

# Coraniaid

... three plagues fell on the Island of Britain, such as none in the islands had ever seen the like of. The first was a certain race that came, and was called the Coranians; and so great was their knowledge, that there was no discourse upon the face of the Island, however low it might be spoken, but what, if the wind met it, it was known to them. And through this they could not be injured.

Cyfranc Lludd a Llefelys – Lady Charlotte Guest (Trans.)

**Quote:** You needn't bother sneaking. I heard you breathing the moment you stepped foot here. Just as I hear your heart-beat even now. I can almost hear you thinking. "Is she bluffing?" No. I'm afraid I'm not.

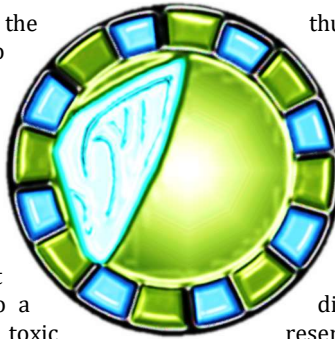
The Mabinogi, the Welsh national epic- recalls the story wonderfully. Llud, a wizard of light (not too dissimilar to Lugh of the Tuatha) is threatened by the Coranians. These strange Fae creatures- perhaps from Rome, perhaps from Scotland, perhaps from another world, are too powerful to stop by conventional means. The moment a whispered word touches the wind, it is carried to the ears of Coranians- whose supra-natural powers of hearing clue them into any plan against them. Llud creates a plan. He beckons them to a peace-meeting, and then sprays them with a toxic mixture of insect venom and water. Of course, his own numbers are immune to the venom, and the wretchedly powerful Corani are undone.

Of course, not all of the Coraniaid were there that day, the remaining few went back to their true homes (underground, not unlike many proto-Celtic Tribes such as the Pechs, Sluagh, and Trow). Cursing Llud and his ilk for the betrayal, they would lick their wounds and nurse their hatred. They have done little else over the millennia, and the Coraniaid Crimbil (Kith) that exists today differs little from the Corani Tribe of the Mabinogi.

Today, their numbers could politely called dispossessed. The ruling Elite of the Crimbil call them Trailer-Park poor-blooded Trash. Angry and withdrawn, but not without martial talents far surpassing the other Crimbil of Cymru, the Coraniaid keep track of their numbers well. In tight-knit communities (yes, the proverbial trailer park and groups of Caravans) the Coraniaids maintain whole armies of battle-hardened and fuming mad soldiers. They bear the weight of a mythological betrayal on one shoulder large enough to match the chip on the other.

**Appearance:** The Fisyрнаus (Mien) of the Coraniaid are unassuming affairs. The Fisyрнаu Dyni (Mortal Mien) appears as a shortish figure, with slightly largish ears, but nothing too out of the ordinary. The Fisyрнаu Rhaib (Fae Mien) like-wise, is shortish- rarely above 2 and ½ meters feet, but nothing like the Boggans or even Ellyllon. Their ears are larger, but not overtly discernably long like the Sidhe's. Their skin is a dusky bluish-hue, but nothing as fantastic as a Trolls. Their features are thin, and delicate, but not as much as the Piskies'. If someone wasn't in the know, it would be very easy to dismiss the Coraniaid as any other number of Kith, unobtrusive and unassuming. That is just the way the Coraniaid like it.

**Lifestyle:** The Coraniaid don't have much else to offer besides their own martial prowess. In mortal lives, they may fare well in law enforcement, or the military. In the Fae half of their existence, they seek out similar occupations. Spies, bodyguards,



thugs for hire... many don't assume they can offer much more. Hopefully the clever Coraniaid thinks of something different and better about themselves and changes their fate.

*Nglasach* Coraniaid are angry creatures, fed a steady diet of discouraging stories concerning their historic betrayal. If someone doesn't tell them anything different, then they fall into the same trap of resentment as their elders.

*Ddyrys* Coraniaid have found what they are good at, which is usually thuggery and leg-breaking.

