremely tiring and after one hour, she must sleep for at least a day. The orb is fragile [Hardness 2, hp 10] and can be shattered by a single blow. (Note: The orb is always guarded by at least 6 sirens.)

Rotting Poison: The Black Siren's Claws emit a rotting poison. [Fort Save (DC 25) or Initial and Secondary 2d20 Permanent Constitution.] Duration: 1 day; Interval: 1 hr. Damage: 1 pt of Permanent Constitution. The damage is reduced to 0 if the wound is washed with fresh water.

Lugh and Lawrence Lugh

The child of the Lady of the Lake and her mortal lover became the Horned King/Holly Prince, although his mother always calls him Lugh. Sir Lawrence Lugh, the captain of Elaine's Knights, is the son of the Horned King. Once a Sidhe living in Bryn Bresail, he has been consigned to live among mortals due to presence of an iron hand which he carries as a curse from a jilted (and powerful) lover.

The Horned King and the Holly Prince

The Horned King is a primal embodiment of the twin chaotic vortices of creation and destruction, and as such should never be taken lightly. A terrifying sight, he stands over seven feet tall, an ensemble of sleek and rippling muscle. He has the legs of a great deer or elk, and his head is topped with a fantastic spread of antlers.

His mother, the Lady of the Lake, instructed him carefully never to reveal his human heritage. He has kept it a secret for so long that he has largely forgotten he had a father at all, let alone a human one. He recalls only fleeting images, mere memories of memories, of his father, a long-forgotten knight of arguable nationality. Not even the Horned King himself remembers his father's name. That is a secret only the Lady of the Lake knows.

Given his lifestyle, it is no wonder the Horned King has largely lost his memory of his mortal progenitor. His worldview is little more than a raging libido coupled with a violent pride. All Sidhe who do not serve him directly take care to avoid him, especially during high summer, the time of his greatest activity, when he hunts, chasing, seducing and ravishing maidens — Sidhe and human alike. No Seelie other than the Queens can best him, and even they are wary, preferring to let him run wild.

Countless Sidhe are descended from the Horned King, products of his uncontrollable virility. He takes sadistic delight in running those he perceives as rivals into the ground, and stories abound of Sidhe whom he injured taking decades to heal properly, if at all. No mortal has even the wildest hope of challenging the Horned King physically.

This is not to say that the Horned King is a force of evil. Indeed, concepts of good and evil rarely enter his mind. Rather, he is primal, his psyche stripped away such that only the most basic drives of mating and dominance consume him. He represents the powerful force of nature that is intrinsic to the Glamour Isles.

The Horned King appears as a large, virile, muscle-bound, barbaric-looking male with a broad rack of antlers sprouting from his forehead. His only clothing is a bear skin draped around his body. His only goal is to seduce and ravish every female he comes into contact with. He regards other males as rivals, so any contact he has with them is generally violent. Despite his primal energy, wherever he steps, sap rushes through the foliage and plants bloom.

Lady Mary Katherine, in her *Booke of the Goodly Folke*, states that the Holly Prince is the eldest son of the Horned King, and the repository of all of his father's kindness, leaving the elder Horned King bereft of such emotion. Where the Horned King deals in violence and physical prowess, the

Holly Prince is much kinder to those he encounters. He guides travelers lost in the winter snows to their destination. He heals those who are ill during their journeys. He protects livestock from wolves, and children from danger. He thwarts the schemes of evildoers. And he does it all jovially.

Perhaps the most famous story of the Holly Prince is his delivery of gifts to good children during the midwinter Yule holiday. Many homes and businesses throughout the Glamour Isles are decorated with festive holly boughs during Yuletide, that the Holly Prince may see fit to bring gifts to the occupants. Of course, most gift-giving during the winter holiday is done from one mortal to another; when such giving is done secretly, someone always remarks that the Holly King has been around.

As all things are balanced in nature, so too does the Horned King have a kinder, gentler side. When the heat of summer wanes, winter brings the return of the Holly Prince, a handsome youth with a winsome smile dressed in the simple garb of a woodsman and wearing a wreath of holly upon his head. He focuses his energy on helping both mortals and Sidhe in danger. He demands that every being he rescues aid him at some point in the future. The Holly Prince also focuses on outwitting rather than overpowering his opponents.

The Horned King (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 9, *Finesse:* 7, *Resolve:* 6, *Wits:* 1, *Panache:* 3

TN to be hit: 35

Reputation: -15

Background: Hunting 5 (Females)

Arcana: Lecherous

Advantages: Able Drinker, Appearance: Stunning, Dangerous

Beauty, Large, Toughness, Language: Avalon

Courtier: Dancing 3, Oratory 3, Seduction 6

Hunter: Fishing 5, Skinning 5, Stealth 5, Survival 5, Tracking

5, Trailer Signs 5, Traps 5, Ambush 5, Animal Training 5

Athlete: Climbing 5, Footwork 5, Sprinting 5, Throwing 5,

Break Fall 5, Leaping 5, Long Distance Running 5, Lifting

5, Rolling 5, Swimming 5, Swinging 5, Sidestep 5

Dirty Fighting: Attack (Dirty Fighting) 5, Attack (Improvised

Weapon) 5, Eye-Gouge 5, Kick 5, Parry (Improvised

Weapon) 5, Throat Strike 5, Throw (Improvised Weapon) 5

Glamour: (Master) Iron Meg 5, Thomas 5

Attack (cudgel): 10k9

Damage (cudgel): 10k2 (See below)

Special Abilities

All Forests One: Once per day, the Horned King may teleport without error from any woodland setting to any other woodland setting within either Avalon or the Sidhe lands. He often does this while searching for a female companion without realizing it so intent is he on his hunt. However, he may not bring anyone with him when he uses this ability.

Aura of Masculinity: Any female creature within twenty feet of the Horned King must make a Resolve check (TN 30) or become overcome with desire for him.

Cudgel of Horn: A carved cudgel (+3 Sidhe horned cudgel made from a stag's antlers) appears in the Horned King's hand whenever he desires. Any female struck or touched by it must make a Resolve check (TN 25) or be overcome with lust for one hour. Victims overcome with lust are unable to resist the Horned King for one hour or engage in combat. Any male victims struck or touched by it must make a Resolve check (TN 25) or become enraged. Enraged victims continue fighting regardless of danger for one hour. Once per day, the

victim's resolve is reduced by 4 (minimum 1) for this check. Even other Sidhe are not immune to the cudgel's power but only the Horned King may wield it.

Glamour: The Horned King is a legendary figure and does not need to spend drama dice to use his powers, since they draw upon his own legend rather than that of another. He has access to the Iron Meg and Thomas knacks (see *Avalon™* book).

Immunities: The Horned King is immune to poison, disease, and similar effects. Magical damage and effects have only half its normal affect on him.

Nature's Sweat: Anyone whose skin is touched by the Horned King's sweat must make a Resolve save (TN 20) or be overwhelmed by lust for an hour.

Seasonal Change: The Horned King only exists from the Spring Equinox to the Fall Equinox while the peak of his power falls at Summer Solstice. The statistics listed are for the Summer Solstice. For every month before or after the Summer Solstice, the Horned King's Brawn is 1 point lower while his Wits are 1 point higher.

Shapechange: The Horned King can change his form at will to that of any other creature, but always retains his original statistics, skills and powers. Every form he assumes also retains the rack of antlers, sized appropriately for the new form. He may also assume the form of the Holly Prince, which heals all his damage but he despises the feeling of his strength fading away and will avoid it if possible. In fact, an engraved image of the Holly Prince forcefully presented will prevent him from approaching within ten feet.

The Horned King (d20™)

Large Fae: CR 17; SZ L; HD 10d8+120; hp 170; Init +7 (+7 Dex); Spd 50 ft.; AC 26 (+7 Dex + 9 natural); Atks: +32/+27/+22/+17 horned cudgel (melee) (1d8+15); SV Fort 23, Ref 23, Will 14; SA May use any Glamour spells as if he were a 20th level spell caster; DR 15/Cold Iron (DR 2/-) or Syrneth weapons, SR20; All Forests One, Aura of Masculinity, Cudgel, Glamour Legend, Immunities, Nature's Sweat, Seasonal Change, Shapechange at will; Str 35, Dex 24, Con 24, Int 6, Wis 22, Cha 30; AL Chaotic Neutral; Skills: Animal Empathy +15, Bluff +15, Diplomacy +12, Gather Information +12, Handle Animal +15, Heal +14, Hide +15, Innuendo +10, Intimidate +15, Intuit Direction +10, Jump +15, Listen +14, Move Silently +16, Ride +12, Search +16, Sense Motive +12, Spot +16, Wilderness Lore +20; Feats: Alertness, Appearance - Above Average, Dangerous Beauty, Keen Senses, Leadership, Sex Appeal. (Spells Per Day: 10/13/12/10/9/8/7/5/4/3.) (For details, see *Swashbuckling Arcana™*)

Special Abilities

All Forests One: Once per day, the Horned King may teleport without error from any woodland setting to any other woodland setting within either Avalon or the Sidhe lands. He often does this while searching for a female companion without realizing it so intent is he on his hunt. However, he may not bring anyone with him when he uses this ability.

Aura of Masculinity: Any female creature within twenty feet of the Horned King must make a Will save (DC 20) or be overcome with desire for him. They will be unable to oppose him or engage in combat for the next hour.

Cudgel of Horn: A carved cudgel (+3 Sidhe horned cudgel made from a stag's antlers) appears in the Horned King's hand whenever he desires. Any female touched by the cudgel must make a Will save (DC 20) or be overcome with lust for one hour. Any other male touched by the cudgel must

make a Will save (DC 20) or become enraged per the *emotion (rage)* spell for one hour. Once per day, the cudgel's wielder may reduce all modifiers to this save to 0. Spell resistance provides no protection against this item's magic and only the Horned King may wield it.

Glamour Legend: As a legendary figure, the Horned King may use any of the powers of either Iron Meg or Thomas (Glamour Legends) at will without rolling once per day. (See *Swashbuckling Arcana™*)

Immunities: The Horned King is immune to poison, disease, critical hits, and similar effects. Magic always has only half its normal affect on him.

Nature's Sweat: Anyone whose skin is touched by the Horned King's sweat must make a Will save (DC 20) or become overwhelmed by lust for one hour.

Shapechange: The Horned King can *shapechange* at will to that of any other male creature, but always retains his original statistics, skills and powers. Every form he assumes also retains the rack of antlers, sized appropriately for the new form. He may also assume the form of the Holly Prince, which heals all his damage but he despises the feeling of his strength fading away and will avoid it if possible. In fact, an engraved image of the Holly Prince forcefully presented will prevent him from approaching within ten feet.

Seasonal Change: The Horned King only exists from the Spring Equinox to the Fall Equinox while the peak of his power falls at Summer Solstice. The statistics above listed are for the Summer Solstice. For every month before or after the Summer Solstice, the Horned King's Strength is 3 points lower while his Intelligence is 3 points higher.

The Holly Prince — Hero (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 3, Finesse: 7, Resolve: 6,
Wits: 7, Panache: 4

TN to be hit: 40

Reputation: 30

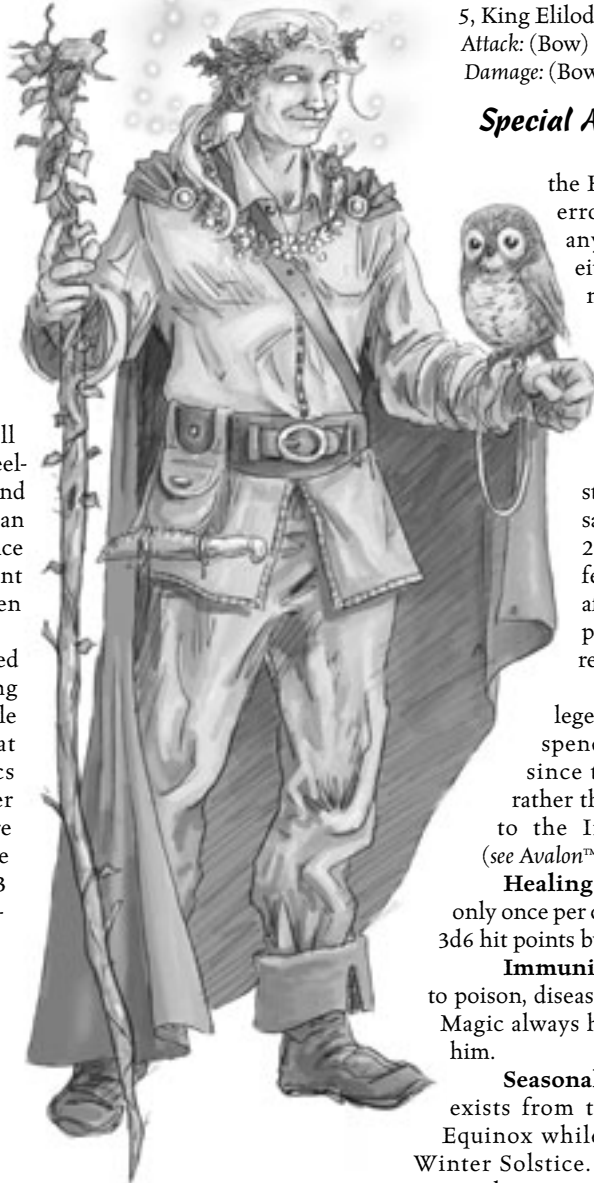
Background: None

Arcana: Friendly

Advantages: Appearance: Stunning, All
Languages (R/W)

Courtier: Dancing 3, Etiquette 3, Fashion 2, Oratory 4, Diplomacy 4, Gaming 2, Gossip 2, Lip Reading 2, Mooch 3, Politics 2, Scheming 3, Seduction 4, Sincerity 5

Hunter: Fishing 5, Skinning 5, Stealth 5, Survival 5, Tracking 5, Trailer Signs 5, Traps 5, Ambush 5, Animal Training 5



Performer: Acting 3, Dancing 3, Oratory 4, Singing 3, Cold Read 3, Disguise 3, Storytelling 3

Spy: Shadowing 3, Stealth 5, Bribery 3, Conceal 1, Disguise 3, Forgery 1, Hand Signs 1, Lip Reading 2, Poison 4, Sincerity 5

Archer: Attack (Bow) 5, Fletcher 5, Snapshot 5, Trick Shooting 5

Athlete: Climbing 5, Footwork 5, Sprinting 5, Throwing 5, Break Fall 5, Leaping 5, Long Distance Running 5, Lifting 5, Rolling 5, Swimming 5, Swinging 5, Sidestep 5

Dirty Fighting: Attack (Dirty Fighting) 5, Attack (Improvised Weapon) 5, Eye-Gouge 5, Kick 5, Parry (Improvised Weapon) 5, Throat Strike 5, Throw (Improvised Weapon) 5

Glamour (Master): Robin Goodfellow 5, Isaac Snags 5, King Elilodd 5

Attack: (Bow) 10k9, Attack (cudgel) 7k7

Damage: (Bow) 6k2, (Cudgel) 4k3

Special Abilities

All Forests One: Once per day, the Holly Prince may teleport without error from any woodland setting to any other woodland setting within either Avalon or the Sidhe lands. He may bring up to 5 creatures (Sidhe or mortal) with him who will usually not even notice that they have been moved.

Arrows of Slumber: The Holly Prince possesses special arrows that only he may use. Anyone struck by them must make a Brawn save (TN 35) or fall unconscious for 24 hours. These arrows are unaffected by spell resistance and may affect human and Sidhe alike. Once per day, the Holly Prince may reduce all modifiers to this save to 0.

Glamour: The Holly Prince is a legendary figure and does not need to spend Drama Dice to use his powers, since they draw upon his own legend rather than that of another. He has access to the Iron Meg and Thomas knacks (see *Avalon™ book*).

Healing Touch: Three times per day (but only once per creature), the Holly Prince can heal 3d6 hit points by simply touching someone.

Immunities: The Holly Prince is immune to poison, disease, critical hits, and similar effects. Magic always has only half its normal affect on him.

Seasonal Change: The Holly Prince only exists from the Fall Equinox to the Spring Equinox while the peak of his power falls at Winter Solstice. The statistics listed are for the Winter Solstice. For every month before or after the Summer Solstice, the Holly Prince's Brawn is 1 point higher while his Wits are 3 points lower.

Shapechange: The Holly Prince can change his form at will to that of any other creature, but always retains his original statistics, skills and powers. Every form he assumes also retains the wreath of holly, sized appropriately for the new form. He may also assume the form of the Horned King,

which restores all of his hit points, but he despises the feeling of his intellect fading away and will avoid it if possible. In fact, an engraved image of the Horned King forcefully presented will prevent him from approaching within ten feet.

GM Secrets

The Horned King begins his life anew each year as the young Holly Prince, friendly and exuberant, filled with vigor and zest for life. From spring to summer he ages, becoming the Horned King at the point of midsummer. As he ages into this form, he grows more and more powerful, and his emotions run hotter and hotter.

From high summer to midwinter every year, the Horned King ages backward, eventually returning to his youthful form, the Holly Prince. He physically shrinks over the course of this time to about five feet in height, and loses some muscle mass as well. His basic form (deer legs and all) remains the same, although his antlers get smaller in size and scale as the year progresses.

By midwinter, he has fully become the Holly Prince, and is a markedly different individual from the Horned King. Indeed, few Sidhe, and only a handful of mortals, realize that the Horned King and the Holly Prince are the same person at all. Many claim that the Holly Prince hunts the Horned King. This is not the case, but the stories persist regardless.

The Horned King is so uncaring about the mortal world that he is unlikely to serve as any sort of patron or information source to PCs. The Holly Prince, on the other hand, can be a tantalizing adventure hook all of his own. He may approach players to deliver gifts or help stranded travelers (though these missions will never be as easy as they sound), and PCs who want to earn his favor have made a powerful ally indeed.

The Holly Prince (a20™)

Fae: CR 16; SZ M; HD 10d8+120; hp 170; Init +7 (+7 Dex); Spd 50 ft.; AC 30 (+7 Dex + 13 natural); Atks: +19/+14/+9/+4 cudgel (melee) (1d8+8) or +25/+25/+20/+15 oak +3 longbow (ranged) (1d8+8); SA May use any Glamour spells as if he were a 20th level spell caster, DR 15/cold iron or Synchron weapons, SR 20; All Forests One, Arrows of Slumber, Glamour Legend, Healing Touch; Immunities; Seasonal Change; Shapechange at will; SV Fort 23, Ref 23, Will 22; Str 17, Dex 24, Con 24, Int 24, Wis 22, Cha 30; AL Chaotic Good; Skills: Animal Empathy +15, Bluff +20, Diplomacy +18, Gather Information +19, Handle Animal +15, Heal +16, Hide +15, Innuendo +16, Intimidate +12, Intuit Direction +10, Jump +15, Listen +14, Move Silently +16, Ride +12, Search +16, Sense Motive +21, Spot +19, Wilderness Lore +20; Feats: Accurate Archer, Combat Reflexes, Dangerous Beauty, Friendly, Precise Shot, Weapon Proficiency (Long bow). (Spells Per Day: 10/13/12/10/9/8/7/5/4/3.) (For details, see *Swashbuckling Arcana*™)

Special Abilities

All Forests One: Once per day, the Holly Prince may *teleport without error* from any woodland setting to any other woodland setting within either Avalon or the Sidhe lands. He may bring up to 5 people (Sidhe or mortal) with him who will usually not even notice that they have been moved.

Arrows of Slumber: The Holly Prince possesses special arrows which only he may use. Anyone struck by them must make a Fortitude save (DC 35) or fall unconscious for 24 hours. These arrows are unaffected by spell resistance and may affect human and sidhe alike. Once per day, the Holly Prince may reduce all modifiers to this save to 0.

Glamour Legend: The Holly Prince is a legendary figure. He may use any of the powers of the Glamour legends of Robin Goodfellow, Isaac Snags, and King Elillod at will without rolling once per day. (See *Swashbuckling Arcana*™)

Healing Touch: Three times per day (but only once per creature), the Holly Prince can heal 3d6 hit points by simply touching any being.

Immunities: The Holly Prince is immune to poison, disease, critical hits, and similar effects. Magic always has only half its normal affect on him.

Seasonal Change: The Holly Prince only exists from the Fall Equinox to the Spring Equinox while the peak of his power falls at Winter Solstice. The statistics listed are for the Winter Solstice. For every month before or after the Summer Solstice, the Holly Prince's strength is 3 points higher while his intelligence is 3 points lower.

Shapechange: The Holly Prince can *shapechange* at will to that of any other creature, but always retains his original statistics, skills and powers. Every form he assumes also retains a thick wreath of holly encircling its head. He may also assume the form of the Horned King, which restores all of his hit points, but he despises this violent side of himself and will avoid it if possible. In fact, an engraved image of the Horned King forcefully presented will prevent him from approaching within ten feet.

Queen Elaine

Tall, regal, and possessed of immaculate beauty celebrated in poetry throughout Avalon, Elaine is a storybook queen personified. Her beginnings, however, are much more humble.

She spent her childhood and adolescence living as the "orphan niece" of Sir Umbert, a minor member of the country nobility, ignorant of her true heritage. Umbert was content to live in his decent but unspectacular manor on his fertile but unspectacular land overseeing the labors of his hardworking but unspectacular peasants, and he raised his family the same way. Elaine remembers him as a good and just man, and credits him with her earliest lessons in fairness and generosity.

The only significant conflict she ever had with Umbert involved her wedding. Elaine fell in love when she was 17. The object of her affection, Edmund, was the son of a neighboring lord, and they loved each other as only the young can. Edmund's father soon contacted Umbert about a marriage, but Umbert stalled inexplicably. Elaine begged. Elaine pouted. Elaine argued. Still, Umbert would not budge, always giving vague excuses. Elaine decided to take matters into her own hands.

Shortly after her 19th birthday, Elaine quietly revealed to Umbert that she was pregnant. He quickly consented to the marriage and far from angry, he arranged for the couple to live with distant relatives for a few years, after which they could return with the child with no one the wiser.

Her wedding day should have been the happiest one of Elaine's life; instead, it was the most traumatic. Derwyddon met her at the altar and in front of the horrified guests, spirited her away to Bryn Bresail, where her child was taken from her and her true heritage explained. The child was no longer her concern because young Elaine was destined to become the Queen of Avalon. Throughout the following days, her world was full of pain and torrents of tears as the young woman almost broke down, but her ties to Avalon were stronger and eventually, despite her broken heart, she accepted her fate.

She returned to the mortal realm ten years later, having not aged a day, to find the land she was to rule torn by civil war. Using the guidance of Derwyddon and the power of the Graal, she gathered a group of knights. Through them she fashioned an army, and unified Avalon. She continues to face enemies, both foreign and local, but in spite of the challenges, she has the love of Avalon's people, and leads them proudly.

Beloved as she is, Elaine is ironically one of the least approachable monarchs in Théah. This is not to say she is one of the least visible. In her court, she is readily visible to any who would look. She spends a part of every day greeting ordinary people.

Characters who wish to pursue a closer relationship with the queen, however, will find this to be much more difficult. Elaine is heavily insulated from such contact, surrounded by several layers of bureaucracy, and several more layers of well armed knights. Her political enemies regularly try to insinuate spies into her company, and she thus keeps herself distant from all but her most trusted servants. Characters may do more than simply greet the queen, but it will take days and perhaps weeks of legal wrangling, and probably more than a little wheel-greasing, to gain a legitimate audience.

The characters will have much better luck if they ingratiate themselves with her underlings first. Cultivating good relationships with one or more of her knights is one of the faster routes to the queen's attention. Short of drinking from the Graal, nothing makes a character more trustworthy in the eyes of Elaine than the word of one of Elaine's knights on his behalf.

Because Elaine is so protected from meaningful contact, a GM should reserve her as a prize in and of herself. She will be able to assign the characters real world-moving missions, and as such should be reserved until the characters can handle such missions. Gaining her attention could be, and should be, an adventure unto itself.

Queen Elaine (7th Sea™)

(see Avalon,™ pg. 101)

Queen Elaine (d20™)

Avalon Noble 1/Courtier 1/Glamour Mage 10: CR 12; SZ M; HD 2d8+100; hp 59; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atks: Bow +9/+4 (1d8) or Dagger +7/+2 melee (1d4); SA Blessing of Good Fortune, Blessing of Renown, Commanding Presence +1, Friends in High Places, Glamour Adept, Glamour Checks +5, Known Legends (Robin Goodfellow +7, Iron Meg +5, King Elilodd +10, Green Man +5, Thomas +9), Style and Grace, Talent, Wealth; SV Fort 3, Ref 9, Will 13; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 20, Wis 14, Cha 18; AL LG; Skills: Bluff +14, Concentration +2, Diplomacy +18, Innuendo +4, Gather Information +9, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (Sidhe) +13, Knowledge (Avalon) +10, Ride +6, Search +6, Sense Motive +12, Spot +7; Feats: Full Blooded (Glamour), Inspirational, Leadership, Legendary Trait (Intelligence), Skill Focus (Diplomacy), Skill Focus (Knowledge (Sidhe)).

Spells: 0-level: *dancing lights*; Level 1: *colors of Théah*, *charm person*; Level 2: *enthrall*, *suggestion*; Level 3: *charm monster*, *major image*, *emotion*; Level 4: *break enchantment*; Level 5: *fabricate*. (Spells per day: 5/6/5/4/3/1.) (For details, see *Player's Handbook*,™ Ch. 11: *Spells*.)

Spells per day: 5/6/5/4/3/1

SPELLS KNOWN

Level	Spells
Level 0:	<i>dancing lights</i>
Level 1:	<i>colors of Théah</i> , <i>charm person</i>
Level 2:	<i>enthrall</i> , <i>suggestion</i>
Level 3:	<i>charm monster</i> , <i>major image</i> , <i>emotion</i>
Level 4:	<i>break enchantment</i>
Level 5:	<i>fabricate</i>

(For details, see *Player's Handbook*,™ Ch. 11: *Spell and Swash-buckling Arcana*.™)

Special Abilities

While at the Sidhe Court, Elaine was introduced to a man claiming to be King Elilodd. He personally instructed her in certain secrets of Glamour which allow her to know an additional Legend.

Blessings: Queen Elaine adds +1 to all rolls and +2 to all Charisma-based rolls thanks to blessings from the Seelie Queen and the Lady of the Lake.

She also receives a +2 circumstance bonus to all rolls while in Avalon or the Sidhe lands.

GM Notes

Elaine is married to Avalon; this is her mission and her burden. The Queen of the Sky herself set this condition upon Elaine: should she ever love anything (or anyone) more than she loves Avalon, the nation will fall, and Glamour will leave the Isles forever. On the surface, one would think that the stress of running a nation as dynamic and rambunctious as Avalon would keep Elaine from such ties of love. This is unfortunately not the case.

