

Goblin Markets™



CHANGELING
THE LOST™

World of Darkness



*orning and evening
Maid's heard the goblins cry:*

*"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy"*

*— "Goblin Market,"
Christina Rossetti*

This book includes:

- Advice on constructing your own Goblin Markets
- Rules on buying and selling
- Sample characters, Markets and SAS Market scenes to drop right into your Changeling chronicle

*For use with the
World of Darkness Rulebook*



CHANGELING
THE LOST

Goblin Bakers



By Jeff Hartley, Alex Scoler and Ethan Skemp

BOUGHT AND BROKEN

There are bits of her all over the kitchen. Blood. A lot of blood. And hair. Some of her hair sticks to my knuckles. Little curls and coils, nonsense letters written in a maddened script across my meat paws and fat sausage fingers. Give it time, I think; just a little time, and it will all go back to nothing.

A breath in, a breath out, and things get a little straighter. She's still and twisted, like those dolls my sister and I used to make out of pipe cleaners and tissue paper. Not much left of her head. I mean, I suppose it's all still there, spread across the counter, but it's not all in one place anymore. I'm not sure how long it'll take for things to get right, but in the meantime I might as well wipe some of it up. The paper towels are on a hanger, just left of the sink.

She was always organized like that. It makes me smile, just a little, as I push what's left of her into small uneven piles.

"I'll make it up to you," I whisper. My promise must stir what little was left in her, because the magic goes, and things go straight again. She's all damp leaves and old burlap and the quiet of an autumn afternoon. I glance at my fingers, then brush away the cracked hay.

I can sweep up all the bits and the pieces, and dump them into a fat black garbage bag.



Down by the lake, the Market's in full swing. Knock twice on the door between the men's and women's bathrooms, look away, look back and the gate's there, open if not inviting. The whole thing's like a cross between a ramshackle amusement park

and a shopping mall, all enclosed in cracked concrete through which the endless thorny vines of the Hedge grow, groping and hungry. During the winter, the snow never seems to fall down here, but the Thorns ice over like long crystal fangs. I see it like that when I first walk in, just for a second. Beautiful like some kids' Christmas movie. But then I remember it's early autumn again, and the ice goes back to nothing but the usual.

One of the Blunderbores is looking at me like I'm the idiot, his little beady eyes full of mirth at my moment of nostalgia. He half-grunts, half-whistles something incoherent, and gestures for me to be on my way. I think about making something of it, throwing down and shit, but this guy's twice my size and I'm no small fry. Besides, there's work to do.

And the child to think about. I'd almost forgotten that bundle, tucked under my arm in a white wicker basket.

The Market's in full chaos. Half the Gather's here, it seems. A bunch of Winters gearing up to take the throne, Autumns picking up protection for when they leave it. That's how it goes here, this endless cycle of little rivalries, a constant low hum of bitter revenge. I'm almost jealous of those freeholds where one Court holds all the cards. When the revolutions come, sure things get real violent and bloody, but at least things are over afterwards. Decided one way or the other.

The kid's making some noise, mewling quietly. I shift the basket into my hands, look at the thing for a minute. It's all pink and puffy, with little balled fists.

"What do you want?" I ask it. Its answer doesn't mean anything to me, so I tuck it back under my arm.

"She looks hungry," says a hob perched on the edge of a barrel, her twisted left hand tapping up and down a row of stabapples.

"Not interested," I grunt, shifting my weight and moving away from the fruit vendor. Got to keep moving, or they'll descend on you like a pack of vultures. Always offering things you don't need, but can't help but want. The goblins have set up shop wherever they can find the space. The concrete walls provide natural dividers, but it's not unusual for two or more shops to share a single nook. Most of the stores are like little streets, little rows bounded by carts and tents. Only the really successful hobs have a storefront to themselves: the pimps, the slavers and the dealers. I see a few bloodsuckers crowding a shop near the back, a blind nook obscured by heavy curtains of Hedgespun. God knows how they got in. Addiction always finds a way, I guess. And I used to think I was better than them.

"Interest you in a watch, sonny?" an old man asks, tapping me on the forearm.

"What's it do?" I ask.

"Tells time," he says, chuckling. "Tells time what to do."

"Can it change the past?"

"Oh no," he says, fiddling with the knobs on the side of one of the pocket watches hanging inside his frayed jacket. "You can make things go faster." He plays with the brass disk again. "Or slower. Like this." I don't see any difference. "What can I do to get one of these into your hands today?" I shake my head.

"Don't need it, sorry."

"Your loss, kid," he says to my back as I walk away. I round on him.

"I ain't no fucking kid," I growl, fangs bared. He's got both hands up, palms out.

"Didn't mean nothing by it," he says taking a step back. We're drawing eyes, which is the last thing I want. I just grunt and turn away again.

The last thing I want. What *do* I want?

The big wheel starts turning, its rows of lights standing out in stark contrast to the abyssal blackness of the lake beyond. The music's distracting, and the wheel's hypnotizing. My stomach growls. The child squirms in the basket.

A woman brushes by me. She smells like our kitchen when we were kids. Sugar and spice. Her hair's red, that blazing red that's never real on a normal. She shifts as she passes, ostensibly because it's cramped, but I feel the soft pressure of her breasts against my elbow. Everyone knows

her, what she'll do for you, to you, for the right payment. The right dream or the right memory. Some say she used to be one of the Gentry. Others say a Lost. Her eyes meet mine for an instant. She smiles, and I almost cry. I can't say a word, so I nod, and then she's past.

I wish I'd had that goddamn watch.

The roach man hawks coffee that makes your footsteps silent. The thin woman with the old noose tongue calls out "Cigarettes and seafood!" The pink monk stands bowed on the corner.

I push past the distractions, finding the one I want tucked into a ramshackle wooden kiosk. Looks like a kid's lemonade stand, if the kid also sold an assortment of off-brand candies. Borino even looks a little like a kid, his head too large for his plump torso. He's got spider's arms and legs, though, too long with too many bends. But I'm not here to admire his figure, or to buy sweets.

"Borino," I bark gruffly. The shopkeeper starts as if he'd been daydreaming. His fat, puffy eyes find me, and his long mouth twists into a toothy grin.

"Hey Romeo," he lilts softly with only the barest hint of melody, "you nearly gave me a heart attack."

"Can it."

"Come to get Juliet another gift?" He eyes the basket tucked under my arm (which remains mercifully quiet). "Got this new gum in," he taps lightly on a tin with his five-jointed fingers. "Let's you chew the future."

"I'm looking for the pirate with pearls in her eyes."

Borino goes immediately cold, twisting slightly away from me. "Sorry, Romeo," he grunts. "All sales are final."

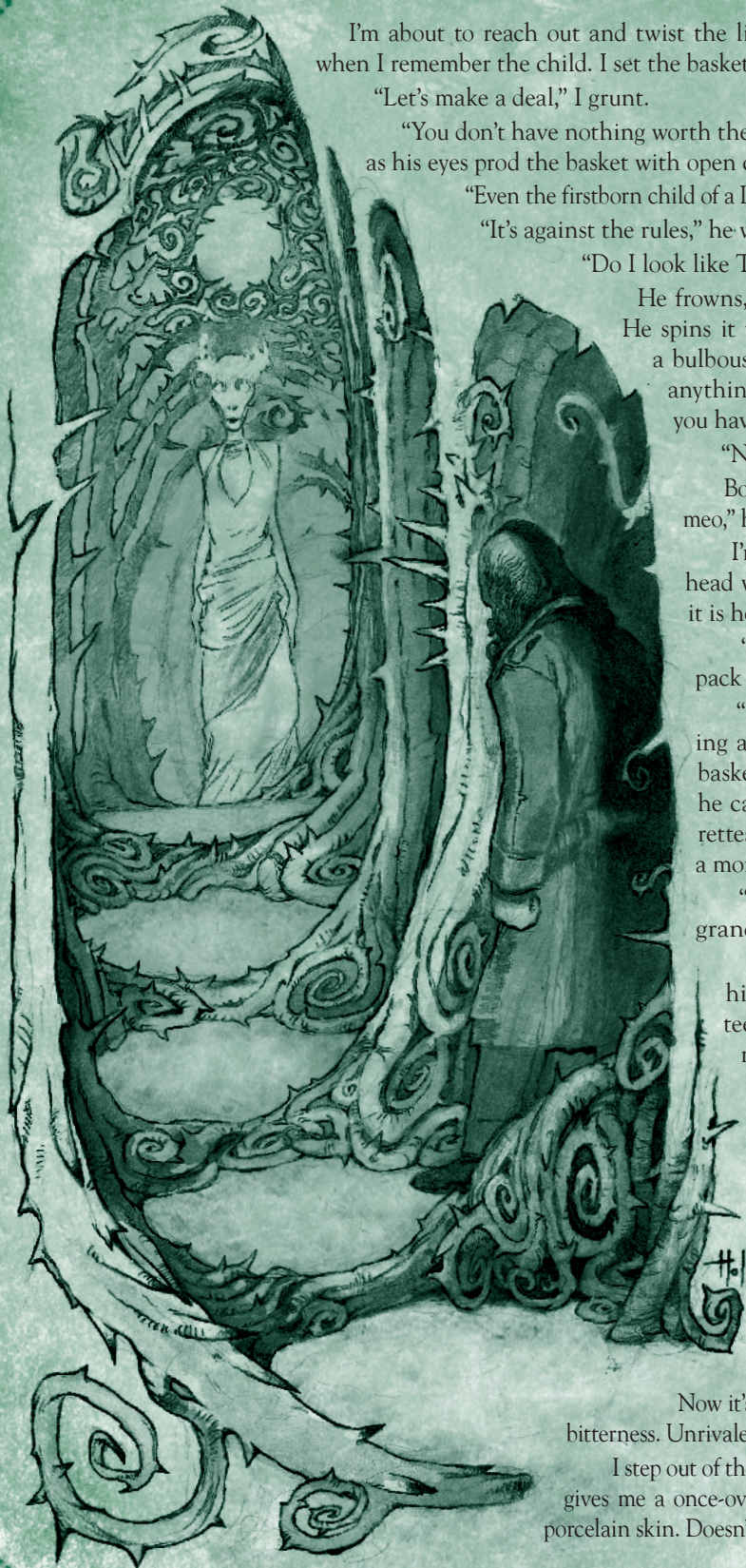
"I'm not making a return," I grunt. "I have other business with her."

"She's not the type for repeat customers," he whispers, busying his fingers on an abacas he keeps stashed under the counter. He holds it in the crook of his arm, a clacking lyre of commerce. "Not that I'd know where to find her if she was. She makes her own appointments, her own rules."

My hand hits the counter hard, cracking it. Even I'm surprised. Borino damn near jumps out of his skin.

"Where is she?" My words have that dull rumbling quality of a thunderhead on the horizon. The shopkeeper's bug eyes spin desperately in their sockets for a Blunderbore. No such luck.

"Sorry Romeo. I don't traffic in vengeance. You should try Fifthfinger's down at the corner. Carries it bottled, I think. And don't mind the cliché—it's best served at room temperature."



I'm about to reach out and twist the little wart's head from his shoulders when I remember the child. I set the basket on the counter.

"Let's make a deal," I grunt.

"You don't have nothing worth the trouble, Romeo," Borino says, even as his eyes prod the basket with open curiosity. I lift the lid.

"Even the firstborn child of a Lost and a fetch?" Borino licks his lips.

"It's against the rules," he whispers, practically whining.

"Do I look like The Man Who Gives a Damn?"

He frowns, bites his lip, grabs the tin of gum. He spins it thrice, then raps lightly on it with a bulbous arthritic knuckle. "I can't tell you anything about her," he says. "But I could let you have this gum for the kid."

"No dice," I growl, muscles tightening.

Borino rolls his eyes. "Pay attention, Romeo," he says. "You could *really* use this gum."

I'm about to smash in his grapefruit head when I finally realize what the fuck it is he's saying. I nod slowly.

"The gum, then," I grunt. "And a pack of smokes. For the kid."

"It's a deal," he whispers, eyes flashing as his hands strike out to ferret the basket away under the counter. "What's he called?" he asks as he slides the cigarettes across the countertop. It takes me a moment to remember.

"Benjamin," I say. "After his grandfather."

"Benjamin," Borino mutters to himself, running his tongue over his teeth. I just pop a piece of gum into my mouth and walk away.



It takes a few hours, but the gum helps me find her. I catch her on the trod from the Big Bean. She's less than half my size, with this faint halo of light that circles around her brow. The first time I thought it made her look innocent, angelic.

Now it's a fucking crown, a badge of unrivaled bitterness. Unrivaled by anyone but me.

I step out of the shadows and she comes to a stop. She gives me a once-over with those pearl eyes set into that porcelain skin. Doesn't try to run, so credit for that.

"I heard you've been looking for me," she says by way of a greeting.

"You're Liz Malloy, aren't you?"

She smiles. "My reputation's finally caught up with me."

"Ain't the only thing."

"So I see."

"We had a deal, you and me."

"We did. The exchange was made. Services rendered."

No more than five yards separates us now. Less than a first down. I stop.

"You cheated me."

"I most certainly did not." My fists collapse into tight hate clubs as she continues. "You gave me her. I gave you a her who could appreciate you in exchange."

"You gave me a fucking fetch!" I roar.

"A love doll in exchange for a... what did you call her? A normal?"

"Tell me where she is." Her eyes narrow slightly.

"Did you already break her?" she asks. My glower answers for me, but she doesn't even skip a beat. "I'm sure It could make you another."

"Tell me now."

"You're losing it, you know."

"Losing what?"

"Your grip. Your mind. Your marbles."

"That's long gone."

She smirks. "You should turn around and walk back through that gate, lover boy. Before you become more lost than you already are."

I close the gap between us in an instant, my shoulder low, hoping for the tackle. I feel her foot on my back for a split second as she vaults my charge. I twist, slinging my fist at her in a clumsy arc. She ducks the blow, and her own uppercut catches me by surprise. For a moment the taste of my blood in my mouth is my entire universe. She hits me again, once, maybe twice. Her knuckles are stone and she hits like a truck.

Two can play at that game.

I step back, bellow one of my millions of random battle boasts. Whatever it is, it does the trick, and the magic's with me. I slam into the scrawny bitch like a wrecking ball, driving her into the thorny wall. She stinks of Spring, of sex and honeysuckle. Her hand vanishes into her Hedgespun sash, and she draws a slash of silver. A dagger or a sword, maybe. It hardly matters; I grab her wrist, twist it violently and impale her hand on one of the Thorns even as the weapon hits the ground. She screams.

"I'd never hit a woman before tonight," I whisper, my breath hot and fetid on her face. "I tell ya, I'm starting to see the appeal." I twist her hand and she screams again. I give her a second with the pain. "Give me a name."

"It doesn't matter," she says between gasps. "She used to like you, to trust you. Love you, in a way. Won't be like that. Not any more."

"Give me a fucking name!"

"Jack Tallow," she gasps. "I cannot speak Its name. But a Lost called Tallow. He can show you the way."

I taste victory. Sweet, even sweeter than the blood and the mucus. The Hedge begins to shudder with it, to twist. I step away from Malloy as the Thorns warp about her, a glorious green mandala. They wrap about her waist, shins and throat, and I hear music, the light tinkling of a merry-go-round filtering down from the canopy of Hedge above. She reaches for me with her ruined hand, eyes wide. I just take another step back, and she's gone. I grin.

"Just fucking deserts," I mutter. I go for her weapon, for a trophy, but it's gone, too. I stare at the empty ground for a moment, then glance back to the wall of thorns. Did I see anything real, just what I wanted to see, just what she wanted me to see?

Doesn't matter. I got what I came for. As I head for the Bean, I pop a piece of gum into my mouth. I see myself in a lonely, moldering room, far from any crowd, with a boy whose hair is fire. She's there, asleep in a massive lantern, her hair the glowing orange of molten steel. I smash the glass with a single blow. She blinks away the dreams, her beautiful blue eyes searching me out.

They find me, and she screams.

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THE *Changeling: The Lost* LINE

Autumn Nightmares

Winter Masques

Rites of Spring

Lords of Summer

The Equinox Road

NIGHT HORRORS & GIM FEAR

DANCERS IN THE DUSK

SWORDS AT DAWN



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Goblin Layers™

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INTRODUCTION

*[T]herefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold,
as houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles,
countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts,
as whores, bawds, wives, husbands, children,
masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls,
silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.*
—JOHN BUNYAN, THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Every freehold knows of at least one. Some seem to have grown up almost overnight, like a ring of small white mushrooms. Others seem to have run for millennia, outliving the rise and fall of the freeholds that surround them. They'll never go away entirely, despite the dangers of their wares. Someone always needs something you can only get at a Goblin Market.

The roles of a Goblin Market in a **Changeling: The Lost** chronicle are myriad. They're a place where plot hooks can be bought and sold. They're a neutral ground where characters can meet on the sly. They're a provider of resources from tokens to more unusual abstractions. And most important of all, they are a source of undiluted wonder, quirky fantasy and subtle dread.

Most chronicles are therefore going to have at least one Goblin Market feature prominently. As likely to be revisited and useful as they are, it behooves the Storyteller to make them distinctive and evocative, while still keeping them grounded enough in the chronicle's overall feel that they don't seem out of place. The resources provided here are intended to help the creation of such a market. The best Goblin Markets will certainly say something about the chronicle, and to some extent something about the Storyteller as well; but every Storyteller might be able to use some third-party contractors for extra inspiration or brainstorming. And we aim to please.

THEME: CAVEAT EMPTOR

Let the buyer beware. Once the buyer has made a purchase, he's stuck with it, warts and all. There's often a catch or an "undocumented feature" that comes with ev-

ery purchase. There's a little bit of *caveat venditor* ("let the seller beware") as well, because the hidden part might end up making the purchase more valuable than anticipated, but that's rare – this is the World of Darkness, after all.

