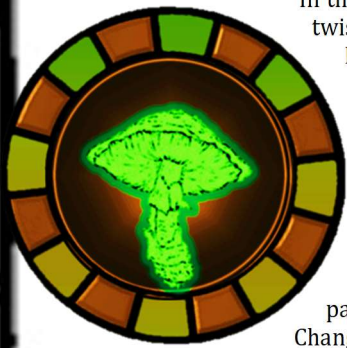


ZOOG

"Most of them live in burrows, but some inhabit the trunks of the great trees; and although they live mostly on fungi it is muttered that they have also a slight taste for meat, either physical or spiritual, for certainly many dreamers have entered that wood who have not come out." *Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*

Quote: Hey, hey, give me some of that chocolate man – Just one M&M, they're only on Earth, man. Give me one, please?



In the verdant twilight tunnels of tangled twisted woods in the Deepest of Dreamings, whose heavy oak-trees grow low and thick with great masses of dark branches that dimly burn with the phosphorescence of otherworldly fungi, dwell the cautious and cagey Mythian tribe of Zoogs.

While the name may seem juvenily cute to the jaded mortal paradigm, those Half-Breed Changelings Bastards who have trucked with the ravenous Zoogs know full well that cute is a precarious incongruity.

The Zoogs are a Mythian Tribe, all of which are Denizen-Adhene of the Deepest Reaches, with nebulous origins in Earth's Dreamlands, though they have been found in all the realms, from dread Sarmokand to just outside of Jule-Berg. They are twitching, sniffing, rat-possum-monkey-things whose vices range the whole of gamut of vices. Some crave strange moon-brew found only in the Gates of the Silver Key, while others crave the hearts-blood of victims sacrificed to Dark Outer Gods. The yearnings are as varied as the Zoogs themselves.

The only factor that unifies this twitchy tweaky tribe is a hunger for cat-meat, and a hatred for cat-kind. Since time immemorial, these two species have been at odds. None can say for sure and as the Zoogs put little emphasis on personal history at all, they will be hard-pressed to say where this enmity derives (*aside from the Zoogs eating kittens that is...*)

Appearance: In Mortal Mien, the Zoog usually appear as shortish figures, long of limb and sharp of feature. There is something that could be called rattish, or rodenty about their manifestation and even the most attractive of them seems a little off. In Fae Mien, they appear as a strange amalgam of opossum, monkey, rat, and mortal, with dirty greyish fur. There are strange antennae-like wriggling whiskers peaking about their nose, and a long ropy tail. They have large staring eyes that gape through things rather than at them. They skitter rather than walk, and their long taloned fingers click and clatter constantly. There is a sense of urgency about their walk, as if at any moment something significant might be taken from them.

It should also be stressed, that the Zoog's enjoy the finer things in life, and if able, will wear all sorts of baubles and fine fabrics in an ostentatious show of wealth. One can tell of a Zoog's station by how much boujee bling they sport.

Lifestyle: In the Waking World a Zoog spends most of their time skittering about in search of their next fix. Be it bumming a cigarette, planning their next big drinking bender, or for the

more unsavory- scoping out their next victim. One might also find them outside pet-stores or animal shelters, ogling the kittens. For those who yet dwell in the outer worlds there is little difference. Relations with other races is strained at best, (though never with Feline Tribes, which is far more than strained) though they can be reasoned with. Certain of the Half-Breed families find the Zoog far more approachable than the other Mythian Tribes.

Aria: The Different Aria of the Zoog usually manifest in the respective obsessions or vices.

- ❖ *Dionae Zoog* usually hunger for the most depraved of mortal acts. Murder (*munching on the victim after of course*), carnal veneration of depraved Outer Gods, or even more heinous examples – these are what fuel the Dionae.
- ❖ *Araminae Zoog* are usually addicted to petty acts to counter little laws. Minor breaking of laws, mortal or other, be it shoplifting, picking fights with strangers, vandalism – it is the thrill of the misconduct and fear of being caught more so than the actual wrong-doing that drives the Araminae.
- ❖ *Appolaie Zoogs* have a craving that is far easier to procure. These are usually chemical substances that affect the body and mind (or soul for some deep-dreaming drugs). Chocolate, alcohol, cigarettes, certain types of Mythian fungi- as long as there are noticeable effects of imbibing said substance, it is the pursuit of at least one Appolaie.

