

The Enchanted Glade

The Glade—if glade it can really be called—is an expanse of forest dotted here and there with hills, grasslands, swamps, and meadows, bordered on the south and west by ever-thickening woodlands, and by a great and lonely stretch of plains to the east. Through the Glade runs the **Great River**, which flows southward from the Falls until it bends eastward around the Sand Flats, out past the **Old Mill**, and into the unknown.

The most interesting thing about the glade, of course, is that Fairies live there. Fairies, Brownies, Nixies, Pixies, and all of the other sorts of Folk (as they are collectively known) call the Enchanted Glade their home. The glade itself teems with activity, for the Folk are mischievous and energetic beings who delight in play and adventure. As well, the glade is home to all manner of talking creatures, from Voles and Hedgehogs, to Toads and Starlings. Indeed, some of the most well known people in the glade are animals, if you see what I mean: **Foolish Toad** is friend to all the Fairies, though he is often teased and tricked; **The Angry Old Badger** is gruff and scary, but he is kind in his own way and can teach a careful Fairy a thing or two about the world; **Clever Snake** is as tricky as any of the Folk, and hard to fool.

Yes, Fairies live uncomplicated lives of whimsy and fancy, with no care of the future. Even if a foolish Fairy got themselves eaten up by a snake or bird, or drank too much wine and drowned in the great river, they would simply wake up under a toadstool, none the worse for wear, except perhaps a bit forgetful of what got them there. As Gentle Glasswing says, "Fairies live forever, but only care about Today." Or, at least, Fairies *used* to only care about today...until the Rats came.

The History of the Enchanted Glade

Glasswing--the oldest, wisest, and longest-remembering Folk--says that, long ago, there were Big Folk who lived among the Fairies, and that they have moved on and left the Glade to the little ones. Beyond this, everyone knows that the Folk have always been and always will be, and no one is too concerned with what has gone before. Only the strangest and most serious of Brownie cares for the past, and most Folk have little conception of time. After something happens, it is a story, and stories are part of the present.

However, on one recent, fateful night, *Something Happened*: a great army of horrible, chittering rats came to attack the Fairies of the Enchanted Glade. These terrible creatures, armed with cruel claws and great, curved halberds, seemed to want nothing more than to capture the Folk and steal them away. On that night, many of the little ones were taken, never to be seen again.

Luckily, with the help of the industrious Brownies, Gentle Glasswing's potent magic, Old Badger's great ferocity, and even Foolish Toad's amazing luck, the Rats were driven back beyond the Great River.

Shortly after the **The Night of Taking**, as it has come to be called, ever more curious things began to happen: strange doorways began to appear, as if from nowhere, and even stranger creatures came through them. Well, it doesn't take much familiarity with the Folk to tell what happened then! Many of the bravest of the Fairies stepped--or fell--right on through these gates into a vasty land of danger and secrets. They returned now and again, speaking of their adventures with much pride and boasting.

After time and time had gone on, with great tragedies and triumphs befalling the Forest of Doors (as the Fairies themselves named the new place: an inspired name if ever there was one), what terrible, odious creature caught wind of the Doors? The Rat King himself, that's who! He and his awful rats then traipsed on through some door or other, seeking--and making--much mischief and trouble for the Fairies both near and Far Away (and for the strange people beyond the Doors, it must be said).

It came to pass that in the forest the King of Rats learned of one terrible trick above all other terrible tricks: making the Folk fall to despair. The hated King, by acts so despicable they won't be written here, trapped and entranced many poor folk, dressing them as fools and turning them to sad little Poppets made to dance and cavort with no joy in their hearts, day and night and night and day. He even returned to the Glade to ply his trick on the Folk back at home! Well, I can tell you that the Far Away Folk, learning of this, wasted hardly a breath at all in hatching a great plan to turn the King's trick on its ear.