MOOD: CREEPY ANACHRONISM

One thing that Goblin Markets are known for are their slightly anachronistic flavor. Stalls cluster around Depression-era trucks or an old locomotive without tracks as well as gypsy caravans and Renaissance merchants' stalls. Nothing in a Goblin Market is quite right, and even regular customers are constantly disoriented.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

Chapter One: To Market We Will Go covers the basic elements of the Goblin Markets, what the form that Markets take, how to get there, Market law and security around the Markets. There's also some discussion about Market locations, and four example Markets to use in your chronicle.

Chapter Two: Buying and Selling is the meat of the book, covering all the unusual and useful things you can buy in a Goblin Market, and what they might cost. There are also some new items for sale here, including new Merits and a new Goblin Contract. Also provided are suggestions on how to create and price brand new items for sale. Finally, this chapter has some advice on being a seller in the Market.

Chapter Three: Market Stories has some example Storyteller characters – guards, sellers and regular customers – that you can use in your chronicle. There's also a couple of typical Market scenes (in Storytelling Adventure System format) that Storytellers can drop right into existing **Changeling** stories.

INSPIRATIONS

When devising your Goblin Market, feel free to loot ideas from fiction to add color. **Changeling: The Lost** already suggests works such as Ray Bradbury's *Something Wicked This Way Comes* and Neil Gaiman's *Neverwhere*. There's Christina Rosetti's "Goblin Market," of course, and Stephen King's *Needful Things*, and Fritz Leiber's "Bazaar of the Bizarre," and even Matsuri Akino's manga *Pet Shop of Horrors*. W.W. Jacobs' "The Monkey's Paw" and Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Bottle Imp" are excellent tales of what are certainly goblin wares, items with a profound catch or cost. The movies *Hellboy II: The Golden Army* and *Demolition Man* both have good visual examples of underground markets as well. The concept of fantastic markets where anything can be bought or sold naturally attracts the attention of writers as well as roleplayers.

About the Storytelling Adventure System

Think of an SAS product as a story kit, as if you'd bought a piece of modern furniture and brought it home in a big flat box. You open it up, eager to be the Storyteller for your troupe, but what you find is a collection of pieces and parts (like the parts in chapter three). You'll use these parts and tools to build a story together with your friends. It might not look quite like you expect it to when it's all done, but as long as everyone enjoys it, it doesn't matter how you end up using all the pieces, or even if you throw some of them away.

To learn more about the Storytelling Adventure System, be sure to read the free SAS Guide, found at the SAS website: www.white-wolf.com/sas

CHAPTER I

To Market We Will Go

A Goblin Market is, essentially, a place where fae creatures of almost all kinds, including changelings, may barter for various services and wares. They are things of the Hedge, not Arcadia; the only Gentry to be found at a Goblin Market are likely exiles and cripples, hiding their true nature in order to maintain their new home. Like trading posts of old, they are where a variety of people (and other things) come to barter. Some Lost figure that the Goblin Markets are the closest thing to a society or culture that the Hedge has. Others suspect that certain hobgoblin circles have their own societies hidden far away from the mortal world, or even that True Markets can be found deep in the Hedge where absolutely *everything* is for sale.

The existence of the average Goblin Market is an open secret. Most don't want gangs of unwitting mortals stumbling through the stalls, trying to purchase misunderstood wonders with their next-to-useless money. But at the same time, a Goblin Market wants all of its potential customers — the *real* customers, the ones who can appreciate a goblin's wares and pay a fine price in return — to know of its existence. So it advertises by word-of-mouth. Furtive whispers are absolutely the best marketing; the buyer is more intrigued if he knows the Market is not for everyone. If some of the rumors circulating imply that sometimes the cost is too much to bear or that some of the merchandise is too dangerous for the buyer... well, it adds to the mystique *and* it's truth in advertising.

Goblin Markets may or may not have a particular name to distinguish them. A local Market doesn't really need a name if it's the only one in town; all the changelings will know what "the Market" means. On the other hand, you may find that a named Market piques the players' interest a bit more. The understated, almost sinister aspect of using "the Market" (like a eu-

phemism) or the exotic allure of a named locale: either is a strong choice. The examples given later on will all name particular Markets, but that's really for the sake of differentiating them from one another. There's no reason you couldn't lop the name right off a local Market and use it in the general sense.

The etiquette of the Goblin Market forbids violence (especially against the sellers), and encourages a mostly honest bargaining environment... mostly. It's very poor form to lie about a price or what the customer is purchasing, but deceit is part of the fae nature, and the fae often consider a lie by omission to be not quite a lie. A seller will avoid directly lying about what he (or it) is selling, but there's no compulsion to tell the whole story. And refunds are out of the question. *Caveat emptor.*

That said, it's best not to use the Goblin Market as a way to screw over your players. The sellers and bouncers aren't infallible, and most aren't purely malicious — they're just malicious enough to sell something that the buyer can't really afford or that might even be dangerous. The Goblin Market isn't about directly cheating changelings out of their very souls. It's about offering them tempting choices with potential risks. A hangman's length of rope, free with every purchase....

Remember also that a Goblin Market is full of merchants, not genies. Bargaining with a goblin is a matter of rejecting inferior deals and trying to get wares with either as few catches as possible or with all the drawbacks clearly laid out instead of hidden and unspoken. A person can't go up to a goblin with a carefully worded wish and expect to get everything she wants. There's no secret code for "show me the stuff with no strings attached." You can probably find what you want, but it's the nature of the fae world that there is always some sort of string attached.

Market Law

Every Market has its laws, usually outgrowths of standard business practices extended through fae magic and enforced by a variety of ugly pledges and slinking enforcers. The following laws are certain to be enforced at all Goblin Markets, barring very unusual practices — the sort that tend to lead to Markets crumbling after only a few moons.

- **No Violence.** Goblin merchants won't be intimidated, and they won't tolerate people trying to injure their customers. Bad for business.

- **You Get What's Advertised.** If a merchant tells you that a tenpenny nail has the power to kill someone when it's driven into its victim's shadow, it has that power. It may have other side effects, mind, and the method of death may be something unexpected and inconvenient — but you get what's advertised. Note, though, that there is no law requiring a merchant to advertise all the properties or catches to his wares, and there never will be.

- **Honor Your Deals.** This cuts both ways. A merchant must provide the wares, and the customer must provide payment. Defaulting on a deal is more than just bad form (and a potential Clarity hit) — it riles up the Market, potentially against the whole freehold and *certainly* against the defaulter.

- **No Refunds.** If you regret trading away something, you'd better find something the merchant *really* wants in order to buy it back — at an inflated rate, most likely. That's a brand-new deal.

Each Goblin Market may add on a number of potential laws and rules to suit their business: some straightforward ("No deals offered before midnight") and some bizarre ("Only the Market Guards are permitted to wear red hats within the market's confines"). There's always some oblique reason, even if the merchants won't say what it is. If a pact of protection from the True Fae will dissolve if a pregnant black cat enters the market's borders, are the goblins going to explain to their customers why cats aren't allowed on the premises? Give away a weakness like that? Madness!

FREEHOLDS AND MARKETS

Generally speaking, a Goblin Market exists in something of a gray area where the laws of the freehold are concerned. Some freehold rulers outlaw the Market, forbidding any member of the freehold from visiting the Market or possessing wares that were purchased there. A few freeholds celebrate the Market, and even hold official functions nearby. But in most cases, a Goblin Market is something to be tolerated, a measure of both danger and opportunity.

A Goblin Market is never subject to freehold rule. Some freeholds have attempted to claim the Market grounds as part of their jurisdiction, but either the Market moves (in the best-case scenario) or retaliates (in the worst). Retaliation doesn't take the form of outright conflict, of course; the Markets aren't military organizations. But a Goblin Market has many ways to strike back at the freehold that wrongs it. Dumping any unwanted Market trash is a common tactic,

from throwing out terrible and unsanitary filth to releasing "unmarketable" animals and hobgoblins to throwing out tokens with terrible, hideous drawbacks for anyone to find. Particularly vexed merchants may even go "door to door," appearing in disguise to offer wares to the loved ones or allies of the freehold ruler. Most freehold rulers find it far more practical just to live and let live.

Even so, a freehold still keeps a careful eye on the Goblin Market. Each of the Courts is likely to have at least one or two members who are local experts on the Market. The Autumn Court sends members to go window-shopping on Market days, keeping an eye out for new fae arcana offered. The Winter Court is more likely to watch who's going to the Market and what they're likely to buy. Information is power, after all, and a Winter spymaster is certain to want reliable updates on just who might be purchasing goods — or selling them. The Spring Court indulges in a little of each, and often sends liaisons to butter up the most notable merchants at the Market. The Antler Crown

is also most likely to be interested in the harmless but pretty gewgaws, or the rare blessings that can be used to make a person's life genuinely better at a reasonable cost. And the Summer Court? Well, they don't direct their wrath at the Market for the aforementioned reasons of pragmatism. But they do keep a careful eye out for merchants who deal in particularly shady goods. If anyone's likely to put together a clandestine raid to break up a secret slaver operation at the Market, it would be the sons and daughters of Summer.

Some noble orders within the Courts pay particular attention to the Goblin Markets. The Barony of the Lesser Ones in particular (pp. 113-116, **Lords of Summer**) considers it their mission to act as buffers and envoys between their freeholds and the Markets they host. The exact roles the Barons undertake vary among freeholds and even individuals. Most Barons take an interest in popular opinion of the Goblin Market. Too many changelings feeling cheated presents the order with a two-pronged conundrum: it means that the hobs are probably taking advantage of the freehold's hospitality, and that the freehold may be on the verge of retaliation. The Barons take care to defuse these situations, either through careful diplomacy or a few acts (or threats) of physical violence against the worst offenders. Usually the Barony employs a little of each. The Satrapy of Pearls (p. 310-312, **Changeling: The Lost**) also keeps close ties with the Goblin Markets. The fact that almost anything can be bought and sold at Market resonates with the order's primary tenant, that all things are commodities. The Pearl Satraps don't necessarily enjoy slumming with the boisterous masses, however, and many send servants to Market to keep an eye out for interesting baubles. Large Markets frequently draw members of the order, however: Such gatherings simply offer too many bizarre treasures and incredible deals to risk learning about them only after they're gone.

THE GOBLINS

In general changeling parlance, the word "goblin" is usually used to refer to the slightly twisted, yet not entirely malevolent, side of fae magic. Goblin fruits may have odd side effects. Goblin Contracts always have an ugly little twist. And Goblin Markets have a distinctly shady side to them. From there, it's a short jump to referring to the various proprietors, barkers, entrepreneurs, bawds and shills of a Goblin Market as "goblins." Many changelings make that jump. It's not a very respectable term, but working at a Goblin Market is not a very respectable profession.

Another reason that the phrase "goblins" has caught on as a descriptor for these barterers is that they aren't of a common kind. Most are hobgoblins, among them most frequently the sentient "hobs" that take humanoid form and humanlike mannerisms. Some are changelings, mad or not, who have chosen a life of black-market trade over an honest berth in a freehold. Some are rumored to be True Fae, perhaps banished from Arcadia and much diminished, only vaguely aware of their former glories. There are even stories of self-aware fetches joining the Market, mortal witches with more magic than fae blood peddling their wares or even self-aware dreams and nightmares manning the booths. Complicating matters is the fact that all of these various personages are difficult to tell apart. One cannot remain with the Goblin Market for long and retain full individuality. The Goblin Market exacts its price from all, even (and especially) those who run its stalls.

The reason vendors become involved in the Markets, and, by extension, how the Markets came to be in the first place is a matter of some debate. Despite the presence of creatures other than hobgoblins hawking wares at Market, some Lost insist that each Market is a single entity with many faces. Any display of competition among vendors is only a display, and every bargain bartered at Market provides these complex entities sustenance. Others claim that the Markets reflect domains in Faerie (or worse, are extensions of those domains). According to these changelings, the Markets serve two purposes: to funnel bits of mundane detritus (some call it "humanity") back to Arcadia, and to draw in escaped Lost like flytraps. Such theorists swear that shopping at Market only serves to strengthen the Others; not that their beliefs always stop them from going to Market themselves when they need something no human store carries.

Many Lost just suspect that the Market evolved to serve a need. In the dark nights of humanity's past, lone hobgoblins traveled from town to town, lurking on the fringe between the dreaming world and the waking, offering scraps of magic and knowledge gleaned from the Hedge to those creatures with the eyes to see them. Over time, communities grew larger and these goblins came together for mutual protection. They forged powerful pacts that empowered and occluded them, and posted Market rules designed to ensure they remained the top purveyors of goblin goods to this night.

Tonight's goblin merchants seem cut from the same cloth. The vast majority concern themselves primarily with selling the goods they scrounge from the Hedge and take on as payment for a profit, building ever-growing piles of tokens and treasures. While quick to compete with one another, they don't take well to outsiders trying to twist the chaotic system to their advantage. They close ranks in the face of a threat (whether out of a sense of duty or because they're bound to do so by pledges), but prefer to overcome obstacles through wit and subterfuge rather than open combat.

Some changelings suspect that those Hedge creatures who make up the larger part of the Market workforce are those of their ilk with the deepest curiosity or interest in human affairs. If this is true, many seemingly bitter hobs go to great lengths to hide any such fascination. Changeling vendors, on the other hand, range from the openly avaricious to simple outsiders who never quite fit in with freehold society. Freehold Lost whisper that other non-hobs, such as human wizards and even the stray wolf-man or vampire, were similarly unable to function in their own societies and sought community under the umbrella of the fae Market.

Portraying a goblin vendor, even one that could never have claimed to be human, can be surprisingly easy. They tend to carry the confidence of a creature on its home turf, but blend it with the obsequiousness of a salesman. Goblin vendors hold all of the cards save the most important: the ability to force a potential customer to take the plunge and buy. A vendor may play at apathy and rudeness, but it wouldn't be behind the counter if it didn't want to make a sale. Some come off as ingratiating, like carnival hucksters in search of an easy mark. Others take pains to appear polite and professional. Many wear each of these faces and more, tailoring their behavior to individual customers.

When developing your Market, it probably helps to sketch out a few of the vendors the characters are likely to encounter. Tying their appearance and behavior to the feel of the Market can do wonders in crafting a coherent Goblin Market experience. Of course, if a few go against that grain, that can be effective and memorable as well. You don't need full sets of traits for each of these characters, though it might be wise to include dice pools for bargaining (in the case of vendors) or combat (in the case of guards). We've provided a sample hob in **Autumn Nightmares** (p. 131), as well as several example Market personages in "Market Stories" (pp. 36-44); feel free to use them for inspiration or drop them whole into your chronicle as you see fit.

LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION

Goblin Markets belong in interesting places. One could be set up in an abandoned store in a run-down strip-mall, opening only late after hours and far larger on the inside than its exterior suggests. Another might be tucked under the trees and pavilions of a remote area of the local park. A modern souk may be nestled between buildings in a major metropolis, reachable only through seemingly blind alleys blocked by rusting scaffolding. A particularly morbid Market might only appear in a graveyard after dusk, its many tents anchored on crumbling headstones. The only commonality is that they tend to be both isolated and accessible. Accessible, at least, if you know how to get there.

GOING TO MARKET

While the goblin vendors try to set up shop in locales that draw the most customers, the world often works at odds against them. Perhaps it's an aspect of the Wyrd that even hobgoblins find their intentions twisted awry. Circumstances can change, rendering a previously relatively safe location into a haven for the monsters that haunt the night. Perhaps freehold culture stands in the Market's way, discouraging or outlawing association with even the most courteous hedge creatures. Sometimes the most discreet location just happens to be in the city's most dangerous neighborhood. Whatever the case, just *getting* to Market is sometimes half the adventure.

Keeping it Strange

Goblin Markets have the potential to be the most memorable environments in your chronicles, and a huge chunk of that is figuring out a location that works. One powerful tool you have available to you is juxtaposition. By housing the unfamiliar and archaic Goblin Market in a familiar setting, you really drive home the otherness of the fae. Whether the shining menagerie mingle after hours in a food court ruled by teens and lonely businessmen during the day or in the hushed shadows of a moldering church, their presence twists the underlying ideas typically associated with such locales. Presto: instant weirdness.

FINDING THE MARKET

Goblin Markets aren't entirely reputable, but they do welcome business. They're not too difficult to find out about, but in some cases the Market, or the local freehold culture, may insist on a certain modicum of subtlety.

If a character doesn't already know how to find the local Goblin Market, success on an Intelligence + Streetwise roll is typically sufficient to find the details. The roll may be modified depending on the freehold's relation to the Market; if it's considered a local resource, the roll may get a +2 bonus, while there may be a -2 penalty to the roll if the local bigwigs frown on trafficking there. If it's particularly fashionable to visit the Market, or if a character has ties to a changeling or hobgoblin who would likely know the way and has no objection to sharing the information, no roll should be necessary. Similarly, if it's a prosecutable offense, a player may need to convince a contact to divulge the information with a silver tongue, a bribe or the like.

You should take care when determining this aspect of your setting. The freehold's relationship to the local Market helps define the location of the Market. It doesn't make sense for the Goblin Market to set up shop in a relatively easy-to-find spot if the freehold kills goblin merchants on sight and breaks the fingers of changelings who traffic in goblin wares (unless, of course, the freehold is too weak to enforce its rulings). Likewise, if everyone in your setting knows where the Market is, it's probably not too hard to get to.

New Merit:

Market Familiarity (• or •••)

Your character is a Market regular and has no difficulty finding or entering the Market except under unusual circumstances.

At •, the character's familiarity applies to a single local Market. She can locate and attend that Market no matter how often it changes location or password.

