

SUZERAIN



MAELSTROM

CLOCKWORK DREAMS



Primer
00 of 06

The Chosen

We are the protectors, the teachers, the guardians of the light in this universe. Through the mighty element of Light we channel our power to make all of existence a better place. And we are gods, so that is a lot of power I am talking about.

That does not guarantee our success.

You see, there are crazed gods and their followers who would destroy everything we work so hard to nurture, gods who must be found and stopped.

That, above all else, is our sacred duty - to hunt down those who desecrate the Dark, the exiles from our pantheons who we'd forgotten, because they have not forgotten us, and they are planning something. Something terrible.

The mortal realms have their own flow of time, represented in three stages: Timeline, Elements and Catalyst. The immortal realms of the Maelstrom are outside mortal time. According to the philosopher gods, the two intertwine at only two points: when the universe began and when it will cease to exist.

MAELSTROM



DAWN OF MAN

2070 AD - PULSE WAR STARTS

2378 AD - RACE FOR THE STARS

THE END TIMES

We are the unwanted, the discarded, the forgotten gods of a thousand beliefs. We meet in the secret, hidden corners of the mortal realms, spurned by those self-styled 'Chosen' and their arrogant kin.

Discarded by most, yes... but we have our allies too. Great deities who share the power of our common element - Dark. And through the Dark element we work to bring about the only thing that can make this miserable universe better.

The End Times.

The Chosen will tell you we're insane, but quite the opposite. They're the deluded fools for thinking they can redeem this paltry existence. The End Times is nothing short of a cosmic reset switch, wiping all pain, all wrongs, all mortals and gods alike, replacing it with a new universe, a fresh start. We should seize the chance. We *shall* seize the chance.

The Forgotten



DISCLAIMER

Our legal department requires we add this: Repeat after us, "I am not my character. I cannot do the things that my character can do because he is a fictional character in a fictional universe." In other words, do not do anything that might be dangerous to yourself or others. Roleplaying is meant to be fun.

We'd also like to explain that Suzerain is our take on reality with mythological and magical elements. It depicts religions and mythologies with a twist – that is to say, differently than a true believer might see them. We mean no disrespect if you are such a believer but ask you to respect our right to our own interpretation.

THANK YOU

We'd like to say a thank you to all the great pioneers of the steampunk genre, and to all the people today who keep the dream alive.

If you're a fan, we'd love to hear from you: you can find us on the Savage Mojo Facebook page, and at hello@savagemojo.com

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WHAT IS CLOCKWORK DREAMS?

Clockwork Dreams is a book that gives your adventuring party a whole new playground to romp in – the Savage realm of Suzerain called Mechadia. Inside these pages you'll find faerie folklore fed into a difference engine, spat out in Victorian fineries and fattened on the dreams of mortal scientists and visionaries. It's Jules Verne stepping into a toadstool ring. It's the League of Extraordinary Elves. It's all the wily twists of a fey realm of dreams combined with fantastical steampunk machinations.

For players, this book supplies oodles of options for adventurers born in Mechadia, plus a gazetteer of world information to help you settle in. For GMs, there's a plot point campaign covering major events that will shape the whole realm's future, lots of Savage Tales for additional adventuring, a host of NPCs, and some secrets of Mechadia that players will learn when they run headlong into them (perhaps literally). Enjoy!



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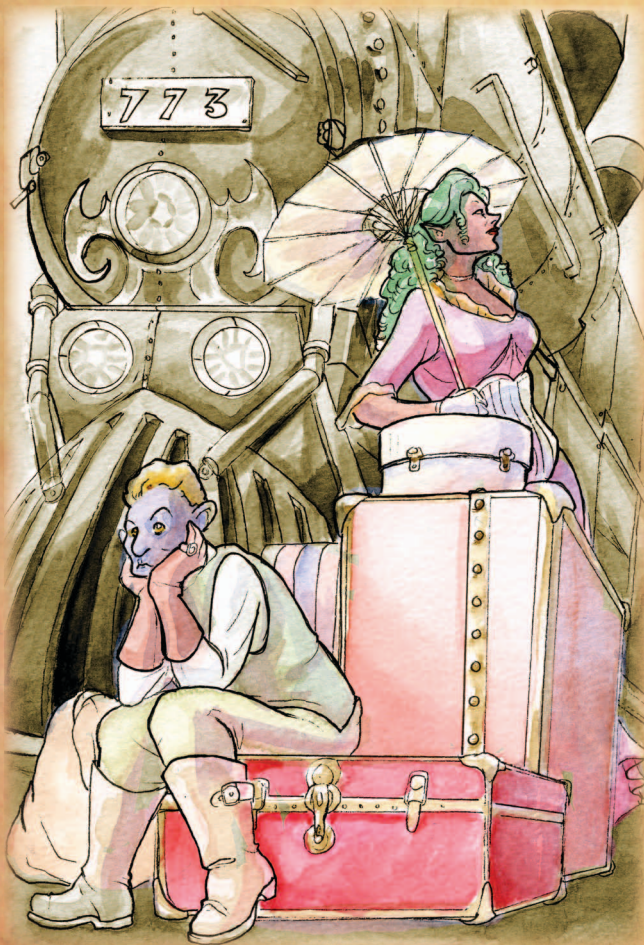
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Mechadia is the manifestation of the Duke of Crossed Gears' deathbed fever-dreams. Like the Fey Realm of Dreams, Mechadia has one of the few conduits between the mortal and immortal realms that doesn't require portals. Occasionally the fey can cross the Veil directly, visiting the dreams of sleeping mortals and manifesting in their world during the night time hours, bringing the dreams (and sometimes the dreamers) back with them.