A tricksome fairy named Tyrsia, friend and secret-keeper with Gentle Glasswing, worked a great Spell (whatever that is) in the Forest to turn the Poppets back to their old selves. The Rat King, hearing of this, rushed in with an army of stinky rats to stop their cleverness. Through many clashings of steel and arrow, of tricks and tales of valor too vainglorious to describe on mere paper, the Folk triumphed! Tyrsia, with many New folk helping finish her trick off in the nick of time, stole away the Popets despair, hiding it out of sight, and sure enough all of them were freed! *All* of them, mind you: both in the Forest and the Glade (anyone wanting to hear a fine turn at the story should seek out the teller known as Jack of the Spears, a Wild Folk who has been to the Forest and fought in

that battle himself, it is rumored).

After this, well, the Rat King tucked tail back to the Glade, barely escaping the wrath of some mean, wood-wise foot-fleet Folk known as Briar (or was it Stickers? Bramble?). But escape he did, and who knows what vile tricks he is hatching now, or what cruelties he is dreaming up to inflict. Some of the Fairies back in the glade say they have seen the rats deep in the northern reaches, near the Greengrass Mountain and not far at all from the caves where Folk dare not go...

Fairy Types, Society, and Everyday Life

What *are* Fairies, exactly? Well, most of the folk are little creatures no taller than a largish mushroom, many of whom have small, translucent wings with which they flutter about, or pointed ears that allow them to hear the faintest sounds. Fairies can't fly very high, regardless, but those who have wings are regarded as luckier than their counterparts. Brownies are really just Fairies who have taken on an occupation (usually craft), and as a result have gotten a bit more serious. Still, most Brownies are slightly larger than the average Fairy, rarely have wings, and always wear shoes for some reason. Pixies are the smallest folk, rarely any bigger than an acorn, and many of them live in the **Tiny Thicket**, which is a "stand" of miniature "trees" south of the **Noname Woods**. Pixies always have wings and can fly better than most Folk, and are considered the most playful of all. Nixies are simply fairies who prefer the water, and who were born in it, though they still breathe air. Nixies are often regarded as the most tricky of all the Folk.

Player's Note : No matter what size Fairy you are in the Enchanted Glade, in the Forest

of Doors you are of normal human size. Fairy PCs are required to wear glitter and the choice of either pointed ears or fairy wings, though all three are acceptable, however.

Fairies have no social classes, hierarchy, or societal order to speak of. Since the **Night of Taking**, the Brownies have become bossier, but the only time anyone listens to them is when Rats are about, or if you want to trade for something they have made, or if you want to stay in the **Big Tree**, where they live, for any length of time.

So, what do Fairies *do*, all day long? Well, most Folk live in the forest surrounding the central Glade, and what they do all day is wander within it, playing tricks on animals; collecting dew in bags of spidersilk; finding the best places to hide; dancing on toadstools; collecting acorns, caterpillars, berries, and many other things to eat; and generally making mischief. *Players Note: While Fairies eat mostly fruit, nuts, mushrooms, and other foraged things, they will take “meat” where they can get it; the generally accepted rule is that if it doesn’t talk, and you can catch it, then it is okay to eat it. “Dumb” animals are those who can’t talk, even with the benefit of magical tricks. Although most “lower” animals are dumb (insects, amphibians, worms, etc.), there ARE exceptions. Knowing which creatures can be “eaten up” and which can’t is the sign of a knowledgeable and respected Folk.*

By and large, most Folk tend to be solitary, and each of their lives is steeped in secret happenings and magical stories. All Folk are unique creatures, in some way...

--Story Time: Rootbug and the Squirrels--

A Fairy named **Rootbug** once took it upon himself to find the Chief of All Squirrels, and to learn the secret, squirrely arts which he must possess. Now squirrels (as

everyone knows), are aggressive and tumultuous creatures, and they don't normally get along with the Folk too well. This doesn't usually lead to very much conflict, as it so happens, for the squirrels live high up in the trees and the Folk live below. Rootbug, however, though not a good climber, was even more curious than the average fairy (though *all* fairies are more curious than the average fairy, if that makes any sense).

So, clumsy hand over clumsy hand and long branch after long branch, with hooked beetle-knives to help him climb (stolen from a foolish and prideful beetle, long ago and in another story), Rootbug makes his way up one of the great Oaks that overlooks the Falls. He has many adventures on the way, and the trip takes many days of travel, but by and by he comes to the lair of the Squirrels. Well, of course the great squirrel guardians want nothing more than to throw Rootbug out of the tree, but the Chief of All Squirrels forebears, realizing how difficult a climb it must have been for the Fairy.