At •••, the character's expertise extends to Goblin Markets in general. The character has a knack for rooting out the location of the Goblin Market in even the least familiar of freeholds.

Non-changelings may not purchase this Merit.

GETTING INTO THE MARKET

Knowing how to find the Market is one thing. Getting there might be something else. Some Markets, either by happenstance or necessity, lurk in the most dangerous corners of the World of Darkness. These dangers may be entirely mundane (such as the thugs that roam the neighborhood where the goblins have decided to set up shop) or fae in nature (in the case of the Thorn-reared monsters lurking along the road to a Market erected in a Hollow deep within the Hedge), but usually depend largely on the location and nature of the Market. Real world locations can provide inspiration. A Hedge Market in Chicago that can only be accessed by a gate in Oz Park (home to tall, creepy statues of Frank Baum characters), for example, may be haunted by twisted reflections of the winged monkeys and hammer-headed creatures of Baum's novels. The dockside Market of Locust Point, in Baltimore, may contend with local hobgoblins that share the locust's famed voraciousness.

Some threats may be situational; surely the goblin vendors would feel indebted to the motley that took care of the little problem of the freakishly large rats that keep attacking fae on their way to Market. If you have an interest in crossover with other games in the World of Darkness, a peril to the goblin market may be just the way to introduce it. How do the characters react when a group of werewolves claim the territory that includes their favorite goblin shops and make it clear in no certain terms that trespassing fae are unacceptable?

Goblin Markets tend to have high security, in part because of the same natural and supernatural hazards that characters have to overcome to even attend them. At worst, security often consists of a bruiser set to watch the door and turn away anyone who isn't sporting horns, a crown of diaphanous light or some other marker of their fae heritage. Vendors often go further, instructing their guards to ask for passwords, barring entry to anything, changeling or otherwise, that doesn't know the code. Sometimes the Market hides behind magical wards. It doesn't do the character a whole lot of good to know that a certain fairy ring marks the entrance to the Goblin Market if she doesn't know the rite necessary to summon the door. The process of gaining entry to a Goblin Market is often similar to that of finding the Market in the first place, and the same general considerations typically hold. Some more cautious Markets, however, function like clubs, requiring a prospective member to find a current member to vouch for him (perhaps even putting his own membership on the line).

These shady Markets may be difficult to access, but often carry the rarest and most illicit materials.

Generally, a changeling with sufficient determination can eventually gain access to a Goblin Market. Occasionally, however, whether due to physical weakness, social stigma or having irrevocably pissed off the vendors, a character simply can't gain admittance. This may carry with it negative implications among his peers ("Do you see him? He's the boy who can't even get into the Lake Market"), but it definitely puts him at a disadvantage to Market-going changelings. Not only does the character no longer have access to the various bits of information, Goblin Contracts, Tokens and other little horrors available for purchase, he doesn't have the advantage of the Market as a clearinghouse for all of the bizarre odds and ends he may come across upon his journeys. Such a changeling might have one of the most eclectic collections of curiosities in the freehold, but he likely lacks what he really *needs*.

SECURITY AT THE MARKET

The simplest way of keeping the peace is by having guards that are tough enough to give even a brawny Ogre pause. Hobgoblins are often ideal, preferably of the trained beast or sullen thug model. A hobgoblin guard is usually single-minded enough to focus on the job of keeping visitors in line (dissuading them from entertaining notions about how they might pilfer some goods or snatch some currency) while still being intelligent enough to be able to distinguish between troublemakers and simple, honest merchants.

Changeling merchants often prefer changeling guards; hobgoblins are reliable, but need more training. A changeling who serves as a guard for the Goblin Market can be bound with a pledge, and therefore trusted.

Changelings find goblin guards stationed at the entrances to the Market and patrolling its avenues, pushing through the gathered throng like sharks through the water. Many vendors keep one or two guards of their own, ranging from mindless (but very aggressive) Hedge Beasts to well-dressed changelings bearing brightly polished blades. Goblin merchants may employ magical wards or spring-loaded traps to protect their wares, and Goblin Market stalls are notoriously difficult to pilfer from. Regular Market-goers have, on occasion, been known to step in to break up an argument or fight at Market. Doing so can harm a changeling's reputation at court, but can also make the hobgoblin vendors feel indebted to their savior and more likely to offer a deal.

Some Goblin Markets are unwilling to trade with changelings who don't directly promise to a representative of the market to abide by the peace. Sometimes this promise even takes the form of a pledge, although the logistics of keeping all Market-goers pledged can be a bit challenging. The goblins demand that such pledges (and, if rumor is to be believed, the secret pledges made when a merchant joins the Market) be sworn on Market pledge tokens. These tokens, available for a wink or a sigh at most Market stalls, function as corporals tied directly to the Market. A changeling that breaks his pledge on such a token suffers the penalties agreed upon in the pledge (typically immediate ejection and future rejection from the Market, sometimes with a weakness to members of the Market built in) as well as a curse that corrupts and turns against him the very items he purchased from the Market in the past. The curse lasts for the same length of time as the broken pledge's duration.

RISKS

Of course, a Goblin Market wouldn't be quite as appealing a setting were there not some dangers outside of the give-and-take of bartering and unusual merchandise. Luckily the culture of the Market can be as alien to the Lost as the freehold might appear to the teeming masses of humanity. Visitors must be wary at all times; not just of bargains and bad deals, but of marauding slavers, unusual laws and confounding taboos.

CAPTURE

One of the most obvious risks of a Goblin Market is that the characters may wind up as merchandise themselves. The Gentry sometimes go slumming in a Market, after all. More importantly, a Market usually involves traders that will go to the gates of Arcadia to hock their wares. If a particular changeling looks as though he or she might fetch a particularly nice price back in Faerie, the goblins may risk trying to capture the poor soul. Rumor has it some vile privateers haunt the shadows of the Markets for just this reason.

Capturing a customer at the Market is against the Market rules, technically. Some merchants will risk it anyway. They drug or hex a bit of merchandise, then bundle the victim into their tent when nobody's looking, maybe rolling her up in a carpet or putting her in a large crockery vessel marked "Lamp Oil." Such a kidnapping makes for an interesting and tense encounter at the Market, as the abductee's friends must discover what went wrong and try to get their friend back. The merchants responsible are subject to Market Law, so if the characters can uncover proof of the abduction, they can have the

culprits ousted from the Market or worse. This may earn them a new enemy, but justice has been done, and more importantly a friend recovered.

More prudent merchants may try to capture the target outside Market walls. There are several common tactics for this approach. One is to offer the target a special “after-hours” deal or coupon, telling them to return after the Market closes — only the merchant’s thugs catch the target rather than secretly letting him into Market grounds. Another is to set hobgoblins to follow the target home, preferably catching him while he’s asleep or otherwise helpless and isolated. These efforts are more complicated, and may fail a little more easily, but at least the merchant doesn’t run the risk of violating Market law.

ETIQUETTE BLUNDERS

Rules and bylaws vary wildly between different Goblin Markets. While the goblins will typically make any expectations clear if asked, they don’t waste their time making sure that every fae rube that wanders out of the woodwork knows the score. While the basic laws (don’t try to steal from the stalls, don’t try to kill the merchants) should be common sense, a few make even the most Byzantine bureaucratic red tape seem intuitive. One Market may have an absolute ban on all felines, while another requires all purchases be made under a leaf of holly. Often these rules seem to have something to do with the character of the Market, but rarely in a way that’s direct or obvious. The goblins aren’t forthcoming about the rationale for their particular rules.

Some breaches of etiquette have nothing to do with the rules as posted. The creatures working the goblin stalls can be as prideful and sensitive as the Lost, and insulting their kind, their fellows, their wares or their appearance can quickly result in a deal going sour. Of course, these same goblins tend to be spiteful, so they appreciate such comments at the expense of others. Buyers interested in appealing to a goblin’s baser instincts have to be careful not to cross the line between the rudely amusing and the offensive. Other goblins may have particular ways of doing business (perhaps in absolute silence, for example), and will loathe anyone who defies them within their stall. These minor concerns vary between individual goblins, and each one’s peccadilloes can establish a lot about the merchant. Offending a merchant may result in higher prices from the goblin and any others that goblin has sway with, but doesn’t carry the same difficulties as breaking the official rules (at least not until a character realizes that the only merchant who has something she needs is one she pissed off the last time she was at Market).

Breaking Market law, on the other hand, typically results in ejection from the Market, and it’s not unusual for the goblin heavies to rough the offender up a little (or take a hand, if the crime is theft) on the way out. Depending on the severity of the crime, the character may be told not to return for a length of time. For some crimes, banishment may be permanent. Some blunders, on the other hand, may be decidedly more dangerous to make.

FATAL OFFENSES

The goblins consider very few rules so sacrosanct as to necessitate the loss of a potential customer. That said, goblin merchants can be extremely protective of their own. Killing, torturing or raping a member of the Market guarantees a commensurate response from the goblins. Destroying stalls or a large store of goods (or freeing a shipment of slaves) can earn the goblins’ wrath as well. Markets have occasionally been known to kill Lost who have delayed or interrupted their typical cycle (usually by sabotaging or killing the Market’s mode of locomotion). Finally, the Market is hardly above the occasional act of assassination, especially when a Lost starts trying to convince her freehold to ban, evict or otherwise harm the Market.

Hobgoblins rarely outright murder an offender. Instead, they usually capture the culprit, bringing him before the gathered goblin merchants after hours. “Market justice” typically requires a baroque opening ritual; while this rite varies among Markets, it often involves rolling an object (whether a barrel full of the shrunken genitals of past offenders or an ancient cart purportedly once owned by the Market’s first merchant) about the captured lawbreaker three or seven times. A goblin steps forth to read the crimes of the accused, then allows the poor soul a few last words.

Then the goblins make the accused play a game of chance with their life as the stakes. They often ask him to pick a number; they then place a bullet in the chamber of a revolver, spin it, point it at him and pull the trigger that number of times. Conversely, they may put a number of bullets into the revolver equal to the number, but only pull the trigger once. Sometimes they involve Contracts. Several markets play a variation on the numbers game by blessing a gun with Shooters Bargain (p. 164, **Changeling: The Lost**) before firing it once at the accused.

Those lucky few who survive Market justice get to leave with their lives, but not before the goblins have beaten, stomped, burned, tarred, scarred, branded or mutilated them. When such unfortunates come to, they often find themselves alone in the Hedge, far from any trod they recognize.

MARKET TYPES

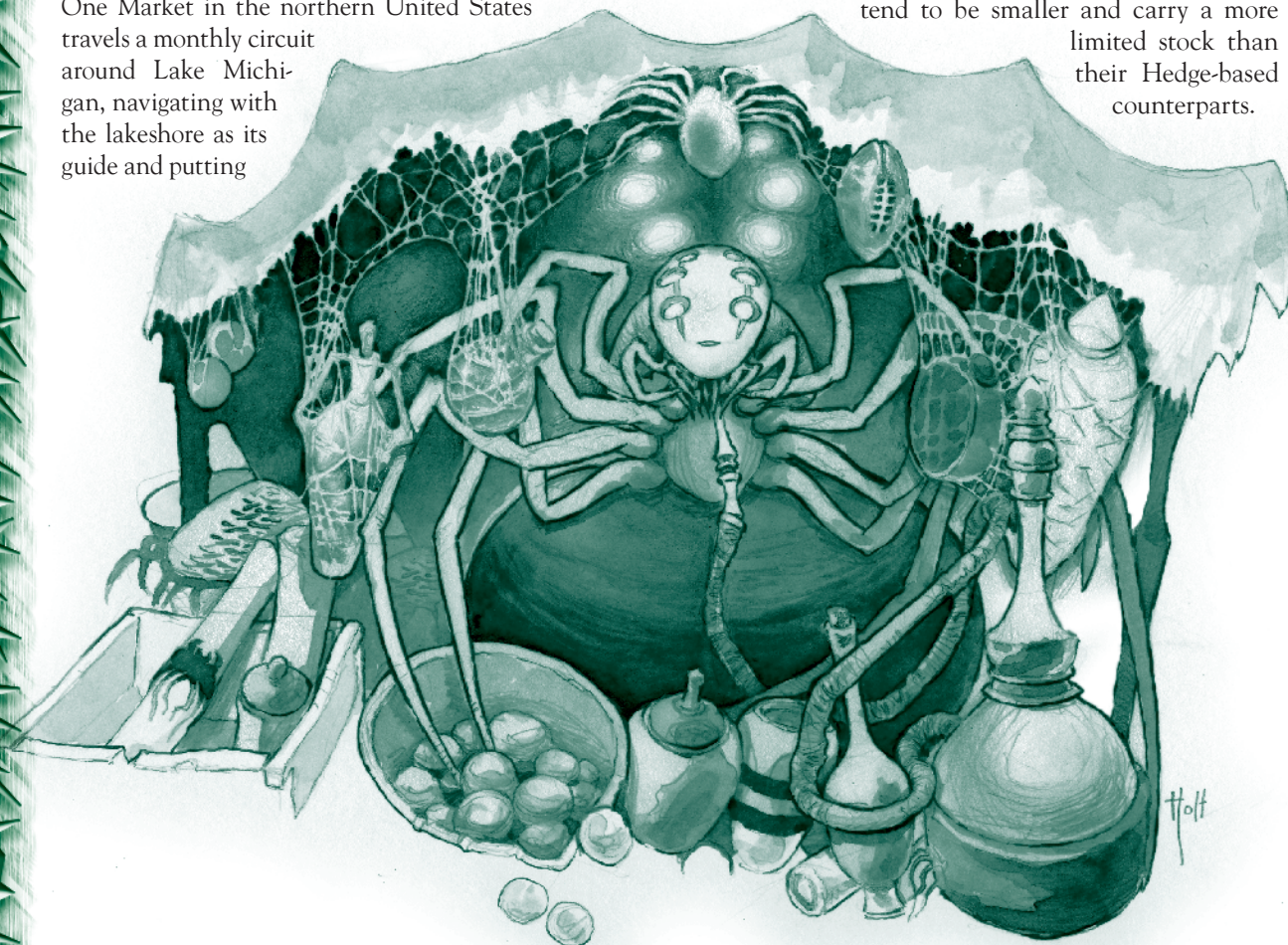
There are two basic considerations for any Goblin Market's location: is it primarily in the mundane world or in the Hedge, and is it nomadic or tied to a fixed site? Deciding on these two aspects helps determine, to a large extent, the other characteristics of your Goblin Markets. While we treat each of these facets as binary (either mundane *or* Hedge, mobile *or* fixed), there's no reason you can't blend them a little. Perhaps a nomadic goblin carnival weaves in and out of the Hedge over the course of its circuit. Maybe an apparently mortal Market hides secret avenues that extend deep into the Hedge.

MUNDANE VERSUS HEDGE

Many Goblin Markets set up partially within the Hedge. It allows plenty of space to sprawl out and set up booths without running into the inconveniences of trespassers or accidental observers. It's also more convenient for the hobgoblins who act as merchants, and the Hedge Beasts that they often sell or use for transport. A largely Hedge-based Market can be mobile or stationary. One Market in the northern United States travels a monthly circuit around Lake Michigan, navigating with the lakeshore as its guide and putting

in to port at each city and town that meets the water. Another, a sprawling open-air market in the warm, often dusty Hedge of Tunis, has remained situated in the same Hollow for well over a thousand years. Hedge-based Markets often boast particular and peculiar dangers, whether from local Hedge Beasts, the occasional Gentry hunting party or the inconstant nature of the Hedge.

Goblins hoping to avoid such dangers sometimes opt to set up shop in the mundane world. Such Markets offer greater accessibility to their changeling patrons, but face dangers all their own, not the least of which is discovery by humanity. Whether a Market situated in the mundane world chooses to root itself in a single location or take its wares on the road is often a response to local pressures. A Market that finds its enemies intent on harassing its customers and breaking its wares or stalls will pull up stakes and travel from neighborhood to neighborhood or town to town. One that manages to carve out a forgotten piece of a city for its own use is more likely to stay put, quickly establishing as much security and camouflage as it is able. Earthly Markets, whether nomadic or stationary, necessarily tend to be smaller and carry a more limited stock than their Hedge-based counterparts.



NOMADIC VERSUS STATIONARY

The Lost would likely be surprised to discover just how many Goblin Markets travel between freeholds to share their wares. To outside observers, it seems the Market shows up on a specific day each month, sells its goods, then vanishes until the following month, when it reappears with new fantastic items. It doesn't always occur to the Lost that the changelings the next city over experience the same cycle (just a week later) each month. The vendors keep their mouth shut about their circuit, whether for the purpose of security or a flair for the dramatic. Nomadic Goblin Markets live and die by their circuits, making damn sure that they're where they need to be, when they need to be there. Such a regimented existence (not to mention the various dangers of the road) tends to take its toll on nomadic goblins, and they're often known for being the most ragged of merchants in appearance. Many changelings love nomadic Markets for their forms of locomotion. Whether in dirty trailers pulled by old, rusted-out trucks (held together with a bit of spit and a lot of Glamour) or hitched to the back of winged elephants, the arrival of a nomadic Market often generates wander and excitement among local Lost of all ages.

Stationary Markets tend to stick to similar schedules as their nomadic cousins, but have the freedom to be a little more flexible with their time and to expand into structures that can't be put on wheels at a moment's notice. Stationary Markets often leave some remnants of their existence, whether empty stalls or boarded doors, behind them when they close up shop. Sometimes, however, they simply disappear: open for business one night and gone the next. While changeling vendors may be seen relaxing about town while the Market's gone, where their hobgoblin counterparts vanish to remains one of the great mysteries of the Market.

