

Games From Folktales

Episode transcripts for May 2017

Lord Dunsany : The Ghosts

Three Plot Hooks
Inspired by a Norse Tale

Thoughts on the Itinerarium

Includes the
Goblin Market
special episode script

An experiment in podcasting
for the Ars Magica roleplaying game

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Dunsany's Ghosts

[https://archive.org/stream/swordofwellerano00dunsuoft#page/n179/mode/2up page 146](https://archive.org/stream/swordofwellerano00dunsuoft#page/n179/mode/2up/page%20146).

The doglike sins are cropped from the image above, then colour filtered.

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Thor's hammer

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Fire

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Bear leader

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**Thank you
ever so much**

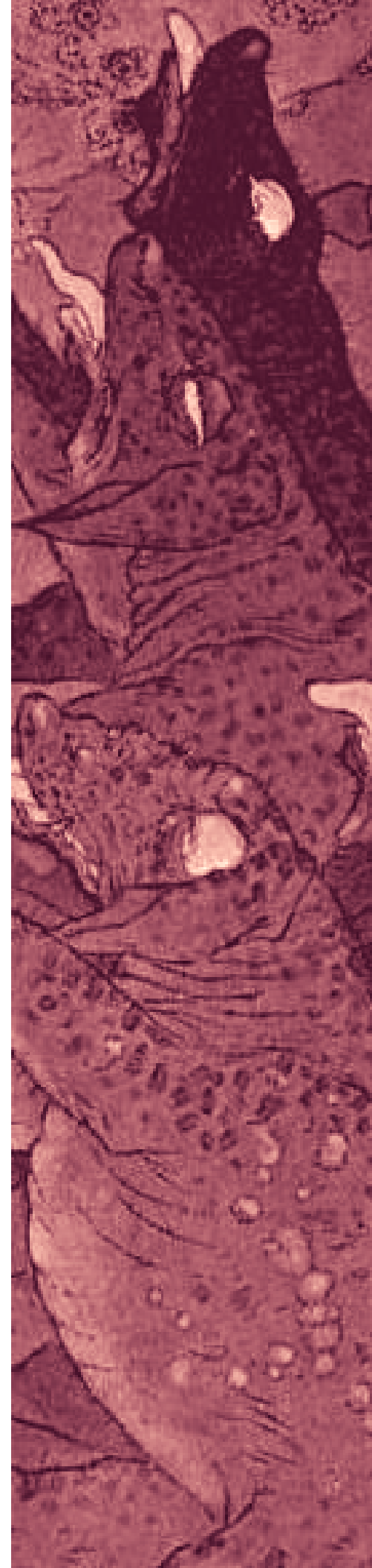
I continue to believe Lord Dunsany's work contains the reminiscences of a retired redcap. Let's test the theory again. Thanks to Steve Vito and Librivox for the sampled recording.

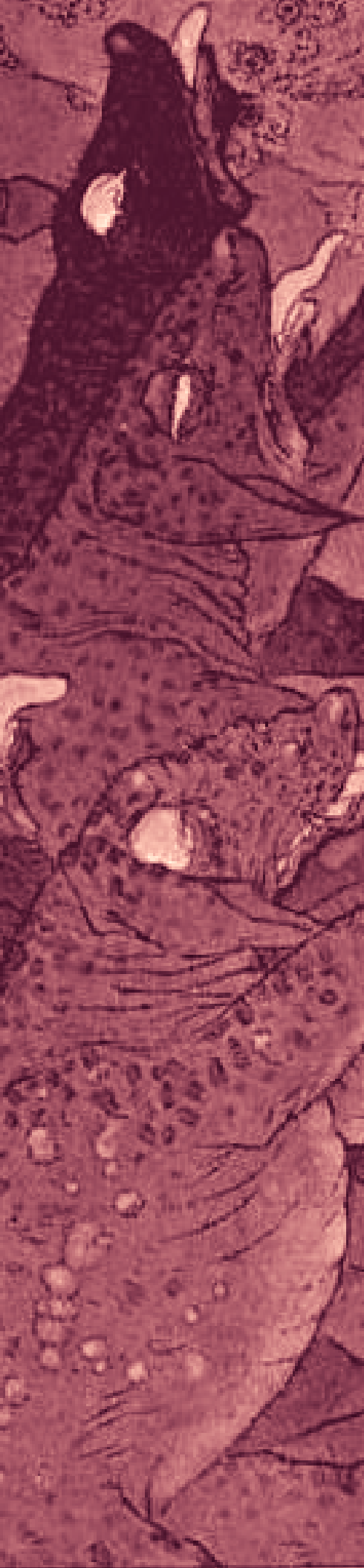
Dunsany Fragments : Ghosts



The argument that I had with my brother in his great lonely house will scarcely interest my readers. Not those, at least, whom I hope may be attracted by the experiment that I undertook, and by the strange things that befell me in that hazardous region into which so lightly and so ignorantly I allowed my fancy to enter. It was at Oneleigh that I had visited him.

Now Oneleigh stands in a wide isolation, in the midst of a dark gathering of old whispering cedars. They nod their heads together when the North Wind comes, and nod again and agree, and furtively grow still again, and say no more awhile. The North Wind is to them like a nice problem among wise old men; they nod their heads over it, and mutter about it all together. They know much, those cedars, they have been there so long. Their grandsires knew Lebanon, and the grandsires of these were the servants of the King of Tyre and came to Solomon's court. And amidst these black-haired children of grey-headed Time stood the old house of Oneleigh. I know not how many centuries had lashed against it their evanescent foam of years; but it was still unshattered, and all about it were the things of long ago, as cling strange growths to some sea-defying rock. Here, like the shells of long-dead limpets, was armour that men encased themselves in long ago; here, too, were tapestries of many colours, beautiful as seaweed; no modern flotsam ever drifted hither, no early Victorian furniture, no electric light. The great trade routes that littered the years with empty meat tins and cheap novels were far from here. Well, well, the centuries will shatter it and drive its fragments on to distant shores. Meanwhile, while it yet stood, I went on a visit there to my brother, and we argued about ghosts. My brother's intelligence on this subject seemed to me to be in need of correction. He mistook things imagined for things having an actual existence; he argued that second-hand evidence of persons having seen ghosts proved ghosts to exist. I said that even if they had seen ghosts, this was no proof at all; nobody believes that there are red rats, though there is plenty of first-hand evidence of men having seen them in delirium. Finally, I said I would see ghosts myself, and continue to argue against their actual existence. So I collected a handful of cigars and drank several cups of very strong tea, and went without my dinner, and retired





into a room where there was dark oak and all the chairs were covered with tapestry; and my brother went to bed bored with our argument, and trying hard to dissuade me from making myself uncomfortable. All the way up the old stairs as I stood at the bottom of them, and as his candle went winding up and up, I heard him still trying to persuade me to have supper and go to bed.

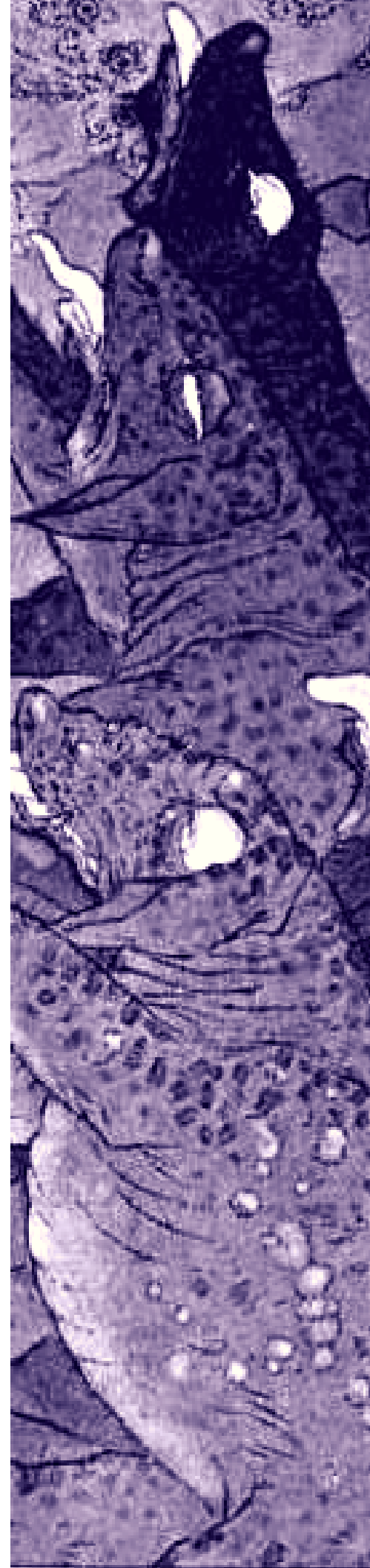
It was a windy winter, and outside the cedars were muttering I know not what about; but I think that they were Tories of a school long dead, and were troubled about something new. Within, a great damp log upon the fireplace began to squeak and sing, and struck up a whining tune, and a tall flame stood up over it and beat time, and all the shadows crowded round and began to dance. In distant corners old masses of darkness sat still like chaperones and never moved. Over there, in the darkest part of the room, stood a door that was always locked. It led into the hall, but no one ever used it; near that door something had happened once of which the family are not proud. We do not speak of it. There in the firelight stood the venerable forms of the old chairs; the hands that had made their tapestries lay far beneath the soil, the needles with which they wrought were many separate flakes of rust. No one wove now in that old room—no one but the assiduous ancient spiders who, watching by the deathbed of things of yore, worked shrouds to hold their dust. In shrouds about the cornices already lay the heart of the oak wainscot that the worm had eaten out.

