

CENTZON TOTOCHTIN

"The light music of whisky falling into glasses made an agreeable interlude."

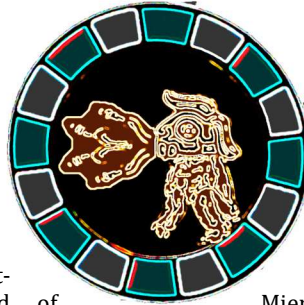
Dubliners— *James Joyce*,

"An over-indulgence of anything, even something as pure as water, can intoxicate."

Venus in Arms— *Criss Jami*

Quote: You got a problem with me, Pendejo? Don't you know I'm loco? I'm loco and I'm a God, man, and you don't want to start nothing with me...

The Centzon Totochtin are the 400 Rabbit Gods (and Goddesses in recent incarnations) of Drunkenness. 400 means uncountable to the Aztecs, but in truth, there are also only 400 of this Calli (Kith) alive on the Earth at any given time. They were the children of Mayahuel-Goddess of the maguey plant and herself a Goddess of intoxication- but also fertility, marriage, and motherhood. Each of these rabbit-headed deities represents a certain kind of drunkenness... *and there are many kinds of drunkenness.*



It is hard to gauge the modern lives of the 400 Rabbit Gods. With each of these different aspects of a consumption comes a different outlook that corresponds to that drinking. History tells of some...

- *Techalotl - or Squirrel* - was the god of drunkenly bouncing and jumping around his brothers trying to dance.
- *Macuil Tochtlī - or 'Five Rabbit'* could drink as much as five of his brothers -but consequently was the god of drinking too much, and thus angry hangovers.
- *Tequehmecauiani - God of Hanging* - was the god of maudlin drunks, he was high suicidal, and nothing could talk him out of his funk.

There is a god for the "pleasant- smiling-happy-drunk" and the "sit-in-the-corner-sleepy-drunk," and the "I-am-the world's-greatest-dancer-drunk." There is an overly maudlin one crying into his beer, a starving poet one with his cheap wine, and 391 more.

The modern world has been kind to their family, and each of the siblings is happy. At least the happy ones. Each has their own path to take and does so to the best of their ability. Every 7 years each of their 400 number have a reunion somewhere in the Empire to honor their mother goddess. Such affairs are not for outsiders... and they can get deathly raucous. One should always remember that each of them is a dark god of abandon, and to get caught up in their dances is to be caught up in a bloody violent descent into one of the darkest aspects of human nature...

CAVEAT EMPTOR: Yes, they are rabbits. Yes, playing a cute drunken bunny sounds fun. But no. Alcoholism, in any form isn't cute. It is a disease, one that plagues millions of people around the world. There is depression and violence and any number of ugly aspects of the real world attached to such. It might be easy to wash over the stigmas of it and focus on the cute-drunken-bunny-fun, it would prove a disservice. Think about it and discuss it with both other players and storytellers before committing to playing one of their number. Be warned, oh our Beloved.

Koyohji Bleu

Appearance: The Inahual of the 400 Rabbit Gods is varied between the two. Their Tlacaxayaque (Mortal Mien) varies as much as any mortals vary-with no discerning features. Looking for signs of alcoholism doesn't work. Not all of them are happy stumbling drunks (though at least one of them is) and not all are angry punchy barroom brawlers slurring words (though one most certainly is). The Teohua (Fae Mien) is a bit easier to perceive. Every one of their number is an anthropomorphic rabbit, with the fur and eye color matching anything found in nature (and a few more eccentric of their number representing zany drunks) with a few colors found nowhere in nature.... They dress comfortably when they can but favor traditional dress for special occasions- *to highlight their godhood of course.*



Lifestyles: As said before, it is hard to comprehend the lives of the 400 Rabbit Gods. Each one represents a certain kind of drinking, and each has a personality that corresponds to that drinking. Some are more pleasant and Melahuac (Seelie), others are needy, backstabbing, alcohol fueled monsters, and horrendously Iztlacateteo (Unseelie). Each has their own agendas and relationships with both mortals and the other Calli, and to try and find any similar correlations between their number is a moot conceit.

Pilontli Centzon Totochtin are a rare occurrence... those that do exist are unhappy creatures from unhappy families, who have seen the worst effects of alcohol hit too close to home.

Pipiyolti Centzon Totochtin are the most common of their Calli, they can be found all across the Empire, and many go adventuring even further: Fans of Absinthe in France, wine-tasting in Spain, Ouzo celebrations with the Maenads in Greece- it draws them all out.

