

KIKKIMORA

"I want Dmitrii's admiration. I want a victory. I even want power, over princes and chyerti. I am allowed to want things...." The Winter of the Witch— *Katherine Arden*,

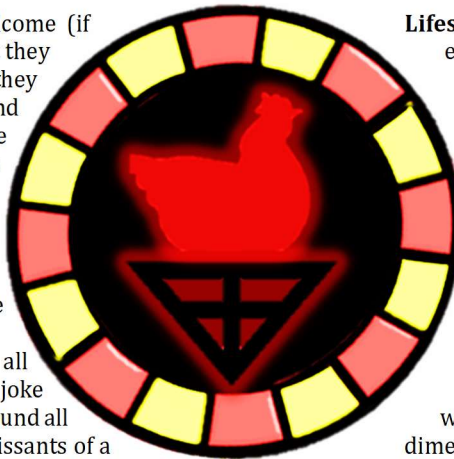
Quote: **none* just mocking laughter coming from nowhere and everywhere at once...*

In the old days, the Kikkimora were welcome (if annoying) additions to any household. At night they would help clean and bake, and during the day they would disappear into their magic and otherworldly space between the walls. The modern Thrice-Tenth-Kingdom, at least some aspects of it, keeps such traditional folk-tropes close to its heart. The lucky Kikkimora, then, has such a means of existence. Yet too many others don't. Perhaps this is the reason why so many of the Kikkimora are unsufferable little tartlets.

The horrible little Kikkimora, all female, all small, and all piss and vinegar, are a cruel joke played by the Siberian Dreaming. At one time found all across the rural landscape, these angry little pissants of a Plemya now dot "Rodina" in far less numbers than their forbears but are still too many for the Genteel Plemya (especially those long-eared prats in House Varich). The relatively few fans of the Kikkimora posit that they exist solely to piss off the high and mighty, after all, it is damned hard to catch them.

Zima (Unseelie) to a one of them, if not quite the Thallain or Chert that others might attribute to them, the poor Kikkimora rarely have a place that welcomes them. However, they do have one great trick up their sleeves. Each and every one of their numbers can create a pocket dimension of her very own to hide safe and cozy. As many of them are runaways and orphans, it takes some time to find a house to set up in, but once there it is a small matter to simply spend an initial point of Zhivost' (Glamour) and begin the moving in process.

Appearance: In Okovy Lik the Kikkimora are gawky, scraggly, thin lipped pinch faced little ragamuffins with messy hair and googly eyes. In Karlik Lik they're little better. They have the feathered and beaked heads of a scrawny bird, somewhere between a starving rooster and a hungry crow. They have the clawed fingers and feet to match, and two long spiraling horns spewing up through their ugly faces completes their reedy appearance.



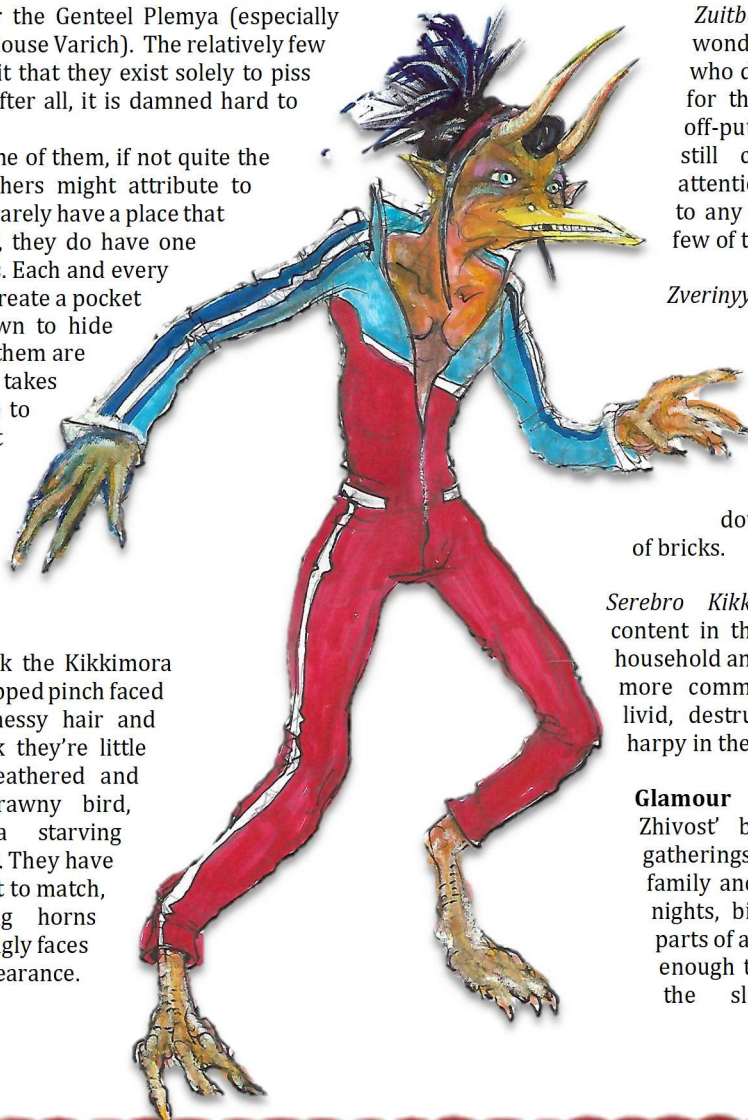
Lifestyle: Always shorter than their peers, even before the Chrysalis, and usually a little physically-beauty-challenged, the Kikkimora develop a tough skin and a take-no-shit voice early. This serves them well as they develop into the short and physically-beauty-challenged Fae that they are destined to be. As they get older, and eventually find a niche of their own, the world opens up for them in ways that they could never conceive in their younger years. Well, not the world, necessarily, but their own little dimensional pockets; those open up.