In fact, their existence depends on it. The lifeblood of this realm is pumped by those bent on invention and industry, by the realization of fantastic machines and innovative ideas that will advance society. Some species of fey, most notably the gremians, are even spawned by the mere dream of an unbuilt invention.



WHY THE VICTORIAN ERA?

One day while wandering through the gardens in San Michel, thinking yet again about the conflict between his father's desire for him to become a lawyer and his own passion for writing fiction, young Jules Verne stumbled upon a lady picnicking with her friends. Ada Byron King, the Enchantress of Numbers, smiled up at Verne, offered him a cup of tea and proceeded to fascinate him with discussion of Babbage's Difference Engine, of algorithms, of possible future functions for computing devices that were then only fantasy.

That night, Verne, burning with inspiration, dreamed so vividly that when he woke he jotted down pages of brilliant ideas. He dreamed so vividly that he knew he would abandon law school forever and be a writer henceforth, and the power of that transformative dream created a child in the Fey Realm of Dreams, a dark-skinned baby who came into existence on the doorstep of Queen Titania herself.

The boy wanted to grow up to captain a submarine, but instead he became the Duke of Crossed Gears, one of the most powerful nobles in the Fey Realm. All through his life the Duke dreamed of fantastical contraptions and thrilling adventures. His ideas were rooted in the Victorian era, tied to the mortal lifetime of his "father". When the Duke died, his dreams sprung from the casement of his fleshly form and, in a fire show to rival any World's Fair, bloomed, exploded and coalesced into a new fey realm knit from the fiber of dreams of invention and adventure - Mechadia!

IF YOU DREAM IT, THEY WILL COME

Magic in Mechadia is often tethered to the dreams of the Industrial Revolution—miraculous machinery and fantastic inventions. The Duke of Crossed Gears was fascinated by the idea of mortal ingenuity, and the act of invention reigns supreme. Mechadians believe science will one day surpass the limits of magic, since magical powers require the energy of an organic or spirit being which will eventually tire, while machines are tireless and can be massively strong.

Magic is used to assemble, power and enhance machines, but magic on its own is less common here than in the Fey Realm of Dreams itself. It has become a support skill, a power source. Even as a power source, however, magic is still potent - magically enhanced airships can fly faster and longer than strictly mechanical ones. Also they can fly upside-down without dropping the crew out of the skies, a fast which air crews appreciate! Miracle potions can grant long life, hair growth, bouncing rubber feet, and the ability to read minds. Magical effects with some whimsical, loud, pattering pseudo-science behind them are likely to be very potent here.

THE CONTINENTAL DRIFT

Mechadia is divided into four geographic strata: The Great Underground, land (comprising the four continents of Verna, Autumnus, Frigia and Torridaen), the Sky and the Æther.

First, let's look at the land, then we'll see what surrounds it.

The land has four major continents - each locked in its own permanent season - and a number of smaller islands. The landmasses turn together like titanic interlocking cogs, constantly changing the borders between realms. Most of the major cities turn on their own axis, often running counter to the rotation of their continent, or simply running on whatever personal clock the Duke or Duchess in power deems fashionable that month. Each of the four great landmasses has its own noble ruler, whose proclivities drive the direction of their technological and industrial development.

Verna, the Font of Eternal Spring, lies to the east. While still clearly a merging of nature and machinery unmistakably different from the Fey Realm of Dreams, this land is the closest to the archetypal sylvan wilderness from the folklore of old. Duchess Glennewlyn coaxes her subjects to ever-greater heights of agritecture and alchemy. The verdant expanses of Verna boast 'natural' formations of an unequaled scope and complexity. Notable nobles live in palatial estates crafted from massive hillocks, ancient trees or waterfall-draped rock faces, and they employ skilled retainers to perform constant modifications so they can keep up with their courtly peers.

As expected from a land so abundant in flora and fauna (even the odd, metallic sort found here in Mechadia) allergies are part of the natural order. Alchemists race to come up with better remedies for all the various wheezes and rashes, ways to keep their Lords' phosphorescent ponds free of creeping rust-algae, and methods to keep the pollen from gumming up their mechanized carriages' gears.