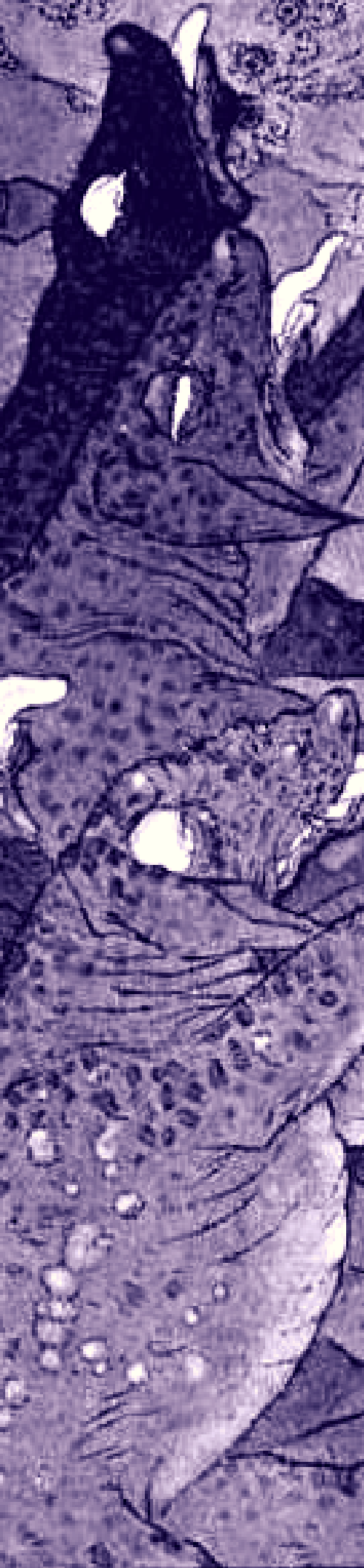
Surely at such an hour, in such a room, a fancy already excited by hunger and strong tea might see the ghosts of former occupants. I expected nothing less. The fire flickered and the shadows danced, memories of strange historic things rose vividly in my mind; but midnight chimed solemnly from a seven-foot clock, and nothing happened. My imagination would not be hurried, and the chill that is with the small hours had come upon me, and I had nearly abandoned myself to sleep, when in the hall adjoining there arose the rustling of silk dresses that I had waited for and expected. Then there entered two by two the high-born ladies and their gallants of Jacobean times. They were little more than shadows—very dignified shadows, and almost indistinct; but you

have all read ghost stories before, you have all seen in museums the dresses of those times—there is little need to describe them; they entered, several of them, and sat down on the old chairs, perhaps a little carelessly considering the value of the tapestries. Then the rustling of their dresses ceased.

Well—I had seen ghosts, and was neither frightened nor convinced that ghosts existed. I was about to get up out of my chair and go to bed, when there came a sound of pattering in the hall, a sound of bare feet coming over the polished floor, and every now and then a foot would slip and I heard claws scratching along the wood as some four-footed thing lost and regained its balance. I was not frightened, but uneasy. The pattering came straight towards the room that I was in, then I heard the sniffing of expectant nostrils; perhaps "uneasy" was not the most suitable word to describe my feelings then. Suddenly a herd of black creatures larger than bloodhounds came galloping in; they had large pendulous ears, their noses were to the ground sniffing, they went up to the lords and ladies of long ago and fawned about them disgustingly. Their eyes were horribly bright, and ran down to great depths. When I looked into them I knew suddenly what these creatures were, and I was afraid. They were the sins, the filthy, immortal sins of those courtly men and women.

How demure she was, the lady that sat near me on an old-world chair—how demure she was, and how fair, to have beside her with its jowl upon her lap a sin with such cavernous red eyes, a clear case of murder. And you, yonder lady with the golden hair, surely not you—and yet that fearful beast with the yellow eyes slinks from you to yonder courtier there, and whenever one drives it away it slinks back to the other. Over there a lady tries to smile as she strokes the loathsome furry head of another's sin, but one of her own is jealous and intrudes itself under her hand. Here sits an old nobleman with his grandson on his knee, and one of the great black sins of the grandfather is licking the child's face and has made the child its own. Sometimes a ghost would move and seek another chair, but always his pack of sins would move behind him. Poor ghosts, poor ghosts! How many flights they must have attempted for





two hundred years from their hated sins, how many excuses they must have given for their presence, and the sins were with them still—and still unexplained. Suddenly one of them seemed to scent my living blood, and bayed horribly, and all the others left their ghosts at once and dashed up to the sin that had given tongue. The brute had picked up my scent near the door by which I had entered, and they moved slowly nearer to me sniffing along the floor, and uttering every now and then their fearful cry. I saw that the whole thing had gone too far. But now they had seen me, now they were all about me, they sprang up trying to reach my throat; and whenever their claws touched me, horrible thoughts came into my mind and unutterable desires dominated my heart. I planned bestial things as these creatures leaped around me, and planned them with a masterly cunning. A great red-eyed murder was among the foremost of those furry things from whom I feebly strove to defend my throat. Suddenly it seemed to me good that I should kill my brother. It seemed important to me that I should not risk being punished. I knew where a revolver was kept; after I had shot him, I would dress the body up and put flour on the face like a man that had been acting as a ghost. It would be very simple. I would say that he had frightened me—and the servants had heard us talking about ghosts. There were one or two trivialities that would have to be arranged, but nothing escaped my mind. Yes, it seemed to me very good that I should kill my brother as I looked into the red depths of this creature's eyes. But one last effort as they dragged me down—"If two straight lines cut one another," I said, "the opposite angles are equal. Let AB, CD, cut one another at E, then the angles CEA, CEB equal two right angles (prop. xiii.). Also CEA, AED equal two right angles."

I moved towards the door to get the revolver; a hideous exultation arose among the beasts. "But the angle CEA is common, therefore AED equals CEB. In the same way CEA equals DEB. QED." It was proved. Logic and reason reestablished themselves in my mind, there were no dark hounds of sin, the tapestried chairs were empty. It seemed to me an inconceivable thought that a man should murder his brother.

Pardon the slight Victorianisms - electric light, Jacobean fashion - what plot hooks can we draw from this story?

Plot hooks

There are ghosts tormented by their sins which take the form of hellhounds (for want of a better term). When the hellhounds attack the observer, he becomes infected with their sin. This is a power already seen in certain demons in official supplements. He makes a Personality roll to break free, which is a mechanic already in use. He appeals to True Reason, which may indicate that he lives inside a 4th Edition saga. Any strong emotion counter to the sin should do.

Possessed

The narrator mentions that occasionally the ghosts must have fled from their sins and been dragged back. Player characters could interfere in these hunts, to aid or harvest the ghost. Similarly, a covenant that didn't mind a bit of taint in its Mentem vis might use the escaping ghost or their sins as a vis source. harvesting them as they flee.

Flight

There is also the strange mention of the grandfather with his grandson on his knee. The child is licked on the face, and claimed, by his ancestor's sin. Is this ghost child merely a prop, like the clothes of the ghosts, or is it the ghost of a person? Is this person long dead, appearing in ghostly form as a child, or is it the phantasticum of a living person.

Ghost child?

There is some question as to if children can be possessed or are automatically innocents until the age of the knowledge of good and evil, which is around seven. The counterargument is that some sins are passed down through bloodlines, much as the original sin is passed down from Adam. So can you save that baby and what happens if you do?

The Sins look like hellhounds, but are minor demons.
Each persecutes a specific ghost, but can spread its sin to anyone bitten.

Order: Spirits of Deceit

Infernal Might: 5 (Mentem)

Characteristics: Int 0, Per +2, Pre -5, Com +0, Str +1, Sta +2, Dex -1, Qik +2

Size: 0

Confidence: 2 (6 points)

Virtues and Flaws: Unclear.

Personality Traits: Deceitful +6, (Primary sin) +5

Reputations: Too specific to a locale to have a Reputation.

Combat:

Bite: Init +2, Attack +14*, Defense +10*, Damage +7
* includes specialisation for bite.

Soak: +4

Wound Penalties: -1 (1-5), -3 (6-10), -5 (11-15), Incapacitated (16-20), Dead (21+)

Abilities: unclear, but assume Brawl 8 (bite), Hunt 8 (sinners).

Powers:

Coagulation: 1 point, Init -1, Corpus: Can manufacture a solid body out of ambient matter.

Envisioning 1 or 5 points, Init 0, Mentem: Can enter dreams and cause waking dreams.

Hound: 1 point, Init 0, Corpus: Allows hound to know the direction and distance to its specific ghost, via Concentration.


