

Grugach

In front of the house were lush, high meadows filled with sheep, the lambs plump from their mother's grass-rich milk. Their creamy little shapes bright and clean against the background of pea green.

Lamp Black, Wolf Grey — Paula Brackston,

Quote: See that Billy-goat over there? His names buck-buck. Tonight, when Farmer Ian goes to bed? I'm going to crash him through a fence, it's gonna be awesome.

A wild and frenzied Crimbil (Kith) of the wild, the Grugach are also considered the most dangerous. This isn't due to their size, for the tribe is a small one, rarely over 5 feet tall, even in Mortal Mien. They aren't dangerous because of their battle prowess, for the Grugach rarely engage in battle, and avoid skirmishes if at all possible. They aren't dangerous for their skull-duggery either. Though they are trickier than most of the Celtic Fae. In fact, they could care less about outwitting anyone, especially mortals. The Grugachs are dangerous because they don't care. If someone should be hurt by a Grugach, then most times the Grugach's would only laugh at their discomfort.

While not exactly Plant Annwn (Unseelie), the Wild Ones care only for the fun they can have on moonlit moors, or fields filled with sheep. They see a herd or cows, or a flock of ewes, even a pen of hens, and they "Borrow" the Animal for the evening. They ride the animal to the point of exhaustion. Some even attempt to do this to mortals who are out late at night on the moors. The Grugach will sneak up on the unsuspecting victim, launch himself up, and then ride the hapless mortal around and around. Broken limbs? Concussions? At least it was a fun ride.

Some wonder where this Plentyn Newid (Changeling)- truly came from. The Grugachs tell the truth or lie as they see fit. They aren't Pookas despite their ties to the wild and ability to shapeshift. They aren't related to the Boggans, despite their height. Their limbs are long, and their bodies thin and tight with cord-like muscles. Their appearance paints them as closer to the Sidhe, a shorter Sidhe to be sure, but a sort of wild-elf. Although, of course, no Sidhe would ever condone being so muddy and messy. Some feel that the Grugach is some sort of "Lost-Boy" Fae that was separated from the Sidhe before their mass exodus. Scholars could try to explore this but getting any answers from a Grugach just aren't worth the headaches.

Appearance: *The word Grugach is old Gaelic for "Hair". This stems from the Crimbil's long red manes. Even the men have flowing red locks that fall well past their shoulders. In both mortal and Fae Fisyрнаu, the Grugach are proud of their crimson tresses.*

Equally visible in both Fisyрнаus is their tendency towards a wild appearance. Males and Females both usually have smudges of soot and dust on their freckled faces, and grass-stains and mud on their clothes. They prefer not to wear footwear, and many of the women do their hair up with sticks or intriguing looking bones that they have found in their wanderings. This is still in their Fisyрнаu Dyni (Mortal Mien).



In Fisyрнаu Rhaib, the Grugach appear as short-Sidhe, rarely over 4 and ½ feet tall. Their angular faces, sun-bronzed skin, almond-shaped bright-green eyes, and long ears all bear the similarly pleasing visage of the Sidhe.

Lifestyle: The Grugach don't have much of a life-style. They live in mounds in the rocky places. They may help on farms during the day but are quickly tired of the mundanity. Usually the Farmer may thank them for the help (or lack there-of) and kindly ask them to move on. The Crimbil mostly thrives on the ability to rove and ramble from place to place. Eating when they can, engaging with other Fae when needs must, and spending the majority of their time staying up late to harangue animals and the occasional mortal.

Nglasach Grugachs are dirty and dizzying balls of energy. Many of them can spend an entire afternoon screaming at the sun for no discernable reason.

Ddyrys Grugachs have discovered the benefits of subtlety. They can be quiet if they want, and even prove adept at stealth. That is until they make their move, and all reservation flies out the window.

Henach Grugachs still haven't slowed in their actions. They maintain close ties to the mortal farms that they tried to frequent when younger. They still take their simple pleasure from the farm-animals, however and do so until their time as a Changeling is done.

Revelry: Grugach regain Rhaib (Glamour) whenever they can engage in hot and sweaty bouts of reckless abandon with mortals who understand the importance of hot and sweaty bouts of reckless abandon.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Grugach smell of sweat and animal musk. There is also a sort of breathlessness that accompanies these Cantrips; it is akin to being tired and winded after particularly rough physical exertion. (Take that as you will).

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights:

Shapechanging (*Newid Siâp*): Much like the Pooka, the Grugach can assume an animal form. Each Grugach has one go-

to animal that he or she prefers. The animal shape is limited to small animals, usually no bigger than a lamb, or smaller than a large spider. Foxes, cats, rats, chickens, rabbits, or small sheep have been witnessed. It cost one point of Rhaib for a Grugach to make this transformation, but he may do it in front of others.

Beast-Tongue (*Lleferydd Bwystfil*): The Grugach can approach most animals without the animals fleeing or fighting. They can converse with the Animal in question and are generally well-received. Even if the animal is aware of how hard the Grugach are on the Animals that they 'Borrow', this birthright makes it easy for them to catch the animals they are so fond of. An animal must make a successful Willpower roll (diff. 9) in order to flee.

Frailties

Faith of the Christ-God (*Ffydd Y Duw Crist*): The Grugachs fear the priests of the Christ-God and suffer a +2 difficulty penalty for any action when in the presence of a priest (or someone who noticeably wields Strong Faith). No one is sure if this fear extends to other Faiths, such as Islam, Judaism, or even Atheism. It does, however, exclude Paganism.

Borrowing Pets (*Benthyg Anifeiliaid Anwes*): Each one of the Grugach has a favorite animal that he likes to ride nightly. At any time they see one of their favorite animals, they must make a willpower roll difficulty 8 to avoid "borrowing" the animals for the Evening. If the roll fails, then the Grugach rides the animal into exhaustion, dealing damage to the creature equal to the Grugach's current Rhaib rating. Smaller animals (such as chickens, hares, or dogs) may be killed by the negligence of this "Borrowing".

In order to avoid this, the Grugach must succeed on a Per + Alertness roll during the ride, set at a difficulty of 8, in order to notice that the animal in question isn't doing so hot. If any animal dies in this manner, then the Grugach loses one point of permanent Rhaib and gains one point of Dyni (Banality)

Huckabee, Farm-Hand and champion Goat-rider, chases a goat while he talks about the others....

Ankou: Don't go near em, and you'll be okay.

Bendith Y Mamau: They're ugly. And they play the banjo. That about sums it up.

Coraniaid: I like to fight. They like to kill. There is a difference.

Ellyllon: Nobody remembers the Druids anymore. Because they are boring.

Glaishtig: Arrogant preening, dirty little goaty-goats. I bet I could ride you too.

Grwagged Annywn: I can't swim. So there is nothing they can offer me.

Gwyllion: Don't go near em, and you'll be okay.

Hinkie-Punks: While ghost lights aren't my usual ride, I might make an exception for them.

Muryan: There is one small beastly I don't want to ride.

Woodwose: The Forest? I live there, you live there, we all live there.

Orcs: NO one owns the Underground, stupid! IT's underground. That's like owning the Sky!

Sidhe: No, we aren't related. Why?

