

# DIP

**Quote:** You murdered that child... I know it. I can smell it. Don't worry, I'm not going to turn you in. I am going to kill you and drag your screaming soul to my master.



Not all creatures of the Spanish Dreaming are born to it. Some are born to the soul-crushing inhumaneness of the Waking World. The Dip were at one time stray dogs of the streets, abandoned pets, or worse yet, systematically abused victims of horrible animal owners. Life was unbearably hard for these poor suffering canids. When their death was imminent, and they cried out in the wee hours of the night, something answered.

Unknown masters offered them a choice – collect tithes and get revenge or die unhappily and unfairly.

With the infernal pact made these former victims are now not just Pagão Panelinha, but *Diabólico*. It is their duty to collect evil souls for their equally Diabólico masters. Hellhounds in every sense of the term, these fire-breathing beasts live somewhere between the realms. As pseudo-enchanted Fae Hounds, they are privy to the Fae realms. But their tragic brush with near-death also allows them a modicum of interaction with the lands beyond the pale.

They are Ghosts, Fae, and Demons all, but most of all they are loyal. Loyal to the dark masters that allowed them to breathe fire, to wear the trappings of man, and to seek revenge. Inevitably, who is the first person a Dip seeks after the pact is made? That one dark soul who so tortured the Dip.

**Appearance:** The Disfraz of the Dip are wild and dangerous looking, no matter which is worn. The Disfraz Grilhões (Mortal Mien) appear as large and shaggy with mad dark eyes and a mouth full of overly sharp teeth. Despite their fierce appearance, there is something sad about their person. When in their Grilhões hound form, they appear as shaggy and hungry looking strays with black fur (regardless of pre-pact coat-color) and eyes that shine just this side of red.

The Disfraz Xarma (Fae Mien) of the Dip appears as pale shaggy-haired, heroin thin and twitchy. Their eyes are the eyes of hounds and bright red. Their mouth is full of sharp mismatched yellow teeth protruding from black gums. While in their Xarma hound form, they are large hungry-looking black dogs (again regardless of pre-pact coat-color). They are easily the size of a sheep and sport angry glowing red eyes, and sharp yellow teeth. There is a heat-haze miasma around their mouths and their drool sputters and sizzles as it hits the ground.

**Lifestyle:** The life of the Dip can be summed up in their basic descriptions. They are Black Dogs that works for the devil/s. They are emissaries of evil, yes, but it is far more than that.

The truth of the matter is that they are loyal dogs. They were dealt a bad hand and responded as best as they could. Collecting souls as tithe to the Dark Lords? Perhaps, but it also just as well be understood as a grand game of fetch.

**Blues fallin' down like hail, blues fallin' down like hail –  
And the days keeps on worryin' me  
There's a hellhound on my trail,  
Hellhound On My Trail – Robert Johnson**

## El JEFE – The MASTERS

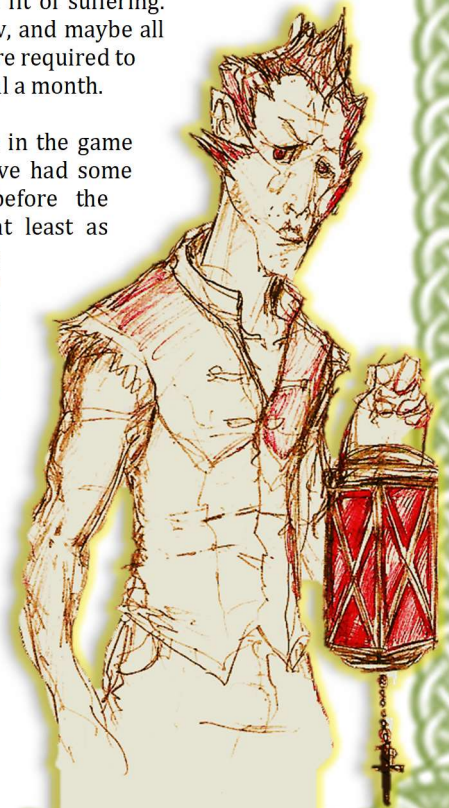
Who or what the Dip serve is open to conjecture. It is obvious that they are from the Spanish Dreaming due to the Fae nature of the Dip. But their Diabólico nature dwarfs the powers of a simple Encantare. Some posit that they are unusually evil Iratxoax (or Denizens/Adhene as the Kelts understand them). The big question is why are they collecting evil souls? No answers are forthcoming from the Masters themselves, and the Dip certainly aren't talking. Are they Dark Fae? Supra-Powerful Ghosts? True Demons? None can tell. These Masters rarely communicate with their loyal heeds themselves. With the exception of their first contact and pact, the Masters instead use a proxy (such as the Idose Dip) to maintain status quo and to transmit their desires.

The process of fetching souls is a sketchy one, however. When a soul is deemed sinful enough (see “Sense the Sin” Birthright below) the Dip, or gang of Dips if they work together must harangue and frighten the poor soul enough. Harvesting the Xarma that drizzles from the victim like so much sweat, the Dip pushes and prods, and then, at the height of the sinner's fears, they push them over the edge (Sometimes literally). Once the target is dead, the Dip nips at the soul like a cattle-dog and herds the soul into the waiting clutches of the master.

*Pouce (Perturbed) Dip* are perhaps the saddest of the lot. Still little more than puppies, they have neither the experience nor the reasoning to understand a different life than the one they clamored for in a fit of suffering. The master is all they know, and maybe all they will ever know. They are required to provide at least one evil soul a month.

