

Ra-Men

**If you're a young earth creationist you may be not stupid but just ignorant.
Fortunately ignorance is curable. Try reading a science book.**

-Richard Dawkins

Quote: Indigo-Shift, the apocalypse, the Final-Winter, all just colorful terms for the eventual heat-death of the universe, loveless and cold and lonely and waiting for us all. Here...have some manicotti.

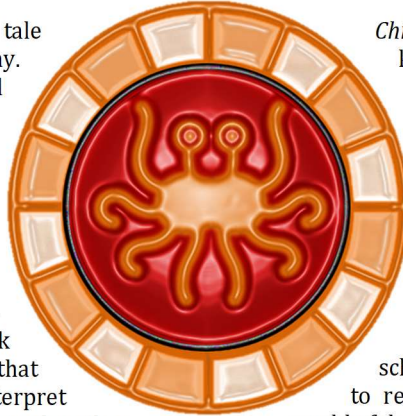
Not all kiths boast origins of Faerie tale splendor or magical Kingdoms far-far away. Some are born from the miasma of the cold indifference of science and the irony of day-to-day existence. The Pasta Pirate loving kith known as Ra-Men is one such kith. They are born of sardonicism and science with equal aplomb. Some claim bitter and broken slugh as their patron Kithain forbears, while others cite ALIENS.

One of the newest of New Kiths, the Ra-Men are creatures of tongue-in-cheek intellectual snobbery and all that the fun that comes along with it. They constantly re-interpret their own origins based on cosmic teapots on the other side of the sun, or pink unicorns. Most if not all of the Ra-Men have real world connections in the seemingly banal world of science. Most are vocal proponents of atheism, evolution, or even fringe pseudointellectual avenues (ALIENS!). Some espouse marginal doctrines such as the Church of the Sub genius or discordianism. All however, consider themselves Pastafarians and venerate their masticatable master.

The Kith as a whole celebrates the bitter impartialness of the universe, and they revel in its jaded nihilism. Armed with the bleak knowledge that would destroy more jovially naïve kiths, the Ra-Men use said knowledge to enlighten the world in their sardonically atheist splendor. While many wonder how the kith hasn't been aid low in the same manner as the Dauntain, the Ra-Men just smile and condescendingly pat you on the back with their noodly appendages.

Appearance: In mortal mien, the Ra-Men are unusually awkward looking science types. Large eyes, pale skin, limp hair, and lanky limbs are the norm. While they may dress in the heights of geek-fashion, there is just something distracting about their appearance. In Fae mien, however, that indistinct awkwardness is illuminated. While most of their features are still the same, the hair is now long wet pasta, their eyes are now large meatballs, and their thin smiles are as cold and merciless as week old lasagna. However, their dapper clothing and haute couture style is still a point of pride for all of them, and even their lab-coats are impeccable and fashionable, festooned with buttons, pins, and other accoutrements (if not the odd spot of marinara sauce).

Lifestyle: From the Wacky science professor who refuses to give out A's, to the jaded science researcher who laughs at empirical data, the Ra-Men have a place in the real world more-so than perhaps any other creatures of the Dreaming. Many are also pirates. Because.



Childing Ra-Men, called Fedelini, are bratty little know-it-alls. They make fun of other kids who still believe in Santa Claus, throw tantrums if they have to go to Sunday School, and draw in their School-Books, citing them as nothing more than "Wastes of Valuable Trees."

Wilder Ra-Men, or Spaghettoni have the same snotty attitude as the Fedelines, but now have some schooling to back it up. If they care enough to apply themselves, they excel in school, and at this point in their lives have begun to realize their hidden correlations between the world of the Dreaming, and the indifferent workings of the universe.

Grump Ra-Men, or Pici are jaded tired, and most of all bored by the senseless prattling and pathetic mewling of the unwashed masses. There is nothing more to learn from conventional science, and even their once beloved fringe science comes across as incompetent bull-hoo-ha.

Revelry: The process of Ra-Men gaining glamour is a bit more complicated than that of your average naïve Kithain. This is highlighted in the Frailty below. However, if there is learning to be had (*real learning, mind, none of those arts and humanities claptrap...*) then the Ra-Men have an easier time to garner said glamour.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Ra-Men are accompanied by a wave of hubris and boredom that washes through the soul. There may also be the flickering of soft candle lights, light violin music, and a touch of spicy arribiata sauce on the tongue.

Affinity: Actor

Birtrights:

Banality=Irony=Glamour: Due to their unique natures as creatures of bitter irony, the Ra-Men can somewhat alter the nature of Banality itself. Nihilism is something to be celebrated with a cold bottle of dark-dark beer, a dark-haired woman, and Akron. When faced with a seemingly fatal force of Banality, the Re-Men can roll his Intelligence + Academics to explain how such a force is beautiful in its own way. The amount of successes equates to how much the level of the Banality is lowered. By spending a point of Glamour for each person present, they too can stave off the tide of Banality, and see it for the awe-inspiring act of creation it is. I.E. Waiting in line at the D.M.V. is a fabulous

testament to the wonders of our local department of transportation, and the maddeningly dedicated paper-work priests who serve as clerks behind the desks...

Extra Wily: Due to their clever minds, and equally clever fingers, the Ra-Men are extra hard to catch in traps of either physical or mental nature. They gain a +1 to Wits and Dexterity both, and in addition, are triple-jointed (as per the Sluagh merit) and can never botch an academics roll.

Frailties:

Smarter than You: The Ra-Men are overwhelmingly intelligence, *which they are quick to point out*, and are at a +1 difficulty to any social rolls when dealing with the overly naïve. This rises to a +2 difficulty when dealing with overly arrogant scholars (like attracts like after all). They are a +3 difficulty when dealing with other Ra-Men, and a +4 when dealing with Ra-Men of higher seeming, (Childings hate Wilders, who Hate Grumps, etc.). When dealing with creationist, the difficulty to any social roll is always a 10. Although, if the Creationist can actively hold his own in the debate arena, than this can difficulty hindrance can grudgingly be wavered back down to a +1 or +2 difficulty (as per the storyteller's discretion).

Glamour is Dumb: Gaining Glamour from anything the Ra-Men might consider frivolous (whether from free-holds, dreamers, r something more jovial) is always at a difficulty 1 higher than it normally should be.

Dr. Alfred O' Veal explicates (with just a dash of derisiveness) about the lesser evolved...

Cheabler-Sith: Cookies? Well at least they understand the mathematics involved in baking.

Eagle-Knights: Boorish right-wing pretenders. The Right wing and left wing are both the same bird, regardless of what color the state appears on your television.

Fortuni: Their ability to compute such staggering statistical anomalies is of uttermost paramount to any endeavor we or any one of our ilk might ever undertake. Make friends. Play nice. And for the teapot's sake, buy them drinks.

Junk-Tooths: The truest irony is that they are the only one of us Truly American Kiths that can truly be described as happy. Despite the Eagle-Knight's bravado, the Fortuni's Luck, the Gun-Faces's power, the Cheabhler's skills, the Swag Demon's Swag, or our unequalled capacity for raw intelligence, the Junk-Tooth's seem to be the only ones content. I don't understand it.

Swag Demons: A powerful force of misdirection. By looking at their colorful antics, we don't look at ourselves.

