

# FAE the Delirium

A game of Urban Faerie Tales.

Beyond the thorns is the realm of faerie, a realm of wonder, enchantment and terror. In the Twilight Times, mortal superstitions cripple faerie existence. Here are the stories of otherworldly creatures who have taken lives of mortals to survive.

All around you are the remnants of a waking nightmare that walks with you every night. Tormenting you of all that you have lost, all that you could have been and all that you will never become.

Welcome to the  
Delirium ...



FATE the Delirium

# FATE the Delusion



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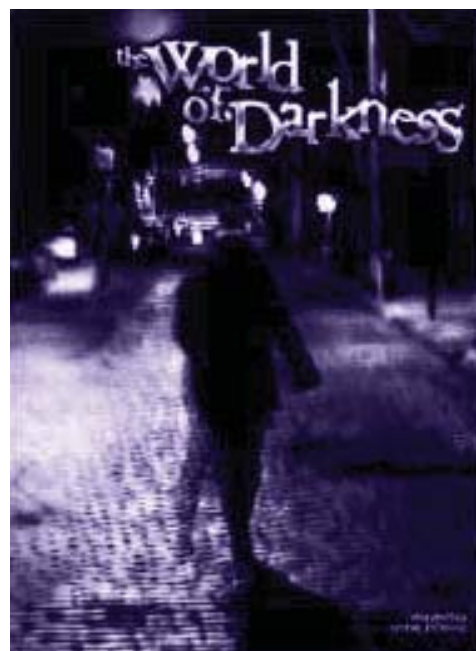
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# Down the Rabbit-hole...

*This is a story, it is a true story. It is the story of my life, or at least the life I stole.*

*Tonight I must return to the place of my naissance, for a curious set of events has conspired to bring me back here. I do not know what strange twist of Fate has contrived to bring to this place, but it is surely of wicked importance. The Wyrd moves in strange ways and I am but a leaf upon its currents.*

*It was ominous to stare up at the vaunted edifice of the hospital. As an institute for the mentally disturbed, its gothic peaks and staring windows seemed to have been painted before me as I stood. Even with my eyes closed I could retrace the inside halls from the memories that lay inside me.*

*Even now I could see with my minds eye the forbidding stone walls and the wrought iron gate denying interlopers entrance that once stood there. In these twilight times, security was a little more fastidious, at least for humans. I smiled inwardly to myself, thinking that the faded memory of those gates would have done more to bar my entrance than these steel monstrosities. Placing my hand against the steel I let the flow of Wyrd flow me until I found a sense of accordance with the gate. It seemed fortune smiled on me tonight and the stars sat well in their lofty heavens. I shaped the flow of Wyrd like a key and directed it to the gate, charging it with some of the stolen power of humanity, their glamour. There was a small ecstatic rush of emotion as the glamour burned inside me, but the Wyrd moved and the lock's internal mechanism moved with it. I am come death, against whom no lock can hold nor fastened portal bar.*

*I stalked the corridors of my misspent mortality, the fragmented memories of who I was before the chrysalis seemed to tear at my eyes and distract me. Phantoms of my past moved alongside me to haunt my every step, but I stayed strong and resolute and would not turn from my path.*

*Though the corridors were not unpopulated, the residents saw nothing I did not wish them to see. With the illusions of glamour I seemed as one of the good physicians of the place and was thus avoided by staff and residents alike. There was a palpable undercurrent of the surrounding place. In this arena, the emotions of the patients often ran hot. Barely constrained terror, paranoia and insecurity were rife in this area.*

*I stopped and considered, sensing the taste in the air of these memories. Though they were potent, none would suit my palate, and some would surely poison me. It was like tasting sea water; so much there to drink, but not at all potable. However, in casting out my senses I did discover that I was not alone.*

*"I see you Rivenmark; those shadows do not conceal you from my charms."*  
*From the corners of the shadow a long and spindly figure crept forth with eyes as black as midnight and a fearful visage.*



"Well met m'lord, I had not expected to see you here this night."  
"As well you shouldn't; now take upon yourself the countenance of mortality before you are espied and bring the Miasma upon us."

"As you wish m'lord; but know that none but one of the Fae would perceive beyond my veil of shadow." As the creature spoke, his visage assumed that of a mortal; alike to his natural form and still containing traces of his otherworldly nature; the all too lean limbs, and the shambling way of walking, the deep set and vacuous eyes belied the nearness to his own madness he was falling. Pieces of his mien seemed to slip beneath the surface.

"But know this m'lord, I am not your servant tonight; I am here at the behest of Madame Vanna. The Pageant are concerned that your sympathies to humanity may yet betray us. They see this as an opportunity for you to redeem yourself. I am simply here to ensure that the task assigned is carried out."

"Then how is it that you declare surprise at my entrance? Fate is not so capricious."

"Ah... I see you have mistaken my turn of phrase. I am not surprised to see you because I did not expect you, I am surprised that you decided to show up after all."

The remark was designed to cut deep and true.

"You are playing a very dangerous game Vagabond" the words were almost a sneer. "You think to interlope in the politics of the Pageant, but remember this. There is only one man in my years who has ever bested me, that man stands behind me at court and you are surely not he. Now assist me or get out of my way; I will not have you insult my good name."

The Vagrant shambling behind me, stopping on occasion to dine on the fear in the air. I would often keep my attention half aware of his activities, counting the measures of glamour that he reaped from the fearful residents; waiting, hoping that he would take that step over the line and violate the Right of the Harvest. Yet he was too masterful, with a bounty as plentiful as this, he needed only to take small sips from here and there, and leave nought of his trace behind.

It was a score of minutes later when we arrived at the ward where he lay. Strange how this place, which I had only spent a few minutes within, pervaded my memories from the person who lay within. It was a cruel irony, the admission of my mortal-self provided the exact permission that allowed me to enter this place through vicarious welcome.