The Market Will Be Computerized

A persistent rumor among younger Lost holds that the goblins have joined the digital revolution. Stories circulate constantly of secret message boards and password-protected auction sites catering in goblin wares. Most changelings dismiss these rumors, pointing out the wooden stalls, silk tents and ancient carts common to the Market. Goblins aren't exactly known for being with the times. Supporters of the stories remind detractors that the Hedge is a place of dreams, and few advances in technology have so inspired the dreams of mortals as the Internet.

EXAMPLE MARKETS

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SIDESHOW (MOBILE, MORTAL)

Part caravan, part carnival, part traveling snake oil bazaar, the Midsummer Night's Sideshow travels from freehold to freehold on a yearly basis. It arrives in the dead of night, its brightly painted 18-wheelers spilling out tents and carnival rides quick as anything. It sets up in poor locations by a genuine carnival's standards: stretches of fallow fields off disused roads, vacant lots in depressed neighborhoods, places where the average suburbanite is unlikely to take his kids. Its Mask is that of a third-rate carnival barely scraping by, its rides showing rust at the seams and its tents faded and dog-eared. When its veil is pierced, it retains a faintly shabby aspect, but the exotic is far more evident — strange forms dance in the dim light of the sideshow tents, peculiar smells waft from the food stalls, and the workers are distinctly not as human as they look. The Midsummer Night's Sideshow is mostly staffed by changelings (largely Wizen), with added assistance from hobgoblins who only come out to run the show at night.

THE HACIENDA (FIXED, MORTAL)

When a wealthy bootlegger first ordered the mansion constructed back in the twenties, the neighborhood surrounding boasted some of the wealthiest homes in the city. Since then, however, the area's fortunes have experienced a precipitous fall. Now the mansion, like the other homes around it, stands dark, neglected and abandoned. Thick yellow and gray grime coats the white stucco walls, broken tiles from the roof punctuate the cracked walks and algae chokes the once immaculate grotto.

Every nine days, however, the fae fall upon the house, converting its many rooms into a cramped bazaar. Veils hang across the ceilings and break up rooms, the various transactions and services obscured by only the thinnest translucent cloth. The air is thick with opium, incense and the heavy scent of exotic spices. On these nights, the grotto tucked behind the house becomes a gateway to the Hedge, and the patio surrounding it is the freehold's premier location to wheel, deal, and socialize, especially with Lost visiting from other regions (and, if rumor is to be believed, also a few vampires, wizards and even stranger creatures).

THE CHURCHYARD (FIXED, HEDGE)

There's an old church in a run-down part of town, its white paint flaking and its congregation getting older and smaller every year. They have a quaint little graveyard out by the side, with a low wall and a few tombstones notable for their age. But if you open the lich-gate on the night of a crescent moon, then you step through to the Other Side. And there, the Market is open.

The Churchyard Market exists in the Hedge only on nights of the crescent moon: at least, only in that particular location. At any other time, the booths and tents that litter the area are mere wooden skeletons, rattling softly in a silent wind. The Market's cemetery reflection is powerfully felt in the Hedge environs. The enclosing walls are equal parts thorns and gray stone, with peculiar hooded and weeping statues overrun with vines and tiny white flowers, like angels formed out of a half-remembered dream. It is an uncommonly quiet Market, as well; the local goblins speak in soft voices, and many trades are bartered in low whispers. Rumor has it that the Churchyard stays quiet because it fears banishment — if somehow the church's bells are heard in the Hedge while the Market is open, it will be banished from the location forever.

THE SPIDER BAZAAR (MOBILE, HEDGE)

It would take a strong stomach, or a peculiarly fae sensibility, to visit the Spider Bazaar without flinching. This nomadic Market moves from place to place on hundreds of chitinous legs. Here, fae spiders are the beasts of burden, the watchdogs and even a few of the merchants. Some are beautiful, shining like living jewels or with soft, polychromatic fur to rival any butterfly's wings. Others are hideous, bloated monsters of asymmetrical and grotesque appearance. Many of the hobgoblin barterers are simple hobs much as one would find at any Market, but others have a distinctly arachnid aspect; one might speak with a monastically robed goblin with the bright-eyed face of a jumping spider, or visit a tent where beautiful women dance, clusters of writhing arachnid legs where their hair would be and trails of cobweb spinning off their glistening forms.

The goods bought and sold at the Spider Bazaar are of all the usual variety, though there might be a slight discount for Hedgespun made of the silk of the Bazaar's spiders; the stuff does pile up. Pet Hedge-spiders are often sold as well, though the wise buyer will make certain to learn all of the information for proper care and feeding (as well as just how large the pet is expected to get someday). The Bazaar stays in one place for roughly a week or so, then rolls up its silken tents and moves on. The reasons for its nomadic existence are unclear, but some suspect that they move on once the spiders have eaten all the wild hobgoblins and Hedge Beasts in the vicinity and are beginning to get hungry again.

CHAPTER 2

Buying and Selling

THE MERCHANDISE HEDGESpun

One of the most common offerings at a Goblin Market are the many and wondrous forms of Hedgespun goods. This means clothing, of course, but all manner of Hedgespun items can be found for sale.

Generally speaking, the average Hedgespun item is functionally no different than a similar mundane article — it's simply made of some improbable material, and is disguised by the Mask to mortal eyes. An elaborate garment made of cobwebs might protect against the elements as much as any formal dress would, and would certainly appear as a mundane formal dress, even though its flimsy appearance redefines “barely there.” A Hedgespun (technically, Hedgeforged) axe is functionally the same as a fire axe, and would appear as such to those who perceive its Mask, even though to fae eyes it's clearly made of shifting smoke hammered into a solid, sharp edge.

Hedgespun items are fairly inexpensive, as goblin wares go. They might cost a minor service, a trifle, a quaint abstraction. A changeling is unlikely to be charged a bitter and perilous price for a new scarf, even if that scarf is woven from comfortable, non-hazardous living flame. Unless, of course, she gives the impression of being so naïve or gullible that she might pay far more than an item's worth — again, the Market isn't exactly *fair*.

GOBLIN CONTRACTS

The Goblin Markets are an obvious place to sign on with the various twisted little supernatural gifts that are easy to learn but perilous to use. The merchants love them as merchandise — they're attractive, they're a terrific bargain, and they get people talking.

The cost for purchasing a Goblin Contract is essentially the experience cost. The player merely pays the experience cost (the level of the Contract multiplied by 3) and adds the power to the character sheet.

The actual experience of buying a Goblin Contract at the Market is an element that can be constructed in a variety of different ways. Like many things in **Changeling**, this variety is largely present for the purposes of making the process interesting; the variations between methods of purchase are generally cosmetic, and don't need any additional mechanics to differentiate them.

- The changeling purchases a literal written contract from the merchant, and signs appropriately — in blood, tears, ash, simple ballpoint ink, whatever is most appropriate. The cosigner that grants the supernatural ability is referred to obliquely, in intense solicitor's language.

- The Contract is contained in some small oddment that must be swallowed whole by the changeling as a sign of good faith. She may have to swallow a frog's eyeball, a living centipede, an acorn, a peculiarly rubbery raw egg or worse. Alternately, she may need to drink some peculiar elixir. The oddment is the “seed” for the Contract to take root in the changeling.

- The changeling exchanges some of his own blood, hair or even bone as part of the purchase price, and receives a small effigy of himself in return (invested with a portion of his donated biomass). If he sleeps with the effigy under his pillow, the Contract is finalized within his dreams that night.

TOKENS

Goblin Markets do brisk business in tokens. The goblins typically have an easier time combing the Hedge for interesting saleables than do changelings, who have to be mindful of their Clarity. Hobgoblins, however, can manage to scavenge all number of unusual items imbued with faerie power — and a measure of faerie capriciousness, to boot. Many of these tokens are relatively useless, of course, but that doesn't keep a merchant from trotting them out for sale. Someone found a broken comb that sucks all the color and life out of the user's hair? Why, that has value: A clever customer could use it to sabotage a rival for the affections of a desired mate, or perhaps "aged" will be the new "youthful" as fashions change with the seasons. There are few things so valueless that a goblin won't try to charge something for them, proclaiming what a fantastic bargain the buyer is getting the whole time.

In general, a token will cost roughly its rating; see "Price," pp. 28-32, for extrapolations of what it might mean to pay a two-dot price for a two-dot token. Generally one dot of "cost" will purchase three trifles, and a single trifle might cost somewhere between zero and one dots.

GEWCAWS (0-DOT TOKENS)

Some tokens don't have even a trifle's worth of actual, useful power. They might fade quickly like a trifle or confer a permanent blessing, although "blessing" might be a bit strong. These items can often be bartered for just the smallest and most seemingly harmless bits of barter — a dead mouse, three long hairs, a two-headed nickel. Sometimes a trader might throw a gewgaw into the pot as a deal-sweetener. Ten sample ideas for these zero-dot tokens follow:

- A pebble that, when worn in a shoe, keeps mud and dirt from clinging to that shoe (though it's not particularly comfortable). Never found for sale in pairs.
- A wooden tooth, worn in the place of a missing tooth, that itches at sunrise and sundown.
- A walnut that, when opened, releases a live dragonfly.
- A paintbrush that will only paint in red.
- A slightly scratched vinyl record that plays a 1950s jazz song in the voice of its owner.
- A thumbtack that can be pressed into metal as easily as drywall.
- A piece of smelly cheese that will never get stale or moldy, until eaten.
- An old rotary phone that translates any incoming calls into dolphin song.
- A pulp magazine that changes little details in its stories when nobody's looking.

- An elephant goad that sends white elephants into the dreams of a sleeper who keeps the goad under the bed.

GOBLIN FRUITS

Goblin fruits are perhaps the most common items available for sale at the Goblin Markets. While each Market boasts a few stalls devoted solely to the sale of these consumables, many vendors keep a basket of fruits available no matter their primary wares. They typically use these fruits to sweeten whatever deals they're brokering, but are just as happy to sell the fruits separately if someone's buying. The hobgoblin vendors seem to have an easier time gathering or cultivating these fruits than changelings, so the demand for fruits at market (unless exceptionally rare and unusual) is virtually non-existent. Likewise, goblin fruits sell for pretty cheap, with only the most exotic fetching more than a pleasant daydream or a furtive glance.

- **Cocorange:** These massive seeds are about the same size and shape as a football, with a hard outer shell. They grow in tropical and subtropical climes and contain pulpy, fibrous, citrus flesh that can be eaten raw, squeezed for its juice or cooked. When consumed, it produces a mild intoxication, equivalent to about one shot of liquor.

- **Coralscalp:** Harvested from under the waves where the Hedge and the ocean meet, coralscalp resembles kelp from a distance. Only close inspection reveals it to be made up of long, fine, hair-like fibers. When dried and smoked, coralscalp bolsters a changeling's sense of self for the remainder of the scene; she gains a bonus die on perception rolls and rolls to avoid losing Clarity. Afterwards, however, the character experiences mild hallucinations, suffering a -2 penalty to all perception rolls for the following scene.

- **Dactyl:** These, oily, juicy fruits resemble dates and prosper in arid environments. When consumed, a dactyl makes the imbiber seem new and exciting to everyone she interacts with, granting the 9-Again rule on social rolls for the remainder of the scene. Dactyl, unfortunately, are notoriously foul; eating one requires a Resolve + Stamina roll, and keeping it (and anything else recently eaten) down at the end of the scene requires a second.

SERVANTS, PETS AND SLAVES

Sad to say, many Goblin Markets also double as slave markets. They might keep these auctions secret, only available to trusted customers in the know — or they might parade their living wares in full view. It depends partly on relations with the local freehold, and whether a sizable portion of customers would both be offended enough to do something about it and strong enough to follow through on embargos or threats of violence.

Trade in hobgoblins is ever-present. You can easily find a vendor with various caged Hedge Beasts and vermin for sale, offering peculiar bird-things and odd monkey-like creatures. Sometimes these hobgoblins are sentient; sometimes they aren't. Non-sentient Hedge creatures are considered pets, and can be represented by the Retainer Merit. Most pets are considered to be Retainer • (for small, weak creatures such as rodents, insects, arachnids and birds) or •• (for larger, smarter creatures such as cats, ferrets and small dogs). Hedge pets that can be trained *and* can pose a significant threat to enemies (such as large felines, canines and even simians) are considered Retainer •••.

The smarter creatures are typically traded and auctioned behind closed doors, far from prying eyes. Such creatures may be considered servants or slaves, with the primary distinction being whether or not the entity can ever earn its freedom. Some Hedge creatures pledged themselves into servitude until they fulfill some obligation, and (like anything else) such obligations can be bought and sold at Market. These entities are considered Retainers. Characters who buy servants typically know what their obligation entails (and thus know when it will be up). Once a servant has earned its freedom, the character

loses the Merit... unless, of course, the changeling and the servant have come to an arrangement. Given the experience spent by the player, you're encouraged to make this easy on them, unless they've been inordinately cruel to the servant.

Slaves, on the other hand, are owned wholesale. They cannot buy their freedom (though they may try to escape). Most were captured in the Hedge or kidnapped from the human world, though Arcadian masters have been known to sell their changelings at Market on occasion. Owning a slave makes a changeling more akin to the Gentry than not, and can take quite a toll on her Clarity. Simply purchasing a slave necessitates the changeling roll three dice to avoid losing Clarity at 4 or higher (unless the slave is purchased with the sole intention of granting its freedom). Abusing a slave or using magic to alter its body or mind in any way is considered a breaking point of Clarity 2.

Note that the Merit Hedge Beast Companion (**Autumn Nightmares**, p. 132) does not apply to creatures purchased at Market. Such lowly creatures seek out a changeling's company for the mutual benefit they can provide, and are free to abandon their chosen patron. Pets, servants and slaves have no such recourse.



New Merit: Slave (• to ••••)

Your character has purchased a slave at Market. The creature is bound to serve you in almost any way imaginable, chained to your will. This chain always manifests in some way in the creature's appearance: iron collars around the neck and silver cords about the wrist are typical markers, but brands, tattoos and even fur patterns have been known to manifest. So long as the slave's fetters remain, it must make a successful Resolve + Composure roll to act against its master. The roll is penalized by -3 dice if the slave attempts to refuse, ignore or disobey a direct order, and -5 if it tries to physically harm the character. Even the most simple-minded slaves have feelings, however, and the Storyteller can reduce (or even waive) these penalties in the face of long-term abuse.

The complexity and intelligence of a slave varies based on the value of the Merit. At •, the slave is little more than a magical automaton, such as a lamp that follows its master or a broom that sweeps of its own accord. For ••, the slave is a simple imp or wisp of limited intelligence, capable of carrying out relatively simple tasks but without any significant capacity for problem solving. At •••, the slave has the intelligence (and often temperament) of a child. At this value, a slave can be large enough to provide its master with physical defense and may possess one dot in a single Contract. A •••• slave is a familiar of average intellect and skill, perhaps possessing two dots in a single Contract. Finally, for •••••, the slave is of greater-than-average intelligence or strength, able to think critically and creatively about problems and possessed of four clauses from one or two Contracts. At this level, the slave may even be a changeling or non-fae supernatural creature (with four of their appropriate powers), but keeping such powerful creatures as slaves is asking for trouble.

Drawback: Besides the dangers inherent in housing abused hobgoblins, owning slaves carries a social stigma among changeling society (composed, as it is, primarily of former slaves). Most changeling slave-owners take care to be discreet in their proclivities, lest they garner a reputation in their Freehold for being no better than the Others.

Special: Slaves at the Goblin Market come in two varieties: trained and untrained. The latter are most common and tend to come cheap, and have a value (see p. 28) equal to half the Merit's rating. The character purchasing such a slave must also pay the usual experience cost of the Merit in order to "break in" the new slave. Trained slaves serve obediently from the moment of purchase (requiring no expenditure of experience), but cost an exorbitant amount. These have a value equal to the Merit's rating.

VICES

Goblin Markets are a place where one can indulge her vices, in both the common sense of the word and as the mechanical Trait. Goblin merchants are quick to tempt the gluttonous with savory delicacies, the avaricious with gleaming treasures and the lustful with debauched shows and services. They also have a knack for reading their customers.

Any character who enters a Goblin Market has a strong chance of a Vice-merchant correctly identifying the character's Vice and offering to indulge it for a modest fee. Even a Winter Courtier who keeps his anger at the world suppressed and concealed may attract the attention of a Wrath-peddler who sees him as a likely mark. If the buyer doesn't mind paying a

modest fee and feeling a bit dirty in the morning, he can find a way to indulge his Vice in such a way that restores a Willpower point. This may involve a service, or it may be an item that grants a Willpower point at the satisfying moment of purchase (but then has no effect after that). Some sample ideas for said indulgences might include:

- **Pride:** Supernaturally flattering mirrors; a bottle filled with whispered praise and flattery; garments "that suit your true station"; baroque cosmetics; the services of a goblin toady
- **Envy:** Jewelry or other status symbols that bear an uncanny resemblance to a rival's; a temporary "change of face"; a bottled curse for a rival; a scroll of malicious gossip; a voodoo doll or similar proxy totem

• **Wrath:** A few rounds at a punching bag that emits satisfying whimpers; an easily shattered ugly porcelain mask; a Viewmaster depicting images of triumph over an irritating associate; a puzzle-box that opens only by force; a new set of knuckle-dusters

• **Sloth:** A battered TV set that receives peculiar yet dulling programs; some “time away from the others”; sense-dampening incense; an item that does a particular household chore; a book that tells your story so that you don’t have to live it

• **Greed:** Goblin “executive toys”; faerie gold or jewels; a pocket abacus that counts your wealth; clearly expensive-seeming garments; visions of good fortune

• **Gluttony:** Exotic drugs; fantastic trencher-feasts; a bottle of inhaled hallucinations; impossible wines and liquors; a captured dream of glorious excess

• **Lust:** A book of curious pornography; a spyglass that shows voyeuristic images; a goblin peepshow; an hour with a strange courtesan; a Hedgespun garment that moves against its wearer of its own accord

You needn’t feel restricted by the letter of the seven standard Vices, either. The Storyteller may provide customized indulgences for characters; the Market *does* know its customers. For instance, assume a character with the Vice of Wrath also has a weakness for strong drinks or depressants, often trying to achieve a peaceful stupor in order to avoid his terrible temper. A merchant might offer him a draught of potent faerie wine, allowing him to lose himself temporarily in bliss. Though this doesn’t technically indulge the Wrath Vice as written, the character might regain a Willpower point for indulging in a weakness that just as strongly defines the character. This may allow for even more variety when tempting the characters.

