

Roane

Between the stones, between the storms

Between Belief, between the seas

Tá mé i dtiúin (I am in tune)

Song of the Sea - 2014

Quote: Hey! Hey! Come play! Take off those clothes and come play with me!

While Mythology may remember the Selkie and celebrate their aquatic innocence, there is another family of Hibernian Kith with just as much innocence and three times the aquatic. The Roane are pseudo-kinfolk to a long-forgotten Selkie- shared ancestor. While the Selkie inherited the seal-coats from this ancestress, however, the Roane were born from her directly.

Born as Seals with kinain blood, the Roane are a Marcra (Double-Seelie) Tribe that inherit "People-Coats" and transform into those strange two-legged beasts called humans. Don't get it twisted, now. These "People-Coats" aren't the skin of humans. Instead they are just strange inherited pieces of clothing that come from Gods know where. The pass-down from Grump Roane to Roane Kinain is almost exactly the same as the Selkie, but with none of the gravitas.

Yet this lack of gravitas doesn't mean that the Roane are flighty or shallow (at least not in seal terms). They are every bit as dedicated to justice and virtue as any Hibernian Kith. They will fight evil and hunt down monsters with the best of them. But it's better to have fun when you're doing it.

Appearance: The True form of the Roane is a happy, plump looking seal. However, by wrapping themselves in that "Coat" they can take on both a Mortal and Fae mien. In Mortal Mien, the Roane is wonderfully plump with large wet eyes, and an infectious smile. Yet something is off about their skin. It always seems a little damp or wet- glistening some might say. The hair is always wet and kept wild and free. All the Roane thus far have had flaming red locks, but who's to say that all Roane are will always be redheads? In Fae mien, the Roane has slick grey-skin, rounded ears, and those same large-wet eyes and infectious smile. That magic shirt passed down from Roane to Roane is still always on hand, and for newer Roane, it is the only clothing available.

Lifestyle: A Roane's life after chrysalis is much the same as their life before. They swim and play and eat fish. The only difference is now they can swim and play on land and catching fish inland is much harder. As far as their station with the Hibernian Kithain, very few know of them, and they'd like to keep it that way.

Childing Roane love to play with their new legs. Running, jumping, kicking things. So much funner than flippers.

Wilder Roane get down to the nitty-gritty. What they have to do to find those special some-ones and *get down*. There are a lot of

WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?

Odd-Colored Aloha Shirts, tacky-butterfly collared blouses, polyester vests bleached by sun and sea-salt, these articles of clothing have been handed down through the bloodline. They are far easier to destroy than the Selkie's supra-naturally durable Seal-Skin. And their modern prints, color, and make would indicate modern origins. Then where do they come from? Few of the Roane are scholars, preferring a life of play. Few outside the Hibernian Kith are even aware of the Roane enough to ask about it. Even fewer Selkies are aware of their erstwhile cousins at all.

The true geneses of the Roane's People-Coat remains a mystery, and probably always will be.

pretty faces up here on land, and the Roanes are all too eager to get busy.

Grump Roane have been up here long enough to get a feel for the dry-side. While they lose none of their enthusiasm or pluck, they also understand that it won't last forever. They spend more time on the beach looking for that next seal in the pod to inherit their "People Coat." They also put any mortal affairs in order, assuming they have any.

Revelry: Roane refuel their Glamour by frolicking in the ocean and celebrating the sea with mortals who do the same. They can also regain the Gamour with tempestuous bouts of love-making with mortals. But these relationships always seem to end badly.

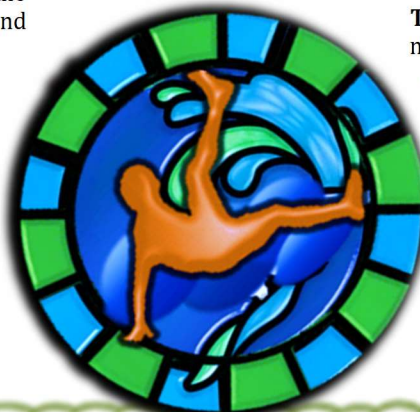
Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Roane are accompanied by cold Mists, the briny scent of the sea and the dizzying whoosh of water around one's head- as if onlookers were caught in an undertow...

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights:

True Form (*Fíorfoirm*): Roane may naturally be seals but find that land has just as much excitement. By standing on shore and wrapping themselves in their "Coat" they can take the form of a mortal at will.

Ocean's Bounty (*Deolchaire an Aigéin*): Roane are born from the Ocean, and as such, inherit closer ties than even their Selkie cousins. Roane



reduce the difficulty for all rolls involving Dexterity by 3 while in the water. This applies either in human or seal form. They can never botch a swimming roll and can hold their breath for a number of hours equal to twice their stamina.

Frailties:

People Coat (*Daoine Cóta*): The Roane coat is a treasure passed down through generations. Without it, they are just another seal. If it is destroyed, their true Fae self is destroyed forever. Unlike the Selkie coat, the Roane's people coat isn't fire-proof. The Roane should just be careful.

Unexperienced (*Gan Taithi*): Not stupid by any means, just naïve – the Roane is born as a seal. Thus there are a few factors in mortal life that take some getting used to. Polite society may raise an eyebrow at scarfing down whole fish at the dinner table or barking loudly at a juvenile joke. While there are no hard-rules for this, players should understand that a Roane is not a Selkie – they are seals in human trappings and being a human takes work. Roane's would rather play than work.

Jaycie Blackie, lets the waves wash over her, as she explains why she simply loves her cousins...

Bánánach: All that fighting! Is it really necessary? It's fun sometimes, yes, but so are lots of other things.

Bullywugs: The water they live in is way too muddy. How can they splash around in all that goop?

Cailleachan: We know when winter is coming. They know when winter is coming. So that's that I guess.

Cugh-Tagh: I remember when they made Islands, they chucked those big rocks way out to sea, and people sailed to them. See? I know a thing.

Dullahan: Wait, what?

Enfield: The Water-Bird-Foxes? They've been friends for a long time. Here's a secret though, they aren't just foxes. Shh. Don't tell anybody.

Fachen: So the Dullahan don't have heads, and these guys only have one arm and one leg? Why are so many of us missing parts? I got a part for them.... *Heh*.

Fir Darrigs: Uhm? They're the short and mean ones right? They have nice shoes, I guess?

Fir-Gorta: Very few things scare me. Running out of fish is one of them.

Gancanagh: I don't think that they could break my heart. I've had lots of lovers ask me to do weird stuff. I either did or I didn't want to. If that is a deal-breaker then so be it. The Gancanaghs would be deal-breakers I think.

Killmoulis: Who?

Leipreachán: *Uhm?* They're the tall ones and nice ones right?

Samanach: They wear disguises; my mortal life is a disguise. They like the cold months, I like the cold water. Did we just become best friends?

Kelpies: I heard that it was a Selkie that lost her coat and tried to use horse-hide. Poor little dear.

Clurichauns: Not too tall, and not too short. Not too nice, and not too mean. They are just right.

Selkies: Do you think we should tell them? Me neither.