“So,” the Chief says. “What would you have me do with you now that you’ve come up all this way? You know that I will have to throw you back down, of course.”

“But great and furry Chief of All Squirrels,” says Rootbug. “I have come to learn from you the secret arts of nut-storing and branch-clawing; of all the ways to climb up and down, and the strange chitterings by dint of which all of you kind and noble squirrelly folk tell their tales.”

So impressed was the Chief by Rootbug's speech—and of how he even knew or cared about the secrets of squirrels—that he did indeed tell the little Fairy of all these squirrelly things. And so, by days and nights, Rootbug stayed with the Longtails (as squirrels like to be called), learning all they had to teach. He learned the names of all the trees of the glade, how to whisper to ripe acorns such that they will fall gently into the

paw, and, of course, how to climb as recklessly perfect as any squirrel.

On his last day, the Chief led Rootbug out onto his royal balcony, said his goodbyes to him and, without ceremony or so much as a by-your-leave, grabbed the little one up and threw him off the tree!

As the surprised Fairy fell down and down through the oak's branches, he heard the Chief calling to him: "For true squirrels, my foolish little fairy, falling is just a way of climbing down very fast!"

And so Rootbug, remembering all that he had learned, scabbled and scraped, clawed and grabbed, and finally came to rest on a broad branch, halfway down the tree. From then on, Rootbug could be found almost always in the trees of the glade, and no other folk could ever catch him if he made his way to their branches. He took the new name **Branchtail**, as was only fitting, and that is the end of this story.

Although all Fairies are flighty, curious, and whimsical (at least relatively), each one is a unique creature whose personality is reflected in their physical nature in some way. Fairy names are a perfect example of this, for though they take upon themselves a name soon after they come into being, it is not unknown for an event of personal importance, as in the story above, to cause a change in their nature. If a Folk's nature changes enough, they will take a new name that better describes them. Name changes are transformations of a social nature, but they have metaphysical significance and the air of real, physical transformation about them.

Important People

There are many “people” in the glade, both Folk and otherwise, who are known by everyone. Here are the ones that every Fairy knows about, and may have had dealings with in one way or another:

Gentle Glasswing is well regarded (and even feared a little) by the Folk; if anyone would qualify as “leader” of the Fairies, then she is such. Glasswing has the longest memory of all the Folk, and is very wise. She also knows all the Tricks (magic), and no one dares to Vex her. Glasswing lives in a neatly-appointed hut southeast of the Big Tree, and near where **Windy Road** and **Long Road** meet. *Player’s Note* : *If your Fairy PC starts the game with **Woodsong and Moonsecret**, feel free to say that Glasswing taught you. Be aware that Glasswing only teaches the most serious of Fairies, however, and that other Folk regard her pupils as incredibly dull.*

Angry Old Badger is definitely respected; though some Folk like to tease him and draw him from his run, this is regarded as a wicked thing to do. Badger likes some of the Folk, however, and he will teach polite Fairies how to catch fish and lizards, how to get honey from the **Bees**, and how to be a good digger. *Player’s Note* : *If your Fairy PC starts the game with the **Survival** skill, feel free to say that Old Badger taught you, if*

you like.

Foolish Toad is a harmless gent who lives next to the **Misty Pond**, right near the **Hedgehog Village**. Toad is clumsy and, as his name suggests, foolish, but he means well and is almost always friendly. All the Folk envy Toad in some ways, however, because he is widely regarded as the luckiest person in the Enchanted Glade. *Player's Note* : *Luck is an almost tangible thing in the Enchanted Glade; it is highly sought after and Folk practice all sorts of funny superstitions in order to become Lucky.*

Clever Snake is a big green serpent that lives on an island in the middle of the Great River. The Folk regard Snake as the cleverest denizen of the Glade, and because of this they are very suspicious of him. Snake loves to fool simple Folk, and he has sent many of them on silly errands and impossible tasks. Some Folk (Brownies, mostly) say that Snake will eat you if he gets the chance, but no one has any proof of this, and anyway, Snake has easy pickings of the minnows (who everyone knows are the stupidest of fishes) that swim past his island. Snake absolutely loves gossip, and more than one tricky Fairy has gotten secrets from him by trading juicy tidbits.