Tragically, virtue cannot be reliably purchased at a Goblin Market — only sold.

TRANSFORMATIONS

Fae magic, by definition, courts chaos and transformation. Those who traffic with such forces can take advantage of these facets of the Wyrd, purchasing transformations of their bodies. Sometimes these transformations mirror simple applications of a Contract or other form of magic on the part of the vendor (a hot coal that, when swallowed, transforms the character into a living pillar of flame as per the Elemental Contract Become the Primal Foundation, or a mage’s use of Life magic to grant a character a thick hide). Other transformations can be more complex, requiring specialized components or trips to Arcadia.

Simple, cosmetic alterations tend to come cheap. Non-permanent changes that grant no mechanical benefit typically cost price 0, while a permanent cosmetic change (such as changing one’s “natural” hair color from blonde to red) might cost price •. Non-permanent transformations that grant a minor bonus to rolls (claws that grant +1 damage, for example) or abilities the character wouldn’t otherwise have (gills that extend the length of time a character can remain underwater) don’t cost much more. These typically rank price • for a change that lasts for a single chapter and cost •• for changes that fade at the end of the story. Such alterations are rarely more potent than a Kith blessing, and usually emulate such blessings. A transformation that imitates a Contract power typically bears a price equal to the level of the power (for a story-length change) or half the level of the power rounded up (for a chapter-length alteration).

Even permanent transformations can be obtained at a Goblin Market, but changelings are warned to be particularly careful when striking such bargains. Woe to the Hunterheart who makes a deal for hands and feet that will make him swim faster underwater only to wake up with his hands and feet covered with diver’s fins that have been bolted to his very bones. The most common permanent transformations purchased at Market are additional Kith blessings. Suggestions on how to handle such an evolution appear in both **Winter Masques** and **Rites of Spring**. Kith blessings purchased at Market typically don’t cost anything more than the experience necessary to buy them, but may require the character to undergo some trial to be able to take on the Kith. Stories regularly circulate among the Lost of a changeling who purchased a Kith at a Goblin Market only to have his own Wyrd painfully reject it.

Unfortunately, unclaimed Kith blessings seem rare and tend to be difficult to find at Market. Some speculate that every Kith blessing found at Market was once sold by another changeling. Unsurprisingly, some social stigma comes with purchasing a Kith blessing. Given that many changelings consider their Kith a badge of honor and a mark of the horrors they experienced in Arcadia, they find the idea of someone who hasn’t earned the blessing benefiting from it appalling.

FERTILITY

The barren nature of most Lost can be a wearying, depressing thing. It can’t be rectified by modern medicine; no fertility drug can be expected to work on a changeling’s altered physiology. Some changelings are desperate enough to seek a remedy in the Goblin Markets. And

there, they might find what they're looking for... but even in the most light-hearted fairy tale, whenever you have a couple who's desperate to have a child, something interesting happens.

Assuming that prospective parents are willing to risk the vagaries of the Goblin Market in order to find a solution to their infertility, there's usually one potential solution for sale at any given faerie bazaar. Sometimes there are more, in the larger and grander Goblin Markets, or in areas where the cures have been a popular item.

The most sinister aspect of goblin fertility is that fae magic and Market law do not see children as innocents who receive special exemption. They are either partners in the transaction, and therefore can be charged to pay part

of the price themselves, or they are simple commodities, subject to the usual warning of *caveat emptor*. In almost all cases, a child born by means of goblin fertility will suffer some form of faerie curse. The most common include:

- A given body part is useless or unnatural at birth (such as eyes of wood)
- Born without a soul
- Cursed to reject those who love them (including parents)
- Destined for Fae abduction when they reach a certain age (three, five or seven years most often)

A sample form of purchasable faerie fertility, and the most commonly available, is the Goblin Contract: Goblin Midwife (see sidebar).

Goblin Contract: Goblin Midwife (•••)

The stories of infertile couples seeking out the supernatural in order to have children have their basis in fact. This Contract allows the changeling to act as that go-between, blessing the subject with a temporary increase in fertility. The drawback is twofold, however. First, the child or children conceived with the aid of this Contract will bear some sort of faerie curse. Second, the character using the Contract suffers a mild backlash of twisted love; a former or current paramour develops a strong antipathy for the character. If the character using the Contract has no lovers past or present who are not already bitter and resentful towards him, then the curse will fall on the next object of his affections. He cannot use this Contract again until the curse has been expiated.

Cost: 2 Glamour + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Wyrd + Empathy

Action: Instant

Catch: The target of the Contract has broken the changeling's heart.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: Something goes terribly wrong. The target may sire or bear a true monster, or suffer a terrible curse that takes effect upon seeing or holding a child.

Failure: The Contract has no effect, though its curse on the user is still levied. It cannot be used again until the curse has been expiated.

Success: The target and the first sexual partner the target takes after receiving this blessing are both made temporarily fertile; even a vasectomy or tubal ligation will temporarily undo itself. For the next night and a day, the target may conceive or bear a child at greatly increased odds. Pregnancy is not guaranteed, but only extreme circumstances or outright supernatural interference will prevent sexual intercourse from resulting in conception. As described above, any resulting child is born with some form of minor fae curse, and a curse of antipathy falls on the changeling using the Contract.

Exceptional Success: The child conceived by use of this Contract is born with some minor fae boon as well as the curse. This manifests as a Merit of up to three dots; the Storyteller may choose the Merit that will eventually take hold, or allow the character to choose the blessing's form.

SECOND-HAND DESTINIES GOBLIN MERITS

Some Market vendors offer bits of destiny, twists of fate and tattered souls. These allow the buyer to take on some aspect of another person's life or fate. Remember that singer who was cut down before her prime? You can buy her hard-earned skill. That banker who committed suicide just before his investments paid off? You can purchase his wealth. These fates already exist for the taking; they only cost you a fraction of the potential you would have squandered earning them for yourself.

Second-hand destinies are purchased with experience points. This cost, paid to the vendor, not only covers their fee but allows the magic of the Market to align the buyer's destiny with the fate of another. These come in two flavors: Second-Hand Skills and Goblin Merits.

New Merit:

Second-Hand Skills (• to ∞)

Prerequisite: Wyrd 3

Effect: The character has aligned her destiny with that of someone who was skilled in a way the character is not. For a small tithe of magic, the character may gain access to this expertise. Upon purchasing this Merit, three Skills are chosen (generally corresponding to the Skills most used by the original owner). Once per chapter the character may spend 1 Glamour to gain a number of additional dots in one of those Skills equal to the dot value of the Merit, for the remainder of the scene. This Merit cannot raise the character's effective Skill above 5.

Drawback: The Storyteller should determine the details of the fate's original owner at the time of purchase and explain it to the player (and can add depth to the Market bargaining process). When benefiting from this Merit, characters often adopt some of the mannerisms or ideas of the fate's original owner. While this is mostly a roleplaying consideration, such behavior can cause penalties to rolls in certain situations at the Storyteller's discretion. (These should never be more encumbering than a Flaw.)

These rare and delicate fates serve as a favored shortcut for those Lost fortunate enough to find them. Each represents a person cut suddenly from the skein of fate who left assets or connections that are still tied to him. Perhaps a business mogul kept an investment portfolio under a false name and it has remained open and productive even after his death. Perhaps news of the disappearance of a well-connected drug lord hasn't filtered down to every name in his Rolodex. Whatever the case, these loose ends in the tapestry of fate are just waiting for an ambitious Lost to take advantage of them.

Goblin Merits can represent any non-supernatural Merit. They cost half the usual experience price for Merits. Once purchased, the character may, once per chapter, spend 1 Glamour to access the Merit for the scene. The character slips on the borrowed fate like a costume. Any individuals or groups represented by the Goblin Merit perceive the character to be the original owner of the second-hand destiny. The Merit even allows the character to correctly provide passwords or bypass similar security measures.

Unfortunately, Goblin Merits are a corruption of fate, and fate can be a fickle bitch. The 10-again rule never applies to any roll to use a Goblin Merit, or any roll aided by or permitted by a Goblin Merit.

The vast majority of Goblin Merits available at market represent the connection between a second-hand fate and a group or institution. Allies, Contacts, Mentor, Resources, Retainer and Status (in mundane groups only) are the most common and cheapest available. These cost no more than the halved experience (and possibly a small additional finder's fee on the vendor's part). Other Merits represent talents, knowledge or more ineffable aspects of an individual and are commensurately more expensive. In addition to the experience cost of the Goblin Merit, they carry a value (see p. 28) equal to the rating of the Merit. The sublime beauty of a shy waitress from the suburbs who never understood the effect she had on men, for example, can be quite expensive.

WHAT'VE YOU GOT?

This is the trickiest of all options, but for some groups it's also the most rewarding. The player saunters up to a booth and says, "What do you have that's interesting?" You reply with a list of potential abstractions, peculiarities and oddments that optimally take the character into account to be tempting. The player's interest is hopefully piqued, and barter begins.

A freeform barter often relies on the player and Storyteller's comfort with ad-libbing. While you can certainly refer to the various examples given below in "Price," doing so can slow down the pace of the scene. Having a general idea of how price, value, supply and demand relate to one another at the Market can help a lot, and so long as what you're asking the player's character for matches up with what you're selling them, you should be in good shape.

If the player disagrees and wants to haggle further, it may help to determine the relative value of the item being sold and the price the player is offering and refer to "Getting a Good Deal," p. 32. That section offers more specific information and mechanics for players trying to get the best for what they're giving away. Freeform bartering works better as a way to establish the character of a vendor, provide the players with interesting little trinkets, and, of course, seed plot hooks.

PLOT HOOKS

If you've thought about potential plots you want to run on down the line, a stall might have just the story hook to get something like that rolling. Say that you had an idea for a storyline that involved a privateer bottling the dreams of children to send back to Arcadia like imported wine. The obvious hook is to offer a phial of that brew, perhaps obtained without the privateer's knowledge (such being the acquisition abilities of the Goblin Market), with a cryptic hint about it being "a fine local vintage." The foreshadowing hook doesn't have to be a physical object important to the upcoming plot: it can be a vision captured in a spider web, a bottled rumor, or something important to a Storyteller character involved in the plot even though the object has nothing to do with the plot itself. Consider jotting down a few ideas ahead of time, just in case. Even if they don't wind up being purchased at the Goblin Market, you can always introduce them in other ways if you find something that you like.

Many of the items found for sale in the Market stalls have particular uses for changelings. Rare and common components alike can be had for the right price. These may be a physical item used as part of a Contract's catch, but can just as easily be an abstraction that serves the same purpose. A changeling who quaffs a carafe of "Lunch with a Gristlegrinder" (hardly the most pleasant of vintages) can use the Riddle-Kith Contract to take on the appearance of a Gristlegrinder without the usual Glamour cost. Similarly, woe be to the changeling who sold his broken heart if a Duke of the Icebound Heart happens to take a liking to it. Sold

Skills typically become second-hand Skills, as listed in the sidebar on p. 26. A few interesting items that might be available follow.

The Cacophony: Tucked into a box of discount junk, this eight-track cassette has no label. When played, it produces a grating symphony of screams and sobbing. Finding out who produced this tape may only be the beginning of the character's misfortunes.

The Perilous Edge: This ivory-handled straight razor gives an incredibly smooth shave, but never fails to nick its user. The blade is engraved with the letters "E.S." and the date "1892."

The Perfect Snow Globe: This small souvenir houses a tiny replica of a local monument. The weather within the glass always predicts the next day's weather at the monument. Recently the weather in the globe has become quite unusual...

The Eavesdropping Ball: A minor slave in the unlikely form of a tennis ball, this hobgoblin was sold by its former master for its unfortunate habit of listening in on privileged conversations and gossiping shamelessly about their contents. It just so happens that the secretive Winter Queen is an avid tennis player.

The Old Cipher: This leather-bound tome seems to be filled with pages of nonsense and bizarre diagrams. If someone were to break the code, however, they'd realize the held the personal (and sinister) musings of one of the local seasonal rulers.

The Broken Conch: The discordant notes that this cracked shell produces when blown send any nearby sea life into a violent frenzy. Were the shell to be fixed, blowing into the horn would instead release the sea Elemental trapped within it decades ago.

Miss Molly's Derringer: This small pistol packs quite the punch, as any bullet fired from it tears through fae defenses as if it were cold iron. It also serves as the anchor for the eponymous Miss Molly, a foul-mouthed, foul-tempered poltergeist.

The Monkey's Paw: While it doesn't grant wishes, this desiccated hand lends anyone who holds it the nimble dexterity of a monkey, tripling his Defense when he takes a Dodge action. Thing is, somewhere out there is a simian hobgoblin in search of his missing limb.

The Royal Scepter: A simple, ivory staff of office topped by a silvered bat skull, which is said to have been wielded by one of the dark barons of the vampires, and may still possess some inscrutable influence over their ilk. At the very least, one of the living dead might be willing to do almost anything to get her pale claws on it.

The Arcadian Blade: This silver blade reflects the light of the moon even at midday. Rumor has it that the sword is sharp enough to shear even the strands of fate, providing its wielder with small fortuitous twists of luck. Unfortunately, it draws the worst kind of attention from human wizards and the Gentry alike.

VALUE

When anything from a breezy summer's day to an unbaptized child can be bought or sold at a Goblin Market, "value" becomes nebulous. Like all things fae, the economy of the Goblin Market is in constant flux. Supply and demand ensures that a Token that can be had for a passionate kiss one week may cost you your soul the next. Below is a simple guide to the relative value of merchandise at larger Goblin Markets. In smaller Markets, especially those outlawed by the local freehold, items may be considerably more expensive. For information on how these values match up to the price, see "Getting a Good Deal," p. 32.

0 Gewgaws, Goblin Contract surcharge or finder's fee, Minor Hedgespun accessories (scarves, hats and the like), Goblin Market guides

- Common goblin fruits and oddments, Most Hedgespun (• to ••), Lesser Goblin Contracts (• to ••), Local freehold guide, Untrained minor Slave (• to ••), Token (•)

- Rare goblin fruits, Unusual Hedgespun (•••), Medial Goblin Contracts (•••), Untrained medial Slave (••• to ••••), Trained minor Slave (•), Local Hedge Guide, Token (••)

- Major Goblin Contracts (•••• to •••••), Untrained incredible Slave (•••••), Hedge guide to another freehold, Mentorship in standard Contracts, Token (•••)

- Mentorship in unusual contracts, Goblin Market membership, Deep Hedge guide or guide to the gates of Arcadia, Token (••••)

- A Goblin Market stall, Guide through Arcadia, Well-trained but unimpressive Slave (••), Token (•••••)

- + Well-trained, competent Slaves (••• to •••••), Unique items of incredible power sure to change the course of a chronicle

In addition to the various items listed above, Lost can usually find many of the things listed below in "Price" at Market. Such items possess a value equal to their price.

PRICE

Half the fun of a visit to the Goblin Market is finding out just what the seller might ask in return for the bottled wonder he's willing to sell you. The cost may often seem like a bargain at first, and then a bit steep upon further reflection. Goblin Markets are the epitome of the barter economy, where a favor, rarity or even item of great sentimental value has quite a bit more buying power than ordinary cash.

Like other things in the Storytelling system, the cost of a purchase made at the Goblin Market can be measured in an abstract rating from one to five dots. This works much like the Resources Merit, save that goblins are rarely interested in mortal money. Rumpelstiltskin was willing to trade gold for a firstborn, not vice versa — though that isn't to say that someone's firstborn might not be available for purchase somewhere at the Market. It's just that the goblins won't likely ask for gold in return. And if they do, they might mean ancient gold or gold mined without ever seeing the sun.

Of course, market-goers have recourse to other methods of payment beyond straightforward bartering (if such a term can be applied to trading wishes for horses). Many hobs offer goods in exchange for favors. Most require the favor be completed before handing over the goods (allowing you yet another way to seed the Market with story hooks), but a few will accept a deal on credit. Vendors usually seal such a deal with a pledge, while others only accept deals the buyer must inevitably pay — his soul when he dies, for instance. Others may not seem inevitable *per se*, but hobs usually find some way of getting what's theirs. The classic price of a firstborn child, for instance, can be damn near insured to be paid up in a timely fashion through a discreet use of the Goblin Midwife Contract.

ABSTRACTIONS

You might be able to get something at the Goblin Market literally for a song — singing the vendor a song, one that's then taken permanently from your memory, leaving you unable to distinguish any sensible words or notes whenever you hear that song again for the rest of your life. The goblins can sell you an abstraction, and they can also take one from you as a price. Memories are the most common abstractions pulled from a customer, though the loss is more alarming than it might seem at first.

Abstractions, Bottled

How do you catch an unspoken desire? How do you capture a beautiful sunset? Buyers often experience the sale of an abstraction as the irrevocable loss of a memory. The bartering of an intense dream results in the changeling forgetting that dream (and the emotions it inspired). When he sells a dot in Academics, a character immediately forgets his grad school classes and studies (and possibly that cute girl who he met there). Does that mean a sold abstraction is no more than a memory?