*Henach* Coraniaid are old, bitter, tired, and jaded thugs. Their aging existence is seemingly worthless, and their ears hurt from constant sob-stories about their own.

**Glamour Ways:** Coraniaid regain Rhaib whenever someone is intimidated by these seemingly unassertive and quiet folks. It usually happens quickly: an unexpectant bully who gets stood up to, or a knife-wielding criminal quickly disarmed. In those quick flashes of tables turned and that newly realized fear, a Coraniaid refuels their magic.

**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast by the Coraniaid carry huge palpable waves of silence so intense it's almost deafening. And that's it, no sights, no sounds, no other sensations. Many other Kiths find this uncomfortable the first time they are exposed to it.

**Affinity:** Time

**Birthrights:**

**Super Hearing (*Uwch Glyw*):** The Coraniaid are blessed with the greatest sense of Hearing in all the worlds. Folklore holds that it was so advanced that they could hear an opponent make a move before the opponent made it. The folklore wasn't that far off. In game terms, any Perception roll made by sense of hearing is always difficulty 6. In addition, all initiative rolls all Coraniaid get +3. This is due to such clever conceits like 'a Coraniaid can hear the heartbeat of a lying man skip' or 'hear the breath stop for an opponent about to fire a gun.'

With the storyteller's discretion, this hearing can bring other boons as well. For instance, They can "see" the invisible, overcoming such magics as "Auspex" or "Blur of the Milky Eye" and the like. All rolls for those powers is at a +3 difficulty. Stealth rolls made against them are like-wise a moot point.

Players and storytellers alike can create many more applications of the Coraniaid's ability but should be careful to not let it get *too* unbalanced.

### Frailties

**Beetle Venom (*Gwenwyn Chwilod*):** There is a special kind of insect, Dreaming knows which as the genus and species of said bug was lost to antiquity, that every and any one of the Coraniaid are deathly allergic too. One bite, one sting, one drop of water mixed with the smashed guts of the insect deals 6 dice worth of unsoakable, ultra-lethal damage to the wayward Coraniaid. Luckily not many rightfully remember this weakness. Unluckily, there are plenty of Fae scholars out there who dislike the Coraniaid and would see them harmed again.

**Tylweth Teg:** Llud may not have been one of the high-born Sidhe families, he may have very well been a Dewin, a God of the Mabinogi, or simply Welshman of royal blood and high standing. Either way, his betrayal put him at odds with the Coraniaid Tribe. To this day, the Crimbil disdain any and all those of "High renown." They have a problem with authority and those of higher station than their own (which is pretty much everybody). Any social rolls made with other Kithain of higher standings are at a +2 difficulty.

When it comes to the Tylweth Teg families (understood to be the Sidhe families, many of which do claim ancestral blood-ties to Llud) this goes both ways. All Sidhe despise the Coraniaid with every fiber of their being, and nobody is sure why. All social rolls between Sidhe and Coraniaid are always at a +3 difficulty. Any botches on such rolls invariably erupt in bloodshed.

**Eurneid, Daughter of Clydno, hears you coming a mile away, spear in hand she begins her rant...**

**Ankou:** They are a dark sign of a dark age, and each of our families will have them knock someday.

**Bendith Y Mamau:** It would be much easier to hate them but for their songs.

**Ellyllon:** I wish they were more militant. Between the two of us, we could win our lands back.

**Glaistig:** Whores

**Grugach:** Lazy and worthless. The only thing they are good for is to distract your enemies.

**Grwagged Annywn:** Old World queens, it is a shame that they haven't done more for the whole of Cymru. They could have if they weren't so distracted.

**Gwyllion:** Darker than most realize, it is best to have them as a friend.

**Muryan:** The good thing is that they aren't long for this world. Much like many of our kind, however, each time we come back it is less and less.

**Hinky Punk:** Long ago, they meant something. Not so these days.

**Woodwose:** What do they have to offer? Nothing. They should have stayed up north.

**Tylweth Teg:** Liars, the whole lot of them. They betrayed our trust and we can never forgive them...

