

KENDER-TROW

**"A Monkey chases everything, but never catches it because he is constantly distracted by another thing."
"Always the joy of running and leaping, and never the awful clutter of possessions no longer desired."
Hanuman: the Mahabharata — William Buck, Translator**

Quote: I must've found it somewhere. Looks just like yours doesn't it? I guess it must have fallen in my pocket...

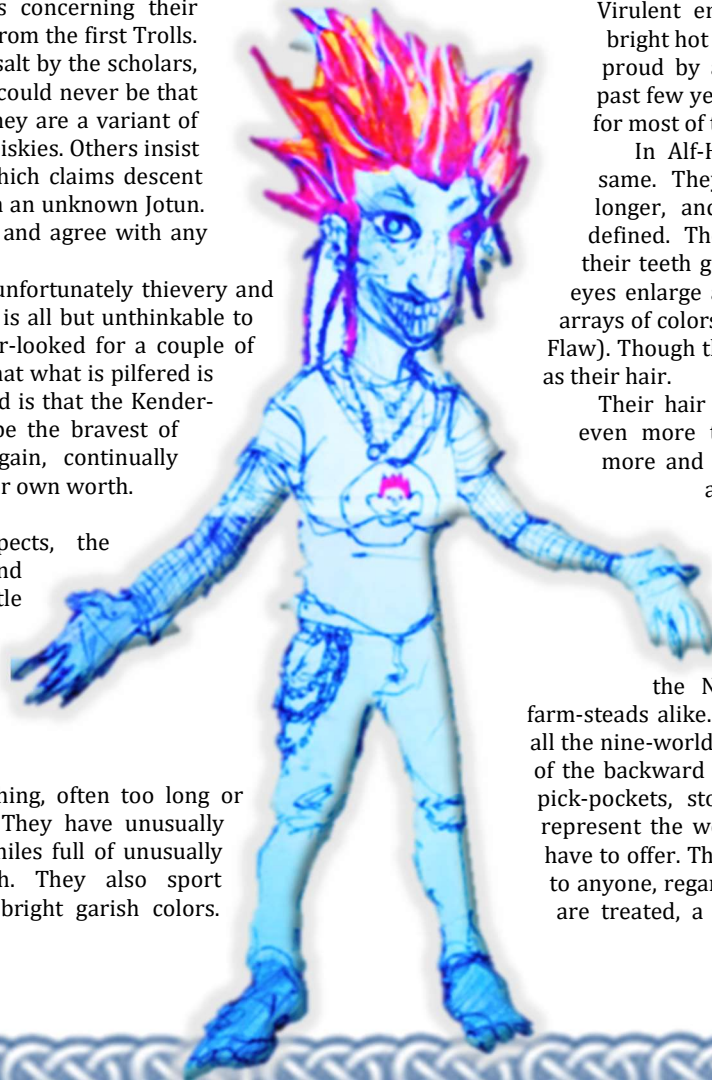


The Kender-Trow are a relatively modern conceit amongst the Alva (Fae), and none can say for sure where or when they came. They are a fickle Disir (Kith), in turn the bravest and staunchest of allies, and then annoying and backwards cheats and thieves. They exist in the liminal spaces of the Norse dreaming: obscured from the over-bearing and thunderous past that their Troll cousins merit.

Getting a straight answer from any Kender-Trow is a lesson in futility. Any one of the little bastards will give you three different answers concerning their origins. Many claim descent from the first Trolls. This is taken with a grain of salt by the scholars, who all ascertain that Trolls could never be that annoying. Some claim that they are a variant of the Celtic-Kithain known as Piskies. Others insist that they are a blood-line which claims descent from one of Loki's trysts with an unknown Jotun. The Kender-Trow just smile and agree with any and all of these allegations

Their trade however, is unfortunately thievery and pick-pocketing. This concept is all but unthinkable to most of the Alva, but is over-looked for a couple of reasons. The first reason is that what is pilfered is usually worthless. The second is that the Kender-Trow prove themselves to be the bravest of warriors time and time again, continually shattering perceptions of their own worth.

Appearance: In all aspects, the Kender-Trow are gaunt and hungry-looking, if not a little short. In Mann-Hamr (Mortal Mien) Their limbs are long despite their stature, and their fingers twitch. Their skin is dusky and dirty and they wear odd piece-meal mismatched clothing, often too long or too short for their frames. They have unusually expressive eyes and wide smiles full of unusually sharpish, mismatched teeth. They also sport longish hair, often colored bright garish colors.



Frændi Gildru Brotsjór

The Kender-Trow will never give a straight answer about either their origins or their current conditions. Yet all claim familial ties to one supposed clan-elder known as *Frændi Gildru Brotsjór* in Swedish (or Uncle Springs all Traps in English). These ties form a tight-knit bond amongst this pariah of a kith, and any Changeling, Kender-Trow or no, that claims said ties to Uncle-Trap-Springer can garner these familial ties.