Trust of the Innocent: 1 point, Init -1, Mentem: After successful Bite attack, can telepathically project a lie based on the Primary Sin of the demon, which is believed by the target unless an Intelligence Check of 6+ is made. Successive bites can force repeated checks, but they all bear the same lie.

Equipment: Nil.

Weakness: Geographically limited.

Vis: 1 pawn, Mentem.

Appearance: "...Suddenly a herd of black creatures larger than bloodhounds came galloping in; they had large pendulous ears, their noses were to the ground sniffing, they went up to the lords and ladies of long ago and fawned about them disgustingly. Their eyes were horribly bright, and ran down to great depths. When I looked into them I knew suddenly what these creatures were, and I was afraid. They were the sins, the filthy, immortal sins of those courtly men and women...."
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I've just finished the audiobook of Norse Mythology by Neil Gaiman. It's excellent. I know the stories already, but his method of telling is a joy.

There are three tiny elements of his telling which struck me as novel plot hooks for Ars Magica.

The Chains of Fenrir

When Fenrir, the great wolf who will consume the Sun and Moon, is first bound, he bursts his chains. They are made of a mixture of meteoric iron, terrestrial iron, and dark faerie magic. Pieces of these chains are embedded in the sides of mountains throughout the Earth.

Meteoric iron may have some immunity to Hermetic magic. Even if it does not, a giant chunk of shattered chain might have Terram, Rego or Perdo vis. Those making chains as magic items might prefer these fetters: but those making items to escape imprisonment may also find it mythically resonant. Are wolves, or werewolves, drawn to the fetters which Fenrir broke? Do they allow transformations out of season? Are they sacred to the shapeshifters whom Bjornaer betrayed?



**Three
plot hooks
inspired by
Norse Mythology**

The Weapons of Thor

The gods judge a competition to see which of the gifts of the dwarves is greatest, and Thor is offered Mjolnir. One of his hammer's powers is that it flies back to his hand when bidden. Gaiman notes this is highly desired by Thor, because he has a tendency to lose his temper, throw his weapons, and then lose them. So: Thor's left the weapons of the gods lying around.



Can the players find one of Thor's discards?

Can they make magic items which allow a person to be strong enough to wield it?

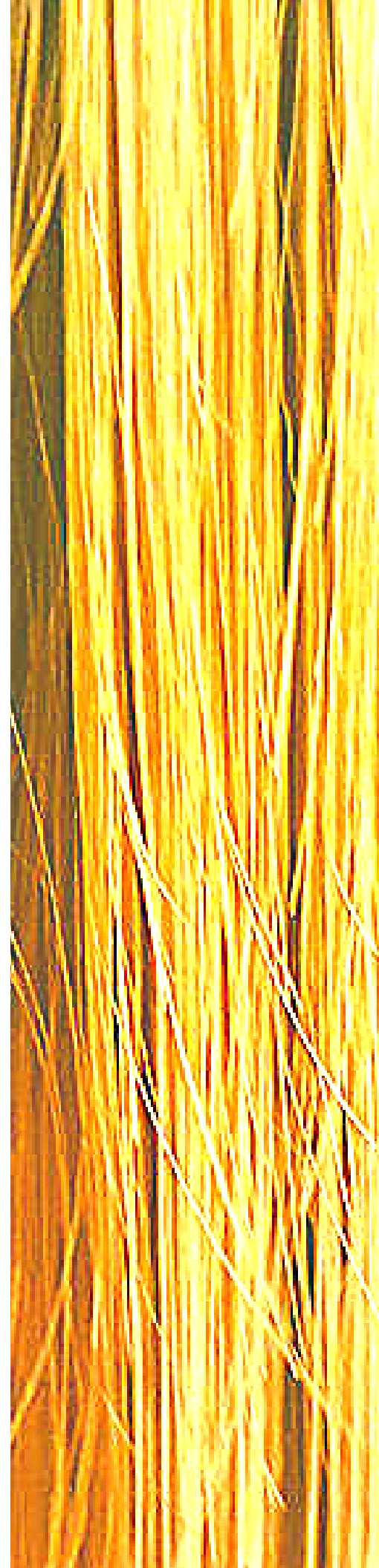
Is there any advantage in having more than one of these items?

Do the people who have these weapons seek each other out to do battle?

Can the battles wake the creatures of Norse myth?

Is finding one of these items a Mystery initiation? The religious symbol of Thor's followers is, after all, his hammer.

Do the giants have these weapons, and what are they planning to do with them?



After Loki destroys Sif's hair, Thor threatens to torture him daily unless he fixes everything. Sif is given hair made of living gold that never stops growing. Living, pure metal is an elemental. If it never stops growing, then it must, these many centuries later, be huge. If someone seeks the Norse gods, and disturbs the place where Sif sleeps, might her hair flow out into the world, and kill unbelievers?

Magic Might: 35 (Terram)

Characteristics: Cun 0, Per +-2, Pre 0, Com -2, Str +15, Sta +7, Dex +15, Qik +7

Size: +8

Confidence: 2 (6 points)

Combat:

Up to 7 whips, each : Init +7, Attack +23*, Defense +23*, Damage +15

*** Includes +1 for specialisation**

Soak: +7

Wound Penalties: -1 (1-13), -3 (14-26), -5 (27-40), Incapacitated (41-53), Dead (54+)

Elementals are not living, thus they cannot suffer wounds. However, they can be damaged by separating some of their substance from their animating force. In practice, this works the same as inflicting wounds on a living creature, but each wound also reduces the elemental's Might. Calculate wound ranges based on Size as usual. When a wound is inflicted, matter is separated from the elemental's body, and it loses points from its Might Pool as well as applying a Wound Penalty.

Light Wound: one tenth of Magic Might

Medium Wound: one fifth of Magic Might

Heavy Wound: two fifths of Magic Might

Incapacitating Wound: four fifths of Magic Might

Lethal Wound: all of Magic Might.

Abilities: Brawl 6 (whip).

Powers:

Body of Earth, 0 points, constant, Terram:

The elemental's body is composed entirely of gold. Its ropy tentacles can move at walking pace. Cutting and weapons can harm the creature, but bludgeoning and piercing weapons have little effect on its body, which is essentially made of fine, flexible wires.

Tangle, 0 points, Init +7, Terram: the elemental whips and tangles opponents with its ropy appendages, requiring a normal melee attack. If the elemental is at least equal in Size to its opponent, a successful Tangle attack can pin them to the ground. The elemental adds its (Might/5) to its Grapple Strength to prevent victims escaping (ArM5, page 174).

Vis: 7 pawns, Terram

Sif's hair
Enormous Gold Elemental

In Ars Magica, magicians have final tests for their apprentices. The fire magi drop them in a dangerous place with no gear, and wait for them to come back. The mystics have vision quests. The House most interested in mundanes has a written test, which I imagine was based on the Confucian tests in the real world. The problem with that is, as a game device, it doesn't work. The player can't share the story with others. In that House book I reworked it with the Itinerarium, which is based on the British tradition of the Grand Tour. This predated the pilgrimage rules, which might be an even better way to model the experience.

The Grand Tour was a basically a seventeenth-century English thing. Rich young men, and occasionally women, were led around certain improving sites in Europe by a tour guide. These guides were called "bear leaders" sometimes because of a supposed similarity to carnival performers with dancing bears. There is a sort of meta-pun there: a Bjornaer magus with bear heartshape, or a werebear, could run the thing, or keep an inn in a prominent place, but it seems to be pushing the characters hard for a single joke. Some later writers call the leaders of groups "Cicerones". This presumably relates to Marcus Tullius Cicero, but I'm not clear on the link. Although it is a later term, I like it, and would use it in setting.

I'm not sure where the Itinerarium should go in 1220. I had ideas back when I wrote this, but in hindsight, perhaps it would look like this.

I'm guessing it starts in Paris. Formally, I mean. In the English version, your parents would drop you at a port town on the Channel. I'm guessing young magi are taken, by their parentes, through some significant local towns, but they meet their Cicerone somewhere near Paris.

From there, I suggest it needs to go to Valnastium (Domus Magnus of Jerbiton), Rome, Palermo (court of the Holy Roman Emperor, a safe place to meet Arabic scholars), and somewhere Greek. Constantinple still seems the obvious choice, despite the sack of the Fourth Crusade. Presumably they stop at Athens on the way, because it's under Latin control and is full of interesting art. Later, once the city-states become more prominent, the route might change, or at least slow on the Valnastium to Rome leg. I also wonder if the Paris leg should head on east to Durenmar before heading south.

I'd assume not. There were some people on the English Grand Tour who went back the way they came. The Alps, having few passes, acted as a sort of choke point for travel. A few more daring souls, though, found their way back through Germany. We might suggest the same thing. There's a Tremere-controlled spa in Pannonia that your character might visit. Young magi might be allowed to various Tremere sites, to influence their opinions. The Tremere habit of holding a Tribunal meeting every year, with accompanying fair, makes the detour through Hungary obvious, and easy. That puts Durenmar on the return leg, a sort of final point on the Great Tour.