Elaine misses her daughter Meryth and harbors a secret fantastic hope of someday reconciling and becoming the mother she always wanted to be. Meryth is aware of Elaine's feelings, and of Elaine's gesa, and waits for the opportunity to use both against the woman who abandoned her. (See Meryth's entry in this chapter for more details.)

Elaine is aware of her feelings for Sir Lawrence Lugh and his for her (despite his best effort, he is hardly adept at keeping his emotions concealed.) She knows how dangerous it is to keep such a man close to her but he is the finest knight in the realm.

Derwyddon

Derwyddon is quite possibly the most enigmatic figure in Avalon. Those who seek information on the Sidhe can consult Lady Mary Katherine's book but no such reference material, however dubious, exists about Derwyddon, and people always fear that which they do not understand.

Although he forgets nothing, he often seems easily confused, stopping in mid-sentence to think, or to look at people through first one eye and then the other. He has a habit of being absent from court for periods as long as months, only to turn up unexpectedly, say something to someone, and vanish again. It is easy for courtiers in Avalon to dismiss him as a doddering old fool spinning meaningless riddles, and many have a habit of doing just that.

But every now and then, he says something so brilliant, so biting, and so unmistakably true that he frightens people all over again. He generally makes such statements loudly, in the middle of court or a state dinner or a royal traveling party or some other social occasion at which his outburst would be considered unforgivably rude, if it did not turn out to be

undeniably true. He is then actively shunned and avoided for a time until people forget their fear and resume their benign disregard, at which point he says something astonishing and the cycle begins again.

Brave souls, realizing that Derwyddon knows more than he indicates, have on occasion approached him for advice. It is rumored that he sees the past, present, and future at once, and those desperate to know their fate petition the old druid for his wisdom. He always declines, despite their continued pleas, then tells them the truth, which is rarely what they wanted to hear.

He is capable of great magical feats, although he must rest for an extended period after a magical working. He is said to have never failed when casting an enchantment.

Derwyddon has one red eye (a completely red, completely opaque orb) and one blue eye (which is more or less normal). One it is said sees the past, and the other the future. No one knows for certain which is which, and Derwyddon himself has never confirmed or denied such tales. He walks with a hunch, and has wild unkempt hair. His frame is lean and ragged, but he nevertheless gives an unsettling impression of great physical strength. Spiritually he is a void. A cold aura surrounds him; some say it is the aura of death. He walks like a moving wave, clearing a path of shuddering men and women around him through force of will. Why Elaine tolerates his continued presence in her court is a mystery.

Derwyddon – Hero (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 2, Finesse: 3, Wits: 7, Resolve: 7, Panache: 5

Reputation: -13

Background: None

Arcana: Arrogant

Advantages: Unnerving Countenance, All Languages (R/W), Legendary Trait

TN to be hit: 30 (any setting)

Attack (Quarterstaff): 8k3

Damage (Quarterstaff): 4k2

Druid: Spring 5, Summer 5, Autumn 5, Winter 5, Moon 5, Prophet's Mass 5

Courtier: Etiquette 1, Oratory 4, Diplomacy 3, Politics 3, Scheming 5

Hunter: Stealth 2, Survival 4, Tracking 4, Trail Signs 4, Traps 4, Ambush 4, Animal Training 4

Bard: Etiquette 1, History 5, Oratory 4, Diplomacy 3, Herb Lore 5, Riddles 5, Sidhe Lore 5

Polearm: Attack (Polearm) 5, Parry (Polearm) 5, Set Defense 5

As Master Druid of Avalon, Derwyddon has certain abilities beyond those of normal druids. He possesses the knack Prophet's Mass that is ascendant during this time and when there new moons are in the skies. He may have an unlimited number of Lesser or Greater Gesa in play at any time, though he will not place more than one on an individual. In addition, he can make a prophecy for anyone he can see. This prophecy will always come true, though perhaps not in the manner that the person expected.

He is also immune to poison, disease and can never take more than a single dramatic wound at a time. In addition, he can command trees and plants to move at his command, control the weather and cause natural disasters such as fire, flood and earthquakes.

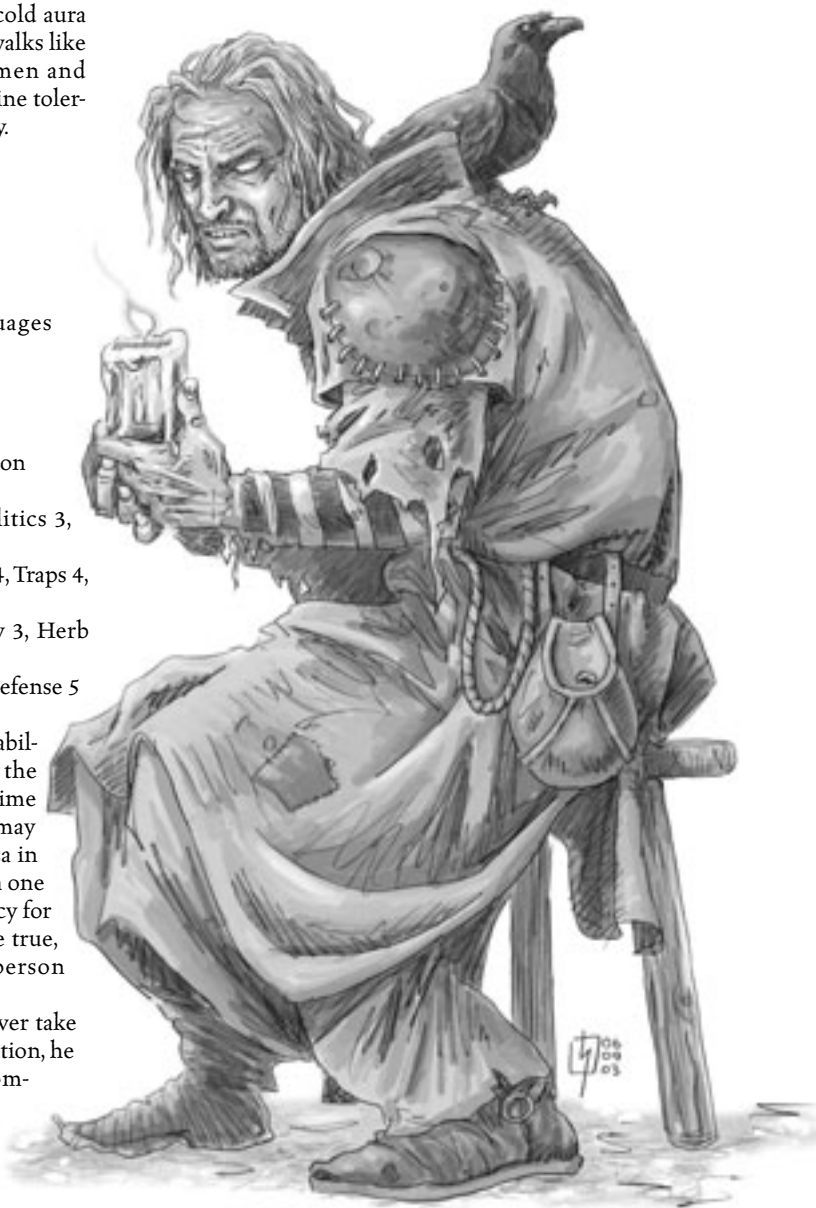
He can heal injuries with a single touch (up to 3k3 flesh wounds or a single dramatic wound, only once per person per day), cause suffering with a touch (3k3 flesh wounds from his touch, only once per person per day) and see events at a great distance.

As Queen Elaine's Court Wizard, he is capable of incredible mystical feats such as disappearing in a cloud of smoke, rusting armor with a glance, shrugging off a Laerdom sorcerer's lightning bolts and engulfing her enemies in flames. If there is any limit to his powers, none have ever learned of it.

GM Secrets

True to popular stories, Derwyddon really is thousands of years old. Not entirely human, he is not entirely Sidhe either.

There are those who believe that long ago, he was a mortal knight. While riding one day, he stopped to water his horse in the shallows of what is now Loch Westmoreland, where he saw the most beautiful woman he had ever imagined. He fell in love with her instantly, and she with him. She was the Lady of the Lake, and he eventually became the father of Lugh (the Horned King) and Sophia.



When the Sidhe faded from Avalon and the lovers were forced to part, he was left to raise his daughter, Sophia. He possessed the Lady's immortality balm, and uses it to this day. Unfortunately, shortly after Sophia reached her majority, a terrible thing happened.

In one of the many wars fought across Avalon in its shadowy pre-history, the knight was wounded. The blow, a savage one to the head, destroyed his left eye and robbed him of most of his memory. He remembered that the potion he carried was his link to life, and he remembered the secrets of its manufacture, but precious little else.

He wandered for a time before being rescued by a band of druids. In their way of life he found purpose, and eventually became the greatest of them all. He mastered a number of other arts as well, including the ability to foretell the future. He took the name Derwyddon, as he could not remember his own, and was happy in his new life.

When Elaine was born, the Lady of the Lake came to him in a vision, seeking mortal allies to aid her. Neither of them recognized the other, so long ago had they been lovers. The Lady told him many things about Elaine, and set him the task of guarding her and making certain that she kept the vow to never love another. Derwyddon pledged his immortal life to this cause.

Elaine is aware of his mission, and keeps him around partly for her safety, and partly because he really does have magical powers which he uses on her behalf regularly, and as such is numbered among her most trusted advisors.

He deliberately cultivates his mysterious aura, and extensively feeds the rumors surrounding him. His red eye, for example, is physically useless to him, although it is kept from rot by the immortality balm, which he continues to use. He sometimes pretends to look at people through it because he knows how unsettling it is. More than one brave man has squeaked out horrible confessions to Derwyddon based solely on their fear of his legend. His mystique is useful, so he encourages it.

Contrary to legend, he cannot foresee everything about the future. This is another piece of the myth he has so carefully surrounded himself with. He can see many things, but not everything.

He dislikes Sir Bors, and avoids the man whenever possible. Derwyddon quietly spreads stories about Bors not following the old ways, and people believe this is why he harbors such mistrust of the dour highlander. In fact, Derwyddon knows that Bors is the smartest man in Elaine's court (after himself, of course), and is in the best position to figure out Derwyddon's secrets. He avoids the man so as to afford the knight no opportunity to turn his keen mind on the old druid.

There is another possibility, albeit far-fetched, that he is a Syr-neth construct gone rogue long ago. An experiment by the Syr-neth in blending their technologies with a living being, they seized a young druid and made him a test subject. He possesses the living sentience of a man, but it is housed in a body of indescribable technological mastery. He cannot "remember" the past. Everything he sees or hears is archived in his near-limitless memory. Similarly, he cannot "see" the future, but is capable of processing the mountains of data within him so quickly that he can make accurate predictions. His red eye cannot see anything because it has burned out.

In fact, his eye is a sign of his greatest problem. He needs maintenance. His body runs on a form of energy that approaches perpetual motion. Unfortunately, "approaches" does not mean "equals," and although he is capable of recharging himself, activity slowly runs him down. He frequently shuts himself down to allow his power source to recharge itself. To fully recharge, however, he would have to shut down for years, and he knows he cannot afford to be away from the Queen for that long.

His magics are intact, but the energy of spirit that an ordinary druid draws upon has been replaced with his Syr-neth power. When he works magic, therefore, he is required to shut down to recoup the loss.

Energy is not his only problem, however. His body has gone without maintenance for millennia, and certain basic processes have malfunctioned and cannot be corrected. His eye burned out long ago, and he is completely blind in it; it glows malevolently, but it is otherwise useless to him. His stooping hunch is the result of a bad fall, which would have killed a human, but only damaged his artificial spine. His hair is artificial, and never grows longer.

He does not trust Sir Bors because he knows that the wily Highlander is the smartest member of Elaine's court. That intelligence coupled with an active mind could potentially reveal Derwyddon's secret. It may take decades but Derwyddon knows that the potential is within Bors to make that sort of connection. This he fears for he understands that while he makes people uncomfortable now, he would face three critical problems were his secret known.

First, the common people of Avalon, he feels, would quickly turn from frightened reverence of an ancient druid to frightened hatred of a Syr-neth in their midst. Worse, the leaders of Avalon would completely shut him out, deciding for themselves that his magic is nothing more than a Syr-neth mockery. Worst, the Sidhe would surely obliterate him out of fear of Syr-neth tampering in their world. He would have nowhere to go.

(More information on Derwyddon can be found in *Avalon™* and *Game Master's Guide™*.)

Derwyddon (d20™)

Avalon Théan Druid 20: CR 20; SZ M; HD 20d10; hp 105; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex +15 Prophecy); Atks: +15/+10/+5 staff melee (1d6); SA Winter Ascendancy +20, Spring Ascendancy +20, Summer Ascendancy +20, Prophet's Mass +20, Autumn Ascendancy +20, Lunar Ascendancy +20, Master Druid, Immunities, Prophecy, DR 10/Cold Iron, SR 15; Avalon Court Wizard; SV Fort 6, Ref 8, Will 18; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 22, Wis 20, Cha 20; AL NG; Skills: Alchemy +16, Animal Empathy +10, Bluff +10, Concentration +5, Diplomacy +10, Gather Information +15, Handle Animals +10, Heal +10, Intimidate +13, Intuit Direction +7, Knowledge (Astrology) +14, Knowledge (Avalon) +25, Knowledge (Nature) +25, Knowledge (Sidhe) +20, Listen +7, Scry +10, Sense Motive +15, Spellcraft +10, Wilderness Lore +20; Feats: Astrologer, Evil Reputation, Fortune Teller, Herbalist, Unnerving Countenance, Tracking, Spell Penetration, Quicken Spell

Spells: 0-level: *detect magic, detect poison, light, read magic*; Level 1: *calm animals, cure light wounds, endure elements, faerie fire, obscuring mist*; Level 2: *delay poison, fire trap, chill metal, heat metal, resist elements, summon swarm*; Level 3: *cure moderate wounds, neutralize poison, plant growth, snare, water breathing*; Level 4: *control plants, dispel magic, flame strike, freedom of movement, rusting grasp, scrying*; Level 5: *awaken, break enchantment, commune with nature, hallow, tree stride, wall of thorns, ice storm*;

Level 6: find the path, greater dispelling, healing circle, ironwood, liveoak, stone tell; Level 7: control weather, harm, heal, true Seeing; Level 8: command plants, whirlwind; Level 9: earthquake, foresight. (Spells Per Day: 10/12/10/9/8/7/5/4/3/2). (For details, see *Player's Handbook™*, Ch. 11: Spells.)

Spells per day: (10/10/9/8/7/6/5/4/3/2)

TABLE 4-1: DERWYDDON'S SPELLS

Level	Spells
0	detect magic, detect poison, light, read magic
1	calm animals, cure light wounds, endure elements, faerie fire, obscuring mist
2	delay poison, fire trap, chill metal, heat metal, resist elements, summon swarm
3	cure moderate wounds, neutralize poison, plant growth, snare, water breathing
4	control plants, dispel magic, flame strike, freedom of movement, rusting grasp, scrying
5	awaken, break enchantment, commune with nature, hallow, tree stride, wall of thorns, ice storm
6	find the path, greater dispelling, healing circle, ironwood, liveoak, stone tell
7	control weather, harm, heal, true Seeing
8	command plants, whirlwind
9	earthquake, foresight

(For details, see *Player's Handbook™*, Ch. 11: Spells)

Special Abilities

Master Druid: As the Master Druid of Avalon, Derwyddon is in touch with the destiny of all her creatures which allows him to declare an unlimited number of Lesser or Greater Gesa at any time. However, he will never grant a Gesa to a character who has one. He may also use his powers during the Prophet's Mass, the last five days of the year.

Immunities: Derwyddon is immune to disease or poison because of his connection with Avalon. He is also immune to critical strikes because of his insight into the future of Avalon.

Prophecy: Once per day, Derwyddon may declare the future of any individual within his sight. This prophecy always comes true, though many wonder if this could be because he uses his powers to ensure that the predictions occur. There is no protection from this ability, including spell resistance, though he cannot target a person a second time until a year and a day pass. In the past, he has prophesied that his target will die within seconds, like all of his other prophecies, this has come to pass. This ability also gives him a +15 bonus to AC since he easily anticipates all incoming blows.

Avalon Court Wizard: Once per day, as Elaine's court wizard, Derwyddon may cast any spell in the *Player's Handbook* as long as he has the correct material components on hand.

Mad Jack O'Bannon

It is said, for every blade of glass that grows on the Emerald Isle, there is a hero who spilled blood for it. Inismore itself is a living legend: fairy-tale spires towering over picturesque hamlets, all protected by noble knights on gallant steeds. But of all the legends in Inismore, none are more entangled with the destiny of its kingdom than that of the *ard ri*. Inismore's king rules with a heavy hand, a quick temper, and a madman's smile: he is Jack O'Bannon, third ruler of the O'Bannon name. Whether he is truly a man or not is irrelevant; he is the O'Bannon, as much a part of Inismore as the trees.

Long ago, the people who would claim the Inish name battled the native Firbolgs for possession of the island. Once the Firbolgs were defeated, the leaders of the victorious tribes turned their martial ardor toward choosing a ruler. The Inish had not been alone in their struggle against the giants; they had been assisted by a small band of Sidhe, who gave them a magical stone as a symbol of their brotherhood. The Fâl Stone, or "Old Molly", as it became known in folk songs, possessed the power to select the king by singing tales of the rightful ruler's destiny.

The tribesmen tried the Stone, one by one, each attempting to prove his worthiness by boasting of battles won, children fathered, or cattle stolen. However, when Hugh O'Bannon's turn came, he simply knelt to the ground and kissed "Sweet Molly", the Stone leapt into the air, singing and weeping.

Thus, the first O'Bannon was crowned; however, his reign would last a mere fifteen years. One day, he took off his crown, kissed his wife, packed a small bag, told her, "I'll be back," and walked away. He was not seen again by mortal man. Hugh left no children; a succession war soon bloomed and the O'Tooles seized the throne.

Six hundred years passed under the rule of the O'Tooles. The Vesten began to raid the island in greater and greater numbers; eventually Inismore became little more than a Vesten trading outpost. This state of affairs lasted until 1014, when the Fâl Stone wept for the first time in years. An O'Bannon had returned, ready for war! The young man stormed the *ard ri*'s fortress; in a fit of rage, he slaughtered every warrior in the castle including the *ard ri* and his Vesten allies. He rallied the Inish people and forced the Vesten back to the sea. Then, surprisingly, he showed mercy to those who had married Inish men and women: "Swear you love my mother," the O'Bannon said, "and I'll swear she loves you as her children. Now you are Inish."

Jack O'Bannon ruled for seven years; as before, he packed his bag and disappeared. No sooner had he said, "I'll be back," than the infighting began anew. When the dust cleared, the O'Tooles had regained their stranglehold on Inismore's throne, and the land toiled under Avalon rule for another six hundred years.

Eighteen years ago, Sweet Molly sang and wept, once again heralding the return of the O'Bannon. Even the O'Tooles welcomed him this time, for Avalon's yoke was heavy and the O'Bannon was Inismore's best hope of freedom. Four years of bloody warfare and lightning raids later, the Inish armies were poised to march on the capital of Carrig. Inexplicably, the O'Bannon hesitated — then spoke the words the Inish had come to dread: "I'll be back." The Inish generals feared the worst: Jack would leave Inismore to be crushed beneath an Avalon boot. No one expected Jack to appear in Carleon to swear fealty to the newly proclaimed Queen of Avalon, a mere three days after the King of the Highland Marches had done the same.

Since that day, the people of Inismore have enjoyed the O'Bannon's longest rule yet, although many wonder how the current O'Bannon is related to his predecessors. Wondering aside, they have accepted the O'Bannon as their own, loving him not despite, but because of, his flaws. Like his people, he is unconcerned with the subtleties of court or the rules of diplomacy; he is as apt to be seen in a dingy seaside tavern, singing ribald sea chanteys, as he is to be seen in Elaine's court (or his own, for that matter). Even those that scoff at the people of Inismore regard their ruler with wary respect; he is as like as not to pay a personal visit to those that take offense at his island, just before he forcibly removes them from it.

Mad Jack's charisma notwithstanding, he is far from perfect, and his opponents are quick to point out his flaws. For every legend portraying him as the savior of the Inish people, another depicts his famous temper, or illustrates his unquenchable desires. One legend tells the tale of Mad Jack and the best whiskey-maker in Inismore. The O'Bannon developed a taste for the man's best vintage and paid him an extravagant amount of money for his most prized cask. The brewer presented the cask to Mad Jack, who downed the whiskey in a single draught and declared it the best he would ever have. The O'Bannon then ordered the destruction of the whiskey still and the slaughter of the family that ran it, so that only he would remember the experience.

Another tale dates from his war with the Vesten. Early in the war, the enemy had surprised a vital garrison; if the defenders were overrun, the O'Bannon's war might have been ended before it began. When all seemed lost, the O'Bannon appeared on the field, easily defeating the Vesten attackers. With the cheers of his men still ringing in his ears, he turned his sword on the surviving Inish defenders and killed them all, to a man. "We can't have them thinking we can't beat them," he said to the very last Inishman, "but we also can't have me fighting every battle for you. Even I get tired." With that, he slew the man.

Mad Jack O'Bannon wears simple, loose-fitting clothes. His shining silver hair tumbles into his face, and his beard always frames a madman's grin. He is usually barefoot, unless he wears his famous Seven-League Striders. These boots, a gift from his mother, allow him to appear anywhere in Inismore. Occasionally, he gives a pair to someone who has aided him, but he never seems to be without his own. He often draws his sword from out of thin air, and has revealed himself to be a deadly combatant. Scars mark his arms and body, but the scar decorating his forehead today may be on his arm tomorrow. He rarely leaves Inismore; there, he is nigh immortal. This, coupled with his wicked sense of humor and violent mood swings, make him a man not to be crossed; he has no trouble separating a man's head from his body, a manic laugh upon his lips.

GM Secrets

Jack O'Bannon is the son of Hugh O'Bannon and the Queen of the Sky. During Hugh's war with the Firbolgs, he realized he needed outside assistance to prevail. Thus, he made a pact with the Seelie court: aid him in his hour of need, and he would spend the rest of his days in Bryn Bresail. His selfless-

ness intrigued the Queen, and she arranged for the Fál Stone to choose him as *ard ri*. Fifteen mortal years later, he was summoned to fulfill the terms of his bargain; Hugh knew he would never see his beloved Inismore again.

The Queen had a brief affair with the fiery Inishman; Jack was the product of their union. He was a fitful child, with his mother's hair and his father's temper. When he was of age, she secretly took him to the River of Forgetfulness, to wash the human emotion from him. His humanity, however, refused to succumb; instead, the screaming souls trapped in the river flooded into him, and he fell into madness.

Mad Jack O'Bannon — Hero (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 6, Finesse: 6, Resolve: 6, Wits: 6, Panache: 6

Reputation: 150

Background: None

TN to be hit: 25

Advantages: Able Drinker, Dangerous Beauty, Tough, Avalon (R/W), Montaigne (R/W), Eisen (R/W).

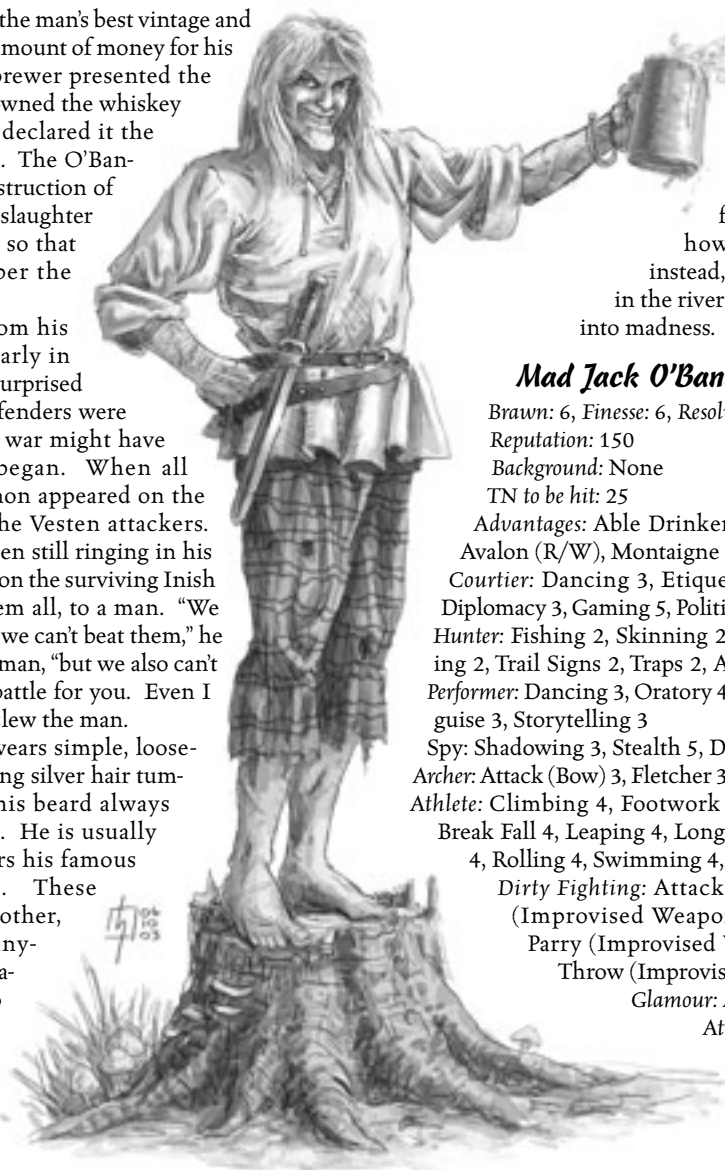
Courtier: Dancing 3, Etiquette 1, Fashion 2, Oratory 4, Diplomacy 3, Gaming 5, Politics 1, Scheming 1, Seduction 3
Hunter: Fishing 2, Skinning 2, Stealth 5, Survival 2, Tracking 2, Trail Signs 2, Traps 2, Ambush 4, Animal Training 2
Performer: Dancing 3, Oratory 4, Singing 3, Cold Read 3, Disguise 3, Storytelling 3

Spy: Shadowing 3, Stealth 5, Disguise 3
Archer: Attack (Bow) 3, Fletcher 3, Snapshot 3, Trick Shooting 3
Athlete: Climbing 4, Footwork 4, Sprinting 4, Throwing 4, Break Fall 4, Leaping 4, Long Distance Running 4, Lifting 4, Rolling 4, Swimming 4, Swinging 4, Sidestep 4

Dirty Fighting: Attack (Dirty Fighting) 4, Attack (Improvised Weapon) 3, Eye-Gouge 3, Kick 3, Parry (Improvised Weapon) 3, Throat Strike 3, Throw (Improvised Weapon)

Glamour: All knacks at 5

Attack (Longsword): 8k5 O'Bannon can either Knock Out or kill a target whenever he hits.