Cruel Sevenleg is a bloated black spider who lives in the western woods, near the northern turn of the Great River. All of the Folk are terrified of her, even if they say they aren't, for she will *definitely* eat you up if you displease her. Still, more than one Fairy has sought her out, for her secrets are the most coveted. Sevenleg knows where the treasures of the (supposed) Big Folk are found, and if you are careful enough and flatter her enough--she is a vain and self-indulgent creature--she can help you find them...or eat you...or both.

Owl is by far the most foreboding creature in the Enchanted Glade, and very little

is known about him. What *is* known is that Owl roosts in the Mill, which marks the eastern border of the Glade, and that no Fairy dares to seek him out. Owl is the embodiment of terrifying wisdom and secrecy, and it is rumored that any fairy impossibly brave enough to touch his hornfeathers will become King or Queen of all the Folk. It should be said that, though Fairies love to brag about themselves and to make up stories, no one would *ever* believe someone who claimed to actually get close to Owl and live, much less touch him. Owl can sometimes be seen as a shadow cast on the moon, and this is regarded as a very bad omen.

Places of Interest

Within the Glade are many locations of strange and wondrous natures, and all Fairies know of them in some way. The Enchanted Glade is tranquil, by and large, but happenings are still always afoot, and the following are some of the areas of greatest activity:

The Big Tree

The most well known place in the Glade is a great, ancient Oak whose branches tower over all the other trees of the forest. The Big Tree marks the center of the Enchanted Glade, and it is a landmark visible from all points within it. Any Folk who climbs up high enough from where they are, but still can't see the Big Tree, has probably Gone Too Far and is in dire straits. Here, the Brownies take up residence in hollowed branches and hanging huts, where they work their strange crafts and practice other odd vocations. If the Enchanted Glade could be said to have a "city," the Big Tree is it. Some of the more superstitious Folk say that if you stay too long in the Tree, you will become a

Brownie yourself, which means many of them give this place a wide berth! During the **Night of Taking**, the Big Tree is where the Folk made their stand, and from where the Rats were finally sent skulking back to their dark woods. *Player's Note* : *If your character lived in the Big Tree, they are probably a Brownie, or a Fairy with more serious sensibilities... and a fondness for shoes.*

Noname Woods

Despite its name, this small stand of trees is one of the most popular places for Folk to call home. Located just a jaunt west from the Big Tree, Noname Woods is right next to nearly everything in the Inner Glade. Outside of the **Mushroom Circle**, there are more toadstools here than anywhere else, and a home in Noname Woods is highly coveted.

Tiny Thicket

This miniature stand of treelike shrubs is south of Noname Woods, and is the preferred home for Pixies. Everything in the Tiny Thicket is just exactly that, and thus the smallest of the Folk find themselves quite comfortable there. The Pixies, of course, are protective of their little section of the Glade, and the Thicket—if not exactly prohibited to larger Folk—is considered generally off limits...with exceptions for emergencies, of course.

Old Badger's Run

Old Badger lives among the rocky hills separating the Mushroom circle and Noname woods. Though his run is rather devoid of trees and cover, which makes it a little uncomfortable for Fairies, the sheer amount of lizards, ants, and other strange creatures is a temptation few of the Folk can resist. As a result, poor Old Badger is beset

by curious fairies who bother him for secrets, food, and the pretty stones he gathers up from the hills.

Mushroom Circle

The mushroom circle is a favorite meeting place for the Folk, and a lot of trading goes on there between those who live in the inner glade, and those Fairies who live deeper in the western forest. As well, the mushrooms which grow here are the most delectable in the Glade, making this location one of the most coveted...and jealously guarded. Many tricks and contests have been played over who has the right to live and harvest food in the Mushroom circle.