Yes and no. To an extent, the memory of an event is tantamount to having experienced that event. A Lost who purchases another changeling's first kiss *remembers* that kiss as if it happened to her. But there's more to it than that. The Wyrd enables these transactions, infusing each abstraction with the magic of time and fate. If the character experienced the past fate of another, doesn't that make it *hers* now? Yet some abstractions, like broken hearts and true names, can give someone else who owns it power over the characters who used them to buy goblin goods. How can these aspects of the Market be measurable? No one seems to know the answer.

The vast majority of abstractions available at the Market came from buyers. The magic of the Market allows any vendor who owns a stall to draw an abstraction from a character (with their permission) and store it. Each must be stored in a physical item. Bottles seem to be the most common, but dreams may be stretched across dream catchers, tattered souls wrapped up in a dewy spider webs or wild nights of sexual debauchery stuffed into a shrunken head.

Some abstractions, however, come from *elsewhere*. The potent spirit of a magician may be locked inside a golden chest found buried deep within the Hedge. A necklace of jagged teeth once worn by an old ogre might hold a remnant of his skill with the axe. A dead media mogul's cell phone may allow you to become him, if only for one hour a night. How such unusual items come to be is often a mystery even to the vendors who happily sell them.

The value of an abstraction almost always lies in its importance to the person giving it up. The memory of a pleasant jingle may be night worthless (even if it sold a million hamburgers), while the lyrics of a favorite song written by a dead lover might hold value beyond compare. A merchant or customer can get an idea of the relative value of an abstraction with a successful Wits + Empathy roll.

0 Unimportant: A mildly enjoyed song, a boring memory, a bad dream

• Trifling: A kiss, a good dream, a whispered secret

•• Important: A day spent with a childhood friend, an enjoyable song or poem, a visit to a favorite museum, an intense erotic dream

••• Beloved: A favorite song, a beautiful memory, an adored sibling's face, a favorite concert, an incredibly uplifting dream

•••• Crucial: A beloved parent's name, a part of the buyer's True Name, a hated memory of Arcadia, a powerful dream shared with another, a broken heart; a dot in a Skill

••••• Life-changing: The buyer's first kiss, own magnum opus, True Name, a dream shared with a dead beloved, an important sexual escapade, Kith blessing; two dots in a Skill

•••••+ Epic: The memory that guided the Lost home from Arcadia, all of high school or college, every sexual experience; three or more dots in a Skill

CURIOSITIES

The goblins do brisk trade in hard-to-obtain items with potential mystical value. These range from the seemingly innocuous (a dove's feather) to the utterly obscure (a mote of dust gathered on a sunny day) to the obviously potent (a shard of the True Cross). Sometimes it's not the curiosity itself that determines its value, but rather its importance to the owner. Determining the relative value of a curiosity can tax a changeling's understanding of the subtler arts and requires a roll of Intelligence + Occult.

0 Common Component: An unusual Goblin fruit, a Hedge thorn, a mundane mirror, a small token in the shape of a flame, a chunk of naturally frozen ice

- Curiosity: Strange handcrafted music box, a copy of Peter Pan in which a child sketched his nightmares, a tortilla on which there is an image of the Virgin Mary

- Unusual Component: A witch's finger, a spider that has been scared to death, a vampire's fang, a fading ember that will not go out unless spat upon

- Heirloom: Grandfather's pocket watch, a rare Rosicrucian manuscript, a Token given to the Lost by her Mentor

- Minor Artifact: A Gutenberg Bible, a chair from the Amber Room, a werewolf pelt, the lost log from a sunken slaver vessel

- Unique Artifact: Hitler's molar, Lewis Carroll's fountain pen, a sword forged in Arcadia, the key to a Gentry's keep

- + Legendary Artifact: The Lance of Longinus, Excalibur, Odysseus's Bow, the Holy Grail, a pearl from a dragon's forehead

LIVING MERCHANDISE

As ugly a practice as it is, slave trading is one of the most lucrative businesses in the shadowed recesses of the Goblin Markets. A Lost willing to engage in a little kidnapping can quickly discover that nothing at market is out of her price range. Such activities can be rough on a changeling's Clarity, however, as few things make a Lost more akin to her keeper than abducting another.

While a few occult correspondences can apply to the flesh trade, a living creature's value at market typically has more to do with its health and capacity for labor. Changeling's can determine the market value of living merchandise with a successful Intelligence + Medicine roll.

- 0 Mundane: Cats, dogs, cows, or any other animals with few exceptions, particularly minor Hedge creatures

- Uncommon: Unusual animals (whether due to species, such as a cougar, or circumstance, such as the runt of the litter), mentally or physically handicapped adult humans, children

- Useful: Average adult human laborers, guards, soldiers or teachers, small Hedge creatures

- Unusual: Particularly skilled humans (such as doctors), terribly beautiful humans or animals, humans touched by the supernatural (such as psychics, ghouls, and wolf-bloods), strong Hedge Beasts

- Auspicious: A seventh son of a seventh son, a changeling, a firstborn infant, a powerful and intelligent Hedge Beast

- Impressive: Non-fae supernatural creatures (such as mages or werewolves), particularly potent or unusual changelings

- + Incredible: A live dragon, unicorn or similar difficult to locate and capture creature

EXPERIENCE POINTS

This is a simple "purchase price" for things that would ordinarily be bought with experience that are somehow available at a Goblin Market, such as Goblin Contracts and the like. The player spends experience points as usual. From the in-character perspective, the experience points represent some of the character's vitality or knowledge, a scrap of potential that might be referred to as "a wonderful day in your future" or "a trick you have yet to learn." After all, the character is giving up whatever it is that the player would have purchased with those experience points instead of the trait in question. The Market is simply able to assess that potential and extract it. Buying things with experience usually doesn't need more than a general abstraction of "learning and growing," but if the thought of goblin merchants actually trading in these abstractions appeals, by all means play with the concept. It suits the source material, and it's already an easy enough mechanic.

Appraising an item's value in experience, on the other hand, can be a difficult proposition. How does a Lost measure her potential growth and weigh it against an immediate gain? Vendors typically offer Contracts and Tokens at a fixed price; they don't price-gouge on Goblin Contracts or cut deals on second-hand fates because the prices for these items are typically intrinsic to them. The amount of experience it costs the player to purchase the trait is the amount of potential the character *must* give up to seal the mystical pact. (This doesn't stop some vendors for charging finder's fees or surcharges for such services, especially if the trait being purchased is difficult to find.)

That said, a changeling can attempt to appraise such potential with a Wits + Investigation roll. This roll is particularly useful in aiding a character to identify the relative power of an offered Goblin Contract or value of a Goblin Merit based on what the vendor is asking for it.

Furthermore, players may directly exchange experience points for dots of price. This can represent the character handing over his potential (as described above) for items that can't usually be purchased with experience, or it might represent the character taking time to track down specific items and perform detailed tasks required of the vendor. Such costs must be paid in full before most vendors are willing to cough up the goods.

Dots in price are purchased as if it were a Skill. The first dot costs three experience, the second dot six, and so forth. Experience exchanged for price is handled on a per exchange basis. If a character buys two items of value • each, she pays six experience points total. Likewise, when buying a value •• item, a character cannot buy the two dots separately for three experience points each; she must spend nine experience points.

MAKE AN OFFER

This requires the most adjudication from the Storyteller, but is a fantastic outlet for player creativity. In essence, the player proposes something that he believes is of equal worth to the purchase (or slightly higher, in order to bait the seller's interest). In return, the Storyteller determines whether or not the offered price is fair, and may haggle on the hobgoblin's behalf.

When determining the value of an item that doesn't neatly fall into one of the categories listed here, try to think of it in terms of how important it is to the character selling it or how difficult it

would be to acquire. If you find it easier to do the former, compare it to the chart given for abstractions on p. 29. If the latter, use the guidelines for curiosities on pp. 29-30. So long as the value of what's being bought roughly equates to the price being offered, things should be fine.

Keep in mind that an item might not be very valuable at all to a vendor, and vendors are under no compulsion to accept every odd or end a changeling considers valuable currency. On the other hand, vendors consider very few things utterly worthless, so they may be willing to take almost anything, though they may only consider its relative price 0.

VALUABLES

Some goblins are materialistic enough to like mortal riches. However, ordinary mortal riches are dull. There's no savor to a pile of freshly minted bills. The finest and most valuable riches are those that are rare, or perhaps saturated with emotion. In the case of some rarities, a character's Resource-



Appraisal

The section on “Price” (pp. 28-32) gives suggested rolls for determining the value of an item at Market. Players can make similar rolls to get a rough estimate of the value of the item they’re buying. If the item doesn’t fall into one of the groups listed in “Price,” feel free to choose an appropriate Attribute + Skill combination for them. For example, appraising something’s value in experience points (pp. 30-31) is determined with Wits + Investigation, while the value of an abstraction (pp. 28-29) can be determined with Wits + Empathy.

es Merit can be used to pay off the seller’s price. There’s usually just a little more effort involved — the character has to purchase a valuable at auction or commission its creation with her money, instead of just paying the seller directly. A hob may ask for a beloved item (a favorite hat, a warm winter coat) that costs relatively little money but has sentimental value. In such situations the vendor typically argues for a price based on its material cost, while the buyer claims its worth as an abstraction (see above). Usually such disagreements serve as a transition to bargaining. If necessary, a Wits + Streetwise roll can help a character appraise the relative value of a mundane valuable.

GETTING A GOOD DEAL

Though it can’t be stressed enough that a Goblin Market is full of dangerous offers, terrible costs and bad bargains, it is still possible to strike a fantastic deal now and again. It’s a classic narrative bit: due to her wisdom or compassion, the protagonist is able to find value in something (or someone) that is undervalued by its present owner.

Naturally, there should be some effort involved in this sort of thing. Just having a particularly high dice pool for Perception isn’t usually enough; that’s good for spotting a potential deal, but not necessarily for closing it at a bargain price. The **World of Darkness Rulebook** includes guidelines for such bargains under “Cutting a Deal” (p. 82).

Using that system, a negotiation begins with the seller suggesting a price (typically a dot higher than the value, possibly two dots if the buyer seems gullible, foolish or particularly intent on getting the item). The buyer suggests a counter offer. The target number of successes for the extended roll becomes three times the difference in dots between the two offers. The Storyteller may grant bonuses or penalties based on particularly strong or weak roleplay on the part of the player. Furthermore, the character’s relationship with the vendor may result in a bonus or penalty.

Even if one character utterly trounces the other, the final price slides towards the middle. Keep in mind that while no “three and a half” dot items have been listed, a vendor can ask for an item of price ••• and another of price • or •• for essentially the same effect.

Example: Hannah, an Autumn Court Darkling, has found an unusual book that prophesies the owner’s future among the wares of a goblin merchant. The book is a three-dot Token, and thus is value •••. Beezleboar, the hob merchant, tells Hannah that it can be hers for the low, low price of her doctorate education (price ••••). Hannah chuckles, offering instead the shriveled claw of a werewolf (price ••) that she’s been holding onto for a rainy day. The pair haggle over the cost. Hannah reaches four successes first, but only barely. She’s able to get the item for just less than the halfway point between their offers (which happens to be just less than the value... a good, though hardly great, deal). The Storyteller settles on the cost being two price •• items. Hannah gets the book for the werewolf’s claw and a bag of spiders that died of fright.

It is possible to get a better deal than this system suggests. Creativity goes a long way here. Characters may be able to trick a vendor into thinking that what he has is worth less than it is (a difficult feat) or blackmail a vendor into selling for a good deal. The vendor may owe the character for some past aid, or may offer him a good deal based on his good deeds. It’s always possible that a vendor actually has something that’s worth far more than he thinks it is, but vendors have an uncanny tendency to notice a buyer’s excitement when one finds such an item. Similarly, a good deal isn’t always as obvious as it seems. Like Jack’s magic beans, an item may not have a high value to the seller (or to the Goblin Market), but it may be just what the character needs to accomplish some goal.

New Merit: Market Sense (•)

Effect: The Goblin Markets are notorious for trading in anything, and while keeping track of currency exchange rates in the mundane world can be difficult enough, trying to translate how many enamored sighs a knife that glows in the presence of child molesters is worth is a Herculean task. While value is a relative term, those with the Market Sense Merit can generally tell whether a certain transaction is roughly equal or not. It doesn't force a fair deal, and a changeling who dares to tell a hob that he's being cheated on the basis of a "hunch" may well have social ramifications to deal with. Characters with this Merit receive a +3 bonus on any rolls made to see through cheating in a trade or to resist any powers that would interfere with the character's perception of the deal's fairness.

THE SELLER'S GAME

The Goblin Market wants you. It wants you to walk its avenues, browse its stalls, buy its goods and even sell a few of your own. Try to sell to someone outside the Market, however, and you've crossed the line. Some Lost envy the Goblin Market vendors. Perhaps they covet the fae resources the Market seems to have at its disposal; perhaps they find the hustle and bustle, the sheer energy of the Market, intoxicating. Some just want to make the fae equivalent of a quick buck or two. Such changelings sometimes decide to take the plunge and seek membership at the Goblin Market.

The requirements one must fulfill to become a Market vendor are strict, but not necessarily in the ways you might expect. First off, the Market doesn't discriminate based on type. A wide variety of hobgoblins and changelings make up the Market workforce, and, if rumor is to be believed, the stalls include a fallen Gentry or two, a few willworkers, the odd human, and even things further removed from the fae.

The Market instead demands two things from its vendors: the ability to follow Market rules and a talent for regularly producing merchandise.

A character must have been active in the Goblin Market for six market cycles before she has a chance of becoming a vendor. During this time she must not have broken any Market rules (bending is okay, and perhaps even encouraged), and she must have sold to its vendors *at least* six items of value •••, three items of value •••• or one of value •••••.

Proving oneself a valuable member of the Market community does not prove one's worthiness as a vendor. To clinch membership in the Market, a character who has proven his ability to find product and follow the rules must convince a current Goblin Market vendor that the Market needs a new face. He must establish that his presence will significantly benefit the Market. In essence, the character must successfully sell himself to the Market, a feat that requires some finesse and capacity for persuasion (not to mention the occasional bribe, usually in the form of buying the target vendor's goods).

Once the vendor has been successfully sold on the benefits of letting the character open up shop, it brings the application before the other Market vendors in a closed-door meeting. (The applicant is not invited.) The vendor speaks briefly on the character's behalf. Unless another vendor speaks out against the character, he is thereafter allowed to sell goods as a member of the Market without fear of reprisal or sanction. Vendors can give almost any reason save fear of competition for denying a petition; if allowing the new member in causes tension in the already fractious Market community, it doesn't benefit the Market. The onus falls to the character to convince any naysayers. This can sometimes be difficult, as the vendors don't volunteer the identity of the goblin that shot down the petition. Generally, however, if a character has a poor enough relationship with one of the vendors that it would speak against the petition, he probably has a good idea of which goblin denied him.

Being allowed to sell goods without being harassed doesn't make you a full member of the Market, however. The Market requires any potential vendor pony up a membership fee of price ••••, a rather hefty sum, but hardly out of the range of a canny goblin entrepreneur. Furthermore, almost all Goblin Markets require the vendor swear a pledge of loyalty to the Market.

New Merit:
Goblin Merchant (• or •••)

Effect: Your character has convinced the local Goblin Market to let you sell wares to other Market-goers without having to worry about being price-gouged by the other vendors or forcefully removed by the Market toughs. For •, these are the only benefits. At ••• you've paid your membership in full and gain the protection of Market law.

Drawback: Selling wares at the Goblin Market is hardly a respectable profession. In most freeholds, this results in a loss of face among the other changelings. Goblin merchants find that the Court Goodwill Merit is limited to ••• for them. At the Storyteller's discretion other social merits, such as Status and Allies, may be subject to similar restrictions when purchased to reflect ties to freehold society. Changelings find it difficult to hide their association with the Market; aspects of the Market always seem to seep into their mien.

PLAYING A VENDOR

For the most part, being a member of the Goblin Market is akin to being a Market customer, save that the character is no longer limited to selling and buying from the vendors. The Market isn't much less dangerous for vendors than it is for buyers. Changelings still have to worry about being cheated, purchasing dangerous merchandise and following the rules. On the upside, a vendor *knows* all of the rules, and those rules protect him as a member.

The primary advantage of playing a vendor is access. Dots in price are easier to garner when the changeling can sell to anyone at Market, and she knows which vendor to look up to find any specific goods. These exchanges are handled on an individual basis (just as they would be normally) until the character cultivates the appropriate vendor Merits below. Vendors typically trade in items they can reliably find or make themselves. They may offer crafted Hedgespun items, provide wholesale Hedgespun

materials or even sell goblin fruits or Tokens they dig up in the Hedge. They may also sell Goblin Contracts, granted that they know the Contract. In this case the vendor receives the experience spent by the buyer, but must immediately convert it into dots of price or use it to purchase a second-hand destiny appropriate to the buyer.

Vending goods at the Goblin Market comes complete with a few dangers all its own. First, it's a hell of a disreputable vocation. Relationships with the local changelings can quickly become strained, and pursuing position of influence in the freehold rendered almost impossible. Furthermore, just as the Market rules protect the vendors, freehold law almost always disfavors goblin vendors. Such lowly individuals must take particular care to avoid being caught crossing it (often a necessity to run a thriving business).

New Merit:
Market Stall (••••)

Prerequisite: Goblin Merchant (•••)

Effect: The character has purchased a stall at the Goblin Market, usually to the tune of price •••••. The stall allows for storage of goods and is protected by the magic of the Market. When the Market is open, characters attempting to steal anything stored *within* the stall suffer a -4 dice penalty. Items on visible display do not benefit from this protection. When the Market is closed, stealing from the stall is impossible. Unfortunately, when the Market is closed, the character can't access his stall, either, so he's advised not to leave anything in there he might need in the interim.

