

SACI

He who has rejected his demons badgers us to death with his angels.

Henri Michaux

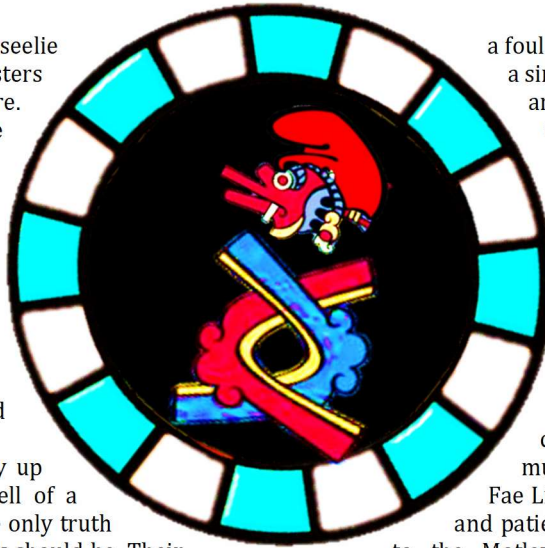
Quote: I've got a joke. "What do you get when you cross and owl with a bungee cord?" Give up? "My ASS!" You don't get it? Man, are you stupid.

The Saci are a predominantly Unseelie Calli (Kith) of one-legged trickster monsters that bound throughout Brazilian folklore. Even the few Seelie of their number are the worst of obnoxious tricksters and can become obscenely violent if it can get a laugh. They have a long history that is somewhat steeped in Islamic folklore (not that they'd admit it) - with ties to pre-Judaic Djinn. These facets of their existence, coupled with a susceptibility to trappings of the faith, as well as a whiff of hell-fire sulfur with their magics, leads many to understand them as servants of El Diablos...

The Saci, for their part, simply play up such connections. It makes for one hell of a reputation, whether it's true or not. The only truth they care about is what their next prank should be. Their true existence is one spent in search of fun and laughter; often at another's expense. It should be noted that not all of them are bad- or at least not all of them are evil- but they know what they want, and what they want is a good time. This may or may not put them at odds with other Calli. It certainly puts them at odds with mortals, who are the unwitting butt of their jokes.

Each also has a long red hat -what some scholars understand to be a Phrygian Cap. This covering is an integral part of their true Ayauhcalli nature. To pinch such a cap from them means more than any of them would confess, and none of their numbers advertise the adverse effects (see Frailty below). When asked about the importance or origins of the hat, each has a venomous comeback dismissing the whole affair.

Appearance: The Saci Inahual (Miens) are short, stubby affairs, with ugly expressions on goofy looking faces. They have both legs in their Tlacaxayaque (Mortal Mien), and sometimes even seem quicker than their peers - this means physically as well as mentally- with clever japes and quick-witted insults flying out of sneering mouths. The Teohua (Fae Mien) is a tiny one-legged creature with



a foul mouth, a long red stocking cap, and a sinister smirk. Even the tallest of them are rarely over 1 meter tall (3 feet for those lazy asses who don't like math) and even then, they crouch-making them seem even shorter. Again, though there is only one leg, there is no hindrance to mobility.

Lifestyles: Not much, as said previously. They hold mortal lives to an extent, but even that is a testament to dead-beat class-clownery that never amounts to much in the real world. As far as their Fae Lives, it is much the same. With time and patience, they can prove valuable allies to the Motley that can handle their grating personalities... but it takes a *good measure* of patience.