This means that the Kender-Trow will always treat them as a tight-knit ally and will provide aid as if they were family. With these bonds however, one will be subject to all that said family has to offer. This includes family reunions, parties, and raids. To deny these traditions would be a dismissal of dan... and said person would forever be at the mercy of the Kender-Trow.

Virulent emerald-green, vibrant violets, bright hot -pinks, all are sported tall and proud by all of them. Though over the past few years, this has become the norm for most of the Youth.

In Alf-Hamr, they appear much the same. They grow shorter, their limbs longer, and their facial features more defined. Their mouths grow wider and their teeth grow sharper and longer, their eyes enlarge and glow bright in a multiple arrays of colors (akin to the Changeling's Eye Flaw). Though this may not be the same color as their hair.

Their hair grows, and boy does it. It is even more towering and the color gets more and more ostentatious, appearing as a writhing font of color. There is no mistaking this Alva for anything but a Kender-Trow.

Lifestyle: The Kith plagues all avenues of the North, large cities and rural farm-steads alike. They find ways to survive in all the nine-worlds, and few suffer to keep track of the backward Alva's goings-on. They live as pick-pockets, storytellers, and vagrants, and represent the worst that Svaltafar (Unselie) have to offer. They are also generous and kind to anyone, regardless of how they themselves are treated, a testimony to the best of the

Ljos-Alfar (Seelie). They are a study in contradictions, and for this reason many find them challenging to be around.

Barn Kender-Trow are skinny little lizards with big-eyes that stare up your key-ring. While they can be the very-visage of innocence, there is something feral about their grins.

Vill Kender-Trow change little from their Barn years. They still maintain the same demeanor as they always have, but are that much smarter about it. *Sometimes*.

Eldre Kender-Trow head are far and few between. They are rarely seen, content to hide in the tween-places of Disir society. Many pack their few meager belongings and depart for the other worlds, where new adventure awaits.

Glamour Ways: Kender-Trow gain Hamingja whenever they are present when mortals can stop caring for a bit. Whenever mortals let loose and forget about the burden of possessions and enjoy the care-free life that comes with lightening burdens (and pockets).

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by Kender-Trow are accompanied by a wave of frantic energy that tickles the fancy, and makes one laugh at the stupidest dick and fart jokes that the average fifth grader can pull out of his butt. There is also a feeling of one's hair being caught in the wind. Even if there isn't any wind. Even if there isn't any hair.

Affinity: Actor

Birthrights

Hard as Fire (*Erfitt sem Eldur*): The Kender-Trow are inhumanly stout, despite their small stature. At character creation, they gain a +2 to dexterity for free, and two extra health levels (*treat as bruised*). In addition, they are immune to all fear-affects or mind-altering distresses that would slow them down.

Deep Pockets (*Djúpar Vasar*): The Kender-Trow are born to pinch and pilfer and do so with alarming skills. They gain a +2 to stealth and security both at character creation, and can never botch any roll that involves pick-pocketing, larceny, burglary, or shoplifting.

Frailties:

Not the Brightest Flame (*Ekki Bjartasta Loginn*): While Kender-Trow may be quick and brave little boogers; they lack the strength and wisdom of bigger folk. They are especially lacking in the common-sense department. At character creation, they never have a Strength or Wits rating higher than 2 (Even with the expenditure of freebie points). When spending experience points to raise these later on, it costs rating times 6 to bring it up. In addition, a Kender-Trow's Willpower can never be above 5.

Sticky Hands (*Sóðalegur Hendur*): Kender-Trow not only lack control of their passions, but of their fingers as well. Whenever they see something that strikes their fancy, usually something innocuous, they must make a willpower roll, difficulty 8 to not slip into their pocket. The worst part of this is that the Kender-Trow won't remember it, and if pressed will deny it until the end. (*Player beware*, this is great way to either promote a great Changeling game, or to be a complete dick-hole, story-teller sanction is advised).

Ragna Rat-Biter eyes your key-ring while offering sage advice on the other Disir

Fossegrim: Isn't it cold in there? Aren't you afraid your "you-Know-What" will freeze and shrink into nothingness?

Huldra: Uhm. I have to wash my hair. That could take a while.

Jotuns: Why do you smell like soup? And why is your axe so big? Are you compensating? And why do you look so dour? And why are you holding your axe like that?

Muspi: There is no better source for insults, curse-words, or inventive uses for the terms *sausage-wallet*, or *twat-badger*.

Nibelung: What? No, I haven't seen their magic-hammer, why do you ask?

Norns: I didn't vote for you. But I am glad somebody did.

Skogkatt: Oh my GODS! I love that tail. I want one. Hold on, I'm going to get those scissors.

Dokkalfar: Hah. More fun than they let on, but not as clever as they pretend to be.

Volsung: I almost feel sad for them. Almost.

Fjalravn: I'm already hungry, your power just adds to the fire.

Gummi-Bär: Yes Please.