

Urisk

“When he awoke it was dawn. Or something like dawn. The light was watery, dim and incomparably sad. Vast, grey, gloomy hills rose up all around them and in between the hills there was a wide expanse of black bog.

Jonathan Strange & Mr Norrell— *Susanna Clarke*,

Do ya love me? Do ya think you could ever love me? Could you learn to love me? – Old Gregg

Quote: Do you have to leave already? Please stay, just for a bit longer.... Have some more tea? A scone?... *Please...*”

When the whole of the Scottish Wicht (Kith) are placed side-by-side, one can be aghast at the Dreaming-inspired paragons of strength, beauty, and virtue present. From the Fearful Annis Hag, to the mysterious Kirkgrims, and even the light-hearted Shellcoats and their pranks; there are truly awe-inspiring Fae in the Highlands. But not all of these are Dreaming blessed... some are just miserably friendless strangers who spend their lonely existence pining away for company.

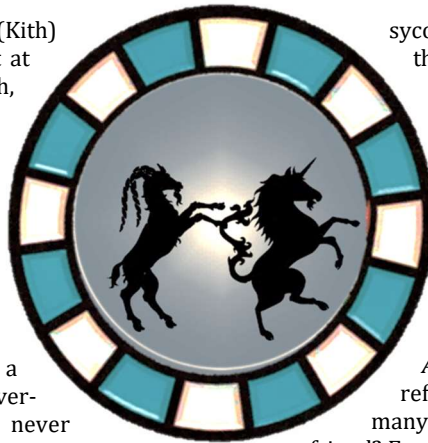
The Urisk, or Ourisk, is such a Fae, a paragon of kowtowing solitude and a never-ending need for companionship that will never show, Dreaming be damned. The Urisk sits in his isolated property, maintaining a piece-meal home-stead with the hope that each day might be the day that friends will come. Each day proves as fruitless as the last. Even if they do receive a visitor, their toadying nature quickly negates any chance of lasting friendship.

Why would anyone want to even bother heading out that far to garner the attention of such a dejected miserable lot? Because they have a lot to offer. They are fast, strong, and know the wild places better than most. They are loyal to a fault, and as long as somebody can force a smile around them, they will gladly bend over backwards to ensure that their guest is happy. It is all too easy to manipulate the Urisk in simple exchange of an extended hand of friendship.

Appearance: In all Mien, the Urisk aren't much to look at. Their Mortal Mien, are a little on the frumpy side with long limbs, hunched gait, and thin limp hair. Their eyes are milky, and they look as if they were about to burst into tears any second now. In Fae Mien, they don't change much. Their bottom half is replaced with the long cloven legs of a goat, and a pair or stubby horns pops up on their head. In all forms there is something distraught about their faces... something that leaves most with a sense of disgust.

Lifestyles: The Urisks don't congregate very often, not even amongst themselves. They set themselves up in their homes, close to streams and small lakes that dot across the Scottish country-side. Here they farm meekly and quietly, and extravagantly entertain any and all who come to visit... which happens a lot less than the Urisk would like.

While they can be sought out to serve as guides in these wild rocky places, and do so with gusto, most explorers of these places would rather risk it alone, “than deal with the



syncophantic pleading and muckety fawning of these wishy-wembly wannabe-satyr....”

Òga Urisks are the last picked for sports on the school-yard. That is about the best that can be said of them.

Ghaisgich Urisks leave the shame of the school-yard in hopes of finding a place where they can find true-blue companionship. They don't find it.

Àrd Urisks will waste away, gazing at a reflection that they just don't recognize. How many years have passed since they had a lover? A friend? Even a visitor?

Revelry: Urisk gain Glainnead (Glamour) by people paying attention to them. This is a double-edged sword. As the old adage goes, even bad attention is attention. It is the strong Urisk who is able to stand up to their abuser and demand human (or Fae) decency, let alone the respect that is due. The wave of Glainnead that comes from just such an interaction however is triple what it normally would be.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Urisk are accompanied by a wave of nigh- palpable loneliness and dejection, as if for one brief moment, others can feel what the Urisk feels all the time. There is also a smell of brackish water and cold mud, and many report that they feel a squelchy sucking at their feet with each step.

Affinity: Scene

Birthrights

Kings of the Mud (*Righrean an Eabar*): The Urisks are creatures of mud and water, and as such can inhabit their realms in a way that few can. They can breathe underwater indefinitely and suffer no underwater ecological penalties that might affect others. In addition, they leave no tracks in their mud-covered environment, and can pass without trace in even the deepest muddiest of locales.

Strength of Arms (*Neart Armachd*): The Urisks are capable of great physical feats that few among the Scottish Kithain can hope to match. They are at extra dots to any physical attribute at character creation, according to seeming. *Òga* Urisks get 1 free dot. *Ghaisgich* Urisks get 2 free dots, and *Àrd* Urisks gain 3

free dots. These dots can be placed in way that makes sense, and even can take the Urisk above 5.

Frailties

Blinded by Friendship (*Air a Dall le Càirdeas*): For all the time spent alone, one would think that the Urisk would grow used to it. Not so. The poor buggers never get used to it, and when the opportunity arises that might make for company, the Urisk has a nasty habit of acting needy and effacing themselves.

This also makes them a poor judge of character and what constitutes as a "Friend" is anyone who pays attention to them in their wastelands. Any roll to sense motivation, discern lies, or even to accept that someone might be bad are at a difficulty

based on seeming. *Òga* Urisks are at a +3 to difficulty. *Ghaisgich* Urisks are at a +2, and *Àrd* Urisks a +1.

Those around the Urisk must make a roll as well. For every day around the toadying, obsequious, goaty Urisk, they must make a willpower roll to maintain a smile. The difficulty rises one a day for each day around the ugly bugger. A failure means that the Urisk is told to his face that he is annoying. A botch means that the Urisk is told, in no uncertain terms, just how much he is hated, disliked, ugly, miserable, toadying, wretched, or any other number of terms....

The Urisk will only sigh and walk away.... They have heard all this before. It wasn't the first time, and it certainly shan't be the last.



Ainslie MacPheelie, overjoyed at the prospect of having guests, is just after putting the kettle on and dishes out her opinions of the others

Annis Hags: Of course I love the dears, despite the bad press what they get, they should come by more often and share.

Brollachans: I never really got on with one. Of course, it might not have been a Brollachan that I knew after all.

Ceasg: Oh how clever they are when they stop by here in my little stream. They don't stay long, but when they do, they are so very very kind.

Spunchie: So much excitement, almost more than my little heart can take. But they rarely stay for more than an hour or so.

Kirkgrim: They are too busy protecting their graves and their church-yards to come visit little old me. When they do stop by, it is always on some mission to rid the world of evil, or some-such. I do so enjoy those visits though.

Pechs: One actually spent the night here. He did. It was to unite all us Scottish types under one banner he said. He got my vote and left by next morning's light. I am waiting to hear of his success. I'm all for it.

Shelley-Coats: Muckety-muck apple-polishers and tricksters. I want to be friends, but I won't be tricked by them that way. Just because we're both muck-dwellers doesn't mean that I will kowtow to you.

Tod Loweries: Who's that dear? Todd? The nice red-headed lad what brings me quail every now and again? He's a nice lad he is, not a Fae at all.

Trows: The generals were honest in telling me that they didn't like me... I... I can't fault them for their honesty.... Can I? No... no I can't...

Wulvers: One brings me kippers to my front porch every Sunday morning. He doesn't stay long enough to catch-up and all, but I appreciate the gesture none-the-less.