Autumnus, the Land of Falling Leaves, lies to the west. Leaves of metallic red, gold and brown rain down from mammoth trees year-round, yet there always seem to be more on the branches. The air is tinged with woodsmoke everywhere you go, and the wind is never quite still. The Duke and Duchess Hallowbeard obsess over creature comforts and leisure. When their part of the continent turns closer to the land of winter, they have the means to keep the bitter chills at bay. When they come round to summer's end, they're well-equipped to ward off the hot, hazy malaise. And while Verna has the edge in agriculture, the harvests of Autumnus are unrivaled in their bounty. The riches garnered from food exports go to fund further exploration into the realms of leisure activities and contraptions.

Frigia, the Empire of Ice, lies to the north. Days are shorter here, just as the nights are longer. In the wilds of the winter-land, vast sheets of ice eventually turn to a cold, blue-gray steel, and glittering silver-white snowflakes can cut flesh if the wind blows hard enough. Duke Bittergleam is a great sportsman and a vehicular maven, and dares his subjects to find ways to make things go faster, push harder, fly higher, last longer. He likes things built to win.

With Frigia's boundless supply of ice and snow, technology naturally slants towards making engines that can derive at least some fuel from water, as well as from the unique natural gasses found trapped beneath the vast expanses of glacial ice, occasionally erupting in dangerous geysers across an already-treacherous landscape. Hardy sculpting machines piloted by the bravest craftsmen can be found steaming any time of day or night, always carving newer, bigger and better palaces from frozen cliffs or glacier peaks—sometimes resulting in the deaths of overambitious or careless fey.

Torrídaen, the Domain of the Sun, lies to the south. The opposite of Frigia, its days are longer, its nights shorter. It is a land of chaos and wild revelry, an atmosphere perpetuated by the large native presence of nymphs, centaurs and other wild-blooded fey. Fighting is considered a national pastime, and the continent is rarely at peace across its entire length and breadth. Glory is a form of currency among the warriors of summer, as is song. Bards' tales of legendary battles and equally legendary after-parties spread like welcome plagues across the southern continent, bleeding into the other lands as well.

Though Torrídaen's forge fires never stop burning, they fall a little behind their fellow nations when it comes to sophisticated technology and invention because of their chaotic environment. For now, the ruling Warlord Cairbre ap Ea and his Battlebride, Kellyn, seem content to focus their quarrelsome people on the technology of warfare, inventing bigger and better siege engines, sharper swords and stronger shields, bows that fire further, arrows that burst into witchfire, split into a dozen smaller arrows, make right turns, or carry a spoken message to those within earshot of its receiving end. They import subtle poisons from Verna, along with any alchemical oddments that aid them in their warmongering, as well as superior engine designs and nigh-impenetrable frosteel from Frigia, and food from Autumnus to feed their hungry armies.

ABOVE AND BELOW

The Great Underground is its own unique terrain: a steaming, whirling, clanking cacophony of machinery that runs the world above, turning the continents and cities on the proper timetables, feeding whatever

mechanical support is needed to the land's wonders. Day and night, the massive, muscular forms of trolls hunch over coal shovels, keeping the necessary fires burning. They keep the great gears oiled (and try not to get pulled into them, because that's a mistake you only make once), they keep the pipes from bursting, they keep the worn-out bits replaced, sometimes needing a dozen of their kind to move a new beam into position and root out a rusting one.

The trolls try their best to find natural caverns or carve out safe spaces away from the moving, steaming machinery to build ramshackle homes and raise their young. There are no creature comforts. Hygiene is nonexistent. Danger is everywhere around them at all times. Mortality rates are always high, and getting higher every year with the advent of more and more technology to power the whims of the surface lords.

The world above doesn't see any of this. What the pretty faeries know is that their wondrous land keeps turning, the fountains never fail and the gaslights always flare to life magically as dusk falls. Very few above-ground fey ever realize or recognize the hard work of the laborers beneath them, and those precious few wonder what would happen if one day the gears suddenly stopped turning.

The Sky (yes, with a capital 'S') is almost considered a continent in its own right, filled with chains of floating islands (called skylands), a refuge to those rebellious fey who have eschewed their homeland - or have been chased out. With air travel usually being the fastest option to get from point A to point B (especially since the roads between landmasses don't always link up the same way), the Sky is filled with airships of all shapes and sizes from all over Mechadia.

Bold captains, skilled pilots and perceptive air-current navigators are always in demand, as are shipwrights who can give a vessel the necessary modifications to deal with the many perils including and beyond piracy.

