

Rarash

What might be taken for a precocious genius is the genius of childhood. When the child grows up, it disappears without a trace. It may happen that this boy will become a real painter someday, or even a great painter. But then he will have to begin everything again, from zero. – Pablo Picasso

Quote: Greetings, friend. Don't mind me, this is just a Dream. What am I doing in your dream? Why, I'm just helping myself to some of your corn. You don't want me to eat it? Ah, then perhaps you should leave out some fresh baked white bread and a big bowl of milk in the morning. It would prove more beneficial to you than you realize.

Barnyard roosters are a mainstay in the more agrarian and rural communities of Slavic Lands. They are seen everywhere, and few pay the much heed. There is one Zima (Unseelie) Tribe, who much like these ubiquitous birds, can hide in plain sight. Able to change into Roosters, this Plemya (Kith) is often one overlooked, and they are happy that way.

Like witches' secret Familiars they go unhindered, and like the Familiars they are just as magical. All young boys to a one of them, the Rarash are clever and witty and claim barns, farms, mills, or similar country holdings as their sanctum Sanctorums. They adopt the family of these areas as their own and go about their business unseen and unnoticed. If the mortals present know about it, they remain silent.

The Rarash existence is a short one, as their magical nature lasts only as long as their youth does. Time and tide wait for no boy, and the onset of a budding manhood replaces their Fae nature. What's left is a clever kinain, with no memory of His Rarash younger years. Yet no few of their older selves awaken to different magics... (Whatever this means to players or storytellers).

Appearance: In Okovy Lik (Mortal Mien), the Rarash appear as young boys, wild eyed, dirty faced, with scraggly black hair. In Karlik Lik (Fae Mien) their hair is just as dark but is now a mop of iridescent black feathers. They have dark talons for hands and feet, and the tiny unblinking eyes of a bird. They also have their rooster form, that of a largish all black cockerel.

Lifestyle: From the moment of chrysalis, always when they are very young, sometimes as early as 6, the Rarash runs away from it all and instinctively finds a nice quiet place in the country. Here they start new lives. They may seek out other Karlik (Changelings) for company but just as often ignore all the drama. The lucky few end up on farms with wise-women or hedge-folk, and the above comparison to witches' Familiars rings true.

Zuitbotschnick Rarash are clever for their age and show wisdom beyond their years. But they aren't above a good fart joke. If they are aware of how



little time they have left, they don't show signs of worry. They are always content to be in the moment.

Zveriny Rarash... don't exist.

Glamour Ways: Rarash regain Zhivost' (Glamour) from good interactions with his chosen farm family. A warm smile at the barnyard Rooster, a pet on the head every now and again, even a handful of corn thrown his way (not that the Rarash would eat it if it wasn't white, but there you go) and all the little things are what fuels the Rarash's magics.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Rarash bring with them the pungent odors of chicken manure and mud carried on a warm fetid breeze. There is also the unsettling sensation of being watched by an unseen presence.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights:

Rooster Boys (*Mal'chiki-Petukhi*): The Rarash are princes of their barnyard and prowl in disguise. For a point of Zhivost' spent, they can transform into a large, all black cockerel, with a dark, resplendent tail, and shiny black talons. The stats for such are Str and Sta -2, but Dex + 3.

In addition, with a successful willpower roll (difficulty of local gauntlet) they can cast an additional glamour on themselves, causing others to overlook them as simple barnyard fowl. All perception rolls, even magical ones, to find them have the difficulty raised by 2.

In Dreams (*V Mechtakh*): The nighttime magic is good to the Rarash, who keep a special rapport with the sleeping denizens of his beloved farm. In Dreams he visits them, and watches over them, making requests and giving advice. At Character creation, all Rarash begin with the first level Oneiromancy for free. In addition, to learn more levels of the art costs experience points of current level x 3 instead of the usual current level x 4. When using this Art on their own farmhouse property, the base difficulty is always a 6.



Frailties:

White Food Only (*Tol'ko Belaya Yeda*): In a Dreaming dictated Geasa, the Rarash can only eat white foods. White eggs, white bread, plain milk, anything else imbibed not only deals one level of bashing damage, but one point of Okovy (Banality) as well.

He's Just a Boy (*On Vsego Lish' Mal'chik*): The Rarash are born otherworldly and will remain so the whole of their youth. But as puberty sets in, they find their dreaming self waning. The Rarash only has his Childing and half of his Wilder self. Around 13 or 14, no later than 16, they become more and more undone. There is nothing by the age of 17 but kinain.

Yakub pecks at his bowl of old rice and recalls his favorite interactions with the other Plemya.

Dvoverie: I hear they ride chickens. It would be fun to see them try. I know for a fact that I am bigger than them by a good half a meter or so...

Kikkimora: Creepy, Klepto, Birdy-birds who sneak around the farm. No, I'm still talking about me.

Leshiye: Steal some beer, trade Leshiye the beer for safe passage through their territory. Piss off a Werewolf, have them chase you through the Leshiye's territory. Hilarity ensues.

Likho: Always wash your face when they visit. Always say please and thank you, and don't shuffle your feet when they're talking. It won't save you from their judgements, but they'll deliver them with less anger.

Morozko: I prefer to keep clear of the forest and winter, less old Death-Goddesses about, you know?

Korhorushy: A lot of fun to be had out on here on the farm.

Polevik: On the farm, yes.

Poludnica: Again, on the farm? Why are there so many of us who are country-folk?

Rusalki: Like a big floppy fish, but far prettier. I don't have much sympathy for them, but I do try to be polite.

Ved: Another farmer? What's really going on?

Vily: Like, the Wonder Woman, but with unbrows.

Vodyanoi: Creepy floppy frog-men, way out of the Rusalki's league. But then again, who are we to judge? Maybe the froggies are good in the sack.

Zmei: I know a secret about them. I'd tell you, but then it wouldn't be a secret, now would it?