

HAULE MANNERCHEN

Snipping, snipping, snipping goes the scissor man – Putting end to evil doers games
Snipping, snipping, snipping goes the scissor man – Maybe you are in his book of names

Primus – *The Scissor Man*

Quote: Oh ho, Oh ho... is that a little finger-nail biter, I See? Be careful, you will need those nails someday. I would hate to see what would happen if someone would shove cold-iron shavings under those nails.

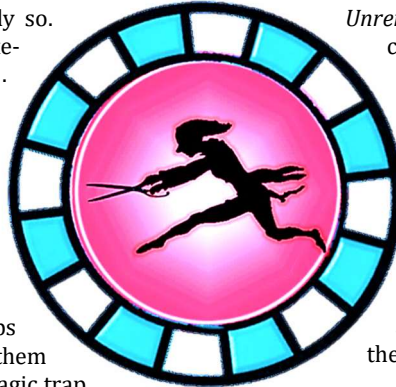
A little boy sucks his thumb, excessively so. The Thumb gets chopped off in a horrible axe-throwing incident (they happen all the time). The poor little boy gives up his dreams to become a champion video-gamer. He instead chooses to go into the field of forest preservation (The axe molded his mind as well as his hands). A bear (secretly a Fairy Queen in disguise) is caught in a trap. He springs the trap releasing her. Yet what's this? The trap springs forward of its own accord and snaps at his fingers. It would have snatched his thumb and tasted his blood, too, because it was a magic trap. Luckily the thumb was already missing. You can thank the Haule Mannerchen for this wonderful feat of mental gymnastics.

Nicked named the Scissor-men, this rare German Abstammung (Kith) are the only Male Fae in this realm or the next who have ties to FATE (Capitol Fate). Almost exclusively Male (only Males have ever been seen), throughout the Ages, the Haule Mannerchen assisted the myriad ladies of fate. They did so by ensuring justice was met in beautiful theatrical fits of irony and malaise. They have ancient ties to Holda, or Mother Berchta, or other Hags of antiquity. No few outsiders claim that Haule Mannerchen may be the male offspring of such hags.

Like the original story of "Die Geschichte vom Daumenlutscher" (*little suck-a-thumb*) has staying power in the German mind-scape, this wonderfully genteel Stille-Volken also holds a special place in the Dreaming of der Schwarz-wald. Mothers still warn their little gob-spitters, soup-slurpers, and nose-pickers about the dark workings of fate, and the Scissor-Men are only too happy to oblige.

Appearance: Both Pelz (Mien) of the Haule Mannerchen are charming, handsome, and dapper. The Mensch-Pelz (Mortal Mien) is unusually tall, with the lean tight builds of dancers, but nothing too out of the ordinary. The Elfe-Pelz (Fae Mien) adds a piercing gaze, sharp features, long ears (shorter than the Sidhe, but much more than a Clurichauns) and a delightfully crooked smile. In all Pelz, this Abstammung is tidily dressed and prim. No dirty clothes or long nails or unbrushed teeth for these boys.

Lifestyle: Whether Glücklich (Seelie) or Teufel-Leute, (Unseelie), there is something amiable but intense about the Scissor-men. In the old days tales were told of how they would deliver magic to the hands of the deserving. They still do so, but in any number of ways that some might find unsettling. The Glücklich of their number try to maintain a sense of decorum in their abetting the hands of fate. The Teufel-Leute not so much....



Unreif Haule Mannerchen are reminiscent of an old comic where-in one lad was naughty one good. The Haule Mannerchen are always the good one.

Überspannt Haule Mannerchen quickly endear themselves into whatever group they find themselves in. Their noble bearing is born of an inbred wealth, unborrowed from their kind. Their wonderful gentle tongue, proper etiquette, and penchant for niceties of all stripes garner them friends from the most unlikely of sources.

Vernünftig Haule Mannerchen lose none of their blessings with age, they are as dapper and jovial as they ever were, but now have a life of experience to aid them in all their wonderful endeavors.

