

grey - neighbours

Grey-Neighbours, the. One of the EUPHEMISTIC NAMES FOR THE FAIRIES given by the Shetlanders to the Trows, the small grey-clad Goblins whom the Shetlanders used to propitiate and fear, using against them many of the means used all over the islands as PROTECTION AGAINST FAIRIES.

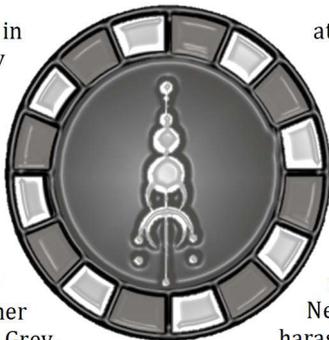
An Encyclopedia of Fairies. Pg. 205 – *Mary Katherine Briggs*,

Humanity is actually under the control of dinosaur-like alien reptiles called the Babylon Brotherhood who must consume human blood to maintain their human appearance. – *David Icke*

Everyone's quick to blame the alien. – *Aeschylus*

Quote: “*Shh... Relax friend... this won't hurt if you don't struggle. There is nothing to worry about. Everything is fine.... Just fine...*”

Perhaps more OTHER than any single entity in the dreaming or beyond, the Adhene family known colloquially as the Grey-Neighbours represents one of the most horrifying primal aspects of all Faerie Lore. – that of Kidnapping mortals for unknown ends. Mortals once lived in so much fear of these completely alien creatures, that the appellation of Grey-Neighbours was the only title used in deferential submissiveness. While many other Kithain, Thallain, Adhene, or other family may have had euphemisms attached, the Grey-Neighbours simply have no other titles. They a simply *ARE* the Grey-Neighbours, and for good or worse, that is the only name that is needed to send cold shivers down the backs of both mortals and fae alike.



attempt to liven up their wardrobe with fun clothing, but even then it is in muted hues.

Lifestyles: Due to the very limiting Frailty, the Grey-Neighbours rarely venture close to mortal habitations. They stay hidden deep in secluded wild places, venturing forth to lure unsuspecting humans into their clutches, where they use theirBirthrights to cloud their memories. With this in mind, many of the Grey-Neighbours form little cliques of up to 6 to better harass and harangue their victims.

In modern times, the concept of being abducted by cold and emotionless beings has been reinterpreted to mean strange creatures from beyond the stars. The Grey-Neighbours, with their origins in the deepest recesses of the Far dreaming, and their impassive detached faces may have very well been a catalyst for such wide-spread urban legends. While the few Grey-Neighbours that are approached and asked of such connections just stare back wide-eyed and unresponsive, it does make for certain connections. The Grey-Neighbours can rightly be described as “Alien” in mindset, more-so perhaps than any other of the Adhene Denizens.

Revelry: The Grey Neighbours can only take glamour from a mortal by kidnapping them and forcibly removing it. Doing so takes a successful opposed willpower roll, with the Grey-Neighbour's amount of successes over the target (read Kidnapped mortal's) being the amount of glamour points taken. Any botches are levels of damage, (treated as bashing and chimerical), that the target receives.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Grey-Neighbours are accompanied by a prickly feeling that plays across the skin, and rings of flashing light that play across the scene. Some can also hear bells, a high-pitched whirring whine, and the smell of ozone.

Aria: The Aria of the Grey Neighbours have little differences to the untrained eye. Their demeanor is the only assured way to tell.

ALIENS!!!

Does this mean that the Grey-Neighbours come from outer-space? No. Unless you think it does. Keep in mind that the World of Darkness is a strange and nebulous one, where any answers that may be forthcoming are accompanied by a score of new questions. The Prodigals known as Mages tell stories of Ka-Luon greys from the deepest depths of deep Space, Hedge-wizards have the Thal'lhun and the Star-council. Perhaps the Grey-Neighbours are just dark fairies. Maybe they are aliens. Maybe they are just humanities own subconscious response to a fear of being used as fodder. Like all things, it is up to the Storyteller and the players to decide.

❖ **Dionae:** The Dionae aria of the Grey-Neighbours is rife with meanness. They are bitter and sardonic, sarcastic and scathing, quick to mock their victims and taunting them with freedom that comes only after the Grey-Neighbour has had his fill of glamour.

❖ **Araminae:** The Araminae aria of the Grey-Neighbours is perhaps as bad as the Dionae. They are still as nasty, but now openly fib, Feigning understanding, even sympathy, while they probe and dissect.

❖ **Apollaie:** The Apollaie are cold and removed, emotionless in every sense of the word. Many don't even blink.

Appearance: The Grey-Neighbours have no mortal mien. (See Frailty below). In fae mien, both males and females of the family appear as short and bald creatures with gray skin, short torsos, long limbs, and large wet dark-grey eyes that don't seem to blink enough. Their clothing is shades of grey and drab brown. Some

Affinity: Time

Birthrights:

Smarter than Most: The Grey-Neighbours hide untold knowledge behind those dark grey unblinking eyes. They begin

with a +2 in intelligence at character creation, even if this takes them above 5.

Control Mists: The Grey-Neighbours can control the mortals relationship with the mists (As per the chart on Page 208 of the Changeling the Dreaming 2nd Ed or Page 269 of Changeling the Dreaming 20th). The Grey-Neighbors roll their willpower at a difficulty of where (according to banality) on the mist chart they want their victim to fall.

Frailties:

True Face: Grey-Neighbours have no mortal mien, appearing the same in the Dreaming as they do in the Banal world. For this reason, most interactions with mortals are kidnappings in which they can control the outcome.

No Revelry: The glamour that feeds and empowers all creatures of the dreaming is a difficulty prospect for these Adhene. The Grey Neighbours can only gain glamour when they take it forcibly from mortals.

Mr. Ash, Mr. Slate, and Ms. Gunmetal smile as warmly as they can before strapping you to a table...

Bugganes; Never engage with fisticuffs. Use guile, which they are perpetually unarmed.

Effigies: We are not evil. We are us. The wicker-men are evil.

FinFolk: *I weat, you weat.* That is your understanding, yes?

Fir-Gorma: Aren't nearly as clever as they reason themselves to be.

Glashtyn: Horses, Bulls, or perhaps some other terrestrial beasts? You could do better if you wanted.

Grigs: We enjoy music. That does not save them. But we do enjoy it.

Gunna: We have never quite understood the Honey or the Vinegar metaphor. Perhaps we shall catch a fox to better understand.

Gyl: They desire emotional reciprocation in the form of intercourse? Laughable.

Muilearteacha: Hunger married with patience. We understand.

Nuckalavee: Brutes with all the subtlety of a hammer. I am surprised that they yet still exist in this modern age.

Sea Bishop: Only one creature in the dreaming could meet with us in an intellectual gladiatorial arena and hold their ground. They know far more than most surmise and are blessed with insights that even we have yet to discover. For that we hate them.

Ra-Men: They claim to have some understanding of the cosmos? Hah. They have exchanged true knowledge for disdain of the wonder that true knowledge might bring.

