

Gwragedd Annwn

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace - A Nymph, a naiad or a grace - of finer form or lovelier face....."

The Lady of the Lake— Sir Walter Scott,

Quote: Hail Mortal Man, full of wonder, come dance with me and leave your worries on the hard dry earth.

Hidden deep in the cold lakes and ponds of Cymru, there is a kingdom of the Crimbil (Kith) privy only to one Family of Fae. These are the Homes of the Gwragedd Annwn, an aquatic all female tribe of legendary status. These Plentyn Newid (Changelings or Fae) are perhaps one of the most famous of all the Celtic Fae, as they boast in their number the Lady-of-the-Lake from Arthurian Romances. Yet all Gwragedd Annwn are by their very definition and nature, "Ladies of the Lake."

The description of the Arthurian Traditions matches the descriptions of each individual fair-faced beauty of this watery Kith. Each is a physically beautiful in her own way, each is graceful and wise beyond her years, each is well-versed in occult knowledge, and each boasts a strong will that puts most men to shame.

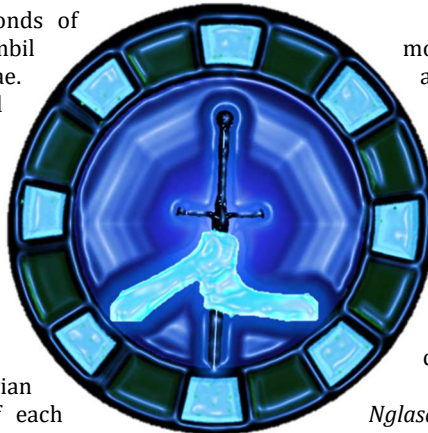
Perhaps this strong will is why there are so many whispers of these dark underwater Goddesses amongst the Mortal Scholars. No Gwragedd Annwn likes to hear the word no. Despite their many blessings, there is still the truth of danger in the Crimbil's smile, and the promise of malice in her large wet eyes.

Appearance: In all Fisyrrnau (Miens), the Mortal and Fae Fisyrrnaus, the Gwragedd Annwn are the epitome of beauty, with a subtle grace that rivals even the Sidhe.

In Fisyrrnau Dyni (Mortal Mien) there is something mysterious about them, an unearthly beauty not easily put into words.

In Fisyrrnau Rhaib (Fae Mien), they eyes grow large and wet, and their skin grows paler... streaks of blue and green may appear in their hair, and their limbs grow long. In all forms, the scant clothing they wear, as well as their hair, grows damp. This is one of the few ways to pinpoint their Tribe.

Lifestyle: From the moment of their chrysalis, the Gwragedd Annwn know what to do. They head out to the waters and dive deep. They are Rhws Dwfen (Seelie) and happy to be so. Once underwater they begin their trade, learning by doing, and getting better every day. They are scholars, explorers, teachers, magicians, crafts-women, blacksmiths (the magicians can make some wonderfully magical fires beneath the waves), and warriors without peer. Those few Outsiders who learn the mysteries of water-breathing can even venture beneath the waves to share in these magical arts.



For those on the surface, it takes a bit more to warrant the Gwragedd Annwn's attention. Honesty, Sincerity, Humility, and an earnestness to learn are all virtues that the Crimbil values. Even the most Powerful and Charismatic of Sidhe would be ignored if their heart wasn't in the right place.

For those few that do meet requirements (*Such as one Arturus Rex, the Arthur of romance Traditions*) the Gwragedd Annwn will rise to the surface of her watery demesne and parley.

Nglasach Gwragedd Annwn are clever and precocious little ragamuffins. Even before their chrysalis they have a love for the water. Once they have been introduced to their own Fae nature, they take to learning about their history and purpose, *well*, like a proverbial duck to water.

Ddyrys Gwragedd Annwn cement themselves and their stations beneath their waves by quickly rising in their chosen fields. Be it medicine, black-smithing, or scholarly pursuits... the Gwragedd Annwn is the best to be found.

Henach Gwragedd Annwn are veritable queens beneath the waves. Though they rarely bother with the trappings of dirt-siders and their courtly intrigues, there is still no shortage of suitors come to woo them in their twilight years.