Names are an integral aspect of their existence, however, that should be examined. Each of the Saci, in addition to their name, gains the name Saci as well. With the name Saci comes a descriptor (usually added by an Elder of their Calli) that lets others know exactly what Saci is being referred to. Some of the more famous of Saci were Saci-Red Eyes, Saci-Long Hair, and Saci-snaggle-teeth. What their

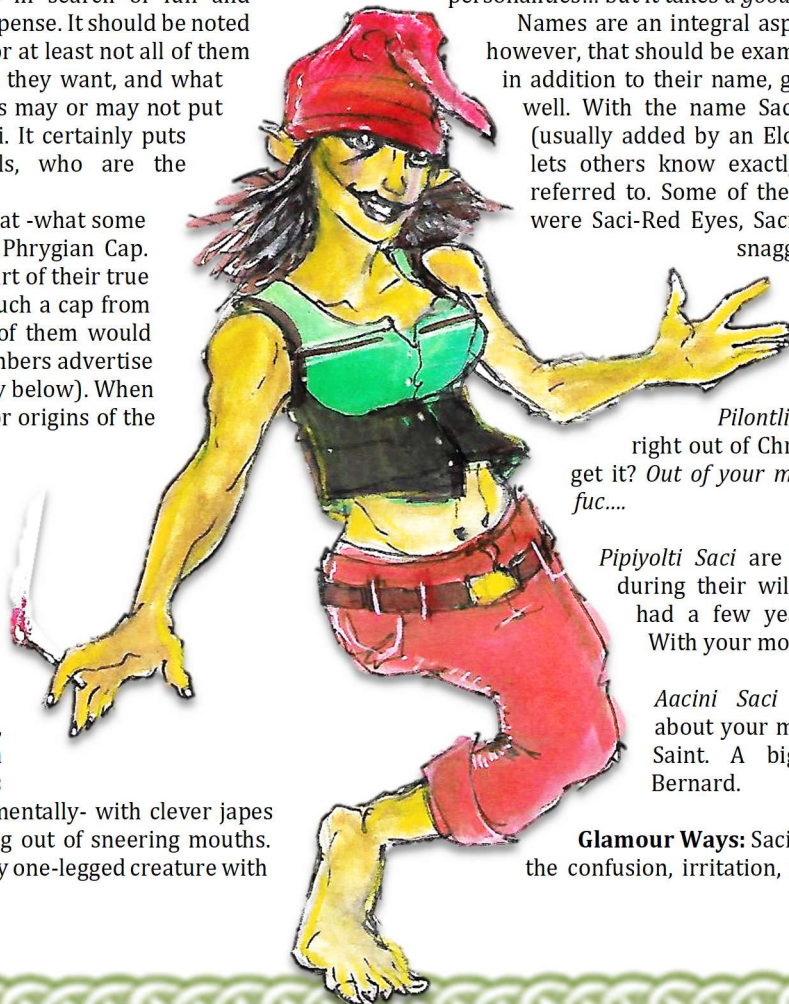
other names were doesn't matter in the course of their own history...

Pilontli Saci get a red cap right out of Chrysalis. Where do they get it? *Out of your mom's closet, after they fuc....*

Pipiyolti Saci are even more annoying during their wilder years. They have had a few years more experience. With your mom.

Aacini Saci won't say anything about your mom anymore. She is a Saint. A big old floppy Saint-Bernard.

Glamour Ways: Saci regain Mahuiztli from the confusion, irritation, and discontent left in



their wake. They gain even more, if someone secretly snickers at their antics... Not just anyone will admit it, but sometimes, a Saci can crack a good enough joke to warrant a chuckle or two...

Unleashing: Nomiuh cast by the Saci are accompanied by little swirling eddies of dust and detritus, mini whirlwinds that dance across the ground. There is also a nefarious lingering odor of sulphur and brimstone. This leads many Saintly Folk to see the Saci as so many demons.

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights:

Fast Little Bastards (*Pequenos Bastardos Rápidos*): Despite their one-leg, the Saci are perhaps the quickest of all the Ayauhcalli. Everything that is possible with two legs is possible for them, even sitting cross-legged in their Fae mien (which boggles the senses and stymies all the experts). At character creation, each of the Saci gains a +3 to Dexterity, even if this takes them well above 5.

Shapeshifters (*Metamorfo*): Aside from their heightened agility, the Saci also have varied forms to aid them in their malicious pranking. With a point of Mahuiztli spent, they can take on a number of forms.

