

The Faerie Market

By Leslie Furlong

Your search for young Kath, the Minister's gifted daughter, has led you to this nowhere place between places, the moonless fair that beckons the creeps, the shadows, the forgotten. Shielded from their scrutiny by a powerful illusion, you move among them, hoping to soon find some sign of the girl, because in a few hours the market disappears with the dawn, and with it go all of its secrets.

The Spirit Talker. The Gray Lady, Old Missus Inbetween, Ghostcaller... Not every weirdling and spirit makes it to the market. If you wish to contact one of those beings, or maybe your dear-old Gran, the Spirit Talker can make it happen, as always, for a price.



The Main Gate. Entering the fair is a straightforward process, just show your invitation to the guards and walk right in. I mean, you do have an invitation, don't you?



Bullington and Beefe, Cartographers. These narrow-faced gents seem to know where you are going even when you don't. The route is never an easy one, but what worth doing is? Good people to speak to if you're a little girl lost, trying to find her Gran.



The Fortune Seller. For the right price, the fortune seller will give you a glimpse of the future. It is always a troubling one, perilous and painful. Best not to ask about yourself, then.



The Marketplace. The oldest part of this fair is this warren of blankets and carts at its heart. Here traders of all manner of goods, tangible and otherwise, conduct their business, and while coins from the daylight kingdoms are accepted, it is barter that is truly valued. Tell me, what would you trade to speak to your beloved Gran?

Marketplace Encounters

(Draw one card per group every half an hour)

- ♥ Friendly / amorous
- ♦ Deceptive / unreliable
- ♣ Aggressive / violent
- ♠ Generous / helpful

Ace
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
Jack
Queen
King
Joker

Prizefighter / sellsword
Student / apprentice
Drunkard / addict
Performer / actor
Agent / advocate
Huckster / merchant
Proselytizer / disciple
Guardsmen / soldier
Thief / grifter
Mystic / shaman
Craftsman / teacher
"Companion" / courtesan
Noble / big shot
Draw another card; that being sees through your illusion.

Sneere's Auctioneers. The keen-eyed Mortimer Sneere and his company of appraisers know the value of everything, from a dusty chalice to a musty book to a cherished memory. Bargain hunters might find something among sellers in the **Marketplace**, but those with a desire for the unique will show up at the bottom of every hour to see what treasure Sneere has unearthed.



The Stage. Some say that the voices of performers carry on beyond the market into the Never-Never, so it is important to be in top form, lest those listening be displeased. Of course, some say the opposite... Hopefuls must first see the Emcee, Macklin Drax, before taking to the stage.



The Hole. Outside the **Main Gate**, scruffy youngsters mill about, watching, looking for those without an invitation. "Want in, don't ya?" they say, with a wink. For a price the urchins will show you a way in. "Just stay clear of the guardfolk," they tell you. "No skin off my nose, but they find you without an invite an' yer done."



The Square Circle. Do you have a grievance to settle? A point you wish to make? Those with martial skill (or at least access to it) are encouraged to make use of this arena. The contest need not be lethal, but the outcome is binding. One-Eyed Fred at the Den covers most wagers.



The Den. The lucky and the desperate go to the den, yearning for fortune's caress. From a quick hand of Devil's Lash to a round of Daggerdeep, One-Eyed Fred provides tables for all games of chance. When caught, cheaters are given one last wager. Win, no harm done, play on. Lose, and well... lose.



Academy Recruiters. The doll-like young ladies with onyx eyes sit patiently, hands folded upon their laps. "Would you like to join us at our school?" they ask passersby. Occasionally they are more insistent, especially when taken by a young, clever thing. "Have you seen her?" They might ask. "The Matron would be most welcoming."