Story Hooks

What souvenirs do people bring home from the Itinerarium? On the Grand Tour, Parmesan cheese was an especially prized souvenir, apparently. Samuel Pepys, during the Great Fire of London, buried his cheese in his garden to protect it. Could a magus effectively lose a valued souvenir?

I read of one author's home in England where the custodian added a tonne of gravel to the driveway each month because people kept taking it by the pocketsful. Could spreading tonnes of stone from a single region to places all over Europe create a mystical effect?

Confidence men flocked to the route: it's full of young, rich, inexperienced people. What cons could a Tytalus pull on tourists?

A covenant near the route might try and use it as an income source. What sort of facilities do they need to set up, and how can they influence the bear leaders to make them come by?

Just before the last election in the United States, women travelled to the grave of Susan B Anthony and each added an "I voted" sticker. I suspect magi might do similar things. The place where Flambeau died may have a huge pile of burned candles. The garden of the Jerbiton may have a visitor's book filled with the sigils of the great magi of history. What would your characters want to do? Who would they like to honour? Is there a memorial now? Can they start a new tradition?

A city is besieged, but the spaces within it are vital for the experience: how can the player characters get into the city, stay safe, and get out, despite the obstacle?

A magus leads an Itinerarium, but at his death it is discovered that one of the sites visited was a faerie regio. His heirs would like to continue his tours, but they need to find a way back into the regio, and a way to overcome the portal guardian.

Mystery Rules and the Grand Tour

The Mystery rules allow players to exchange the completion of stories for Virtues or the removal of Flaws. Travel to places of spiritual significance is included in these mechanics. This makes the Grand Tour a series of pilgrimages, which allows a character to gain virtues.

The obvious choice is Free Expression, because it is based on art and culture, but if the Tour is placed earlier in the education of each apprentice, it could provide various virtues, explaining why the Jerbitons do not have a single House Virtue. Alternatively, if only some Jerbiton complete the Itinerarium, it may be the source of the preponderance of Gentle Giftedness in the House.

Something similar may occur in the training of Mercere characters. They gain virtues like Well-travelled, or a fluency with languages, by being forced to experience many cultures.

The kernel of the rules is this:
A minor virtue requires an Initiation total of 15
A major virtue requires an initiation total of 21
The total equals the Mystagogue's Presence + The Mystagogue's Cult Lore + a script bonus.

House Jerbiton is renowned for magi with high Presence. Assuming that leading the Itinerarium is a profession, this gives a total of perhaps 8 + script. (Prs 2 + House Lore 5 + 1 specialisation), so the script needs to reach 7 or 13. This could be reached with some of:

- * Travel (special time and place) +3
- * Sacrifice of time +3
- * Mystagogue sacrifices time +3
- * Sympathetic bonus up to +3
- * Repeatable quest +3
- * Ordeal : gain Major flaw +9
- * Ordeal : gain Minor flaw +3

A bear leader may invent a new variation using the rule on page 18 of *Mysteries : Revised* edition. I think those rules place too much choice in the hands of humans, but they're in place, so you might as well use them.

Games From Folktales

Goblin Market Special Edition



An experiment in podcasting for the Ars Magica roleplaying game

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Daniel Jensen

Jason Tondoro

Dan Casar

Jarkman DeVries

Jason Italiano

Pantelis Polakis

Thank you

**Without you,
this would have been
the final episode.**

Games From Folktales

Special Goblin Market Edition

These are liminal times, between day and night, when Faerie Auras are stronger.

Goblins, in this case, are small, ugly, trooping faeries.

"Come buy" repeated three times for mystical strength.

Apples are a symbol of evil.

In Latin they are called "malum", and the word evil is "malum" with a different tone on the letter a.

Quinces cannot be eaten fresh.

To be eaten without cooking they need to "blet": be frozen so that ice breaks cell walls, and encourages a softening decay. Perdo vis?

Lemons are widely available in the Mediterranean basin, but are not grown in Europe before the 15th Century. Seville (or bitter) oranges are known in 1220 Europe. The sweet orange is not.

That thing on the lower right of the page is a watermelon. They are grown in Iberia in 1220.

In 1220 a "pineapple" is what we now call a pine cone: American pineapples looked similar. For a time, a fruit just for kings.

The Latin term for orange varies by author. Aurantius means tawny or flame coloured and should be a common Flambeau name. Newton uses aureus, literally golden. Luteus is saffron.

Crab apples are small, sour, wild apples.

Dewberries are small, tart, bramble berries which have a waxy layer on them that reflects the sky. Auram vis?

**Can the faeries even tell sweet from sour?
Do they care, provided the reaction is strong?**

Bullaces, damsons and greengages are varieties of plum. Greengages do not yet exist: they are a specific, known, cross from far later than 1220. Apricots are technically plums in Mythic Europe. Pomegranates are linked to Hades through the Persephone story.

Billberries are a relative of the American blueberry. but larger and softer.

Americans have fake currants. The American currant is a dried grape. Blackcurrants were banned in America from 1911 -1970, as they are a disease vector for pine rust, a fungus. Listen to my shock in the podcast.

Citrons are basically inedible. The peel, candied, is delicious. The term, when this poem was written, could be used to mean other citruses. Perhaps it means the mandarine, here?

Morning and evening

Maids heard the goblins cry:

'Come buy our orchard fruits,

Come buy, come buy:

Apples and quinces,

Lemons and oranges,

Plump unpecked cherries,

Melons and raspberries,

Bloom-down-cheeked peaches,

Swart-headed mulberries,

Wild free-born cranberries,

Crab-apples, dewberries,

Pine-apples, blackberries,

Apricots, strawberries;—

All ripe together

In summer weather,—

Morns that pass by,

Fair eves that fly;

Come buy, come buy:

Our grapes fresh from the vine,

Pomegranates full and fine,

Dates and sharp bullaces,

Rare pears and greengages,

Damsons and bilberries,

Taste them and try:

Currants and gooseberries,

Bright-fire-like barberries,

Figs to fill your mouth,

Citrons from the South,

Sweet to tongue and sound to eye;

Come buy, come buy.'

Cherries are not linked to virgins in 1220.. First reference is C19th American.

European cranberries are smaller, and pinker, than American ones..

Apricots were bought back from Persia by Alexander the Great. Rego vis?

Dates get their names from the finer-like shape of their fruit. Corpus vis?

Barberries are sour and horrible. They do look like fire, though.

Evening by evening

Among the brookside rushes,

Laura bowed her head to hear,

Lizzie veiled her blushes:

Crouching close together

In the cooling weather,

With clasping arms and cautioning lips,

With tingling cheeks and finger tips.

'Lie close,' Laura said,

Pricking up her golden head:

'We must not look at goblin men,

We must not buy their fruits:

Who knows upon what soil they fed

Their hungry thirsty roots?'

'Come buy,' call the goblins

Hobbling down the glen.

'Oh,' cried Lizzie, 'Laura, Laura,

You should not peep at goblin men.'

Lizzie covered up her eyes,

Covered close lest they should look;

Laura reared her glossy head,

And whispered like the restless brook:

'Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,

Down the glen tramp little men.

One hauls a basket,

One bears a plate,

One lugs a golden dish

Of many pounds weight.

How fair the vine must grow

Whose grapes are so luscious;

Hiding in the bull rushes is a liminal space.

The blushes of the modest girl feed faeries just as well as the urgency of the immodest one.

Laura's name comes from the laurel tree, which is sacred to Apollo and gives ecstatic visions. Lizzie's name comes from a Hebrew word that means "God is my abundance".

Physical privation opens a victim up to faerie influence.

In a literal sense, only those who have seen the men can buy their fruits. When you are no longer a suitable victim, they are invisible. Seeing, breaking a social taboo, makes you more vulnerable to them.

The faeries, by saying the fruits come from an orchard, are claiming they come from a tended place, not wild harvest. Some suggest Faerie is a nicer subsection of Hell (technically, it's in Limbo) and once you eat in Hell, you can't leave.

Watermelon

Treasure, you say? Many pounds of gold is ten times as much in silver. Is the faerie really strong, or is this just a prop, like a faerie knight's armor, and thus weightless?

We are talking about Hell again. In some folklore, Faerie pays Hell an annual rent of souls.

Literally closing entrances to the body is one way of keeping faerie glamour out.

Wombats are viscous, contrary creatures who fight using their armoured buttocks. They are unknown in Mythic Europe. Thank David for this small mercy.

A ratel is a honey badger.

To what extent is Laura englamoured here? She did choose to look, but does she choose to eat?

Raspberries

How warm the wind must blow

Through those fruit bushes.'

'No,' said Lizzie, 'No, no, no;

Their offers should not charm us,

Their evil gifts would harm us.'

She thrust a dimpled finger

In each ear, shut eyes and ran:

Curious Laura chose to linger

Wondering at each merchant man.

One had a cat's face,

One whisked a tail,

One tramped at a rat's pace,

One crawled like a snail,

One like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry,

One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry.

She heard a voice like voice of doves

Cooing all together:

They sounded kind and full of loves

In the pleasant weather.