"This is where he is I have no doubt."

The Vagrant said nothing, chosing at this moment to still his tongue, knowing my temper with him was on a tightly reigned leash.

Once again, I placed my hand against the metal of the door, searching for that sympathy that would grant me a connection to this door and grant me entrace once more. As the door opened I was hit with the sense of nostalgia for this place; a truly odd sensation.



Laying on the pallet, in almost peaceful repose, was the milking brat. It was the mortal whose life I had stolen. His face and form so alike my own that it was unto staring into a mirror. If it were not for his feeble countenance one could indeed mistake them as the same person.

Rivensmark slid inside the room behind me. I could tell by his eyes that he was near to the brim with glamour. There were tiny flecks of light that seemed to dance inside the irises. Inwardly I shuddered, this man was close to madness.

Now I turned my attentions to the slumbering form. I gently placed my hands upon his mouth and watched with almost keen interest as the figures eyes fluttered open, then contract with fear as he recognised my features.

"You have but one chance changeling. That chance demands that you will not scream, you will not yell and that you will speak only when I ask you a direct question. Is that understood? if so blink twice."

The changeling looked around for a second, eyes passing over Rivensmark who stood beyond his sight. He blinked twice. This might prove promising after all. He was already broken from the treatments and the changeling would seek out something to cling to; to remind him of the Shining Host even if it were one of the Fae themselves.

Confident of the situation, I released the changeling and let him gather his senses. I let him sit for a few minutes to see if he would speak before prompted. There was obviously so much on his mind, but he contained himself. A good sign.

"So, You've made it back from beyond the thorns and now you thought you'd try to reclaim what is mine by right."

There was a hesitant look in his eye and the unspoken question hanging in the air but then his eyes were downcast. The second test was met. As he began to speak his next few words, I allowed a flow of Glamour to fuel my way with the Opus of Sovereignty. The words I spoke next would be weighted with heavy authority.

"Yes, what is mine by right. The Host claimed sovereignty of this world long before humanity ever set foot upon it. In sundering yourself from your collective you forsook your right to this world and consigned yourself to Faerie, as is written in the ancient accords. Even though you do not remember them, you are still bound to them. Your life is the property of the Host and it is my right to claim it. Now you may speak your thoughts to me."

There was a few seconds of hesitation, the changeling unsure of what to do. The words were working their way into his mind.

"I... am unsure of what to say. I seek only to have a life of my own. I wish to be free... I wish to have my own life, you can grant me such a wish can you not, m'Lord?" There was a certain hesitation within the last word that was left hanging.

Out of the corner of his eye, Rivensmark made a motion towards the changeling; to indicate that he would be dealing with the situation soon. With little time to spare I realised I would have to resort to something slightly more dangerous. I relaxed my Masque and allowed the true visage of my Mien surface. Like thin mist the Masque evaporated off me, leaving me in my true form; radiant and firey I saw my new raiment throw a spall of awe upon the hapless changeling. Using the lessons of command I had learned so many years ago I let my voice be filled with sonorous tones that it might augment my seeming sense of power.

"Now is your choice young changeling; you can chose to serve and worship me, or you can chose to lose all that you have become and return to simple memory of mortality."

There must be a true choice here otherwise it might violate the accordance of the ages. Yet it was not a choice; a changeling could not deny the call of the Wyld. It was an addiction that consumed their life.

The changeling looked up, there was reverence in his eyes. The final test had been met.

"I choose to serve" he said with almost a whisper.

With the state of reverence and piety now instilled in this changeling, I knelt down and touched him. In that instant I delved into his psyche, given access to his depth through the overwhelming sense of servitude. His mind was mine and I harvested my measure of glamour.

With each draught, I took the fragile memories of his recent existence. I took all that there was, every last drop. It would erase all memory of his escape from Faerie and reinvigorate my store of glamour at the same time. At some later point I would ponder the memories I had just stolen and add them to my own; to add more meaning to those of his once-mortal I already possessed.

The task done, the changeling seemed to stare vacantly at the wall. I had deliberately taken more than his will could carry and he was nothing more than a burnt husk. He would languor here in these cells like a comatose doll; never to know freedom, but to serve me in my Delirium instead.

Now I turned my attention to his slumbering form. I gently placed my hands upon his mouth and watched with most keen interest as the figure's eyes fluttered open, then contracted with fear as he recognised my features.

You have but one chance changeling. That chance demands that you will not scream, you will not yell and that you will speak only when I ask you a direct question. Is that understood? If so blink twice.

The changeling looked around for a second, eyes passing over Ravensmark who stood beyond his sight. He blinked twice. This might prove promising after all. He was already broken from the treatments and the changeling would seek out something to cling to; to remind him of the Shining Host even if it were one of the Fair themselves.

Confident of the situation, I released the changeling and let him gather his senses. I let him sit for a few minutes to see if he would speak before prompted. There was obviously so much on his mind, but he contained himself. A good sign.

