

Bendith y Mamau

**Well I've heard there was a secret chord,
That David played and it pleased the Lord,
But you don't really care for music, do you?**

Hallelujah – Leonard Cohen

Quote: Ugly? That's not what your Mom said last night. It doesn't matter anyway, who needs to be handsome with this kind of talent?

The Bendith y Mamau are a hated Kith, infamous for their roles as baby-snatchers, kidnappers, and thugs, on par with the worst of their Spriggans, Goblins, and Redcap cousins. The Welsh Kith takes all the hate and naysaying stacked against them, and responds with only a flip of the bird...

Although such negative rumors may be a bit of a misunderstanding. (But you won't hear the Bendith y Mamau say anything to defend themselves, bad publicity is publicity none-the-less). Their name itself, Bendith y Mamau, means "The Mother's Blessings" a testament to the musical grace and prowess that the Crimbil (Kith) bequeathed to the children pilfered. In fact, the Kith rarely stole children willy-nilly. They would only steal those children from broken homes, or those poor bastards in whom would miss the education into the fine-arts that they deserved.

Again, not that the Bendith y Mamau will say any different to defend themselves. They are still ugly, mean, and nasty old bastards with a flair for passive aggressive insults and berating those same nay-sayers that called them kidnappers to begin with.

Appearance: The Bendith y Mamau are ugly little fokkers with pale skin, big googly-eyes, sparse thin hair, big ears, big noses, and a small wrinkly sour-puss of a mouth. Their arms and legs are thin, with long skinny spidery fingers and toes. They are short-torsoed with pot-bellies, and they wear ugly ill-fitting clothes always at least 10 years out of style. They also smell like soup and mothballs. This is all in Mortal Fisyrrnau mind, their Fae Fisyrrnau is worse.

However, their voice is fine and strong. Both male and female of the Crimbil boast ranges of multiple octaves and are nigh unsurpassed by both Mortal and Fae standards. Even simply listening to the unhindered stream of insults is a reward unto itself with the timbre and pitch of curse words sounding like the finest operatic ensemble.

Lifestyle: While the Bendith y Mamau are undoubtedly Plant *Annwn* (unseelie) they are also the finest musicians and singers in the Dreaming. If they aren't in choirs, rock-bands, musical theater, or other position where their voices shine, then they are teaching others (especially wayward children) to do the same. And they are tough teachers, make no mistake about that.



Nglasach Bendith y Mamau are lonely little things. Gawky-eyed and friendless, small wonder that they quickly grow to become such bitter bastards in their wilder years.

Ddyrys Bendith y Mamau are nasty and capricious. They expect no less than perfection in all that they do. If they are teachers by this point, then they expect the same level of perfection from their students than they exact upon themselves.

Henach Bendith y Mamau are just that. *Grumps*. Many feel that they haven't done enough to reach their own misgivings of perfection. To this end, many of the elders of the Crimbil are those infamous kidnappers- the better to leave their musical imprint on the world, if not through themselves... then upon the kidnapped children that they have groomed as master musicians and left behind.

Revelry: Bendith y Mamau gain Rhaib from being surrounded by those few mortals who truly understand what music is. A 13-year-old punk with his Top 40 Radio Hits CD collection who throws up the devil horns with his hands and yells Free-Bird will provide no real glamour for this Melodious Crimbil. But if that same 13-year-old punk could listen and truly hear the intricacies of what Free-Bird meant, both thematically and musically... then the Bendith y Mamau might refuel his glamour.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Bendith y Mamau are accompanied by a bitter and salty taste in the mouth, but also a joyous tune that is just this side of audible. Everyone present can hear it, and everybody present knows that it is the greatest song in the world... but nobody can quite hear it well enough to place what it is...

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights

Tongue of Devils and Angels (*Tafod Angylion a Diafol*): On Par with Nockers in the blasphemy department, and far surpassing the Satyr's in passion when it comes to music... the range of the Bendith Y Mamau's emotional spectrum is a far-expansive realm. Any roll that involves either the voice in Manipulation or Charisma adds 3 dice to the pool. This might be

expression, empathy, subterfuge, intimidation, as well as performance....

In addition, any rolls that involve musical performance with an instrument are at -2 difficulty. The Bendith Y Mamau can never botch a Performance roll.

Frailties

Bitter (Chwerwach): There is something remarkably unpleasant about the Crimbil. The Bendith Y Mamau are nasty little pieces of work, not just in appearance, but in temperament as well. Any social rolls that involve anything besides their voice are always at a +3 difficulty.

And while they may use their voice to coax and persuade... no few mortals will see the nastiness and the ugliness well before the Crimbil begins to speak, and will instantly tune the ugly little buggers out. They can't be persuaded if they won't listen. For this reason, it pays to have the Bendith Y Mamau try to curb their disgust with the wide world of Plebes at large....

Braith MacConwy- music instructor and all-around Asshole, explicates on why everyone else sucks.

Ankou: Troublemakers, the whole lot of them. I can't respect someone I can't trust.

Coraniaid: They like violence more than they should. War isn't that important right now, fellas. Get a better hobby.

Ellyllon: Forgotten Druid would-be kings with all the common sense of a turnip.

Glaistig: Child exploiting green-pantied tarts.

Grugach: Lustful Beasty-o - philiacs.

Grwagged Annywn: Lazy loafing preening primadonnas.

Gwyllion: Creepy staring window-lickers.

Muryan: As ineffectual and forgettable as the Bugs they are named after.

Hinky Punk: Alcoholic boorish jack-asses

Woodwose: Who?