Special Abilities

Erratic Mind: Whenever anyone attempts to control his mind or manipulate him by any means, he makes a Resolve check TN 20. Success indicates that the attempt fails.

Glamour Legend: may use the Mad Jack O'Bannon knack at will an unlimited number of times every day without cost. Immunities: The O'Bannon is immune to poison and disease. Hidden in Plain Sight: He may use the Stealth skill whenever he desires as long as there is something to stand behind, no matter how small the object is.

Of Two Worlds: The O'Bannon is a part of both the real world and Bryan Bresail. He acts as a portal between them and can step back and forth at will. By stepping into the other, moving and then stepping back, he appears to teleport. This has the effect of a teleport without error spell. However, he

must spend equal times in both. When he has lived in one world for more than one month, he must make a Resolve check with a TN equal to the number of months he has been there. If he fails this roll, he must immediately return to the other world for twice the amount of time he spent in this world. During this time, he does not need to make the Will check to remain. The O'Bannon despises spending time in Bryan Bresail and will avoid doing so for as long as possible. As far as he's concerned, he is only gone a day or two at most...

(More information on Mad Jack O'Bannon can be found *Avalon™* and *Game Master's Guide.™*)

Mad Jack O'Bannon (d20™)

The O'Bannon is an immortal who is as much a force of nature as a man who engages in fights. Players should have the common sense to avoid any direct confrontations with him, but if they are too headstrong or bloodthirsty to show proper respect to the king of Inismore, show them no mercy. Mad Jack certainly wouldn't. As a general idea of how well he can fight, we suggest the following:

The O'Bannon is vulnerable to cold metal and could conceivably be killed by it as he is Sidhe. But he's too smart for that. He also will return if he is ever knocked out or reduced to 0 hit points. When he returns, he's at full strength with a grudge against the surviving player characters.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE O'BANNON

- "If you don't like my island, I can always boot ye to another one."
- "I'm running out of things to hit people with."
- "I dueled myself to the death once. I lost."
- "It's tough to tell the difference between cries of pleasure or pain. I enjoy them both."
- "I can do things to you that would make Legion blush."
- "All my children are bastards. It's the next best thing to giving them my name."
- "Mad Jack's a better name than Léon, don't ye think?"
- "A madman doesn't let a boy rule his kingdom or money talk for him."
- "It's a quiet night, apart from the screaming."
- "Jack can't be killed. He can laugh at your attempt, though."
- "Fight like The O'Bannon. Hit him in the breakables and keep kicking 'til the whining stops."
- "You're awfully frilly for a Knight."
- "Tactics is for people wot expect ta be killed."
- "The O'Toole name is the funniest story I've ever heard."
- "Inismore's blood is my blood. I'll spill it whenever I want."

Mad Jack O'Bannon

Fae: CR 18; SZ M; HD 15d8+79; hp 150; Init +5 (+5 Dex); Spd 40; AC 27 (+5 dexterity +4 natural+ 8 Unarmed Defense Proficiency); Atks: +28/+23/+18/+13 longsword +5 melee (1d8+10); SA May use any glamour spells as if he were a 20th level spell caster, Glamour Legend, Hidden in Plain Sight, Of Two Worlds, Erratic Mind, DR 15/Cold Iron or Syrneth weapons, Immunities, SR 20; SV Fort +18, Ref +18, Will +18; Str 20, Dex 20, Con 20, Int 20, Wis 20, Cha 20; AL Chaotic Neutral; Skills: Animal Empathy +10, Bluff +15, Concentration +15, Diplomacy +12, Escape Artist +15, Gather Information +10, Handle Animal +15, Heal +15, Hide +15, Innuendo +15, Intimidate +15, Intuit Direction +10, Jump +15, Listen +14, Move Silently +16, Perform +10, Search +16, Sense Motive +15, Spot +16, Wilderness Lore +12; Feats: Appearance - Above Average, Lunge, Beat, Parry, Power Attack, Toughness, Cleave, Great Cleave, Weapon Focus (Longsword), Unarmored Defense Proficiency (Beginner).

Special Abilities

Erratic Mind: Whenever anyone attempts to control his mind or manipulate him by any means, he makes a Will Save (DC 20). Success indicates that the attempt fails.

Glamour Legend: May use the Mad Jack O'Bannon knack at will an unlimited number of times every day.

Immunities: The O'Bannon is immune to poison, disease, critical hits, and similar effects. Magic always has only half its normal effect upon him.

Hidden in Plain Sight: He may use the Hide skill whenever he desires as long as there is something to stand behind, no matter how small the object is.

Of Two Worlds: The O'Bannon is a part of both the real world and Bryn Bresail. He acts as a portal between them and can step back and forth at will. By stepping into the other, moving and then stepping back, he appears to teleport. This has the effect of a teleport without error spell. However, he must spend equal time in both. When he has lived in one world for more one month, he must make a Will check (DC equal to the number of months he has been there.) If he fails this roll, he must immediately return to the other world for twice the amount of time he spent in this world. During this time, he does not need to make the Will check to remain. The O'Bannon despises spending time in Bryan Bresail and will avoid doing so for as long as possible.

Devastating Blow: Whenever the O'Bannon strikes someone with his sword, they must make a Fort Save (DC 25.) Anyone who fails falls unconscious or dies, depending upon the O'Bannon's mood.

Sir Lawrence Lugh

Many years ago, one of the Horned King's many bastard children was abandoned by its Seelie mother. The boy-Sidhe grew quickly and sought his father whom he served for many years, as mortals reckon time. To this day he remembers his time spent sprinting through Bryn Bresail, scaring dryads and teasing goblins. It was a time of laughter and freedom, a time of carefree pleasure. Lugh wandered wide, secure in his position and confident in his abilities.

As he traveled, he happened into the mortal world, and came across a young woman picking flowers in a lovely field. Just before he sprang from his hiding place, she turned, startled, and looked toward him. She could not see him, of course, but he could see her.

In that moment, his entire life changed. No longer would he be able to enjoy the unfettered lasciviousness of the Horned King's coterie or look at another woman without seeing this girl's face.

Unsure what to do, he decided to watch his young lady. As a Sidhe, he had his own concept of time but as long as he was watching his lady, time was even more irrelevant than usual. He watched her meet another mortal and watched her fall in love. He did not understand jealousy, so he did not feel it. He watched the pair speak to their respective guardians, he to his father and she to her uncle. He watched his lady argue about marriage with her uncle. Then he watched his lady and her young paramour hatch a plan to ensure their union.

Unfortunately, their plan did not seem to work. For six months, as mortals reckon time, he watched them try. They certainly seemed to enjoy their attempts, but it appeared as though they would never succeed, and never be wed. Lugh decided that he must aid the woman he loved. Taking the guise of her lover, he came to her one night, and succeeded where the mortal man had failed for so long.

Happily, his contribution allowed the couple's plan to proceed. The wedding, however, was interrupted when his lady was spirited away to the halls of the Queen of the Sky. As a son of the Horned King, he dared not spy into the palace and his lady was lost to him. Heartbroken, he began to wander aimlessly throughout Bryn Bresail and Avalon.

Many more years went by, and he found himself in the demesne of a beautiful but reclusive Seelie with great sorcerous powers. She consoled the young Sidhe and they became lovers but his heart belonged to another. Eventually, he told the Grey Queen, for it was she with whom he had dallied, that his love for the mortal lady still burned strong as ever. Irrate at the rejection, the Queen cursed him with the full fury of her powers, which manifested as a hand of iron that robbed him of his immortality. Worse, she erased the name of his beloved from his mind. He could feel his love and see his lady in every detail in his mind, but try as he might, he could not remember her name. She mockingly sent him back to Avalon to "seek his mistress."

Lugh very nearly went mad. Bryn Bresail was barred to him, his iron hand anchored him to the mortal world, and the love of his life was trapped in the Seelie realm, never to return. His new mortal body was wracked by pain and emotions he did not understand. He cried one moment and laughed the next, and could never decide which he should be doing or why.

Then there came a revelation. An old wandering knight named Lawrence came upon the demented Lugh one day, and nursed him back to health. The iron-handed Sidhe marveled at the depth of the older man's discipline. He followed the knight for many days, asking about chivalry, and devouring its tenets like a starving man. At last, Lugh had found a way to control the emotions that tore at him, and he embraced them.

War came to Avalon, and Lugh fought alongside his master in the service of the new Queen. When Sir Lawrence died in battle, Lugh took up his master's colors and name out of reverence for the old man and honored his pledge of loyalty to the new queen.

The handsome blonde man knelt before the young Queen who bade him rise, that she might regard him more fully. He obeyed without hesitation, their eyes met, and suddenly he remembered the name of the girl he had fallen in love with so long ago — Elaine.

Sir Lawrence Lugh is her most valued knight and most trusted servant. He also serves as the champion of the Lady of the Lake, whose tolerance for mortals enables her to be in the iron-handed knight's presence. He is loved throughout Avalon and heralded wherever he goes. A knight he wished to be and the penultimate knight he is.

Sir Lawrence Lugh is a handsome man, tall and trim, with long blonde hair he leaves loose to frame his flawless face. His fighting is perfection, the ferocity he learned in the service of the Horned King coupled with the discipline of a master swordsman. He always wears a dueling glove over his iron hand. He never removes it. Ever.

(for more information on the Isle of the Grey Queen, see *Avalon™*)

Sir Lawrence Lugh – Hero (7th Sea™)

(Reprinted from *Avalon™*)

Brawn: 5, *Finesse:* 6, *Wits:* 4, *Resolve:* 6, *Panache:* 5

Reputation: 92

Background: Romance 4

Arcana: Courageous

Advantages: Avalon (R/W), Appearance 5, Combat Reflexes, Dangerous Beauty, Large, Major Gesa (may only be killed while kissing his True Love); *Membership:* Elaine's Knights



Courtier: Dancing 4, Etiquette 5, Fashion 5, Oratory 4, Diplomacy 6, Politics 4
Athlete: All Knacks at 5
Fencing: Attack (Fencing) 5, Parry (Fencing) 5
Buckler: Parry (Buckler) 5, Attack (Buckler) 5
Heavy Weapon: Attack (Heavy Weapon) 5, Parry (Heavy Weapon) 5
Donovan (Master): Bind (Buckler) 5, Disarm (Fencing) 5, Riposte (Fencing) 5, Exploit Weakness (Donovan) 5
MacDonald (Master): Beat (Heavy Weapon) 5, Lunge (Heavy Weapon) 5, Pommel Strike 5, Exploit Weakness (MacDonald) 5
Leegstra (Master): Beat (Heavy Weapon) 5, Corps-à-Corps 5, Lunge (Heavy Weapon) 5, Exploit Weakness (Leegstra) 5
Wrestling: Grapple 4, Bear Hug 4, Break 4, Escape 4, Head Butt 4

GM Secrets

Lawrence loves Queen Elaine more and more every day, and it is only the rigid discipline of chivalry that keeps him from expressing it. He knows that she cannot return that love but is unsure how long he can keep his true feelings in check. He also knows that he is the father of her child, but will not reveal the truth for fear of losing her love. The burden of love is indeed heavier than even a hand of iron.

(More information on Sir Lawrence Lugh can be found *Avalon™* and *Game Master's Guide™*.)

Sir Lawrence Lugh (120™)

Avalon Fighter 1/Champion of the Lady of the Lake 6/Donovan 3/Leegstra 5/ MacDonald 2;CR 17; SZ M; HD 1d10+6d10+3d8+5d12+2d10+ 74; hp 170; Init +5 (+5 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 23 (+5 Dex +8 Unarmored Defense Proficiency) Atks: Firinbrand +26/+26/+21/+16/+11 melee (1d8+9+3d6), iron fist +21/+16/+11/+6 (melee) (1d6+4) or bow +22/+17/+12/+7 (ranged); SV Fort 21, Reflex 12, Will 14; SA Balanced Strike, Buckler Master, DR 2/-, Deepest Wounds, Detect Enemy of Avalon, Devastating Blow, Donovan's Twist, Firinbrand +3d6, Focused Training (Donovan), Focused Training (Leegstra), Focused Training (MacDonald), For the Lady, Iron hand, Major Gesa (May only be killed while kissing his True Love), Summon Firinbrand, SR 15/Glamour, Take the Pain; Str 18, Dex 20, Con 19, Int 16, Wis 19, Cha 19; AL Lawful Good; Skills: Balance +9, Bluff +13, Climb +6, Concentration +10, Diplomacy +14, Gather Info +14, Heal +10, Hide +8, Intimidate +15, Jump +13, Knowledge (Avalon) +14, Knowledge (Law) +14, Knowledge (Sidhe) +14, Listen +10, Move Silently +8, Ride +7, Search +15, Sense Motive +14, Spot +10, Swim +7, Wilderness Lore +9; Feats: Appearance - Above Average, Brawny, Cleave, Courageous, Endurance, Expertise, Great Cleave, Lunge, Parry, Power Attack, Toughness, Toughness, Unarmored Defense Proficiency (Beginner), Weapon Focus (Claymore), Weapon Focus (Small Sword), Weapon Specialization (dagger).

Special Abilities

Major Gesa: Lugh is under a Major Gesa which states that he will only die while kissing his true love.

Firinbrand: As the Champion of the Lady of the Lake, Lugh possesses the powerful longsword Firinbrand. This +5 weapon can cut through any substance and overrides any creature's damage resistance as long as they stand on one of the Glamour Isles. The sword's sheath prevents its possessor from taking damage from bladed weapons. (see *Book Two: Cold Iron*.)

Iron Hand: Lugh's left hand was cut off and replaced with one of iron, which robbed him of his Sidhe powers and weaknesses. The hand is fully articulated and moves as well as a human hand does; however because of its composition, it grants him a measure of protection against Glamour (spell resistance 15 vs. Glamour).

Meryth

There are many stories surrounding the "Sea Child." She is said to be a powerful Unseelie who thrives by devouring the spirits of the drowned. She lures men and boys to their deaths in the sea by pretending to be drowning herself, and adds them to her "collection." No one has ever seen this collection, but rumors place it well into the hundreds.

For all the stories, however, one thing is considered certain. The Sea Child was not active prior to Elaine's accession to the throne. Some say it's a bad omen, that Elaine has dangerous secrets. Others say it is a necessary balance. Elaine is a good queen, they say, and so there must be something dark to oppose her.

Her exact motivations are as cloudy as those of any Sidhe. Who really understands them, anyway? Popular tales hold that she is the daughter of Maab, the Queen of the Sea, and has dispensation from Maab to build a "court" of her own in the waters off Avalon. She uses her drowned men as "knights" in her castle, and occasionally has one or more of these knights kidnap and kill young girls to serve as her ladies in waiting.

Many knights petition Elaine to deal with the Sea Child, and she denies these requests entirely. She claims that she will deal with the Child in her own way, and in her own time. Her knights, though sometimes skeptical, obey their queen.

Meryth herself strikes a rather unspectacular figure for one who apparently wants to be a queen. She takes the usual form of a child, about 11 or 12 years old. Her skin is the faint green of the drowned, she has seaweed in her hair, and her soaked clothes just never dry out. So long as she is standing in the sea, she is invulnerable to mortal weapons. On gloomy days of rain, she can sometimes be heard laughing just offshore.

Meryth — Villain (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 2, **Finesse:** 4, **Wits:** 6, **Resolve:** 4, **Panache:** 3

Reputation: -50

Background: Vendetta (Queen Elaine)

Arcana: Scheming

Advantages: Avalon (R/W), Legendary Trait (Wits)

TN to be hit: 20 (35 in a foot of sea water)

Attack (Dagger): 8k3

Damage (Dagger): 4k2

Courtier: Dancing 3, Etiquette 4, Fashion 2, Oratory 3, Diplomacy 5, Gossip 3, Politics 4, Scheming 5, Sincerity 3

Glamour: Blackcloak 5, King Elilodd 5, Green Man 5, Mad Jack O'Bannon 5, Thomas 5

Hunter: Stealth 2, Survival 4, Traps 2, Ambush 3

Bard: Etiquette 4, History 3, Oratory 3, Diplomacy 5, Herb Lore 3, Riddles 3, Sidhe Lore 4

Knife: Attack (Knife) 5, Parry (Knife) 5

Sailor: Balance 4, Climbing 3, Knotwork 2, Rigging 2, Cartography 3, Navigation 3, Sea Lore 4, Swimming 5, Weather 4

Spy: Shadowing 4, Stealth 2, Bribery 3, Conceal 2, Forgery 3, Interrogation 3, Poison 3, Sincerity 3

Special Abilities

Immunities: Meryth is immune to poison, disease, and similar effects. All damage to her is reduced by 1 kept die.

Sea Queen's Favor: While within at least a foot of sea water, all damage to her is reduced by 3 kept dice and once per round she may add five kept dice to any roll. The Queen of the Sea grants these powers to her. If the Queen ever removes her favor, Meryth immediately takes 10k10 damage. Meryth also has a limited ability to modify memories and create illusions, however anyone she uses this power upon may make a Wits check (TN 15) to realize the deception and she cannot affect those with Sidhe blood at all.

GM Secrets

Meryth is the daughter of Elaine and Lawrence Lugh, though Elaine is unaware of this. The Sky Queen, aware of the child's Seelie blood, saw to it that the child was taken from Elaine, as according to the gesa the woman who would rule Avalon could not be allowed such emotional ties as those that exist between a mother and child. Maab took the child for her own, named her Meryth, and set about raising her.

Repulsed by Meryth's vestigial humanity, Maab magically removed much of it, depositing it in another of her servants, who she then expelled from her court to wander Théah with no memory.

Meryth is now a vicious, twisted child, raised in the shadow of Queen Maab's bitterness and hate. She has never been denied anything, and was brought up to think that Elaine, her real mother, abandoned her out of shame. Unimaginably spoiled, she has nothing but savage hatred for Elaine, and has vowed to make her mother pay for this perceived insult.

Her plan is fairly straightforward, for a Sidhe. She is collecting knights to eventually march on Avalon and bring down Elaine. Maab has filled Meryth's head with tales of the child ruling Avalon as its rightful monarch, and she believes this story completely. Maab has also thoroughly seduced King Piram, and will, when the time is right, see to it that he adds his armies to Meryth's own "personal guard" in the staging of the coup.

This coup attempt will mean disaster for Avalon, and Meryth has no idea just how great the destruction will be. Though the exact details are up to the individual GMs, a suggested course of action follows:

Meryth will begin by capturing Derwyddon. The wily old druid is too powerful even for Meryth to kill, so she will settle for imprisoning him in her undersea palace. Then, confident that her mother's pet wizard Derwyddon will not warn Elaine, Meryth will marshal her army and invade.

A Sidhe army marching out of the sea will immediately cause the other two Queens to take action with their own servants, and the poor mortals of Avalon will be caught in a maelstrom of glamour warfare. Entire cities will melt. Forests will explode in flames, and lakes will boil themselves dry. The Unseelie will run rampant, and vast swaths of countryside will be completely depopulated by their predatory instincts.

Elaine will marshal the armies of Avalon, and they will fight valiantly, but to no avail, destroying Piram's army, but being exterminated themselves in the process. Lawrence Lugh will defend his beloved queen to his dying breath, and may well kill Meryth as he does so. Such a time may call for final confessions from the dying Lugh, and this confession will cause Elaine to break her vow to the Sky Queen, confessing her own love for the dedicated knight.

With the vow broken, the war between the Sidhe will end instantly. The Graal will disappear from Carleon, and the Sidhe will be forced out of Avalon by the power of this final gesa. The barriers of Bryn Bresail will be strengthened, and never again will the power of glamour stir in Avalon.

Meryth will leave the nation a blasted wasteland, bereft of its army, its queen, and its magic. Her actions will mean that the golden era of Elaine's rule will become little more than legend, spoken of with longing by Avalons hundreds of years in the future, and celebrated in song, but never regained.

Meryth (d20™)

Fae: CR 8; SZ M; HD 6d8; hp 40; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft., Swim 50 ft.; AC 20 (+2 Dex + 8 Sea Queen's Favor); Atks: +3 Sidhe Dagger +10/+5 melee (1d4+3); SA DR 10/Cold Iron or Syrneath weaponry, spell-like abilities, Glamour Checks +10, Immunities, Known Legends (Blackcloak, King Elilodd, Green Man, Mad Jack O'Bannon, Thomas), Sea Queen's Favor, SR 15; SV Fort 5, Ref 7, Will 8; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 20, Wis 16, Cha 20; AL CE; Skills: Bluff +10, Concentration +7, Diplomacy +15, Gather Information +15, Hide +10, Innuendo +10, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (Avalon) +12, Knowledge (Sidhe) +15, Move Silently +10, Profession (Sailor) +5, Scry +8, Search +7, Sense Motive +15, Spellcraft +7, Spot +13, Wilderness Lore +10; Feats: Full Blooded (Glamour), Scheming.

Special Abilities

Immunities: Meryth is immune to poison, disease, critical hits, and similar effects.

Sea Queen's Favor: While within at least a foot of sea water, Meryth's armor class is increased by 8, her damage reduction is increased to 15/cold iron or Syrneath weaponry and once every five rounds, she may add +20 to any die roll she makes. The Queen of the Sea grants this power to her. If the Queen ever removes her favor, Meryth immediately takes 10d10 damage.

Spell-like abilities: *confusion, control water, greater scrying, modify memory* at will, as if she were a 15th level caster. (Spells Per Day: 8/8/7/6/5/4/2/1.) (For details, see *Player's Handbook™*, Ch. 11: Spells)

Connie MacDonald

Many legitimate scholars consider the very existence of MacEachern cold forged iron questionable. Popular tales hold that, a thousand years ago, the Highland clan of the MacEacherns discovered a way to kill Sidhe. It is generally believed that this power resided in something called "cold iron," and that the MacEacherns were completely obliterated by the Sidhe for their discovery. Even today, mention of the name MacEachern is enough to make many Seelie uncomfortable.

Aside from the apparent recognition the Seelie have for the name, however, scholars are divided on whether or not the story has any real historical merit. After all, actual records from a millennium ago are non-existent. The MacEacherns exist only in legend, and not in history, say many educated men of the present. Even the Sidhe discomfort with the name can be chalked up to the power of myth; if enough people believe a thing in Avalon, it becomes so, or at least partially so. The Sidhe are especially vulnerable to these myths.

Meanwhile, deep in MacDonald territory, on the edge of a tiny hamlet with no real name, stands an ancient hut attached to an old forge. This hut's inhabitant, Connie MacDonald, is the local recluse. Scholars will admit that most every commu-



nity has one of these; a hermit living on the edge of a given community, about whom all manner of tales are whispered, and who is never defended from the sometimes scurrilous rumors circulated about them.

The rumors surrounding old Connie are wild indeed. “Iron Witch” they call her, and “Sidhe Killer.” But question the townsfolk closer, and such tales wither. Everyone knows she was once a prosperous smith, though always a touch reserved. No one can remember the last time the forge fire was lit at old Connie’s, though. No one has any proof to back the wild claims of the townsfolk, and Connie herself doesn’t care much for visitors. There have been rumors of MacEachern smiths before, and there likely will be again.

The careful observer, however, will note the carefully placed ring of stones around the hut and forge, overgrown though they are. Especially careful observers will note the myriad trappings of one warding their residence heavily against the Sidhe. Against their presence, against their observation, and against their existence. The wards are well placed and hidden from casual observation, but they are there nonetheless.

In fact, the MacEacherns did exist. They did discover the secrets of Sidhe-killing cold iron. The Sidhe wiped them out for their perceived arrogance and Connie MacDonald is one of their scattered descendants.

She has made only three cold iron blades in her time. The first was for her father, a rite of passage long ago, which earned her the final secrets of cold iron and her MacEachern horseshoe tattoo. The others were for visitors whose names she never knew, and from whom she hid her identity carefully. She wants no part of a pack of angry Sidhe coming after a supplier of assassins.

Age has slowed and weakened Connie a bit, but her aged body still possesses the wiry, sinewy frame of a veteran smith. Her long white hair is kept in a braid down her back, and she smokes her pipe constantly. She has developed a bit of a whooping hack, probably from her smoking, but she is still harder than a coffin nail.

Connie MacDonald — Hero (7th Sea™)

(reprinted from Avalon™)

Brawn: 3, Finesse: 3, Wits: 4, Resolve: 3, Panache: 2

Reputation: 15

Background: None

Arcana: Commanding

Advantages: Avalon (R/W), Indomitable Will, MacEachern Heritage, Toughness

Hunter: Fishing 4, Skinning 3, Survival 3, Tracking 3

Merchant: Blacksmith 5, Fletcher 3, Furrier 3, Gardener 4, Seamstress 3, Spinner 4, Weaver 4, Appraising 4, Haggling 5

Athlete: Climbing 3, Footwork 4, Throwing 4, Break Fall 3, Leaping 2, Lifting 4, Rolling 3

Scholar: History 4, Sidhe Lore 5, Poison 2 (knowledge only)

Heavy Weapon: Attack (Heavy Weapon) 4, Parry (Heavy Weapon) 3

GM Secrets

GMs and players alike should make no mistake. Connie harbors a deep hatred for the Sidhe, instilled in her by her father. If she had her way, she would see ‘em all destroyed, and feels the world would be a better place for it. She keeps this opinion to herself, however. She knows better than to spread something like that around, especially out in the country, where any number of Seelie might hear. Just in case, she has forged a fourth cold iron blade that she keeps stashed in her house. Perhaps her final masterpiece, it is indistinguishable from a normal broadsword.

Connie has a couple of problems that have cropped up lately. First is her cough. It has made her aware of her age, and she is now concerned for her legacy. Though she herself has never been able to properly exploit the secrets of cold iron, she feels that someone someday might, and has therefore written all her Sidhe-killing knowledge in a book. More than just the secrets of forging cold iron, this book is a Sidhe-hunter’s treasure, a catalogue of anti-Sidhe knowledge. This book is hidden far from her home. When she finds the right person or group, she will share its location. She just hopes she finds the right “heir” for her secrets before her days are over,

More pressing is a current order she has received, but is unsure whether or not she should fill. Some time ago, a man came to see her. He walked right past her wards, greeted her quietly, and placed an order for two dozen cold iron pistol balls. She did not tell him that she could not deliver the order, but rather questioned him for a time about exact sizes and such, during which she got a queer feeling about the man. He sounded like he was up to no good. Besides, 'tis a long way to Carrig, and she certainly cannot make the trip herself.

