

Hūmāwā

**“Humbaba’s mouth is fire; his roar the floodwater; his breath is death.
Enlil made him guardian of the Cedar Forest, to frighten off the mortal who would venture there.
But who would venture there?”**

Humbaba’s mouth is fire; his roar is the floodwater; he breathes and there is death.”

-- The Epic of Gilgamesh

Quote: No, I’m not the man you are looking for. Yes I am a Humawa; no I do not guard great treasure. That is the Apsasu. No, I will not fight you. Please stop stabbing me. That’s a big sword, and it hurts.

The Humawa is a monster. The Persian Gods knew it, the whole of the Apkallu know it, and he knows it too. He is perhaps the most famous of the Apkallu, and his fight with the Hero Gilgamesh is the epitome of the word Epic. Strong in body, horrid in deed, monstrous in appearance, and mighty in battle, with the mystical ability to shrug off damage, there is undeniable proof that Humawa is the End-Boss in every Heroes journey. That is what hurts the Kith from which he sprang.

Being the end boss isn’t what the Humawa want. The Apkallu have healers and priests, scholars, and sentries, so it should be fitting that they have a Karmic balance to this cosmic greatness that is just as evil. The Humawa don’t want that billing. They strive to prove to the others that they can be a force of good, and use their immense strength and durability for good ends, and most epitomize the concepts of *Me*. Unfortunately, this is all for naught, and the Humawa are quickly relegated to the annals of villain-dom. To their credit, the other Khânevâde (Persian Fae Families/ Kith) might work through this and understand the Humawa’s dilemma. But good PR can’t change Fate, and the Humawa are invariably labeled the Bad-guy. Their fearsome demeanour and great strength a testament to what the Gods wanted.

Some of the more unsavory of the Kith give in, caving to the universe’s demands and rampaging across the Deserts. The famous Humbaba of Gilgamesh’s Fame is one such individual. These Unseelie-esque Apkallu prove that no amount of wishes can change one’s destiny. Those who don’t subscribe to



these credos do the best they can, facing insurmountable odds in the home of changing Providence.

Appearance: In both Qashra (Mien) the Humawa is a giant. Both male and female stand over well over 2 meters tall, and sport long muscles and broad shoulders. In Shueudha Qashra (Fae Mien), this is exaggerated, they grow upwards of 3 meters, and their shoulders are as broad as they are tall. Their arms are as big around as a man’s chest, and their long legs the same. Their face grows cruel and animalistic, almost leonine, with a maw full of sharp teeth. They have long red-hair that cascades down their back, and their skin is a dark-blackish yellow and thick. On closer inspection, their skin looks almost plated, as if covered in the chitinous armor of an insect.

Lifestyle: The Humawa are welcome additions to motleys of Apkallu, as long as they prove themselves. Many relish the opportunity to do so, and are accorded a place, though not without some watching. Here they try to fit in as best as they can. They take up hobbies, as far removed from battle as possible. They study with the Abgal and learn the arts with the Shahmaran in the hopes that someone will see them as something other than a Final-Boss. Fate invariably sabotages their plans, and the Humawa is forced to do battle.

Bachche or Dokhtar Hamawa are frightened little things, but big things. Unfortunately their greatness and fierce appearance marks them an easy target for bullying, and their meek manner ensures that they don’t fight back. If they even raise their voice in their own defense however, then they are forever seen as the bullies themselves.

Pedar or Mâdar Hamawa must decide. Are they the monsters that others claim? Or are they different. This is the split between what Celtic Fae consider the Seelie and Unseelie. Those that choose the path of the Monster are the best around, while those that choose other-wise must spend their life in futile fighting, challenging a label that suits them all too well.

Pedarbozorg or Mâdarbozorg Hamawa are either tired and worn spirits clad in the body of great monsters, or war-lords with epic tales told of their lives yet filled with sadness of what could have been. Their strength hasn't diminished over their years, only their fire.

Revelry: Humawa garner *Mok' (Glamour)* whenever they can successfully engage with mortals who don't assume that the Humawa is a villain. This is a lot easier said than done. But if an Humawa can successfully convince the wannabe hero to just relax and talk about it, then the Humawa can refuel his magics.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Humawa are accompanied by the strong scent of spicy cedar, and a blast of scorching heat. If that doesn't sound like a great Mesopotamian villain, then I don't know what does...

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights:

7-layers of Radiance (*Sabe Tabaqat Min Aldaw'*): Due to a Celestial boon at the beginning of their origins, the Humawa are allotted a modicum of the Persian Pantheon's immortality. During battle, the Humawa can forgo the first 7 levels of Lethal damage they receive. This supersedes all supernatural abilities to harm, injure, or even annoy the Humawa. There is no roll, and Stamina doesn't even come into question until the Humawa has taken at least 7 points of lethal damage. After that, however, he is on his own and must take care to not accrue more damage just like any other of the Khânevâde.

Ungodly Power (*Quat Shaytania*): The same blessings that brought upon the Humawa's 7-layers also enables the Humawa to grow in size and strength. With a point of Glamour spent, the Humawa grows in size (usually over at least 4 meters or so) and gains seven temporary dots of physical attributes to spend as they see fit. These can be spent in Strength, Dexterity, or Stamina, with at least one dot having to be spent in each category. This can only be done once per scene, and afterwards the Humawa is down 3 dice to all rolls until they can properly rest.

Frailties:

The Bad Guy (*Alshakhs Alsij*): The Humawa is forced by fate to act as a villain. While many prefer pursuits that involve less violence, the Universe has declared that they are to be the final-boss in all circumstances. In any situation, they are the first ones picked by an enemy, and even normal mundane humans will associate them with evil and mayhem. The normal day-to-day activities of the other Apkallu are impossible for the Humawa. They must remain out-of-sight, and out of mind, lest they be challenged by any would-be adventurer or hero in search of glory.

Oren hopes to show how scholarly she is, and refrains from raising her voice, as she tells of her fellows

Abgal: We all have read the *Epic of Gilgamesh*; I don't need to be reminded of it by them or anyone.

Apsasu: Such hatred and animosity, and still they are loved.

Girtablullû: I am nothing like them, despite what the stories say.

Kusarikku: How do you do what you do, despite the Grecian tales, and still make friends?

Shahmaran: To sing songs, tell stories, and create beautiful works of art, I wish I had your job.

Shedu: I'll do security if they want, but do I have to have an axe? It sends the wrong message.