

ETTERCAPS

**Ettercap, Ettercap Spinnin your threid, Midges for denner, an Flees for your breid;
Sic a mishanter Befell a bluebottle, silk roond his feet- Your haund at his throttle!**
- *Traditional Scots Verse*

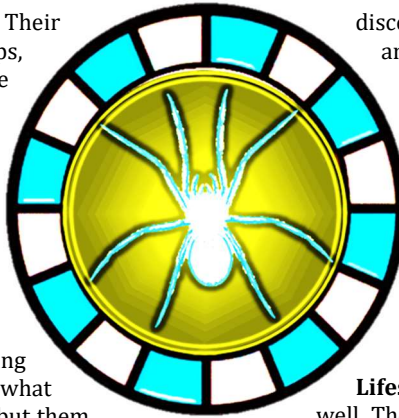
Quote: Yes, yes. I saw that accident in the Newspapers. It was very terribly sad, wasn't it? Yes... terribly sad.

The Ettercaps are a very old-world Fae. Their name derives from Old English, Atter-Kops, meaning poison heads. This term also became synonymous with a cold or impersonal mortal in long-forgotten old Scottish Parlance. This callousness on behalf of the Ettercap, however, does not stem from just their detached demeanor, but from an alien mindset. The Ettercaps do not see themselves as tied to just the Fae, nor do they claim kinship to any of the Old-Gods so popular with the Celts. Ettercaps claim lineage to an ancient and forgotten race of the Dreaming that has no need for mortals, or Gods. Who or what their ancestors were remains a mystery to all but them, but it can be inferred that the Ettercap's spidery nature is a clue.

Ettercaps will never forget where they came from and because of this show great respect and deference to spiders in the modern world. While it doesn't manifest as a strong enough to warrant their birthright, they can communicate with any and all spiders, (as the *Friend to Spiders* merit as found in Kith Book Sluagh). While the communication manifests only as images or impressions, a great amount of information can be gained with spiders by these means.

The Ettercaps today maintain relations with other Kith, they join motleys, and go on quests. They feign smiling when it is time to smile, and force salt-tears when they realize something sad is happening. Yet for all of this, an Ettercap does not enjoy the smile, nor does he suffer the pain which brings forth the tears. The true mastery of the Ettercaps is that so very few of the Kithain know that the Ettercaps exist. And those that do may not even realize that the sharp-eyed Sidhe in their motley, the one with the dapper clothing, and the cold alluring smile isn't a Sidhe at all. This is what the Ettercaps do. They infiltrate with their camouflage of beauty, they make "friends," and they exist side-by-side with their Motley, secretly carrying out Machiavellian machinations that only they and their ancestors can comprehend. These plans are inscrutable to all but other Ettercaps: Gathering Tass, having spiders drive a nice family out of a flat, or even saving an orphanage. While these undertakings may seem evil, good, or obsessive to others - to the Ettercaps, they just are.

Appearance: In Mortal Mien, Ettercaps appear as tall and thin creatures with bright-colored eyes and thin-lipped smiles. All races sport long limbs and graceful movements. In Fae Mien, the Ettercaps could pass as Sidhe, save for a few cosmetic differences. The smile of an Ettercap is a small thing, and it often looks fake. The teeth are small and slightly sharp. The eyes of the Ettercap are orbs of a complete color, with no



discernable pupils or whites to speak of, and are iridescent and bright colors such as shades of plum or amber. The Ettercaps also take great care to wear matching clothing, not that they care what they wear, but they feel it is important to maintain the façade. Their clothing is richly colored, resplendent, and adorned with embellishments that all seem to carry the idea that the wearer of such an outfit "Knows how to dress well".

Lifestyles: Ettercaps in the modern world do well. They don't need food or water, although they can eat and drink. They do not crave the emotional attachments that drive mortals or Fae, although they gain glamour from dreamers and freeholds the same as the others. They don't crave riches or excitement, or even destruction like some of the Bugg (Unseelie) do. In fact, they do not crave anything at all really. What they do want is to remain hidden, and further their ineffable plans.