Connie MacDonald (d20™)

Avalon Expert 4/Thean Ranger 2: CR 6; SZ M; HD 4d6+2d10+6; hp 40; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Atks: Longsword +6 (1d8+2); SA Long Study, MacEachern Longsword; SV Fort 5, Ref 2, Will 6; Str 13, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 15, Wis 13, Cha 11; AL Neutral Good; Skills: Appraise +7, Bluff +6, Concentration +6, Craft (Blacksmithing) +13, Craft (Weaver) +7, Craft (Furrier) +5, Heal +6, Knowledge (History) +6, Knowledge (Nature) +8, Knowledge (Sidhe Lore) +11, Spot +6, Wilderness Lore +8; Feats: Craftsman, Iron Will, Skill Focus (Blacksmith), Craft Magic Arms (MacEachern only).

Special Abilities

Long Study: Connie is extremely knowledgeable about the Sidhe and is constantly warding herself against them. This grants her a +5 circumstance bonus to all her rolls opposing them including saving throw, attacks, and skill checks.

MacEachern longsword: She has forged a +1 cold iron longsword capable of injuring or even killing Sidhe. She will only reveal its location in the direst of circumstances.

Celedoine the Seven-Blessed

Celedoine, the bastard daughter of an Avalon noblewoman and a Sidhe lord, was raised by her mortal grandfather. It was clear early in her education that she had inherited her father's gift for Glamour. She lost her mother on her 10th birthday to an apparent drowning by a vicious Sidhe lord. Six years later, Celedoine's grandfather died, leaving the girl as heiress at which point she openly rejected her Sidhe connections and focused her not inconsiderable management skills on her estate, which became a thriving enterprise.

She met Jeremiah Berek at Queen Elaine's court and enjoyed a brief but passionate affaire with him. At the end of it, they remained friends and in fact Celedoine agreed to join him on his newly re-fitted ship.

Being on the sea had a strange and disquieting affect on the girl as her Sidhe blood was stirred by the sailors' songs and stories. Once she embraced her heritage again, her powers became phenomenal, to the point where she was able to make the Black Dawn itself a source of power,

During her time at sea, she became fast friends with "Bloody" Bonnie McGee, and in fact became a second and advisor to the fiery red-headed privateer, especially on matters concerning the Sidhe.

Celedoine — (Hero) (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 2, **Finesse:** 2, **Wits:** 4, **Resolve:** 3, **Panache:** 3

Reputation: 0

Background: None

Arcana: None

Advantages: Avalon (R/W), Montaigne (R/W), Théan (R/W),

Commission (Sea Dogs), Inheritance, Noble, University

Courtier: Dancing 4, Diplomacy 2, Etiquette 4, Fashion 3, Oratory 2, Politics 3, Sincerity 4, Seduction 3

Glamour (Adept): Green Man 4, Jack 4, Robin Goodfellow 4, Thomas 4

Archer: Attack 3, Fletcher 2

Athlete: Break Fall 3, Climbing 2, Footwork 3, Sprinting 4, Swimming 3, Throwing 2

Rider: Ride 3, Trick Riding 4

Scholar: History 3, Law 3, Math 3, Philosophy 1, Research 1, Theology 3

GM SECRETS

For many years, Celedoine believed that her grandfather was her father and her mother was her older cousin. When her mother drowned, her grandfather told her that a ruthless Sidhe lord had killed her dear "cousin". Devastated by this news, the girl did everything she could to fight against her own sorcerous abilities and pledged to hunt down the murderer. Ten years later, on his deathbed, her grandfather confessed and told her the "true" story of her heritage — that her "cousin" was really her mother and the man who murdered her was Celedoine's father, a vicious Sidhe lord who had grown tired of his mortal paramour.

It was not until her time on the sea that the Avalon girl finally learned the full story — that her grandfather had drowned his daughter because she was once again pregnant by the Sidhe lord she loved so much. Celedoine embraced her heritage with open arms and let the power of Glamour course through her veins. However, she knows that she must keep herself under control and help Bonnie McGee in her quest to defeat the dreaded Captain Reis. If she cannot keep a clear head and a firm hand, her power could actually destroy them all.

Celedoine the Seven-Blessed (d20™)

Sidhe Blooded Avalon Noble 1/Glamour Mage 10: CR 11; SZ Med (humanoid); HD 1d8+1 plus 10d10+10; HP 69; Init +1 (Dex); Speed 30 ft; AC 25 (+14 Unarmored Defense Proficiency, +1 Dex); Atks Longbow +8/+3 ranged (1d8) or dagger +8/+3 melee (1d4); SA Spells; SQ Sidhe blooded, Commanding Presence +1, Friends in High Places, Glamour checks +5, Legends (Green Man, Jack, Robin Goodfellow, Thomas); SV Fortitude +4, Reflex +8, Will +12; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 18, Wis 16, Cha 14; AL NG; Skills: Balance +6, Bluff +18, Climb +5, Concentration +12 (+16), Diplomacy +12, Gather Information +12, Knowledge (Sidhe) +20, Listen +7, Ride +5, Sense Motive +15, Speak Language (Avalon, Montaigne, Théan), Spot +10, Swim +5; Feats: Combat Casting, Full-Blooded Glamour Mage, Skill Focus (Knowledge Sidhe), Unarmored Defense Proficiency (Beginner), Unarmored Defense Proficiency (Intermediate); Spells Known: 0 level - daze, dazzle, ghost sound, 1st level charm person, glitterdust, 2nd level enthrall, 3rd level emotion, 4th level break enchantment, 5th level feeblemind; Spells per Day 5/6/5/4/3/1.

Creatures of the Sidhe

Banesidhe — Monster (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 2, Finesse: 3, Wits: 2, Resolve: 2, Panache: 2
TN to be hit: 25
Attack Roll: None
Damage Roll: None
Skills: Ambush 2, Cold Read 4, Stealth 4

Special Abilities

Frightful Presence: Anyone who sees the Banesidhe must make a resolve roll against difficulty 15 or suffer -1 unkept dice to any action while in her presence.

Immunities: The Banesidhe is immune to any form of disease and poison.

Scream: If the Banesidhe decides to scream, all who can hear her must make a resolve roll against difficulty 25 of run in fear from her. The effects of this terror last for one hour for every five points (or part thereof) the resolve roll was failed by. If the victim manages to leave the area they will curl up in a catatonic ball for the remainder of their nightmare of fear. Should the resolve roll fail to beat TN 5, the GM may add an additional effect, such as turning the victim's hair white, or granting them a vision of their own demise. Either way, the victim will never be the same again.

(For more information, see *Avalon*.™ For d20,™ see *Heroes, Villains, and Monsters*.™)

Hounds of Night and Fog — Monster (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 4, Finesse: 3, Wits: 1, Resolve: 3, Panache: 3
TN to be hit: 15
Attack Roll: 5K3 Bite
Damage Roll: 3K2 Bite
Skills: Ambush 3, Sprinting 4, Shadowing 3, Stealth 4, Survival 3, Swimming 2, Tracking 4.

Special Abilities

Curse of Lycanthropy: Anyone a hound wounds but does not kill may become infected with their essence and become like them. A victim must roll resolve against a difficulty of 20. If they fail they may roll twice more on successive days. However, should they fail all the rolls they will become a hound within six days. Only magic or powers that can remove curses may be able to stop the process. It is up to the GM as to what may be able to save the character.

(For more information, see *Avalon*.™ For d20,™ see *Heroes, Villains, and Monsters*.™)

Firbolgs

While they are the primary race of Théah, it is easy to look around and see that humans are not alone. The strange ruins of the Syrne pop up all around the world and Avalon herself with beings of unusual origin. While the Church (more specifically the Inquisition) has tried to keep this information under lock and key, it still exists in the minds of playwrights and storytellers around the globe. Montgomery Pearson penned *The Grey Queen's Fortnight* featuring a variety of colorful Sidhe characters supposedly based on his experiences there. In his play *Fontaine*, the Montaigne satirist

Poquelin Sices du Sices used the legend of the Senator's Bargain as a basis for his condemnation of the National Government. The lands of the O'Bannon are no stranger to these legends. The oldest story, passed down from parents to children since the O'Bannon first reigned on the throne of the *ard ri*, is the story of the Firbolgs and how the people of Inismore, underdogs to the last, defeated them.

The island of Inismore was always green and beautiful, even before it was touched by the hand of the Goodly Folke. The first people of the island were sailors and explorers, drawn by the emerald grass and softly rolling hills. Soon villages began to pop up all over the island. Trees were felled and homes were built. Years passed and occasionally a house would disappear or a village would turn up empty. It wasn't uncommon; times were rougher back then and life didn't always turn out for the best. But more and more villages were disappearing and people began to feel the ground shaking in the night. The quiet brush of the sea was replaced by a deep rumbling and roars from under the ground. The Firbolgs let themselves be known when they attacked the largest town the humans had put together. It was a terrible day of fire and carnage but the people were dead set against leaving. This was their home now and nothing would take it from them. The Firbolgs were deadly because of their massive strength and size but the Inish were smart enough to turn that into a disadvantage. The trees that once had built homes were now used as battering rams. Entire false villages were built with pitch-smeared walls to be set on fire when the creatures wandered through. But for every victory the Inish people collected with guile, two more battles were lost to the sheer brawn of the giants. Luckily, the Inish weren't the only inhabitants of the island that wished to see the fall of the Firbolgs. The Sidhe of the island began working hand in hand with the humans and soon the victories were outnumbering the defeats. While the earth still shook and the roars could be heard far away, the Firbolgs had left the surface to the little ones. In celebration, the Sidhe gave the Inish people the Fal Stone as a symbol of their undying allegiance. This magic stone heralds the return of the O'Bannon ever since.

While the Firbolgs were defeated, they still do exist to this day. The large caves they live in can be found in the rocky hills of the island and the low roar can still be heard on some days. Inish children are frequently told not to explore the caves lest they end up as a snack and remind the creatures how tasty the little humans are. There have been at least two Explorer expeditions that did not heed those parental warnings and neither of them turned out well. The first disappeared completely, whereas the second actually returned with an example of a Firbolg weapon. Unfortunately, this massive longsword was skewered through the only remaining member of the expedition. He somehow managed to make it back to the town they set out from, whispering his final words to the innkeeper that found him. The sword is currently on display at the Chapterhouse in Lochcuan as a reminder of the hard-won victories of the Inish people...and the folly of not preparing yourself to search for a 'long dead' race.

Firbolgs are twelve feet tall. They have black skin, black eyes, and often a plume of red hair trailing down their back. They have large teeth growing out of their mouths and short stubby noses. They are intelligent, wearing large versions of primitive armor and using forged weapons like axes and swords. They have been known to speak Avalon and ancient Inish and often brag about the time before the 'little ones' when they roamed above the ground. In a fight, they will often attack anyone displaying Glamour magic, since they feel the Sidhe are responsible for their current state of exile. A few Explorer studies have suggested that they exist in different warring tribes and have underground cities similar in nature to the Syrne.

Firbolg — Monster (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 6, Finesse: 3, Wits: 2, Resolve: 5, Panache: 2
TN to be Hit: 25
Attack Roll: 7k3 (sword), 4k3 (bow)
Damage: 7k3 (sword), 5k2 (arrow)
Skills: None
Special: None
(For more information, see *Avalon*™)

Firbolg (d20™)

Large Creature
Hit Dice: 15d8 +60 (125 hp)
Speed: 40 feet
AC: 27 (–1 size, +4 armor bonus +11 natural, +3 hide)
Attacks: Huge greatsword +15/+12,
Huge bow +10/+5
Damage: sword: 1d10+12, bow: 2d6+6
Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft. / 10 ft.
Special Attacks: none
Special Abilities: none
Saves: Fort: +13 Ref: +6 Will: +4
Feats: Combat Reflexes, Power Attack,
Cleave, Great Cleave
Abilities: Str 27, Dex 15, Con 19, Int 10,
Wis 10, Cha 11
Climate/Terrain: Underground, caves
Organization: Solitary/ groups of 4
Challenge Rating: 8
Treasure: Standard
Advancement: By character class

Jack-in-Irons — Monster (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 10, Finesse: 2, Wits: 2, Resolve: 6, Panache: 2
TN to be hit: 20
Attack Roll: 6K2 Punch, 5K2 Chain, 5K2 Club
Damage Roll: 10K1 Punch, 10K3 Chain, 10K3 Club
Skills: Attack (Improvised Weapon) 3, Attack (Heavy Weapon) 3
Attack (Pugilism) 4, Bear Hug 4, Direction Sense 3, Footwork 3, Head Butt 3, Snatch and Grab 4, Survival 4, Uppercut 4

Special Abilities

Disease: Anyone cut by the claws of Jenny Greenteeth stands a chance of being infected with horrible disease. If struck the victim must roll resolve against TN 20. If they fail they will get a fever after 1-4 days. During the fever they have a penalty of 1 to all Traits and Knacks and their dice may no longer explode. This lasts until they can make a resolve roll against TN 15, they may make one such roll each day.



(For more information, see *Avalon*™. For d20™ see *Heroes, Villains, and Monsters*™.)

Jimmy Squarefoot — Monster (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 5, Finesse: 2, Wits: 2, Resolve: 3, Panache: 3
TN to be hit: 20
Attack Roll: 5K3 Punch
Damage Roll: 5K1 Punch
Skills: Ambush 4, Climbing 5, Sprinting 4, Shadowing 3, Stealth 4

Special Abilities

Mimic: Jimmy can mimic perfectly the sound of anything he has heard. His repertoire covers animal noises, musket fire, and lost human maidens crying out for help. To realize something is amiss the listener must make a Wits roll against difficulty 30.

(For more information, see *Avalon*™. For d20™ see *Heroes, Villains, and Monsters*™.)

Cobbies

Travelers to the rural areas of Avalon are sometimes not accustomed to the strange superstitions that the villages partake in. Observant visitors will notice horseshoes decorating doorways or a circle of stones loosely tracing the edge of town. While anyone born in Avalon knows the Sidhe are very real, the villagers of these small hamlets deal with them on a regular basis. Many of these Sidhe aren't as well behaved as the ones trapped in the finery of courts and chivalry. Even so, if one pays heed to the right legends and does what they are told, you can still live with many of these creatures. Such is the case with the usige, commonly known as the Cobbies in the common tongue of Avalon. In their small way, they represent the best way to deal with these inscrutable creatures; do what they ask and no harm will come to you. Woe to those that write them off as harmless tricksters.

Cobbies are rarely seen but their presence is often felt. They are drawn to the mortal realm by the sound of nails driving into wood. They will find their way into a newly built home and the evidence they leave is often mistaken for invading mice. Cobbies will make themselves known soon after the first dinner is eaten inside the house. They will claim the house as their own and consider the humans living inside as guests. If they are not treated well, small accidents begin occurring around the house. Glasses are broken, clothes are ruined, and other minor nuisances occur. While these are often written off as bad luck or clumsiness, repeated and constant accidents the work of the usige. Most cobbies stop at stubbed toes and lumps on the head but its not unheard of for Unseelie cobbies to try and actually kill the occupants of the home. Often times such homes get reputations as "haunted" as family after family moves in and finds as if the house itself is trying to kill the members one by one.

Dealing with the cobbies can be difficult if one is unfamiliar with how they work. The cobbies are tiny and are difficult to kill or trap. They are smart enough to sabotage any weapons stored in the house that might be used against them. The only surefire way to rid a house of these creatures is to destroy the house. Otherwise, the easiest way to appease the usige is to leave an open bottle of whiskey on the floor under the center of the dinner table. Usually the best time to do so is on the night of the full moon. This is the one night of the month the tricksters come out to play but they are still wary of humans staying up to watch for them. Cobbies love uisge. Some Inish uisge makers insist that this was the original pur-

pose of the beverage. In the original tongue, whiskey was known as "uisge beatha" or "water of life." The tradition was passed down from The O'Bannon himself. Inish uisge often has pictures of the creatures on the labels of the bottle to differentiate itself from other brands. Other spirits can be used in a pinch but they run the risk of angering the creatures.

Most homeowners in the know that are afflicted with this problem take no chances and leave out a bottle of the good stuff.

While most would see them as a nuisance, there is one advantage to living in a home occupied by cobbies. They are fiercely protective of the homes they live in. Burglars will find windows slammed on their fingers. Soldiers will find water barrels spilling onto their powder. Unseelie share this defensiveness. Only they can harm the people that live in their house. If anyone else tries to, they usually end up falling down the stairs.

Cobbies are between three to six inches in height. They are generally humanoid with round, red faces and thin bodies. A male cobbie has dark hair that frames his head like a wreath. Females can be identified by their lighter hair color. They usually arrive in homes in pairs. The larger the house is, the larger the 'family' that moves in. The cobbies will appropriate clothing from household items from small items left around that go missing. This is usually the first sign that the house is infested. Thimbles and ribbons disappear and end up being made into suits.

Often, the creatures will mimic the dress and mannerisms of the human occupants.

Cobbies from upper class homes will have petticoats and doublet made from gloves. They speak in a skittering language of gibberish.

Cobbies (420")

Tiny Creature

Hit Dice: 2d6

Speed: 50 feet

AC: 19 (+2 Dex, +2 Size, +5 natural)

Attacks: Ranged touch +3

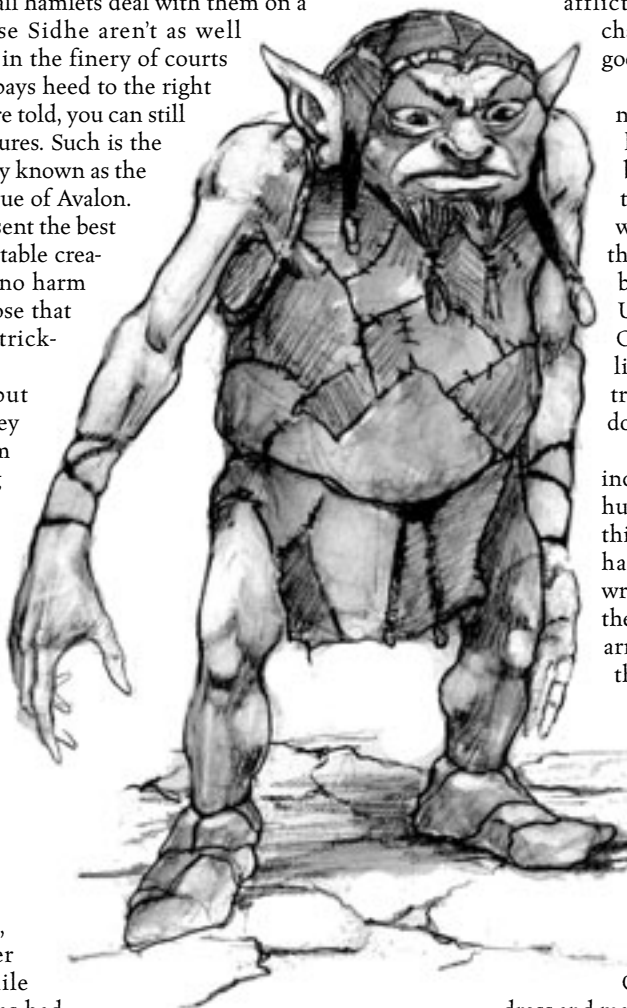
Damage: 1d4

Face/Reach: 1 foot/1 foot

Special Attack — Sabotage: For every day weapon spends inside the creatures house, increase the fumble range by one. The regular rating is restored once the PC rolls a fumble or takes it to an armorer for repair and pays 1/10 the cost of the weapon.

Saves: Fort + 0, Reflex +5, Will +3

Feats: Alertness



Abilities: Str 6, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 6, Wis 10, Cha 8

Special Abilities

Cobbies can only be killed by cold iron weapons. Burning the house drives the creatures out as well. The creatures reappear 1d6 months after “dying” by regular weapons.

Climate/Terrain: Homes

Organization: Pairs/groups up to 10

Challenge Rating: 3

Treasure: None

Advancement: None

Cobbie — Monster (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 1, **Finesse:** 1, **Wits:** 3, **Resolve:** 1, **Panache:** 2

TN to be Hit: 20

Attack Roll: 5k3 (unidentified), 3k3 (if presence is known)

Damage: 2k1

Skills: None

Special Attack — Sabotage: The GM may spend a Drama Die to cancel a player's Drama Die if he attacks with a weapon kept in a house infested with Cobbies.

Pranks: While in a home where Cobbies live, the GM may spend a Drama Die to roll a d10 and inflict a number of flesh wounds to a PC as the Cobbies pull a prank. This die may explode, but only Unseelie Cobbie would want to cause that much harm.

Burn-righinn (Nymphs) and Ramh-righinn (Dryads)

People from the Triple Kingdoms often talk about their home as if every tree and rock were a living, laughing creature. While not necessarily true, the wilderness is often filled with creatures of both Sidhe and other origin. Just as villages and cities have militias and guardsmen to keep the streets safe, the wild places of the countryside have their own protectors. The shining lakes of Avalon are protected by the *burn-righinn* and the woods are protected by *ramh-righinn*. While they are often difficult to find when sought, someone violating the sanctity of the lands usually have no trouble being found and punished.

When the Sidhe first came to Avalon, it was different place than the island of Bryn Bresail. Not everything was perfect and change was obvious. The Sidhe were not used to this and while they liked Avalon they were having difficulty living there. The Crystal Courts rang with voices debating, arguing, and plotting. Finally, the Queen of the Sky came to a decision. The wilderness was to be protected from harm but the lands the humans claimed would be theirs to change, fight over, or whatever they wished to do. As she spoke this royal decree, two distinct types of Sidhe were created before her eyes. The nymphs fluttered to their duties and have kept the lands pristine since that day.

Since that time, the “Wild Sisters” as they have come to be known, have tried to keep the people of Avalon from destroying the untamed forests that first drew the Sidhe through the mists. *Burn-righinn* reside near the pools and lakes of the land, keeping them clean and stocked with fish and other aquatic creatures. *Ramh-righinn* are the protectors of the forests and trees. Both have found their jobs becoming more and more difficult as time wears on. Humans are cutting down more trees for homes and building those homes near rivers and lakes. They are finding they have less and less to protect. Some of the nymphs abandon the courts and become Unseelie, luring mortals to their doom with whispers of pleasure and slumber.

Burn-righinn use their unearthly beauty to enchant any mortals wishing to foul the water they guard. They cause the mortal to fall in love with them and then swear an oath to never let anyone else see the pool they guard. If they do, the *burn-righinn* will disappear and never be seen again. Someone that has lost their heart to a *burn-righinn* is inconsolable for a long time and many times never love again. While a *ramh-righinn* is just as beautiful as their water cousins, they are shy, preferring the silence of the trees to the silly words of people. They will often cause a mortal to fall asleep and quietly carry them out of their protected wood. They often find themselves in the opposite predicament of their sisters and fall in love with a handsome boy while exploring the woods for the first time. Some legends tell of the unfortunate soul that bewitches both a *burn-righinn* and a *ramh-righinn* and have them vying for his affections. Bad things befall his family and friends as the creatures use their powers to win his affection. These tales never end well. Often, the Unseelie claim they were the victim of such a situation, which is why they treat people wandering into their domains cruelly. Victims of Unseelie *burn-righinn* find their lover asking them to do terrible things in exchange for their favor, while those enchanted by Unseelie *ramh-righinn* fall asleep for years... or even for decades.

The *burn-righinn* resemble beautiful women. They are clothed in sparkling garments and often have blond tresses streaming down their back. Their features are fine and pointed like other Sidhe and they have a laugh that sounds like water rushing through wind chimes. The best way to avoid or defeat a *burn-righinn* is to confront it with its own reflection. It will sometimes become enamored with itself and ignore whatever mortal it was in the process of bewitching. The reflection will also reveal an Unseelie *burn-righinn*'s true nature, showing the terrible creature underneath the beautiful exterior. *Ramh-righinn* are also gorgeous but in a darker, more mysterious manner. They have deep, soulful eyes that an enchanted mortal can gaze into for hours. *Ramh-righinn* never laugh nor do their voice never rise above the whisper of the wind through the trees. The best way to avoid a *ramh-righinn* crush is to stay indoors for a week. The length of the exile varies, but usually within a week the *ramh-righinn* must return to its duties in the forest. Harming a tree with blade or fire is a much quicker solution but the mortal runs the risk of angering the *ramh-righinn* and having them renounce their duty to the forest. Love with the Seelie is complicated enough. Unseelie love is downright deadly.

Burn-righinn and Ramh-righinn (d20™)

Medium Fey

Hit Dice: 2d6

Speed: 30 ft. (*burn-righinn* swim 30 ft.)

AC: 12 (+2 Dex)

Attacks: Natural weapon (wood/water dagger) +1 melee

Damage: 1d6

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Special Attacks: Spell-like abilities. *Burn-righinn*: Can cast charm, *dimensional door* as a 10th level caster. *Ramh-righinn*: Can cast charm, sleep as a 10th level caster.

Special Abilities: Symbiosis: The nymphs must never travel farther than three hundred yards from the tree or pool they have been assigned to protect. If they do, they will die within 1d6 hours.

Saves: Fort: +1 Ref: +5 Will: +7

Feats: Alertness, Dodge

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 18

Climate/Terrain: Burn-righinn: Near water. Ramh-righinn: Wooded areas
Organization: Solitary
Challenge Rating: 2
Treasure: Standard
Advancement: By character class
Symbiosis: The nymphs must never travel farther than 300 yards from the tree or pool they have been assigned to protect. If they do, they will die within 1d6 hours.

Burn-righinn and Ramh-righinn — Monsters (7th Sea™)

TN to be Hit: 15
Brawn: 1, **Finesse:** 3, **Wits:** 2, **Resolve:** 2, **Panache:** 3
Attack Roll: 4k2 (dagger)
Damage: 2k1 (dagger)
Skills: none
Special: Burn-righinn: GM may spend Drama Dice to cause a PC to fall in love with a burn-righinn. The GM must spend a number of dice equal to the Resolve of the character. If the character possesses the Romance or Lost Love background, they may add the level of the background to the number of dice required. If the PC does not have either background, they may purchase it in relation to the creature at half the cost. Once per session, the PC can spend a Drama Dice to attempt to break free of the enchantment in a contested roll of the character's Resolve versus the burn-righinn's Panache.
 Ramh-righinn: The GM can spend a number of Drama Dice equal to the Resolve of a character in an attempt to get the PC to fall asleep. In this case, the PC immediately gets to defeat the Panache roll with her resolve. If the character falls asleep, the player may opt to purchase a background at half cost to represent things that occurred during the enchanted slumber.