Some skylands have been settled by semi-permanent residents who have established their own self-rule, even banding together as a chain under a single leader or code of conduct. Some host the secret hideouts of airship pirates. Others are as wild and untamed as any forest of Verna, with a host of flying, buzzing, mechanized creatures of legend not known to the grounded fey. There's a favorite saying among airship captains: "There're many things in the Sky that don't need hydrogen to fly".

The Æther is a mysterious, nigh-impenetrable shroud of mist as deep, dark and deadly as any ocean. Above the highest layer of clouds and beyond the edges of the water in any direction, it's a danger most Mechadians never see. Only the bravest venture here to try and bring back bottles of the sticky mist to fuel great ideas of the gremians and the newest toys of the aos sidhe.

Æther has been found to have multiple innovative uses already, and Mechadians have only just begun to understand its properties. The already-malleable rules of fey physics become even less constant here, and there's no telling what wondrous horrors one might encounter. There is no sunlight here. There are no echoes. There is no help to be found. This is the edge of the map, and here there be monsters.

Big ones.

A DAY IN THE LIFE

Mechadian society is fashioned much like that of Victorian England. If someone's a member of the upper class, he'll hobnob in the parlors of peers, gather at the opera, at gentlemen's clubs or fashionable tea rooms. He'll spend his days gaming, politicking, hunting, gossiping - and above all, showing off the newest gadgetry. The favorite sport among the upper echelon of society is one-upmanship, parading the hard work and brilliant ideas of his retainers and common folk as if they were his own. After all, he's the one who fills their bowls and lines their pockets, isn't he?

Meanwhile, the lesser folk spend their time feeding on the dreams of mortals, spending day and night working up the Next Big Thing. Members of the middle or lower class attend backroom forums in taverns, or more public symposia. They band together with other clever fey to form thinktanks and temporary alliances, building bigger projects in the hopes of outdoing rival shops or factions. Every respectable city has a market square and several well-known merchant districts from which to buy tiny mechanical novelties as well as new or used components to actualize the next big idea.

There's a lively interest in the arts, including theatre, ballet, orchestra and opera, all of which are attended partly to see the show and partly to be seen. Music halls attract the more bawdy sort. Some fey kidnap mortals and make them part of the act. Everyone's interested in, even excited about, the recently developed Dream Projector, a device that allows you to watch mortals' dreams like movies. There's a brisk trade in tickets to Dream Projection

theatres, and certain mortals' vivid, dramatic, brilliant dreams are much more popular and sought after than others.

When the Duke's deathbed fever-dreams gave birth to this place, Mechadians appeared with half-formed memories of their own history, despite not having actually lived it. There is, however, still a good amount of 'unwritten' background, and Mechadian minds are just now starting to sense this vacuum and seeking to fill it. They have a growing awareness that not only are they Kingless and Queenless, they're also Godless. Some fey dip into the dreams of believers of other faiths to try to understand what it is to have a relationship with one's creator. Some seek out the dreams of charlatans to see how to make up a religion that will fill the void. Two major religious factions have sprung up: The Order of the Golden Apple (worshippers of chaos) and the Gatherers of the Form (worshippers seeking to create a mechanical shell to house their God - a true *Deus ex Machina*). There's also a rumor that a splinter group of Gatherers has been seen in the Underground, though most people have no idea why they'd want to travel to that nasty place. Some Mechadians don't feel like they need a God - certainly not one who tells them what to do, what to think, or what is possible.

Despite the fey's general passion for autonomy, the most powerful entities of the realm are beginning to jockey for position in an epic confrontation for the throne that everyone seems to feel like a hurricane brewing on the horizon. The possibility that the new monarch will be powerful enough to determine who or what the realm's God is (or even to become that God) has the religious factions furiously inserting themselves into the struggle. Rumors spread daily

of the royal air fleets gathering for war. For now, business continues as usual. But for how much longer?

TRAVELLING TO AND FROM MECHADIA

As Suzerain worlds go, Mechadia is a uniquely situated realm. Like its cousin, the original Fey Realm of Dreams, it has a direct link to the mortal realms without the need to go through portals in the Veil - see the [Savage Suzerain](#) rule book for more about that. Some Mechadians can manifest in the mortal realms through visionary dreams. Different fey races are called by different sorts of dreamers.

There are also a few bidirectional portals that seem to be naturally occurring across the realm, most of which are guarded by those who have

claimed the land around such portals, since this can be a very powerful and coveted advantage to have. Some remain undiscovered, and others occasionally manifest seemingly at random. These portals are safe for most Mechadians to simply step through, like a doorway.

Mortals (and other non-Mechadians) can also come through the portals, and are sometimes even brought back against their will. Mechadian scientists are presently trying to perfect the technology to create their own mechanical gateways to the mortal realms - a few prototypes exist, but none function with 100% reliability, and failures are... extremely unpleasant.