Zuitbotschnick Kikkimora are wonderfully scrappy little boogers, who develop a tough skin too early for their own good. Despite their off-putting attitudes, however, they still crave the love, care, and attention that should be warranted to any child. It is a travesty that so few of them get it.

Zverinyy Kikkimora are foul-mouthed, angry, and capable of far more mayhem than most realize. They are often underestimated, which puts the Kikkimora at a desirable advantage. When they do come down, they come down like a ton of bricks.

Serebro Kikkimora are either happily content in their lives, finding a welcome household and family to lay their heads, or, more commonly, the most malcontent, livid, destructive, petulant bird-headed harpy in the whole of the Mother Russia

Glamour Ways: Kikkimora regain Zhivost' by being invited to family gatherings if lucky enough to have a family and taking part. Dinners, game-nights, birthday parties- all the best parts of a family. Or, if they aren't lucky enough to have a family by sitting on the sleeping chests of their



householders and taking it against their will (as in ravaging). They would much prefer to do it the first way.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Kikkimora smell like old dishwater and moldy straw with just a hint of dry manure. There is a strange dusty grittiness that appears underfoot and a cold clammy breeze that winds its way through the scene.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights:

My Room (*Moya Komnata*): All Kikkimora have an extradimensional crawlspace around 3 by 3 by 3 meters in which they can hide their supplies, store their belongings (owned or stolen) or simply steal themselves away and relax. They can enter the area at any time, and from this space, they can exit into any area of the house that they wish. No one else can enter, save through the Kikkimora guiding them in by hand. Other Kikkimora can enter freely, but it is bad form to do so without permission. It should be mentioned that this extra-spacial alcove isn't soundproof and can be heard any and everywhere in the house.

Dust Bunny (*Pyl'nyy Krolik*): At the cost of one Zhivost', the Kikkimora can transform into dust bunnies, wisps of dusty straw and hair or a greasy clump of old dirt. In this form they gain a +5 to dexterity, but have two less points of stamina, with health points to match. If destroyed in this form, they can reform in their hidden extradimensional crawlspaces. Though it takes their stamina rating in days to reform and takes an extra point of Zhivost'.

Frailties:

Little Wisps (*Malen'kiye Ogon'ki*): All Kikkimora are frail, wispish, waifish bits of nothing. At character creation, their appearance and strength ratings have a cap of 2, even with freebie points, and merits/flaws. In addition, when spending experience points, it cost current rating x 6 to bring these ratings any higher.

Klepto (*Vor*): The Kikkimora aren't stingy or greedy, but they do have an eye for shiny things. Perhaps there is some truth to their avian nature? Or perhaps it is due to them not having any true home, they fill that void in their heart with worthless tchotchkes.

At any time the Kikkimora sees something that catches her eyes, usually a worthless little shiny gewgaw or bit of jewelry, they must make succeed on a willpower roll, difficulty 7, or squirrel it away to their little "Room" for safekeeping.

Lada, eyeing up your watch, mutters something under breath and then begins a tired rant on why the other Karlik aren't worth a spit...

Dvoverie: Sometimes our numbers and their numbers end up in the same places. That doesn't make us friends. It makes us coworkers.

Leshiye: It's nice to have drinking buddies, but don't play cards with them. Even if you win, the prizes are always weird.

Likho: As ugly as I am, as mean as I am, but for some reason the others bend over backwards for these old biddies. I don't get it.

Morozko: I met one once, before I found a house. She asked if I was cold. I told her very sarcastically, "No, I'm just standing here making sure the snow is warm." She asked a couple more times. I responded each time with something more or less equally as sardonic. Then they decided to help me. I'm grateful for the help, don't get me wrong, but they got some dumass rules to follow in order to be helpful.

Korhorushy: Cats? Fogs? Ghosts? I have no idea who, or what, these things are supposed to be. Whatever they are, it's creepy.

Polevik: I don't get out to the cornfields enough, but when I do, I simply like to watch.

Poludnica: Big tits, bit butts, big eyes. I get the appeal. But I'd also like an actual heart-to-heart with a lover who has a heart.

Rarash: I had a friend once; when I younger. I thought we'd fall in love as we got older. He was so kind to me, so nice. But then he grew up and disappeared. I'll never forgive the Dreaming, and I'll never forgive him.

Rusalki: They got the right idea, drown the whole lot of them.

Ved: The only one of us I can stand. I'd much prefer to hate them of course, but I just can't find the heart to do it.

Vily: Everything they do is supposed to be graceful and beautiful and serene. Nope, they take doodies just like the rest of us.

Vodyanoi: Bah. Wait till winter, when their stupid faces get stuck under the stupid ice of their stupid lakes. It's hilarious.

Zmei: Dragons? Seriously? Uhm, no. I only know about the other Zmei- the goddam Krovopiytsa who stretch your eyeballs out through your ass.

Domovye: Where the hell have they gone to? I seem to remember a lot more. Bring their asses back. It was nice to have somebody to whine with.