Pookas — Monster (7th Sea™)

TN to be hit: 25
Brawn: 3, **Finesse:** 2, **Wits:** 3, **Resolve:** 3, **Panache:** 4
Attack Roll: 4K2 weapon or unarmed attack, or natural weapon as creature.
Damage Roll: By weapon or as per creature natural attack.
Skills: Ambush 4, Climbing 5, Sprinting 4, Shadowing 3, Stealth 4
Special Abilities
Shapechange: The Pooka can change form into a bull, horse, or black dog as if he were a Pyeryem sorcerer with all such Knacks (including "man") at 5. (For d20,™ see *Heroes, Villains, and Monsters™*)

Fae Swarm

The Swarm consists of small elfin Sidhe with wings like dragonflies and teeth like needles. They pursue and terrify hapless fools who travel too near faerie rings or other such places near Bryn Bresail with the intent of stealing their eyes to feed to their young or just for the delight of tormenting their prey. The Swarm lunges at their victim's vulnerable places, especially their eyes. They will not rest until the victims are blinded or outrun them, or they are ordered to stop by a bigger Sidhe.

Fae Swarm (Tiny Fey) (d20™)

Hit Dice: 1/2 d6
Initiative: +5 (Dex)
Speed: 10 ft., fly 60 ft. (perfect)
AC: 19 (+5 Dex, +4 Size)
Attacks: Bite +9, 2 claws +0
Damage: Bite 1, 2 claws 1
Face/Reach: N/A
Special Attacks: Eye Gouge
Special Qualities: Fey, DR 5/iron
Saves: Fort +0, Reflex +7, Will +2
Abilities: Str 1, Dex 20, Con 10, Int 6, Wis 10, Cha 6
Skills: Hide +21, Spot +3, Listen +3
Feats: Weapon Finesse (Bite)

Climate/Terrain: Temperate woodlands, moors, and hills
Organization: Swarm (10-100)
Challenge Rating: 1/2
Treasure: None
Advancement: None
 If a Fey Swarm scores a critical hit, the victim must make a For save (DC 10) or be blinded in one eye.

Fae Swarm — Brutes (7th Sea™)

TN to be Hit: 25 (plus Footwork bonuses)
Threat Rating: 3
Skills: Throat Strike + 3, Footwork + 4
Attacks: Special (see below)
Special: Revival (see below)
Special Attack: Eye Gouge is considered a Small Weapon (3 pts per Brute, +3 pts for every 5 past TN). It also Raises the victim's next Action Die by 1 + 1 for every 5 past TN (any Actions raised past 10 are lost). When confronted with cold iron or a MacEachern weapon, Eye Gouge is raised to the equivalent of a Medium Weapon (6 pts). This does not represent a change in size so much as a rabid increase in ferocity as the swarm tries to destroy the wielder of said weapon. ("Don't use that. You'll just make 'em mad...") They each inflict 3 points of damage and increase your lowest Action Die by 1 apiece.

The Swarm attacks as a standard Brute squad; however, they inflict damage as if from an Eye Gouge on a successful hit. If they deal enough damage to cripple a target, they have temporarily blinded him in one eye and given him a penalty of one kept dice (-1k1) on all rolls against them. If they knock an opponent unconscious, they will then permanently blind that opponent in one eye, in addition to any other damage they might do.

To escape the Swarm, you must succeed in an opposed Panache + Footwork check, substituting their Threat Rating for Panache. Any chase involving the Swarm uses their footwork to represent them darting after their prey.

The GM may spend two Drama Dice to revive any creature in the Swarm knocked out by an attack. If they are knocked out more than once, they simply become discouraged and leave. Note that the Swarm will not split up to attack, and they delight in whirling in a great cloud around their opponents' heads.

The Merrow

Called “Selkies” in the Highland Marches and “Merrow” in the rest of Avalon, these graceful creatures of the sea are the seal-folk, the playful and benign servants of Queen Maab.

Legends tell of a tryst, in the dim past, between the Sea King (once the paramour of Queen Maab), and the Black Siren. From that dalliance was born, so goes the tale, the first of the Merrow, and also the eternal hatred between Maab and the Siren. This is, in the way of many legends, only partially accurate. The epic battle between Queen Maab and the Black Siren is fought entirely over utter supremacy of the seas and all its creatures and not a domestic squabble about infidelity. Fidelity was hardly a prized virtue in days of yore, and both Queens have their eye on bigger things than man troubles.

(The King of the Sea, it should be noted, hardly falls under that category. He has not been seen by mortal man in recorded history, and is most likely a primal creature of the abyssal seas that Maab chose as a consort for dynastic reasons. She bore many children, many of extraordinary form, but never makes reference to him. He, whatever he may be, has either retired to the vast deep to avoid being ground into chum in the ongoing conflict, or once he had served his paternal function, Maab devoured him. It should be further noted that The Black Siren herself has not been seen for some time either. The Sirens still ravage the seas, so she is out there somewhere, but the most recent battle between Maab and the Black Siren cost the Siren a claw. Thus Maab has turned her attentions elsewhere for the nonce.)

That all being said, the Merrow are most definitely the children of Maab. They are a fusion of the Sidhe bloodline and the ancient Théan ocean being, golden-eyed shape shifters with many magical abilities, that have taken on the terrestrial life cycle of their native world. Thus the Merrow mate and bear and raise their young in the way of the peoples of the land, unlike the Sidhe who tend to conduct that business very much in private.

In the way of some creatures, Merrow males and females are of radically different appearance. The girls take after their mother (their mother with her Glamour cranked up to its fullest, that is). In human form they are lissome and pleasing to the eye, and move with fluid grace. Their hair is long and loose, colored sea-foam green and turquoise, sometimes the silver blue-grey of a storm driven wave. Their eyes are always golden, in whatever form they hold. They do not, as some tales tell, have fish tails, but shapely human legs and feet. Perhaps when wrapped in their long magical seal cloaks, which bestows the power to live and swim underwater, it appears that they have long tails.

Their other form (which cannot be called “natural” form, as either form is natural to them) is that of a sleek black seal. Mortals find them entrancingly beautiful, and more than one marriage has been distressed by the husband’s attentions to a Merrow come to shore. It does not aid matters one whit that the Merrow are, by disposition, remarkably promiscuous and obliging. But the women-folk of the Highland coasts have learned how to deal with the Merrow and the Highland men.

When Merrow do not wear much that can be called clothing. They adorn themselves with the wonders of the sea, shells and corals, plants and scales, pearls and other treasures. They carry with them their ensorled cloaks, great glossy wraps of black and brown sealskin, though those are worn for practicality, not for modesty. The Merrow considered the concept of modesty a long time ago, and opted not to adopt it.

The male of the species is completely different. Seen in fear whole, they appear to be the most dreadful sea monsters, huge and snouted, plated and ridged, burning red eyes, some with tentacles, some with claws, some with both, all with teeth and spines. The lady Merrow don’t seem put off by their dread appearance at all, but then again they’ll mate with anything. Mortal men rarely set eyes on the male Merrow, and only the best informed would recognize them for what they are. Not that the males are unfriendly, but nature has divided the world of the female and that of the male rather neatly. The females are creatures of land and the shallows; the males are creatures of the deeps. They spend their time battling the fearsome creatures of the depths, these days that being the Sirens. They too, can take the form of a seal, and it is said they can take the form of a human, though they rarely do so once they leave childhood.

Thus the women tend to the fisheries, the gardens and the children, while the men are away doing battle and gathering the spoils of war. In this way, and many others, the Merrow successfully reproduced the culture of the early civilizations of mankind. The men hunt, the women gather, the elders look after the children, and life is good. As the women age, the color of their skin deepens to a luminous viridian or a crystal cyan. As the men age, they grow larger, traveling deeper and deeper into the seas, to battle the mighty leviathans of the abyssal depths.

And so the Merrow, while not unintelligent, are happily primitive. They have no writing, they build no machines, they live in harmony with the environment. The men visit their wives when they can, often when it is their turn to keep guard on the nearer waters or the crèche. Merrow almost always give birth to twins, one boy and one girl, born in a cozy sea cave, with air for the girl and water for the boy, although they quickly adapt to both environments. The youngsters are raised in a great communal crèche, located off the MacCodrum lands on the northern side of the Highland Marches. They grow quickly, and soon the boys are clamoring for their first octopus, please, please, please, I promise I’ll take care of it, and the girls are collecting starfishes and seahorses.

When the boisterous and adventurous boys reach a certain age (when the mother determines that the octopus is demonstrably smarter to its owner), it is time to send them off to their fathers to begin training as warriors. The girls put aside their seahorses, and begin learning the skills of animal husbandry and weather witchery. The boys will return at least twice a year, bringing trophies to present to their sisters, the traditional trophy being a siren’s head from which the hair is used to make necklaces. The Merrow constructed a tribal society that close to equals the world of mortals on the land nearest them. Largely egalitarian, they are lead (they say) by a Chieftain, the oldest and strongest of the males, but of course he is always off fighting evil creatures, so it is Mrs. Chieftain who really runs things.

The Merrow developed a beneficial social relationship with the near-by MacCodrum clan of mortals. The MacCodrum provide protection to their land-side approach to the coastline birthing caves and the Merrow in return provide superior fishing, the ability to predict weather, and perform sea rescues. The MacCodrum keep strangers away from the beaches on their lands. They take their children down to play in the surf with the Merrow pups, and all the youngsters have a grand time. They have strict rules, however, about visiting the beaches near the Merrow caves, and once the young men reach certain age, strict rules about visiting the beaches at all. By the time the male Merrow are old enough to cause problems (in their handsome, naked, mortal form) they are on their way to their fathers. The females, however, are not going anywhere, so the approach to the seashore where the Merrow girls are wont to lounge is well guarded. And guarded, unique in the male-dominated culture of the Highlands, by the mothers of marriageable daughters.

The Merrow women travel on errands of trade or message carrying to other parts of Avalon, though they will rarely leave the seacoast. On rare occasions, adventurous types are known to explore far up the Shanagary and Grand Rivers just to see the sights. The men operate as a military force, guarding the searanes and fishing fleets, the home waters and the deep seas from the predations of the Sirens and other creatures of the rival Queen of the Sea. It is said the Merrow men grow a foot year. Every year. And they share the long, long lifespan of the Sidhe-blooded. Merrow grandfathers are not seen in the world of men, but they are down there, deep in the black, unplumbed depths, beloved octopi still by their side, battling the Kraken and the Leviathan.

All the Merrow will come to the call of Maab. Though Maab is a bitter and angry creature, this is of no import to the Merrow, who consider her Queen, and she is what she is. She is good to the Merrow, at any rate, so they serve her well. The males are spread far and wide, in groups of ten to twenty, roaming the seas surrounding the islands of Avalon and monitoring key locations. Large hunting parties delve deep into the Frothing Sea to strike at the Sirens. Should Maab call upon them, there is usually a party near at hand, and she has magical ways to summon them to

her. She often sends parties on missions, to disrupt some plan or other of the Black Siren, or some other enemy of the day.

Merrow — Henchmen (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 2, Finesse: 3, Wits: 2, Resolve: 3, Panache: 2

TN to be hit: 25 (10 on Ground)

Attack Roll: 5k2 Grapple.

Damage Roll: By weapon or as per creature natural attack.

Skills: Swimming 6

Special Abilities: None

(For d20,™ see *Monster Manual*.™ Merfolk. These should not be confused with the aquatic ogre Merrow.)

Spriggans

For all the differences between humans and the Sidhe, there is one thing both races share; curiosity. Curiosity pulled the Sidhe through the mists to explore Avalon and the people that lived there. Curiosity has also driven some mortals to follow the Sidhe through the Wild Paths back to the island of Bryn Bresail. These days, the Lords and Ladies of the Crystal Court find it difficult to draw themselves away from the unearthly intrigues they entertain themselves with in order to explore the mortal realm. If there is something or someone that intrigues them enough to be brought to court, a spriggn is dispatched to do so. The spriggans are good at their job but they have yet to learn to ask permission to take things for the Sidhe.

Spriggans began as jesters and tricksters for the Sidhe courts. They have mischievous senses of humor and a wicked sense of wordplay. When the Sidhe discovered Avalon, they were often sent to learn of the things there. Of course, most mortals do not understand the spriggn's sense of humor and get quite angry at all the tricks that were pulled. People were also upset when items were taken back to their Sidhe masters so the Sidhe had to rethink the design of these creatures. The new version was

given excellent powers of illusion to befuddle mortals and then sent on longer missions into the mortal realm, to steal small things that would never be missed or could be replaced later. When the curiosity of the Sidhe turned to the humans themselves, some spriggans were given a special duty. They were told to steal the small



humans called “children” and masquerade as them while they were guests of the Queen. While many of the creatures held the masquerade just as many grew bored with the same house and the same people to look at and abandoned their post to explore the world. Some of them took too much delight in the lies and deception they caused and turned to hurt and scare the people of Avalon. These Unseelie often pull off grand illusions and threaten people to get their valuables. They will masquerade as Firbolgs or invading soldiers just to hear the cries of despair.

Seelie spriggans are tricky but never malicious. They usually end up stealing small valuables and foods. They love desserts and other treats but stay away from alcohol because the scent simply repulses them. Some spriggans still hide out as children when the real child is taken to the courts. This is usually done when the child is an infant and the spriggan will gnash and wail loudly. Unseelie spriggans delight in causing pain and misery. They prefer stealing money and valuables and often hide them and send the owner clever riddles they must uncover to find where the item is hidden. Many people believe a spriggan bested in a riddle contest will grant the user a wish that the creature must fulfill. Even if this were true it could be deadly. The Seelie might misinterpret the wish and the Unseelie will twist it to its most unfortunate wording.

There are two ways to discover and defeat these clever creatures. Spriggans cannot resist puns. If a pun is made in its presence, a spriggan will toss one right back. Even if the creature is in mid-sentence about an entirely different subject, it will interrupt itself and respond with a pun. If this happens more than a few times, an observant person will know they are in the presence of this creature. Once a spriggan is identified, the easiest way to get rid of it is to start whistling. The creatures are sent to Avalon by an enchanted whistle. They love the sound of it, but unfortunately it's a signal to the Sidhe that they are ready to come home. The spriggan will begin to whistle until it fades away.

Spriggans are knee-high, spiny creatures. They are brightly colored but generally do not show their true form unless revealed. Once they are revealed they are usually ill-tempered brats that taunt the person that found them out and try to sneak away by promising piles of treasure that disappear once the spriggan leaves.

Spriggan (a20™)

Small Creature

Hit Dice: 2d6+2

Speed: 30 feet

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: Natural weapon (spines) +1 melee

Damage: 2d4

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Special Attacks: Spell-like abilities. Casts *greater illusion* and *illusion* as 10th level caster.

Special Abilities: At DM's option, may or may not grant a wish spell if defeated at a series of riddles.

Saves: Fort: +1 Ref: +8 Will: +1

Feats: Alertness, Dodge, Improved Initiative

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 7

Climate/Terrain: Towns

Organization: Solitary/ groups of 4

Challenge Rating: 3

Treasure: Standard

Advancement: By character class

Spriggan — Monster (7th Sea™)

TN to be Hit: 15

Brawn: 2, Finesse: 3, Wits: 3, Resolve: 1, Panache: 2

Attack Roll: 4k3 (spines)

Damage: 3k1 (dagger)

Skills: None

Special: Illusion: The GM can spend a number of Drama Dice equal to the highest Wits of all witnessing characters to attempt to fool them with an illusion. To dispel the illusion without using the methods prescribed above, the PCs must spend a Drama Die to allow for a contested Wits roll between the spriggan and the PC. Any PC may attempt it once per illusion, if they fail, they cannot disbelieve the illusion.

Sluagh

The legends of Avalon always tell about the heroes that stood against undefeatable odds and the victors of glorious battles. No one remembers the names of the soldiers who died on the losing side or weeps for the blood they spilled. Even the tragic legends end well for someone. The pass is held until reinforcements arrive or the one man sacrifices his life for his family to escape unharmed. While the dead may be unsung, the unlucky ones are not forgotten. They become the property of the Sluagh, the skin-takers, and they walk the night in search of vengeance.

The Sluagh were born of the frequent wars fought between the peoples of Avalon. While the Sidhe brought magic to the isles, the humans brought them the rules of civilization and the things that go with it. One of these unfortunate side effects was the horror of war. While many Sidhe make themselves out to be knights and gentlemen duelists, few have ever seen the bloody chaos that dwells on the battlefield. The tales they tell romanticize battle and Sidhe are unprepared for the bloody reality of war. Some saw that chaos first hand and were twisted by it. Twisted by the hate and sorrow ringing in the clashing swords and cannon fire they developed a hunger for it. To say they are Unseelie is an understatement; they care not for the Courts at all. They only care to hear the screams of women and children as they bring the horrors of war home.

Drawn to the sites of battles, the Sluagh lie in wait until night falls. As the dead and dying lay bleeding in the center of the field, they creep in under the dead men. Some legends say they draw sustenance from the last breaths of the dying and lock their bloody mouths onto the dead to taste their sweet reward. The Sluagh then draws the body into the ground and sleeps. The next night, the creature pushes its way up through the dirt, wearing the face of the soldier it killed. It is able to get a sense of the victim's home and generally gravitates towards the family left behind. When it comes home, it attacks and kills the family members too, taking their skin as well. It absorbs their memories and travels to the next town, seeking more victims and more battles.

In their natural state, the creatures travel through the ground itself. Once they have taken a skin they are indistinguishable from a regular person; they know well enough to eat, breathe, and pretend to sleep. But they are not perfect. The death wound does not heal and will be found if searched for. While the creatures can mimic eating, they are unable to perform other bodily functions. They don't bleed if cut and they don't heal any injuries to the body they possess. It is usually just easier to get a new one.

Some legends suggest that by blessing the dead of a battle, it renders a body unusable. Some suggest making sure any wounded left in the field are dead as the Sluagh can only take the skins of the bodies where they draw the breath from. Many Avalon units still have a soldier that is responsible for this thankless duty. Older legends suggest pounding iron spikes into the ground drives away the creatures as well. Even with these weaknesses, the only way to kill one is to stab it with a weapon from the battle it was first drawn to. While light is painful it will not kill the creature. This can be difficult, as a creature may have worn many skins since it was first drawn across the mists.

In their natural form, Sluagh look like blood-covered skeletons. They are most vulnerable in this form. If they are wearing a skin, the skin must be severely damaged for them to abandon it. They find light painful in their natural form but the skin protects them. A covered Sluagh can walk around in the daytime; an uncovered creature will burst into flame. While wearing a skin, a Sluagh is tough to spot unless you know what you are looking for. While they have basic memories of the skins they wear they don't have access to everything. It is usually just enough to get into the door to murder again. In their natural form, Sluagh can't speak above a whisper. Some Unseelie hunter claim that even when wearing skin the voice gets raspier but its usually not noticeable enough to tell.

Sluagh (d20™)

Medium Creature

Hit Dice: 2d6+2

Speed: 30 feet

AC: 15 (+2 Dex, +3 skin bonus)

Attacks: As victim

Damage: As victim

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Special Attacks: none

Special Abilities: Skin-wearing: If a person is down to two hit points or less, the Sluagh can make a regular attack. If it succeeds, it drags the victim down into the ground and kills him. The next night, it will rise wearing the victim's form.

Saves: Fort: +1 Ref: +5 Will: +3

Feats: Alertness, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 13, Cha 13

Climate/Terrain: Battlefields

Organization: Solitary/ groups of 2-6

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: Standard

Advancement: None

Sidhe in Non-Théan Settings (d20™)

With a few minor changes, Sidhe may be included in any campaign setting. Bryn Bresail becomes a demi-plane attached to the Prime Material; Sidhe are normally handled as outsiders native to Bryn Bresail. Sidhe, Fallen Sidhe, and Unforgiven Unseelie PCs are also treated as outsiders, but their native plane is the Prime Material. Sidhe-Blooded PCs are humanoids.



Sluagh — Monster (7th Sea™)

TN to be Hit: 20

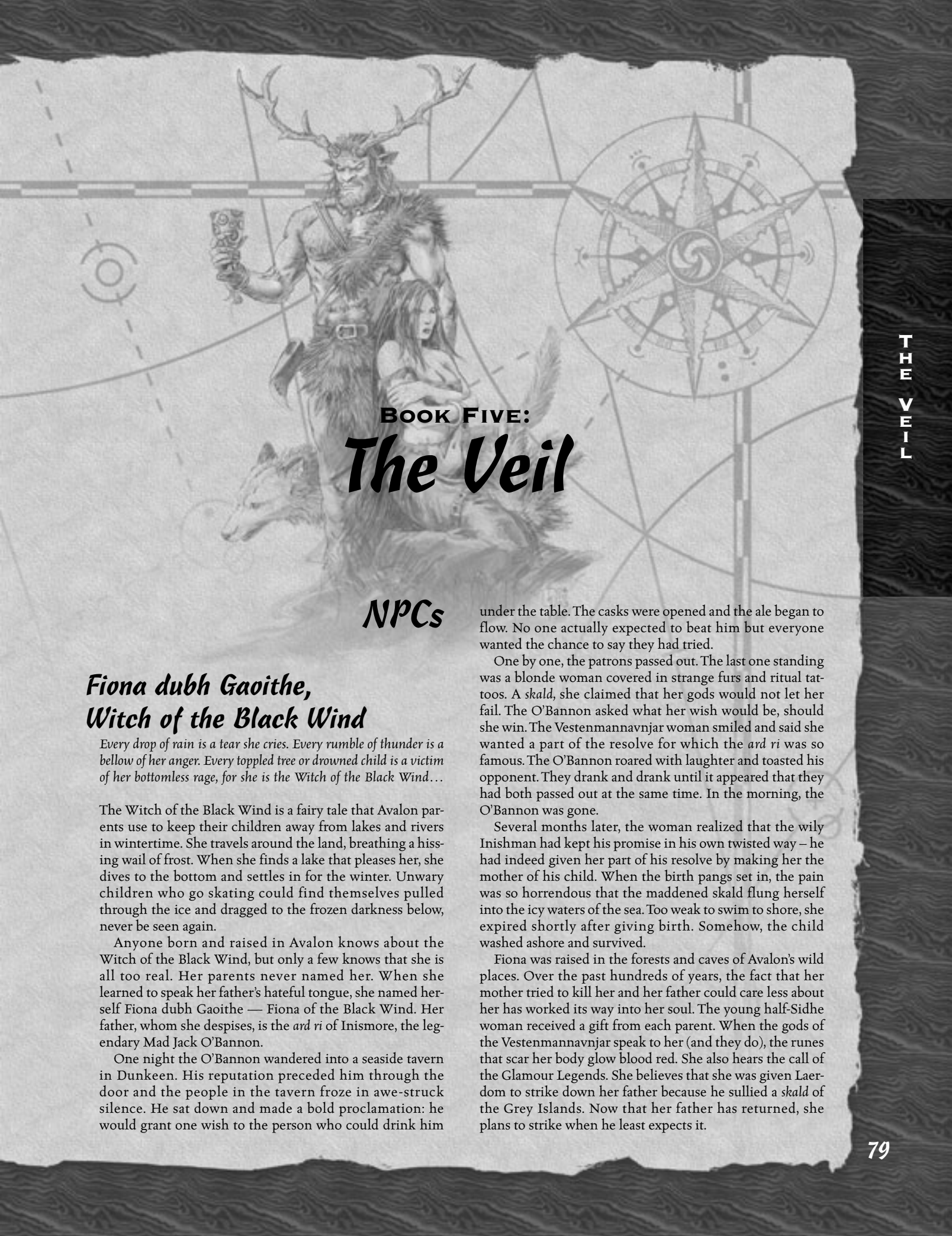
Brawn: 3, **Finesse:** 3, **Wits:** 2, **Resolve:** 1, **Panache:** 2

Attack Roll: 4k3 (unarmed)

Damage: 3k2 (unarmed)

Skills: None

Special: Skin stealing: The GM can spend Drama Dice to allow a Sluagh to steal the skin of a character that has been knocked out. She only needs one Drama Die for the Sluagh to take the skin of a brute. To mimic a Henchman, she must spend a number of dice equal to the character's Resolve. A Hero or Villain is able to make a contested roll between their Resolve and the creature's Brawn. If the creature succeeds, the GM may spend the Dice to turn the character. If the character succeeds, she may elect to pass on or spend a Drama Dice to wake up and claw back to the surface.



BOOK FIVE: *The Veil*

NPCs

Fiona dubh Gaoithe, Witch of the Black Wind

Every drop of rain is a tear she cries. Every rumble of thunder is a bellow of her anger. Every toppled tree or drowned child is a victim of her bottomless rage, for she is the Witch of the Black Wind...

The Witch of the Black Wind is a fairy tale that Avalon parents use to keep their children away from lakes and rivers in wintertime. She travels around the land, breathing a hissing wail of frost. When she finds a lake that pleases her, she dives to the bottom and settles in for the winter. Unwary children who go skating could find themselves pulled through the ice and dragged to the frozen darkness below, never be seen again.

Anyone born and raised in Avalon knows about the Witch of the Black Wind, but only a few knows that she is all too real. Her parents never named her. When she learned to speak her father's hateful tongue, she named herself Fiona dubh Gaoithe — Fiona of the Black Wind. Her father, whom she despises, is the *ard ri* of Inismore, the legendary Mad Jack O'Bannon.

One night the O'Bannon wandered into a seaside tavern in Dunkeen. His reputation preceded him through the door and the people in the tavern froze in awe-struck silence. He sat down and made a bold proclamation: he would grant one wish to the person who could drink him

under the table. The casks were opened and the ale began to flow. No one actually expected to beat him but everyone wanted the chance to say they had tried.

One by one, the patrons passed out. The last one standing was a blonde woman covered in strange furs and ritual tattoos. A *skald*, she claimed that her gods would not let her fail. The O'Bannon asked what her wish would be, should she win. The Vestenmannavnjar woman smiled and said she wanted a part of the resolve for which the *ard ri* was so famous. The O'Bannon roared with laughter and toasted his opponent. They drank and drank until it appeared that they had both passed out at the same time. In the morning, the O'Bannon was gone.

Several months later, the woman realized that the wily Inishman had kept his promise in his own twisted way — he had indeed given her part of his resolve by making her the mother of his child. When the birth pangs set in, the pain was so horrendous that the maddened *skald* flung herself into the icy waters of the sea. Too weak to swim to shore, she expired shortly after giving birth. Somehow, the child washed ashore and survived.