Misty Pond

The Misty Pond is a quiet place, though it teems with beetles, dragonflies, and all manner of fish and other watery creatures. Many people live around the tranquil borders of the pond—located a fair ways north and west of the Big tree—but that is not to say that many *Folk* live there. Foolish Toad, Miss Frog, and the Hedgehogs all call the pond home. Indeed, the Hedgehogs have formed a village at the northern end of the pond, and do not tolerate tricksome Folk very much. Toad, of course, lives on the eastern bank in a cluttered hut, fishing, baking, and clumsily getting himself into lots of predicaments. Miss Frog tends to keep to herself, tending her garden and singing tunefully to the hummingbirds who pay her visits all the day. A scarce few Folk do call Misty Pond home, however, having achieved some manner of understanding with the hedgehogs, and these polite Fairies know very well that Foolish Toad quite fancies Miss Frog; she, however, seems to be oblivious to him, if kind enough. *Player's Note: If your character begins the game with **Diplomacy**, a good place to have learned it was among the prickly*

hedgehogs, and other talky creatures, who live around the pond.

Littlestream

This slow-moving brook trickles from the western edge of the Misty pond, and gradually makes its way—gaining a bit of speed—to the great river, just above the falls. The Nixies love the littlestream, and many make their “home” there. Though not as exciting as the great river, this small waterway is a good place to learn about all the goings-on of the inner glade, as folk from the Big Tree, Noname woods, and especially the Mushroom circle, often come to the stream to get water, bathe, and relax. There is *one* obvious danger in the littlestream, however...

--Story Time: How Thief-of-Shells Saved Foolish Toad--

One day while out in the mistmarsh looking for big, juicy worms, Foolish Toad happened upon an old red canoe, just leaning up against a swampwillow as if it had every right to be there. Despite being out in the wet, the canoe was in tip-top shape, with nary a hole or loose board, nor even a bit of peeling paint.

“What’s this?” he asked to no one in particular. “Why, it looks as if someone’s gifted me a boat! And a fine one, too! No doubt it was Miss Frog, quite thankful for the sweetcakes I baked for her last week. I should write a letter to her, yes yes.” Without further thought, Toad took the canoe to his hut—the letter quickly forgotten in his excitement—and got right to making a picnic lunch for himself to take on what would be, he did not doubt, a grand adventure.

“I should take the boat out to the pond first, to test her mettle,” he said, after his preparations were made. Toad then drug his boat to the shore of the pond, threw his

basket and fishing pole ahead of him, and without a second thought, jumped right in. “Oh, this is marvelous! *Lurp* *lurp* *lurp!*” he croaked (Toad was only given to croaking when he was quite pleased with himself, which is another way of saying most of the time).

After floating out into the middle of the pond, eating his late-morning breakfast of bread and relish, and waving intermittently to a few bewildered hedgehogs who happened by, our poor Foolish Toad was struck with a rather sudden bit of yawning--to him, a common happenstance--and he curled himself up in the bottom of his boat and fell fast asleep.

Well, as you may very well know, although the Misty Pond is gentle and placid for the most part, it does have a lazy current or two, and by and by one of these pulled the tiny boat on towards the mouth of the Littlestream itself. The red boat bobbed and listed, spun and weaved, and drifted right out of the misty pond. Despite all the motion, Toad did not wake up at all until a very long time later, when the little canoe had travelled nearly halfway down the stream!

“Newts and Fiddles!” Toad exclaimed as he yawned and blinked, “I’ve got myself a long way from home!”

Now as it so happened, Thief-of-Shells--a sly little Nixie so named for how she once tricked the hermit crabs out of their homes--was idling in the water just as Toad passed by.

“Foolish Toad,” she said, “The stream’s half gone; turn back soon or meet the falls.”

“Nonsense!” he said, harrumphing, “I know exactly what I am about!”

“Very you well,” she said, “perhaps I’ll next make my way to your pond.”

“Do what you like, little one, but leave me be!”

Toad sat in his boat a good while more, enjoying the passage down the stream. He quite forgot the little Nixie, and he even threw in his fishing line, though nothing was biting. Thief-of-Shells followed him all the way, and soon called out again:

“Foolish Toad,” she said, “The stream’s most gone; turn back soon or meet the falls.”

“Nonsense!” he said, harrumphing, “I know what I am about!”

“Very you well,” she said. “perhaps I’ll next make my way to your house.”

