

# jabberwocky

"It seems very pretty," she said when she had finished it, "but it's rather hard to understand!" (You see she didn't like to confess, even to herself, that she couldn't make it out at all.) "Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas—only I don't exactly know what they are! However, somebody killed something: that's clear, at any rate." – Alice-

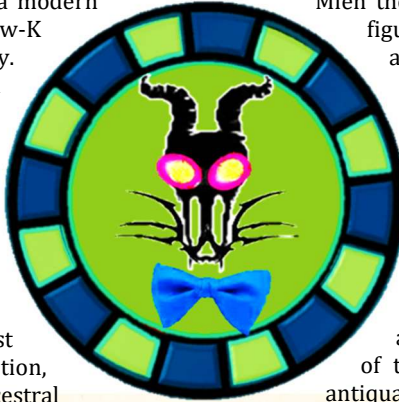
**Quote:** My dear sir, are you to imply that the Pig with the Pepper is anything more than a pig and pepper? Why must the esteemed Mr. Dodgson, or any of them at that rate, nebulously collate their content with a miasmatic drapery of hidden allegory. Why shouldn't, wouldn't or couldn't that delicious baby simply be a delicious peppery pig and that be the end of it?

A wonderfully Dragon-esque family of a modern Kith, the Jabberwockies arrived in the New-K scene shortly after the turn of the last century. Ostensibly an academic Tribe, such supposition belies their bestial natures as blood-hungry reptilian monsters. Despite the self-evidence of their monstrous visage and abilities, more attention has been given to understanding their Dreaming origins which been contested by countless Fae scholars and Dreaming intellectuals.

They have been considered a Zeitgeist manifestation of the Horrors of Industrialization, a Tulpa Tribe born of humanities' ancestral memories of Dragons (long since regressed to the annals of Folklore) and even a Kith receiving the mantle of Sarcasm-bearers. This due them often found in academia yet their birthrights eat away education. Modern analyses allude to walking MEMES which embody tongue-in-cheek irony and non-sequiturs "There's an argument, you make a good point, they concede, and then they eat you..."

In truth (or one truth at any rate) may be the opposite of any such pretentious presuppositions. The Jabberwocky aren't anything than what they are. To argue about it is to miss the point. The poem from which they were named (Debating as to whether Mr. Carroll met them or not is equally as moot) is meant to address the confines of academia's penchant for attributing symbolism. The Jabberwockies are, and they do, and anything more than that is splitting existential hairs.

**Appearance:** In Mortal Mien the Jabberwockies are long-limbed individuals with wide staring eyes and odd twitchy mannerisms. They lick their lips, bite their lips, and sometimes refrain from blinking longer than should be feasible. In Fae



Mien they are bescaled and bewiskered draconian figures with an odd assortment of pseudo-horns and mismatched tusk/teeths. They are also fond of wearing unusual suits – complete with suspenders, checked vests, bow-ties, and other accoutrements. Again, blinking is an irregular activity, which leads some to question whether or not the Beasts have eye-lids.

**Lifestyle:** The life of the Jabberwocky is one rife with academic clout. In mortal life and Fae existence, the Jabberwocky are some of the foremost experts on Dreaming, Fae, or antiquated matters of occultist nature. Unusually erudite despite their bestial actuality (one that luckily takes no great effort to keep hidden) they are applauded as fae historians by all worlds. Many of their numbers even work their way into the esteemed halls of the secretive Arcanum so popular with the young people of today.

*Childing Jabberwockies* are wonderfully scholarly little hellions, who will have a cheerful debate with school-mates just as often as bite them.

*Wilder Jabberwockies* look to the future of their Kith, and wonder "Just how am I going to fix us for the better?" Not that there is anything wrong with their Kith mind... but one can always improve upon oneself, yes?

*Grump Jabberwockies* are collegiate curmudgeons, content with all the stuff and nonsense of a life-time of academia behind them.

**Glamour Ways:** Jabberwockies regain glamour whenever mortals argue and pontificate over seemingly mundane details – what some call splitting hairs. Such is precariously bordering on the mundane (and deserving of banality) but instead falls into the



annals of “Willy-Swordplay” (to quote one Idle Eric ). These favored bouts and tete-a-tetes of language are the meat and drink of a Jabberwock’s renewal of magic.

**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast by the Jabberwocky are accompanied by strange bouts of some mental state not unlike Synesthesia, in which sounds are tasted, tastes are seen, and sights are heard in strange dizziness-inducing tones. It is unpleasant, and few enjoy being present when it occurs.

**Affinity:** Fae

### Birthrights

**Dragonesque:** Not quite as Dragonesque as other Dragons, who boast a Dragonosity that far surpasses the Jabberwockys’ own, there are certain traits of a Dragonesque nature inherit to a Jabberwocky. At Character Creation a Jabberwocky can choose one of the following.