Laura stretched her gleaming neck

Like a rush-imbedded swan,

Like a lily from the beck,

Like a moonlit poplar branch,

Like a vessel at the launch

When its last restraint is gone.

Backwards up the mossy glen

Turned and trooped the goblin men,

With their shrill repeated cry,

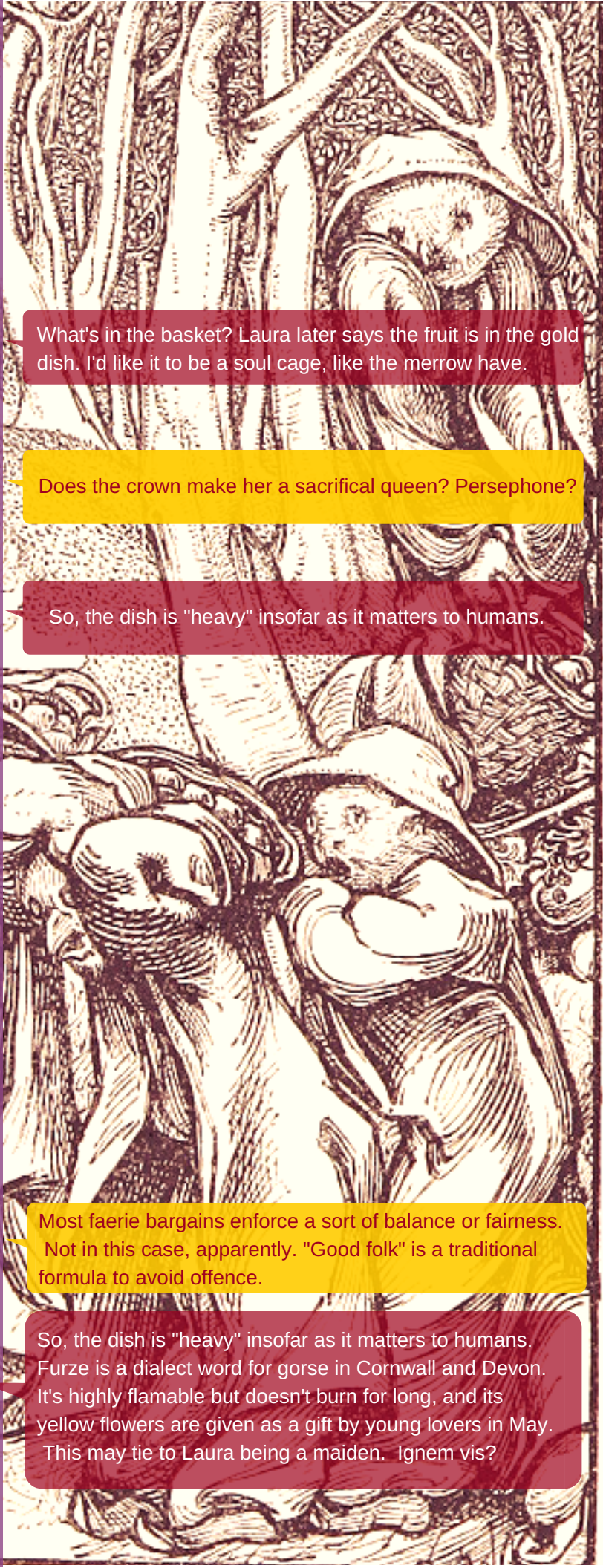
'Come buy, come buy.'

When they reached where Laura was
They stood stock still upon the moss,
Leering at each other,
Brother with queer brother;
Signalling each other,
Brother with sly brother.

One set his basket down,
One reared his plate;
One began to weave a crown
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown
(Men sell not such in any town);
One heaved the golden weight
Of dish and fruit to offer her:
'Come buy, come buy,' was still their cry.

Laura stared but did not stir,
Longed but had no money:
The whisk-tailed merchant bade her taste
In tones as smooth as honey,
The cat-faced purr'd,
The rat-faced spoke a word
Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard;
One parrot-voiced and jolly
Cried 'Pretty Goblin' still for 'Pretty Polly;—
One whistled like a bird.

But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste:
'Good folk, I have no coin;
To take were to purloin:
I have no copper in my purse,
I have no silver either,
And all my gold is on the furze
That shakes in windy weather
Above the rusty heather.'



What's in the basket? Laura later says the fruit is in the gold dish. I'd like it to be a soul cage, like the merrow have.

Does the crown make her a sacrificial queen? Persephone?

So, the dish is "heavy" insofar as it matters to humans.

Most faerie bargains enforce a sort of balance or fairness.
Not in this case, apparently. "Good folk" is a traditional formula to avoid offence.

So, the dish is "heavy" insofar as it matters to humans. Furze is a dialect word for gorse in Cornwall and Devon. It's highly flammable but doesn't burn for long, and its yellow flowers are given as a gift by young lovers in May. This may tie to Laura being a maiden. Ignem vis?

This is a powerful arcane connection.
What she cuts the hair with is unclear.

Again, this is an arcane connection, but it is harder to contain. A faerie might drink it to bind it with glamour.

This refers to Psalm 81. God offers wild honey, representing the treasures gained through obedience.

Possibly refers to Psalm 104. God gives food to all things at the right time, and those things he does not support wither to dust.

Don't double down on your liminal states. Being on the cusp of night, and the cusp of womanhood, is dangerous.

That they have already killed someone is a stronger argument for mind control.

'You have much gold upon your head,'

They answered all together:

'Buy from us with a golden curl.'

She clipped a precious golden lock,

She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,

Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red:

Sweeter than honey from the rock,

Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,

Clearer than water flowed that juice;

She never tasted such before,

How should it cloy with length of use?

She sucked and sucked and sucked the more

Fruits which that unknown orchard bore;

She sucked until her lips were sore;

Then flung the emptied rinds away

But gathered up one kernel stone,

And knew not was it night or day

As she turned home alone.

Lizzie met her at the gate

Full of wise upbraidings:

'Dear, you should not stay so late,

Twilight is not good for maidens;

Should not loiter in the glen

In the haunts of goblin men.

Do you not remember Jeanie,

How she met them in the moonlight,

Took their gifts both choice and many,

Ate their fruits and wore their flowers

Plucked from bowers

Where summer ripens at all hours?

**But ever in the noonlight
She pined and pined away;
Sought them by night and day,
Found them no more, but dwindled and grew grey;
Then fell with the first snow,
While to this day no grass will grow
Where she lies low:
I planted daisies there a year ago
That never blow.
You should not loiter so.'
'Nay, hush,' said Laura:
'Nay, hush, my sister:
I ate and ate my fill,
Yet my mouth waters still;
To-morrow night I will
Buy more:' and kissed her:
'Have done with sorrow;
I'll bring you plums to-morrow
Fresh on their mother twigs,
Cherries worth getting;
You cannot think what figs
My teeth have met in,
What melons icy-cold
Piled on a dish of gold
Too huge for me to hold,
What peaches with a velvet nap,
Pellucid grapes without one seed:
Odorous indeed must be the mead
Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink
With lilies at the brink,
And sugar-sweet their sap.'**

These faeries seem to feed at night.. The hold they have on Laura is broken by the dawn.

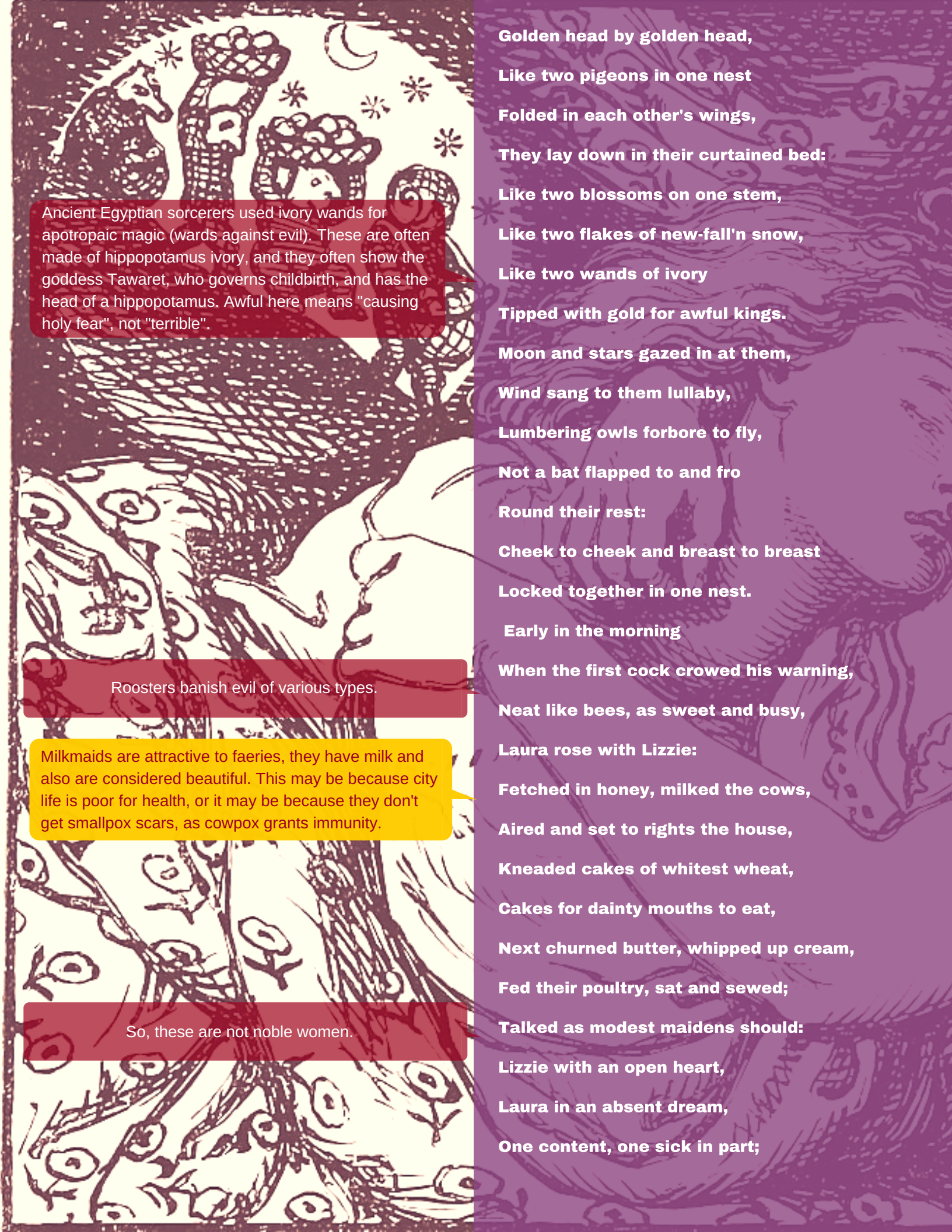
Laura literally loses the colour from her hair. It's not aging: she gets her colour back later. It seems to be acedia.