Glamoure Ways: The Zoogs regain Glamoure whenever surrounded with those who share in that same vice. Chocolateers at a candy-bar festival may suit some Zoogs, dark priests hosting orgeous macabre rites in the name of Great Old Ones may work for others.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Zoogs are accompanied by the smell of mildew, old fungus, and a certain dank moisture that washes across the scene. There is also a dimming of the area's lighting lit occasionally by splashes of odd phosphorescence.

Great Old One:

The Zoogs, by dint of their own hedonistic and lackadaisical nature may or may not have a Great Old One of their own worth venerating. Certainly, a scant few determined individuals may ally themselves to Outer Gods. Yet as a whole, their pursuits are far worldlier, and seeking out divine favor remains too much work. However, all Zoog fear a singular entity known as *Umr at-Tawil*. This strange Outer Being exists within the Gate of the Silver Key and is always at least one meter taller than the observer. The Zoog's relationship to this Aeons-Old-God is a mystery than none, not even the Zoog, can rightly explain.

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights

Ethereal Bite: While the Zoog's may not be the most battle-hardened, or physically potent, or intelligent, or even most plucky of the Outer-Tribes, they have one supra-natural trait that distinguishes them above all others. The Bite of the Zoog is capable of harming everything - mortal or otherwise. The unfortunate dead known as wraiths, chimerical or unreal creations of the psyche, entities above and beyond the known and unknown astral plane, yea... even gods are subject to the severe bite of the Zoogs. The bite of the Zoog does only Str damage, but is considered lethal, and affects everything... even things not real...



Frailties:

Addiction: Every Zoog has a vice, a longing that they must desire to fulfill. It could be something small, such as alcohol, or smoking, perhaps a more aggressive illegal mind-altering substance found only in the dreamland. The more unsavory of the Zoogs prefer darker fare, such as theft, or murder. Whenever presented with their chosen vice the Zoog must succeed on a willpower roll, difficulty 7, or else pursue the goal to the exclusion of all else. Of course, the Zoog isn't stupid, and a cigarette is far easier to come by than murder. Storytellers and Players should work to find a proper balance.

However, there is one Vice that Zoog's are notorious for, and is much harder to deny - That of eating Felines. Whenever a Zoog has the opportunity to eat a cat (particularly kittens) they must succeed on that same willpower roll, but difficulty 8. It should also be pointed out that some felines (particularly amongst the Cait-Sith Tribes) are well-aware of this hunger, and if a Zoog is ever discovered too near to Fae-Cat territory, the results can be ugly. An inconspicuous Zoog is a safe Zoog.

Thooz-Shana, aka Brown Jenkin of Jersey, scratches and twitches, and trades you his secrets for something small, something you might not even miss....

Leng-Folk: They're businesspeople. Sometimes they steal mortals for slavery. I think that about sums them up.

Leng-Spiders: If I ever meet one, I'll be sure to give you an honest opinion.

Night-Gaunts: Nasty faceless pinchers who, I shit you not, can stare right into your very soul despite their lack of eyes. The only one of our Tribes I would ever call monsters.

Serpent-Men: They're there. They're here. They're everywhere, and only a few smart humans believe in them. That's scary.

Thunn'ha: Frogs? Who? I don't remember any stories of these jokers, and I don't know any who do.

Ulthranian-Cats: As evil as they are, we should be paid to seek out their kittens. Unfortunately, no one seems to care either way. Our loss.

Eshu: Out of all the half-bloods, they are the only ones who offer that hand of friendship. And by friendship, I mean they bring me cigarettes from the Earth-Realm.

Slender-Men: Run away, run away fast.