

# Blue Caps

“Because you want to know what a member of a kith is, you’ve gotta think long and hard about what that kith really means. You gotta think why there are redcaps out there, and not bluecaps or greencaps or whatever.”

KithBook Redcaps. Pg 28.

## Down in a hole and they've put all the stones in their place

Down in a Hole – *Alice in Chains*

**Quote:** Hey! Are you taking a Piss? You skipped Jimmy-boy! He hauled just as much as the rest of us! If you don't give him his due pay, I swear to Christ I will shove this pick so far up your....

There are certain Kith that bear a decidedly chthonic nature. The underworld beckons to them in a way that few outsiders understand. The Nockers and the Thallain Goblins are two such tribes of Changeling, as are the Duergar, Kobold, Nibelung and even the Ettercaps in their way. But no single family of Dreaming creatures has the call quite so much as the Blue Caps. So named for the ability to glow like a cerulean candle, these under-folk have been allies to miners since time immemorial.

What exactly compels the Blue Caps to dig deeper down in the Earth is up for conjecture. Some posit that deep trods exist that lead back to Arcadia, and the Blue Cap kith subconsciously remember the pathways. Others cite that the Blue Caps are the living remnants of an under-worldly proto-kith that the Sluagh, Nockers, and Goblins just evolved from. Others secretly whisper of a dark Celtic God, the Crom Cruach, which the Blue Caps are trying to find and resurrect.

While they may not have overly friendly relations with the other British Kith, they are still cordial and respectful as needs be. (Unless they see injustice, see Frailty below). Sometimes a certain Fae may need help

Fairy Treasure of antiquity is rumored to be buried under a church. IF properly approached, and if everybody involves rolls up their sleeves and digs in, then the Blue Caps prove to be invaluable allies. But only IF...

**Appearance:** In both Mortal and Fae Mien, the Blue Cap is short and dirty little limey with big eyes, crooked ears, and a small frowning mouth. The Fae mien just exemplifies these traits. They are short and wiry, with thin cords of whip like muscle wrapped around a

### WHAT ABOUT THE BIRDS?

While there are certainly females of the Kith, they aren't as prevalent. The women of the species tends to dig their own holes, far removed from the machismo of the miner's unions and all that. They have underground bunkers squirreled away all over England, and most of the Male Blue Caps don't even know it. It must be said (and every Male Blue Cap will agree) that the women can dig as deep and hard as any bloke - plumbing be damned...

skinny frame. They have big pale eyes that seem to look through rock (and people) rather than at it. Despite any fully “Faerie” cast to them, even in Fae mien, there is something visibly not quite right about them...

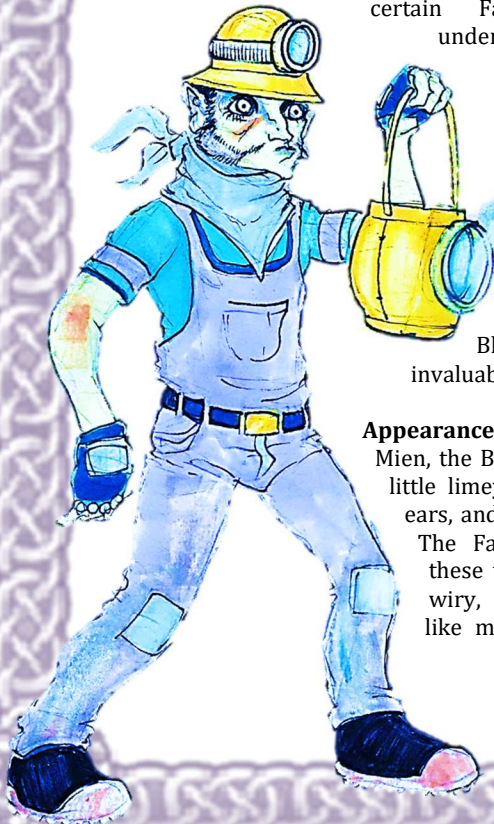
**Lifestyle:** the lifestyle of the mining Blue Cap isn't one of terrible mystery. They are miners, and they like to mine. Deep down under the earth, surrounded by rich veins of metal and untold treasures, the Blue Caps dig and dig. When they aren't digging, they are up on the surface, drinking and laughing and singing mining songs with their fellow mortal miners. Knowing that in a few hours – back down they'll go. Bugg (Unseelie)? Olph (Seelie)? it doesn't matter. What matters is how you swing that big ol' pick of yours.

**Childing Blue Caps** are relatively rare. Most see this as a blessing, as the Mines are no place for a child, and what is a Blue Cap without a deep dark hole to crawl about in?

