

# huldra

**“Love easily confuses us because it is always in flux between illusion and substance, Between memory and wish, between contentment and need.”** *“Even Cowgirls Get the Blues”*— Tom Robbins,

**Quote:** Hey there, Handsome! What brings you up to these parts? Anything I can help you with? Anything at all...

The Scandinavian Dreaming is a large place filled with a rustic natural beauty that is at once distantly-cold and lonely, yet superhumanly beautiful. The Disir known as Huldra is the physical manifestation of this duality. An all-female kith, they are rustic and pastoral beauties whose good looks are the rival of any Sidhe's, but are infinitely more down to earth, and with a handful of earthly blessings that sets them leagues above those Long-eared Prats.

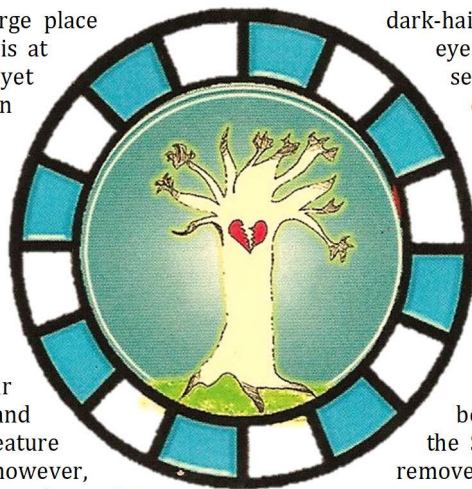
Their stunning appearance, together with their uncanny strength, and their overwhelmingly easy-going nature and should warrant them the catch of any creature they set eyes on. The dreaming is fickle however, and their frailty prevents this. They are doomed to forever be lonely, and never to find true love

Upon their chrysalis, which is often the first time a Barn Huldra first lays eyes upon that first crush, they develop new supernatural beauty, and they grow a cute little tail. These are just minor altercations to their Alva Hamr (Fae Mien). The true change is a hollowing of the back, a gaping hole that appears in the Huldra's torso from butt to shoulders. It is almost visible in even human mien, and any onlookers will be aghast in disgust, and eventually leave. Those are the lucky ones.

Perhaps they are blind. Perhaps they feel that the Huldra's small, short-coming doesn't negate any of her magnificent attributes. Perhaps they truly love her. Regardless of reason, some suitors stay. However, the Dreaming has a way of collecting. Strange deaths, odd accidents, cosmically iron misfortunes befall those who stick around too long. Eventually, come hell, high-water and any amount of wishing on the poor Huldra's behalf - but to no avail, that suitor goes. This is the reason for the Huldra's loneliness. In an almost geasa-like curse passed down to these lonely lassies, love will find its way out of their lives.

**Lifestyles:** Most Huldra hail from farm-lands and pastoral settings. They are happy to be shepherdesses and cow-girls. Many have tight-knit communities where multiple generations of Huldras run a ranch/bed and breakfast high in their misty mountains. Any strangers (*boy or girl, the Huldras don't judge*) are a hot commodity and each member of said homestead vies for the strangers attention. However, fate always wins out and each of the broken-hearted shepherdesses watches another one get away.

**Appearance:** The Huldra in Mann-Hamr is tall, lithe, graceful, and the epitome of Scandinavian beauty. They are taut with muscle, but muscle hidden under dangerous curves, They are



dark-haired and pale, or fair-haired with big doe eyes, or their hair is the red of an autumn sunset with a splash of dusty cocoa freckles and eyes as green as a pine forest. And this is just in mortal mien. In Alva-Hamr, these attributes are enhanced even more, and a long, graceful tail grows from just above their pert little back-sides. Cow-tails, fox-tails, even the twitching tail of a cat have been seen. All of the tails just add to the Huldra's charm.

It is their back however, that is their great shame. Even in Mann Hamr, it is visible as some thin and empty dipping bowl under the shoulders. It functions as the Slipped seeming flaw, and can never be removed.

In Fae mien this hollowing out is painfully obvious, as if the chest of the Huldra is just an empty shell cared from wood and hollowed out. No organs can be seen inside, just a deep dark hollow emptiness. Many Huldras take great pain to only be seen from the front and will cover their selves in layers and layers of tops.

