

FEXT

That wile beast, which lives in man and does not dare to show itself until the barriers of law and custom have been removed, was now set free. The signal was given, the barriers were down. As has so often happened in the history of man, permission was tacitly granted for acts of violence and plunder, even for murder....

Love Thy Neighbor: A Story of War— Peter Maass

"This time, baby, I'll be bulletproof." Bulletproof -- LaRoux

Quote: How now, dread Son of the Dragon? Was it not thine own hand what stayed my heated heart before the grave? Aye, and now none but mine own hand shall still thy cold heart now. Pick up thine blade and have at thee...

If a Changeling dies a horribly violent death, with hatred in heart and a curse on tongue, then that Changeling usually dies an unhappy death. Rarely such a creature is reborn as one of the accursed dauntain- the Autumn people who are fueled by the winter of discontent. Even more rarely, however, is that the Death is so celebrated, the hatred in heart so forcefully poetic, and the curse on the tongue so blatantly perverse, that the Dreaming itself can't help but intervene. They bring back the corpse of the slain Changeling in a manner not dissimilar of a revenant or the like. These Corpse-Kithain are the Fext, and their lust for vengeance will not be denied.

Rare in the extreme, they have only been



witnessed in the Lands beyond the Forest since the 1600's. In Moravia, Bohemia, and Wallachia, these once-fae crawled their ways out of the tomb and back into mortal frames. To the humans who saw them, they were celebrated as powerful forces for a just war, immune to firepower and death. To Fae eyes, the Fext were a new family of Death-Fae, bringing the chill of the tomb back with them, but whose Dreaming-given allergy to iron was replaced with something far more peculiar.

With the child of the tomb, however, the Fext brought with them a deeper understanding of the nature of living and dying. A good life or poor death don't matter to the history books, but vengeance and glorious warfare are remembered for generations. It was the Fexts first death that made them legends known to be reborn, and they'll be damned if their next death and quest of vengeance doesn't gain them the same renown.

Appearance: In Om Scoarță (Mortal Mien) the Fext look much like they did in mortal life, save for a certain 'tightening up'- features are sharper, muscles are tauter, hair slicker. In Feeric Scoarță (Fae Mien) they superficially resemble their previous kiths. Trolls are blue with horns. Sidhe are handsome and eerie. Sluagh creepy... but now there is a strange air of muchness and clearness about them. As if they were extreme, calcified versions of what they were. They are also an unchecked danger about them, that their tightness comes from their being wound machines of barely repressed emotions, ready to spring apart at any moment- yet they never do.

Lifestyles: Who a Fext was prior doesn't matter. What matters is why they come back, and how that shapes their new lives. After a Fext returns, there is nothing left but a constant investiture in violent revenge and warfare. Their days are spent thinking of their deaths, and their nights are spent dreaming of ways of avenging those deaths. Though they may be persuaded to serve the local fae courts as advisors, warlords, or the like, their heart is forever set on uncovering the means of their death.

Prunc Fext are thankfully rare, it is a tragedy for anyone, especially youth to be so cut short.

Nebun Fext do not fully understand what they had missed, sometimes they sit and reminisce on a life not fully lived and wonder what it was that they never received.

Batrân Fext know full well what is coming for them, perhaps sooner rather than later. They sometimes think of crafting glass-knives for their favored lieutenants... just in case.

Glamour Ways: Fext can only regain De Basm when seeking out the force that so untimely stole their living years. Interviewing their peers from mortal life, seeking out their murderers and torturing anyone who gets in their way, etc. Though it may seem limiting that they can only refuel their magics in this manner, it should also be said that most Fext only pursue such recreations anyways...

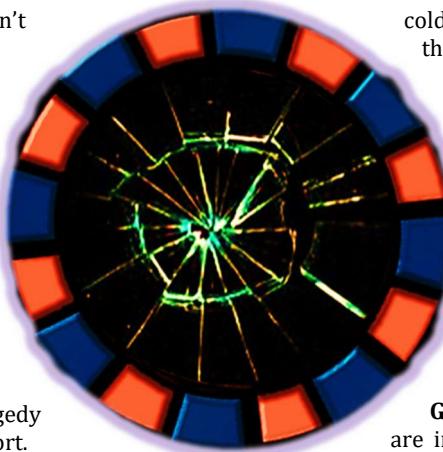
Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Fext are accompanied by the rank perfume of cordite, sawdust and gun powder. There are also the unsettling sounds of cracking ice and the tinkling of falling glass.

Affinity: Time, plus the affinity of their original Kith.

Birthrights:

More (Vice): The death of the Fext's original life hardened and tightened them into strange amalgamations of Fae, Revenant, and diamond-strong heroes of legend. At character creation, they begin with a 9, 7,5 for attributes instead of the usual 7, 5, 3. In addition, they begin with 18 freebie points instead of the usual 15. In addition to this, they gain two Realm affinities, one being their original (based on Kith before death) and the new being time.

Bullet-Proof (Neprůstřelný): The term Fext comes from Germanic Kugelfest, meaning Bullet-proof. Fext are immune to most anything, be it those bullets, but also spears, swords, even



cold-iron and fire. Supernatural damage and the like still hurt them, but this too can be healed off rather easily. All damage, no matter how lethal or aggravated, acts as simple bashing damage, and heals at a supernatural rates. (One level every other turn). If too much damage is accrued at once, the Fext can simply spend a point of De Basm and negate it all. There is an exception to this however...

Frailties:

Glass-Bullets (Skleněné Kulky): The Fext are immune to most anything, bullets, spears, swords, even cold-iron and fire. Yet glass, be it a shard of broken mirror, a broken beer bottle in a barroom brawl or a carefully crafted crystal axe deals ungodly amounts of aggressively aggravated damage. No amount of time spent nursing wounds, or healing magics, can ever reconcile the damage caused from glass. Worse yet, the Fext know this upon reentry into the mortal coil... Worse yet still, they know that this will be their eventual undoing... Every Fext treats this as the Dark-Fate flaw, though no points can be gleaned from it.

Vasile- once high-Sidhe, now fleeting shade, dons full-plate and allows discourse for his fellow Válvá.

Căpcăun: If I were thusly inclined, I wouldst have one of these eager hounds to smite mine enemies. Though, as it is proven, I must smite these eager hounds as my enemies.

Chuhaister: A cage less gelded, yes? Netted in thine own peaceful existence?

Dinsele: They wouldst be the best of servants if they would serve anyone but their ladies.

Illyes: Beautiful ladies, yes? Yet they choose allies amongst none but their own. Disheartening it is.

Keshalyi: I thinkst it unwise to speak so of the mogs, whose ears hearest all, and eyes seest even more.

Loçolico: The peasantry, yes. Mogs indeed, yet so much sport to have them as enemies. I wish but they had more say in my first undoing. Such would be a great challenge to overcome.

Sárkány: Though they claimst kinship to mighty drakes, they play the role of mewling whelps. Quite unbecoming I believe.

Zburator: Aye, there's the rub... these then are to be my equals in war.

Whampir: I dreamt yet still of the Zmei there in castles old and cry for death. My cries were heard, with breath again I gatherest sword ,and begin again, and again and agai.