So, I turned my head to a form beyond

change, you try to make

There was a hostile

hanging in the air

was not. As he

How did he know

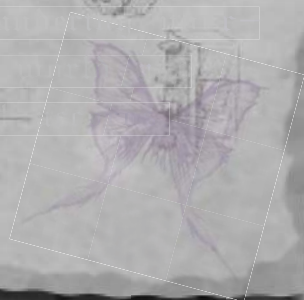
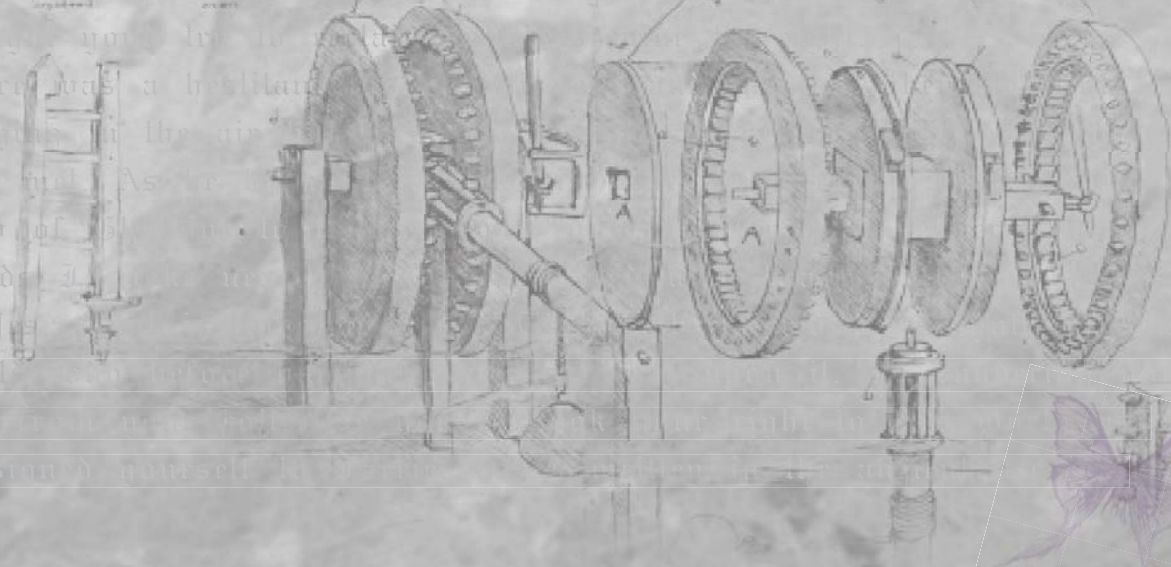
words. I could not

Yes, I could not

world. I could not

self. I could not

contained himself to





# INTRODUCTION

there WAS A MURMUR OF ACTIVITY AS I STRODE INTO THE COURT-ROOM AND A PALPABLE RIPPLE OF EXCITEMENT AWAY FROM THE POINT OF MY ENTRY.

I LOOKED AROUND THE HALL; STANDING NEAR A LARGE CHAIR CARVED FROM A SINGLE BLOCK OF ICE WERE THE MEMBERS OF THE PAGEANT; ALL PRIM AND PROPER AND COMPOSED WITH HIGHLY HUMAN EXPRESSIONS. FURTHER AWAY IN LITTLE CLUSTERS TO THEMSELVES WERE THE ASSORTED MEMBERS OF THE OPPIDAE; BEGARBED IN THE VARIFOLD COLORS AND APPAREL. LASTLY, LURKING IN A FEW DARK CORNERS WERE THE VAGABONDS WHO HAD GAINED PERMISSION TO SET FOOT WITHIN THESE REFINED HALLS. THERE WAS A SHUFFLE AS THE PEOPLE BETWEEN THE THRONE AND MYSELF PARTED TO MAKE WAY. MY COUNTENANCE WAS AS THE THUNDERCLOUD AND NONE WOULD STAND BETWEEN US. HIGH UPON HER SEAT, HER EXPRESSION FROZEN AS THE WINTER MORNING, WAS MADAME VANNA. CHILL AND SERENE EVERY PART OF HER WAS A POISED DISPLAY OF ELEGANCE. SHE HAD A WAY OF LOOKING DOWN UPON THE OTHERS OF THE COURT THAT DEMANDED ALL TO KNOW HER KITH WAS SIDHE. "MY DEAR SABLE, YOU SEEM TERRIBLY UPSET, WHATEVER IS THE MATTER?"

MY HANDS HOVERED UNEASILY NEAR MY SIDE AND MY EYES SCANNED THE CROWD FOR POTENTIAL THREATS. IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT; BUT I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO CHALLENGE HER ON HER OWN GROUND AND MAKE A SHOW OF TRUE DEFIANCE.

"I FIND IT STRANGE THAT ONE SUCH AS YOURSELF, GOOD MADAME, DOES NOT HAVE THE FORETHOUGHT TO SEND BETTER LAPDOGS THAN RIVENSMARK ON A SIMPLE ERRAND AS MINE."

SEEING THE UNDERLYING CHALLENGE IN MY WORDS THERE WAS A RIPPLE OF EXCITEMENT FROM THE CROWD. UPON THEM, MADAME VANNA ROSE FROM HER PERCH AND TURNED TO FACE ME. THERE TOO IN HER EYES WAS A TELL-TALE FLECK OF MADNESS THAT I HAD DISCOVERED IN THE EYES OF RIVENSMARK. THE COURT WAS ROTTING FROM THE INSIDE BY SOME STRANGE MALADY SEEKING TO UNDO US ALL.

REACHING INTO MY POCKET I PULLED OUT A TRINKET THAT I HAD GONE OUT OF MY WAY TO FETCH BEFORE RETURNING. IT WAS A PRESENT THAT MADAME VANNA HAD GIVEN TO A MORTAL ALLY OF HERS A FORTNIGHT AGO. IT HAD TAKEN ME SEVERAL MONTHS TO UNCOVER THIS SOURCE OF HER WEAKNESS; ONE THAT SHE FELT SHE HAD KEPT SECRETED AWAY FROM THOSE AROUND HER.

FROM MY POCKET I PULLED OUT AN ENTWINED RING ENTWINED WITH ENGRAVED FLOWERS. I HELD IT ALOFT AND QUICKLY THREW IT ACROSS THE CROWD TOWARDS HER. "HERE I RETURN YOUR GIFT TO YOU."