- ❖ **Claws that Catch:** Claws that deal an additional Str+1 point of damage, plus 1 free point of dexterity.
- ❖ **Flappy Wings:** Provide limited flight, at a rate of 3 times slower than running speed.
- ❖ **Googly-Eyes:** Adds 3 dice to any perception roll’s, and can see even in pitch darkness.
- ❖ **Jaws that Bite:** Teeth that deal an additional Str+3 points of damage
- ❖ **Whipping Tail:** A long prehensile tail that can act as a whip (quickly dealing Damage equal to Str)

**Inconceivable:** Even to their New-K Fae Friends, the Jabberwocky are an exotically other breed apart. It is hard to understand who or what they are at any given times, and even their best friends sometimes forget about their Dragonesque nature. Any Kenning or Greymare rolls made in relation to a Jabberwocky (not by them mind) always end in failure. This keeps them wonderfully free from being hunted by too many Dragon-hunters, dodgy occultist, or other tourists.

**Burbling-Breath:** The Burbling-Breath-Weapon of the Jabberwocky is a strange power that confounds and slows the simple-minded. The poor victim stumbles over words, forgets important details, and acts as if in a drunken stupor.

With a point of Glamour spent, a hearty-breathy-blow, and a successful willpower roll (difficulty of the target’s) the Jabberwocky can produce a strange miasmic fog that stymies the target’s Mental faculties. For every success, the Jabberwock can subtract one die any one of the target’s mental attribute dice-pools for the rest of the scene. They can only pick one attribute per scene, but the target will surely suffer a loss of either Intelligence, Perception, or Wits.

However, the target (*if aware of what is happening*) can resist with a successful Wits + Academics roll of their own, (with difficulty being the Jabberwock’s own willpower). Every success on the target’s roll counters one of the Jabberwock’s.

### Frailties

**Vorpall-Allergy:** The Jabberwocky can’t tell you, we can’t tell you, and for sure your mother would have a hard time articulating (Gods keep your mother) what exactly a Vorpall Weapon is. Yet the Jabberwocky has a deadly antipathy for

such. Some high-minded aficionados of a game rhyming with “Truncheons and Flagons” may have more inkling than most, but the vast majority has less an inkling than most Jabberwockies as to the exact nature of said implements.

In game terms, a Vorpall blade deals not only double damage to a Jabberwocky, but it is always elevated to Lethal damage. Thus, if a Vorpall cudgel should do one level of bashing damage to anyone else, it would deal two levels of lethal damage when it strikes the poor Jabberwocky. *There are some Jabberwocky’s who discover just what the weapon is, but by then they are no longer for this world.*

**Inconceivable:** Even to their Nu-K Fae Friends, the Jabberwocky are an exotically other breed apart. It is hard to understand who or what they are at any given times, and even their best friends sometimes forget about their Dragonesque nature. Prolonged exposure to a Jabberwocky causes some few mental lapses. The severity of such is contingent on time spent: a colleague visiting once a week or so might be at a heightened difficulty to a random academic roll for no good reason at all. A lover who just moved in may exist in a state of fugue for a good hour a day and not realize it. There are no set rules for this condition, as any answers are as nebulous as the nature of the Jabberwockies themselves.

**Jaws that Bite:** Regardless of how they may act in civil society, the Jabberwockies are for all intents and purposes veritable Dragons of yore. With that dragonosity comes an insatiable craving for hot bloody-meat, preferably still sobbing and quaking with fear. At least once a week a Jabberwock must imbibe with the flesh of a warm-bodied creature. It needn’t be sentient (though that would be preferred) but must be raw and goopy and warm. For every day after the 7<sup>th</sup> that a Jabberwocky goes without, there is an incremental +1 to difficulty to all rolls, when a number of days after that (equal to Stamina), they must roll their willpower. If they succeed, they are still starving and immediately find the best way to imbibe. Failure means that the next closest warm body will be just fine for purposes. Botch... Whatever Player and Storyteller think best, which should always be memorable.

**Dr. Geoff- *Not the Mongoose*- Rhys-Patrick, ripostes your queries in ways both erudite and curt- if you could but receive them as sound as they were referred.**

**Huirnviu:** Never have I ever and never will I shall.

**Kuta:** Was Eire truly that bad I wonder? Religious History would deem it so. I can only attest as an outsider, of course.

**Pillywiggins:** I’d blame you as a matter of my own noblesse oblige, but then again, such fallouts often blame the influences.

**Rose-Dryads:** Some call us mad, some may be right. But nothing could be as reflective of our maddening places or times as these supra-earthly madames.

**Snarks:** I’m sure that they are about, answering questions the same as we, and with enough time as myself (as it were) their answers would be remarkably similar. They do *do* dragons after all, and we are in fact dragons, yes? So there you go.

**Springheels:** Embodiments of Fear? What a clever conceit, if only all of us newer Olps and Buggs could be so poignant.