- The first is that of a *Small Whirlwind*, no more than a foot in height but swirling with dust and litter. It adds an additional point to Dexterity but has no Str or Sta rating. Yet it can pass underneath doors, through vents, or anywhere else a breeze can go.
- They also have the form of a *Striped Cuckoo Bird*, no more than 16 centimeters in height. Again, there is an additional point of dexterity, and again a distinct lack of Str or Sta rating. However, this form can allow for flighty escape in a quick pinch.
- The last form is *Invisibility*, where they simply fade from sight. There is one caveat to this form, however. If the Saci is smoking – pipe, cigarillo, etc... then the cherry on that tobacco will be lit – and visible- no matter how invisible the rest of them gets.

Frailties:

Redcap (*Boné Vermelho*): Not to be confused with a certain Scottish family of miscreants, the Red Hats of the Saci come with a whole buttload of provisos and stipulations. If someone were to snatch the Saci's hat, then the Saci would be bound in service until the completion of three wishes granted.

Saci aren't miracle workers, so the wishes have to be something realistic. It also might take a while, so the hat-snatcher must put up with the antics of the Saci while the wishes are being worked on. And then of course, no Saci is under command to be nice. The Saci may try to mislead the Trilby-thief, trick him into wishing for stupid things, or twist the meaning and implications of what is asked. However, actively harming the cap-pincher is right out.

If the fedora-filcher is a good sport during this time, and treats the Saci well, and puts up with the jokes and pranks until the Wishes are granted... then they might just have earned a friend for life... the Saci can prove loyal to those with the patience... If not, then the Saci has ways of evening the odds...

Once they get their cap back, that thief is fair game for any number of hi-jinks...

Devils (*Demonios*): Whether they are infernal in actuality or not, there are aspects of the Saci that lend gravity to such hypotheses. The Saci can be bound and stymied by those wielding Religious Trappings. Crucifixes, holy water, the Holy Eucharist, the Saci are unusually susceptible to such implements. Any mortal who wields them with some religious intent or an inkling of their power are counted as if they had the True Faith Numina at a level of 1. Those that actively possess the True Faith rating can count it as one higher when dealing with the Saci.

For Saci to handle such religious devices takes a willpower roll, difficulty 7. Failure means a level of aggravated damage, real and chimerical, and a temporary point of Xocolātl (Banality). Christianity is the order of the day, but other Religions may affect the Saci as well- Islam plays a role, as might Judaism, or even the old Animistic ways of the Empire's indigenous peoples.

Oleta- Saci-Scraggly Hair, curse word on tongue and cigarillo in hand, launches a colorfully coarse conversation concerning her fellow Calli.

Alux: Pulling on the Corn, pulling on the Corn, better than the porn, pulling on the corn...

Botó: Oh yeah... I like my fish wet and squirming. What? Dolphins aren't fish? Yes, they are.

Carbunclo: If I had all that gold? I would buy a dick-shaped helicopter with a water cannon and go around blasting office buildings with it. *Awesome-sauce.*

Centzon Totochtin: Every time I try to hit them up for a party or something, they are always too busy. Godhood must be time-consuming.

Civatateo: Brides-of-Christ? Lock and Load! Nice lady-folk, I try to have a little reverence around them.

Curupira: I have one foot, they have backwards feet. I think that should endear them to me a tiny bit at least. *Sigh.* It's not to be, they treat us like garbage... Shame really.

Huitzilin: *Ah yeah.* There is only one group faster than me... and it's not the Dolphin-Schtuckers... I love racing these guys... Though to be fair, they don't know it's a race.

Muki: Boring! I may want the money for that dick-shaped helicopter, but it's not worth listening to these guys mope to get it.

Pombero; Brothers from another mother... but not nearly as attractive.

Quinametzin: Poor little bastards, spending your whole life scoring brownie points to impress gods that don't even exist anymore. Forget about it, go have fun... you deserve it.

Xan: I'd like to tell you their secret, but I don't think you'd get the joke...

Fachen: Well Fachen you right back you Fachen square...

Nasnas: So there may be some mythological familial ties, through the moors and the Portuguese influences in the Amazon. Or some shit like that, I fell asleep when they were trying to explain it. The truth of it is that we are twice as fast and three times as clever and infinitely more attractive. That's all you need to know.