Aacini Centzon Totochtin are back home. The lust and adventure of youth have given way to a deeper understanding of their roles. They are gods after all and must fill that role in a way befitting godhood. While they still exemplify that certain means of drunkenness that is their namesake, it is a grander and graver affair when they get older.

Glamour Ways: The Centzon Totochtin regain Mahuiztl whenever around those mortals who partake in alcohol. It need not be to abandon, but a good shot of tequila or a nice beer to finish off a meal is enough. However, the mortal should be aware of the drink in question, and enjoy it...

Unleashing: Nomiuh (Cantrips) cast by the Centzon Totochtin are dangerous affairs; music gets louder, colors brighter, but also happy people feel happier, angry people feel angrier, tensions get tenser. There is the biting smell of tequila in the air, and a feeling that the ground is about to fall out from underneath. While there are no mechanics for spectators at such cantrips being cast- the unsuspecting learn quickly to never underestimate such affairs...

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights:

Feed the Flames (*Alimentar Las Llamas*): The Centzon Totochtin can't control the actions of anyone - that's not how their godhood works. However, when inhibitions are low- Whether due to alcohol, sleepiness or other means, the Rabbit Gods can share their particular brand of bent. Angry Punchy drunk Rabbit Gods can ensure that those around them get just as punchy and angry. Maudlin Drunk Rabbit Gods can cause those around them to start crying into their vodka. It takes a point of Mahuiztl spent and a successful Charisma + Empathy roll at a difficulty of the targets' willpower. If successful, the group around them. These effects will remain in effect as long as the Rabbit God remains on scene, sharing in the depraved worship.

Frailties:

Feed the Flames (*Alimentar Las Llamas*): While they can share their own form of drunkenness with a crowd, it can also come back to bite them. If a Rabbit God gets too froggy or too involved with their drink such as being immersed in the crowd of alcohol fueled frenzy or having too many drinks (number of drinks twice their stamina rating) then the effects go off with or without their blessings.

If the party gets too much, or too many drinks are had, they must roll their willpower difficulty 7. They must succeed on another roll an hour later at a difficulty 8, and 9 an hour after that and so on and so on. Once the roll fails, the worst aspects of their drunken natures sweep the scene- whether the others in the scene are drunk or no... This lasts until the Rabbit God leaves the scene, or passes out in a drunken stupor...

If they ever botch that willpower roll, then the worst excesses of their brand of drunkenness are realized. Sleepy Drunks cause everyone around them to fall into a coma. Dancing Drunks cause bacchanalian mosh pits that see stamped and stomped bodies broken on the floor. Punchy drunks is a violent orgy of battle that all participate in but few escape alive.

Ximena Sleepy Rabbit, nodding off after too much, allows for some honestly whispered thoughts before she drifts off...

Alux'ob: Too serious. Always too serious. You never know what will set them off... not worth it.

Boto: Parties with them are great, but they can take things a little too far, even for me.

Carbunclo: They can party, but never ask them to fit the bill. For some reason it pisses them off. I don't think it's because they are stingy, though. It's just their way.

Quinametzin: Too goody-goody for me, it's always a do-the-right-thing contest when they're around, as if they are trying to prove themselves. Not worth the hassle.

Civatateo: They may seem nice - and in a way, they are. But they are also horribly ancient blood-witches with ties to the darkest of our gods...

Curupira: Just let them do their thing. They let us do ours, and we both are the better for it.

Huitzilin: Out of all our little Calli families, I think that they are the only other ones to "Get It." Maybe because we're both Gods.

Muki: I can admit it, the others might not. They are annoyingly pathetic.

Pombero: These guys cling to me like flies around caca, as if we provided some great service that they crave. I guess we do, but that doesn't make them any less clingy...

Saci: More obnoxious than most of us, but not without their charms. They are fun to be around, despite their loco idea of fun. They can also prove more loyal than most. Take each one at their own merit.

Xan: They sum up the whole of the Ayauhcalli - monstrously creepy creatures of blood and darkness, with twisted senses of humor and hearts of gold.

Pepepetlaca: The Speakers-in-Dreams, the Balambob, the Hermes-Hacienda; all bring me trinkets in exchange for my blessings. I take them with a smile and send them on their way. I have a whole collection of worthless gewgaws somewhere. I accept these just to the Magio out of the way.

Pukas: I have a friend, up San Fran way in the states. A Rabbit-head too, named Rasputin. I don't think they're related... but they could be.