Fiona was raised in the forests and caves of Avalon's wild places. Over the past hundreds of years, the fact that her mother tried to kill her and her father could care less about her has worked its way into her soul. The young half-Sidhe woman received a gift from each parent. When the gods of the Vestenmannavnjar speak to her (and they do), the runes that scar her body glow blood red. She also hears the call of the Glamour Legends. She believes that she was given Laerdom to strike down her father because he sullied a *skald* of the Grey Islands. Now that her father has returned, she plans to strike when he least expects it.

Fiona has wild silver hair like her father's that is marked by strange red streaks. No one who has ever gazed full upon her face has lived to tell about it. She speaks in whispery tones that never appear to come from her mouth; it is as if the wind itself is speaking for her. Under her animal furs, her body is covered with ritual tattoos. Wherever she walks, she brings winter with her. She is a force of nature without even the barest sense of civilization or morality and she destroys everything she touches in a spectacular manner.

***Fiona dubh Gaoithe* (d20™)**

Half-Sidhe Laerdom Mage 9/Glamour Mage 5/Witch 3: CR 17; SZ M; HD 9d8+36+5d10+20+3d6+12; hp 163; Init -1 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (-1 Dex, +3 Hide Armor); Atk: quarter-staff 1d6 +10/+5 melee (1d6 -1); SV Fort +11, Ref +7, Will +17; SA Glamour Legends: Anne o' the Wind, Iron Meg; Invoking/Inscribing Runes; Manipulate Spells, Summon Familiar, Runes: Nød, Tungsinn, Villskap, Kjølilig, Fornuft, Styrke, Varsel, Storsæd, Sterk, Kyndighet, Grenseløs; Glamour Checks +2; Str 9, Dex 9, Con 18, Int 18, Wis 18, Cha 10; AL CE; Skills: Bluff +9, Concentration +14, Diplomacy +14, Disable Devise +14, Gather Info +9, Heal +14, Intimidate +14, Intuit Direction +14, Knowledge (Arcana) +14, Listen +14, Sense Motive +14, Spot +14, Swim +9, Tumble +9, Wilderness Lore +14; Speak Language (Avalon, Vestenmannavnjar [alternately any 2 languages in your campaign]); Feats: Cold Climate Conditioning, Frightening Countenance, Half-Blooded (Glamour), Half-Blood (Laerdom), Hot-Headed, Pain Tolerance, Skald, Survival, Tyrant.

Spells: (Laerdom) 0-level: *arcane mark*, *icy touch*, Level 1: *bull's strength*, Level 2: *obscure object*, Level 3: *explosive runes*, *haste*, *lightning strike*, Level 4: *flesh to stone*, *stoneskin*, as if she were a 9th level mage. (Spells Per Day: 5/5/4/3/2.) (Glamour) 0-Level: *dancing lights*, *ghost sound*; Level 1: *charm person*, *glitterdust*; Level 2: *alter self*, *invisibility* as if she were a 5th level mage. (Spells Per Day: 3/3/2.) (Witch) 0-Level: *daze*, *flare*, Level 1: *obscuring mist* as if she were a 3rd level witch. (Spells Per Day: 5/4.) (For details, see *Swashbuckling Arcana™* and *Swashbuckling Adventures™*)

***Fiona dubh Gaoithe — Villain* (7th Sea™)**

Brawn: 4, Finesse: 4, Wits: 5, Resolve: 5, Panache: 3
Reputation: -50
Background: Bloodsworn
Arcana: Hot-Headed
Advantages: Avalon (R/W), Vesten (R/W)
Dirty Fighting: Attack (Dirty Fighting) 5, Attack (Improvised Weapon) 5, Parry (Improvised Weapon) 5, Eye-Gouge 2
Athlete: Climbing 4, Footwork 4, Leaping 3
Laerdom (Adept): Fornuft 4, Grenseløs 2, Kjølilig 4, Kyndighet 1, Nød 4, Styrke 3, Varsel 4, Storsæd 1, Sterk 1, Tungsinn 2, Villskap 4
Glamour (Apprentice): Anne o' the Wind 3, Iron Meg 3
Heavy Weapon: Attack 5, Parry 5
Knife: Attack 2, Parry 2

Templeton Hawthorne, Slayer of Sidhe

You can't tell the difference between Seelie and Unseelie at a glance, so 'tis best to kill them all

While the Sidhe create and feed the legends of Avalon, mortals often make their mark in the folklore of the regions. Glamour mages draw upon the legends of ancient heroes like Robin Goodfellow and even modern ones like Jeremiah Berek or the Black Rose. For every story about a dashing hero or imperiled damsel, there is one about a nefarious villain who has come to sweep children from their beds and murder their parents in the night. For those who feel the mark of Glamour, that particular character has a name: Templeton Hawthorne.

Hawthorne hunts those who practice the art of Glamour and the creatures that feed it. It is a dangerous game, to be sure, but one he has spent years perfecting. He knows the Sidhe's limitations and the best ways to eliminate their curses, and he knows the practitioners of Glamour are just as important to its function as the Sidhe. The Sidhe thrive on flattery and attention, and would probably disappear if people stopped believing in them. Each human death represents one less person serving the odd desires of the Crystal Court. Every Glamour mage he kills brings him one step closer to driving the Sidhe out of Avalon and back to the dark place where they were born.

Nobody is sure why Hawthorne began his bloody crusade. Some believe he was a local Avalon priest who saw his entire village frozen in ice on the whim of a passing sprite. Some think he is a philosopher bent on eliminating sorcery from Théah or perhaps he is a member of the infamous Inquisition. Some think "Templeton Hawthorne" is not just one man but an organization bent on liberating the Triple Kingdom from Queen Elaine's rule. A small minority claims that he is himself an Unseelie outcast. Whatever the reason, Hawthorne offers his targets no quarter. They are often murdered in private but their bodies left in public areas as messages to the Sidhe and their minions, the Glamour sorcerers.

With the complete and utter devotion of a fanatic, Hawthorne appears icy cold to his adversaries and allies alike. He often works alone, although occasionally he hires a few like-minded souls or low rent thugs to add muscle to his projects. He is a capable enough fighter on his own but is also smart enough not to go into a situation unprepared. He knows that the only way to defeat the enemy is to outwit them. He is well aware of the legends about mortals tricking the Sidhe into getting what they want. He reasons that if they can be tricked, they can be defeated. He is not afraid to fight dirty and lie, steal, or even murder to eliminate this terror from the face of Théah.

Templeton Hawthorne has a thin, ravaged figure. He wears dark colors and dresses simply. His gray hair is short. Sometimes he is clean-shaven; other times he sports a beard and mustache. His body is covered with scars, each one a reminder of another non-human creature he has killed. He remembers the full story of each incident but is strangely reticent when queried. Many people mistake him for a mendicant monk the first time they encounter him, which is precisely what he wants. He knows that he can trade on his reputation without being obvious but he prefers to strike quickly, then fade into the background. When he speaks, he has a stone-cold conviction that the Sidhe are unnatural creatures not to be worshiped or toyed with; only destroyed. There are no exceptions unless sacrificing a Glamour mage will lead him to a larger target. Then he can enjoy eliminating both enemies.

Templeton Hawthorne (d20™)

Human Inquisitor 6/Man of Will 3: CR 9; SZ M; HD 6d8 + 3d12; hp 42; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+1 Dex, +2 Cloak); Atk: smallsword +7 (1d6); SV Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +11; SA Clarity, Fearless, Piercing the Veil, Righteous Fury, Sneak Attack, Sorcery's Stench, Vanishing Act, Unstoppable; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 14, Wis 16, Cha 11; AL LE; Skills: Bluff +7, Diplomacy +7, Gather Info +4, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (Sidhe) +13, Knowledge (Arcana) +9, Move Silently +4, Sense Motive +10, Spot +6, Speak Language (Eisen, Montaigne, Avalon, Vodacce, Vendel, Théan [alternatively, any 6 from your campaign]); Feats: Frightening Countenance, Indomitable Will, Iron Will, Righteous, Scholar, Tyrant.

Templeton Hawthorne — Villain (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 2, **Finesse:** 3, **Wits:** 4, **Resolve:** 4, **Panache:** 2
Reputation: -25
Background: Driven
Arcana: Righteous
Advantages: Avalon (R/W), Eisen (R/W), Montaigne (R/W), Théan (common) (R/W), Vodacce (R/W), Man of Will, Vendel Connections,
Dirty Fighting: Attack (Improvised Weapon) 2, Defend (Improvised Weapon) 3, Eye-Gouge 2
Athlete: Footwork 2, Knotwork 2, Climbing 2, Leaping 2
Scholar: Philosophy 4, Research 4, Occult: 4
Doctor: Diagnose 3, Surgeon 2, Torture 3
Courtier: Dancing 2, Etiquette 2, Fashion 2 Oratory 2
Fencing: Attack 3, Parry 2
Knife: Attack 2, Parry 2

Mordwyrr Taff, King of the Rogues

Prithee, good sir, welcome to the Rogues Forest. If you don't mind, I will take your purse to protect it from brigands during your sojourn here.

The original King of the Rogues was a man named Robin Goodfellow. Born in AV 1159, he helped the good people of Avalon in their fight against their corrupt king by robbing from the rich and giving to the poor. To this day, many in Avalon still carry a bow and fight in his name. Along with the legends about Robin Goodfellow and the Highwayman, rumors have recently surfaced in courts both earthly and Sidhe about a handsome rogue who is capturing the hearts (and purses) of the elite as he travels throughout the Glamour Isles. His name is Mordwyrr Taff and he is the new King of the Rogues. Just ask him.

Mordwyrr is a Sidhe who was last seen some 500 years ago when Robin Goodfellow was still alive. Taff brought the tale of Goodfellow's exploits to the Court of the Air where it delighted the Lords and Ladies for many an hour. They asked Taff to fetch this remarkable man before them for an audience. Happy to oblige, the dashing Sidhe left Bryn Bresail to find the man behind the legend. Unfortunately, five centuries had passed since Taff's last visit to Avalon and brave Robin was long dead.

Disappointing the Lords and Ladies of the Seelie Court is not a good thing so Taff hatched a grand plan. He would take Robin's place as the "noble rogue" of Avalon and return with grand stories about... himself! He would surpass the legend of Robin Goodfellow and become a legend in his own right.

For the past five (human) years, Taff has adopted a manner and method in his thievery reminiscent of the Goodfellow legends. Unfortunately, he has not quite perfected his technique. What he thinks is confidence, many see as arrogance. What he regards as wit, others see as stilted pretension. Taff tries very hard but most of his schemes do not come to fruition and he has come close to losing his corporeal self more than once. Despite this, he has gathered a bit of a following.

He recently made his first appearance at Elaine's court, delivering a stirring account of how he single-handedly routed a band of ruthless assassins on their way to murder the beloved Queen. Although Bors MacAllister grumbled that he had heard nothing of the sort, Taff had already charmed his way to an invitation for a return visit.

Taff is the classic personification of the noble Avalon bandit: handsome, well-built, well-groomed mustache, jaunty feather in his cap, and a glib tongue that gets him in trouble as often as it saves him. He frequently ends sentences with a hearty laugh or an exhortation like "Ha ha!" as he strikes a pose of what he thinks is heroic bravado. He carries a longbow and a longsword. In a world full of larger-than-life heroes, Taff wants to be the biggest. Subtlety and common sense are not in his vocabulary. A merry band of associates, most of them young ladies clad in forest green attire, has fallen under the sway of his charisma and usually accompany him on his quest to build his reputation as the new King of the Rogues.

Mordwyrr Taff (d20™)

Male Sidhe Théan Ranger 6/Goodfellow Archer 2: CR 11; SZ M; HD 6d10+12+2d8+4; hp 62; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 18 (+3 Dex +5 Unarmored Defense Proficiency); Atks: longsword +9 (1d8), Avalon longbow +10 (2d4); SA Favored Enemy (2 per GM*), Increased Range +20, Quick Shot; SQ Appearance - Above Average, Bowyer/Fletcher, DR 10/Cold Iron, Focused Training, Immunity to Disease, Iron Susceptibility, Iron Vulnerability, Keen Senses, Slow Aging, Smell Glamour, SR 10, Strange Poison (Iron); SV Fort +6, Ref +7, Will +2; Str 14, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 17; AL NG; Skills: Climb +8, Hide +10, Intuit Direction +5, Jump +8, Listen +7, Move Silently +10, Search +6, Spot +9, Wilderness Lore +7, Speak Language (Avalon [alternately, any one language in your campaign]); Feats: Gifted Liar, Point Blank Shot, Track, Unarmored Defense Proficiency (beginner), Weapon Focus (Avalon Longbow), Weapon Specialization (Avalon Longbow). (*See *Swashbuckling Adventures*,™ pg. 18)

Mordwyrr Taff — Scoundrel (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 2, **Finesse:** 3, **Wits:** 3, **Resolve:** 2, **Panache:** 4
Reputation: -10
Background: None
Arcana: Overconfident
Advantages: Accurate Archer, Scoundrel, Avalon (R/W)
Archer: Attack (Bow) 3, Fletcher 1, Snap Shot 2, Trick Shooting 2
Athlete: Climbing 3, Footwork 4, Leaping 3, Sprinting 3, Swinging 3, Throwing 2
Criminal: Ambush 3, Gambling 2, Prestidigitation 2, Shadowing 3, Stealth 3
Spy: Disguise 4, Shadowing 3, Stealth 3, Sincerity 3
Heavy Weapons (longsword): Attack 4, Parry 3
Goodfellow School (apprentice): Arc 3, Disarm 2, Tagging 2, Exploit Weakness (Goodfellow) 1

Arianna Flynt, Explorer

One of these switches opens the door to the antechamber. The other will bring the antechamber down around our ears. Do you know which one it is? I do.

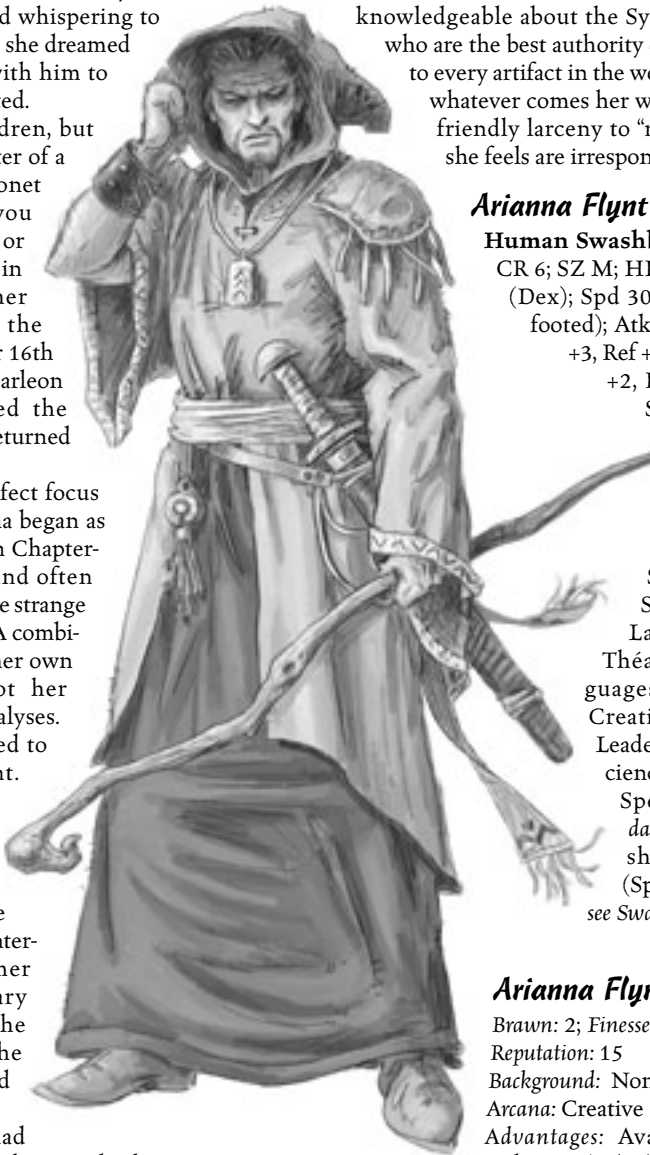
Her mother lulled her to sleep with the legends of Avalon. Whenever she walked around the countryside, she felt as if the land was alive and whispering to her. Her father was a sailor and she dreamed of sailing around the world with him to see all the exotic places he visited.

Fairytales are fine for children, but when you are truly the daughter of a princess who gave up her coronet to marry a common sailor, you either make a boring marriage or set out to make your own way in the world. The legends her mother told her led her to the libraries of Carleon and on her 16th birthday, Arianna traveled to Carleon where she first encountered the Explorer's Society. She never returned home.

The Explorers were the perfect focus for her curious nature. Arianna began as an artifact clerk in the Carleon Chapterhouse tasked the thankless and often dangerous job of cataloguing the strange abilities of hundreds of items. A combination of intellect, luck, and her own innate magical abilities got her through the more difficult analyses.

Eventually, she was assigned to an expedition as an assistant. After being cooped up in the Chapterhouse for so long, it is very possible that she would have been content with that position but fate thrust her into a much more interesting one. Scott Jay, a former Explorer turned mercenary archaeologist, sabotaged the expedition. He locked the Explorers in the ship's hold and killed the expedition leader. Jay then stole the map they had been using and traveled into the temple they had unearthed at the site. Furious at being subdued, Arianna broke free, captured him, and still had time to recover an undamaged piece of Thalusan amber from the site. This virtuoso performance made her the Society's darling and brought her into the spotlight as a perfect example of the "adventuring academic."

Since then, she has led several successful expeditions. She is also the driving force behind the study of sorcerous powers. She has spent a lot of time in the wilds of Avalon and has become something of a local expert of Sidhe lore and legends. Her gift of Glamour has also turned her into an envoy to the courts of the Triple Kingdom. The Avalon court finds Arianna's tale quite romantic — a lost princess who reclaims her station through hard work and the blessings of noble blood.



The Society knows the importance of good relations, especially where their base of operations is located.

Arianna Flynt is a beautiful young woman who seems to maintain a noble bearing no matter where she is. Her red-gold hair trails beyond her shoulders like dancing flames. She is just as comfortable in corsets and hoop skirts as she is in a digger's vest and work pants. She speaks several languages with no accent and has friends in every port. She is very knowledgeable about the Syrnych and feels the Explorers who are the best authority on the subject should lay claim to every artifact in the world for study. Very adaptable to whatever comes her way, Arianna is not above a little friendly larceny to "retrieve" artifacts from people she feels are irresponsible.

Arianna Flynt (420™)

Human Swashbuckler 3/Glamour Mage 3:

CR 6; SZ M; HD 3d10+3+3d6+3; hp 39; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 19 (+2 Dex, +2 Light-footed); Atk: smallsword +5 (1d6); SV Fort +3, Ref +8, Will +6; SA Glamour Checks +2, Known Legends: Jack, Berek; SQ Dexterous, Light-footed; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 14; AL NG; Skills: Balance +5, Climb +5, Disguise +5, Escape Artist +5, Gather Info +7, Hide +8, Move Silently +8, Open Lock +7, Search +8, Use Rope +6, Speak Language (Avalon, Vodacce, Théan [alternately, any three languages in your campaign]); Feats: Creative, Half-Blooded (Glamour), Leadership, Unarmed Defense Proficiency (Beginner).

Spells: (Glamour) 0-Level: *daze*, *dazzle*; Level 1: *glitterdust*, *sleep as if she were a 3rd level sorcerer*. (Spells Per Day: 2/2.) (For details, see *Swashbuckling Arcana*™)

Arianna Flynt — Hero (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 2; Finesse: 2; Wits: 3; Resolve: 2; Panache: 3
Reputation: 15

Background: None

Arcana: Creative

Advantages: Avalon (R/W), Théan (R/W), Vodacce (R/W), Connections, Dangerous

Beauty, Membership: Explorer's Society

Dirty Fighting: Attack 3, Improvised Weapon Attack 2, Improvised Weapon Defense 3

Athlete: Climbing 3, Footwork 4, Knotwork 4, Leaping 3

Glamour (Apprentice): Mad Jack 2, Jeremiah Berek 2

Scholar: Philosophy 2, Research 2,

Archaeologist: Occult 2, Society Lore 4

Courtier: Dancing 1, Etiquette 1, Fashion 1, Oratory 1

Fencing: Attack 3, Parry 2

Rider: Ride 3

Knife: Attack 2, Parry 2

Tearlaidh Partholan, The Wandering Druid of Théah

I've been the wide world over, a hundred times or more...

Tearlaidh Partholan has been alive for more years than he can remember. He learned long ago that years are something people look at instead of looking at the wondrous world around them. People are obsessed with the hours of the day instead of the passing of the seasons. For someone who has been alive as long as he has, it is easy to become disillusioned with the selfish, bloody, terrible things that people conduct their business. But rather than write mortals off as foolish or close-minded, Partholan believes that they are actually Nature's greatest mystery.

The old Druid's connection with Avalon is strong. He spent much of his early time wandering the forests, which became his home. One day, he found himself standing above a battlefield where great forces clashed for control of Avalon. At sunset, he saw young Athrwys unite his people only to be mortally wounded by the invader Henri du Montaigne. He knew that humans were part of the natural world, along with the Sidhe, the Syrne, and all manner of creatures large and small but he could not understand how the day could have turned to tragedy so quickly. He sought the great Derwyddon in hopes of achieving some understanding.

The man old fixed him with an eye and said. "You will not die, young Druid, until you understand," he said. Partholan picked up his walking stick, boarded a ship for Montaigne, and began to study humans more closely.

He has seen a lot since then. He was at the gates of the royal palace when the Inquisition came for Léon. He was in the courts of Good King Sandoval when El Vago swooped through the window to save the young monarch's life. He watched Trague plummet from the tower in Freiburg. He has not been to Cabora yet but he is certainly interested. He has also heard about the lands beyond the Wall of Flame and wants to pay a visit to the court of the Celestial Empress. The old Druid has witnessed many of the great events in the Théan history and wants to be there for many more. He has dozens of theories about human behavior and is certain that if he could just learn to talk to people, he could share his knowledge for the betterment of all.

Tearlaidh Partholan is an old man of indeterminate years. He is completely bald underneath the hood of his robe and the age of mountains reflects in his eyes. He travels about dressed in simple brown robes, armed with nothing more than an old wooden staff. If he talks at all, his words are soft-spoken and cryptic. He plays the harp extremely well, can defend himself with the staff although he tries to avoid combat whenever possible. He often arrives just before something major is about to occur, then leaves shortly afterward. Nobody has paid particular notice to him yet but if people begin to, he could develop a following.

Tearlaidh Partholan (420™)

Male Human Avalon Druid 15; CR 15; SZ M; HD 15d10; hp 75; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 22 (+12 Unarmored Defense Proficiency); Atk: quarterstaff 1d6 +11/+6/+1; SA Ascendancy Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter, Ascendancy Checks +15, Lesser Gesa (x2); SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +13; Str 10, Dex 11, Con 10, Int 18, Wis 18, Cha 15; AL NG; Skills: Speak Language (Avalon, Théan [alternately, any two languages in your campaign]); Bluff +12, Craft +14, Diplomacy

+12, Gather Info +12, Handle Animal +12, Heal +14, Intuit Direction +14, Knowledge (worldly) +14, Listen +14, Ride +10, Wilderness Lore +14; Feats: Great Fortitude, Handy, Iron Will, Small, Unarmored Defense Proficiency (Beginner), Unarmored Defense Proficiency (Intermediate), Unarmored Defense Proficiency (Master).

Spells: 0-level: *flare*; Level 1: *obscuring mist*, *pass without trace*; Level 2: *barkskin*; Level 3: *protection from elements*; Level 4: *freedom of movement*; Level 5: *animal growth*, *tree stride*; Level 6: *find the path*, *repel wood*; Level 7: *greater scrying*, *true seeing*. (Spells Per Day: 8/8/7/6/5/3/2/1) (For details, see *Player's Handbook™*, Ch. 11: Spells.)

Tearlaidh Partholan — Hero (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 2, Finesse: 3, Wits: 5, Resolve: 5, Panache: 2

Reputation: None (at present)

Background: None

Arcana: None

Advantages: Théan (R/W), Avalon (R/W), Greater Gesa, Lighting Reflexes, Small

Dirty Fighting: Attack 3, Improvised Weapon Attack 5, Improvised Weapon Defend 5,

Druid (Master): Spring 4, Summer 4, Fall 4, Winter 4

Athlete: Footwork 4, Knotwork 4, Climbing 3, Leaping 3

Rider: Ride 3

Fadh-righ Spear (Journeyman): Exploit Weakness (Fadh-righ), Bind (Buckler), Lunge (Polearm), Tagging (Polearm)

Sir Gwydd, The Perfect Knight

My sword and my heart stand ready to serve my Queen, whenever and wherever She may command.

The Knights of Elaine include the bravest and best that Avalon has to offer. Parents tell their children tales about Knights and how they often find themselves fighting evil to protect the Queen and uphold the honor of Avalon. At some time in their young lives, children want to join this legendary organization. The Knights of Elaine travel about the country and the world on the Queen's business. One of the brightest members is a handsome young half-Sidhe by the name of Sir Gwydd.

Gwydd arrived in Elaine's court four years ago just as the perfect snows were melting into another brilliant spring. On his 18th birthday, he bowed his handsome, angular face before his beloved queen and took his knightly vows.

In his time as a Knight, Gwydd has often acted as an envoy to the courts ethereal and has counseled other Knights in matters of the Sidhe.

Gwydd's mother was a widow in a small Avalon village. Before the couple could have a child, her husband, a member of Berek's Sea Dogs, died in combat. With no children of her own, the good lady devoted herself to aiding the children of the village and teaching them the stories of the land. She became anxious when the children said they had seen a woman who came at night and stole their breath. The lady gathered the children inside the local chapel every night to protect them from the wicked thing. There were nights when they could hear it clawing at the glass.

One night the foul creature smashed a window and entered the church, but the lady leaped forward and swung a candlestick at it. While she was unable to harm the creature, she was able to drive it back ... and onto the blade of a Seelie Knight. Taken with her passion and her selflessness, the knight asked her what boon he could give her in return. She asked for a child of her own and that night, the Knight honored her request.

Gwydd was raised as the child of two worlds. He can feel the Glamour in his blood but he is also a believer in the Church of Avalon. He attends services regularly and is fast becoming an envoy in the House of Theus as well as the courts of the Sidhe. At one time, he entertained the idea of entering the ministry but decided he could do more good by inspiring others with deeds performed in the name of Elaine. The Sidhe find his devout faith interesting and has become involved in some interesting debates while in Bryn Bresail.