Glamour Ways: Gwragedd Annwn regain Rhaib when they are able to help others with their chosen crafts. A musician Gwragedd Annwn who can sing for a hapless mortal, or a sorcerer Gwragedd Annwn who is able to give a magic sword to a wayward King- all of these will replenish their magic.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Gwragedd Annwn are accompanied by cool breezes, and the smell of freshwater lakes and rivers. For Cantrips cast with exceptionally high successes, epically operatic music (such as *Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi - O Fortuna - from Carmina Burana*) can be heard playing.

Art: Scene

Birthrights

Masters of their Arts (*Meistri eu Celfyddydau*): Gwragedd Annwn are infallible in their own chosen Fields. IF they are a

black-smith, then they are the best they can be- If they are musicians, or sorceresses', or sword-play-folk, then the same. At character creation, the Gwragedd Annwn gets a bonus for their chosen art. For instance, if a Gwragedd Annwn chooses sorcery as their chosen art, they gain extra dots in occult according to their seeming as below. If a Gwragedd Annwn chose that blacksmithing, she would receive added dice to crafts.

This bonus is equal to seeming. Nglasach get a +1 bonus, even if above 5. Ddyrys get a +2 bonus, even if above 5. Henach get a +3 bonus, even if above 5. In addition, they can never botch this roll.

The Lake's Grace (*Ras y llyn*): Gwragedd Annwn are creatures of the beauty and elegance that only the Welsh water-ways can offer. They have no dangers of cold or lack of breathing while in the water. In addition, they also gain a +1 to Appearance and Dexterity both while beneath the waves.

Frailties

Water Bound (*Wedi'i Rhwymo gan Dŵr*): The Gwragedd Annwn are creatures of their lakes and ponds and rivers and streams, and their has tied their Crimbil nature to these Watery

Prisons. The Gwragedd Annwn cannot stray far from these realms. For every day away from Fresh Water, the difficulties of all a Gwragedd Annwn's rolls rise by 1. Immersing herself in another Body of Fresh Water will stall the increase for a day, but not negate the rise in difficulties. Only her own home stretch of water will do so.

Once the difficulty rises to 10, she must make a Willpower roll to stay awake to her Plentyn Newid Nature. If the roll fails, then she loses her Fae self until she can again be placed into the Fresh Water of her own Welsh lake, Pond, or otherwise. No other Lake will suffice.

Temperamental (*Horiog*):

While each of the Crimbil are a gift of grace and loveliness, they also possess a dark streak that few (even amongst themselves realize). If a gift of theirs is

spurned, if they are faced with loss of face, or even if one of their weapons breaks... then their elegant nature is replaced with petty fits of sulking at best, vengeful bouts of Machiavellian manipulation at worst.

For every time that something happens that might rub the girls the wrong way (up to storyteller and player to figure out) then the Gwragedd Annwn must roll their willpower at a difficulty set, again, by seeming.

Nglasach are at a +1difficulty, Ddyrys are at a +2 and Henach a +3.

A success means that the Gwragedd Annwn will sulk, but still be able to function normally for a time. Failure means that the Gwragedd Annwn will throw a violent tantrum. A botch means that the Gwragedd Annwn has switched courts and is now *Plant Annwn* (Unseelie) until restitution can be made.

What this restitution means is up for debate, and the Gwragedd in question. It can mean anything from restoring lost honor, to an offender's life being taken.

Iolo Morganwg of Llyn Efyrynwy elucidates

Ankou: Death will come for us all. At least ours comes with a smile and an ill-timed joke.

Bendith Y Mamau: They are honest, as well you should be. You don't have to curb your tongue in their presence. They certainly won't.

Coroniaid: Battle Lust is not to be over-looked in the Coming Winter, but neither is it to be the sole purpose of all the Cymru Tribes. Know the difference and you'll go far.

Ellyllon: If we could travel to shore more easily, then we would have helped them. Fate had another story to tell. IF any remain, I wish them the best.

Glaishtig: Hunger for youth and immortality? Perhaps. Who am I to say? They exist for a purpose known to Fate alone, and for that I wish them well. Yet I can't help but be extra careful around them.

Grugach: Bastards hungrier than any monster. One day, one war will come, you'll be thankful for that hunger, and be glad it wasn't you that garnered their attention.

Gwyllion: They don't say anything. I won't either.

Muryan: Each time they work their power, they lose more and more of themselves. One day nothing will remain but a foggy memory. Is it them or us that you are referring to?

Hinky Punk: Scrumpy? I understand. Free-Bird? I don't understand.

Woodwose: As we to the cold and deep, so they are to warm and green and deep.