Aside from this backdoor into the mortal realms, Mechadia is surrounded by a unique pocket of cosmic energy known to them as the Æther, which



is actually a part of the Maelstrom that has taken a particularly jealous liking to Mechadia, and spawns creatures with what it thinks is an appropriate flavor. Outsiders who manage to fight and navigate their way through the Æther suddenly find themselves either falling from the sky, several miles above the continents, crammed into some hot, uncomfortable fissure several miles below the surface, or floundering in open water without a speck of land in sight. It's not a good way into Mechadia.

The last way into and out of Mechadia is rare, dangerous, and very random. Once or twice a year on average, the skies of Mechadia rumble and turn a peculiar shade of violet, and everyone knows to take cover, lest they be swept away by the coming dreamstorm. Unbeknownst to Mechadians, this phenomenon occurs when something major happens in the mortal realms that inspires wide-sweeping dreams around the world, such as the first moon landing or the fall of the Berlin Wall. These ripples of energy wash through the fey realms, occasionally sweeping up unwitting cosmic travelers and depositing them in Mechadia.

Dreamstorms are invisible in the physical world, but can be seen for what they truly are in the spirit world. Anyone caught in the open on the spirit side of the mortal realms has a chance of being swept away, as do any Mechadians caught without any shelter. On occasion, a disheartened fey with no prospects will deliberately rush out into an open field to meet a coming dreamstorm, dreaming of a second chance somewhere far, far away.

FEY RACES

AOS SIDHE/SHINING ONES

The aos sidhe (often called simply 'sidhe', and pronounced 'ess shee' or 'shee') are the ruling class of Mechadia, standing around seven feet tall as adults, willowy and graceful, ethereally beautiful. Their skin glows with a soft luminescence; not enough to see by in the dark or ruin any nocturnal sneaking-around, simply a subtle radiance when in the sight of others.

Every great noble house in Mechadia is led by an aos sidhe, and is named after their bloodline. When a sidhe is not at court, he relaxes comfortably on his large estates, entertaining high-profile visitors. Each nation has three noble houses, each with their own strengths, weaknesses and unique characteristics.

BOGGARTS

Boggarts are squat, hairy, often smelly ruffians who stand about three feet tall. They typically have olive-toned skin and are largely covered in matted brown or black hair. They also don't have noses, just a pair of nostril slits (and they absolutely despise people with large noses). They enjoy playing pranks, such as setting elaborate traps, turning invisible and waiting to watch what befalls their next victim. They like to tempt other fey to the darker side of things – drugs, pranks that often go too far, political backstabbing, etc.

Boggarts find destruction hilarious (both physical and psychological destruction; they like to see their pretty fey brethren fail). If it blows up, a boggart will think it's funny, even if what blows up is his own house. He probably needed to move out of that filthy place anyway.

BROWNIES

If these domestic folk were an article of clothing, they'd be a professor's beige corduroy jacket with brown patches on the elbows. They stand about three feet tall, with wrinkly skin the color of old leather or brown paper bags and shaggy brown hair. Brownies are practical, organized, hard-working homebodies. The rules of hospitality and etiquette are more important to brownies than they are to other fey commoners, and for this they've earned the respect of the upper class.

Brownies are talented in the alchemical sciences. They brew up all sorts of useful concoctions such as healing balm, zip-quickly mending paste, and anti-aging serum that literally takes a few years off one's life.

CLURICHAUNS

These spindly little fey generally dress in dapper clothing and silly hats. They stand about 3 feet high with pinkish skin, swollen red noses and curly hair of any color and shade. They're hoarders (pawn brokers, salesmen, bankers) who jealously guard their stashes of... well, whatever type of objects they've taken a fancy to. Clurichauns are gamblers and gamers, and prone to excessive drinking that leads to wild revelry or bouts of maudlin depression – depending on their latest turn of fortune. They also love a good tale, joke or song, accompanying each other (or anyone who will allow them) on the bagpipes.

Clurichauns are gifted with unusually good luck. They can influence the fickle touch of fate for themselves and others. They often find freelance work among the nobility when things are up in the air and a noble feels like she needs a little bit of luck on her side.

ELVES

Elves are the smaller, more down to earth versions of their cousins, the Shining Ones. They have sharply pointed ears, slanted eyes and their bodies tend to be small-boned and tawny. They stand around six feet high when fully grown, and their skin coloration varies from nut brown to milky white (depending on which continent/season they're from, with more sun leading to darker skin).

Elves are talented with the wonders of nature. They can influence plant growth (faster or slower), and warp both natural and mechanical plant life in ways that would take the other fey more time and require a host of tools. Biosciences (known in Mechadia as 'agritecture') come easily to them because of their affinity with nature. Elves are also masterful archers, and have used a mixture of agritecture and physics to modify their bows and arrows to fly faster, hit harder and to furnish their enemies with a host of creative surprises.