Childing Ettercaps are quiet and studious. They never seem to blink and haven't fully grasped the concept of showing emotions yet. Other Changelings seem to love this however and go out of their way to make the sad little wee-one smile a bit.

Wilder Ettercaps begin to understand that other Kith have these things called "Emotions". They learn to smile, laugh, and cry as the need arises. This is also when they learn to implement the phases of their plans.

Grump Ettercaps have finished their grand designs, and now have nothing to do. Some head into the dreaming to rediscover their ancestry in a new light. Some go to sleep and lose their Fae Nature, waking up completely mortal. A rare few have *faked it until they make it* and have been aghast to discover real tears flowing without warning, or an involuntary smile at the advances of a pretty girl.

Revelry: Ettercaps gain glamour by successfully fulfilling the desires of those below. Those small and inscrutable plans and actions are victories that award the Ettercaps replenishment of glamour.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Ettercaps are accompanied by the almost inaudible chittering and clicking of millions of tiny legs and mandibles. There is also a slightly acidic tang that some few can smell.

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights

Poison: An Ettercap has a venomous bite that slowly paralyzes a victim's body. It is painless and happens so quickly that most targets think that the bite was just a quick nip on the neck or wrist. The Ettercap must spend a point of Glamour and roll Dexterity, at a difficulty of the target's perception + alertness rating. If successful, over the next 10 or 15 minutes, the victim slowly gets more and more tired, and finally dozes off in a peaceful and dreamless sleep. What happens next is up to the Ettercap in question. If the Ettercap doesn't completely drain the victim of blood, then the victim will wake up in 10 minus their stamina in hours. They will sport a head-ache, but otherwise have no ill effects.

Camouflage: An Ettercap's body is essentially a smokescreen. They could care less what they look like what they wear, at least in some capacity, or what girl thinks that they are hot or not. However, their camouflage works well, and all Ettercaps gain a +2 to appearance in Character Creation. While this may take them above 5, their appearance is secondary to the icy-cold demeanor that inspires the lust in others. They are desired as only ice-queens and callous bad-boys can be.

Frailties:

Alien-heart: Ettercaps are incapable of dealing with normal human beings' emotion or behavior. While they can smile and laugh, and even feign enjoyment, the human spectrum eludes them. Any actions that involve rolling empathy or Charisma are at a +3 difficulty.

Blood-Drinker: Ettercaps are vampiric. They are nourished by blood alone and while they may eat and drink anything they want; they gain no sustenance from it. They must consume at least a pint a day and can go roughly a week before they take damage. For every week that they go without feeding, they lose one health box. Luckily, the Ettercaps aren't passionate creatures, and do not have to worry about rolling willpower to curb their hunger. They are just simply aware that they are hungry. Ettercaps do not have a Blood Pool and cannot use blood in any way similar to the Ananansi or Vampires.

Toni, seamstress of Kent, forces a smile and allows a for few minutes of discourse.

Blue Caps: They are nice. They come close but say nothing.

Braggs: Poison comes in many forms. Vanity is one such.

Bugbears: Fierce? Sure. Fiercer than the Drakes I'd dare say. That is good.

Drakes: Dragons? That's nice. They certainly are old creatures, aren't they? Doubtfully the oldest, but so it goes.

Duerger: They are poisonous? Oh yes, this is a joke. I am supposed to laugh. Ha. Ha. Ha.

Hobs: Secretive fix-its and helpers. That's nice I suppose.

Hounds: They are loyal to a fault, with ties to ancient and unknowable masters. If I truly understood anyone, it would be them.

Grimalkin: I don't understand.

Orcs: You weren't the first under the hill, and you won't be the last. So it goes.

Springheels: Fear? I see how hard life is for the Spring-heels, and I wonder if fear is worth it.

Widdershin Toms: They are unknowable to me, but then give themselves to another. Then I know them. So it goes.

Effigies: There is no passion in their ways, despite how vehemently they try to convince us otherwise. It is only madness. And I am an expert on Passion, yes?