“Do what you like, little one, but leave me be!”

Still Toad sat and floated, the current growing stronger all the while as the Littlestream rushed to meet the Great River. As Toad passed by the Mushroom circle, the Folk there began waving at him most anxiously. Of course, being so Foolish, Mr. Toad only thought they were admiring his canoe, and he waved back in equal measure.

Again, Thief-of-Shells tried to warn him:

“Foolish Toad,” she said, “The stream’s near gone; turn back soon or meet the falls.”

“Nonsense!” he said, harrumphing, “I’m sure I know what I’m about!”

“Very you well,” she said. “perhaps I’ll next make my way to your kitchen.”

“Do what you like, little one, but leave me be!”

The boat bobbed and weaved, and turned and listed as it floated down the last bit of Littlestream. The water widened and quickened, with little waves cresting white on its banks, but still Foolish Toad was undaunted.

One last time, the sly Nixie warned him:

“Foolish Toad,” she said, “The stream is gone; turn back now or meet the falls.”

“Nonsense!” he said, harrumphing, “I think I know what I’m about!”

“Very you well,” she said, swimming away and taking to the shore. “But I’ve just returned from your larder, and I’ve gotten all your sweetcakes!”

“My cakes!” he shouted, clambering at the oar to paddle madly after Thief-of-Shells, all while croaking and harrumphing. Once close enough to shore, Foolish Toad made a great and sudden leap out of the boat—he *is* a toad, after all—and set to chasing the little Nixie over brambles and hedges, rocks and logs, clear all the way back to misty pond, where he lost her trail. Toad’s fine red boat, of course, bobbed gently into the rushing Great River, and disappeared over the falls to crash on the rocks below.

Making his way back to his house, and in a sad, sad state, Toad slumped to his larder and threw back its door to discover, to his great relief, that the cakes were all there!

And that was how Thief-of-Shells saved Foolish Toad.

The Great River

Next to the Big Tree, the Great River is the most important feature of the Enchanted Glade, for it runs from the far Northwest, down past Cruel Sevenleg’s Lair, over the Falls, turns to the east past Mushroom Circle, and moves through the southern heart of the inner glade. The Great River begins before the Glade and, it is supposed, must end after it; as such, its waters always have a hint of the dangerous unknown about

them. Wise folk respect the river; foolish folk—or Toads—may be washed away.

No part of the river is more feared than the Falls—except by the Nixies who call it home—and rightly so, for more than one poor Fairy has ended up on the rocks after an ill-chosen swim. Some of the Nixies say that there is a great fish who lives in an underwater cave far underneath the falls, but none have seen him and, well, Nixies are the trickiest of Folk, as everyone knows. *Player's Note: If your character is a Nixie, a likely place for them to call their home would be the pool at the base of the Falls.*

The Sand Flats

Until the Rats came, the Sand Flats were one of the busiest and most interesting of places, bustling with Folk and creatures of all sorts. Even now, much activity takes place there, but any Little One who crosses the river risks a Taking, and so only the wariest, hardest, or most foolish Fairy makes the journey to the sands, anymore. In any case, this stretch of sandy beach runs the entirety of the southern elbow of the Great River, and is home to a large hive of Honeybees (in the east), and an only slightly smaller colony of Bumblebees (in the west, amid a great, fallen log) who each seek dominance over the wildflowers of the glade. All manner of crabs—both hermit and the more gregarious sort—make their homes in the center of the flats, and are generally much less difficult to deal with than the bristly bees, though an errant or overly tricky Folk will get herself pinched if she is not careful while dealing with them!

Clever Snake's Island

Clever snake lives on a long, brush-covered island in the middle of the river, and from here he can watch all the goings-on of both the inner glade and the sand flats. The easiest way over the river, as it so happens, is through Clever Snake's island, and he has

levied many a toll to foolish Folk who did not pay him the proper respects. Sometimes, the Pixies say, you can see Snake talking to himself—or some unseen person—in the depths of his island home, but that just might be a snaky trick. Most often, he can be seen swimming about in the shallow pools he cultivates on his island, feasting on the fat minnows he traps there.