THINKING IT WAS A WEAPON SHE MOVED TO SNATCH IT OUT OF THE AIR, AND CAUGHT IT WITH A WRY SMILE. IN MOMENTS, THAT SMILE FADED AND A LOOK OF PAIN SPREAD ACROSS HER FACE. SHE THREW AROUND HER ARM, TRYING TO OPEN HER PALM AND DROP THE OFFENDING ECHO. HER MASQUE INSTANTLY DROPPED AND IN THAT MOMENT HER CHARACTER WAS REVEALED. HER EYES WERE WILD WITH DELIRIUM AND GLAMOUR, HER FORM SEEMS TO SHIFT AND SHIVER AS THE ECHO DELIVERED HER PAIN.

HERE LAY THE HEART OF CORRUPTION OF THE COURT. AS I DREW MY SWORD TO CUT AWAY THE BLIGHT; NO-ONE DARED TO STOP ME IN MY DUTY.

INTRODUCTION

A faerie Tale, as told through the medium of *Fae: the Delirium* may not be like the faerie tales told to you as a child. *Fae: the Delirium* is a game set in the World of Darkness. The backdrop for these stories is evocative of darker themes of human nature. Just because this is a faerie tale is no exception. Before the spread of popular culture, faerie tales had a much darker tone too that reflected the medieval viewpoint of the world. It is to this page that we turn, in an atmosphere of eerie horror and suspense. When telling these stories around the firelight, the shadows seem to be that much deeper. Eyes stare from their depths with menacing intent. In telling an urban faerie Tale, you are placing the monsters on your doorstep.

In our urban environment, the monsters are social predators of mobsters, gangs, corrupt politicians and violent police officers. The veneer of civilization seems stretched only a little too tightly over habitats of humanity. Those who are foolhardy, or unlucky enough to venture beyond the edges of the shadows will discover, albeit only briefly, a world populated with supernatural horrors. Almost every character in the World of Darkness knows someone personally who has died a horrific, and often unexplained death.

Let this be the warning to the unwary traveler. Here be Dragons.

## The Twilight Times

The Twilight Times is an epithet given by many Fae to describe the modern world. From it, one can divine the dualistic nature of the Fae and the dual worlds that they perceive.

The term is used by some as an accolade and by others a condemnation. For some it speaks of the fading enchantment of the Host, though others foresee a renaissance of glamour. Whatever the case, the current state of affairs is a far cry from the empires of enchantment long ago in the past rules by the mythic Fae known only as the Dreamborn. Many names are given to the Dreamborn; the Gentry and Lords and Ladies, the Fair Folk. While humans refer to them by their sobriquet, the Fae know them to be the true Fae, whose origins lie before and beyond all known creation. Yet any truth about faerie origins lie obscured by the weight of history, shrouded in the mists of time. However, time is accounted differently by the Host than by any other mortal. Flowing through every Fae is a measure of their own time that flows separately to the linear one humanity knows. It is called the Wyrd.

Life in the modern world can be cruel for a Fae. Mortal superstitions and beliefs cripple the Faerie way of life. Even simple superstitions empower everyday occurrences into powerful anathema for them. Humanity's own tales and folk-lore about faerie banes have, perhaps unwittingly, made them exactly that. Ironically, as the tides of disbelief yield less foundation for Fae existence, so too do the effect of these banes diminish. As human ideas and thoughts become more compartmentalized, more organized and more banal the Fae must struggle ever harder to maintain their once proud identity.

## The Shining Host

The Shining Host is a collective name given collectively to all faerie creatures. This includes the Dreamborn, the manifold mythical creatures and also Fae. The World of Darkness game Changeling, tells the story of those mortals who have been abducted by the Host and since escaped into the mortal world, forever changed by their time beyond the thorns. Those are the stories of the changeling mortals who were stolen by the Host and replaced with faerie creatures. This game, *Fae: the Delirium*, is about those faerie creatures. These creatures are the Fae.

A Fae is a mortal-born creature, now wholly metamorphosed by the Delirium. To be a Fae is to be the bastard childer of the Dreamborn and the scions of humanity. To be a Fae is to be a creature of deviance and often madness. Their entire existence is characterized by an attempt to maintain balance between their human coil and their diametrically opposed faerie nature. The mortal world is of order and permanence, but the realms of faerie are wild, formless and unbound. Yet seek they must seek balance, for once a mortal has passed that threshold into Delirium, once they are Fae, they can never return to what they were, their mortality lies in tatters. Should they stray too far into the world of faerie, they may slip into Reverie, the very depths of madness itself. If they stay too close to mortal routine, they may fall to Lethe, to vanish from sight and mind.

Fae are creatures of multiplicities. Each one carefully constructs their own identity and they seek out a balance in their Delirium. Yet there are two components that make up part of nearly every Fae identity, they are the Masque and the Concordat.

## Kith

Just as humanity can be thought to be divided into different races with different characteristics, each of the Fae is a member of a Kith. However, unlike the physiological differences that define human race, the differences in Kith are mystical as each represents one of five different origins from beyond the thorns into the mortal realm. Although all Fae share many of the same qualities due to their human nature, the point at which they are metamorphoses into Fae has a huge impact on their physiology and psychology.

## Concordat

A Concordat can be considered a faction of Fae society, founded upon a set of codified oaths bound with supernatural potency. Each of these factions represents a social collection with a unique identity and guiding philosophy. While Kiths are inherent, the Concordat is chosen aspect and some elect to be part of none.



## Faerie Tales and Breaking from Them

**Fae: the Delirium** draws upon literary sources both ancient and modern, but most often from the literature of faerie tales. Such tales are not merely stories for children, but are tales of personal transition achieved by journeying from the ordinary into the realm fantastic. Certain cultural researchers have attempted to find commonalities in these myths (in particular is Joseph Campbell's 'monomyth'.) Yet, unlike myths, faerie tales don't strive to tell epic journeys. They tell profoundly personal stories of transformation and human folly.