She is drained of vitality: this is a form of vampirism. Do the vampiric melons in Transylvania still seem weird?

In the language of flowers, daisies are innocence and purity. They cannot bloom here.

Modern teeth, and those of people like Hermetic magi, do not meet in the same way as those of medieval people. Modern people have a slight overbite, caused by less dental wear.

So, that's an external vis source, or faerie gold, or genuine gold...still, huge. Laura's not some dainty noblewoman.



Ancient Egyptian sorcerers used ivory wands for apotropaic magic (wards against evil). These are often made of hippopotamus ivory, and they often show the goddess Tawaret, who governs childbirth, and has the head of a hippopotamus. Awful here means "causing holy fear", not "terrible".

Roosters banish evil of various types.

Milkmaids are attractive to faeries, they have milk and also are considered beautiful. This may be because city life is poor for health, or it may be because they don't get smallpox scars, as cowpox grants immunity.

So, these are not noble women.

Golden head by golden head,
Like two pigeons in one nest
Folded in each other's wings,
They lay down in their curtained bed:

Like two blossoms on one stem,
Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow,
Like two wands of ivory
Tipped with gold for awful kings.

Moon and stars gazed in at them,
Wind sang to them lullaby,
Lumbering owls forbore to fly,
Not a bat flapped to and fro
Round their rest:
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
Locked together in one nest.

Early in the morning
When the first cock crowed his warning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
Laura rose with Lizzie:

Fetch'd in honey, milked the cows,
Aired and set to rights the house,
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,
Next churned butter, whipped up cream,
Fed their poultry, sat and sewed;
Talked as modest maidens should:

Lizzie with an open heart,
Laura in an absent dream,
One content, one sick in part;

One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,

One longing for the night.

At length slow evening came:

They went with pitchers to the reedy brook;

Lizzie most placid in her look,

Laura most like a leaping flame.

They drew the gurgling water from its deep;

Lizzie plucked purple and rich golden flags,

Then turning homeward said: 'The sunset flushes

Those furthest loftiest crags;

Come, Laura, not another maiden lags,

No wilful squirrel wags,

The beasts and birds are fast asleep.'

But Laura loitered still among the rushes

And said the bank was steep.

And said the hour was early still

The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill:

Listening ever, but not catching

The customary cry,

'Come buy, come buy,'

With its iterated jingle

Of sugar-baited words:

Not for all her watching

Once discerning even one goblin

Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling;

Let alone the herds

That used to tramp along the glen,

In groups or single,

Of brisk fruit-merchant men.

Is this an imposed Personality Flaw?



There are herds of goblins? Larger numbers work better for group combat.



The faeries are selectively invisible and inaudible to their victims, which is clever, as it stops the victim fighting back.

The spark of a glow-worm is caused by a chemical called luciferin. It's a lure to draw insects into a sticky trap.

Acedia Flaw made worse by going into liminal situations?

Dewberry

Watching is earning her XP in a Personality trait.

Till Lizzie urged, 'O Laura, come;

I hear the fruit-call but I dare not look:

You should not loiter longer at this brook:

Come with me home.

The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,

Each glowworm winks her spark,

Let us get home before the night grows dark:

For clouds may gather

Though this is summer weather,

Put out the lights and drench us through;

Then if we lost our way what should we do?'

Laura turned cold as stone

To find her sister heard that cry alone,

That goblin cry,

'Come buy our fruits, come buy.'

Must she then buy no more such dainty fruit?

Must she no more such succous pasture find,

Gone deaf and blind?

Her tree of life drooped from the root:

She said not one word in her heart's sore ache;

But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning,

Trudged home, her pitcher dripping all the way;

So crept to bed, and lay

Silent till Lizzie slept;

Then sat up in a passionate yearning,

And gnashed her teeth for baulked desire, and wept

As if her heart would break.

Day after day, night after night,

Laura kept watch in vain

In sullen silence of exceeding pain.

She never caught again the goblin cry:

'Come buy, come buy;—

She never spied the goblin men

Hawking their fruits along the glen:

But when the noon waxed bright

Her hair grew thin and grey;

She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn

To swift decay and burn

Her fire away.

One day remembering her kernel-stone

She set it by a wall that faced the south;

Dewed it with tears, hoped for a root,

Watched for a waxing shoot,

But there came none;

It never saw the sun,

It never felt the trickling moisture run:

While with sunk eyes and faded mouth

She dreamed of melons, as a traveller sees

False waves in desert drouth

With shade of leaf-crowned trees,

And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze.

She no more swept the house,

Tended the fowls or cows,

Fetchd honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,

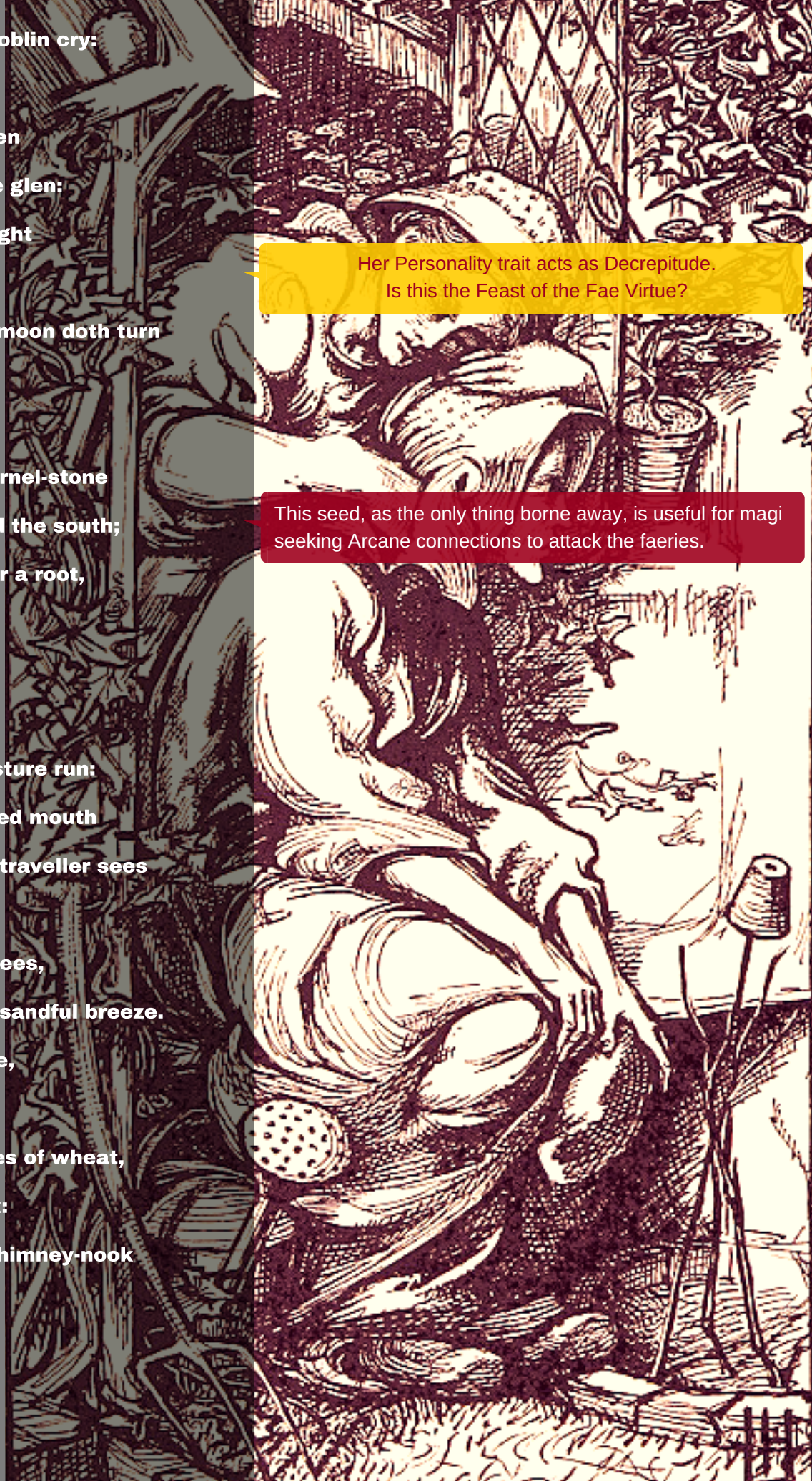
Brought water from the brook:

But sat down listless in the chimney-nook

And would not eat.