**Barn Huldra** are precocious and flirty: still optimistic that they can beat out destiny and find their true love. They bat their eyelashes at strangers and sigh dreamily at every pretty face.

**Vill Huldra** still haven't given out hope, though their hearts have been broken time and time again. They forever remain in love with love.

**Eldre Huldra** have accepted their fate, and grown jaded, cynical, and weary of their dreaming. Though they are still as beautiful as ever perhaps more-so in a graceful and matronly way. Yet they slowly drift into spinsterhood. (Although they can still come back to life once another pretty face comes along, see the frailty below).

**Affinity:** Nature

**Revelry:** Huldra receive Hamingja whenever they can attract the much-desired attention of a mortal, especially an attractive one in need, and that attention lasts for more than a week...

**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast by Huldras are accompanied by the scent of cool, green forests, and rich moist earth, as well as the giggling elation of seeing a first crush.

**Birthrights**

**Mountain's Beauty, Mountain's Strength (Fegurð Fjall, Fjallsins Styrk):** The paragons of a good-looking and strong

country girl, the Huldra are blessed by the Scandinavian Dreaming with the best a body can get. Upon character creation, the Huldra get a +2 to appearance (even if above 5) and a +1 in strength and dexterity both, (again, even if above 5).

**Friend of Beasts (Vinur Dýra):** Each Huldra is endowed with a natural empathy for the beast of the field and the hills both. Whether frenzied creatures of the forest or her own tender flock of goats, a Huldra has a rapport. Any roll involving animal ken, or empathy when dealing with animals (including those pesky changing breeds) are at a -2 difficulty.

**A Little Extra (Aðeins Meira):** Perhaps they are master bakers— hoping to get a love through a stomach, or perhaps they can sing beautifully -belting out love songs that bring the tears, maybe they are master mechanics - able to fix a carburetor and talk shop with the best of them. Whatever their persuasion, a Huldra gains +2 in any one ability they want at character creation (up to 5).

#### Frailties:

**No Love (Engin ást):** No matter how congenial, how magnanimous, how beautiful or sweet: love will never come to the Huldra. This can never be overcome. Sure, someone might fancy a young hot Viking girl like that for a while; they may even almost fall in love. For a bit anyway, but then that inevitable eventuality rears its ugly head, and that empty hollow of a back will be revealed. Those suitors that are disgusted leave and those that stay die. All relationships end in misery for the Huldra.

Most Huldras don't want to warn a suitor against pursuing her. "Maybe this time it will work out." Even if they know full well what will happen, she will still try to supersede this decree.

Anytime someone of the Huldra's fancy (male or female, again, a Huldra's not picky) arrives on the scene, the Huldra must roll their willpower at a difficulty of that person's appearance +5. If she succeeds, she may even tell her suitor that the relationship is doomed. Failure means that the Huldra pursues them. Pursuit in this case means flirting, showing off, or fawning over that person. A Botch means that the Huldra debases herself and acts like a stupid teenager dying just to get next to them.

**Heidi Hagebak sighs and laments on the others, while she eyes a handsome stranger across the way.**

**Fossegrim:** I'll take 12. Nah, I'm just kidding. Who wants to get that wet?

**Jotuns:** Look at those muscles, chiseled from ice and stone and wood....by the gods what I'd give for a night of that....

**Kender-Trow:** A lot of fun, but not boyfriend material.

**Muspi:** We can be as passionate as they are, but our stuff doesn't explode when we get excited. Score one point for us I guess.

**Nibelung:** While I love their jewelry, I can't help but wonder at the fee. (I'm looking at you Freyja)

**Norns:** Anything the Grandmothers say to do (even the young ones) you do. They don't talk unless there's a good reason.

**Skogkatts:** Can I say creepy? Because they are. Unless they're somewhere close. In that case I didn't say anything.

**Dokkalfar:** Uhh.... Drool.

**Volsung:** Uhh.... Drool.

**Fjalravn:** No thank you. I am okay with Man, Bird, or Animal, I don't need all 3 at once....

**Trolls:** Uhh. Uhhh. Sexy as a big blue milkshake if milk-shakes were blue I guess.... *God I'm stupid.*