Furthermore, owning a stall allows a vendor to take advantage of another magical property of the Market: he can buy and sell abstractions as if they were physical property. This means he can extract an abstraction (such as a memory, a Skill, or even experience points) from a permitting character and store it, use it himself, or sell it to someone else. For more on abstractions, see pp. 28-29.

New Merit: Wholesale Wares (• to ••)

Prerequisite: Market Stall (••••)

Effect: Owning a stall makes running a successful Goblin Market business significantly easier. The character has access to a stable supply of wares that he can sell or trade to visitors or other vendors. More importantly, the merchant knows who in the Market to go to for certain rare valuables, and how best to wrangle a deal from them. Once per chapter, the character may reduce the price of an item she purchases from another vendor by 1 for each dot she possesses in this Merit (to a minimum of 0), as long as the character intends to sell the item in her own stall. This allows her to make a higher than usual profit on the item.

Drawback: Goblin merchants typically make these backroom deals to get items out of the Market and into the populace. A merchant who uses an item she obtains through this Merit herself defeats this purpose, typically appearing weak in the eyes of the other vendors. She loses access to this Merit for the remainder of the story, as the other vendors charge her full cost for wares, no matter what she intends to do with them.

CHAPTER 3

Market Stories

STORY SEEDS AND PLOT HOOKS

Like the Markets themselves, stories and plots centered around Goblin Markets offer an almost infinite variety of possibilities for characters to explore. As a Storyteller, the Market environment allows you near limitless potential for introducing new plot ideas to your players' characters. While the obvious "evil doodad screws over players" plot is a standard trope within the Market environment, it's far from the only one possible.

The Market can be used as a delivery system for new plot hooks that don't involve the Market. A character's purchased item might include clues to a mystery related to the local freehold or mortal population. A fellow shopper could turn into a new ally (or adversary) as the two bond or butt heads over a potential purchase. An inquiry about a desired object or piece of information made at the Market, overheard by rivals, may give them insight into a character's weaknesses.

Moral conundrums can also be raised through Market-focused stories. In the Market, characters are faced with issues such as slavery, indentured servitude, greed and cultural disparity. They may be called upon to make difficult moral decisions for themselves: At what point does omission become duplicity? What (if any) goods are simply wrong to traffic in? How much tolerance does one give for as the excuse of "this is the way things are here" before taking action regardless of cultural differences? Being faced with traffic in hob, Hedge Beast and fetch slaves may even lead them to question what really defines humanity, a deep and thorny issue that has challenged philosophers for centuries.

In short, the potential variety available for Market-focused plots is extensive, and while not every story will challenge players on every level, almost any possibility can be introduced to a chronicle through creative use of the Goblin Market environment.

STORYTELLER CHARACTERS

From a character's perspective, Goblin Markets may represent the most diverse and unique social environment that any Lost may encounter. Where else might one dabble in social discourse with hobs and Hedge Beasts, monsters and minions – or even the Others – all while under the nominal protection of the Market Law. This diversity can be intoxicating, especially for those changelings who are enamored of the exotic, or those for whom the surreal atmosphere of the Market seems more plausible than the harsh reality of the mundane world at large. Make no mistake, however. The heady brew of the Goblin Market is just as likely arsenic as absinthe, and whether short-term or in the long run, can be just as dangerous to those who would sample its wares.

Below are some ready-made examples of individuals or creature types that one might encounter while visiting a Goblin Market. They are in no way intended to be all-inclusive. The sheer magnitude of diversity found within the sorted confines of Goblin Markets makes a comprehensive offering impossible. However, they are intended to offer some unique examples of the flavor and range of potential encounters, as well as to offer a smattering of characters that are ready to drop into any given market scene, either as primary interactions or secondary flavor.

The offerings are arranged by the most likely role in which they might be encountered, but feel free to be creative. If it suits your story to give Mister Pinch his own collection of goods and make him a merchant rather than a guard, so be it. If you'd prefer to showcase Estavan as a visiting Satrap seeking to refresh his own supplies (and potentially getting into a bidding war with one of the players' characters about a certain desired item), do it!

Additionally, these individuals need not be wholly confined to the Goblin Market. While each is specifically tailored for Market life, they can also be used outside of the Market proper. For example, if you want to lead characters to the Market, rumors might circulate of a group of mindless zombies populating an area of the Hedge, and investigators find that they're clearing space for a new Market's arrival. Or a newly arrived Liza Jane might approach the freehold looking for a party to guard her while she visits the Market in search of her missing heart.

GUARDS AND STAFF

BLUNDERBORES

Quote: "Nho touch. Take hyour fhingers hif hyou touch."

Background: These hobgoblin brutes provide the best of two worlds: the keen senses and instinctive loyalty of a beast, and the opposable thumbs and dim creativity of a skilled kneecapper. Many Markets favor them as a deterrent — a trained Blunderbore can't be bribed, can follow directions and is an incredibly intimidating force. It's said they hatch

from eggs that are indistinguishable from large hunks of concrete, growing to adulthood in weeks. Such eggs might even be for sale at a Market; of course, the secret of hatching them might be another purchase entirely...

Description: The Blunderbores resemble massive gorillas in form, albeit somewhat more exaggerated; their muscles are more that of a bodybuilder than an athletic animal. They knuckle-walk with tremendous arms, their hands large enough to palm an engine block. They can speak, but rarely do, the words whistling around the massive shovel-tusks in their bulldog lower jaws. Some Goblin Markets dress Blunderbores in recognizable uniforms; others leave the primitive brutes naked.

Storytelling Hints: Blunderbores are equal parts thug and animal. They're smart enough to be capable bouncers, to recognize and evict troublemakers. But they aren't human, and their violent instincts can make them uglier and baser than an Ogre. They are trained to drag unruly customers to one of the Market exits, hurt them just a little, and then throw them out, but sometimes they get just a bit too creative. Some Blunderbores learn that if they can get a troublemaker where nobody can see them, they can get away with more enthusiasm.

It may get them in trouble when they're caught, but until then....



Mental Attributes: Intelligence 1, Wits 2, Resolve 3
Physical Attributes: Strength 7, Dexterity 3, Stamina 6
Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 1, Composure 3
Mental Skills: Investigation (Tracking) 2
Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl (Grapple) 4, Stealth 2, Survival (Hedge) 2
Social Skills: Intimidation 3
Merits: Brawling Dodge, Danger Sense, Fast Reflexes 2, Fighting Style (Boxing) 1, Iron Stamina 2, Strong Back, Toxin Resistance
Willpower: 6
Virtue: Faith
Vice: Wrath
Initiative: 7
Defense: 2
Speed: 15 (species factor 5)
Health: 12 (Size 6)
Weapons/Attacks:

Type	Damage	Range	Dice Pool
Grapple	1(B)	—	12
Bite	2(L)	—	12

MR. PINCH

Quote: “Now, ducks, I’m going to have to ask you to turn out your pockets. Be a good little lamb and comply, won’t you? We wouldn’t want Mr. Pinch to become wroth with you.”

Background: While most Market merchants predominantly utilize Hedge-beings for guards and security, Lost are often prized in those roles. Quick-witted, self-motivated and easily bound by pledges, a changeling “employee” such as Mr. Pinch is not only a valuable asset to a Goblin Market storekeep, but also a bit of a feather in their proverbial cap. Lost such as Mr. Pinch not only elevate a merchant’s standing in the Market, but also can act as a subtle reassurance to potential changeling customers. After all, if one of their own kind seems to be willingly serving a Market employer, the hob in question can’t be all that bad, can they?

Pinch doesn’t speak of how he came to work for the Market originally. Perhaps it was a seemingly sweet deal that required his service in exchange for some irresistible goods. Perhaps he was caught violating Market law and is serving time as a form of punishment for his actions. Perhaps he was turned out by his freehold, and found safety through service to the Markets. Regardless of what originally motivated Mr. Pinch into working for the Goblin Markets, he has adapted over the years away from Lost society, and now serves the Markets wholly, as much a part of them as any merchant, stall or ware for sale.

Description: Mr. Pinch is whip-thin and as just as sharp. His durance stretched him out to seven feet of lanky bone and sinew, with barely any flesh beneath his ivory skin. Either of his wide, long-fingered hands can close easily around a small person’s head or a larger one’s neck, something he’s proven on multiple occasions. He dresses in an understated grey suit, which he finds to give him a touch of authority. The jacket pockets are oversized, the better to conceal his grotesquely large hands – until it’s too late for his victims to avoid being grabbed. Although his demeanor is almost stereotypically proper, his features border on the ridiculous. His face is goblinous, with a long and pointed nose and ears, and a too-wide grin with many small, perfectly hard teeth. Worst of all, he’s quiet—you never know Mr. Pinch is on the way before he’s standing behind you, breathing out a warning in that oddly piping voice of his.

Storytelling Hints: Mr. Pinch affects the patronizing tone of a doting nanny when dealing with customers, partly because it can be intimidating and partly because it amuses him. He’s been tasked with ensuring that the Market’s interests are protected, and is an ideal adversary for those who think to pocket goods without proper compensation to their merchant-owners.

Seeming: Wizenod

Kith: Chatelaine

Court: Autumn

Entitlements: None

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 6, Stamina 3

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 4, Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics (Etiquette) 2, Investigation 4, Occult 2, Politics 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Larceny 3, Stealth (Move Silently) 6, Survival (Hedge) 3

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Expression 2, Intimidation 4, Persuasion 4, Streetwise (Goblin Markets) 4, Subterfuge 4

Merits: Mantle (Autumn) 2, Token 3

Willpower: 8

Clarity: 4

Virtue: Temperance

Vice: Envy

Initiative: 10

Defense: 4

Speed: 11

Health: 8

Wyrd: 6

Contracts: Artifice ••, Darkness ••, Fleeting Spring •, Fleeting Autumn ••

Tokens: Dead Man's Boots (•••)

Glamour/per Turn: 15/6

THRALLS

Quote: “Ngghhhhgggghhhhhh...”

Background: Bereft of all but the barest amount of free will needed for survival, thralls provide those Goblin Markets that are willing to tolerate their presence with a cheap, strong and non-mutinous form of labor. Some claim that thralls are akin to the zombies of legend – corpses of hobs, humans, Lost or Hedge Beasts that have been reanimated into a complacent state of animation. Others believe that they're the result of extreme levels of interaction with the Thorns themselves; mindless, soulless creatures whose psyche has been shredded asunder by the trials and tribulations of existing within the ravenous Hedge. Those who trade in thralls often justify their actions by claiming that neither origin is true – that thralls simply are, and it would be a waste not to make use of this valuable resource. As they are quick to point out, if a thrall is “freed” it shows no particular joy or relief in its lack of indenture. In fact, if released, a thrall is as likely to continue to blunder through its last assigned tasks as to wander off in a seemingly random direction into the Hedge, making it difficult to justify removing these tireless workers from their servitude.

Description: It would be nearly impossible to mistake thralls for anything else. From the dead glaze of their eyes to their shambling gait, thralls embody (or perhaps have inspired) the stereotype of the walking undead. They exist on Glamour alone, needing neither food nor water – nor even air – to subsist. They do not “live” so much as simply exist, and will continue to work at any given task until ordered to stop or until they are unable to continue due to lack of Glamour-driven energy or an excess of wounds.

Storytelling Hints: Thralls are intelligent enough to be given simple, mundane tasks – “move all of these rocks over there” or “do not let anyone enter this room.” However, they are very literal, and will mindlessly strive to complete the letter of an order, even if it violates the seemingly obvious

intent. They are also limited in their capability to improvise or reason on anything but the simplest level. They cannot answer questions or provide information – such interactions are simply beyond their capabilities.

Thralls require a single point of Glamour every 24-hour period in order to remain functional. They have a Glamour pool equal to that which a Lost of the same Wyrd level would possess, although they cannot spend Glamour for anything other than to fuel their existence.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 1, Wits 1, Resolve 1

Physical Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 1, Stamina 5

Social Attributes: Presence 1, Manipulation 1, Composure 3

Mental Skills: None

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Survival 1

Social Skills: None

Merits: Iron Stamina 3, Natural Immunity 1, Strong Back 1, Toxin Resistance 2

Willpower: 4

Initiative: 4

Defense: 1

Speed: 8 (species factor 3)

Health: 10

Wyrd: 2

Glamour/per Turn: 11/na

MERCHANTS

Market Merits for Merchants

The Merits described in Chapter Two are designed for your players' characters, to show that they belong in one way or another in the otherwise alien world of the Goblin Markets. However, when pitting a player's character against a merchant, these should not give the non-merchant an advantage over the individual who makes his home among the Markets.

Storytellers should feel free to give bonuses similar to those bestowed by the Market Merits to any merchant or Goblin Market denizen where appropriate.

ZECHER MERCY, PURVEYOR OF MEMORIES

Quote: “Surely there’s something you’d rather forget? I can make that not only possible, but profitable...”

Background: Zecher has been trading in memories for a long, long time. In fact, no one seems to be able to remember a time when he hasn’t been a part of the Market – although that may be as much a tribute to his trade as his longevity. He is a nomadic vendor, traveling from place to place and setting up his wares in various Markets (both mobile and fixed) according to some schedule that only he seems to understand. While it is unusual for a fixed Market to readily accept the presence of a nomadic merchant, the value of his wares are such that he rarely has difficulty bartering for a place within whichever Market suits his current whim.

Description: Short and stout, Zecher seems so sturdy as to be a strange candidate for bartering in such esoteric goods. His hands, however, are delicate and nimble, capable of crafting all manner of devices for capturing memories within, from tiny jars and vessels to intricately woven cords and knots that snag a bargainer’s memory and hold it tightly.

Zecher’s eyes are far too large for his head, bulging bulbously over the top of a hawk-like beak of a nose. Perhaps most disturbing, however, is his prehensile and over-elongated tongue, which he claims he can use to taste the quality of memories. It is not unheard of for his aspiring clients to back out of the deal rather than face a rasping slither of Zecher’s tongue against their skin as he attempts to gauge the value of their offered memories.

Like all hobs, Zecher has a Turn (a hob-power akin to a Contract; see p. 133, *Autumn Nightmares* for more details). Zecher’s Turn mimics the Fleeting Spring Contracts. The Turn is usable once per day (per clause), and does not require the expenditure of Glamour or Willpower to use. Hobs’ Turns do not require them to possess a certain level of Mantle, even if the equivalent Contracts do.

Storytelling Hints: Zecher serves as a tangible reminder that the things Lost trade for at the Markets don’t just disappear; they remain in the commercial bargaining pool and may well float back around to haunt those who sold them in the first place. Painful memories, after being sold to Zecher, might be re-sold to those who can use them to torment the original individual, or others. Even a simple memory (the first house a changeling lived in, the name of their third-grade teacher or the smell of their grandmother’s peach cobbler) have the potential to be used against the seller by a crafty enough adversary.

Zecher isn’t a malevolent being – he’s simply a businessman with a very specific focus and no moral qualms about the trade he deals in. He buys and sells only memories, so those who aren’t willing to participate in the trade will need to look elsewhere for their goods.

While many merchants are their own first line of defense against theft or robbery, Zecher relies on a host of hired employees to do his dirty work. From Blunderbores to thralls to pledge-sworn Lost, he has no shortage of staff to ensure his best interests are well protected.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 5, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 5, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Crafts (Memory crafting) 4, Investigation 3, Occult 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Larceny 2, Stealth 2, Survival (Goblin Markets) 2

Social Skills: Empathy 3, Expression (Hawking Goods) 3, Intimidation 2, Persuasion 5, Socialize 1, Subterfuge 4

Merits: Eidetic Memory 2, Encyclopedic Knowledge 4, Allies (Goblin Markets) 3, Status (Goblin Markets) 3

Willpower: 6

Initiative: 5

Defense: 2

Speed: 9

Health: 7 (Size 4)

Contracts (Turn): Fleeting Spring ••••

WIDOW MACTAN, SOLUTIONS BROKER

Quote: “How can I help you, my dear?”

Background: Rumors abound about the Widow’s true origin. Some believe she’s a very powerful hob or Hedge Beast; others claim she’s a Venombite Lost who took to the Markets after losing (or possibly murdering) her one true love. The most outlandish rumor pegs the Widow as a banished True Fae, barred from Faerie and yet unable to adapt to a life in the mortal world. She’s settled into Market life as a halfway ground, where (at least nominally) she can atone for her former sins by aiding those who come seeking her help. It’s possible, however, that she’s actually causing as much turmoil as a merchant as she once did as fully Fae, and she simply wears the veil of purported compassion as a disguise to lure potential victims into her parlor.

Description: At first glance, the Widow Mactan seems every inch a beautiful human woman. Her skin is pale, offset by thick black hair that has been woven

into intricate braids down her back. Her lips are blood red, and often drawn up into a sweet smile of concern directed at those who enter the silk-curtained canopy that serves as her stall in the Market.

A second look, however, reveals several disturbing features about the Widow. Although they are often concealed beneath her voluminous floor-length skirts, Mactan moves around on four long, black, chitinous legs, each ending in a sharp point. In addition to two graceful humanoid arms, she has four shiny black cartilage-covered limbs that extend from either side along her upper spine and end in delicate pincers which the Widow can use to manipulate objects. She keeps a close eye on her stall in the Market, a task that is facilitated by the presence of no less than eight tiny black, faceted eyes set in two clusters on an otherwise beautiful human face. Her elegant waist is impossibly small; some claim this is a result of extreme corsetry, while others believe that beneath her elegant ball gowns her body is far more arachnid than outward appearances would suggest.

Storytelling Hints: Unlike many Goblin Market merchants, Widow Mactan seems genuinely interested in the happiness of her clientele. She is personable, sweet-natured and kind, a bastion of compassion and concern in the brutal Market environment. Of course, it is a Goblin Market, and nothing is entirely as it seems.