For modern readers, faerie tales have become more like flights of fancy than truly profound transformations. While transformations are still there, they are glossed over to appeal to popular culture. Their tone has become far too whimsical for the themes of the World of Darkness. For this reason, **Fae: the Delirium** turns to older versions of faerie tales, which have more elements in line with the World of Darkness. By using these as reference, we can evoke the themes of loss, deviance and alienity that are at the heart of this game.

What is presented here in **Fae: the Delirium** is a haunted world where alien-minded beings live a twilight existence of fantasy, fear, heroism, tragedy and loss all wrapped up in a neatly bound package of madness.

## Myths and Facts

Because **Fae: the Delirium** draws upon a number of fictional sources it is important for the aspiring player and Storyteller to sift important fact from myths in the given setting. Presented here is a list of the important superstitions to help determine where the Shining Host diverges from classical folklore.

Fae are creatures of fate: Truth. Like all the Host, the Fae are intrinsically bound to a flow of time known as the Wyrd; it is a measure of time that is cyclical rather than linear. This allows the Fae to experience history in manner of narrative, destiny and fortune.

Fae are immortal: Part fact, part superstition. Fae are humans that have undergone a metamorphosis. Fae are no longer human and leave behind their susceptibility to old age, they are not subject to entropy and decay. Although Fae can age they do not age at the same rate humans do. Once metamorphosed they age until they reach a point of maturity, and from that point on they do not age. Similarly, Fae have many ways of making themselves more resilient to many effects that would normally kill a mortal. However, there are many supernatural threats that threaten to rend them from existence itself.

Fae have magical powers: Truth. Fae radiate an aura of enchantment that stems from their supernatural madness known as the Delirium. By weaving their Delirium into the power of the Wyrd a Fae can give life to their Delirium and release it into the world.

Fae are affected by Church Bells, Cold Iron etc...: Part Truth. Fae live in a world intensely hostile to their existence. Superstitions believed to be anathema to the Fae have meta-

physical weight by virtue of common belief. Such things are known to the Fae as Echoes, and are the banes of their existence.

Fae are amoral: Superstition. To be amoral is to be without a set of morals. Fae societies deviate from human society, but most Fae have developed their own set of ethos that is formed from other social constructions.

Fae are shape-shifters: Truth and Superstition. It is believed that the Dreamborn, were once formless beings. Fae, on the other hand, are bound to but two forms, their mortal seeming (the Masque) and their faerie seeming (the mien). Fae enslave mortals: Part Myth, Part Truth. Because of the Miasma, the Fae must sustain themselves with a mystical energy known as glamour. To gain glamour a Fae must draw it from a mortal. This requires a Fae to cause their target to overflow with a certain emotion or state of mind. Doing so drains the victim of their will, their very psyche and may potentially leave them broken and bereft of the drained aspect. Historically a number humans were captured and kept at the pleasures of the Fae and used to service the Fae in this manner.

## Themes and Mood

**Fae: the Delirium** offers a number of different ways to tell urban faerie tales. Throughout these stories, there are common themes and stories that run true to the nature of the Delirium and of faerie tales themselves.

### Themes

**Madness:** The overarching theme for **Fae: the Delirium** is one of deviance. When a person no longer behaves within the conventions of social behavior they are labeled deviant; extreme deviant behavior is often assumed to be an aspect of insanity or dysfunction. For the Fae, deviance is an integral part of their being. Each and every one of them is an alien creature with an alien mind-set that sets them apart from the average person. Theirs is a search and a question of identity, as each Fae must reconcile the opposing forces of her human needs and her faerie nature. Caught in the middle of this complexity a Fae struggles to find a balance. Yet every Fae must; for unless they find an equilibrium between chaos and stasis they will be undone. **Alienation:** Fae madness manifests in a way that disconnects Fae from social convention. There is something not quite right about them and many of their behaviors make them stand out as something unusual. Humanity has a subtle sense about the Fae and bears an inherent distrust for their kind and ways. To be different is to be outside the normal conventions, and whether willingly removed from the social mores of human society, or forcibly ostracized, the faerie nature of a Fae makes her a stranger in her own familiar haunts.

**Dreams:** **Fae: the Delirium** deals with a lot of issues revolving around the mind and its psyche. Fae are like living daydreams who promenade through the waking world. However, these are not the child-like dreams of wonder and innocence

that many have come to consider. Dreams have changed in their understanding, from supernatural phenomenon to manifestations of the unconscious mind. In telling stories about urban faerie tales a Storyteller should consider the modern relevance of dreams and dreaming. It is an avenue into the subconscious of the human psyche, the tumultuous surreal chaos that lies beneath the veneer of conscious thinking. In the World of Darkness, dreams of delight and fantasy have transfigured into dreams of the Delirium.

### Mood

Perhaps the best way to describe the Fae is to evoke a sense of haunting loss. In their struggle for equilibrium, allow the setting to challenge players about certain base assumptions of societal norms. It can offer a unique and involved roleplaying experience. For a good idea on the haunting tone of faerie tales, simply go back a few decades before mass culture and you will find that the original versions of commonly told faerie tales were not so very nice. One famous example is “Cinderella” in which

Cinderella’s step-mother is originally punished for abusing her step-daughter by being made to dance to death in red-hot iron shoes.

This imperative comes with one simple caveat. The stories you tell with **Fae: the Delirium** are your stories. If you are wont to tell stories of high fantasy and wonder then that is your prerogative as a group of players. Stories are about having fun, so feel free to tell it your way. While the default assumption of **Fae: the Delirium** presents a world of Fae that are other-worldly and somewhat sinister, there are a number of tips in the Storytelling section that give players and Storytellers advice on how to tweak the game to make it more fantastical.