Gwydd is the picture of the perfect young knight. He wears his silver-blond hair to his shoulders and has a slender but wiry build. He is very astute and well spoken, but often a romantic passion flares in his eyes when he recounts the stories he heard as a child. He prefers the classic longsword to the rapier and fencing weapons. While it is slower and outdated, he has a natural quickness that allows him to wield it quite effectively when needed. He also looks quite splendid in his shining armor when he raises the weapon in salute to his Queen.

Sir Gwydd (a20™)

Male Thean Paladin 5/Knight of Elaine 1; CR 6; SZ M (humanoid); HD 5d10+10+1d8+2; hp 40; Init: +2; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 17 (+2 Dex, +5 chain mail); Atk: longsword +8 melee (1d8+2); SA Religious Fury 1/day, Smite Evil; SQ Aura of Courage, Divine Grace, Divine Health, Lay on Hands, Remove Disease 1/week, Detect Evil; AL LG; SV Fort +11, Ref +5, Will +6; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 14; Skills: Speak Language (Avalon), Climb +8, Diplomacy +4, Handle Animal +8, Intimidate +8, Jump +8, Listen +5, Ride +4, Sense Motive +8, Spot +8, Swim +8, Tumble +8; Feats: Expertise, Parry, Power Attack.

Sir Gwydd — Hero (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 2, Finesse: 2; Wits: 2; Resolve: 2; Panache: 3

Reputation: 25

Background: None

Arcana: None

Advantages: Avalon (R/W), Connections, Membership:

Knights of Elaine, Sidhe Blood (Appearance – Above Average, Smell Glamour, Iron Vulnerability)

Athlete: Footwork 3, Climbing 3, Sprinting 3, Throwing 2

Courtier: Etiquette 3, Dancing 3, Fashion 3, Oratory 2

Fencing: Attack 3, Parry 2

Heavy Weapons: Attack 3, Parry 3

Hunter: Stealth 2, Survival 1, Tracking 1, Traps 2

Rider: Ride 3

Donovan: Bind 1, Disarm 2, Riposte 2, Exploit Weakness (Donovan) 2

Buckler: Parry (4)

The tales are true. The rival Queens recruit any and all sea creatures to their cause, willingly or unwillingly, and the struggle is epic. The farther from land, the greater the conflict and the more fantastical the beasts.

The composition of the forces is quite different, although both Queens have learned from the other. The Black Siren depends in the main on singular monstrosities of size and ferocity, the more bizarre and terrifying the better. She has no interest in the ways of Nature and thus she uses her horrid magic to create unnatural mutations and undead abominations. Recognizing the effectiveness of the gifted and magical Merrow (not to mention their prolific breeding), she created the Sirens, a self-perpetuating line of bloodthirsty mer-creatures.

Maab has traditionally relied on creatures native to the waters of Théah to support her cause, breeding intelligence and some form of magic into entire species. She has come to an appreciation of undeath, a concept that has previously eluded her, when she reviews the cadres of lacedons who do her bidding. The tales of undead sailors serving in the Coral Court are quite true, but Maab did not deliberately set about re-animating drowned sailors. Those unfortunates owe their continued existence to the fact that Maab, being Sidhe, does not comprehend that death should render humans unfit to serve her, and the supernatural (in the most extreme sense of the word) power of the Sidhe is such that serve they do.

In the main, Maab's navy consists of creatures on the more intelligent side of the scale, like the seals, the Merrow, the sea lion, unfathomable but undoubtedly clever octopods, and the rare Dragon Turtle. She will also employ sea birds as messengers or scouts, whereas the Black Siren and her ilk just eat them.

The Siren makes use of sharks, sea serpents, and strains of gargantuan horrors that have no name as they are beyond mortal ken, plus whatever unique monsters she can enslave or create. These immense creatures appear to evolve (if that is in fact the process) from one of three basic stocks: crustacean, sea slug, or jellyfish. Although the lines are not always distinct, they share an overall appearance that is both terrifying and mind numbing.

That being said, the only two sets of creatures of whose loyalty either combatant can be entirely certain are the Sirens and the Merrow. The cetaceans might best be considered "allied" with Maab; the mighty Leviathans apparently have reached an accommodation with her, but are not subservient. The Giant Squid (dumb animal) and Kraken (almost identical but brainpower on par with the octopus) are up for grabs; both easily bought with a nice large school of tuna.

Both Queens are revising their strategies, however. The Black Siren is slowly learning the value of a mixed force and use of groups like fleets of poisonous jellyfish blanketing the surface while the Sirens surround the entrapped victim and the crustaceans strike from below. For her part, Maab has recently discovered electric eels. Staying out of the fray, curiously enough, are the dolphins and porpoises. Sailors consider them the only true friend of the sea-going humankind and it is rumored that they have magic of their own.

Heroes sailing on the high seas may encounter these creatures at some point. While the greatest monsters of the deep rarely come to the surface, they are occasionally driven up during the course of a battle, and might be tasked by the Queens with sinking any ships entering a certain area. (Note: Travelling west of the Midnight Isles dramatically increases the likelihood of an encounter with one of the Siren's behemoths of the deep.)

Adventures

The Battle beneath the Waves

By and large, the nations of Théah are unaware of the great battle going on under the sea between the Black Siren and the Sidhe Queen Maab. Sailors returning from the farthest reaches of Théah bring back fabulous tales of impossible creatures roiling to the surface, locked in mortal combat. Giant squid and great whales, huge sharks and monstrous serpents, and sometimes, creatures that beggar description, things with claws and tentacles, plate armor and spines.

Details of the creatures mentioned above can be found in the *Monster Manual*[™] as follows:

Dire Shark (*Monster Manual*,[™] pg. 59)
 Dragon Turtle (*Monster Manual*,[™] pg. 76)
 Giant Octopus (*Monster Manual*,[™] pg. 199)
 Giant Squid (*Monster Manual*,[™] pg. 202; *Game Master's Guide*,[™] pg. 162)
 Kraken (*Monster Manual*,[™] pg. 124)
 Lacedon (*Monster Manual*,[™] pg. 97)
 Leviathan (*Game Master's Guide*,[™] pg. 159)
 Merrow (Book Four: The Folke)
 Octopus (*Monster Manual*,[™] pg. 199)
 Sea Lion (*Monster Manual*,[™] pg. 160)
 Sea Serpent (*Game Master's Guide*,[™] pg. 161)
 Shark (*Monster Manual*,[™] pg. 200)
 Siren (*Heroes, Villains, and Monsters*,[™] pg. 161)
 Squid (*Monster Manual*,[™] pg. 200)
 Whale (*Monster Manual*,[™] pg. 203)

The Black Siren's Creatures

These are unique creations. No one knows if they breed among themselves, are created magically by the Black Siren, or were ordinary little sea creatures that spent too much time around some undersea Syrneath artifacts and mutated into the strange entities they have become. (In essence, the GM is encouraged to create unique sea monsters using the same technique employed to create Ruin Monsters per the *Game Master's Guide*.[™] Select a template, a size ranging from man-eating large to ship-eating gigantic, and an intelligence level ranging from stupid to non-sentient. Then add mutations and unleash the atrocity.)

W.K. Bainbridge Travelling Theatre Troupe

*"The fools fret o'er the hour of death,
 bewitch'd by tales of knights and maids"*

—Montgomery Peerson, Hamek, Act 2, Scene 3

Established in 1666, the Troupe has taken its lead from its founder, Wendell Kenneth Bainbridge. Bainbridge first rose to stardom in approximately 1659 as the lead actor in Montgomery Peerson's *King Hergyh*. His portrayal of a king torn between loyalty to his children brought people flocking to the theatre, and turned it almost overnight into a place for the rich to be seen. Many a carriage heading home was full of courtiers arguing over who did more for the theatre – the playwright or the actor. Peerson and Bainbridge soon were inseparable in the minds of the public.

As often happens between extremely gifted and artistic people, the partnership between Bainbridge and Peerson eventually dissolved. Bainbridge sank his earnings into a small ship he renamed *The Fool's Fret* and converted it into a traveling stage. He hired himself out to the courts of Théah and continued to write and perform plays. He was so busy traveling and performing that he never made it back home.

Last year, shortly after Prophet's Mass, the cast and crew assembled for a New Year's celebration only to find that Bainbridge had disappeared. There are many theories as to his whereabouts. Some think he ran afoul of the jealous husband

of a noblewoman he was rumored to be romancing. Some say he has dashed off to help his old friend Peerson. Some think Peerson kidnapped him for failure to pay royalties. Others think the Sidhe took him to become their pet playwright and actor.

Tantalizing clues about the founder's location could provide an excellent long-term goal for the players. Bainbridge's dream was to bring the stage to the nobility of Théah and raise it from a country faire sideshow to a respected art form equal to music and painting. Little did he know that the Sidhe would be a far more appreciative audience!

No matter what, as the saying goes, the show must go on. The ship continues to sail with a crew who is looking for adventure, romance, and appreciative audiences wherever it may land. A campaign with Bainbridge's Troupe provides a built-in background that solves the problems of bringing a group of multinational (and possibly non-human) heroes together. Characters could be part of the ensemble or the crew that sails *The Fool's Fret*. Actors are not particularly well respected and often a person on the run can arrange a stint on the stage until his pursuers call off the chase. Sorcerers and other magic-users are sought for their ability to produce stage effects. Nobility may come along as sponsors and patrons and demand a final say in which plays are performed and which actors are cast. Swordsmen may be hired to train the actors in the fine art of realistic combat, and at the same time provide a little extra muscle if a performance goes poorly or a noble refuses payment. Of course, some of the characters might have an even more intimate connection to the stories they tell. They could be Sidhe seeking adventure or perhaps sent to retrieve tales for the Queen of the Air herself. There are plenty of adventures to be had:

- The Fool's Fret sometimes takes on cargo or passengers in between bookings to keep the sailors paid and the actors working. Usually the cargo is legal, but sometimes...
- The Troupe has done this a hundred times. How difficult is it to set up the show, put it on, and then strike the set? It depends on what goes wrong and something always seems to go wrong.
- A patron insists that his very untalented "Cousin Marie" play the female lead in a very important performance. She is just awful but he is very insistent.
- The Inquisition regards plays about Sidhe and sorcerers as heretical and always tries to close down the production.
- Pirates (Sidhe or otherwise) waylay the ship thinking that she is a cargo vessel with plunder aboard. Which of course she is not... is she?
- A blockade is set up or a plague breaks out in port.
- The lead actor could be arrested for his role in a daring masked robbery. Well, the robber looked just like him!
- A rival company tries to sabotage the production. Performing a play in front of nobility is going to seem like a vacation compared to this!

- Of course, not everyone is turned against the theatre. For every Sidhe noble who writes it off as base entertainment, there is one who believes he has been “illuminated” by its emotion. So much so that he wants the troupe to stay with him at his estate... for a long time...to entertain him...
- The Explorers have hired the actors in the past as spies and smugglers for their cause and such duties could easily be assigned by nations as well. Of course, *The Fool's Fret* maintains one advantage over other ships of its nature. It is favored by the Sidhe, who often come to the aid of the crew when needed. Of course, this is something of a dubious honor. The Crystal Court has an unfortunate habit of demanding performances from its favorite players at inopportune times. Refusing such an unusual patron would be exceedingly rude and produce unfortunate results.

For the GM only

NPC Secrets

Fiona dubh Gaoithe

Unstable at birth, Fiona has slowly gone even more deeply insane trying to serve the masters of Legend and Name. No longer content with being a legend, she has started a campaign of terror in Inismore, destroying villages, stealing children, and striking terror into the hearts of the mortal fools her father loves so much. She wants them to come crying to him about the Witch of the Black Wind. She wants him to come searching for the creature who is harming his mewling pets. When he arrives, she will destroy him, his island, and anything else in her way. Then she will claim her legacy and assume the role as ruler of the Glamour Isles, literally (and hopefully) over her father's cold dead body.

(Note to the GM: Fiona has the abilities of both a Glamour and Laerdom Mage. Normally, someone with two types of sorcery can only achieve Apprentice status in both schools. Because of her unique heritage, Fiona breaks these rules. Of course, it goes without saying that she is quite insane and a villain of supremely excellent pedigree. Bad guys get to break the rules; good guys get to win.)

Templeton Hawthorne

While eliminating Sidhe, their creatures, and Glamour sorcerers helps his cause, Hawthorne has come to realize that he is merely trimming the branches instead of cutting down the tree. He knows what he needs to do but is unsure about the most effective way to achieve his goal. He realizes there are powerful people both inside and outside of Avalon who are unhappy with Queen Elaine but he has yet to make direct contact with them. He has recently acquired a MacEachern blade and has made a few allies inside the O'Toole family. Once that alliance is secure, he will attempt his boldest move yet: he will steal the Graal, destroy it, and bring an end to the Sidhe reign of terror.

Mordwyrr Taff

Bors MacAllister has found no evidence of Taff's tale of reputed assassins because there is none. Taff learned a crucial lesson about reputation from that incident and has begun to send his merry band traveling throughout Avalon to leave “evidence” of his influence even if he had nothing to do with the thefts in question. Not only have the Sidhe and Elaine's Knights begun to notice Taff, but now the thieving community at large is becoming annoyed with the braggart.

In addition to lying to the Avalon Queen, Taff has one more secret — he never actually met Robin Goodfellow. Threatened with being cast out as an Unforgiven Unseelie, with all attendant penalties and abilities, he ran from the Crystal Courts rather than stand trial. Although he is not actively hunted (the Sidhe have far more important things to do, after all), going back to Bryn Bresail is not the wisest thing Taff could do at the present time.

Arianna Flynt

If Arianna knew how many enemies she has made in her short career she might go back to being an artifact clerk. The Inquisition hates her because she is a sorceress and deals with forbidden objects. Freelance collectors have found their best items stolen from underneath their noses. The Caligari family has put a sizable bounty on her head. People are beginning to question why she is the sole survivor on expeditions. She claims that she has not lost personnel any more or less frequently than any other expedition leader and that this is a nasty rumor campaign started by Society members jealous of her success. So far her luck has held up but there may come a point where not even the legends of Avalon will be able to save her.

Tearlaidh Partholan

Derwyddon placed a Great Gesa on the Druid at the Battle of Three Roads. Partholan is incapable of dying until he understands everything about humans. Regardless of what may happen to him, he will always resurface. Circumstances always seem to throw him free of danger. If someone is trying to harm him, something will interrupt the villain before he can do any damage. Partholan never seems to get lost even when traversing a place he has never been. Although he does not spend a lot of time gazing at himself in the mirror, the Druid is slowly becoming aware of his semi-immortal state and naturally is curious to test the extent of it.

A very small group of fanatical Knights Inquisitor has taken note of the old man. They think he might be the Fourth Prophet waiting to reveal himself to the faithful. The signs of his coming — like the fall of Montaigne and the rise of Cabora — are clear. Even if he is not ready to recognize his own destiny, they might feel the need to “protect” him and use him as a figurehead for their own purposes.

Sir Gwydd

Sir Gwydd travels to the Crystal Courts as an envoy from Elaine's Court but he has his own interests as well. He is searching for the Sidhe knight who fathered him.

There is another reason Gwydd decided not to enter the priesthood. While the faithful and the Sidhe co-exist peacefully enough in Avalon for the moment, the young Knight can sense that somewhere down the line there will be tension between the humans and the Goodly Folke. He earnestly wishes to present himself as an example of someone who can balance the influences of Theus and the Sidhe. Hopefully, others will follow in his steps and live a life that pays homage to the legends of Avalon while still following the Prophets and of course serving the beloved Queen.

Special NPCs

The following section introduces two NPCs without statistics, both of whom can be used for non-Théan campaigns as well. The Grey Queen and the Morrigan are extremely powerful and should only be used as dramatic plot devices. There is nothing anyone can do to kill either of them and any attempts to do so should be met with swift and immediate retribution. Enjoy!

The Queen of the Grey Isle

The power of the three sister Queens is known and felt throughout the Glamour Isles but there is a fourth figure of power and mystery in the land of Avalon: the Queen of the Grey Isle. Her given name is not known, and in truth she is only addressed as “Queen” out of courtesy (and caution). She is the shadowy Sidhe who rules the Grey Isle, a fog-shrouded island of the eastern coast of Avalon, about which rumors and legends abound.

Having no native language of their own, it is questionable whether the Sidhe had given names before they encountered the mortals of Théah. They frequently adopt the names given to them by mortals. Of the Queens, only Maab goes by a personal name; if Queen of the Sky and the Lady of the Lake have chosen a given name, neither lady has elected to reveal those words to the rest of Théah.

The Queen of the Sky reportedly imprisoned the Queen of the Grey Isle on her island fastness for some heinous offense in the dim past. The most common stories involve a love triangle with Lawrence Lugh and the ensuing row wherein the Sidhe knight lost his hand. There are contrary tales, as well, so the truth may never be known. In any event, there she sits, whether by force or by choice, and there she stays.

Tales heard in any seaport tavern speak of ships driven into the mists near the island, never to return. Others whisper of a thick fog clearing during nights of the full moon, revealing craggy tree-lined cliffs surmounted by battlements of some ancient fortification, with flickering lights in the topmost tower. With each telling, the tale grows more fantastic, the monster larger, the fog thicker, and the danger greater.

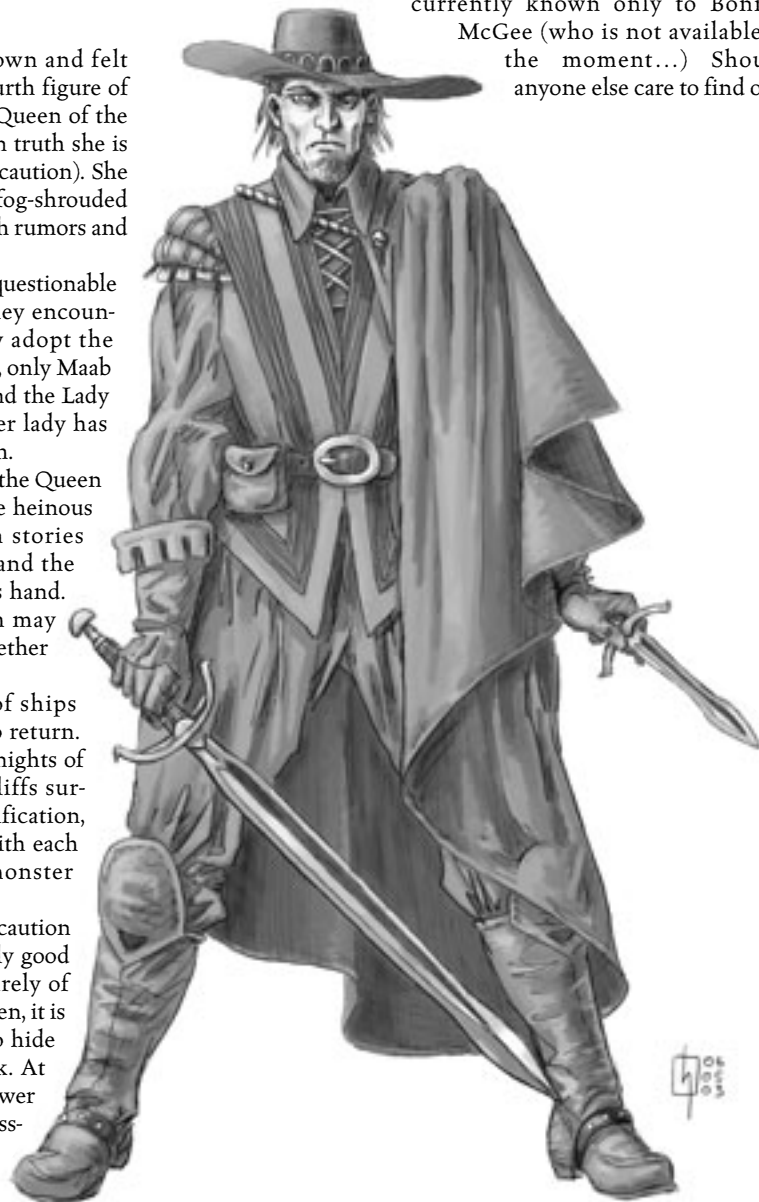
Local fishermen avoid the place, more out of caution than fear. The fishing in the vicinity is generally good and the fog, present during the daytime, is rarely of such density as to imperil navigation. Clearly, then, it is a border demarcation rather than an attempt to hide the island or a subterfuge to cause shipwreck. At night the fog lifts or at least lessens so that the tower lights usually provides sufficient warning to passing ships.

The locals warn that the waters nearby cover a hazardous reef. They tell visitors — the curious, the explorers, the treasure-seekers — that the place is a terrifying sight, looming up out of the water at midnight, never in the same place twice, et cetera, et cetera.

However, it is not true that “no ship has ever returned from that cursed fog.” Ships come and go all the time, in fact, although the area is hardly a major shipping lane. Bloody Bonnie McGee and her Sea Dogs came and went with grand results, although people do not speak much about what transpired there. The reason for the mystery is actually simple: the Grey Isle is the first and largest Gateway to Bryn Bresail.

The Isle is a small affair, a basalt knob rising out of the sea, surmounted by a lichen-wrapped bastion. The castle is a rambling maze of terraces and turrets, clinging to the rock like a starfish. There are trees, wind-twisted hazels and blackthorns, rising out of the crags in fitful clumps here and there.

The mysterious Sidhe woman on the Grey Isle is sometimes called the Grey Queen, although it is the island that is shrouded in grey fog and not the Queen herself. Her name is currently known only to Bonnie McGee (who is not available at the moment...) Should anyone else care to find out,



however, it is easily discovered — just fill a tankard for The Morrigan and she will tell you. Sailors who first plied the seas in oracles told of being washed ashore on an island to the east, rescued by a noble lady wearing a gown of brilliant white who took them in, and the next day sent them home on magic winds. She was called, in the old language, Gwyn Hwylfar or “The White Shadow.”

Apart from the occasional traveler coming from or going to Bryn Bresail, the island is populated only by the Lady and her few attendants: dryads who guard her trees and a bevy of swans that serve as her messengers.

The Lady of the White Shadow has no aspirations to royal status. She maintains strong wards against the unwary. Casual sightseeing is discouraged. The rocky reefs are difficult to navigate, the currents treacherous, and, of course, there is the need to protect the sacred entrance to Bryn Bresail. The closer one comes, the more things become strange to mortal ken: time moves differently, distances are deceiving, the laws of nature are changed.

Many portals allowing travel to the unfathomable land of Bryn Bresail exist throughout the Glamour Isles, including many located in lakes and rivers. But only one is accessible to seagoing vessels: the Grey Isle. The Lady of the White Shadow is more than just a prisoner — she is a warden. She guards the largest permanent portal between Théah and Bryn Bresail. Guards against what, might one ask? The ancient enemies of both — the Syneth. The Barrier still holds, but it is weakening. However, anything that may have slipped through will not be permitted access to the home of the Sidhe, including native evils like the Black Siren, who has long sought to gain access to the gateway as part of her ongoing battle with Maab and the Grey Isle has often found itself under assault by her hideous creatures.

It is true that the Queen of the Sky set a curse upon Lady Gwyn Hwylfar, and it does involve Sir Lawrence Lugh, but that story is not ours to tell. Suffice it to say that the Lady does not depart, Lugh has never returned to the island, and the Queen of the Sky is not disposed to discuss the matter.

Time is a strange matter in the Sidhe world. While it is true that for a long time after the incident with Sir Lawrence Lugh, the Lady of the Grey Isle refused to look into her mirror. The Sidhe, however, are beings possessed of a great curiosity. One day, she put down the spindle and removed the cover from her magic mirror. What she saw fascinated her.

She now monitors travel through the Portal in her demesne. Sidhe ships may sail to and fro with ease, but mortal ships had best prepare to explain their mission and show good cause. Creatures of the Black Siren, anyone possessing high degrees of Bargain Sorcery, or persons with questionable motives will all be refused passage. She is unable to change what she sees in the future probably because she is not certain which of the many possible futures presented is the “real” one. However, when she senses danger to Bryn Bresail, she sends word to those who can take appropriate action.

Guests, should they make their way to her shore, however uninvited, are always expected. The Isle seems to be a much larger landmass when one sets foot on it although it is difficult to tell because of the fog and rain. Should anyone be invited to her tower apartments, they find a comfortable suite befitting a lady of quality. Everything is of the finest craftsmanship and exquisite beyond belief. She has a spectacular view of the sea that oddly enough always shows clear weather.

Two striking items dominate the room: a large loom and a tall standing mirror. Apparently the story about a non-existent loom is a fiction designed to make her plight as the jilted woman more romantic.

The loom holds a great tapestry currently in progress. On first glance, it appears to have no pattern unless one studies it carefully. After a few minutes, anyone with Sidhe blood can begin to see depictions of various places and events in Bryn Bresail and the Glamour Isles. A Fate Witch who sees a web of such complexity will find her sanity begin to unravel. Druids see a pretty woven picture of the Avalon terrain in remarkable and lifelike detail.

A mortal who gazes in the tall mirror sees a reflection of himself that is slightly altered by his or her motives and behavior. Those with good intentions see themselves taller, braver, more beautiful, stronger, more elegantly dressed. Those who come with sinister motives that they have managed to keep hidden will be unmasked and should this occur, surviving the Lady’s fury is questionable.

The Lady looks in the mirror, then weaves what she sees. The result is more than just a grand picture of her world, however. It also tells her about the state of the Barrier around the Glamour Isles. She searches for events that strengthen and weaken the Barrier and adds them into the weaving. Should anything require intervention, one of her large swans will glide out of the mists and bring word to the appropriate Queen. Should a Porté sorcerer open large holes in the fabric of space that terminate in Avalon (large enough to move, say, small bodies of troops), the Grey Queen will see to it that the Lady of the Lake is informed, and there will be a “welcoming” party to meet him on arrival. Should some unfortunate Explorer discover and activate a Syneth artifact, the Queen of the Sky will be alerted so that she can take whatever action she deems appropriate.

Unlike the great Queens, the Queen of the Grey Isle has no minions of her own save the swans that serve as her messengers, so she also relies on the Morrigan to act for her. In general, she is the Sentinel of Avalon tasked with monitoring and warning. She finds it far less painful than engaging in romantic liaisons with fickle knights.

Adventurers who try to make their way to her must be expert navigators. The Black Siren’s minions lurk in the nearby seas. There are the peculiarities of time and space inherent in anything relating to the Sidhe. Some ships enter the area and are lost forever, while others return years later, although only a day has passed for those onboard. Occasionally ships return before they left, which makes everyone uncomfortable, but those events are usually hushed up.

Lady Gwyn Hwylfar might be a gracious hostess, but she is no fool. Of all the Sidhe, she may be the most worldly-wise and she is certainly the best informed. She is aware of geopolitics, history, and current events although she may dissemble to allow dishonest travelers to betray themselves. She is also a good keeper of secrets; so visitors should not expect her to hand out dossiers on enemies. She wants for little and cannot be bribed. She might, however, be willing to part with information if she can be convinced that it serves the cause, which is maintenance of the Barrier and protection of her beloved Avalon.