Mactan serves as a twisted version of the classic fairy godmother. She is more than happy to help potential clients obtain whatever it is that they believe they want most. Riches, fame, love or power – everything is possible with the Widow's wares. When they discover that the solution they've purchased brings its own inherent complications, she's more than happy to sell them a solution to those issues as well.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 5, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 6, Composure 4

Mental Skills: Crafts (Fiber Arts) 3, Investigation 5, Medicine (Toxins) 2, Occult (The Gentry) 5, Politics 3

Physical Skills: Athletics (Climbing) 4, Brawl 1, Larceny 2, Stealth 2, Survival (The Hedge) 3, Weaponry (Dagger) 5

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Arachnids) 3, Empathy 2, Expression 2, Intimidation 3, Persuasion 6, Subterfuge 6

Merits: Fleet of Foot 3, Striking Looks 4, Toxin Resistance 2

Willpower: 9

Clarity: 3

Virtue: Charity

Vice: Envy

Initiative: 8

Defense: 4

Speed: 12 (Species factor 6)

Health: 9

Wyrd: 7

Contracts: Darkness ••••, Fang and Talon (Spiders) •••, Fleeting Autumn •, Fleeting Spring •, Fleeting Winter •, Vainglory ••••

Glamour/per Turn: 20/7

ESTAVAN

Quote: "Bits and pieces, forgotten hopes, tidbits, castoffs and second hand dreams. All shapes and sizes, mostly as good as new..."

Background: Originally, Estavan simply sold items to the Goblin Markets. Some he found, some he bartered on others' behalf, some he stole from those who weren't keeping a close enough eye on them. Eventually, however, he discovered that while the members of his freehold looked down upon him for his scavenging ways, those same traits earned him acceptance, if not respect, within the Markets. He took to spending more and more time among the booths and stalls of his local Market, until he rarely returned to the mortal world save for acquisition expeditions to add new offerings to his inventory.

Description: Estavan's mein is that of a hyena-beast. His savage muzzle is drawn back in a constant wicked smile that unwary clients often mistake for friendliness. His yellow eyes are constantly on the lookout for a scrap or unguarded tidbit that might be turned into a profitable offering in his shop. He's renowned, both in the Market and on the streets of the mortal world, for turning trash into treasure by offering it to the right people at the right time.

Storytelling Hints: Estavan's a twitchy opportunist. He's constantly on the alert for a situation that he can exploit to his advantage, and always has an escape plan in case his scheming goes wrong. He'll gladly take any unwanted or seemingly useless bits and pieces from those he encounters, talking up his role as "a gleaner and a cleaner" – someone who gets rid of the useless and cumbersome flotsam and jetsam of those who are too busy to deal with such nuisances.

The separation from the mortal world has taken its toll on Estavan's Clarity, but the changes haven't affected his business acumen too greatly. He keeps enough connections (in the form of fences, underworld business ties and his network of rag-pickers) to keep him from falling entirely away from sanity, although the balance sometimes seems tenuous.

Seeming: Beast

Kith: Roteater (see p. 67, *Winter Masques* for more details)

Kith Blessing: Scavenger's Nature: The changeling gains two extra dice to roll when resisting poison or disease; the bonus rises to three dice to resist any poison or disease that stems from something the changeling ingested. The character also benefits from the 9 again rule on perception rolls made to scrounge up useful items from an area.

Court: Spring

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 2

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social Attributes: Presence 1, Manipulation 4, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Investigation 4, Occult 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Larceny 5, Stealth 4, Survival (Urban, Hedge, Goblin Markets) 5, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Dogs) 3, Empathy 2, Intimidation 2, Persuasion 4, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 4

Merits: Danger Sense 2, Encyclopedic Knowledge 4, Fast Reflexes 2, Fleet of Foot 3, Iron Stomach 2

Willpower: 7

Clarity: 3

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Greed

Initiative: 8

Defense: 3

Speed: 13

Health: 9

Wyrd: 3

Contracts: Dream •, Mirror ••, Smoke ••, Artifice •, Fang and Talon (Canines) •••

Glamour/per Turn: 12/3

SHOPPERS

LIZA JANE

Quote: "I know it's for sale somewhere. I've just got to find the right merchant."

Background: Liza Jane escaped from her Keeper, but she knows something of hers was left behind. She remembers being able to feel things – love, anger and sorrow, but mostly love – and she believes that somewhere in the process of returning from Arcadia her heart was left behind. She's become fixated on the idea that someone must have found it, and that they are likely to have traded it into a Goblin Market. Now she travels from Market to Market, hoping to find her lost heart, and with it the key to again becoming the woman she remembers being.

Description: Liza Jane is a very proper young woman, whose prim posture and impeccable deportment are as much a product of her personality as her Manikin form. Her skin is as white as birch bark, her hair the auburn-red of mahogany and her eyes are as dark brown as the deepest walnut. She dresses modestly, with a slight Victorian flare, and has been known to blush a deep cherry-wood at the slightest suggestion of impropriety.

Storytelling Hints: Liza Jane speaks with a clear, well-enunciated English accent, and is relentless in her search for her missing heart. She may aid characters if she believes they will, in turn, assist her in locating her bereft organ, although she will eventually grow impatient if it seems the tasks at hand distract her from her search for too long.

If characters do not seem interested in aiding her, Liza Jane is not above using *Fleeting Winter* 4 (Fallow Fields, Empty Harvest) to share with them the pain she feels as a result of her missing heart. Whether this convinces them or not, she seems somehow comforted by knowing that others share her emptiness – even if it is only for a short time.

Seeming: Elemental

Kith: Manikin

Court: Winter

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 3, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (History) 2, Investigation 2, Occult 1

Physical Skills: Athletics (Dance) 2, Larceny 1, Stealth 1, Survival (The Hedge) 2

Social Skills: Empathy 3, Expression 2, Persuasion 4, Socialize 1, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Inspiring 4, Mantle (Winter) 3

Willpower: 5

Clarity: 3

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Envy

Initiative: 5

Defense: 2

Speed: 9

Health: 9

Wyrd: 4

Contracts: Elements (Ice) •••, Eternal Winter •••, *Fleeting Winter* ••••

Glamour/per Turn: 13/4

ERIK LONG

Quote: “All I want is to be human. To be the person I’ve always been. Is that too much to ask?”

Background: The world as he knew it ended when Erik realized that he wasn’t what he’d always assumed himself to be – that he wasn’t human. He woke up that morning, prepared to go to the first-grade class he’d taught for nearly 10 years, and felt his world change. It took a lot of investigation to begin to parse out what exactly was going on, and for a while Erik believed he was having a nervous breakdown. After a while, however, his logical side took over and he came to the conclusion that the simplest answer was the truth: he was nothing more than a simulacrum left in place of the real Erik.

Erik’s “other half” is dead, although Erik had nothing to do with it. The Wizeden simply fell afoul of a Reaver raid not long after his return. Erik never had the opportunity to track him down, although his efforts to find his “other half” led him indirectly to the Markets where he’s been hounding merchants for a “cure” for his condition for several months.

Description: Erik is a mild-mannered, nondescript man of around 35 years of age. His features are bland: hair a dirty blonde, height and weight average for a man of his years. He tends toward business casual for his daily clothing: khaki pants, button-down cotton shirts and comfortable loafers. He wears glasses to correct a slight astigmatism, and smells of inexpensive cologne. He’s soft-spoken, although he possesses an underlying strength of will when dealing with what he sees as important issues: the education of his students, the rights of the underprivileged, and the certainty that there must be a way for him to become human.

Storytelling Hints: Unless the characters who encounter Erik have some particular way of detecting that

he is a fetch, it is likely that they will assume he’s just another changeling seeking to regain what each of them has lost – his humanity. While they may not believe that it is possible for any Lost (including themselves) to regain their humanity and leave their changeling side behind, he may be able to convince them to aid him in his efforts. When they discover that this sweet-natured and gentle man is actually a fetch, they may be forced to re-think their views on fetches – or they may decide that his simulacrum nature trumps his humane demeanor. Either way, they’re certain to be challenged.

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 5

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 3, Composure 4

Mental Skills: Academics (Early Childhood Education) 3, Computer 2, Crafts 2, Investigation 2, Occult (Fetches) 2, Science 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Drive 1, Stealth 1, Survival (Urban) 1

Social Skills: Empathy 3, Expression 3, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 4, Socialize 1, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Allies (Education) 3, Inspiring 4, Resources 2

Willpower: 7

Morality: 6

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Envy

Initiative: 5

Defense: 2

Speed: 9

Health: 8

Wyrd: 1

Echoes: Attuned to the Wyrd, Normalcy

Glamour/per Turn: 10/1

SAMPLE SCENARIOS FOR GOBLIN MARKETS

TO SERVE THE MARKET

MENTAL • PHYSICAL ... SOCIAL ••

OVERVIEW

In exchange for a sought-after item, a merchant demands not goods but services – a season as an indentured servant. The time can be split amongst the changeling's motley, dividing it down to a few weeks or months, but for the duration of the indentured servitude, the changeling must obey the merchant's commands – regardless of how heinous or offensive he may find them to be.

DESCRIPTION

The merchant smiles, a grin that splits the bottom half of his face like an overripe melon. "Oh yes... yes, I have what you want. I have exactly what you need. The question is... do you have what it takes to trade for it? No, no, I have no desire for your baubles. Things and stuff I can get a-plenty. What I want is your time. A season, to be exact... Now, I'm a fair trader. I'm willing to allow you to split it amongst yourselves, as long as you realize that if any of you default on the deal, all of you do, and we'll have to begin negotiations again with no consideration made for the earlier bargain. It's all or nothing – the solution to your problem for a single season's worth of service... What do you say?"

STORYTELLER GOALS

This scene provides the opportunity to show characters that nothing comes without a price in the Markets. It also gives them a chance to showcase the underside of the Market, those parts that casual shoppers rarely see, and to allow their players' characters a chance for selfless sacrifice in pursuit of a lofty goal.

CHARACTER GOALS

Survive with their bodies, minds and souls intact. While the merchant won't specifically try to kill them (at least not until the end of the servitude), he's under no obligation to protect their sanity or their health. The merchant is unlikely to demand they perform an act that directly violates Market law, but there's a whole world of heinous acts that are still within the law's boundaries.

ACTIONS

Negotiating the exact terms of the indentured servitude contract will be a great challenge for the characters. They are, after all, dealing with an individual for whom bargaining is instinctual. These challenges are made only after the character has agreed to the idea of entering into servitude and are used to determine how good of a bargain the changeling is able to negotiate for himself. (Convincing the character to agree to servitude in general may require an extensive set of challenges before this set comes into play.) The original offer is as follows:

The changeling will remain in the Market and obey the merchant's orders for one season (13 weeks). Any attempts to abandon his duties or disobey the merchant's commands during that 13-week period will result in the contract being made null and void, and the merchant will owe him nothing. At the end of the contracted period, if the contract has not been broken, the changeling will be given the item or information he sought. Division of the contract duration obligates any individuals who join into the contract to the same terms, and divides the duration by the number of participants, rounded up to the next full week. (Thus two individuals who agree to

share the indentured servitude would each serve 7 weeks; 13 divided by 2 rounded up to the next full week.)

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Persuasion + modifiers versus Manipulation + Persuasion + modifiers for the merchant (use 10 if you don't have dice pools handy)

Action: Extended and contested. Each roll represents 10 minutes of negotiation. The negotiation can continue until either the changeling is satisfied with the terms of the agreement or the failure qualifications have been met, at which point the changeling can agree to the terms as they stand or walk away from the deal and attempt to find some other means of fulfilling his goal.

Hindrances: Character has no experience in verbal negotiations (-2)

Help: Character has extensive personal or professional experience with negotiations or haggling (+1 to +3), character possesses the Market Sense Merit (+1), character can sweeten the deal with some kind of goods the merchant desires (+1 to +3), character possesses the Pledge-smith Merit (+1 for each dot of the Merit possessed)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The merchant is insulted by the changeling's attempts to negotiate and closes down discussion on the matter. The changeling will have to wait at least 24 hours to approach the merchant again on this matter, and begin again with no successes at that time.

Failure: The changeling fails to make any headway in negotiating on the situation. Three failures in a row (or five total) end the negotiations, representing the merchant's refusal to reduce the indentured period any further.

Success: For each success achieved, the changeling may do one of the following: reduce the duration of the indenture servitude by one week, add one minor benefit to the servitude (adequate food, free access to water, suitable living quarters, etc.) or prohibit one action (he will not kill anyone, he will not betray other Lost, he will not deal in human slavery, etc.).

Exceptional Success: The changeling may not only make a number of changes equal to the number of successes, but may also add one additional major change (a major benefit or major prohibition) to the deal. This may be something that the merchant would not usually agree to, such as "I get to return to my family once per week" or "You will take me as an apprentice after the contract is fulfilled."

CONSEQUENCES

Time spent in the Market as an employee/servant is likely to give the character a bit more insight into the inner workings of the establishment. It can provide opportunity for you to introduce other Market plots, and may provide the starting ground for a character to establish himself as a fledgling merchant.

HARSH ACCUSATIONS

MENTAL ••

PHYSICAL ••

SOCIAL ••

OVERVIEW

A wily shopkeep frames the characters for theft. Can they prove their innocence before the Market's security force exacts its own version of justice?

DESCRIPTION

As you step away from one of the booths, you hear a loud shout. The shop-owner, a short hob with a curved beakish nose and huge saucer-sized eyes is yelling for Market security. Its words are garbled, and it's obviously upset, but it's clearly pointing your direction as it yells. A massive gorilla-shaped

creature begins ambling your way. It frowns, beady eyes looking you over from beneath a furrowed brow, and in a rumbling voice it calls out to you, "STOP RIGHT THERE."

STORYTELLER GOALS

This scene can be used to bolster the changeling's sense of paranoia about the Goblin Markets, which can be especially useful if the Markets are being treated as a consequence-less shopping mall of supernatural goods. It can also introduce the characters to the system of justice and Market hierarchy, which may provide them opportunities for extended interaction with their local Market or Markets in general.

CHARACTER GOALS

The characters are likely going to want to clear their names, or at least escape without experiencing Market justice first-hand. How they handle the situation will impact their interactions with local Markets in the future.

ACTIONS

Dice Pool: Presence + Persuasion + equipment versus Resolve + Composure of the head of the security force (use 8 if you don't have dice pools handy)

Action: Contested

When confronted by the head of security for the Market, the character has the opportunity to argue for her innocence. If she wins, she convinces the security force of his innocence. If she ties, security remains unconvinced, but is willing to listen further, and the character may try again. If she fails... well, the situation may call for a quick escape.

Hindrances: Character has been caught stealing something from the Market previously (-4), character gives no "proof" of innocence (-2)

Help: Character is willing to swear a pledge to tell the truth when testifying (+ 3), character has completed two or more successful transactions in this Market previously (+1), character offers to compensate merchant for "stolen" good (+1), character presents sound logical justification for innocence (+1 to +3)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The security force not only does not believe that the changeling is innocent, but accuses her of additional crimes as well. They attempt to carry out Fatal Justice as described on p. 16.

Failure: The Market security does not believe the changeling, and bars her from the Market until such time as she makes suitable compensation to the merchant. The changeling may make one further attempt to convince security of her innocence as she is being escorted out of the Market.

Success: Market security is willing to give the changeling the benefit of the doubt, but will be keeping an eye on her in the future. No punishment is meted at this time.

Exceptional Success: The changeling states her case so clearly and unequivocally that Market security not only believes her, they put pressure on the accusing merchant to compensate the changeling for her time and trouble. The changeling is begrudgingly gifted with a small piece of merchandise (goblin fruit, gewgaw or 1 dot Token/Hedgespun item). This can be used as a lead-in to another story.

CONSEQUENCES

Depending on how well the character defends himself, she may have to deal with (or attempt to escape) Market justice. She may also prove the accusing merchant wrong (at least in the eyes of the Market security force) and thus earn herself a bit of prestige within the Market, although at the cost of gaining an enemy in the form of the chastised merchant. Regardless of the outcome, she's unlikely to pass unnoticed in this particular Market again.

SCENE: TO SERVE THE MARKET

44

MENTAL ●

PHYSICAL ●●●

SOCIAL ●●

HINDRANCES

Character has no experience in verbal negotiations (-2)

HELP

Character has extensive personal or professional experience with negotiations or haggling (+1 to +3)

Character possesses the Market Sense Merit (+1)

Character can sweeten the deal with some kind of goods the merchant desires (+1 to +3)

Character possesses the Pledgesmith Merit (+1 for each dot of the Merit possessed)

OTHER

The changeling will remain in the Market and obey the merchant's orders for one season (13 weeks).

STs

Show characters nothing comes without a price in the Markets. Showcase parts of the Market casual shoppers rarely see. Give characters a chance for selfless sacrifice in pursuit of a lofty goal.

PCs

To survive with their bodies, minds and souls intact.

SCENE: HARSH ACCUSATIONS

45

MENTAL ●●

PHYSICAL ●●

SOCIAL ●●

HINDRANCES

Character has been caught stealing something from the Market previously (-4)

Character gives no "proof" of innocence (-2)

HELP

Character is willing to swear pledge to tell truth when testifying (+ 3)

Character has completed 2 or more successful transactions in this Market previously (+1)

Character offers to compensate merchant for "stolen" good (+1)

Character presents sound logical justification for innocence (+1 to +3)

OTHER

None.

STs

To heighten the characters' sense of paranoia about the Goblin Markets. To introduce the characters directly to the system of justice and Market hierarchy.

PCs

To clear their names, or barring that, escape without experiencing Market justice first-hand.