## How to Use This Book

This book comes in various chapters and sections. Each one covers a different aspect of the setting or mechanics and how to integrate them into your faerie Tale. Right now you’re reading the Introduction. It is to give to a good overview of the nature of the game.

Chapter One largely deals with the setting of the game. It will cover the enchanted landscapes and the world that Fae interact with as a whole. Followed by an in depth look of the Kithain, the dominant Fae society.

Chapter Two details the characters of the game itself. It shows how to design and bring your own Fae character to life, as well as explore the qualities and nature of a Fae individual. Chapter Three goes into the metaphysical and physical systems that are specific to the game of **Fae: the Delirium**. It explores how glamour works, and how it can be manipulated to perform glamorous effects.

Chapter Four is a series of ideas, expositions and advice for telling a story in ***Fae: the Delirium***. It gives ideas on how to narrate a chronicle and how to guide your characters into interacting with the setting.

Appendix One: Here be Dragons explores the nature of the dreaming realms, and the otherworldly places and haunts of the Host.

Appendix Two: Bygone Bestiary explores the Host in more depth; introducing the concepts of fables where a Fae draws upon the myths of legendary creatures to become like them. It also includes a bestiary of many bygone creatures.

## Sources and Inspirations

While it certainly may be fun to read up on a lot of faerie tales there are many more diverse options for the contemporary Storyteller to draw upon. Sometimes the best sources are the original faerie tales, to see where all the later day inspiration comes from.

### Literature

For a number of pre-modern works on faerie tales and themes dealing with the Fae look up Madam de Villeneuve's Beauty and the Beast, William Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream, George MacDonald's Lilith, Sir Richard Burton's translation of The Arabian Nights, John Keat's La Belle Dame sans Merci, Sir Thomas Mallory's Le Morte D'Arthur and even the mono-myth of the perennial anti-hero of Robin Hood.

If a Storyteller wishes to engage in large scale myths, they should look up such epics as Homer's The Iliad and The Odyssey.

During the Romantic era, a number of authors rebelled against the rise of reason and provided a number of interesting escapist sources, among them is Edgar Allen Poe, Lord Byron, Mary and Percy Shelley which provide a decadent and gothic snapshot.

**Lewis Carol's Alice in Wonderland** and **Through the Looking Glass** provide a wonderful example of absurdity and breaking down conventions as does Frank L. Baum's Oz Series. Also M. Barrie's Peter Pan and C. S. Lewis' Narnia Chronicles are also fine example of writing faerie tales for modern audiences.

**J. R. R. Tolkien's Lord of the Rings** is probably an excellent example of a constructed faerie society with a vast mythology. Though Tolkein's work is the most prominent example of high fantasy (as opposed to the low fantasy ***Fae: the Delirium*** attempts to be), the relationship and alienation between Elves and Men are a good source.

**Terry Pratchett's Discworld** has a number of works (Lords and Ladies, and the Science of Discworld II) that treat Elves in an unpleasant light. It serves as a good sense of inspiration for a more terrifying idea of Fae.

**George Orwell's** works look into the ideas of loosing the self-identity to the society of mass culture, most particularly



Nineteen Eighty-Four and Animal Farm. This, as well as Aldus Huxley's Brave New World depicts how many Fae view aspects of the Twilight Times.

*Angela Carter's Bloody Chamber* is also an excellent source if you really want to pervert your faerie tales, as well as the Book of Erotic Fantasy. Other contemporary writers similarly provide an excellent way to twist your faerie tales.

Many of *Neil Gaiman's* works are truly inspired, including *Sandman* and *Neverwhere* (and its TV series), which are truly evocative of the sense of otherness that is Fae.

For less fictional works that provide excellent insights into the art of faerie tales, the works of Carl Jung and Joseph Campbell are sources that cannot be missed.

## Film

There are a number of contemporary films that serve as excellent platforms for *Fae: the Delirium*.

*Neil Gaiman's Mirror Mask* provides a wonderful example of how you could present a Fae character as their fantasy and reality. For other slightly offbeat fantasy, feel free to indulge in *The Princess Bride* and *Willow*. A little bit classical in tone, but good staples none-the-less.

Many pieces near the beginning of the 19th Century demonstrate the feel of Urbanization and the rise of Mass Culture. Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* is another good example of Mass Culture de-individuating people.

A number of works directed by Tim Burton demonstrate a beautifully haunting atmosphere that is perfect for *Fae: the Delirium's* tone of madness. Such films as *Edward Scissorhands*, *Beetlejuice* and *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, all demonstrate the delightful insanity that is his art.

A number of Jim Henson movies have a remarkable quirkiness that might inspire you in your portrayals. Of great eloquence is the movie *The Labyrinth*. There is more than enough inspiration in that movie to build your own.

## Music

Music is normally an excellent way to create atmosphere, for yourself as a Storyteller and when playing the game. Artists such as Kate Bush, David Bowie and Lou Reed demonstrate a wonderful unconventional work. For more classical pieces there are Schubert's *Erlkonig* and Wagner's *Ring Cycle*.

However for more atmospheric music try out the soundtrack from the game *American McGee's Alice*. The game in itself might be a bit too gory for Fae, but the music is delightfully creepy, as are the soundtracks from the abovementioned Tim Burton films.

## Lexicon

The following is a list of terms, jargon and other linguistic terms that can be found in particular to the Enchanted world and Kithain society. The italicized words are separate entries.



**accordance:** When the sympathy attained with a deosil target is so great, that it allows the Fae to make it a temporary extension of her Delirium.

**Aevyn Conclave, the:** A Concordat that focuses on exploring the Delirium through research and science, the traditional modernist thinkers they are quick to engage in any form of study, occult, scientific or simply strange. Their ruling Domain is Glass.