The Morrigan

The Queen of the Grey Isle has a powerful ally who travels between Bryn Bresail and the mortal world of Avalon — the Morrigan. Known as the Battle Raven among the Sidhe, she is revered throughout Avalon as a warrior goddess and defender of the Glamour Isles. An ancient spirit of unknown (but neither Syrneath nor Sidhe) origin, her name is invoked in times of war and conflict. Although some refer to her as Queen, the Morrigan cannot be bothered to maintain a court in the regal style of the other Sidhe Queens. She is more a part of the Old Ways of the Druids and relishes the unsophisticated and homespun culture of the past.

She has, in fact, many names and aspects but first and foremost, she is a great warrior chieftain, rough in her language and spirit, direct in manner and custom, fiercely loyal, and a passionate fighter and lover. Her conquests on the field and in the bedroom (when she bothers to repair to a room) are the stuff of rousing tales.

As a Legend, the Morrigan represents the union of disparate aspects: battle and fertility. The cycle of birth, death, and rebirth is a constant struggle, but essential and invigorating. She fights to protect the land and to live by the strength of arm and heart. She fights on the side of the just warrior, the noble cause and the true of spirit. Those who seek a vigorous life and honorable death pray to her.

The Morrigan has fully embraced the earthly and earthy emotional strengths and weaknesses of the mortal realm. She spends little time in Bryn Bresail, rarely consorts with the Sidhe, preferring the vibrant, energetic mortal world. When not at the site of a battle, she can be found wherever life is being lived to its lusty fullest. How many nations sing of a goddess who can be found in the center of a tavern brawl? Not a Sidhe, she is an elemental spirit of the land in human form and as such, serves as a patroness of druidic magic.

The Glamour Isles are her demesne and she will aid those defending it against all comers. It is not her way to take part in a battle directly, as this would be cheating a warrior of his or her due. Rather she uses whatever means she sees fit to test the fortitude and bravery of both sides. She will appear in battle as a great raven, flying overhead and appearing to choose who will live and who will die. In fact, she will tell you (if you buy her a drink or two) that she leaves the choice up to each individual to confront their destiny. If someone is frightened into flight from the field or fails to greet their fate face-on, they have earned their doom. Nothing pleases her more than to see a fighter, even one of the opposition, spit in her black unblinking eye, clutch his sword or spear and cry defiance.

The Queens regard her with varying degrees of horror and fascination. The Queen of the Sky considers her uncouth to the point of ignominy and ignores her until she needs the Morrigan for something. The Lady of the Lake appreciates her love of Avalon, although she wishes for a bit less violence. The Morrigan's apparently unbridled lust is also something of an embarrassment to the more refined Sidhe queen, although the young men seem to be no worse for the experience. Maab has been unable to recruit the Battle Raven to her cause, but when Meryth raises the standard against Elaine, the Morrigan is sure to bring her considerable powers to bear to support Avalon's beloved queen.

The Morrigan finds the Queens, and in fact most Sidhe, to be too studied and bloodless to be tolerated for long. Their lack of emotion, passion, and spontaneity makes them tedious in the extreme. Although the Queen of the Sky is tiresome and high-minded she does provide the occasional entertaining project. The Lady of the Lake is pleasant enough, but dull, somewhat like beautifully prepared food that completely lacks seasoning. She and the Morrigan share a love of Avalon, however, and get along quite happily on that score. Maab is a sour old fish with a bit of fire in her belly and far more tolerable than the slug of a Black Siren; still, too many plots and scheming revolve around them, not to mention all that water, so they are best avoided. That little Meryth creature will find herself on the end of a sharp spear point. The Morrigan has met Elaine on a few occasions and regards her as a suitable queen, although finds that eternal dim-witted fluttering about that moon-faced Lugh is definitely inappropriate for a ruler of her stature. If Elaine is not going to drag the hound by his pretty blond hair down to the stables and be human for once, what good is he?

The relationship that holds real power is the one between the Morrigan and Derwyddon. They see eye to eye on many things, although she thinks that the old bastard can be ludicrously grumpy and occasionally rather pompous. They share a common purpose, the defense of Avalon, and a common constituency, the Druids. The Druids hold the Battle Raven in the highest regards. She is the embodiment of the land and the old ways, the forceful spirit of the land that rises to battle whenever she is needed.

The Morrigan is also revered by the Vestenmannavnjar despite the fact that she fought back their invaders from Avalon's shores on more than one occasion. They are convinced that she is really a Vestenmannavnjar *walkurja* or Chooser of the Dead who should return home. The Morrigan, for her part, is flattered and thinks the Vestenmannavnjar should pack up and abandon that rat's nest of merchants in Vendel and come to Inismore where people respect the true warrior spirit and still know how to have a good time. As keepers of the land, Matushka and the Morrigan have an understanding. Contact has been minimal, as, fortunately, neither of their respective countries has designs on the other. The Morrigan regards shamanistic magic as acceptable and sorcery as anathema unless it is being used to protect Avalon. Even then, Porté is never right — anything that weakens the Barrier must be eradicated.

The Morrigan is often accompanied by a flock of black ravens and her band of warriors — some Sidhe, some mortal, many a bit of both — who wear her colors and follow her from battle to battle, and tavern to tavern. They are a diverse group, some as boisterous and bawdy as their mistress, others taciturn and haunted. Some live for a good fight, others died in one. They are armed and armored in styles that cross the span of history. The only common features are a fetch of black feathers worn in the hair or from a braid about the neck, and the mystic knot-work tattoos said to empower them with great battle magic.



The Morrigan's Appearance

The Morrigan strikes a fearsome figure. She is tall and powerful, her hair a great tangled mane of lustrous red braided through with leather thongs, bedecked with feathers, bones, and blackthorn leaves. When fully armed, she wears a black leather bodkin embossed with silver studs and a heavy gold torque of sovereignty covered with ancient symbols. Her bare arms are entwined with tattoos of power, and from her kirtle hangs a horn for sounding, a horn for drinking and two antler-

hilted daggers, one of bone and the other of obsidian. She carries two long war spears with blackthorn hafts and silver blades, hung with shreds of red cloth and raven feathers.

She wears a man's treads when a-field and deerskin boots. When not in battle dress, she wears a crimson and black gown and cloak, bedecked with silver and onyx. Under her gown, her legs bear the indigo markings of magic symbols.

The Morrigan appears in other human forms, depending on her mood and purpose. When going about her normal business, she appears as described above, red hair floating unbound like a bonfire, black eyes sparkling. She generally appears as a mature and vibrant woman of appropriate age to lead her tribe. When it suits her, she appears as an old one-eyed woman who blesses, curses, forecasts, teaches, prophesies, and generally acts peculiar. Woe unto any who mistreats a one-eyed crone in Avalon!

On the rare occasions that she enters a battle personally, such as when an opponent calls upon supernatural allies or dark magic, she becomes a screaming, hideous war hag of terrifying countenance and unstoppable fury. This is an aspect of such ferocity and power that it should only be used in very dire or highly dramatic circumstances.

The Morrigan is frequently seen in the guise of a raven, as is her entire war band. They circle a battlefield, raising an unholy racket and bringing fear to the hearts of those weak enough to allow it purchase.

The Morrigan's Powers

Retreat can sometimes be honorable. If the defenders of Avalon are attacked by stealth and treachery, the Morrigan can call up mists to veil a battlefield to protect them until they can regroup.

The croaking of her ravens causes fear and terror in the faint-hearted who are convinced that the black creatures will overwhelm them with talons and beaks, blinding them and driving them mad.

She is fond of appearing to generals the night before a battle in the form of a washerwoman who appears to be cleaning the general's own garments in a stream or river. When he asks about the bloodstains on the clothes, she tells him that he will die on the battlefield, perhaps tomorrow. For some it is a true prophecy, for others a test of their courage.

When a particular fighter has shown great courage or strength of purpose, the Morrigan will intercede in a combat, causing his opponent to slip or hesitate at a crucial moment. There are tales of enemies suddenly being struck by paralysis in mid-strike (or mid-cast). It is her way of evening the odds. (Note: This acts as a counter-spell that removes a magical enhancement or excessive advantage from the opponent and activated purely at the GM's will.) She may also cast a form of battle frenzy that inspires exceptional feats of martial skill and bravery.

The Morrigan's Pledge

The Morrigan has little patience for anything Syrneth. Small uses of Bargain sorcery will not draw her attention but any large-scale undertaking (such as the use of Porté to bring an army onto Avalon soil) certainly will. She is not alone in her extreme hatred of the Syrneth, but perhaps the fire that feeds it burns more fiercely in her because she sees what will come if the Barrier weakens.

*I see a world that will not be dear to me:
Summer without flowers
Kine without milk,
Men without valor,
Women without joy.
This do I pledge:
Peace unto Avalon,
Strength in everyone
Woods grown with antlers
The land held secure
Peace unto Avalon
Nine times eternal!*

In Conclusion...

Whether you are running a classic swashbuckling adventure in Avalon, a mixed genre adventure in a variation of Avalon or England, or something else altogether different, the Sidhe can serve a role for both players and GM. They offer a challenge to the player to explore a life spent imitating emotion and they offer the GM an opportunity to give seasoned players an opponent who is worth of their advanced levels.

While you can certainly equate the Sidhe with fantasy Elves (Dark, Sylvan or otherwise), it would perhaps be a bit of an injustice to the intrinsic nature of these powerful beings. By all accounts, both historical and literary, they are intrinsically tied to something deep and almost primordial in Celtic and Gaelic lands. They are immensely powerful, astoundingly beautiful, and utterly terrifying. They are capricious, and dangerous because of it. Theirs is a twisted sense of reality, due in no small part to the nature of time in their world. They should be regarded with no small degree of caution and some measure of reverence, if for no other reason than their ability to obliterate mortals with the sweep of a hand.

*... Away, come away:
Empty your heart of its mortal dream.
The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round,
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound,
Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are agleam,
Our arms are waving, our lips are apart;
And if any gaze on our rushing band,
We come between him and the deed of his hand,
We come between him and the hope of his heart.
The host is rushing 'twixt night and day,
And where is there hope or deed as fair?*

from "The Hosting of the Sidhe" (1899)
by William Butler Yeats

Are the Sidhe only in Avalon?

There is every indication that the Sidhe come and go as they please. There are gateways to Bryn Bresail all over Théah and you may certainly place them as you will to suit the needs of your game. The only hard and fast rule is that they must be attached to water. Water is the Sidhe's lifeblood and a key to their continued existence. As noted, the Sidhe probably do not visit the majority of the Crescent Empire due to the lack of water, although they may very well appear in the mountains, especially along the northernmost border with Ussura. Although there is more than enough water, they do not seem to visit Cathay often. This may be due in part to the fact that the gods of the Seven Kingdoms appear to have taken sufficient precautions against the creatures of the Barrier.

I want Elves in my campaign. How do I do that?

There is nothing preventing you from bringing whatever elements you wish into your *7th Sea™* or *Swashbuckling Adventures™* campaign. However, canon for this world does not include traditional elves as we know them from fantasy role-playing games and the Sidhe as presented here should not be mistaken for such. While you can turn the Sidhe into more traditional fantasy elves, it might be interesting to set them as a counterpoint to the Sidhe, as if perhaps the more "elite" a Sidhe is, the farther away it gets from its Elven origins.

Do all humans who go to Bryn Bresail get stuck there forever? If not, do they suffer permanent damage when they return?

Although the *Avalon™* book intimated that returning from an encounter with the Sidhe was a totally wrenching experience, there is every indication that the degree of pleasure or pain a human experiences is greatly dependent on the whim of the Sidhe (GM) involved. While there should always be some effect from any encounter with the Sidhe, it does not always have to be awful or horrific, and in fact, adding some humorous result might work just as well.

Who are the Sons of Lugh?

The Sons of Lugh are a half-blood line resulting from the Lady of the Lake's union with her mortal lover. These male offspring live in Bryn Bresail and may actually be unaware of their mortal heritage. Those who do know are taught never to reveal that to other Sidhe, and they are never dipped into the River of Forgetfulness. The Sons of Lugh serve the Lady of the Lake in much the same way that the members of Sophia's Daughters serve in Théah. The Sons of Lugh are devoted to studying the Synchroneth because they believe that the coming of the Fourth Prophet will open the gates into the dreaded Synchroneth realm. They are not unlike an army on alert, vigilant for any action, especially by the Queen of the Sky who does not seem to appreciate the growing danger. (See *Sophia's Daughters,™* pg. 41.)

Character



Templates

Sidhe Pirate Template

He swaggered with a rolling gait like a pirate, he drank and swore like a pirate, he had a fast ship and a proper crew of rough sailors. He dressed like a pirate, right down to the gold earring, the white silk shirt, and the apparently requisite leather pants and high boots. He thought about getting a little monkey but they were such nasty creatures especially when they were drunk. He took a pirate's name — Captain Edmund Hawke. Ladies seemed to like the way he leaped up onto the railing and blew them a kiss as his ship pulled out of port...

Humans sailors have the most fascinating response to a pirate flag. There is much dashing around and shouting of orders and scrambling about the decks. Then they load that damned iron shot into those damned iron cannons of theirs and fire across the bow. Life at sea has its moments, to be sure, but encountering iron is not one of the more pleasant ones. There is an interesting form of human entertainment on shore that they call a "tavern brawl" which involves a great deal of swearing, breaking of furniture, striking each other, and falling down in the dirt. Pirates seem to enjoy doing this too.

Yes, I was the Duchess of Summervale but that became tedious when humans failed to pay me the courtesy due the title, so I decided to become a pirate captain. It was not all that difficult, really. You can purchase a decent ship anywhere along the coast. Perhaps growing accustomed to the rolling of the seas took a bit longer than I had anticipated but after a while I was able to master that as well. So there you have it. A pirate's life. For now. Perhaps I shall sail east. The men of the Montaigne Navy are always so amusing...

Sidhe Pirate (d20™)

Sidhe Glamour Mage 7/Pirate 1: CR 13; SZ Medium (humanoid); HD 8d10+16; hp 52; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 17 (+2 Dex, +5 Unarmored Defense Proficiency); Atks: Rapier +9/+5 melee (1d6+3); SA Glamour Legends (Anne o' the Winds, Lady of the Lake, Saint Rogers), Spells; SQ Glamour Check +3, Immortal, Immune to Disease, Slow Aging, Smell Glamour, DR Cold Iron/10, SR 18; SV Fort +6, Reflex +9, Will +7; Str 16, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 17; AL NG; Skills: Balance +8, Bluff +13, Diplomacy +8, Gather Information +8, Knowledge (Sidhe) +7, Profession (Sailor) +6, Search +8, Sense Motive +7, Spot +8, Swim +6, Use Rope +6; Feats: Combat Reflexes, Expertise, Full Blooded (Glamour), Half Blooded (Glamour), Parry, Pirate Trick (Dagger Ride and Kick Up), Sex Appeal, Speak Language (Avalon [alternately, any one language in your campaign]), Unarmored Defense Proficiency (Basic).

Spells: 0-level: dancing lights, dazzle, prestidigitation; Level 1: charm person, ventriloquism; Level 2: alter self, invisibility; Level 3: emotion. (Spells Per Day: 4/4/3/1).

Sidhe Pirate (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 3, Finesse: 3, Wits: 3, Resolve: 3, Panache: 3

Reputation: 10

Background: None

Arcana: None

Advantages: Avalon (R/W); Combat Reflexes, Dangerous Beauty, Glamour (Full-Blooded), Immortal, Immune to Disease, Sea Bound, Smell Glamour

Courtier: Dancing 2, Etiquette 3, Fashion 2, Oratory 2, Seduction 3

Sailor: Balance 2, Climbing 2, Knotwork 2, Leaping 2, Navigation 2, Rigging 2

Athlete: Climbing 2, Footwork 3, Leaping 2, Sprinting 1, Swinging 2, Throwing 1

Captain: Ambush 1, Cartography 1, Strategy 3, Tactics 3

Fencing: Attack 3, Parry 3

Glamour (Apprentice): Anne o' the Wind 2, Lady of the Lake 2, Saint Rogers 3

Character



Templates

Fallen Sidhe Template

Playing with mortals was actually amusing, insofar as she understood the term. The way men stared at her white skin and jet-black hair, the looks of utter amazement at her phenomenal luck with cards, the surprise on her opponent's face when she picked up her blade and sliced through the air a few times, the compliments she received when she went riding in the park. Silly people! Riding a horse in this human world was far easier than staying on her mount during the Wild Hunt...

She had traveled quite a good deal, especially for one of her race. The behavior of humans when attracted to women was a source of constant amusement. She once visited a small town in Castille where she had seen a group of humans who were dancing something they called the Zarabanda. She was not certain why they had chosen to do such a thing in front of the Montaigne Army but dance they did, and quite well actually. At least the audience seemed to appreciate their efforts. All except one poor little Montaigne lad who had fallen asleep on a barrel, which probably was just as well. The Zarabanda is not for children.

Humans are easy to mislead, especially at night when they are lost on the road. Casting lantern lights that appear just ahead of them or tantalize the weary travelers by flickering through the trees is quite amusing, especially when you make sounds as if others were walking nearby. When encountering them along the way, you might offer them a map, for which they will be pathetically grateful. Humans place great store by maps. Let the map lead them just so far and then re-appear in a different guise. When they show you the map, pass your hand over it as if to remove some occluding dust, point them in a direction (it matters not which), and hand the map back. The next time they peruse it, of course, something important will be missing but by then you will be long gone.

Fallen Sidhe Template (d20™)

Fallen Sidhe Glamour Mage 1/Swashbuckler 5/Faileas 1:
CR 12; SZ Medium (humanoid); HD 1d10+2+5d6+10+1d8 +2; hp 36; Init +3 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 23 (+3 Dex, +2 Light Footed, +3 Dashing and Daring, +5 Unarmored Defense Proficiency); Atks: Rapier +9/+4 melee (1d6+1d4); SA Dexterous, Dexterous Strike, Light Footed, Glamour Legend (Jack), Spells; SQ Glamour Check +0, Immortal, Immune to Disease, Slow Aging, Smell Glamour, DR Cold Iron/10, SR 18; SV Fort +6, Reflex +9, Will +7; Str 14, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 17; AL CN; Skills: Balance +7, Bluff +12, Concentration +6, Intimidation +8, Jump +7, Knowledge (Sidhe) +6, Sense Motive +7, Tumble +9; Feats: Appearance (Above Average), Combat Reflexes, Dashing and Daring, Half Blooded (Glamour), Large, Speak Language: (Avalon [alternately, any one language from your campaign]), Unarmored Defense Proficiency (Basic), Weapon Focus (rapier).

Spells: 0-level: dancing lights, erase, ghost sound (Spells per Day: 1).

Fallen Sidhe Temptress (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 3, Finesse: 3, Wits: 3, Resolve: 3, Panache: 3

Reputation: 0

Background: None

Arcana: None

Advantages: Avalon (R/W); Appearance (Intimidating), Combat Reflexes, Dangerous Beauty, Glamour (Half Blooded), Immortal, Immune to Disease, Iron Vulnerability, Sidhe Sword, Smell Glamour

Courtier: Dancing 3, Etiquette 3, Fashion 2, Oratory 2, Sincerity 1, Seduction 2

Athlete: Climbing 2, Footwork 2, Leaping 2, Sprinting 1, Throwing 1

Fencing: Attack 3, Parry 3

Rider: Riding 3

Faileas (Apprentice): Feint (Fencing) 1, Reflect (Fencing) 1, Wall of Steel 1, Exploit Weakness (Faileas) 1

Glamour (Apprentice): Jack 3

Character



Templates

Sidhe Blooded Bard Template

The Sidhe in the audience had seen enough human entertainment to know when to applaud, and they understood that if they kept clapping their hands together, she would come back out onto the stage and sing another song. And another. And another. They were tireless in their appreciation of her performance. At first, the bags of gold bought sumptuous new gowns and jewels beyond her imagination. But she wondered, would she soon grow too tired to keep singing? Too exhausted to spend the guilders that her beautiful voice earned for her? Worse still, what would they do to her if she lost her voice...

I learned to sing when I was but a child, raised as I was along the shore. At night, when my family lay asleep in their beds, I crept down to the water and sat on the rocks until the Merrow came to me. It was from them that I learned the plaintive songs of the sea which humans find so beautiful. The sleek creatures were so patient with me until I had perfected the technique of stilling the room with my voice and evoking precious silver tears from everyone who hears me sing. It is a good life, that of a bard, but I long to return to the sea and swim in the moonlight of a summer evening among the kindly Merrow-folk.

Drink up, my lads, and hearty be!
Tomorrow ye may die!
O'Bannon sits among us now,
So raise your tankards high!
The uisge races through the soul,
Its fire in bluid and eye
O'Bannon sits among us now,
So raise your tankards high!
One hand holds a mighty sword,
Raise your weapons high,
O'Bannon sits among us now
And none shall see him die!

— Inismore Drinking Song

Sidhe Blooded Bard (120™)

Human (Sidhe Blooded) Bard 5: CR 6; SZ Medium (humanoid); HD 5d8+5; hp 26; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atks: Dagger +3 melee (1d4) or dagger +5 ranged (1d4); SA None; SQ Bardic Knowledge, Bardic Music; SV Fort +2, Reflex +7, Will +7; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 16; AL NG; Skills: Bluff +8, Concentration +5, Diplomacy +11, Disguise +11, Gather Information +11, Knowledge (Local History) +6, Knowledge (Sidhe) +6, Listen +10, Perform +14, Sense Motive +10; Feats: Appearance (Above Average), Half Blooded (Glamour), Legendary Trait (Charisma), Panache, Performer, Skill Focus (Performer), Speak Language (Avalon [alternately, any one language from your campaign]).

Sidhe Blooded Bard (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 2, Finesse: 3, Wits: 3, Resolve: 3, Panache: 3
Reputation: 0
Background: None
Arcana: None
Advantages: Avalon (R/W); Appearance (Stunning), Legendary Wits, Sidhe Blooded
Artist: Musician 2
Bard: Etiquette 1, History 2, Oratory 3, Riddles 1, Sidhe Lore 2, Singing 3
Performer: Acting 2, Dancing 2, Oratory 3, Singing 3
Athlete: Climbing 1, Footwork 2, Sprinting 1, Throwing 1
Knife: Attack 1, Parry 2

Character



Templates

Avalon Wanderer Template

He was doomed. He had met a lot of fine ladies in his journeys across Théah, but it seemed a cruel trick of fate that all he had to do was a Sidhe lady and lose his heart in an instant. Deeply and completely. He would stop his wandering for a while — sometimes as long as a year and a day — but there was always that sunrise when he awakened and she was gone. Sometimes, one of them would leave one perfect rose on the pillow next to him because she knew it was the right thing to do. He would pack his belongings, tuck the rose inside his shirt, and head off on a new adventure. His broken heart would heal eventually... or not.

I left home when I was a lad of some ten years or so, not because I was unhappy but because I knew there had to be more to the beautiful land of ours than a field of wheat and flock of sheep. And indeed, I was right! In Avalon alone there are seven counties, each with something to recommend it as a place where a man might find a bit of adventure, a quest, a journey to someplace off the path. But adventuring has its price. Ah, my beautiful and mysterious lady of the mists! Will I have no more to remember you by than a moonlit vision in the still waters of the Bran Bridge Lake?

When my cousin Andriu MacKenna renounced his family and left his father's court in Leister, 'twas I who grabbed his gear and trotted after him, barely able to keep up with his long-legged stride. The blood ran true in both of us, so we set out to find adventure and learn what we could of the Glamour Isles. 'Tis a fair knowledge indeed that we have gained during our travels! Tonight we rest in the strange city of Norgales. As the mist rises at dawn, Andriu says we may find a gateway to the Sidhe kingdom of Bryn Bresail...

Avalon Wanderer (d20™)

Human Avalon Wanderer 5/Peecke 1: CR 6; SZ Medium (humanoid); HD 6d8+6; hp 38; Init +2 (Dex); Speed 30 ft.; AC 17 (+2 Dex, +5 Unarmored Defense Proficiency); Atks: Quarterstaff +8 melee (1d6+2); SA Flurry of Movement; SQ Evasion, Tradesman, Uncanny Dodge (Dex bonus to AC), Ward of the Albatross; SV Fort +3, Reflex +7, Will +5; Str 14, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 11, Cha 14; AL CG; Skills: Balance +9, Climb +11, Concentration +6, Hide +7, Jump +11, Knowledge (Sidhe Lore) +6, Listen +9, Move Silently +11, Search +6, Spot +11, Tumble +7, Wilderness Lore +9; Feats: Indomitable Will, Iron Will, Speak Language (Avalon [alternately, any one language in your campaign]), Star-Crossed, Two Weapon Fighting, Unarmored Defense Proficiency (Basic), Weapon Focus (Quarterstaff).

Avalon Wanderer (7th Sea™)

Brawn: 3, Finesse: 3, Wits: 2, Resolve: 3, Panache: 2
Reputation: 0

Background: Sidhe Lover 2

Arcana: Star-Crossed

Advantages: Avalon (R/W); Indomitable Will, Keen Senses, Lightning Reflexes*

Hunter: Stealth 2, Survival 3, Tracking 2

Athlete: Climbing 1, Footwork 2, Sprinting 2, Throwing 1

Staff: Attack 3, Haymaker 2, Parry 3

Peecke (Apprentice): Beat (Staff) 1, Corps à Corps 1, Feint (Staff) 1, Exploit Weakness (Peecke) 1

LIGHTNING REFLEXES

For d20™: see *Swashbuckling Adventures*,™ pg. 136.

For 7th Sea™ (Errata to the *Swordsman's Guild*,™ pg. 92).

Lightning Reflexes: You react very quickly to threats against you, which allows you to get out of harm's way. Once per Round when you use an Interrupt Action to make an Active Defense, it costs you one less Action Die than normal (minimum 1).

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The Sidhe

Book of Nightmares

The Brighter the Light, the Darker the Shadow.

As anyone born in the Glamour Isles will tell you, what you see in the mists is not always what is really there. Whether on land or sea, there is a power more ancient than the Sýrneth, a force that comes from the earth itself and can take a myriad of forms from bone-chilling horror to heart-stopping beauty. When you open this book, you will come face to face with the world of the Sidhe — not as the distant and aloof creatures you may have encountered in your previous travels, but as they truly are — a complex race of beings driven to experience Théah in every way possible. As you will see, the Kingdom of Bryn Bresail holds many surprises, not all of them pleasant...

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