Her Personality trait acts as Decrepitude.
Is this the Feast of the Fae Virtue?

This seed, as the only thing borne away, is useful for magi
seeking Arcane connections to attack the faeries.





A person about to become a bride is at the boundary of a life stage. This attracts faeries.



Liminal time. Death of the Queen in winter, leads to harvest in spring? Persephone?.

She intends to pay, and intends to look, but is not actually tempted, in the sense of wanting the fruit for herself.

**Tender Lizzie could not bear
To watch her sister's cankerous care
Yet not to share.
She night and morning
Caught the goblins' cry:
'Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy:—
Beside the brook, along the glen,
She heard the tramp of goblin men,
The voice and stir
Poor Laura could not hear;
Longed to buy fruit to comfort her,
But feared to pay too dear.
She thought of Jeanie in her grave,
Who should have been a bride;
But who for joys brides hope to have
Fell sick and died
In her gay prime,
In earliest Winter time
With the first glazing rime,
With the first snow-fall of crisp Winter time.
Till Laura dwindling
Seemed knocking at Death's door:
Then Lizzie weighed no more
Better and worse;
But put a silver penny in her purse,
Kissed Laura,
crossed the heath with clumps of furze
At twilight, halted by the brook:
And for the first time in her life
Began to listen and look.**


Laughed every goblin
When they spied her peeping:
Came towards her hobbling,
Flying, running, leaping,
Puffing and blowing,
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
Clucking and gobbling,
Mopping and mowing,
Full of airs and graces,
Pulling wry faces,
Demure grimaces,
Cat-like and rat-like,
Ratel- and wombat-like,
Snail-paced in a hurry,
Parrot-voiced and whistler,
Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
Chattering like magpies,
Fluttering like pigeons,
Gliding like fishes,—
Hugged her and kissed her:
Squeezed and caressed her:
Stretched up their dishes,
Panniers, and plates:
'Look at our apples
Russet and dun,
Bob at our cherries,
Bite at our peaches,
Citrons and dates,
Grapes for the asking,
Pears red with basking

The goblins cannot sense her intent.

There are twelve methods of locomotion, but six physical descriptions. Do the goblins duplicate?

Multiple dishes? More treasure! A pannier is a basket, often one that's in a pair that you carry from the middle.

Pomegranate



It's usual to refer to faeries with a euphemism.

Offers to pay in advance. This stops the faeries suggesting a price.

They offer her hospitality. Refusing hospitality is an assault, which lets them attack her in response.

Fruit loses flavour outside of faerie aura?

She has given them her penny: this frames their discussion and supports her idea that she is not a guest.

Out in the sun,

Plums on their twigs;

Pluck them and suck them,

Pomegranates, figs.'—

'Good folk,' said Lizzie,

Mindful of Jeanie:

'Give me much and many:'—

Held out her apron,

Tossed them her penny.

'Nay, take a seat with us,

Honour and eat with us,'

They answered grinning:

'Our feast is but beginning

Night yet is early,

Warm and dew-pearly,

Wakeful and starry:

Such fruits as these

No man can carry;

Half their bloom would fly,

Half their dew would dry,

Half their flavour would pass by.

Sit down and feast with us,

Be welcome guest with us,

Cheer you and rest with us.'—

'Thank you,' said Lizzie: 'But one waits

At home alone for me:

So without further parleying,

If you will not sell me any

Of your fruits though much and many,

Give me back my silver penny

I tossed you for a fee.'—

**They began to scratch their pates,
No longer wagging, purring,
But visibly demurring,
Grunting and snarling.
One called her proud,
Cross-grained, uncivil;
Their tones waxed loud,
Their looks were evil.
Lashing their tails
They trod and hustled her,
Elbowed and jostled her,
Clawed with their nails,
Barking, mewing, hissing, mocking,
Tore her gown and soiled her stocking,
Twitched her hair out by the roots,
Stamped upon her tender feet,
Held her hands and squeezed their fruits
Against her mouth to make her eat.
White and golden Lizzie stood,
Like a lily in a flood,—
Like a rock of blue-veined stone
Lashed by tides obstreperously,—
Like a beacon left alone
In a hoary roaring sea,
Sending up a golden fire,—
Like a fruit-crowned orange-tree
White with blossoms honey-sweet
Sore beset by wasp and bee,—
Like a royal virgin town
Topped with gilded dome and spire
Close beleaguered by a fleet
Mad to tug her standard down.**

A pate is a head.

They hurt her, but don't, for example, strangle her. Her death only feeds them in very specific circumstances.

Even though they have her blood and hair, they cannot hurt her mystically. She has not consented to the price.

Some of the commentaries I've read insist this is a sexual assault. I didn't get that from my reading, but if you want a Faerie-blooded character out of this...

Lizzie's bloneness is really important to the author. It might represent purity or enlightenment, but her sister is also blonde, so I admit some confusion here.

Recorded in 1175, in the Old English Homilies.

Again, they hurt her, a great deal, but can't kill her.

They are not able to cause her sufficient pain to make her open her mouth.

They take their stuff and disappear into the elements. Note that they give back the penny. They can't keep it.

The faeries have a magical power that allows travel, but each seems to have a single element. May differentiate their vis?

Barberries

One may lead a horse to water,

Twenty cannot make him drink.

Though the goblins cuffed and caught her,

Coaxed and fought her,

Bullied and besought her,

Scratched her, pinched her black as ink,

Kicked and knocked her,

Mauled and mocked her,

Lizzie uttered not a word;

Would not open lip from lip

Lest they should cram a mouthful in:

But laughed in heart to feel the drip

Of juice that syrugged all her face,

And lodged in dimples of her chin,

And streaked her neck which quaked like curd.

At last the evil people,

Worn out by her resistance,

Flung back her penny, kicked their fruit

Along whichever road they took,

Not leaving root or stone or shoot;

Some writhed into the ground,

Some dived into the brook

With ring and ripple,

Some scudded on the gale without a sound,

Some vanished in the distance.

In a smart, ache, tingle,
Lizzie went her way;
Knew not was it night or day;
Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze,
Threaded copse and dingle,
And heard her penny jingle
Bouncing in her purse,—
Its bounce was music to her ear.
She ran and ran
As if she feared some goblin man
Dogged her with gibe or curse
Or something worse:
But not one goblin skurried after,
Nor was she pricked by fear;
The kind heart made her windy-paced
That urged her home quite out of breath with haste
And inward laughter.
She cried 'Laura,' up the garden,
'Did you miss me?
Come and kiss me.
Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
Eat me, drink me, love me;
Laura, make much of me:
For your sake I have braved the glen
And had to do with goblin merchant men.'

Laura started from her chair,
Flung her arms up in the air,
Clutched her hair:



She has made no deal for the fruit.

Note she is not afraid of the goblins.

The rules offer
Shape and Material bonuses for

almonds (+3 Creo Herbam)
apples (+1 Corpus, +1 longevity)
cherries (+4 bloodshed)
chestnuts (+3 justice, +4 honesty)
elder (+6 vim or hostile magic)
figs (+3 gambling, +3 sex magic)
hazel (+1 good judgement)
plums (+2 blood)
oranges (+5 sight)
walnut (mind +4)

Most other fruits presumably have bonuses
for example pomegranates are linked
to Persephone and necromancy.
Thanks to wroueawe for the list.

Arguably, they have the True Friend Virtue, which can break curses.

She gains back the capacity to cry., which allows her to express contrition.

It burns Laura, but not Lizzie.

A bitter flavour, used to wean babies and expel parasites.

Gooseberries

Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted

For my sake the fruit forbidden?

Must your light like mine be hidden,

Your young life like mine be wasted,

Undone in mine undoing,

And ruined in my ruin,

Thirsty, cankered, goblin-ridden?'—

She clung about her sister,

Kissed and kissed and kissed her:

Tears once again

Refreshed her shrunken eyes,

Dropping like rain

After long sultry drouth;

Shaking with aguish fear, and pain,

She kissed and kissed her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,

That juice was wormwood to her tongue,

She loathed the feast:

Writhing as one possessed she leaped and sung,

Rent all her robe, and wrung

Her hands in lamentable haste,

And beat her breast.