**Wilder Blue Caps** know what they want, and what they want is to head down down down and start digging.

**Grump Blue Caps** have carved out a little place for themselves (literally) and begin planning on leaving the surface world for good. They may bequeath their tools and such to an up and coming hard worker, be it a younger Blue Cap, or even a mortal that warrants it. They're not long left for the world and they know it. When it's time to take one last trip down, they do so with a smile on their face...

**Revelry:** Blue Caps regain glamour from the humble pathos of the mortal constituents. A back-breaking day's work for an honest day's pay and the pride in a job well done is usually



good enough. Blue Caps also enjoy the sense of camaraderie that exists amongst Miner's unions, and gain glamour from the drinking, singing, and good natured Donny-brooks that such a brotherhood brings.

**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast by the Blue Caps invariably are accompanied by the tinny sounds of tiny pickaxes and distant clanging of iron implements. There is also little flashes of blue light that glow briefly just out of the corner of one's eyes.

**Affinity:** Nature

### Birthrights

**Fubar:** Like the Will-O-the-Wisps of old, the Blue Cap can transmogrify into a luminous globe of bluish-white light. The light is roughly the size of a basketball and provides as much light as a kerosene lantern. It costs one glamour to make this change, but it lasts until the Bluecap wants to change back. For every dot in Dexterity possessed, the Bluecap can take that many actions per round. It also travels at a speed of 10 times his dexterity rating in yards a turn. The ball is incorporeal and cannot not be touched, but neither can it touch anybody else. Nor can it wield objects, or pick anything up, but it can pass through solid walls (though not cold iron) and cast cantrips as usual.

**Nocking:** The Name of the Nocker Kith comes from the tapping of the Cornish miners's tools in the tin mines. While some few of the Nockers actually did work in mines, the Blue Caps absolutely, invariably, proudly did, and still do, as their sole purpose. (many of them grudgingly remark that they should be called Nockers instead of those Damn Pasty-faced wankers....)

However, the knocking of the Blue Caps has a special birthright for them and them alone. They have developed a special language similar to morse code, but capable of infinitely more information with far less dashes and dots. The Blue Caps must tap on the rocks deep in their mines with one of their tools. The message carries out to anyone who also knows the language at a distance equal to the Blue Caps permanent glamour rating in Miles. This distance is doubled underground.

While all Blue Caps instinctively speak the language, others have to actively learn it. Nockers, Gremlins, and Goblins can do so with relative ease. No few Cornish Miners do so as well, turning an ear to the Wee Ones in the Tin Mines as they tell each other stories...



### Frailties

**Bean Counter:** Nobody wins until everybody wins is a Blue Cap mantra. If you don't work, you don't eat is another. They have no room for stuffy, greedy, business suits who sit on their duff and boss their blue-collars around like dogs. They also have no use for whiny petulant workers who only work half as much as they talk about working. Unfair Pay or Undue wages; the Blue Cap has something to say about it.

If the Blue Cap sees injustice (on any end of the spectrum, be it from the bottom up or the top down) the Blue Cap goes into a frenzy, and must succeed on a willpower roll difficulty 7, or enact justice as they deem fit. A success means that they can make their displeasure known verbally (which the wise tin-miner heeds). A failure means that somebody is going to be making an impromptu trip to the emergency room real soon. A Botch? Well, a botch means that nobody wins.

This not only extends to fellow miners, but himself as well. If a Blue Cap feels slighted about not getting his due, then the same roll must be made.

### Charlie-Boy Dickers, Tin Smith, Pit-Boss and Cider-Drinker, has something to say about the lazier of the Brit Kiths...

**Brag:** Tossers and poofers. They're as useless as their frilly white shirts.

**Bugbears:** Well, at least two of us has a true calling. Stay out of their way and let them to their business and you'll be safe as houses.

**Drakes:** Eh. Collectors? Bollocks. They're hoarders is what they are, Dragons or no.

**Duerger:** Nasty ass little pinchers what gives proper Underworlders a bad rep.

**Ettercaps:** \*Shudders\*. There's dark things down here, that's for true.

**Grimalkin:** Liars and thieves. And that's all you can count on them to be.

**Hobs:** I've yet to meet one, so's I can't give you a proper assessment.

**Hounds:** Poor bastards. At the beck and call of a dark God. That's no life to live.

**Orcs:** They've got staying power, I'll give them that.

**Springheels:** I live in a pitch-black cave under thousands of tons of limestone and granite shot through with cold-iron. Do you think yelling BOO will scare me?

**Widdershin Tom:** Liars and Thieves what worships the Devil. That's all you can count on them to be.