Mice and Vole Town

The most easterly settlement in the Glade is Mice and Vole Town, which is located dangerously close to the Old Mill. The mice and voles who live there, however, say they have a “deal” with Owl, which keeps him from feasting on them in exchange for some favor they have never revealed. Of all the talky creatures of the Glade, the Mice and Voles get along best with the Folk, as they share similar temperaments and habits: curiosity, laziness, and love of song and play being chiefest among them. In the spring and summer, the Mice throw great bonfire parties, where they drink barleywine, dance, and sing all the night away. A few moles live on the outskirts of the town, but they are dour and secretive, and not much for revelry.

Long Road and Windy Road

The Enchanted Glade does not have many thoroughfares, but the most important is Long Road, which stretches east from the Misty pond, past the Big Tree, through Mice and Vole Town, and beyond The Old Mill. Long Road roughly follows the expanse of the Great River, and some Folk say that he and she—The Road and River, that is—always have fancied each other, but can never meet.

Windy Road is a short, overgrown stretch of pebbles and dirt which curves off from Long Road and bends to the south, leading to the Great River and Clever Snake's

Island. Most Folk take this shady path from the Tree to the River, and Windy road is often busy with all manner of travelers.

Greengrass Mountain

The mountain is a mysterious place, and few go there. This huge, green hill is the northernmost point in the Enchanted glade, and is home to many secrets, the Folk say. At the base of Greengrass Mountain, the Tortoises live out their slow, quiet lives. Some Fairies say the Tortoises—who live a great long while and have a memory to match—know *What Happened Before*, in a way that no Folk could. Sadly, the Tortoises don't enjoy the company of Folk much...or at least most of them. The journey from the inner glade to the mountain is a long and dangerous one, for all manner of strange, unnamed beasts haunt the northern forest. Still, the peak of Greengrass Mountain is the place where the most delectable berries in the Glade grow, and covetous folk will venture out after them, from time to time.

The Wild Fairy Plains

Wild Fairies are the strangest Folk in the Glade, by far, and not much is known about them. Folk from the Inner Glade rarely go out into the plains, and Wild Fairies rarely come inside. Sometimes, from the top of the Big Tree, you can see cook fires burning out on the plains, and strange figures dancing about them. Sometimes, Wild Fairies will come to Storymeet, and their tales are highly valued. Sometimes, a Folk will venture out among them, driven by curiosity, and never return.

What *is* known about the denizens of these vast plains is that they are strange and

savage. It is said that Wild Fairies ride grouse and lizards, and set traps for crickets. Some of them make bows and arrows out of dried stalks, and hunt giant snails with them. It is also said they sometimes war amongst themselves, but this is just a rumor. The Wild Fairies are known to guard the Place of Stones—a ring of ancient, weathered rock that has stood at the south end of the plains for as long as anyone can remember--but few know why.

Lonelywoods

Out in the plains, almost as far north as Greengrass Mountains, a stand of old, thick woods can be seen. The Wild Fairies give this place a wide berth, and consider it forbidden to them...or anyone else. What lives there, if anything, is a mystery. Asking about the Lonelywoods is a good way to draw the ire of the Wild Folk.

Cruel Sevenleg's Cave

By the northern crook of the Great River, Cruel Sevenleg lives in a vast, spooky cave. Around the entrance of her burrow, the remnants of her grisly feasts sit bundled in silky mounds. Inside the cave—if you are a foolish enough Folk to go inside—you can hear her hissing and talking to herself, gazing in the near darkness at her reflection in a small, dank pool. It is considered very brave to cross the threshold of Sevenleg's Cave and return unharmed, though few Fairies have done so successfully.

Gentle Glasswing's Hut

Glasswing makes her home at the crossroads where Lonely Road and Windy Road meet. In it, she brews her strange concoctions, practices her tricks—over which no one in the glade is a greater master—and dispenses advice to Folk who seek her council. Glasswing has little tolerance for foolishness and games, however, which has led to

whispered rumors that she isn't really a Fairy at all. No one really believes that, though.

The Mill

This old, broken down millhouse on the eastern edge of the Glade is where Owl lives. No one goes there. At all. Sometimes, on a clear night, you can see Owl's great, yellow eyes staring from the rafters of the mill, which is a sight that has sent more than one Fairy fleeing to their beds!