**aspect:** A physical manifestation of the Fae's connection to the Domains.

**asylum:** A secluded location, protected from the Miasma, it borders on the Labyrinth.

**Bone:** One of the five Domains of glamour. It has influence over decay, death and evisceration.

**Bronze:** One of the five Domains of glamour. It has influence over restoration, peace and order.

**Bronze Age:** The third mythical cycle of the Kithain.

**bygone:** A number of creatures from the Wyld who have survived the Twilight Times by adapting to it.

**canny:** any charm that can be passed off or considered coincidence.

**Cantrip:** The second circle of enchantment that uses the Opuses to weave glamour to perform a charm.

**Cavalier:** Any member of Kithain society who has sworn the Escheat, but not joined a Concordat.

**charm:** A magical effect created by a Fae using her Wyrd and glamour.

**Channeling:** The first circle of enchantment that uses the Wyrd to direct the manifestation of a charm.

**Chimistry (shim-ISS-tree):** The third circle of enchantment that imbues an object with a charm.

**changeling:** A mortal who was abducted into Faerie, but has since escaped past the thorns into the waking world.

**Chrysalis:** The process of metamorphosis from mortal to Fae.

**cohort:** A group of Fae who have sworn an oath of fellowship.

**Concordat:** One of the five oathcircles of Kithain Society.

**dawn:** The half hour before and after sunrise, it represents the time of transition from the nocturnal aspect to the diurnal one.

**Daimoni (day-MOHN-ai):** One of the Kiths, ruled by the influence of Venus. They are hedonistic and sensate.

**Delirium:** The state of supernatural madness and otherworldliness caused by their faerie nature. It is also used to denote the supernatural aura emitted by a Fae's Wyrd, being the measure of the range of her charms.

**deosil (jee-SHEL):** A target that falls under one of the three Realms of mortal influence. They require sympathy to affect.

**Diurnal (die-URN-al):** The aspect of a Fae that is the remnants of their mortal nature. It surfaces during the day.

**Doldrums, the:** The deep depression and forgetfulness of her faerie life that a Fae enters should she lose all her glamour.

**Domain:** The influence of one of the five Sidereals that allow Fae to manipulate reality through the art of charms.

**Drachen Host, the:** A Concordat that sees changelings as capable of greater power and greater glory and so constantly strive to excel in whatever pursuit they follow. In this way they assert faerie dominion over humanity. Their ruling Domain is Bronze.

**Dreamborn:** The original Host as told in the mythologies of the Kithain. Born from the Mists of the Wyld.

**Dream, the:** A euphemism given for the lucid dreams of the Dreamborn.

**Dreamshell:** A mystical barrier that separates the prosaic world from the Wyld

**dusk:** The half hour before and after sunset, it represents the time of transition from the diurnal aspect to the nocturnal one.

**Dyadic (die-AHD-ick):** An adjective describing the Fae duality of night and day, mortal and enchanted, Waking world and Eidolon. It most commonly used to describe the dual aspect of the Fae's Diurnal and Nocturnal aspects.

**Eidolon (eye-DOH-lohn):** The Eidolon is an echo of the Sidereal Times kept alive in Twilight by the Dream. When seen, it shows the world as mythical landscape.

**Echo:** Any object, behavior or effect that is given weight through superstitious belief. They are capable of penetrating and breaking down a Fae's Delirium and exposing them to the Miasma.

**eclipse:** The phase of an eclipse is of special significance to the Fae, for it represents a period of time when Eidolon is manifest.

**Erlen (err-LEHN):** One of the Kiths, ruled by the influence of Saturn. They are somber and enigmatic.

**Escheat (eh-SHE-at):** The social contract formed from Gramayre. It is the basis of Kithain society.

**Exile:** The name given to any Fae who does not swear the Escheat and join Kithain Society.

**First Dawn:** The creation of the sun, which caused the waking world to move according to a linear flow of time with humanity as its ascended rulers.

**foyson:** Gossamer that has been rendered into an edible form for Fae. It is a fundamental part of Fae diets.

**Fugue:** A manifestation of the Delirium and their repressed humanity. It seeks to drive them further into madness.

**glamour:** The vibrant energy of emotions harvested from humanity. It sustains the Fae and is used in charms.

**Glass:** One of the five Domains of glamour. It has influence over the mind, illusion and voyaging.

**Gloam Cartel, the:** A Concordat who are staunch traditionalists who take their time to carefully carry out their plans. They seek to revive and maintain the old ways as best as they can while bending as little as they must to the world. Their ruling Domain is Stone.

**Golden Age:** The first mythical cycle of the Kithain that describes the coming of the Dreamborn.

**gossamer:** Mists that have crystallized around an object, person or place.

**Gramayre (grah-MARE):** Arcane and esoteric knowledge of the Wyrd and the Wyld. It is used to forge and understand the nature of oaths.

**Harlequin:** Fae-like creatures, who are under the ruling influence of the moon as opposed to a Sidereal. They are creatures of pure madness that exist in a constant state of Reverie.

**Heroic Age:** The fourth mythical cycle of the Kithain that describes the time before the First Dawn.

**The Hollow:** Any Fae who has fallen to Lethe. They are, for all intense purposes, unseen by mortal and Fae alike. Inanimae: The elemental forces of the Sidereal Times animated by the Mists.

**Inferior Domain:** Of the five Domains, these are the two over which the Fae has the least influence.

**Inspired:** A mortal touched by Delirium though the medium of gossamer. If enough gossamer gathers about them it may trigger a Chrysalis and metamorphose them into a Fae.

**Iron Age:** The fifth mythical cycle of the Kithain that describes history since the First Dawn with humanity's ascendancy.