GOBLINS

Goblins are swarthy, cranky efficiency experts with scraggly, wiry thatches of hair (of any color), greenish skin that has undertones of blue or grey, and who usually stand around four feet tall. They have potbellies and their bowed legs end in disproportionately long feet with claws on the ends of their five toes. Despite their brusque, jeering attitude (or perhaps because of it), they're a race imbued with the gift of engineering.

For all their knowledge of order, though, goblins' true passion is for entropy. As a race, they embrace the theory that chaos is inherent in all systems, an unavoidable end to all things great and small.

Breaking down is all part of the natural order. If not for that, how would we ever get the chance to build things back up again?

Goblin inventions are a balance of order and chaos. They're able to analyze and manipulate systems and constructions in a way few others can, but the reliability of their handiwork is always in flux.

GREMIANS

Gremians are the stuff that dreams are made of – literally. When a creative mind is so obsessed with inventive ideas that they manifest in dreams, sometimes the ideas in these dreams are so powerful that they give birth to new life in the realm of Mechadia. This is how gremians are born. The gremian that is hatched from the dream grows into a conglomerate of inventor and invention – for example, the gremian who sprang from Samuel Morse's dream of the electrical telegraph looks like a little human with wooden skin, twisted wiry hair and a clipped, clicky manner of talking.

The gremians are curious about technology first and foremost, throwing their lives into the ever-spinning gears of experimentation. They revere the goblins, who are talented engineers and architects, but often look down on other fey races like pixies and pooka who are not as technologically adept.

PIXIES

Pixies are winged green fey standing only about a foot tall. Pixies are fascinated with all modes of storytelling, particularly theatre and film because those are more immediate and immersive.

Overall, pixies don't enjoy strutting their peacock feathers around court, although they do still

compete for the attention of wealthy benefactors. After all, the arts need financial backing to survive. Pixie actors are among the finest in the realm, and pixie technicians produce wonderful magical special effects – fireworks, lighting, acoustics, music, and images. Their ability to create illusions (visual, auditory, even olfactory) aids them in all their productions.

Pixies also find regular employment as communications experts (in both civilian and military roles). They're interested in true stories as well as fiction, so many pixies are journalists. And with the recent rise of tension between continents over the matter of having a single ruler of Mechadia, more and more pixies are finding themselves approached in shadowy halls and asked to spin a news story a certain way, for a special friend....

POOKA

In their bipedal form, pooka are cuddly charmers with exaggerated features (long-noses, wide-mouths, ears that are longer and higher set on their heads than the other fey). They stand about five feet tall. Each pooka is born with the ability to change into one animal (mammal, bird, fish, reptile, etc.), and when the pooka is in fey form, he retains some characteristics of his animal form (mammal pooka might have hair the same color as the animal they change into, a fish pooka might have glassy eyes, and so on).

Pooka have an affinity with nature, and will occasionally spend long stretches of time in the wild in alternative forms. But the cuddly nature-lover demeanor sits side by side with their daredevil, speed junkie culture with its pervading go-big-or-go-home mentality.