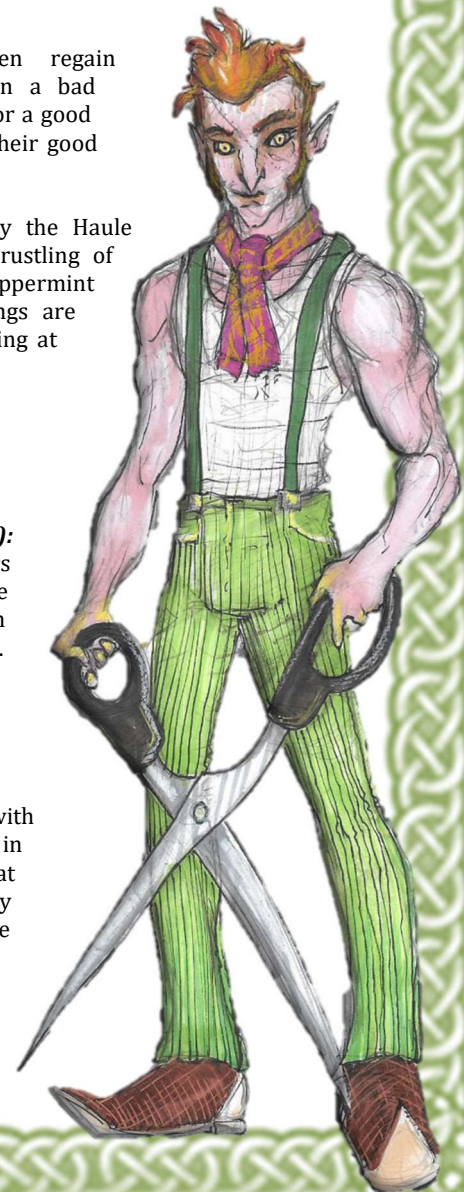
Revelry: Haule Mannerchen regain Zauberkunst (Glamour) when a bad little childe learns its lesson, or a good little childe is rewarded for their good deeds.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Haule Mannerchen sound like the rustling of pages and smell like hot peppermint tea. All in all, the Unleashings are rather nice, and not threatening at all.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights:

Salad Forks (*Salatgabeln*): For all of their odd behaviors and quirks, the Haule Mannerchen have always been Social Elite in their own ways. They know the ins and outs of Germany's haute couture, and simply ooze the trappings of the élites. At character creation each Haule Mannerchen begins with an extra 3 free dots to spend in any Social categories that makes sense. In addition, they can never botch an etiquette roll.



Fingers on the Pulse (*Finger am Puls*): A holdover from ancient times, when the Haule Mannerchen was an intermediary with the Fates themselves, the invisible pulse of Fate can be witnessed by the Scissor-men. By spending a point of Zauberkunst and making a successful Per + Greymare roll, the Haule Mannerchen can perceive how to best manipulate their next actions to make the biggest impact on fate her/itself. The difficulty is set by how much Fate is tied to certain fate-related facets (Peoples, places, things, McGuffins, etc...) that the Haule Mannerchen wants to participate in. Cutting off a little boys Fingers? Then roll for either the fingers or the boy. The closer to Fate the object is, the lower the difficulty. The amount of successes dictate how wonderfully explosive that turn of fate will Be.

Frailties:

Nail-Biters (*Nagelbeißer*): There is always at least one disgusting trait that harangues each Haule Mannerchen. Nose-picking, spitting, talking with the mouth open, Gum-Chewing, slurping soup, talking during a movie.... The list can go on and on. Each Haule Mannerchen has one picked at Character Creation. Whenever presented with such sickening habits, the boys must roll willpower, difficulty 8 or seek to correct it. However, the means in which they seek to correct it differs far from their usual means.

The Haule Mannerchen will switch natures for the scene as they try to correct the sordid affair. *Glücklich* will become *Teufel-Leute* and will chop off fingers of the little nose-pickers, *Teufel-Leute* will become *Glücklich* and will explain the ungodly amount of germs in the saliva that just spattered across the side-walk. *Note* that this change only occurs during the moment that one certain nasty habit is witnessed,

Servants of the Three (*Diener der Drei*): Whether they understand them the as Norns, Moirae, Gianes, Likho, Fatae, or some other such personification of Fate/Destiny/Kismet, the Scissor-men are bound kit and parcel to ally themselves with the Three- Read the Big 3. Whenever fate thusly rears it's pretty little head, the Haule Mannerchen have no choice but to

acquiesce... To deny them (her, it?) means an automatic point of Mängeln (Banality).

Fonsie, meticulously polishes his boots, stares at your muddy ones with wide eyes, and allows for some wonderfully civil diatribe on his fellow Stille-Volken.

Alb: Of course they are horrid little kitties, and for that they should be ashamed. But they aren't. Instead they continue to be horrid little kitties. That is their way I suppose.

Gummi-Bären: Oh my – they are simply too much fun for my tender little sensibilities. Though I do confess, I nibble every now and then.

Haferbock: I understand that there is a wonderful purpose for everything they do, but I do wish this Christmas could be a little less gory.

Kobolds: Now, now, just because they are malicious little monsters that live in the mountains and horde cold-iron weapons to slaughter us in the upcoming doomsday war, it doesn't mean that they are all bad, yes?

Moswyfjes: My dear, dear, ladies. Such wonderful tongues they have, full of bon-vivant terms the world has never heard. Do keep their blistering tongues away from the little ones.

Nisser: I have a good friend named David. As kind and honest as any you'd expect amongst our kind. I thank him every-day for our friendship. It is better that way.

Waltshrat: I must confess, I have no idea who these folks are. You say they live in the forest? So do the Nisser and the Moswyfjes. do they do anything else I wonder?

Volpertinger: Are there any still around? I heard wonderful stories about them.

Hexemeister: As much as they claim to understand the Three-Ladies, the only thing they truly comprehend is the end of their big busy nose. They are hungry for knowledge, too lazy to work for it, and too conceited to see it come from anywhere but their own stuffy books.