**Jenni (jeh-NIGH):** One of the Kiths, ruled by the influence of Mercury. They are quick-witted and mischievous.

**Jutal (juu-TAHL):** One of the Kiths, ruled by the influence of Mars. They are aggressive and war-like.

**Kith:** The basic identity and origin that defines the nature of the Fae.

**Kithain (kith-AY-an):** A term amongst the Fae to describe themselves.

**Lethe (leh-THEY):** The condition of forgetfulness levied by the Miasma. In mortals it removes memories of the Delirium, for Fae it strips away their very existence. For more powerful Host it places them into Somnolence.

**Lucidity:** The state of remembrance that allows a Fae to recall the Wyld through the memories of the Dreamborn.

**Luminaries:** The Sun and the Moon. The celestial bodies that represent Waking world and Eidolon respectively.

**Magnum Opus:** One of the five greater Opuses.

**Masque:** The Masque a false mortal seeming that a Fae assumes.

**Metanoia (meh-TAN-oi-IA):** The metamorphic that transfigures that of the waking world into something of the dreaming realms.

**Miasma:** The name given to the corrosive force that eats away the remnants of the Wyld.

**Mien (meyn):** The form of the Fae's faerie nature.

**Mists:** The name of the ethereal formless void and mystical power that the Wyld consists of.

**Mummers:** Fae-like creatures, who are under the ruling influence of the sun as opposed to a Sidereal. It is sometimes thought that they may have a Domain of Iron.

**musings threshold:** The moment where the amount of gossamer around an individual has reached the critical mass to instigate a Chrysalis.

**nadir (nah-DEER):** The half hour before and after midnight, it represents the time of greatest strength for the nocturnal aspect.

**Neutral Domain:** Of the five Domains, these are the two over which the Fae has neither strong nor weak influence.

**Nocturnal:** The aspect of a Fae that is more true to their faerie nature and Vice. It surfaces during the night.

**Nocturne Markets:** A series of bazaars, street merchants all twisted within a secluded asylum, half sunk into the dreaming realms and halfway in the waking world.

**Oath:** A promise or pledge bound by the art of Gramayre, they are supernaturally binding for Fae with serious metaphysical repercussions for being broken.

**Oathcircle:** An order or faction with its foundations lying upon an oath, of which the Concordats are the most well known.

**Oeuvre:** A crafted device or piece of artwork that fuses human skill with gossamer.

**Ondine Synod, the:** A Concordat focusing on personas, portrayals and deception. They seek to find a form of equilibrium in the range of emotional experiences available to both humanity and Fae alike. They seek adaptability and mutability to all situations. Their ruling Domain is Bone.

**Oublette:** The levels of unreality beyond the Labyrinth where the laws of reality begin to break down.

**Opus:** A practice of weaving glamour to produce a specific effect in the form of a cantrip.

**oriel:** A window or portal between the prosaic world and the Labyrinth.

**phase:** The two halves of the Dyadic mind; Diurnal and Nocturnal; mortal and Fae respectively.

**prosaic world:** A term for the mundane or waking world.

**Realm:** One of the seven categories that determine influence or degrees of sympathy with enchantment.

**reverie:** When a Fae is caught up by the euphoria of an enchantment she loses control of her mind. The Reverie is a temporary state where the Fugue has complete control over the Fae.

**Ruling Domain:** Of the five Domains, this one is the Domain that forms the Masque of the Fae.

**Saining:** A rite of swearing a Fae to the Escheat.

**Seity (say-IT-ee):** The sense and conviction of self that is a result of the Wyrd. It is a measure of how wide-reaching her Delirium is and how centered she is of herself within her madness.

**Shadow Court:** An alliance of several Exile kingdoms who work towards undermining the social fabric of the Kithain.

**shadowplay:** The surreal experiences that a Fae goes through in the time leading up to the Chrysalis.

**Sidereals (sigh-DEAR-ee-ALS):** The five planetary bodies that whose movements tug the flow of the Mists and Domains.

**Sidereal Times:** The time before the First Dawn.

**Sidhe (shee):** One of the Kiths, ruled by the influence of Jupiter and has an affinity with the Domain of Bronze. They are noble and proud.

**Silver Age:** The second mythical cycle of the Kithain that describes the coming of the Inanimae.

**Stone:** One of the five Domains of glamour. It has influence over potency, rage and turmoil.

**Somnolence:** The curse of sleeping that has overcome the more powerful Fae such as the Dreamborn and Inanimae.

**Sylvan League, the:** A Concordat that declares their intentions to revel in what luxuries the earth and material comforts offer them. Life is like a game with high stakes to be won and lost. Their ruling Domain is Wood.

**sympathy:** The degree of familiarity with a deosil realm. Deosil targets must be in sympathy with the Fae for her to affect it.

**trod:** A mystical gate or trod that leads into and out of the Labyrinth.

**Twilight Times, the:** The modern times. A colloquial term to describe the dyadic nature of the world as seen by Fae.

**uncanny:** any charm that is blatantly supernatural.

**Vanguard, the:** An organization of enchanted beings who serve as unknowing agents of the Mummers.

**Velvet Underground:** One of the major Exile societies. They are a collection of organized crime syndicates amongst the Fae comprised of the Fae fallen to their Nocturnal side.

**vendetta:** The practice of dealing with animosity amongst the Kithain in a way that causes the least amount of collateral damage.

**waking world:** A term for the mundane world as opposed to the unreality of the dreaming realms.

**widdershins:** A target that falls under one of the three Realms wholly under Domain influence. They do not require sympathy to affect.

**Wood:** One of the five Domains of glamour. It has influence over living systems of the natural world.

**Wyld (why-ALD), the:** The home of the Mists and the Fae, it is outside the Waking world's sense of time and space.

**Wyrd (werd):** The cyclical measure of time used by the Fae that allows them to describe fate, destiny and luck.

**zenith:** The half hour before and after noon, it represents the time of greatest strength for the diurnal aspect.