SELKIES

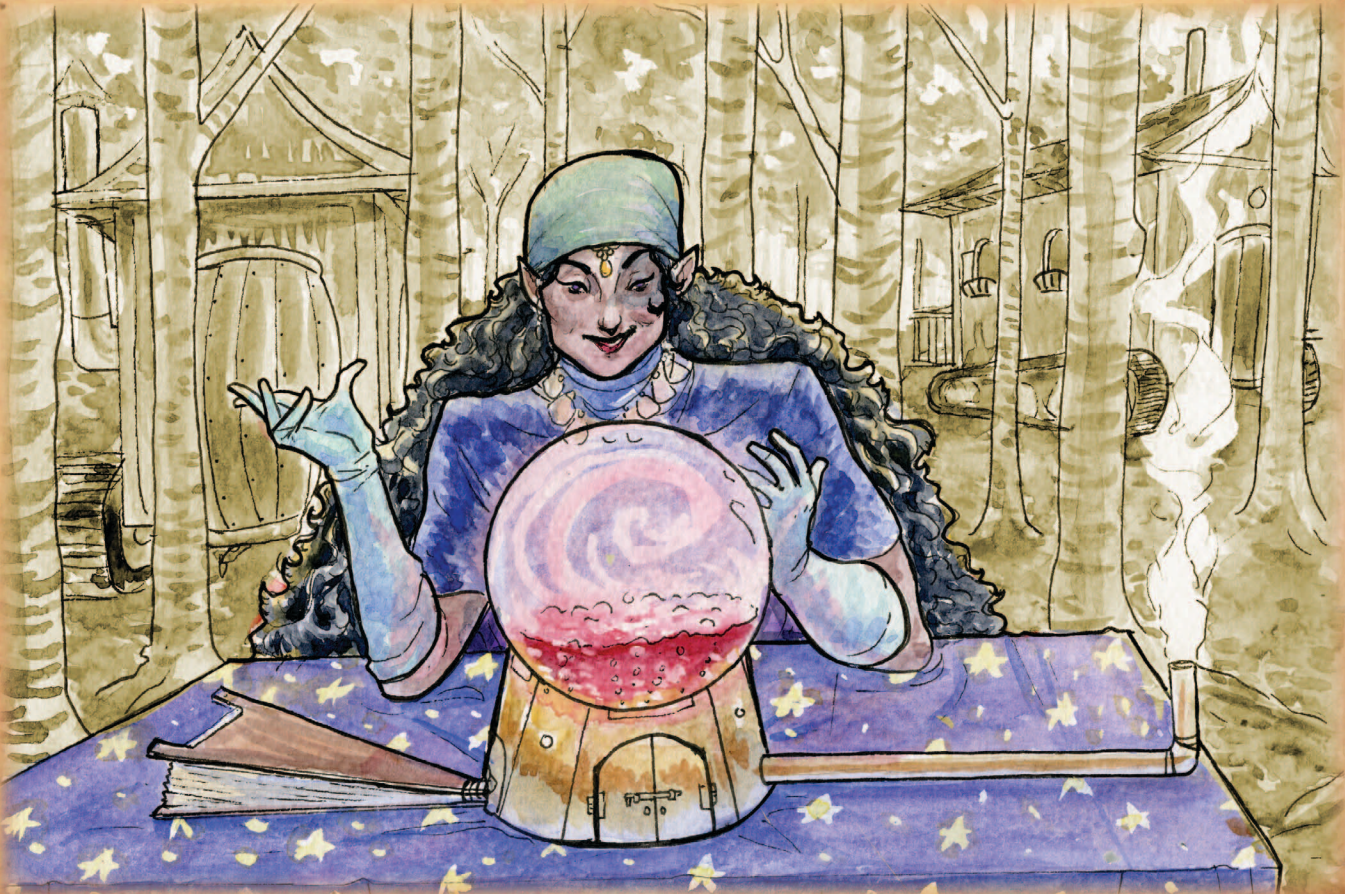
The seal folk are the most human-looking of all the native Mechadians, but if more than half of their body is immersed in liquid, they automatically shift into their seal form. As such, they're capable of understanding spoken language, but incapable of speaking (other than in the barking tongue of the seals), and are able to remain submerged for an hour on one good breath. When on land, their skin color, stature and features look very human, but all have thick, shiny hair the same color as their seal pelt. Different families have different color coats, depending on which waters they're from. Selkies must return to salt water (the ocean surrounding the four great continents) at least once per lunar cycle or else they sicken and die.

Selkie magic is driven by the stars and the tides.

The seal people can find true north effortlessly, even in a world with shifting continents, a skill that makes them highly-demanded navigators. Their divinatory abilities allow them glimpses into the future, the past, and other scenes of the present.

SPRIGGANS

Spriggans can be nasty little faeries, and telling them so will only make them chuckle – or pull your eyebrows off. Or both. Their natural form is gnarled, like a tree in winter, rarely exceeding four and a half feet tall with wide, slanted yellow eyes and catlike pupils, scaly, almost bark-like grey-brown skin and spiny, branchlike protrusions in place of hair. They're dour and pessimistic on the whole (they would argue that they're being 'realistic').



When angered, frightened or whenever they just feel like picking a fight, spriggans can 'puff up' for a limited time, up to four times their regular size. The effect lasts for one scene and wears off when the danger has passed or when the spriggan is exhausted (whichever comes first).

Contrary to this overall violent lifestyle, spriggans have an inexplicable love of tea. Some spriggan battles have even been known to halt abruptly at tea time, resuming the action once everyone has finished their last biscuit or scone.

SPRITES

Sprites resemble the most beautiful of humans – if humans had butterfly or dragonfly-like wings and were seven inches tall on average. While their hair is comparable to the natural human spectrum, these tiny fliers have a fondness for dying their locks painfully vibrant and unnatural colors. Sprites are always fashionably garbed. They aren't following the fashion trends at all the courts in Mechadia - they *created* them.

While they're breathtakingly lovely and delicate, sprites also have their dark side – they're insatiably curious and born kleptomaniacs. A sprite never saw a shiny object he didn't like and, if he really wants it, his natural grace gives him the ability to approach it quietly to 'liberate' it, even if he needs to gently ease open a lock to get there.