*Vigariste (Prowler) Dip* are in the game for the long haul. They have had some experience either from before the pact, or since the pact (at least as experience goes in dog years) and know a thing or two about the real world. If they harbor any grudges against their lot in life and their infernal masters, they aren't saying anything yet. They are required to provide at least 3 evil souls a month.

*Idose (Miser) Dip* are tired old mutts. No few have tired of the hunting



### THE ABUSED HUNTING DOGS OF SPAIN

The Podencos, often called the Invisible Dogs or the Forgotten Ones, are just one of the Dogs bred for Hunting in Iberia. They are also one of the most abused Dogs in the world. These poor creatures are seen only as Tools by their owners and have one of the most dismal lives in existence. They are chained, beaten, abused, or worse by their "owners". This is not a gaming mechanic; this is a Real-World Problem that affects millions of living creatures.

In game terms, however, it makes sense that the tear-jerking existence of the Dip, and their cry for help in the dead of the night manifests in Spain- where so many of the Podenco struggle.

and the screaming and the killing. Some have even thought about redemption. Whatever their position on the matter, it is still in their jurisdiction to ensure that the younger Dip are meeting quota. They themselves are required to provide at least 6 evil souls a month.

**Glamour Ways:** The Dip Regain Xarma only by the fear that they cause in their victims. A little skulking, a little baying at the moon, a little hiding from others and only revealing oneself a little at a time goes a long way to ensuring a steady influx of Xarma from a frightened sinner.

**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast by the Dip are accompanied by the baying of far-away hounds, the stench of brimstone, and the acrid tang of fear on the tongue. Exceptionally successful Cantrips cast by the Dip may also bring with them a feeling of sadness and loneliness, that no one really expects.

**Affinity:** Actor or Fae

### Birthrights (Endowments)

**Hounds Strength (*Sabuesos Fantasma*):** The Dips are hounds, despite their humanoid Disfraz, and as such have the abilities that only Hounds possess. When in Hound form, they gain +1 to Str, Dex, and Sta each. In addition, they gain a +2 to all perception rolls that are based on their unerring sense of smell. When in Hound form, they can also see and smell the undead normally hidden from the mortal spectrum. It costs one Xarma for a Dip to transform into humanoid Disfraz, but nothing to change back.

**Sense the Sin (*Siente el Pecado*):** It is the mission of the Dip to gather so many sinful souls every moon. With a successful Per + Alertness roll (difficulty of how guilty the target feels). With multiple successes, the Dip not only can see how sinful a person is, but what actual sins were committed.



This ability also works on those who passed beyond the pale (Mamu).

**Hell-Fire Breath (*Aliento de Fuego del Infierno*):** The Dip's masters may or may not be actual demons, but that doesn't stop some hellish traits on the hound's behalf. Hellhounds can breathe great bouts of fire that is both mundane and magical. It costs one Xarma to do so, and the damage inflicted is dependent on the Dip's Seeming. Pouce deal current Xarma rating + 1 dice worth of damage, Vigariste deal current Xarma rating +3 dice worth of damage, and Idose deal 9 dice worth of damage. Dips can only use this Birthright while in Hound form.

### Frailties (Vulnerabilities):

**Hounds Understanding (*Comprensi3n del Sabueso*):** Despite the fire-breath, ghost-sight and transforming, the Hounds are nothing but hurt puppies. At character creation, Manipulation, Intelligence, and Wits are limited to a rating of two, nor can they be raised by freebie points. Spending experience points to raise them costs current rating x 5 (vs. the usual current rating x 4).

**Fear Eating (*Miedo a Comer*):** Not quite Encantare as so many of their peers, the Panelinha of Dip cannot refuel their magics in the usual means. Their Xarma can only come from fear, either from their monthly victims prior to death, or from some other hapless frightened dupe.

**You come when I call you (*Vienes Cuando te Llamo*):** The Dip are hounds. They are servants. They are forever at the call of their masters, and few can see or even imagine another life. If at any point, something should happen to a Dip that would make him question his status as loyal fetcher, he must make a willpower roll difficulty 10 to even fathom a change. Making up his mind to leave the contract behind takes another willpower roll difficulty 11 (at least two 10's). Conjuring up the moxy to say something to the master is a difficulty 12 (at least three 10's). Needless to say, this doesn't happen often.

### Barrera sniffs you out before answering your questions about the other Encantare.

**Bicho-Pap3o:** They might be easy to smell out, but it is hard to find them with eyes. They change how they look, and sometimes can sneak up on us and put us in their bags. The masters would not like that.

**Cuegle:** Devils, I know because I smell it, not because I see.

**Malinos:** I don't care about their house. I can piss on it and leave it be and that is that.

**Jentilak:** If my master wasn't my master, then I would like these big people to be. They can throw a stick very far.

**Mouros:** Tall and shiny and underground and not worth much.

**Musgosu:** Their masters are older than ours.

**Trasgu:** They are very bad, but very sad people. I feel bad for them.

**Nuberu:** Hah. I can make it rain too. But I do it when I am pissing on their sleeping mats.

**Xana:** I am told not to touch them. But sometimes I smell how sinful they are. I am confused.

**Hounds:** The Huntsman of England. He is a master, yes?

**Kirkgrims:** I do not understand. Where is their master?

**Cynocephali:** The Greek dogs are bad dogs. They do not have masters, and like to complain.

**Widdershin Toms:** They choose this?

**Masters:** Whatever, whenever, whoever, they want. What do I want? I want not to think about it.