Her locks streamed like the torch

Borne by a racer at full speed,

Or like the mane of horses in their flight,

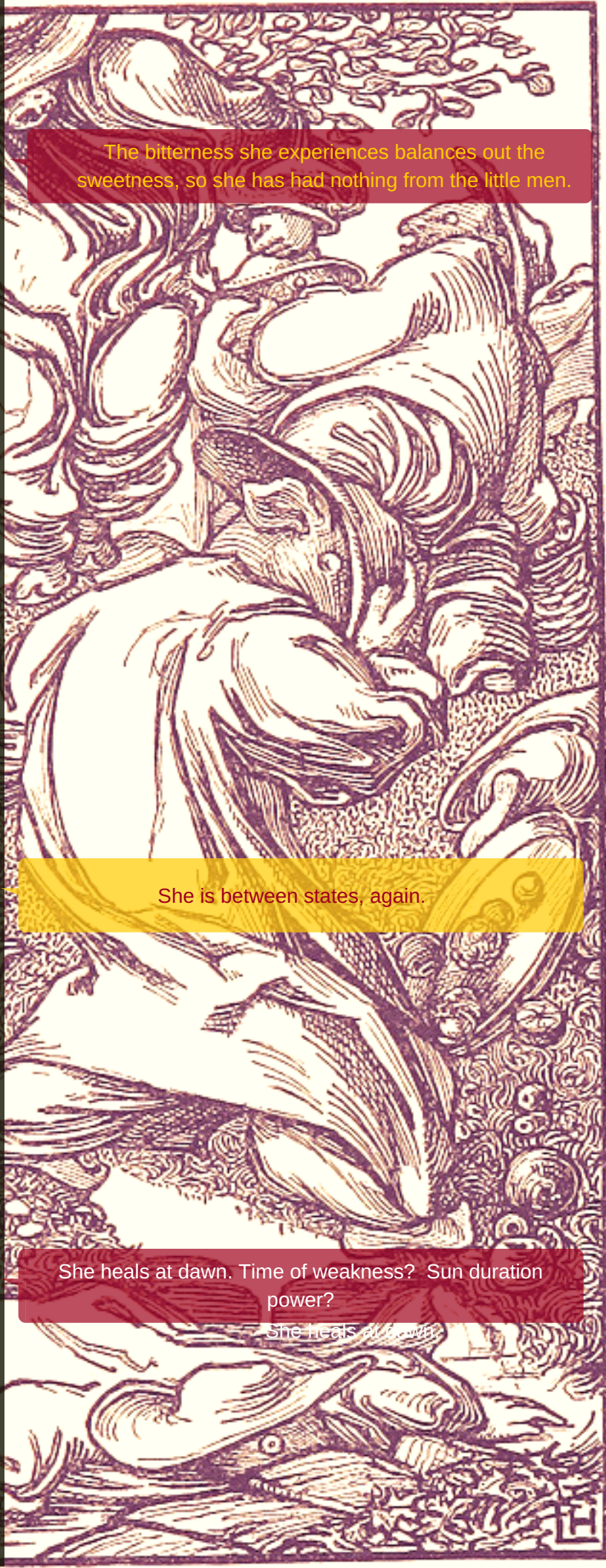
Or like an eagle when she stems the light

Straight toward the sun,

Or like a caged thing freed,

Or like a flying flag when armies run.

Swift fire spread through her veins,
knocked at her heart,
Met the fire smouldering there
And overbore its lesser flame;
She gorged on bitterness without a name:
Ah! fool, to choose such part
Of soul-consuming care!
Sense failed in the mortal strife:
Like the watch-tower of a town
Which an earthquake shatters down,
Like a lightning-stricken mast,
Like a wind-uprooted tree
Spun about,
Like a foam-topped waterspout
Cast down headlong in the sea,
She fell at last;
Pleasure past and anguish past,
Is it death or is it life?
Life out of death.
That night long Lizzie watched by her,
Counted her pulse's flagging stir,
Felt for her breath,
Held water to her lips, and cooled her face
With tears and fanning leaves:
But when the first birds chirped about their eaves,
And early reapers plodded to the place
Of golden sheaves,
And dew-wet grass
Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
And new buds with new day




The bitterness she experiences balances out the sweetness, so she has had nothing from the little men.

She is between states, again.

She heals at dawn. Time of weakness? Sun duration power?

She heals at dawn.



Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,
Laura awoke as from a dream,
Laughed in the innocent old way,
Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice;
Her gleaming locks showed not one thread of grey,
Her breath was sweet as May
And light danced in her eyes.
Days, weeks, months, years
Afterwards, when both were wives
With children of their own;
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,
Their lives bound up in tender lives;
Laura would call the little ones
And tell them of her early prime,
Those pleasant days long gone
Of not-returning time:
Would talk about the haunted glen,
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,
Their fruits like honey to the throat
But poison in the blood;
(Men sell not such in any town:)
Would tell them how her sister stood
In deadly peril to do her good,
And win the fiery antidote:
Then joining hands to little hands
Would bid them cling together,
'For there is no friend like a sister
In calm or stormy weather;
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands.'

She gets her colour back. The drain on her vitality was temporary.

This is a foundational story for the family. Was this what the faeries wanted all along?

These creatures are a gnome variant. They are not intended as player characters.

Faerie Might: 5 (Terram)

Characteristics: Int 0, Per 0, Pre -2, Com +3, Str -2*, Sta +1, Dex 0, Qik +2

* The faeries seem to be able to lift platters of gold well beyond human strength, but can't knock over Lizzie or force her jaws open.

These statistics assume the goblins are not very strong. If you make them far stronger, Str at +2, then add +4 to their Damage.

Size -2.

Virtues and Flaws: Greater Powers, Faerie Speech, Faerie Sight, Hybrid Form, Incognizant, 2 x Personal Powers, Puissant Bargain, Little, Sovereign Ward (may only harm those who have eaten their fruit).

Personality Traits: Mocking +3

Combat:

Brawl (teeth/bite): Init +0 Attack +10, Defense +8, Damage -1* (*Includes +1 for pretense specialisation)

Soak: +1

Wound Penalties: -1 (1-3), -3 (4-6), -5 (7-9), Incapacitated (10-12), Dead (13+)

Pretenses: Athletics 3 (method of fleeing), Awareness 5 (maidens), Bargain 5+2 (with maidens), Brawl 6 (bite), Craft (farming?) 5 (costamongery),

Powers:

Flight, 0 points, constant, appropriate Form: The creature can vanish rapidly by flight, swimming, vanishing into the earth or rapidly running away.

Costs 15 spell levels: (ReFo Base 4, +2 Sun, +1 constant. This base is deliberately lower than Hermetic magic might suggest.) 2 intricacy points on cost.

Invisibility: 0 points, Init +2, Imaginem: A personal version of Veil of Invisibility, as per ArM5, p.146. that is used against those who are not suitable victims. 2 intricacy points on cost.

Costs 15 spell levels. (Base 4 +2 Sun +1 for moving image)

Pine Away: 0 points, Init. +1, Corpus: This ability causes the character to slowly lose both the will to live, and the vitality that permits life. This is treated as a major disease, with an Ease Factor of 9 that causes a Light Wound, but either Faerie Lore or Medicine may be used to treat the effects. Many versions of this power exist, with both weaker and stronger effects.

Costs 25 spell levels (Base 20 (5 +15 for virulence), +1 Touch) 3 intricacy points on cost, 2 on Init.

Possible mind control powers

The goblins may have one, or none, of these powers:

Allure: 1 point, Init +1, Mentem: This power causes the faerie to seem more attractive and pleasant than it really is, granting a +3 bonus on all rolls that involve impressing or convincing others.

Costs 10 spell levels (Base 3 +1 Touch +2 Sun)

Guide: 3 points, Init -1, Mentem: Subtly influences a group of beings towards a specific course of action.

Some creatures can use this power to direct the movement of a group, taking it to a desired location. Other creatures can guide humans towards rash or brave or wise actions. Each time this power is used, it can subtly influence the actions of a single person for up to a day. The storyguide should provide advice to the character in a similar way to the Common Sense Virtue, except that the advice serves the creature's agenda, not that of the character. There is no compulsion to follow this advice.

Costs 30 spell levels (ReMe Base 5, +2 Voice, +1 Conc, +2 Group)

Steal Judgment: 2 points, Init 0, Mentem. The target believes almost any lie that the faerie tells, by diminishing their capacity for doubt. An Intelligence roll of 6+ is permitted to resist, with easier rolls for truly incredible lies.

Costs 15 spell levels (Base 4 +1 Eye +2 Sun).

Enthrallment: 4 points, Init -2, Mentem: allows a faerie to take complete control of a single human's mind for a day, by making eye contact.

Costs 40 spell levels (ReMe As Enslave the Mortal Mind ArM page 152)

Equipment: Fruit, baskets, clothes.

Vis: 1 pawn, Perdo (animal parts)

Appearance: As per poem, a mix of human and animal features.