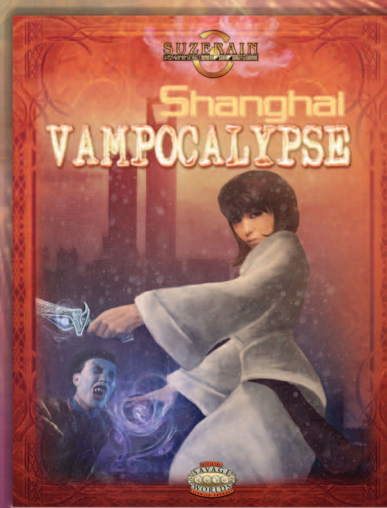
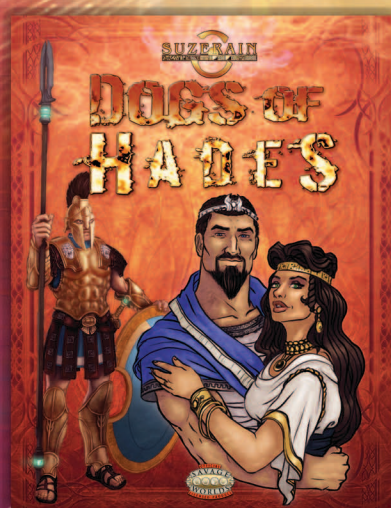
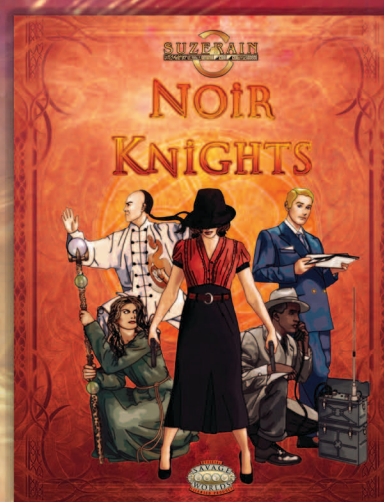
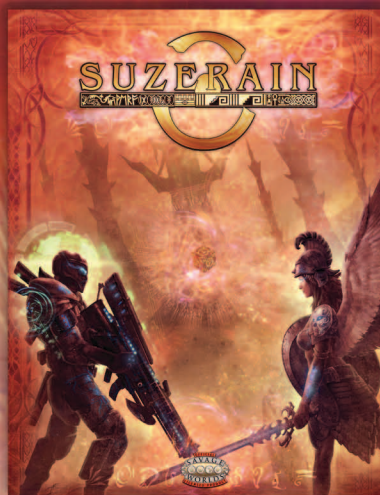
Being only seven inches tall, sprites have the ability to eavesdrop on many conversations without being detected, and they're notorious for having all the best gossip.

TROLLS

These subterranean laborers are seven to nine feet tall, and their bodies vary from whip-thin, spindly limbed slinkers to stocky walls of muscle with arms and legs as thick as cooking pots. Their knobbly skin (which can range in color from grey-green to arctic blue) reacts poorly to sunlight, always blistering and sometimes smoldering upon direct contact, hence their desire to remain underground, only coming up at night for supplies or a moment's escape from their subterranean toils.

All trolls work in the Great Underground, maintaining the massive system of gears that runs the continents of Mechadia and maintains the creature comforts of the surface folk. Many fey have never seen a troll in the flesh and grow up thinking of them as an old wives' tale, something to scare children into coming home at curfew.

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THE DUKE OF CROSSED GEARS, OBSESSED WITH THE DREAMS OF SCIENTISTS AND VISIONARIES, IS DEAD - BUT HE LEFT SOMETHING BEHIND. ON HIS DEATHBED, THE DUKE DREAMED OF A PLACE, AND SUCH WAS THE POWER OF HIS SPIRIT THAT THESE VISIONS BECAME MANIFEST UPON HIS DYING BREATH.

ENTER MECHADIA, A SAVAGE REALM OF SUZERAIN WHERE IDYLIC SYLVAN GLADES MERGE WITH MECHANICAL WONDERS. ELVEN AIRSHIP PIRATES HIDE AWAY ON FLOATING ISLANDS; BEGOGGLED GOBLINS RUN AMOK IN STEAM-POWERED BRASS-AND-STEEL CONTRAPTIONS; BROWNIE ALCHEMISTS SEEK FORMULAE FOR NEW WAYS TO HARNESS THE PULSE BEYOND THE CLOUDS. BUT MECHADIA ISN'T QUITE THE PARADISE THE DUKE DREAMED OF. THE TROLLS HAVE BECOME RESTLESS AS THEY TOIL TO KEEP THE GREAT GEARS OF THE LAND TURNING SMOOTHLY. FEY LORDS AND LADIES VIE FOR RULERSHIP OVER THE FLEDGLING REALM, AND LINES ARE BEING DRAWN IN THE COPPER DUST....

THE FEY ARE GEARING UP FOR MISCHIEF.

DO YOU HAVE THE BRASS TO JOIN THE GAME?

INSIDE THE COVERS OF THIS BOOK YOU'LL FIND BACKGROUND ON THE FASCINATING REALM OF MECHADIA, WHERE STEAMPUNK MEETS FAERY MAGIC.

