

# Introduction

## Disclaimer

Faeries do not exist. If they do that statement just killed one and that is one less of the little buggers to worry about. Feel free to clap your hands if you think it will help.

You are not a faerie, you cannot fly, you are not invisible, Grognar the Evil did not cut off your wings, you never had them, you did not model for Brian Froud and the pixies did not take away your younger brother and replace him with a drooling, retarded changeling. He is just a drooling retard.

This is a game, not reality.

If you find yourself having difficulties differentiating between the two or have the sudden urge to wander into your school, college or place of work and slaughter all your co-workers or fellow students with a katana or machinegun please, for the love of god, consider your fellow gamers and have the common decency to delete this file and remove all your gaming books and violent computer games from your room. Just leave a few copies of the bible and an NRA membership around to fuck with people's preconceptions instead.

Thank you.

Postmortem Studios accepts no responsibility for injuries sustained in the making or imbibing of the *Postmortem Studios Patented Faerie Sight Potion*.

Do not be so bloody stupid.

## Foreword

There are certain kinds of people, ale-drinking people, people who did a little too much acid in the sixties, people who wear large, warm jumpers and take long brisk walks in the country. These people maintain that faeries not only exist but that they are very common. They also tend to believe that faeries are, were and always will be a countryside phenomenon much like casual cruelty to animals, sexual intercourse with sheep and having an impenetrable and parochial accent.

This is, of course, rather wide of the mark.

Faeries have always had a strong relationship with man, darning his socks, cobbling his shoes, cleaning his houses, drowning him, marrying him and swapping his children for malformed hydrocephalics

as a bit of a jape and otherwise aiding or demeaning the efforts of man. Faeries do not need our belief to exist; they need us and the things we leave around.

Like an urban fox or that aerial rat known as the pigeon, if they survive they will have adapted to city life and found their niches not in tending to flowers and trees but in crashing computers, letting down the tyres on peoples cars and eating the leftover pizza.

What then, would their world be like as they transitioned, with man, to an urban environment? How would the traditional faeries of yesteryear alter, shift, change and cope to deal with this new world? What powers would they have and what would they get up to?

So, armed with my imagination, a few research books and a hefty draught of the *Postmortem Studios Patented Faerie Sight Potion* I set out to discover imagine and set down what sort of world might exist for faeries today. The fruits of that labour are now yours to play with.

## Postmortem Studios Patented Faerie Sight Potion

Get a liquidiser and put in the following ingredients.

*1 slice of week old delivered pizza, preferably nice and furry.*

*Fruit or tomatoes, enough to fill half the container. A hefty dose of acid.*

*A spliff's worth of nice, resinous, skunk weed.*

*A Bill Hicks' recommended dose of psychoactive mushrooms. (Five dried grams).*

*Five shots of single malt whisky.*

*A photocopy of a Brian Froud Illustration.*

Liquidise until the whole has a smooth, ghastly looking appearance and then remove the container. Set it down upon the floor and dance about it three times, widdershins (that is anticlockwise) chanting the following verse. (You may want to have a couple of shots of the whisky first).

*'Hey nonny nonny, I'm a gullible twat.'*

*'Hey nonny nonny, faeries are phat.'*

*'Real ale doesn't taste like a badger's scro-tum.'*

*'Let me see fairies so I can tell me mum.'*

If Tom Bombadil can get away with it, so can you.

Now imbibe the potion and you should be able to see all sorts of interesting things. Possibly even faeries.

## Five Minute Game

*Urban Faerie* is a five minute game. This means that it should take the whole group about five minutes to make up a character and be ready to play. *Urban Faerie* is designed as a 'beer and crisps' game, something that is a bit of a laugh, to be played as one offs and fillers between your other games. For the love of god do not take it too seriously, do not get into arguments and, should your faerie get splatted it is only going to take you a couple of minutes to make up a new one. Faeries get splatted all the time. That is what happens when you are small and invisible and are trying to dodge around tons of lumbering great filthy humans.

## Postmortem Studios

Postmortem Studios is the name of a small role-playing game studio belonging to James 'Grim' Desborough. The business has two sides. On the one side is a small, non-profit venture producing semi-professional fan-based material & on the other side more professional material produced by Grim himself.

Postmortem Studios was fully established in January 2004 for both freelancing for other companies and for the production of professional works both in PDF, which we support as a concept, & in print.

## A Word about Piracy

Hello there. Odds are, unfortunately, that the majority of people reading this will have downloaded this file as a PDF file through P2P networks or from a website without paying for it. Here is how it breaks down. For the last couple of years I have been fruitlessly searching for full time employment with the skills I have been trained in. This year I have finally given up, scraped together a little cash and am now seeking to turn the thing I love, writing, into a full time career. This is not an easy thing to do and PDF publishing does not make a great deal of money at the best of times. On this product I can expect to make, at the most, about \$800 USD. After the exchange rate to British pounds that does not leave much.