Clothing, Art, and Aesthetics

As must be clear by now, Fairies are creatures of whimsy and exuberance. As such, their clothing, art, and music reflect this. Fairies are given to wearing bright colors (often with little sense of "matching"), though they will also wear browns and greens, as well as overt "woodland" garb. Acorn hats are very common, of course, but many Folk go without head coverings at all. Any Big Folk object that could be used as clothing is considered very fetching. Shoes are most common among brownies, but other Folk wear them, too, especially if they can't fly. Newtskin (leather) is the prevalent material here, though some Wild Fairies use tough grasses and twigs to cover their feet. Wild Fairies tend to also wear less clothing in general, and almost exclusively go for colors that would blend into the tall grasses of their homes. Wild Fairies also like to wear mouse skin hats and scraps of mouse fur, which is considered scandalous and barbaric by those in the Inner Glade; mice can talk, after all.

Violence

Fairies are generally pretty peaceful, but since death has little sting for them, they

can be reckless and aggressive, especially with those who are not of the Folk. Mortal combat among the Folk is quite rare, however, and considered very, very unlucky. After the Night of Taking, it has become more common to see Folk carrying thorn spears and willow bows around. Fairies do otherwise hunt with such spears and bows quite often, but only for “dumb” creatures who cannot account for themselves.

Superstitions

The Folk don't have a history to speak of, with the exception of the recent invasion, so they don't have a grand, overarching creation story, or a religion of any kind. “Fairies have always been and Fairies will always be,” as it is said. Still, Fairies are very superstitious, and value being “Lucky” to such an extent that they are given to many curious practices and behaviors, in order to become so. As well, magical secrets and “tricks” are treated as almost the same thing, for Fairies generally see no real distinction between playing tricks and casting spells, and *certainly* see no distinction between performing rituals and going about their daily lives. Finally, the fantastic nature of the Glade itself lends power to the quirks of small rituals and luck charms, and thus some of the following “secrets” and beliefs are probably true. Most are just silly, however:

- Some say that if you steal a Brownie's shoes, you will become invisible.
- If you dig up a mole and tie his legs together, he has to tell you the secret language of earthworms.
- If you whistle when you cross the great river, then the minnows will not bite.

- Bumblebees cannot lie to you if you rub wax on your forehead.
- If you cover a sleeping fairy with a mint leaf, they will fancy you.
- A Squirrel will drown if it stays on the ground too long.
- If you pull out one of a Hedgehog's spines during a storm, it has to serve you until it rains again.
- If you can count all the stars in the sky in one night, you will be Lucky forever.
- Etc...

“Death” and Dying

Fairies are immortal, enchanted creatures who are untroubled by death, by and large. If a Fairy is killed (or “winks out” like the Folk call it), they will reappear shortly under a toadstool, among the tall grasses, or out from under wherever they make their beds, and just as if they had awoken from a deep slumber. Still, a Fairy becomes more and more forgetful the more times they wink, and it is rumored that if a foolish Folk dies too many times, they will forget how to come back entirely. *Player's Note: If you die in the FoD, you must still seek out plot and resolve it as other players would (FOIP).*

However, once that happens, you should find an appropriate place to come back, such as a stand of trees or rocks, or out from under your bed (if applicable). If you know of any Fair One's Rings (the circle spell) that are active, you MUST seek that out instead, and manifest yourself there, in a state of slumber. Otherwise, to come back fully, you must say “I Appear” in a loud and clear tone, and then simply come into play. Fairies will forget the last 15 minutes of events before they died, though they will remember the spiritual happenings of their death itself.

Five Things Every Fairy Knows

--All that is important is Today.

--Stories are the truest things of all.

--Wisdom is scary, but Luck is grand.

--If it talks, you shouldn't eat it.

--All the important people in the Glade, and maybe everyone else who lives there, too.

Inspirational Material

Fiction

The Wind in the Willows

The Chronicles of Narnia

Film

The Dark Crystal

Return to Oz

Labyrinth

Legend

Willow

Non-fiction

The Cottingley Fairy Hoax