Odds are you do not really give that much of a crap but it is not like I am actually charging that much for what I do is it? Do me a favour, help me eat and produce more work. I am trying to support and expose other artists, writers and people of talent as well as myself and that takes money. If you are not going to give me any cash by buying this book please support my other work by going to

[www.postmort.demon.co.uk](http://www.postmort.demon.co.uk) and donating at least a single dollar to Postmortem Studios to help keep us running.

Thank you.

## What is a Role-Playing Game?

Do not be ridiculous, you would not have picked this up or looked at it if you did not know. There is no real, easy way to explain to someone what role-playing is other than to show them, but hell, let us give it a quick go anyway.

In simple terms role-playing is a shared story. You will need at least two players, one person to lay out the plotline, describe actions as they happen and to adjudicate and another one to play a protagonist in the story. In this case a faerie. Whenever the result of an action is called into question by difficulty or a possibility of failure dice are used to determine success of failure with the odds depending on the difficulty of the task and the strengths of weaknesses of the character.

Bugger it that is all you are getting. Work it out.



*Pip awoke in a pool of his own offensive smelling vomituous juices the morning of New Year's Day and tried, unsuccessfully, to work out precisely where the hell he was. The walls were smooth and white and smelled, repugnantly and strongly of vomit, which must have been his fault he surmised, his head was pounding as though half a dozen road workers were smashing away on it with a pneumatic hammer. A quick check for the presence of pneumatic hammers revealed to his satisfaction that this wasn't, in fact, the case. He blinked his gummy eyes, breaking the crust and raised his head, blearily blinking trying to work out where he was with a bit more effort and to also ascertain what, exactly, was going on. Slowly the evidence began to come together...*

*His head hurt like a bitch, he was laying in vomit, he wasn't sure where he was, his tongue tasted like a goblin had snapped off a particularly vile and well fermented turd into his mouth and he really, really needed a drink and to go to the toilet. The evidence was clear. He'd been drunk. Slowly it came back to him. He had been at the gremlin New Year's party the night before and had, not that he could remember any of it, apparently had a pretty good time. The gremlins had been preparing since Christmas when the people who worked in this office, Flately & Sons Accountancy, had almost all left for a couple of weeks of holiday. The gremlins had knackered the soft drinks dispenser and warmed it up, broken it with a few charms and fiddled with what remained until the drink within had begun to ferment and brew. Come New Year's Eve the fruits of their labour had, apparently, worked as the rest of the night was a bit of a haze to Pip with only the vague shadows of memories of juggling fermented Coca Cola from a thimble dancing in front of his eyes.*

*Pip Ventolin, pixie of marijuana plants, party guy and drug dealing faerie, dragged himself backwards out of the paper cup in which he had been sleeping and surveyed the office around him. The photocopier was crushed where a troll had been trying to photocopy his buttocks, you could see the clearly delineated line of his arse crevice the wreckage. Someone should really teach trolls the value of toilet paper thought Pip as he viewed the crushed device and saw a little more grotesquery. A few tiny pairs of sprite-*

*sized knickers scattered around a nest of crumpled, headed paper showed where in Studley Gudefucke and the red-light sprites had, apparently, enjoyed themselves very much. There were stains and spilled drinks everywhere and a few sleepy, head-clutching revellers in much the same state as he was, were taking it in turns to drink coffee and were casually cruising elfporn.com while nursing their hangovers.*

*Pip groaned and staggered to his feet. He was in for a long trip home, there weren't any marijuana plants in the office and his whole supply had been smoked. That was the only reason these bastards ever invited him to any parties, because he could supply. Still, so long as it got him a little faerie muff and the false adulation of the masses, that was enough, even if the green absinthe fairy was beginning to cut in on his business. Maybe it was time she was warned off, giggling little bitch kept her home in the off licence down on Moulin Street. Maybe going and putting the frighteners on her would alleviate his headache or maybe he could pay a couple of bogles to go and sort her out, he was lousy with charms after last night, someone would do the job for a bit of magick.*

*Lurching across the floor he climbed up a stack of CVs, unbuttoned his fly and began to piss, with extreme satisfaction, into one of the office mugs that had been set up for the purpose by some of the smaller faeries the previous night. He sighed with pleasure as his tight bladder emptied itself noisily into the mug below, tinkling and burbling musically. Two shakes, a tuck and a quick buttoning up and he jumped back down from the top of the CD stack down onto the dull, grey carpet tiles of the floor.*

*He scratched his chin and ambled for the stairs, stifling a yawn; it was a long way down and, as he went the pain of his headache settled into a dull throb of meanness and annoyance. Yeah, it was time that sickly green bitch was warned off, business was business after all, he'd go and talk to Spanky and Slappy Colon, the bogle brothers. They'd sort her out, no problem. He rubbed his hands together as he hopped down the first step. Profits would be up...*